

RADICAL AMERICA

Vol.7, No.1



Quilts:
Women's
Unrecognized
Art

Interview with Donald Duck

Dirty Harry

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RADICAL AMERICA

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RADICAL AMERICA: Published bi-monthly at 5 Upland Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140. Subscription rates: \$5 per year, \$9 for two years, \$12 for three years; with pamphlets \$10 per year. Free to prisoners. Bulk rates: 40% reduction from cover price for 5 or more copies. Bookstores may order on a consignment basis.

Second Class Postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts and additional mailing offices.



DONALD DUCK:

AN INTERVIEW

by Dave Wagner

The following interview was originally planned to be collected with a number of other documents prepared by members of the Southern California Oral History Project (SCOHP) into a booklet examining various aspects of that region's labor struggles in the 1930s and '40s. Each group of project workers had its own area of concentration; some were interested primarily in the organizations of the unemployed in which displaced farmers had participated during the Depression; others taped interviews with women who had worked in government-operated day-care centers in defense plants during WWII, while still others—the smallest group—focused their attention on discussions with members of the Screen Actors Guild who had been active in studio strikes of the '30s or who had experienced first-hand the blacklistings and red scares of the McCarthy period.

For reasons more personal than political I was drawn to the work of the last named group in SCOHP. Although there was already a surfeit of literature on the studio purges, little actual field work had been done among the lesser publicized victims or among those actors, directors, and writers who had managed to avoid outright expulsion to remain in the industry—often at the cost of a diminished quality in their work. Here was an opportunity, I felt, to correct an imbalance in the record and, not incidentally, to develop information from primary sources for the history of American film, an area which had long interested me.

Originally we had made no plans to interview Donald Duck, whom we frankly considered to be representative of the worst petit bourgeois tendencies in American popular

culture. We were aware of rumors from a number of sources that Duck was the only Disney actor whom HUAC had planned to call to its hearings, and that in order to avoid embarrassment he agreed secretly to reveal the names of leaders in the Disney studio strike of 1939. Only on the urging of a fellow actor, who claimed to be one of Duck's few political intimates during those harried years and who insisted that the rumors were false (that in fact Duck had played an important role in the political debates of the period), did we decide to break in on the elusive actor's semi-retirement.

We met by appointment at his spacious split-level house near the Santa Barbara suburbs in Goleta, next to a freeway and separating two all-night shopping centers. Greeting me at the door was the famous thin-billed, large-eyed duck, standing exactly two feet high in a cutaway blue middy blouse. He gave me a confident smile, shook hands, guided me without a word into a large den where he indicated that I was to sit in an overstuffed chair opposite his smaller one, and after offering me a drink, asked that the interview begin at once. I switched on the tape recorder:

Q. I guess that voice you used in the cartoons wasn't real after all?

A. Of course not. That was ordered by one of Disney's men after he overheard me doing my imitation of Mel Blanc. There was never any question that it was a silly device, but my director felt it went along with the kind of character I was playing at the time. You know, the hair-trigger temper, the tantrums, and so forth. I never felt entirely comfortable with that business in the cartoons. The moment I got into the comics with Carl Barks we got rid of all that, the garbled voice and everything. It just got in the way of the story.

Q. Apparently you were glad, then, to go from cartoons to comics. Was it the greater freedom that attracted you?

A. Well, at first it was the money. Disney had decided initially that he would go into the comic-book business to get another cycle of profits from the daily newspaper strips by reprinting each month-long serial by the Mouse.

The rest of our strips were reprinted in there too, in a kind of magazine, really. Disney saw it as a children's magazine more than a real comic book, and he mainly wanted to use it—the back covers, that is—to advertise his feature-length animated films.

It wasn't until later, the early '40s, that the supply of re-printable strips began to run out. Some of the strips had been reprinted several times, but they still didn't have enough to fill the magazine. And the number of pages that were turned over to the strips had increased to the point where they realized they had to find a new supply of material.

Q. So Disney sort of backed into the comics field?

A. Yes, but you have to remember that no one in the '30s—not until the last minute, anyway—understood that this was a new medium. Everyone thought it was a scrapheap for second-hand animation. The comic book lacked the cinematic advantages of sound and movement and had nowhere near the circulation the strips got in the dailies. It was just another pulp souvenir.

Q. Another example of why Disney could be called the Henry Ford of media production, the mass saturation principle....

A. Exactly. By the time we started to understand that we had a whole new medium here, one with unique qualities that still haven't been fully developed, the super-hero artists had established a beachhead on the idea that the stories could be unified far more subtly, with a more complex series of visual rhythms, than a daily adventure strip could. The great naive innovators Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster with their high-school daydream, "Superman"; C.C. Beck's jocular "Captain Marvel"; Bob Kane's gothic "Batman"; and the brilliant Dick Cole's "Plastic Man" all opened up the medium and laid the foundations for nearly everything that was to happen until the rise of the "Mad" artists over at Educational Comics. The Superman and Batman styles were based on the naturalistic adventure strips of the '30s, while Captain Marvel and Plastic Man depended more on the older tradition of satire and caricature. But between them they

worked out the most effective ways to tighten up continuity, explore spatial effects over a wider area, and so forth. They invented the formulae, in other words, of depicting action in the larger format. The size change is the obvious advantage of comic books over the daily strips, but there was also in the '40s the growing use of that marvelous engine, the photo-offset press, whose chemical process not only printed rich and steamy colors, but also etched in the background details far more faithfully than the comparatively clumsy lead plates of the newspaper presses.

Q. How much of an influence did the super-hero artists have on your and Barks's work?

A. Not so much, really; they just suggested possibilities. We found that the representation of comic action has a whole different set of problems. Even Plastic Man, for example, was devoted to a dynamic effect on the page, a general feeling of energy and motion. Our action, on the other hand, was more deeply rooted in the narrative; in comedy everything depends on the context and above all on the timing of the movement. So as stories we had little to learn from them. Oh, they have that edge that adventure gives even the most realistic narrative, but they continue to insist on going into fantasy from fantasy — a basic narrative ineptness, Barks used to call it. In other words, if you wake up on Krypton and your whole comic-book day is spent there, no matter what happens it'll just be another day on Krypton. There's no expansion of the ordinary in that, no opening up from the everyday, the concrete, the sometimes banal here-and-now we all share. You have to start from right here and now and then rip a hole right through reality to really get the comic working.

Q. I'm not sure I understand.

A. Well, look at it this way. Nobody cares about raw fantasy. It's cheap. What we're really interested in is what fantasy has to do with what's going on every day right under our noses. Our opening scenes usually introduced the characters in Burbankish Duckburg while I was working on my stamp collection or Uncle Scrooge had a business problem or the kids were playing with a hose in the back-

yard. Our environment was wholly human, which merely meant that we shared the readers' premises, as the pun ran at the time. We found that a story, if it starts with the details of all these daily bump-and-grind situations, makes the lift-off into fantasy much more illuminating because it shows just how circumscribed a thing ordinary life is when it's stacked next to (or taken over by) the imagination.

Q. I see. And that's what you and Barks did?

A. Yes, in a way. Sometimes.

Q. When did this general approach start to become clear?

A. Actually it took quite a while. When the Disney people saw that more fodder was needed for the comic books, they picked in-betweeners out of the film-animation shops and put them to work on the books.

Q. In-betweeners were....?

A. The artists who drew the hundreds of cells, or separate frames, that filled out the movement "between" the main parts of a cartoon scene. Barks was one of the studio in-betweeners, and he went over to the comics in 1942. For awhile he just illustrated the stories someone else had written, but then he got permission to make changes in the scripts he thought were particularly sloppy. Eventually they gave him writing assignments, and he wound up being the only guy in the studio who both wrote and drew his own stories. With that kind of freedom, we could begin to move.

Q. When did Barks go to work for Disney, do you know, or how old was he at the time?

A. I guess he must have been in his 30s. He came from a rather poor family in rural Oregon, and is credited in legend to have tried his hand at and quit a variety of jobs before joining up with Disney. He's supposed to have been a sailor at one time, or a cowhand. All I know is that sometime during the Depression he was working on a railroad riveting gang when he decided to take up cartooning as an "easier" way to make a living. Mike Barrier at Funnyworld is the only real authority on all of this.

Our real work together began when Barks took over the duties of doing the lead, 10-page story in each issue of

"Walt Disney's Comics and Stories". There was a steady flow of those stories from month to month from 1943 to 1964—almost 300 of them. But the most ambitious work was done in Uncle Scrooge's comic and in my book-length adventures that were called "one-shots" because they were designed as complete novellas with no continuous numbering system.

Q. I wonder if we can be more specific about your idea of what all of you were doing in those stories. I mean, what sort of character were you playing? Sometimes you seemed weak-willed and ordinary, and at other times you were capable of courage and insight. It was rather complicated.

A. It was complicated, naturally. We were trying to do something difficult. In some ways I think we succeeded, but there are times when it seems like we never accomplished much of anything. Barks got dispirited fairly often in the late 50s and didn't take as many risks. I guess the rest of us, without his leadership—which was always decisive, by the way, very strong in the background—the rest of us just drifted when he did.

But in the early days, and especially between '48 and '53, we took care of a lot of important matters.

Now in regard to the character I was developing, it was supposed to rise realistically to the level of complexity of the ordinary guy on the street. Old "unca" Donald was able to move through the whole keyboard of emotions: sometimes he was pessimistic and hard-headed, sometimes a naïve dullard. In the long stories he could even be heroic, and in those moments he was Everyman—cast in the form of a duck to show that he, like the rest of us, even in the midst of heroism, was only a step from the comic, from the absurd continuity of contemporary life. He showed what supposedly ordinary people are capable of when they are freed from the banal process of reproducing everyday life at work, at home, in the roller-skating rink, wherever.

On the other hand, Barks sometimes just used us as vehicles in the service of a didactic plot. In those stories we just played along, reacting in predictable ways to formulaic fantasy situations. All we did in one of the 10-pagers

in 1957, for example, was register a range of "gee whiz" expressions. I was sitting in Gyro's imagination machine and took the kids (Huey, Dewey and Louie — DW) to planets and stars that looked exactly like earth but were geometrically vast in scale. That was just Barks showing kids how huge the macrocosm really is, and how small our place in it.

Maybe one of the best examples I can give you of how all this worked is one of Uncle Scrooge's classics, "Land Beneath the Ground", the March-May issue for 1956. In that one, Scrooge is worried about earthquakes cracking a hole in his money bin and swallowing all of his cash. At that time, and if you look it up you can check this, Scrooge had "five billion quintuplatillion umtuplatillion multuplatillion impossibidillion fantasticatrillion dollars", and to satisfy his worries he sank a spiral shaft into the ground to see if there were any fissures in the bedrock.

Four miles down the workmen cut into the roof of a cavern 30 miles deep, and through an odd turn of events Scrooge and the kids and I were the only ones to actually descend into the cavern. We discovered down there a weird nation of living rubber balls divided into two camps, the terries and the firmies. They made earthquakes for fun by rolling in herds of millions against natural pillars and by cramming under ledges and lifting up all at once.

In that story I got to play the hero, but Barks kept me in character in a useful way. Scrooge decides that a jousting contest between me and a champion terry (one of the rollers) would save Duckburg and his money — if I won, that is. Scrooge tries to convince me to do it by appealing to my patriotism.

"You can't chicken out, Donald," he says; "YOU HAVE TO TRY TO SAVE DUCKBURG! You must out-bump this terry to save your house, and Daisy's house, and —"

"And your money bin!" I shout back.

The terries, meanwhile, vote unanimously to accept Scrooge's challenge. And I finally agree to go along with it, stalking angrily toward the contest ramp with the line, "Well, all right. I'll do it to save my house!"

The point, you see, was that I saw right through Scrooge's manipulations. You wouldn't have caught him bumping against that fat terry. (I lost, by the way — he knocked me two miles.) I only agreed to do it because saving my own house made sense. And Barks included in the script another characteristic gesture. Just before I get knocked on my pinfeathers I crack a joke, something like: "I'd feel more sure of winning if this were a foot race." The terry firmians didn't have any feet, see.

But there I was, the ordinary hero, like Donald O'Connor, comic champion in a ridiculous and dangerous situation, willing to risk my neck but able to crack a joke because I knew the whole thing was crazy.

Q. Are you saying that Barks was attacking a ruling elite or the munitions manufacturers who sponsor wars for their own profit, the way Right-wing populists often argue? Or is it a vague pacifist polemic, something like: "Well, the rick folks engineer national wars and then refuse to fight in them"?

A. There may appear to be some of that in the story, but I think if you examine it more closely you'll find something else. The real point comes in a later scene, and I think it sums up the sense of what Barks was getting at in these stories, especially the ones built around Scrooge's wealth.

The terry firmians, you see, had learned their English (in a country drawl, by the way) from these "geranium slabs" that picked up Duckburg's country-and-western radio station, C-O-R-N. They also got feedback on their earthquake efforts that way.

As it turned out, Scrooge and the kids and I got out of the cavern and escaped up the tunnel to warn the Duckburgians to evacuate before the city toppled and fell apart. Scrooge had stolen the trophy that was to be awarded either the terry or the firmy faction, depending on who made the biggest quake. They were so mad when they found it missing that both factions joined forces and blasted hell out of Duckburg's underpinnings, right below Scrooge's money bin. All those cubic acres of cash were dumped down the hole by the force of the galloping earth crust, and the terry

firmians understood it as a sign that Scrooge was sending it down to pacify them.

The climax comes when the terry firmians pick up handfuls of the coins. "What is THIS stuff that came pouring down the shaft?" one of them asks. "Maybe it's something that old McDuck sent down in exchange for our trophy."

"If it is," another firmy says, "it must be money! I've heard broadcasts saying he has tons of the stuff."

"Money, huh? That old trophy snatcher has his nerve. We all know how much money is worth. They try to GIVE it away on their radio programs! We've been insulted!"

They go on to call it trash, and figure out a way to get "that messy money" back up the shaft, and they finally get rid of it. But the important thing is the way Barks handles one of his favorite themes with verve and a grand sense of the ridiculous. The introduction of money as an instrument of capital accumulation distorts everyone's lives, totally abstracting everyone from their senses. In this and in dozens of other stories money is shown to be worthless in itself and socially worthless in its accumulated form. The terry firmians reject it out of hand. They see right through the manipulations of an artificial economy on the earth over their heads just as Donald saw through Scrooge's manipulations.

There is a larger unity, though, that has to do with the continuity of our characters from comic to comic. The rubber balls didn't need cash because all they wanted to do was bounce around. Scrooge, as Barks consistently cast him, was actually the same way with his money. All he wanted to do was swim around in it; it was no more an abstraction for him than bouncing was for the terries, though for the moment in this story he is the butt of the lesson. Barks's characterization of Scrooge, for that matter, was one of his finest accomplishments. Where I was supposed to play a typically American figure (too individualistic to hold a job for long — which gave us a certain narrative flexibility; always caught in the moral conflict between get-rich-quick schemes and my social responsibilities — which pointedly win out in the end), Scrooge was

more delicately balanced as a deeply ambivalent character.

Above all, he represented a biting parody of the bourgeois entrepreneur in the competitive stage of capitalism. That proved useful for the sheer technical requirements of our narrative form by enabling us to focus an ongoing political theme on an individual character. But we were keenly aware that that historical type had been extinguished with the advent of the monopolistic and imperial stage of the political economy. For that reason Barks developed two contradictory impulses in Scrooge which satirized the division in the bourgeois personality and prefigured its complete collapse as a cultural and ideological force. All this as comedy, you see.

Q. It would be clearer if you describe this balance, or division in the personality, as you call it.

A. Well, basically this is Barks's comic version of Ahab, the man whose personality is torn between the logic of capital itself—that is, the limitless accumulation of surplus capital through expanding production—and the obsession it created in the capitalist of the era to submit everything else in the world to that logic, including joy and spontaneity, just as those qualities in himself had submitted long before. Ahab was broken because he tried, in the end, to turn all his resources to the submission of the white whale, and in that act he turned against the very forces that had created his obsession in the first place. Another way to say it is that at some point Ahab's obsession lost its cost-effectiveness, or more grandly, that the hubris of the capitalist hero is that he thinks he can defy the necromantic spirits that made him.

Scrooge's personality is also torn—between the logic of capital and the ridiculous fetish it creates in him for money itself. If he keeps his capital in the money form, he won't be able to expand, and all will be lost. But if he invests it he will be deprived of his only source of delight, which is to swim and bathe in piles of the stuff. It's a nicely preposterous contradiction, the source of all of Scrooge's endless anxieties. Needless to say, Scrooge is not broken by this state of affairs, or the comedy would be lost. He is always

seen sitting there on his money piles, his arms wrapped in ecstasy around his cash, and in this embrace he and Barks expose with a grand flourish the essence of bourgeois utopian sexuality — coprophilia.

Q. That, if you don't mind my saying so, is a terrible weight of analysis for a comic book to carry around.

A. I suppose so. But what the hell? Those are the things that emerged from the work as we pushed it to its limits. I don't think it's impossible to understand why Melville, in his time, in that period of bourgeois culture, would develop his themes tragically. But for bourgeois culture in this period, pregnant with death and swollen with emptiness since its last vigorous type disappeared (when all that remains is a reified shell, a skeleton strung with wire), comedy is all that's left.

In another Scrooge story, "Tralla La" (May-June 1954 — DW), he unleashed a devastating attack on Western imperialism by showing that the gold standard (ironically symbolized as the bottle-cap standard) is an utter insanity in an economy devoted strictly to use-value mediated only through agricultural barter. The society Scrooge disrupts with his bottle caps, by the way, is located in Indochina. A prescient touch on his part, I think.

In all of this Barks remained one of only a handful of comics artists who did honest and thoughtful work in the trash medium, as most people still think of it. He could've been a hack, working as he did in complete obscurity. Disney studios never even allowed him to sign his work.

Q. Where is Barks now?

A. He's been living right here in Goleta since his retirement in 1964. He still keeps his hand in by scripting the "Huey, Dewey, and Louie Junior Woodchucks" book.

Q. Let me ask you a question about your film career. I'm particularly interested in knowing your reaction to a critique of your cartoon work contained in a study by Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno of the devaluation of Western culture.

A. Yes?

Q. I don't know if you're familiar with it, but the book

is entitled Dialectic of Enlightenment, and it takes you to task for, basically, teaching your audiences how to accept the daily pain that is inflicted on them in this society. It suggests that the character you played in the films of the late '30s and afterward, in which you were nearly always portrayed as the victim of general violence, was designed to prepare people to "take their own punishment", I think the phrase ran.

A. Oh yes, that piece. Well, I have to admit that of all my critics, Adorno had the sharpest eye. When the book was originally published—back in 1947, I think it was—I was still searching for a way to clarify theoretically in my own mind the direction in which Barks and I were already pushing our work. I was handicapped because I couldn't read German, and had to wait until recently to examine the whole thing in translation. In fact, I never would have known about Adorno if my cousin Ludwig von Drake had not brought it to my attention and translated a few snatches of it for me....

You've never seen Ludwig? Sunday nights, perhaps? Well, the kids would know. He broke into the business in the '60s, mostly as a narrator for Disney cartoon documentaries. It was thought that his thick Austrian accent would be useful for their "scientific" pieces and so forth, but he originally arrived here in the '30s—a "Fluchtling", he called himself. He kept abreast of these matters because he had studied at the Institute for Social Research at Frankfurt for a short period, and with that background he was invaluable in those late-night discussions with Bugs, Daffy, Heckle, Jeckle, and the rest of the circle that had some sense of the importance of the task at hand.

Now as for Adorno's specific critique, I think it's clear by now that it has limitations that—but let's look at the passage you referred to.

You apparently don't have the quote with you? Just a moment. (Leaves the room.) All right, here it is—page 138. Read it into the machine—the passage I've marked.

Q. Here? OK, it says:

Cartoons were once exponents of fantasy as opposed to rationalism. They ensured that justice was done to the creatures and objects they electrified, by giving the maimed specimens a second life.... Now, however, time relations have shifted. In the very first sequence a motive is stated so that in the course of the action destruction can get to work on it: with the audience in pursuit, the protagonist becomes the worthless object of general violence. The quantity of organized amusement changes into the quality of organized cruelty.... Fun replaces the pleasure which the sight of an embrace would allegedly afford, and postpones satisfaction until the day of the pogrom. Insofar as cartoons do any more than accustom the senses to the new tempo, they hammer into every brain the old lesson that continuous friction, the breaking down of all individual resistance, is the condition of life in this society. Donald Duck in the cartoons and the unfortunate in real life get their thrashing so that the audience can learn to take their own punishment."

A. All right, now let me say first that the value of Adorno's thinking derives from his ability to actually look at the details of mass culture, at the particulars of the environment it creates. Marcuse may share the general sweep of that critique, but his Counter-Revolution and Revolt shows no similar acquaintance with the culture's tissue and cell-structure, as it were, that Adorno painstakingly acquired during his exile here. (I keep referring to Adorno, by the way, because I doubt that Horkheimer had much of a hand, except philosophically, in writing the section of the book we're dealing with, namely the essay called "The Culture Industry: Enlightenment as Mass Deception".)

But now what of the accuracy of his attack on my films? He is of course quite correct in observing that we had speeded up the pace of the action, which was decided early on when we saw the breakthroughs made by the Marx broth-

ers, especially in "Horsefeathers". I remember sessions at which Moe, Curly, and Larry resisted our arguments about the necessity for reflecting in a new tempo the urgency of the social situation in that period, but we were adamant.

Eventually, though, it became the basis of the whole Three Stooges style.

Q. Could we digress just a moment on the Three Stooges? Frankly, I have never seen anything in their stuff but a kind of lumpenized theater of cruelty. As for the pace, they remind me of those lines from Pound, "The age demanded an image / Of its accelerated grimace."

A. Well, that's just re-stating Adorno's case. Pound—though God knows he stood way at the other end of the high-culture tradition—nonetheless shared that feeling of horror and disgust at the debasement of the Western tradition. It's a precise position to take, but it's also a limitation. What are the next few lines in that poem? What else did the age demand?

Q. "Something more for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an attic grace."

A. I leave it to you to weigh the value of depicting the attic graces during the Depression. Moe and Curly were bent on creating a style based on American slapstick that would show Depression audiences how their violence, when it was directed against each other, was absurd in that it was self-defeating. When they locked arms in their excellent madness, though, they disrupted and demolished the organization of ruling-class board meetings, music salons and dinner parties, movie studios, and so on. Of course, once the war started, like everyone else in the popular-culture front they were drawn into the anti-fascist struggle and never recovered their original sharpness afterward.

That, by the way, was one reason I stuck pretty much to the comics after the war; there was little elbow room for critical work anywhere else until the '60s. Nobody was looking over our shoulders but the kids. In the face of total integration, the artist dives for cover into invisibility, into whatever pockets of free activity remain.

One more thing on the Stooges, and then we must get back to Adorno. In one of their pre-war pieces, the three of them were operating a business called the K-9 Laundry, an assembly-line dog-washing operation for socialites. This story was one of their best. The assembly line—this elaborate assortment of levers that operates sprays, mechanical hands, scrubbers, and towels—is driven by a chain connected to a bicycle, operated in this case by Curley. At one point Curly calls Moe, the foreman, from a phone near his bike. "Hey Boss," he squeaks, "I'm quittin'! I'm not gettin' anywhere."

And Moe starts to seethe, "Why you...", and pulls a lever in his office wall that springs two mechanical hands out of the assembly line machinery to smack Curley smartly on the ass. And the harder he pedals to show how productive he is, the faster the hands swat him because he's supplying the motive power for his own punishment. Nothing lumpen, as you call it, about that analysis. At the end, of course, one of the socialites is sent through the assembly line to be scrubbed down. And bear in mind that in the great majority of their short films they appear as workers who wind up in a violent confrontation with bourgeois characters.

Q. I think I see your point, Mr. Duck, though it strikes me as a bit literary. If we could I'd like to move on to the question Adorno raises at the end of the passage where he says: "Donald Duck in the cartoons and the unfortunate in real life get their thrashing so that the audience can learn ..."

A. "...to take their own punishment." Ah, let me be succinct this time, if I can. Adorno moves from the first statement, "Cartoons were once exponents of fantasy as opposed to rationalism," to the position that we were helping to prepare people for, in effect, Dachau. My contention is that we were, under the impress of the times, moving consistently closer to the real situation of daily life.

Q. I'm not sure that helps me understand your point exactly. Do you mean to say that fantasy had become critically inoperable—lost its negative punch, so to speak—

and that the social crisis demanded a kind of realism?

A. Not at all. As I indicated earlier, it's the distance between fantasy and everyday life that's important. Fantasy speaks for other possibilities, and in that respect it is a critical exercise. But the best fantasy, in my opinion, consciously approaches the real social experience of people, presenting it from a position outside it—as it were, in relief. What we were trying to isolate in laughter was that element of recognition that told us our audiences saw something of their own experience in the violence inflicted on us. It's a technique that's been drawn out to its last implication in R. Crumb's recent Funny Animals book in which chickenoid cartoon characters are horribly brutalized and remain brutalized. If he were to "dispense justice" to these figures, as Adorno prefers, he'd be serving the interests of illusion, not fantasy. The relation between fantasy and real life is inverted in Crumb, whose irony, as it is in the best of this tradition, is relentless and nearly fanatic. It is the distinction between personal and social fantasy we are dealing with here, and the lesson is this: One may as well accept the society of ducks and chickens as suffer these enormities.

Q. What you are suggesting, it seems to me, is not only that Adorno has missed the point here, but that he has read the entire physiognomy of mass culture somehow backwards.

A. Certainly in the sense that he is observing my own acting, for example, and the mask of mass culture at large through the eyes of a man who refuses to abandon the best of the bourgeois tradition. Where he watches what the masses watch, I see the masses themselves, albeit only as an audience. Nonetheless it is a critical distinction. He says in the preface of the book that "It is a critique of philosophy, and therefore refuses to abandon philosophy." He could as easily have written, It is a critique of culture, and therefore refuses to abandon Culture in the upper-case sense of the word.

I'm afraid, however, that it is Adorno who is abandoned, in no small part because he systematically pushed his cat-

egories forward to the point where his critique of mass fetishized relations can now be turned upside-down. In attempting that, we discover for the first time the possibility of seeing those relations inverted, stripped of their fetishism as they are overturned by mass revolutionary action. We are all bound to the task of discovering the submerged movement of mass revolutionary activity which has not stopped since the first crude appearance of industrial capital, and as an indispensable first step we attempt to break away from Adorno's pessimism.

One tries to take a philosophical step that parallels and prefigures the direct action of the masses. In saying this, I am aware that we are only at the beginning of a specific philosophical task, and not, like Adorno, at the end of one.

What is best in Adorno and the critical school generally is their description of the "total integration", in Adorno's phrase, of modern society — "the false identity of the general and particular". It is the identity of the masses' concrete daily activity and their aspirations for the universality of total freedom which, under bourgeois ideology, can find expression only in the arena of the commodity, as buyer or seller. And since that is the case, it must be clear that mass activity toward self-liberation has no choice but to find its expression in alienated forms. That's what we have to look for. What new forms would mass activity take if it were unleashed from its alienation? It's a matter of seeing the signs through the veil of barbarism, of seeing both tendencies in the same phenomena.

There is an admonition from Lukacs to the effect that the proletariat must "substitute its own positive contents" for the bursting forms of bourgeois culture and beware of the imitation of its "emptiest and most decadent forms". It is a caution toned on the hour by the critical school. Yet where are these substitutions? That is more difficult, almost impossible, for them to speak of, and it is a vagueness that undermines the utopian commitment.

But it is not incomprehensible why an impasse of this sort would conclude the work of intellectuals who represent the best, last strain of critical Enlightenment thought in its

European dress. What we're after, however, are the uses of this body of thought, among others, for American mass workers.

Q. The inference here is that you and your animators have none of the vagueness you just described. Your utopian claims are no doubt far-reaching and exhaustive?

A. I see I must shrive myself of any show of excitement. But since you press the matter — yes, there are a few last comments in order.

The first is that, of course, the revolutionary pessimism of these thinkers may in the end be absolutely justified. There may emerge a barbarism so integrated and so perfectly welded at its tiniest points of stress that the end of human history is in sight. I agree that it is a question increasingly posed in absolute terms as a race to the death: socialism (in the classic slogan) or barbarism.

What has to be kept in mind, however, is that in this period like every other it is the masses of workers who create the conditions both of their oppression and of their liberation. When we enter the period of monopoly capital, there may be very few signs of free activity on the part of the masses; they may not even be visible if they are there. But it is still necessary to understand how the process of self-liberation is continued as much in the culture of the masses (which it creates for and against itself) as it is in production.

There is the same urge for universality displayed negatively on every hand — in comic books, in the mass organization of food distribution in supermarkets (that name alone has mystified its possibilities as an unleashed choff dump dedicated to pleasure), in Coney Island as erotic architecture, in the Brooklyn Bridge as promenade into imaginary space, in bathrooms and movies as invitations to pre-historical laziness....

I am merely suggesting that human beings concretize their ongoing demands for universal freedom in their own daily activity, even when it is consistently turned against them. One searches for the focal points of the coming reversal, the nodes in which the invading socialist society is

half-disguised with the veil of a barbarism which may just as easily cover over the last hope of an awesomely patient humanity.

Q. Would you conclude this interview with an observation on the counter-culture of the '60s? I assume that it is less than a node, as you call it, of the coming reversal.

A. No, it's simply part of the larger process, the most recent burst of energy in the continuing struggle to create a real revolutionary culture. In its demise as a movement, it too makes the contribution of its insights to the battle at large, and indeed some aspects of it (like this joint I am about to light) I admire very much. But it just can't last into the dying light of capitalism.

It takes more of us than that, and more different kinds of us.



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The Strange Romance of Dirty Harry...

by Anthony Chase

Don Siegel's latest film, "Dirty Harry", is an elegiac, necrophiliac, fascist love poem. Siegel, the most boyishly "B" of Manny Farber's underground film-makers ("The Line-Up" is leaner than "High Sierra", "Edge of Eternity" a shade closer to pop art than "Red Line 7000"),* turns out to be more sinisterly underground than we had imagined in our worst nightmares. "Dirty Harry" is a crippling film for those who (a) smiled with pleasure when Clu Gullagher randomly slugged Angie Dickinson in "The Killers" or laughed with glee when Clint Eastwood nearly put his fist through Tisha Sterling's pretty face in "Coogan's Bluff" and (b) have read enough Freud (e.g. Fiedler) or Marx (e.g. Althusser) or both (e.g. Reich) to understand just exactly how sick and profoundly dangerous a film like "Dirty Harry" is. Worst of all, it gives the whole game away.

In terms of craftsmanship, the director's ability to communicate through his visual style a consistently personal and provocative sense of reality, Don Siegel is unquestionably one of the most accomplished of all active American film-makers. It is apparent from the Time magazine review of "Dirty Harry" that this knowledge is no longer the sole possession of a handful of action-movie fanatics and auteur film critics. We might never have considered those explosive montage sequences Siegel puts up on the screen in the context of what goes on between the screen and the audience if it were not for one of Siegel's early defenders, Jean-Luc Godard.

In 1969, an interviewer asked Godard this question: "Don Siegel's films are usually very Right-wing. The idea of an action film, which you were obviously influenced by in your

early films, usually leads to a kind of Right-wing philosophy, whereas now you've gotten rid of the action...." Godard replied: "I don't know what action is. I'm trying to demystify the movies at the same time as making them. I'm always amazed that so many of the militants are so fond of westerns, which I hate. They are not bothered by the fact that it's a fascist form. They don't care. They enjoy it. But a lot of people who lack their intelligence or their militancy are poisoned by that." (1) If "Harry" is poisonous and not just dirty, maybe we should take a closer look at the film and its implicit as well as explicit content to find out why.

First, the skeleton of a plot, that series of events which for Siegel provide the occasion for violent action. A maniac sniper shoots and kills a young lady taking a dip in her penthouse pool high above the streets of San Francisco and threatens further mayhem if the city does not fork over \$100,000 immediately. Enter police officer Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood), his own wife mysteriously dead, quietly resolved to put the killer out of action in his own way even though the liberal mayor (John Vernon) wants to play ball with the nut. After Callahan takes time out to shoot a few black bandits who are holding up a downtown bank and the crazy kid (Andy Robinson), true to his word, blasts a young black boy and nearly cops a priest, Harry and his buddy (Reni Santoni) get down to a little serious police work. The damned pervert has gone and buried a fourteen year-old girl named Ann Mary Deacon somewhere beneath San Francisco with only a few hours oxygen and is not kidding around. Good old Harry, always stuck with the dirty assignments, gets to make the connection, ransom in hand, and in the process is severely beaten, puts a knife in the freak's leg, is saved from execution only by the quick gunplay of his sidekick Chico, and screws things up generally as the killer gets away while sweet Ann Mary, we suspect, breathes none too easy.

With Chico wounded and out of commission, Harry is on his own. He catches up with the kid in Kezar Stadium, bloodies his leg a little with a .44 magnum handgun, and

steps on it. Unable to stand the pain, the ski-masked sniper divulges the underground burial where Miss Deacon, once she is dug up, is very pale and very dead. But at least Harry got even, right? Wrong. Apparently the District Attorney and the boys upstairs don't take rape and murder seriously, because one, two, three, Scorpio is free.

Believe it or not, just because Harry got the truth out of the psychopath by slightly illicit means (torture) the solid case evaporates, and guess who is out on the streets again, chuckle. Before long he kidnaps a school bus full of kids, and with a little spending money thrown in, wants Frisco to pick up the ticket for an airline cruise to somewhere—maybe Morocco, where dope is cheap, but definitely out of Callahan country, the USA.

Once again invited by City Hall to play the uncaged killer's game, this time Harry refuses and instead goes after a little sweet, suicidal revenge. Jumping onto the hijacked bus from a highway overpass and forcing a crack-up, Callahan finally corners his prey outside a mine shaft, and after daring the punk to go for his gun, blows the little rat's guts into the river. Probably out of a job for his unorthodox police work (and who wants to fight a losing battle against crooks coddled by the courts anyway?) Dirty Harry Callahan (you won't have me to kick around any more) quietly takes his badge from his wallet and skips it across the surface of his last victim's watery grave.

Burying the skeleton for a moment, we shall examine the lacerated flesh, the delicious emotions which slide along the surface of Siegel's action images. The visceral thrill which attaches itself to each violent demonstration of Dirty Harry's masculine morality, his enormous and decisive capacity to obliterate a perverse and chaotic social menace, has in its origins a complex and intricately developed psychological terror: the fear of erotic sexuality. In Love And Death In The American Novel, Leslie Fiedler writes: "The failure of the American fictionist to deal with adult heterosexual love and his consequent obsession with death, incest, and innocent homosexuality are not merely matters of historical interest or literary relevance. They affect the

lives we lead from day to day and influence the writers in whom the consciousness of our plight is given clarity and form." (2)

Fiedler's scandalous thesis created havoc when it first appeared on the literary scene just over ten years ago. But a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* claims that no PhD candidate in English would dare question Fiedler's propositions today; and Fiedler himself, in the preface to a revised edition of his book published in 1966, laments the possibility that he has almost singlehandedly created the new conventional wisdom in the American literary academy. What is interesting for our purposes is that the notion that American culture is dominated by images of men fleeing from women in search of an elusive masculine El Dorado where violence often becomes a substitute for erotic sexuality is almost never used to describe the central character of American cinema, and yet it is at least as appropriate in regard to American film-makers as in regard to American novelists. (3)

Describing the gothic quality of their work, Fiedler writes that

...our great novelists, though experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror, tend to avoid treating the passionate encounter of a man and a woman, which we expect at the center of a novel. Indeed, they rather shy away from permitting in their fictions the presence of any full-fledged, mature women, giving us instead monsters of virtue or bitchery, symbols of the rejection or fear of sexuality. (4)

Isn't he perfectly describing the essential similarity between the most American of film genres: the Western and the gangster film, the war movie and the black cinema of the private eye? Manny Farber describes our great film-makers as "the true masters of the male action film — such soldier-cowboy-gangster directors as Raoul Walsh, Howard Hawks, William Wellman, William Keighley, the

early, pre-"Stagecoach" John Ford, Anthony Mann..." Hasn't the obsession of such film-makers with violence, incest, and innocent homosexuality ("the male group") from "Scarface" and "Air Force" to "White Heat" and "The Searchers" clearly demonstrated the repressed sexuality and gothic quality of American cinema parallel to that of American literature? ▲

Which returns us immediately to the work of Don Siegel, whose films are dominated by often violent men (Steve McQueen in "Hell Is For Heroes", John Cassavetes/Claude a film based on a Hemingway story but actually the substance of *The Sun Also Rises* — Richard Widmark/Harry Guardino in "Madigan", and Clint Eastwood in "Coogan's Bluff", for example) who are profoundly uncomfortable in a world littered with treacherous women. Eastwood described "The Beguiled" as "a gothic horror story". Siegel rejected the original screenplay for "The Beguiled" and relates:

The studio — Universal — hired a women, Irene Kamp, to rewrite the script. They said she, as a female, would know how to treat a story with several women and one man. I nearly threw up when I saw what she had done... I took over the whole thing and handed it to my associate producer Claude Traverse, and we did something else. We showed how these girls and women could be evil, showed how these girls and women could be evil, how they were capable of murder when their passions were aroused. I came out with a tougher picture. (5)

And Siegel's next tough picture was, of course, "Dirty Harry", in which women become monsters of virtue instead of bitchery and the rejection of female sexuality is accompanied by an unprecedented kind of paranoid hysteresis. D. W. Griffith would have watered at the mouth as Siegel plays that final and most sublime card taken from Edgar Allan Poe's subterranean deck: he has killed his lovely little girls and sent them off to heaven white as snow where their terrible deceptive vaginas become angel wings or some-

thing but do not threaten with an awesome, animal sexuality the masculine resolve of tough guys like Harry Callahan who want from life only the chance to remain little boys and play with big guns.

"James," writes Fiedler, "never questioned the sentimental heresy, only added to it the necrophiliac titillation (otherwise exploited by Poe and Mrs. Stowe) by identifying the immaculate virgin with the girl dying or dead" and "was forever closing in on the real subject that haunted him always: the necrophilia that has always so oddly been an essential part of American romance." (6) Yet it is Poe, preoccupied with corpse-love, who utterly suppresses the sexuality of his female characters: He creates pale, ethereal, virgin child-women made somehow more beautiful and untouchable by grotesque diseases, then kills them and goes down into the crypt to caress their purity. It is all very tender and incestuous. In "Berenice" and "Eleanor" she is a cousin, in "The Fall of the House of Usher" she is a sister (closer, closer) and she is buried alive. Then that one poem, so hard to forget: "And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side/Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,/In the sepulchre there by the sea — /In her tomb by the sounding sea." (7)

Annabel Lee was entombed by the sounding sea while her equally virtuous sister, Ann (as in Annabel) Mary (as in Virgin) Deacon (as in the Church) is buried down by the San Francisco Bay; and as one gothic image survives in another, Roderick Usher becomes Harry Callahan, tormented by a faint yet irrefutable sound (dare I say it?) as if her frail body might have been placed living beneath the ground! and Dirty Harry (whose wife, taken from him for no reason, tragically evoked with funeral parlor phrases: "Forgive me, I'm sorry, I didn't know," as if out of respect for her stilled virtue) sees in this horribly threatened child no one but his own dead bride, born never to know evil, and could secretly confess, like the narrator of "Ligeia", that "my memory flew back (Oh, with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the august, the entombed. I revelled in reflections of her purity" (8)

In an opening scene where Callahan's character is defined, the tough cop lectures the weak mayor: "When an adult male chases a female down the street with the intent to commit rape, I shoot the bastard. That's my policy." In a society without values, chaotically permissive, crumbling everywhere, Harry remains a gallant knight dedicated to protecting from violation every single Coastal maiden. He and his buddy Chico together stalk their prey through the topless bars and cheap adult book shops which animate San Francisco's night life and produce the warped minds obsessed with sexual passion and perversion to which the Police Department, as a last agent of moral rearmament, must put a stop. Seeking out Scorpio through the site of an elephant rifle along shadowed apartment rooftops, Callahan spies a naked girl preparing to engage in some form of sex ritual with a couple of friends in her living room. Harry stops, mumbling "may as well have a little fun in life, Callahan." And next to killing people in the line of duty, it is about as close as he comes to any real fun. "The self-pity," writes Fiedler, "which in Hawthorne, James, and even Hemingway has softened the horror of the portrait of the American as impotent voyeur...disappears in Sanctuary... When Popeye leans over the bed in Madame Reba's whorehouse, watching Temple Drake perform the act of darkness of which he is incapable...he is projecting a brutal travesty of the American artist, helpless and fascinated before the fact of genital love."

"Through the corrupt city," he continues, "the innocent tough guy who finally sees all, though he is slugged, doped, sapped, shot at, and bribed on the way to his vision, moves on an immaculate journey. The undraped daughters of the rich, tight-breasted virgins and nymphomaniac night-club entertainers, tempt him with their proffered bodies; but he is faithful only to his buddies, and like Lambert Strether, to 'what is right'." (9) Chico and Harry are faithful to each other all right, a perfect team, sharing jokes about boys who are more than buddies (consummated rather than innocent homosexuality, a confusion of sexual roles which frightens and outrages Callahan like Hemingway before him

and is portrayed as part of the decadence of urban life) until Scorpio puts Chico in the hospital. When Harry visits him to offer a full-time partnership once he is back in action, Chico declines, retreating instead to his wife, who has no taste for adventure and who convinces her husband that he is safer with his tail between his legs. Callahan accepts the defeat gracefully: His real romance is with Ann Mary Deacon, the condemned virgin, and consequently with himself — .44 magnum narcissism.

We shall not press the point further; it is too obvious. We need not mention the "Annabel Lee" motif or anti-feminist theme of Clint Eastwood's own first feature, "Play Misty For Me" (released just before "Dirty Harry" and including a brief appearance by Siegel) or the fact that when Scorpio produces one of Ann Mary Deacon's teeth as bloody proof of her entombment, he only repeats a stunt from Poe's "Berenice" where a tormented lover returns from his cousin's crypt, with her teeth and a pair of pliers, his pants covered with gore. Whether Don Siegel has intentionally placed himself within a particular gothic tradition through this specifically incidental creation of feminine monsters of virtue or simply inherits an "unconscious collective style" (10) which is an integral part of American culture is unimportant. The social significance of "Dirty Harry's" deceptive endorsement of sexual repression is paramount.

It is one thing to say that in "Dirty Harry" Don Siegel offers us a certain kind of hero, a man to respect and admire, whose morality is intimately bound up with a grotesquely distorted conception of women and the concurrent repression of sexuality. It is something else again to say that "Dirty Harry" is a fascist film. The link between the two is made by Wilhelm Reich in The Mass Psychology of Fascism: "Fascism" is the basic emotional attitude of the suppressed man of our authoritarian machine civilization and its mechanistic-mystical conception of life." (11) He later states:

The suppression of one's primitive material needs

compasses a different result than the suppression of one's sexual needs. The former incites to rebellion, whereas the latter — inasmuch as it causes sexual needs to be repressed, withdraws them from consciousness and anchors itself as a moral defense — prevents rebellion against both forms of suppression... It is not only by means of this process that sexual repression strengthens political reaction and makes the individual in the masses passive and nonpolitical; it creates a secondary force in man's structure — an artificial interest, which actively supports the authoritarian order. When sexuality is prevented from attaining natural gratification, owing to the process of sexual repression, what happens is that it seeks various kinds of substitute gratifications. Thus, for instance, natural aggression is distorted into brutal sadism, which constitutes an essential part of the mass-psychological basis of those imperialistic wars that are instigated by a few." (12)

Thus, for instance, Harry Callahan's natural sexuality is crushed by a conventional confusion of femininity with chastity and a Christian-mystical identification of masculinity with the disciplined protection of female virginity, and is ultimately distorted into a kind of police-tough guy, sadistic violence rarely portrayed with such terrific impact on the motion-picture screen. (13) Consequently we are not surprised by the similar treatment of the two most important sequences in "Dirty Harry" — one the culmination of sexual repression and despair, the other a bittersweet experience of sadism as a desperate substitution for sexuality.

Siegel uses soft-focus photography (rather unusual for him, hardly the trademark of a top "B" director) and a kind of melancholy moog-synthesizer soundtrack reverberation first, when the pale, naked, Christ-like corpse of Ann Mary Deacon is slowly raised from beneath the ground and lovingly laid on a white stretcher while Harry watches impotently (having failed to save her or avenge her, allowing her tormentor to elude him beneath a towering cross in the

park), and with gaze transfixed stares out into the enigmatic night-tide of the Bay. The soft focus and eerie music are repeated at the end of the film immediately after Harry experiences the climax of his act of revenge, has felt the sharp recoil of the gun against his hand and watches the bloody face of his target disappear beneath the water, then thoughtfully removes his SFPD badge, his job finished, and throws it away.

Thus Harry Callahan pays a price for accomplishing an act surely no one would question yet which a liberal mayor, a permissive police department and judicial system, and a decadent society had neither the guts nor the masculine resolve to see through to the end. By this time any student from Berkeley would of course gag. The liberal mayor is Alioto, up to his elbows in the Mafia. The permissive police department and Oakland Tactical Squad murdered Bobby Hutton and James Rector, among others. The lenient judicial system sent George Jackson to prison and execution for petty theft. The decadent society, tragically short on real men, is somehow able to prosecute one of its largest wars, in which torture and mass-murder are established government policies. Thank you Hollywood for once again giving us a clear picture of what is happening in the United States.

The military-police style of sexual paranoia which pervades "Dirty Harry" has considerable social consequences. The American Friends Service Committee reports:

The authoritarian personality has a tendency to attribute evil intent and actions to other groups, particularly minorities; he shows an exaggerated interest in and vigilance against sexual activity on the part of others, coupled with unconscious self-doubts about sexual adequacy.... The appeal of the armed-forces recruiters to the masculinity theme is psychologically effective in getting men to sign up. Concern about masculinity also plays a role during training. In a group of navy frogmen trainees studied psychologically, the 25% who success-

fully completed the gruelling training showed evidence of fear of women and doubts about their own sexual adequacy. The author of the report comments "...it is quite possible that their unconscious motivation to complete the course was based on a need to prove their masculinity coupled with a fear of involvement with women." These men were also less successful than their fellow trainees in coping with anxiety by verbal expression; they were "action men" in the words of the recruiting pamphlet cited. (14)

In short, it is possible to demonstrate the fascist quality of "Dirty Harry" (and, we would like to argue in detail, most of the male action cinema) without showing the similarity between the logic of Officer Callahan's outraged attack on the Warren Court's Escobedo and Miranda decisions¹⁰ and the paranoid propaganda of every Right-wing organization in the country. Such an argument is too easy and does not have the far-reaching consequences for the American cinema which it is our purpose to suggest. It is one of the great potentialities of the women's-liberation movement to elaborate the political dimensions of sexual repression in American culture and institutions. (15)

Finally, we propose not only that "Dirty Harry" is fascist, but that it is ridiculous to be surprised any longer by that kind of eventuality. "The point," says Reich, "is that every social order produces in the masses of its members that structure which it needs to achieve its main aims." (16) Taking seriously Reich's conception of ideology as a material force and basing his work on a close reading of Marx, French philosopher Louis Althusser has constructed a detailed analysis of the relationship between the cultural superstructure and the economic infrastructure of capitalist society. The social stability of corporate capitalism is ultimately insured only by the capacity of the ruling elites to convince the mass of individuals that the narrow interests of a specific class are the same as the general interests of mankind. A difficult problem.

In other words, (writes James Roy MacBean in Film Quarterly), people must be trained to know what "society" (the ruling class) expects them to do and to be willing to do it. And this is where ideology comes in. Cinema and television are of course by no means the only or even the most important vehicles of ideology. (Althusser lists, in addition to these, the schools, churches, courts, political parties, labor unions, the press, and — perhaps most important of all — the family.) But cinema and television have proved particularly useful ideological weapons in the past few decades, both because of the vast audiences they reach and because, as photographic media, they lend themselves so well to the ruling class's need to present the status quo as if it were reality itself. (17)

Movies are not the only element within the cultural and ideological superstructure of society. Except for people who spend both day and night in the theater, no one's life is simply a reflection of what he sees in a film. Yet the enormous consistency of American culture and its tendency to reproduce the ideology which sustains corporate liberalism are not accidental. The complicity of the cinema in this project is evidenced by the repeated endorsement of the fascist conception of relations between men and women portrayed in "Dirty Harry". That the corporate state thrives on anti-feminism and the sexual repression of men like Harry Callahan is beyond question. Clearly, the tough guy is being played for a sap: he has no idea what a real woman is like, gets hopelessly stuck on some boring assembly line in Detroit with the only possible escape to Vietnam where he can spend an hour with a whore when the MPs aren't looking and outside My Lai have the most sexually gratifying experience of his life, the machine-gunning of a hundred men, women, and children in a ditch. Some romance.

(Reprinted from The Velvet Lighttrap, January 1972)

* Although Siegel is not actually mentioned in Farber's original 1957 essay "Underground Films", both he and Sam Fuller should be included within the group of camerados based on Farber's 1969 articles devoted to them. It might be pointed out that while Hawks, Walsh, and Ford made films before sound, Siegel did not make his first feature until 1946, Fuller until 1949. Farber's most important criticism has been collected in Negative Space (New York, Praeger, 1971).

▲ We are obviously out on a limb, offering the outline of a whole way of looking at American cinema without defending it film by film, shot by shot. Nonetheless, we are confident the argument can be made and choose only to initiate it here. Fiedler, clearly, and Kate Millett provide starting points. Raymond Durnat's essay "Inside Norman Bates" is interesting, and one-shot cowboy George Plimpton's comments in Esquire (February 1972) are revealing: "Howard Hawks, for example, thinks there is a type of man-love, love that isn't sexual. Hawks's films very often seem to be about very strong relationships between men, not homosexual, but friendships that are based on admiration and appreciation of skills, and that's why I think Hemingway and Fitzgerald were very attracted to each other." This is what Fiedler means by "innocent homosexuality".

▲ Someone will say that Harry is a profoundly ambiguous figure and that we are not supposed to respect him, will be uninterested in the fact that most audiences do without reservation. After killing several blacks during a bank robbery, Harry is friendly with a black hospital intern who patches him up. This supposedly justifies or negates the racism of the hold-up sequence. "The scene cost only \$500," says Siegel in the New York Times, "and it says a hell of a lot about Harry — that he isn't just a bundle of prejudices, that he has a certain amount of humanity as well." As if that were the issue. Eichmann liked classical music, Hitler loved his dogs; "humanity" is cheap. The human consequences of a policeman's actions are a function not only of his

personality, but also of the State's definition of his job, which is political. "We do not say these men are evil," writes Carl Oglesby, "but rather that good men can be divided from their compassion by the institutional system which inherits us all."

*Even Time magazine argued in 1966 that the Supreme Court's "handcuffing" of policemen by establishing specific civil rights for the criminally accused in the police station (Escobedo Versus Illinois in 1964 and Miranda Versus Arizona in 1966) was in the best interest of society at large as well as the accused individual. And why not as long as everyone knew those rights would be violated in practice if the security of the State were threatened? Justice Abe Fortas could afford to say in 1966 of the Miranda decision that "we deal not with the criminal against society, but the state and the individual", because the Democratic administration with which he was close friends had sent the Marines into the Dominican Republic, where Fortas (among others) had interests in the sugar trade, to restore "law and order" the year before. The Time magazine articles on Escobedo and Miranda (April 29, 1966, Pages 52-63, and June 24, 1966, Pages 53-54) are worth reading.

FOOTNOTES

1. Godard was interviewed by Jonathan Cott in England and a transcript was published in Rolling Stone (June 14, 1969).

2. Leslie Fiedler: Love and Death in the American Novel (New York, Delta, 1966), Pages 12-13.

3. A brief, persuasive example of the rare use of Fiedler's ideas in film criticism is William Donnelly's "Love and Death in 'Casablanca'", published in Persistence of Vision (Madison, Wisconsin Film Society Press, 1968).

4. Fiedler, Page 24.

5. Siegel's comments are quoted from Charles Higham's article in the New York Times (July 25, 1971), Section 2, Page 11.

6. Fiedler, Pages 303-304.
7. Edgar Allan Poe: Great Tales and Poems (New York, Washington Square, 1970), Page 294.
8. Poe, Page 48.
9. Fiedler, Pages 346-347.
10. Conscious/unconscious and personal/collective elements in an artist's work are discussed in Peter Wollen's Signs and Meaning in the Cinema (London, Secker and Warburg, 1969) and Graham Petrie's The Cinema of Francois Truffaut (New York, A. S. Barnes, 1970), Chapter 5.
11. Wilhelm Reich: The Mass Psychology of Fascism (New York, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1970), Page xiii.
12. Reich, Page 31.
13. Reich's discussion of the cult of the Virgin Mary (Pages 164-167) and D. H. Lawrence's analysis of sadism as a response to such sexual repression (in "Edgar Allan Poe" from Studies in Classic American Literature in The Portable D. H. Lawrence, New York, Viking, 1947, Pages 690-691) are quite interesting in this regard.
14. Peace Education Division of the American Friends Service Committee: The Draft? (New York, Hill and Wang, 1968), Pages 10-12.
15. Gail Peller's review of Shulamith Firestone's The Dialectic of Sex, in Socialist Revolution (March-April 1972, Pages 137-145), points the right direction.
16. Reich, Page 23.
17. Althusser's perspective, derived directly from Marx and Engels, elaborated in "Contradiction and Overdetermination" in For Marx (New York, Vintage, 1970), and well summarized by James Roy MacBean in "See You at Mao" (Film Quarterly, 1971), is not unprecedented in film criticism. Robert Warshaw hints at it in "The Gangster as Tragic Hero" in Partisan Review (1948), and Wolf W. Moss in "The Movies and the Social Revolution" in The Movies On Trial (New York, MacMillan, 1936) and John Howard Lawson in Film on the Battlefield of Ideas (New York, Masses and Mainstream, 1953) are more to the point than Warshaw. Also Raymond Durgnat describes "entertainment films" as propaganda in A Mirror for England: British

Movies from *Austerity to Affluence* (New York, Praeger, 1971, Pages 7-8), and the *Radical Education Project* (Box 561-1, Detroit, Michigan) manifesto "Mass Media, Advertising, and the Arts", reprinted in *Cineaste* magazine, is right on the money.

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QUILTS:

The Great American Art

by Patricia Mainardi

Flowers, Plants, and Fishes
Beasts, Birds, Flyes, and Bees
Hills, Dales, Plains, Pastures
Skies, Seas, Rivers, Trees
There's nothing near at hand
Or farthest sought
But with the needle
May be wrought

from an old sampler

Women have always made art. But for most women, the arts highest valued by male society have been closed to them for just that reason. They have put their creativity instead into the needlework arts which exist in fantastic variety wherever there are women, and which in fact are a universal female art, transcending race, class, and national borders. Needlework is the one art in which women controlled the education of their daughters and the production of the art, and were also the audience and critics. It is so important to women's culture that a study of the various textile and needlework arts should occupy the same position in Women's Studies that African art occupies in Black Studies: It is our cultural heritage. Because quilt making is so indisputably women's art, many of the issues women artists are attempting to clarify now—questions of feminine sensibility, of originality and tradition, of individuality versus collectivity, of content and values in art—can be illuminated by a study of this art form, its relation to the

lives of the artists, and how it has been dealt with in art history. The contrast between the utilitarian necessity of patching and quilting and the beautiful works of art which women made of it, and the contrast between the traditions of patchwork and quilting as brought to America and the quilts made here from colonial times to the present, give ample evidence that quilts are The Great American Art.

Although quilts had a functional purpose as bed coverings, they had another purpose equally important to their makers, and that is display. Early bedrooms frequently possessed only one piece of furniture, namely the bed; and the quilt, displayed on the bed, was the central motif. Women exhibited their quilts and still do, at state and country fairs, churches, and grange halls, much as our contemporary "fine" art is exhibited in museums and with much the same results. Good quilt makers were known and envied throughout their area. Their exhibitions of exceptionally fine craftswomanship and design influenced other women who returned home stimulated to do even finer work, and ideas of color and design were disseminated from one area to another, causing recognizable historic and geographic trends.

Moreover, the women who made quilts knew and valued what they were doing: frequently quilts were signed and dated by the maker, listed in her will with specific instructions as to who should inherit them, and treated with all the care that a fine piece of art deserves. Women reserved their "best" quilt for guests of honor or special occasions, and when it was on the bed, drew the curtains to prevent fading. Many of the most beautiful quilts were actually used so infrequently that they have come down to us without ever having been laundered — women even made special "quilt cases" to store them in. Even in their choice of material women quilt makers behaved similarly to other artists — they wanted to use only the most permanent materials, and the popularity of two colors, indigo and turkey red (an alizarin dye), was the result of their ability to withstand much use without fading.

In sharp contradiction to the truth about these women artists is the fabric of lies that has been spread over their

work — the distortion of the purpose of the "quilting bee" into the false idea that quilts were "collective art" instead of the work of individual women, and even more important, the lies about their anonymity. For example, the catalogue for the "American Pieced Quilts" exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, DC, bears a cover reproduction of a quilt signed "E.S. Reitz" in large letters, clearly visible. The quilt is identified in the catalogue as to title, place, date, material, and size — but the artist's name is not given. Jonathan Holstein then dedicates the catalogue to "those anonymous women whose skilled hands and eyes created the American pieced quilt". (2) These women did not choose anonymity. Rather, it has been forced on them. The great pains taken by art historians to identify all work of male artists, even if only by conjecture, coupled with the intentional omission of the names of those women artists, even when they signed their work, makes mockery of all pretensions that male "scholarship" is anything but a tool of sexist oppression.

Although women made quilts of wool and silk, the first for warmth, the second for beauty, most quilts were made of launderable fabrics called "wash goods", primarily chintz and calico. Too much has been made of the fact that the fashions of a period were used in quilts, implying that women were the passive agents between fashions and quilts. Aside from the fact that this is not the whole truth (women also dyed and traded fabric), no such interpretation has been given to the work of male painters, whose art has also been influenced by the mediums and pigments "in style" during that period. Quilts were made in three ways: pieced, applique, or by the use of quilting stitches alone on a solid-color background. The majority of them were "pieced", for economic reasons — that is, the small pieces of fabric were joined edge to edge to make up a top of a single layer of fabric. The process of piecing makes curved designs very difficult, as the fabric has to be joined on the bias and tends to pucker, so most pieced quilts have straight-edge designs, founded on squares, triangles, or diamonds. Applique quilts are actually called "patchwork", but since this

word has also been used as a general term for quilts, I'll use the more specific word "applique". They were designed by laying the cut-out shapes of fabric on a base of new fabric and hemming them down, thus making a double layer of fabric—a clear extravagance and one which accounted for the fact that applique didn't come into wide use for quilts until approximately 1750 when fabric wasn't so scarce, although pieced quilts were made by the first female immigrants. Women quilt makers preferred their applique quilts to their pieced ones because hemming down allowed them greater freedom of design than piecing, and because the additional expense of the extra fabric for applique called for their very best needlework and design—these are the ones that women considered their "best" quilts, and which, although many fewer of them were made, have survived in larger numbers because of their "show" rather than "everyday" use. Because of the greater freedom of the applique technique, women created hundreds of new designs, most based on natural forms, especially the flowers they loved. Solid-color quilts, usually white, were designed only in stitchery, called quilting, the beauty coming from the bas relief of the top, created by thousands of tiny stitches, stuffing some areas, flattening down others.

Besides the top designed layer, quilts have two other layers—the padding for warmth and the backing. All three layers are held together by the quilting, that is, the tiny stitches which go through all three layers and contribute the lights and rhythms of their own design to the quilt.

Quilts as they were first made in America were the product of necessity as well as tradition. Factory-made blankets were unavailable until the mid-Nineteenth Century, fabric was scarce and expensive, and winters were cold. Women had to re-use every available scrap from worn-out clothing in their quilts, lining them with worn-out homespun blankets, wool, cotton, or rags and backing them with muslin or homespun. Before 1750, quilting was the universal form of needlework in America, practiced in all households, by all females old enough to hold a needle. Even after economic circumstances eased somewhat, girls were

still taught to sew even before they were taught to read — there are many beautiful quilts made by girls younger than ten years old.

Although American women, including slave women, made quilts from colonial times at least until the Centennial (1876), and many still do, that was merely one of their duties, and their accomplishments should be seen against the sum total of their work. For most of the Colonial period, and in rural areas up to and even after the Civil War, women were responsible for an amount of work hardly to be believed: Besides the cooking and cleaning and raising and educating children, they spun, wove, and dyed cloth, made the clothing, bedding, curtains, and rugs for the entire family, canned the food, milked cows, tended gardens and chickens, and made soap and candles. With the rise of industrialization in the Northeast it is not surprising that single women in large numbers left the farms for the relatively easy life of a 12-hour day in the factories. Making quilts, though a necessity, was virtually the one area in which women could express themselves creatively. A woman worked on her quilt in the evening after she had done the day's chores. The importance of quilts in women's lives is best expressed in the statement of one Nineteenth Century farm woman who is quoted as saying: "I would have lost my mind if I had not had my quilts to do." (3)

All three quilting arts, piecing, applique, and stitching, are extremely ancient and can be traced to Syria, Egypt, India, and China. Flags are piecework (remember Betsy Ross?), and quilted bed coverings were made by Chinese and East Indian women in the Seventeenth Century as well as by the women of Europe. (4) The tradition as well as quilts themselves came to America with the first women immigrants, and several early designs exist which are identical to those done in England. Gradually, however, women began to re-design their quilts and create new patterns, so that eventually more quilt designs were created in America than in all of Europe. In particular, the repeat patterns of the applique quilts became peculiarly American, as well as the institution of the quilting bee and the custom

of creating quilts for special occasions. Although most writers on quilts remark on the change in design from Europe to America, no one has pursued it further than to attribute it to some mystical "spirit of freedom" in the new land. (5) I think a more down-to-earth explanation exists — the same explanation that has accounted for every change in all of art history, namely, that when there is contact with new design traditions, art changes.

Early American immigrants came from England, Ireland, Germany, and the Netherlands and mingled the needlework traditions of those countries. In America, they met with new design traditions from the various American Indian tribes whose influence is obvious in the many quilts named for them: "Indian Meadow", "Indian Hatcher", "Indian Trails", to name a few. The familiar sawtooth pattern, for example, seen in both pieced and applique quilts, is strikingly similar to Indian women's weaving. Furthermore, intermarriage between Indian women and white men was fairly common, and the Indian women and their female descendants' quilts would bring to bear design influences from both cultures. (6) The other unacknowledged (for much the same reasons) design influence on American quilts I feel came from African women, who actually made many of the Southern quilts, particularly at the large plantations where many bedrooms necessitated many quilts. It is too great a coincidence that the South was the "home" of applique quilts, while many of the quilt makers in the South were from Dahomey, where much beautiful applique was made. (7) I think it should be acknowledged that some of that "spirit of freedom" which enriched quilt design actually came from the very women for whom the new land provided not a spirit of freedom, but a spirit of tragedy.

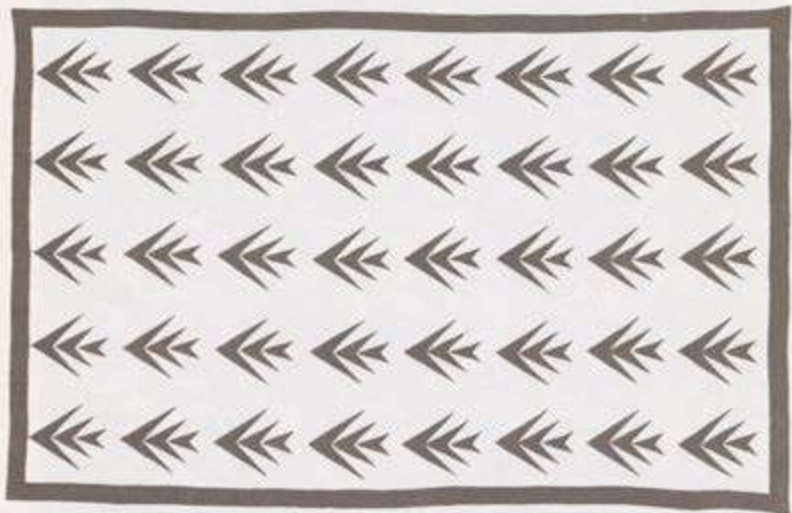
The earliest quilts made were known as "Crazy Quilts". Women sewed odd shaped scraps of fabric together with no attempt at design, and the result tended to resemble a jigsaw puzzle. Since they were utilitarian, they mostly wore out, and few have survived. This "Crazy Quilt" was the basic quilt design. Whenever times were lean and fabric scarce, especially in rural communities far from stores,

women made crazy quilts. Years later, in the late Nineteenth Century, after the Civil War and the Centennial celebration, there again came a vogue for them — but made not of the crude scraps and patches of earlier days, but of velvets and silks, scraps from "best" clothing, and of a size meant not for a bed, but for a parlor throw. By a change of fabric and size, the content of the quilt as art changed from the hardship and poverty of the earlier period to a more relaxed evocation of the past — a poetic reminiscence.

It is interesting to note that there are few quilts, even among the crazy quilts, totally lacking in a sense of design; for virtually immediately women began the process of making their quilts beautiful as well as useful. With the same poverty of means, but with the addition of a sense of design, women began to cut their scraps into patches of uniform size and shape (the "Hit an' Miss" pattern), or to sew all the light-colored ones into one strip and the dark ones into another, and alternate the stripes (the "Roman Stripe" pattern). These are "one-patch" patterns, since there was no organization into a series of blocks to form the design. The "Mosaic" pattern, another early design brought from England, later called "Honeycomb" or "Grandmother's Flower Garden", consisted in cutting the points off a square to form a hexagon. Pieced quilts evolved from the "one-patch" through the "nine-patch", depending on how many pieces the original square was divided into. As the quilt designs evolved, women went to greater pains to have their quilts fulfill their conceptions: They traded fabric scraps with other quilt makers, dyed some to obtain the shades they wanted, and embroidered on the plain homespun if that was all they had. Women became the artists in a society in which their efforts were likely to be the only art that most of the populace saw, certainly the only art most of them possessed. Although these quilts didn't look anything like the European-influenced painting done in America at the time, a period of over 200 years of exposure to this women's art, on permanent exhibition in most households of America, finally influenced the male artists of today to work in a similar style.

Quilts

by American Women

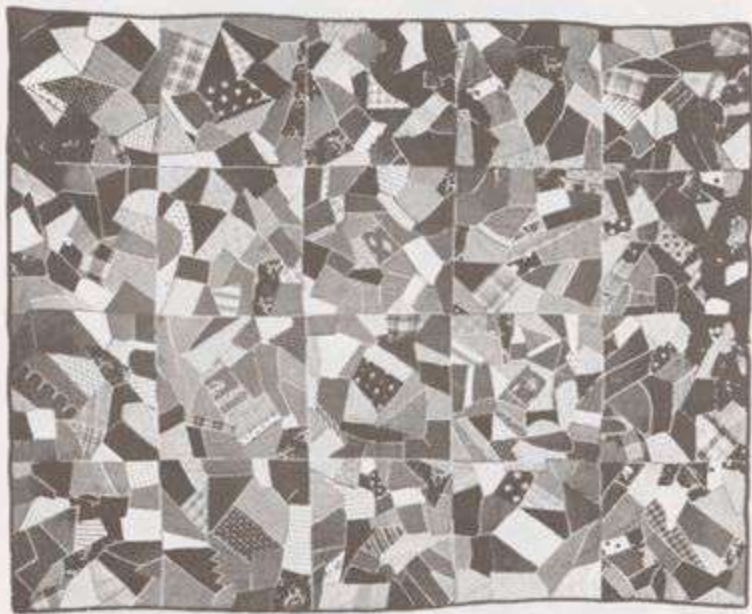


Unknown Woman, Widow's Quilt, New Jersey, Nineteenth century. Pieced black and white, the black motifs signifying the "Darts of Death," quilting in shapes of lyres. Note the single bed size. This is a variation on a mourning quilt, for a man's death. Courtesy of American Museum in Britain.

photographs collected by
Patricia Mainardi



Unknown Woman, Little Birds, Ohio, 1830. Yellow, brown, and green appliqué on homespun linen. Variation of "Tree of Life." Courtesy of The Shelburne Museum, Vt.



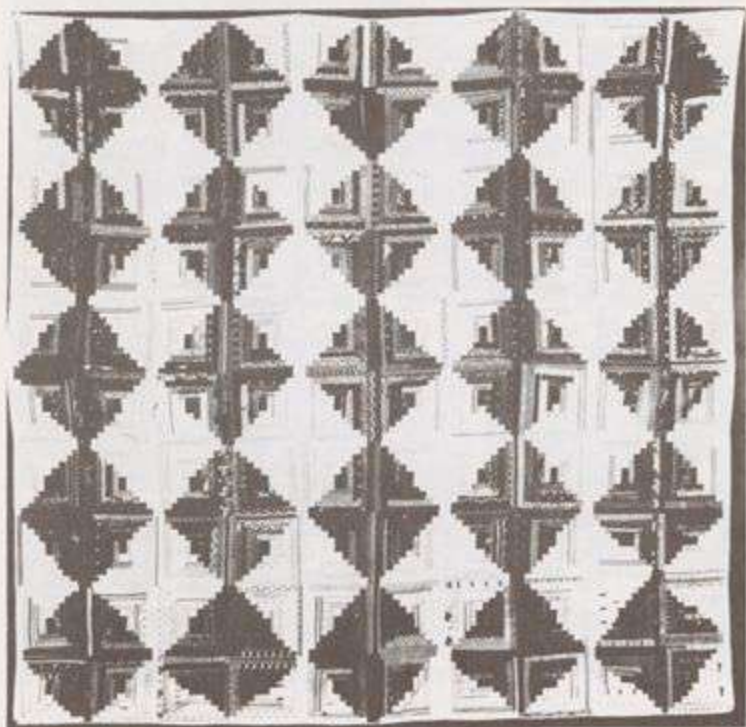
Elizabeth Ann Cline, Crazy Quilt, 1875. Courtesy of The Denver Art Museum.



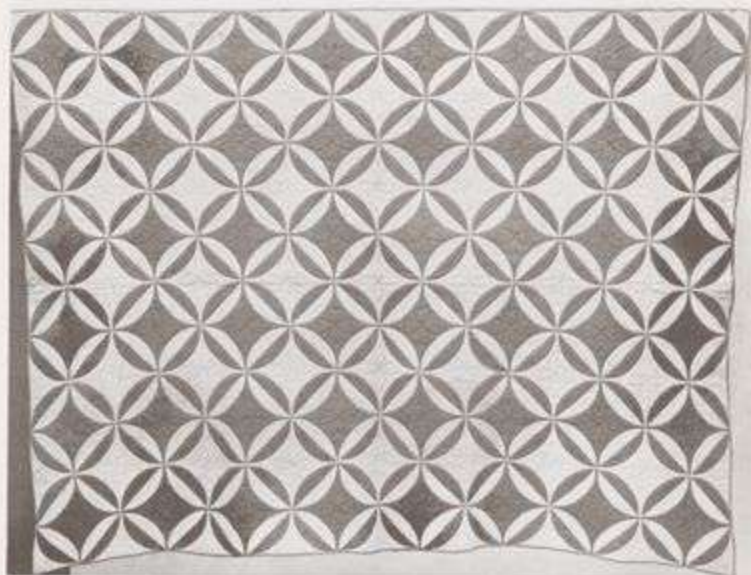
Zuble Cole Spaulding, Sunburst and Grandmother's Flower Garden, 1849, Bloomington, Illinois. Brown and gray silk, pastel cottons, feather quilting. Courtesy of the Denver Art Museum.



Mary Everist, Friendship Medley Quilt, Cecil County, Maryland, 1849-50. Appliqué. The signatures are visible in the center of each block. Courtesy of The Baltimore Museum of Art.



Unknown Woman, Log Cabin, nineteenth century. Pieced quilt. Courtesy of The Brooklyn Museum.



Unknown Woman, Robbing Peter to Pay Paul, nineteenth century, pieced, red and white, hearts and ellipses quilting. Design also called Orange Peel. Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.



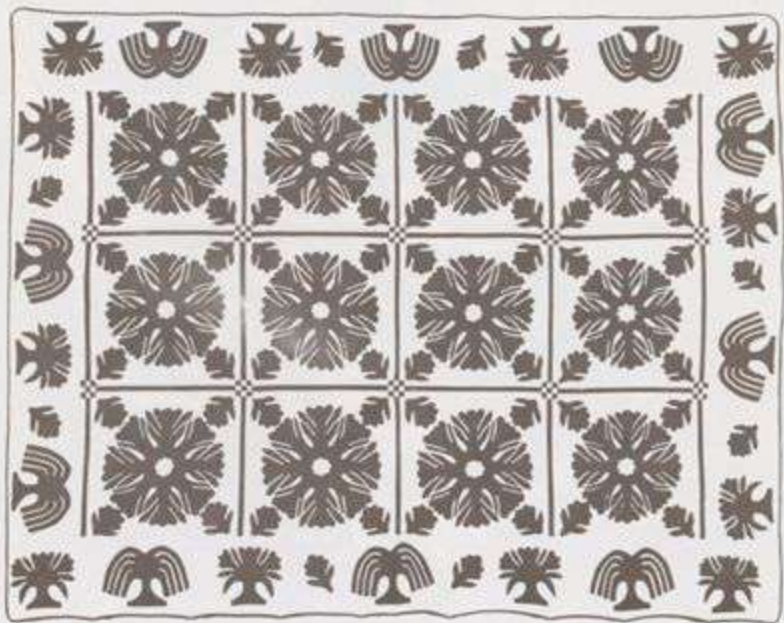
Sophonisba Anguissola Peale, Star Medallion, Philadelphia, 1850. Courtesy of Philadelphia Museum of Art.



Unknown Woman, All White Quilt, nineteenth century. The raised portions are stuffed from behind.



Charlotte Jane Whitehill, Spice Pink, also called Whig Rose, 1932. Appliqué, feather and diamond quilting. Courtesy of the Denver Art Museum.



The Grandmother of Virginia Kearney, Willow Oak Quilt, Boston before 1861. Appliqué, navy blue and white. Courtesy of Shelburne Museum, Vermont.



*E. W. Perry, The Patchwork Quilt, Harper's Weekly, December 21, 1872.
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.*

Although pieced quilts are primarily geometric in design, and as such could be considered only in formalist terms, that would be only half the story. All quilt designs were named by the maker. If other women liked the name and used it, it became traditional. The names of the quilts give rich insights into the lives of the women who made them, and their lives give insight into the content that the design elements held for them—a repeat pattern of cubes in space, for example, was known as "Baby's Blocks". The fact that it is more common for contemporary male artists to call this type of design by a scientific or mathematical name merely points up the different content this visual symbol evokes in different lives. There are hundreds of names for quilt designs, and often women changed the names, discarding the old ones as the visual images they evoked became irrelevant to their lives. In this way, they gradually transformed both the names and designs of the European tradition until they had built a new American one.

For example, a design known in England as "Prince's Feather" (after the Prince of Wales) became "Princess Feather" on arrival in America, and afterward became "Ostrich Plume" or "California Plume". A pattern called "Jacob's Ladder" before the American Revolution was later called "Stepping Stones" in New England and Virginia, "The Tail of Benjamin's (Franklin) Kite" in Philadelphia, the "Underground Railroad" in Western Reserve, and "The Trail of the Covered Wagon" in Mississippi. And after the first commercial railroad (1830), an unknown woman included a striped railroad symbol and called it "Railroad Crossing".

It must be understood that quilt names were generic rather than specific; that is, although the image was recognizable within the visual vocabulary of women, it was rarely if ever exactly the same in size, style, and color. When the additional design elements which make up the quilt are considered, such as borders, choice of fabric (color, pattern, weave), and the quilting itself, it is clear that two identical quilts would be even rarer than two identical paintings.

In designing their quilts, women not only made beautiful and functional objects, but expressed their own convictions on a wide variety of subjects in a language for the most part comprehensible only to other women. In a sense, this was a "secret language" among women, for as the story goes, there was more than one man of Tory political persuasion who slept unknowingly under his wife's "Whig Rose" quilt. Women named quilts for their religious beliefs, such as "Star of Bethlehem" or "Job's Tears", or their politics — at a time when women were not allowed to vote. The "Radical Rose" design, which women made during the Civil War, had a black center for each rose and was an expression of sympathy with the slaves. Other political quilts had names such as "Lincoln's Platform", "Clay's Choice", "The WCTU" or "Union Star". In fact a quarrel broke out between the Whigs and the Democrats in Pennsylvania in 1845 as to a certain rose design claimed by both parties. Other quilt names expressed the farm lives of their makers, such as "Corn and Beans", "Toad in the Puddle", or "Flying Bats"; or their urban lives, as in "Philadelphia Pavement" or "Court House Square". In fact, from their social life ("Swing in the Center") to their flower gardens ("Rose of Sharon" or "North Carolina Lily") to occupations ("Churn Dash", "Chips and Whetstones") or themselves ("Fanny's Fan", "My Mother's Star"), there is virtually nothing in the lives of these women that did not get expressed in quilts. But the most popular motifs always remained Sun, Rose, and Star designs.

There are several categories of quilts, each of which was made for specific occasions and in a definite way.

There was the Bridal Quilt, begun after a young woman's engagement had been announced. By the time she was engaged a woman had customarily completed twelve quilt tops which were then quilted up before her marriage, since the expense of padding and backing would only be undertaken when a new household was in preparation. The thirteenth, the Bridal Quilt, was the equivalent of the male custom of the "masterpiece", particularly when one considers that marriage was virtually the only employment available to

women at that time. This quilt was made of the best materials she could afford, and commanded her most skilled and intricate needlework and the most carefully planned design. The Rose of Sharon was the most favored design for the Bridal Quilt because of these lines from the Song of Solomon (2:1) which every woman knew and which seemed to them particularly appropriate for brides:

I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily
of the Vallies.

As the lily among thorns, so is my
love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of
the wood, so is my beloved among
the sons.

Bridal quilts were used after the wedding only on special occasions or for honored guests, and have frequently come down to us without ever having been laundered. They were virtually always applique, and it was customary to incorporate hearts either in the applique or in the quilting. But it was considered bad luck for a woman to use hearts in a quilt before her engagement had been announced.

Freedom, Friendship Medley, and Presentation Quilts were the only quilts made by more than one woman and accounted for a small percentage of quilts made, although they have become quite well known. The Freedom Quilt was made for a young man on his 21st birthday by all his female friends at a party arranged by his mother and sisters—a custom popular until approximately 1825. Each woman would bring fabric scraps from her own dresses, and at the party make and sign a block of her own design. By the end of the day, all the blocks had been made and set together into the "top". It would take another all-day event, the "quilting bee", to quilt it.

The significance of the 21st birthday was that a young man was legally free at that age, whereas previously his labor and wages legally belonged to his father. There was no Freedom Quilt for women, since their labor legally belonged to their father until marriage, and afterward to

their husband. The term Freedom Quilt acquired another meaning around the time of the Centennial, when the nation celebrated its survival through the Civil War, an end to slavery, and an end to the troubles and uncertainties of the first hundred years. These later Freedom Quilts, made by individual women, were another example of political quilts, incorporating symbols such as eagles, flags, stars, and liberty bells in their designs.

Friendship Medley Quilts and Presentation Quilts were made in the same way as Freedom Quilts, and became popular around 1840. When a woman became engaged to marry, a friend usually gave a party at which all her friends brought fabric from one of their dresses and made her a Friendship Medley top. Custom dictated that the young woman's mother invite all the participants to a return party at which the actual quilting was done. Friendship Medley quilts were also made for neighbors in distress, and for neighbors moving away. When they were made to honor a respected personage of the community, they were called Presentation Quilts.

Album Quilts were similar to Presentation Quilts in that each block was different. Album Quilts were made by individual women, however, and had a theme — birds or flowers, for example. The Friendship Quilt (different from the Friendship Medley), was a type of Album Quilt, each block being made of the dress material of a female friend, although all the blocks had the same design and maker. Quilts were also made that recorded the family history (Family Record Quilts) with blocks showing family members, pets, their home, weddings, and so on.

Finally there were the sombre Memory or Mourning Quilts, pieced from the dresses of a friend or relative who died. In the center of these quilts the woman quilt-maker would cross-stitch an inscription with the name, the date of death, and perhaps a poem. The period during and after the Civil War is characterized by a great number of mourning quilts, in blacks, grays, and browns, with the quilting done in the design of a weeping willow tree.

From the above descriptions of quilts, it should be ob-

vious that the use of material having emotional significance in addition to the formal characteristics of color, shape, and design added a spiritual and emotional dimension to the quilts as art which is missing from most art today and which modern formalist criticism attempts to define as "non-art". But to the early quilt-makers, this dimension was an essential part of the art. Aunt Jane of Kentucky expressed this feeling when she said: "There is a heap of comfort in making quilts, just to sit and sort over the pieces and call to mind that this is of the dress of a loved friend." (8)

The "Quilting Bee", as an American institution, is well known; but most Americans have a false idea of its nature. An examination of myths usually reveals not the reality of the situation, but what the society feels the reality should have been. (Witness the Noble American Cowboy myth.) In view of the male lie that women lack individuality, creativity, and initiative, it is not surprising that the quilting bee has become in the popular mind the place at which women all collaborated on the making of the quilt.

In actuality, quilting bees were called for the purpose of assisting an individual quilt-maker in the tedious work of quilting the top, which she had already made. Even the design of the quilting stitches was chosen in advance by the maker of the quilt. The various kinds of Presentation Quilts which were a composite of individually produced, designed, and signed blocks were the only exception to the individual nature of quilt making, and the number of quilts so produced was a tiny percentage of all the quilts made. Interestingly enough, male artists who have had assistants for the more routine aspects of their creativity (and whose numbers stretch throughout art history) have never been popularly stereotyped as lacking in individual creativity because of it.

For the American quilt-makers, even the choice of assistants was an individual choice, made on the basis of crafts-womanship. Invitations to quilting bees only went out to expert needlewomen, and it was common knowledge that those who were not expert with their needles had little access to the major institution of women's social life.

Moreover, there are many stories of women whose stitches were uneven being sent to help in the kitchen, or of the quiltmaker herself ripping out poorly done work and re-doing it. In other words, the part played by collectivity in the quilt-making art had more in common with traditional methods of art-making than with mythological interpretations of women being prone by nature to collective art production.

The quilting bee was an all-day affair, lasting from dawn to late evening. It was second only to Church in social importance to women, and they probably enjoyed it more. In a time of bad roads and poor transportation, women frequently went for long periods without seeing each other, each isolated in her own house. A letter from a woman in Ohio dated February 7, 1841, says:

We have had a deep snow. No teams passed for over three weeks, but as soon as the drifts could be broken through, Mary Scott sent her boy Frank around to say she was going to have a quilting. Everybody turned out. Hugh drove on to the Center, where he and several other men stayed at the Tavern until it was time to come back to the Scotts' for the big supper and the evening.... One of Mary's quilts she called "The Star and Crescent". I had never seen it before. She got the pattern from a Mrs. Lefferts, one of the new Pennsylvania Dutch families, and pieced it this winter.... Her other quilt was just an old fashioned "Nine Patch"....

It was customary to work all day, usually on two quilts, and then have husbands, brothers, and friends in for supper and dancing. Although most of the records claim that women at the quilting bees "exchanged gossip and recipes", it should be obvious to women that this was not all that was going on. The fact that Susan B. Anthony made her first speech in Cleveland to women at a church quilting bee gives an indication that then, as always, women had important things to

say to each other that could best be said out of earshot of men. I don't think it was coincidental that the Seneca Falls Conference of 1848, which marked the beginning of an organized American Women's Liberation Movement, came at the virtual height of the quilt-making period; nor is it coincidental that the size of the quilting party—8 to 16 women—coincides exactly with the size of modern consciousness-raising groups.

Quilting itself was done by stretching the lining, padding, and top on a horizontal wooden frame. The design was marked with chalk or pencil, after which eight women, two to each side of the frame, would stitch along the chalked outline of the motif, through all three layers. Besides the functional purpose of holding the lining in place, the stitching has the aesthetic function of throwing the top of the fabric into low relief through the manipulation of lights and shadows by the thousands of tiny stitches. Thick quilts called comforters or winter quilts were tied with little snips of yarn at intervals, as the padding was too thick to be closely quilted; whereas counterpanes, particularly in the South, were not lined or quilted at all and served only an aesthetic function, like the modern bedspread. A comparison between quilts and counterpanes, however, makes it obvious that the quilting changed not only the function of the quilt, but the character of the object as art besides. Quilts are more sculptural, "heavier", both actually and visually, and are visually more complex. The interaction of the patchwork design with the chiaroscuro of the quilting was of great concern to quilt makers, and the choice of quilting stitch every bit as important as the patchwork design. Frequently there were several quilting designs in one quilt—one for the patches, one between the patches, and one for the border. The quilt makers strove for balance—that is, opulent floral and arabesque designs usually had severe quilting, while simple designs had elaborate quilting. Quilting served to enhance and complement the design, not to overpower it. Quilting was generally of two varieties: plain—that is, straight lines, either diamond shaped, diagonal, or parallel; or fancy—which could be either

block or running. The block designs were clam shells, wreaths, eagles, weeping willows, and so on, and the running included vines, ropes, and feathers. Quilting designs could be traced from patterns or invented by the maker. In any case the combination and disposition of the quilting, as well as the quality, was one of the important design elements in the quilt.

Because quilts are women's art, the literature and history concerning them has been written in the peculiar way familiar to all women artists. Which is to say that they are omitted from all general reference within the history of art, and they have no "place" in art history. They are not included in books on American Art, and they have even been excluded in works that supposedly deal with decorative and folk art. (10) "Professional" art historians have written about them not as art, but to do endless chronicling of the history of English and American textiles — somewhat akin to a work on Rembrandt which focuses on his paints and mediums, quickly passing over the paintings themselves. Of the authoritative books on quilts, all except one are written by women with a sincere love of needlework and an appreciation of the value of the quilts as art, but without the art-historical background to place these women's accomplishments in an art-historical context. For example, I found not a single reference to the painting going on in America at the time the quilt-making art was at its highest — an illuminating comparison, and one which would show that the quiltmakers anticipated modern painting by at least 150 years. William Dutton, the only male "authority", runs true to form and characterizes quilts as the work of "nervous ladies". (11) (Another man in the history of quilting who runs to type is one Charles Pratt, who came to America in 1886 from England, and promptly declared himself quilt-making champion of the world, having in his possession, he said, over two hundred letters of testimony proclaiming his (male) supremacy in this field.)

Writers on quilts seem to feel the need to tell us that not all quilts were beautiful works of art, although God knows

the same could be said for any of the arts: If all the bad paintings made were held against that art, it would be immediately outlawed.

Although virtually every museum and historical society in America has a collection of quilts, most keep them not on permanent exhibition, but in permanent storage. The official explanation for this is that quilts cannot be displayed without damaging them; but this seems more like a rationalization than like the truth when one reflects on the crumbling manuscripts, peeling paintings, and other "man-made" artifacts museums manage to exhibit. Mrs. H. N. Muller of the Shelburne Museum in Vermont, one of the few museums in the country to display a larger permanent exhibition of quilts, acknowledged in a letter to me the problems in displaying quilts, but added: "In our view, they do not serve anyone's purposes in continual storage — better to be seen and enjoyed." (12) Feminists desirous of ending this suppression of a female art form should make appointments with museums for themselves, their groups, or their classes to view the quilt collection — and complain vigorously to the Public Relations Director if such appointments are not forthcoming. The pressure will eventually force the museum to put quilts on permanent exhibition.

The recent "revival" of interest in quilts by the Whitney and Smithsonian, which resulted in exhibitions of piecework quilts at both museums, on closer investigation reveals another phenomenon of which modern women artists are all too well aware. That is, that although the sexist and racist art world will, if forced, include token artists, they will never allow them to expand the definitions of art, but will include only those whose work can be used to rubber-stamp already-established white-male art styles. Because our female ancestors' pieced quilts bear a superficial resemblance to the work of contemporary formalist artists such as Stella, Noland, and Newman, although the quilts are richer in color, fabric, design, and content, modern male curators and critics are now capable of "seeing" the art in them. But the applique quilts, which current male artists have not chosen to imitate, are therefore just written off as

inferior art. Throughout his catalogue essays for both exhibitions, Jonathan Holstein praises pieced quilts with the words "strong", "bold", "vigorous", "bravado", and "toughness", while he dismisses the applique quilts as "pretty", "elegant", "beautiful" but "decorative". (13) This is exactly the kind of phallic criticism women artists are sick of hearing, and is made all the more ridiculous by the fact that women actually made both types of quilts. The purpose in exhibiting only the pieced quilts becomes further apparent with the following statement from the Smithsonian catalogue:

The finely realized geometry of the pieced quilt, coupled with this sophisticated sense for the possibilities of color and form, produced such works which mirror in startling ways contemporary painting trends. We can see in many such phenomena as "op" effects, serial images, and use of "color fields", a deep understanding of negative space, mannerisms of formal abstraction, and the like. Too much can of course be made of these resemblances, to the confusion of the intrinsic merits of both the paintings and the quilts. They were not made as paintings, nor did the people who made them think of themselves as "artists". (14)

What Holstein has done here, with the blessings of both the Whitney and the Smithsonian, is to turn history upside down and backwards. He has turned the innovators into the followers, used the quilts to "legitimate" contemporary formalist painting while managing to dismiss these women as artists at the same time. It is a historic impossibility for art to "mirror" (note the passivity of the word) forward into time. When male artists are ahead of their time, they are called the "avant-garde". Similarly, it is impossible for art to have the "mannerisms of formal abstraction" before formal abstraction was developed, let alone before its current descent into mannerism. This shabby motive

for exhibiting only a certain style of quilts — distorting our heritage to prop up the sagging reputations of the modern formalist school of painting — is shown again in the Whitney catalogue, entitled "Abstract Design in American Quilts", and dedicated to none other than Barnett Newman. (15)

Quilts have been under-rated precisely for the same reasons that jazz, the great American music, was also for so long under-rated — because the "wrong" people were making it, and because those people, for sexist and racist reasons, have not been allowed to represent or define American culture. The definitive institutions of American culture — museums, art history, and schools — are all under the control of a small class of people, namely white males, who have used their power to gerrymander the very definition of art around the accomplishments of all those who are not white and male. Their terms "primitive art", "folk art", and "decorative art" reveal more about the prejudices of the art historians than about the art itself. Just as the old joke has New Yorkers drawing a map of America composed mostly of a huge Manhattan Island with the rest of the country being squeezed down to miniscule size, so have white male art historians distorted the history of art to the point where the painting and sculpture done by white males over a 500-year period in a small section of the world — namely Western Europe — is the subject of intense and nauseating analysis and re-analysis, while the entire rest of the world is lucky to get a chapter in their books or a course in their schools. The textile and needlework arts of the world, primarily because they have been the work of women, have been especially written out of art history. It is a male idea that to be "high" and "fine", both women and art should be beautiful but not useful or functional. The truth is that "high" art has always fed off the vigor of the "lower" "folk" and "primitive" arts, and not the other way around. The African sculptors needed Picasso as little as the Japanese print-makers needed the impressionists or the American quilt-makers need the minimalists. In music it became an open scandal that while black jazz and blues

musicians were ignored, their second-rate white imitators became famous and rich. Feminists must force a similar consciousness in art, for one of the revolutionary aims of the women's cultural movement is to rewrite art history in order to acknowledge the fact that art has been made by all races and classes of women, and that art in fact is a human impulse and not the attribute of a particular sex, race, or class.

What an unbiased study of American quilts shows is that when women artists were allowed to follow their own creative impulses, their work ranged over an enormous area: Their sense of color went from the palest pastels and all-white quilts to the boldest, most vibrant colors — to muted earths and sombre blacks. Not knowing women were supposed to favor delicate lyrical design, they were free to do that when they so desired, but also to work out the most precisely mathematical geometrics or strongly rhythmic natural forms. They made political, personal, religious, abstract, and every other kind of art, having in common only a respect for craft. Women quilt-makers enjoyed this freedom only because their work was not even considered art, and so they were exempt from the harassment experienced by most women artists. Left in peace, women succeeded on their own in building a design tradition so strong that its influence has extended almost 400 years, and which must today be acknowledged as The Great American Art.

Priscilla Halton's Work
1849

Life looks beyond the hands of time
Where what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal flower
And bloom to fade no more.

(inscription on a Friendship Quilt,
Fulton, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania)

FOOTNOTES

1. Carrie Hall and Rose Kretsinger: Romance of the Patchwork Quilt in America (Idaho, 1935), Page 107.

2. Smithsonian Institute: American Pieced Quilts (Washington DC, 1972), Page 5.

3. Denver Art Museum: Denver Art Museum Quilt Collection, Page 7.

4. It is outside the scope of this article to deal with the history of these forms of needlework, but for an excellent account read Marie Webster's Quilts—Their Story and How to Make Them (New York, 1915), Pages 3-60.

5. For a typical example of this "mystical" explanation see Marguerite Ickis: Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting (New York, 1959), Page 260.

6. Confirmation of this theory came from the New York print-maker Eleanor Magid, the great-grand-daughter of a Miami Indian woman who has in her family many quilts made by her female ancestors.

7. See Judith Wragg Chase: Afro-American Art and Craft (New York, 1971), Pages 88-90, for a discussion of quilts and weaving done by slave women on Southern plantations. Many examples of their needlework are in the Old Slave Mart Museum, Charleston, South Carolina. I am grateful to Faith Ringgold, artist and lecturer on Black Art, for informing me of the fact that many Southern quilts were made by slave women (including her great-grandmother Betsy Bingham) and helping me to find the documentation for this fact which is omitted from all the works on quilts. Although Dahomey applique was made by men, nonetheless the technique and visual vocabulary was part of the culture, and it was slave women who did needlework in America.

8. Hall and Kretsinger, Page 17.

9. Ruth E. Finley: Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them (Philadelphia, 1929), Page 37.

10. See the book Art in America—Nineteenth Century, by Garrett Norton, Gowans, and Butler (New York, 1969), for a horrible example, in which painting, sculpture, glass, silver, pottery, furniture, and so on are covered, but not a

word about quilts.

11. William Rush Dunton: Old Quilts (Maryland, 1946), Pages 1, 3, and 4.

12. From an unpublished letter to the author, December 12, 1972.

13. Smithsonian Institute: American Pieced Quilts, Page 13, and Whitney Museum: Abstract Design in American Quilts (New York, 1971), Page 10. For a thorough analysis of how women's art is stereotyped, see Cindy Nemser's "Stereotypes and Women Artists", Feminist Art Journal, April 1972. To that I would like to add from my experience in researching this article that sentence structure can be sexist—as in the constant use of the passive voice in reference to quilts ("quilts were made", "quilting was done", "names changed", never "women made quilts", "women changed the names"), and the subtle sexism in the constant use of the word "pattern" instead of "design".

14. Smithsonian Institute: American Pieced Quilts, Page 13.

15. Another example of how art history can be twisted to uphold male supremacy in art is that when great numbers of blankets woven by Navajo women were recently revealed to be in the collections of male artists, not one critic commented on the obvious derivation of the men's work. Their comments rather were on the same order as Holstein's—that the Navajo women really looked quite up to date compared to the "real" artists (the men), but of course no one should confuse them, because the women, of course, were not "real" artists. See Hilton Kramer (New York Times, October 8, 1972): "How Primitive Is the Folk Art of the Navajos?"

16. Florence Peto: American Quilts and Coverlets (New York, 1949), Page 32.

Thanks & an RA tip o' the hat to

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REQUIEM FOR MAX SHACHTMAN

by Stan Weir

Max Shachtman became a leader in the American revolutionary movement in 1923, two years after his formal entry. He died last November 4, at the age of 68. Because of the low age level in the ranks of organized socialism, Shachtman is known to only a handful of young radicals today. Yet, the ideas he helped to develop constitute an important part of the inheritance which the brutality of recent history too often hides from youth movements.

Shachtman's career as a socialist leader is not without documentation. Up until the 1960s there is a voluminous written record starting with the Young Worker, the Daily Worker, and the Liberator (1924 only) in the early 1920s; the Militant, Socialist Appeal, and New International in the 1930s; Labor Action and the New International in the 1940s and 1950s; and finally the Socialist Party's New America. He edited, translated, and wrote forewords to a score of Leon Trotsky's works, and was executor of Trotsky's literary will. He also wrote three full-length books: The Fight for Socialism, The Bureaucratic Revolution and The Rise of the Stalinist State, and The Struggle for the New Course, written as a supplement to Trotsky's New Course.

But Shachtman's true role in the movement would be missed if he were to be viewed only as a writer. His development as a revolutionary youth coincided with the Russian Revolution in 1917. That unprecedented event—whether as it was in its precious birth and youth, or later in its tarnished, degenerated and finally self-devoured form—was to become the almost total preoccupation of the bulk of the radical movement in the modern world for almost half a century. Shachtman helped found the Communist Party movement in the United States. In the mid-1920s, he became editor of the Young Worker, was an alternate on

the Party's Central Committee, and was a delegate to the 1925 and 1927 Third International Conferences in Moscow.

With party leaders James P. Cannon and the late Martin Abern, Shachtman was expelled in 1928 for circulating among the membership a suppressed document by Leon Trotsky that Cannon had smuggled out of Russia. The first to be officially branded as Trotskyites, they held their first public meeting in New York City with the aid and physical protection of the IWW and a group of Italian anarchists headed by Carlo Tresca. Those Communists sent to break up the meeting were allowed to stay if they would sit and listen. As a result, many of their number became charter members of the first Trotskyist organization. During the next 15 years, with New York as the Center, they built the Fourth International with affiliated groups in 25 countries. Their main tool was a theoretical journal, The New International. Shachtman was its early editor and Abern its business manager.

In 1940, Shachtman headed a minority faction in the Socialist Workers Party (SWP), then led by Cannon. The minority felt that the socialist experiment in Russia had degenerated to the point where it could no longer be defended — no matter how critically — as a workers' state. The Russian invasion of Finland and encroachment on Poland brought the faction fight to a peak, and Shachtman's group split away to form the Workers' Party. Their goal was to maintain intact the ideas on which the 1917 Revolution was based and to admit to and correct those ideas that proved mistaken. Shachtman played a major role in the development of the theory of "bureaucratic collectivism" which characterized the Russian state as both anti-capitalist and anti-socialist. While the means of production were collectivized, the character of the collectivization was bureaucratic — totalitarian rather than democratic — and could, therefore, no longer lay claim to the term socialist. From this ideological base, Shachtman became one of the major developers of the Third Camp socialist concept. It opposed both the capitalist and Russian systems and championed a third and independent working-class socialist system.

The Workers' Party was the only socialist group in America that refused to give political support to any side in World War II. During the war it grew in spite of governmental pressures. Shachtman was in his late 30s, mature with his skills at their sharpest and his energies at their peak. He made hundreds of speeches and more explaining how it was impossible for either the capitalist nations or the Soviet Union to conduct a really progressive war against Fascism. All had an industrial system resting on exploitive relations in the production process. The systems in Germany and Italy bared a capitalism in crises so deep that it forced the abandonment of bourgeois democracy. The system in the Soviet Union represented the failure of the Russian Revolution of 1917, a totalitarian dictatorship that would have to collapse if it experienced revolutionary socialist pressures from below. The war was a vehicle that would make for more totalitarianism on a world scale and more wars, and would force the victors to police the world on an imperialist basis.

Shachtman's speeches regularly exceeded four hours in length. Sarcasm, humor, personal attack, logic, and deep emotional sincerity were used in constant interchange. There were times when you were carried along by the entertainer rather than the political thinker, but you were always learning and seldom bored. He would speak on, act out, and structure every conceivable attack that could be anticipated from ideological opponents. By attentiveness to his facts and logical arguments, the listeners became politically armed. In his humorous mockery of opponents the shortcuts were found to the legitimization and self-justification so seemingly necessary to a small group struggling to survive against formidable opponents on both Right and Left.

The prediction of Shachtman and the Workers' Party that World War II would accelerate social decay and increase the overall amount of totalitarianism on the globe proved correct, but the fulfillment of the prediction was not enough to bring continued growth. Underlying all the other theories it developed, the leadership of the Workers' Party had built

their group mainly on two inter-related fallacious ideas: (1) The end of the war would bring an end to the ability of the Russian state to hold down the forces of revolution in Europe, and (2) The WP, by building a small-scale edition of a mass party and operating as such, could rapidly become a mass party with the arrival of a revolutionary or pre-revolutionary situation.

The prediction failed, as did the organization designed to meet the prediction's fulfillment. After 1946, I never again heard Shachtman speak with a confidence that came effortlessly. The Cold War and witch-hunt period had a bad effect on all the Left, the Workers' Party included. It was disoriented. It had used all its energies seeking to find the magic slogans and programs to attract "the masses", and so had never taken the time to find out for itself what the masses or even sections of the masses thought, felt, and wanted. A large percentage of its members worked in industry, attended all the union meetings, and socialized with "native" workers. Yet, because their primary concentration was on power questions and their program, they were unable to understand why the industrial workers' struggles were retained inside the workplaces during the 1950s.

The WP changed its name to the Independent Socialist League in 1948, openly stating that it was now a propaganda group and not a party. But the change came too late. The idea and design for the change came from Hal Draper (editor of the party's newspaper Labor Action and later author of Two Souls of Socialism). The idea caught on quickly, but it couldn't change objective historical conditions and the pressures they exert. The object for socialists became to hold on—to lose as little as possible. For a number of years Shachtman traveled the country, effectively putting his great oratorical skills to that task.

In 1958 Shachtman led the ISL into the Socialist Party. There he soon emerged as one of its most conservative leaders. Until the time of his death he was opposed to withdrawal of the US military from Southeast Asia unless there were maximum assurances against Communist domination. He did not come to this position as an uncritical supporter

of American foreign policy. Rather, his thinking was dominated by the totalitarian consequences of a Communist victory, which he considered the greatest evil among what he believed were the existing options. It was after joining the SP that Shachtman — through influential political friends — became an indirect but important consultant to George Meany, I. W. Abel, Al Shanker, and other leading labor officials. The relationship extended also to influential Democrats in the Henry "Scoop" Jackson and Humbert Humphrey camps.

Without registering bitter recriminations, I want simply to register that I disagreed with Shachtman on a number of political-organizational questions. I grant that some might challenge my characterization of Shachtman's post-1958 politics as being conservative. I ignore that challenge to briefly take up another.

Those radicals whose generational time coincided with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 were born politically into a mass movement that became world-wide. Even though a segment of them became Trotskyists or members of other socialist groups, they could never abide political life in a non-mass organization. To return to living in something less than a mass party, for any length of time, was for them a defeat. They had seen, heard, and felt the inspiration of a giant experiment. They had been to mass meetings in hundreds of cities in dozens of nations called by new Communist parties built on the vision sparked by the Russian Revolution. The Communist parties and the revolution may have become degenerated or fouled, but those masses who had felt the flame were still there, alive and knowing even though temporarily demoralized. They could be won to another party that had kept the flame faithfully.

The several Trotskyist groups that formed in the 1930s and 1940s, regardless of their size, all formed "small mass parties" with weekly or semi-monthly papers that resembled mass dailies. Trotsky had predicted that the end of World War II would cause the disintegration of Stalinism and release a series of revolutionary developments in Europe. That new wave would in turn have considerable

effect on the American laboring class. The capsule mass parties were, with great sacrifice, kept in readiness for that soon-to-come day.

Toward the end of World War II, it began to become evident that in addition to the bombing and killing, the war was causing a tremendous destruction of working-class organizations. In fact, the social-cultural units of organization in entire populations became atomized. The personal ties which make up the organizational foundation on which conscious political and social action is based were destroyed over a large part of Europe. Consciousness of that destruction among many American socialists who opposed the Communists from the Left brought with it the sinking feeling that the basis for a mass opposition to capitalism or "Stalinism" from below was gone from at least their generation's agenda. The Communist take-over in Czechoslovakia in 1948, with what at that time looked like an assemblage of mass support, was for many the boot stomp on the fingers clutching the ledge.

It was easier to be one of those who entered the movement in the late 1930s or early 1940s, after the mass excitement created by 1917 had quieted. One watched those who had entered earlier sustain additional and special wounds as the war ground to an end. In Italy, the invading American and British armies were arresting the Italians who had fought the German armies and had set up revolutionary city governments and communes. With the American and British armies, there arrived the Italian Communists who had spent the war in the Kremlin and the Italian Socialists who had exiled in the United States and England. In Germany, Nazi SS elements were able to maintain control over the population until the arrival of the allied victors. In the central European countries, the first political act of the invading Russian armies was the execution of Trotskyists. This was also given top priority by the armies of Tito.

If a socialist group or individuals within it believed that the conscious cadres of revolutionary workers who were the basis for socialism in their time had been destroyed,

there was little to base theory on, let alone program or slogan. For many, a holding action was not enough; bureaucratic substitutes for independent working-class action had to be found in order to sustain any kind of momentum. The open wounds left too many doubts about the ability of the working class to again constitute a conscious organized force. There was little basis or momentum for building a new theoretical ground from which to operate as a propaganda group.

Since it seemed that there was little hope then of building a socialist party, the call for the formation of an independent labor party in effect became the "end all". It appeared to supply the only chance to create the political atmosphere which could in turn provide qualitatively new opportunities for socialists. But neither did there appear to be much hope for that development occurring out of initiative or out of self-activation in the working class. The alternative was that it be built from above by the official labor leadership.

Phasing out the ISL into the Socialist Party in 1958 was seen by Shachtman and others as the way to work concretely to make that hope a reality. More than any other group, the SP had maintained a relationship with official union leaders. In this way, by its dissolution, the ISL acted out what was occurring in most Marxist groups at the time, a turn away from Marx's premise that the ranks of the working class represent the primary force for genuine social change.

The existence of (Joseph) McCarthyism added to the wounds, but was not the determinant factor in the demoralization. The East German Uprising of 1953 and the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 — which gave dramatic proof of the power of workers, students, and intellectuals to overcome major defeats and rise again despite seemingly overwhelming obstacles — came too late to reverse the process. Those events seemed too small, too far away. They were crushed by the Russian armies and did not reach the consciousness of a significant section of American workers.

The tragedy surrounding Shachtman and the movement

he had led is best symbolized by the meeting to memorialize his death designed by the SP and its youth section. Only one of the speakers, Albert Glotzer, was associated with Shachtman prior to his entry into the SP. Civil-rights leader Bayard Rustin recounted some warm and interesting stories about Shachtman. Al Shanker, President of the NYC United Federation of Teachers, stated frankly that he didn't know why he had been asked to speak when so many others had known Max so much better. Charles Zimmerman, retired Vice President of the Garment Workers (ILGWU) and former Lovestonite, was only the most casual acquaintance of Shachtman; yet he spoke, gloating on how "we finally won him over to democratic socialism" (meaning into the SP and away from Marxism). SP Youth leader Josh Muravichik cutely recounted how Max had taught him that socialism must become "respectable". He shamed Max. I can remember the long speeches in which Max harangued against respectability and differentiated by counseling that socialists must be "respected, not respectable". What prestige, to be the voice after death echoing Max's aggressiveness about his own cynicism and demoralization.

Not one speaker at the SP's December 10 Memorial for Shachtman, held at the New School in New York, mentioned the Third Camp analysis or the politics that Shachtman developed from his theory of Bureaucratic Collectivism prior to joining the SP. That Shachtman holds a place in the history of American radicalism is uncontested, but that place was not won by the ideas he held after entering the Socialist Party. The concept that a worker base can be obtained by a socialist organization through developing a base among labor-union officials received full test by all the major Socialist or Second International parties by 1914. Because those officials in each country, by the very nature of bargaining relationships, were forced to fight to keep employers in good competitive positions, socialism for the Socialist parties became Sunday-night talk. They all followed their base in the labor officialdom into support of the war, and watched the ranks of the "socialist"-led unions kill and maim one another from either side of the battle

fronts.

The Socialist Party of America, now renamed Social Democrats — USA, in its ideological bankruptcy contributes in kind to the body of world cynicism about the ability of the ranks of labor to replace the institutions in our society that no longer have any relation to life as it is being lived. It has now driven out Michael Harrington and those around him. Like the Communists whom they list as "the main enemy", in their circles they have made Harrington a non-person, refusing to place his name in listings of post-SP leaders. (See the front-page article by Arch Puddington in New America, December 31, 1972.) They have now embarked on a general campaign against all intellectuals who do not share their views. They insure by these acts their final and total isolation from radical-idealistic youth, the life-blood pump of all socialist movements. The tragedy is that Shachtman, like most in the SD-USA, endured wounds which made him one of the sustainers of this form of demoralization, looking upon the New Left and New Politics movements as enemies rather than as the youth of the H-Bomb era left alone to act out their frustrations.

The generation of radicals that emerged in the 1960s has Herculean tasks before it. History has put unfair handicaps upon it, not the least of which is the present near-disappearance from activity of the young people who became socialists in the 1930s, '40s and '50s. This generation is not without its own set of illusions. Young radicals have no body of theory worked out in relation to the world of the 1970s. Rather than undertake the job of creating it, some boringly copy the small mass-party styles and formats of the Old Left sects, forcing "know it all" postures on them. But they are now free to rid themselves of an almost total preoccupation with Russian and European politics that for their predecessors sometimes outweighed concern for the tasks in America. Because present-day Russia is no longer widely considered the immediate descendent of the democratic-socialist experiment of 1917, the current generation of radicals is the first in 50 years to be free to give primary attention to the events in America which provide the

basis for building an independent socialist movement. History did not provide Max Shachtman and many others of his generation with that opportunity. We mourn him, them, and that loss. We greet our chance at the opportunity, a part of which is the long overdue task of analyzing the inheritance they left—first of all in its own historical context and on its own terms. The accomplishment of that labor will bring closer the time when all can for an instant rest with the taste of initial victory. That is the most profound way in which respect can be paid to the memory of Max Shachtman and his generation of socialists.

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Culture and the Intellectuals, Volume 3, Number 3 (May, June 1969): a 40,000-word essay by Martin Sklar on economic disaccumulation and the proletarianization of intellectuals; an analysis by Stewart Ewen of advertising's rise in the 1920s; and a document by Adalbart Fogarasi on "Tasks of the Communist Press" (1921) (76 pages, 50¢)

Althusser and Marxist Philosophy, Volume 3, Number 5 (September, October 1969): a special symposium on Althusser by Andrew Levine, Greg Calvert, Martin Glaberman, and Dale Tomich, and a eulogy to T. W. Adorno by Hans Gerth (76 pages, 50¢)

Surrealism in the Service of the Revolution, Volume 4, Number 1 (January 1970), edited by Franklin Rosemont: the largest collection of texts of the international surrealist movement presently available in English translation, with material by Breton, Crevel, Peret, Kalandra, Mabille, and contemporary surrealists from many countries; material on precursors of surrealism in the US; and many poems and illustrations (96 pages, \$1, scarce supply, no bulk orders)

CLR James: An Anthology, Volume 4, Number 4 (June 1970): essays and excerpts from writings by James, the author of *The Black Jacobins* and a leading anti-colonial figure during the 1930s, covering James's thoughts on Philosophy, American Society, the Caribbean, Literature and Sports, and the Third World today (120 pages, \$1)

Society of the Spectacle, Volume 4, Number 5 (July 1970): translation and lavish illustration by the Black & Red Group (Detroit) of French Situationist work by Guy Debord, with text consisting of 221 epigrams on the "Spectacle" of life in modern society, the collapse of the Historic Left (Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, et cetera), and the necessity for revolutionaries to create non-alienated organizational forms for struggle (120 pages, \$1)

Lenin-Hegel Philosophical Number, Volume 4, Number 7 (September, October 1970), edited by Paul Piccone, the editor of the philosophical journal *TELOS*: articles on the practice of Lenin and its influence on his philosophy; on the central political problems of Hegel's philosophy; and on Youth Culture (80 pages, 75¢)

Radical History Number, Volume 4, Number 8-9 (November, December 1970), edited by the Madison History Group: essays on the legacy of W. E. B. DuBois and Charles Beard, Marxist and radical historiography of the US since 1900, New Left historians, and radical teaching (120 pages, \$1)

Working Class and Radicalism, Volume 5, Number 1 (January, February 1971): including essays by Paul Booth ("Theses on Contemporary Labor Unionism"), Donald Clark Hodges ("Working Class, Old and New", on Marx's understanding of differentiation among categories of workers), and Brian Peterson ("Working Class and Communism" in the United States and Europe, a historiographical essay) (96 pages, illustrated, \$1)

Marxism Today, Volume 5, Number 6 (November, December 1971): a major document by CLR James on the historical basis for present revolutionary potential, plus articles by James on George Jackson and by Paul Buhle on "Marxism in the US: 39 Propositions" (96 pages, \$1)

Changes in the Class Struggle, Volume 6, Number 3 (May, June 1972): "Theses on the Mass Worker and Social Capital", by Guido Baldi, with "The Struggle Against Labor", by Mario Tronti; "Class Forces in the 'Seventies", by Stan Weir, with a note on "Primary Work Groups"; poems by Stephen Torgoff and Rikki (96 pages, \$1)

Retrospect on the New Left, Volume 6, Number 4 (July, August 1972): "The Eclipse of the New Left: An Overview", by Paul Buhle; "Beyond Reminiscence: An Evaluation", by Jim O'Brien; "Reading About the New Left", a major bibliographical essay by Jim O'Brien and Allen Hunter; "Sports and the American Empire", by Mark Naison; and a special 24-page section on colored paper, "Pictures From My Life", by Marcia Salo Rizzi (120 pages, \$1)

Quebec General Strike, Volume 6, Number 5 (September, October 1972): covering the historical roots and specific political background of the largest general strike in North America during this century, with analysis and documents showing the convergence of Quebec nationalism and socialism (120 pages, \$1)

Workers' Struggles in the 1930s, Volume 6, Number 6 (November, December 1972): including Staughton Lynd on rank-and-file steel workers' activities during the pre-CIO era, the narrative of a shoot-out in a Southern Tenant Farmers' Union-related action, a bibliographical essay on working-class militancy by James R. Green (120 pages, \$1)



Volume 2, Number 2 (March, April 1968): articles by Michael Munk on the Old Left newspaper Guardian and Richard Rothstein on successes and failures of ERAP, one of the early New Left organizing projects (60 pages, 50¢)

Volume 2, Number 5 (September, October 1968): Mark Naison on Southern Tenant Farmers' Union; Martin Glaberman on Black Liberation and the Unions; Robert Starobin and Dale Tomich on Black Liberation Historiography (68 pages, 50¢, scarce supply, no bulk orders)

Volume 3, Number 4 (July, August 1969): Marcuse's introduction to the new German edition of "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon" and articles by Staughton Lynd on Abolitionism and by Paul Mattick on Ernest Mandel (76 pages, 50¢)

Volume 4, Number 6 (August 1970): an illustrated study by Franklin Rosemont of surrealist Benjamin Peret, with several Peret documents; articles by Mike Meeropol and James O'Brien on William A. Williams; and another exchange between Andrew Levine and Dale Tomich on Louis Althusser and Structuralism (See Volume 3, Number 5) (80 pages, 75¢)

Volume 5, Number 3 (May, June 1971): including an essay by Mark Naison on blacks and American Communism; an interview with Aime Cesaire on Negritude; personal reminiscences from the strikes of the 1930s and the rise of the CIO, introduced by Staughton Lynd; and Bill Watson's article "Counter Planning on the Factory Floor" (96 pages, illustrated, \$1)

Volume 5, Number 5 (September, October 1971): featuring "Italy, 1969-70", documents and commentary on working-class struggles; Staughton Lynd on the steel contract; CLR James on Black Studies; and a work article by David Shoenoes on the Chicago Post Office (96 pages, illustrated, \$1, scarce supply, no bulk orders)

Volume 6, Number 1 (January, February 1972): "Women and Subversion of the Community", by Mariarossa Dalla Costa, with an introduction by Selma James; Nixon's NEP, essays by Paul Mattick and by Frank Ackermann and Arthur MacEwen; and a eulogy to E.L.T. Mesens by Franklin Rosemont (120 pages, \$1)

Volume 6, Number 2 (March, April 1972): "Southern Textile Workers", a major article by Harry Boyte; shop-agitation articles: "Reflections on Organizing", by the Sojourner Truth Organization, and "Work in a Rubber Factory"; the Radicalization of Quebec Trade Unions; and shop poems by Marty Glaberman (120 pages, \$1)



FIG. 88.—THE GOOD BOY.



FIG. 89.—THE BAD BOY.

RADICAL AMERICA

Pamphlets



Dialectic and History: An Introduction, by CLR James: masterful exposition of the masses' striving for universality from ancient times to the present, showing the relationship of socialism and barbarism in modern politics, with an introduction and afterword by P. Buhle and D. Wagner (32 pages, 50¢)

Be His payment High or Low, by Martin Glaberman: reprinted in co-operation with Bewick/Editions, including two articles on wildcats and the fundamental alienation of workers from production, plus an analysis of Walter Reuther and cartoons from Correspondence (48 pages, 50¢)

The Demand for Black Labor: Historical Notes on the Political Economy of Racism, by Harold Baron: synthetic overview and interpretation of the rise of modern industry creating a black proletariat, from slavery to the present (illustrated, with extensive bibliographical footnotes, 48 pages, 35¢)

Working Class Historiography, by Paul Faler: a treatment of the contributions of E. P. Thompson, Herbert Gutman, David Montgomery, and Stephan Thernstrom to an understanding of working-class history, a newly expanded version of an article in the March-April 1969 issue of Radical America (24 pages, 15¢)

Women in American Society: An Historical Contribution, by Ann D. Gordon, Mari Jo Buhle, and Nancy Schromm: a major essay on the historical development of women's relations over two centuries of American society, reflecting changes in women's productive roles, with extensive bibliographical notes, and an Afterword updated to Spring 1972 (profusely illustrated, 72 pages, 50¢)

Italy After Mussolini, by John Hewetson: narrative account of the little known role of the Italian working class in mass actions which overthrew Fascism, and the counter-revolutionary activities of the Allies in re-establishing bourgeois control, reprinted from 1945 Freedom Press edition (40 pages, 50¢)

To Be a Discrepancy in Cleveland, by d.a. levy: a broad selection from a range of levy's work, including several poems from his last period in Madison, Wisconsin, edited and introduced by Ann D. Gordon and Kate Gillensvaard (48 pages with kryss cover, 50¢)

New Majiks, by t.l. kryss: an anthology of poetry by a close associate of d.a. levy and one of the most sensitive of the Mimeo Poets including a selection from 1966-70 edited by Dave Wagner and Paul Buhle (48 pages, illustrated with kryss's rabbits, 50¢)

Stone Sarcophagus, by d.a. levy: a politically-oriented selection from UKANHAYYRFUKINCITIBAK by Paul Buhle, with an introduction by Dave Wagner (24 pages, illustrated with a collage by levy, 25¢)

Lies, by Dick Lourie: poetry by the editor of Hanging Loose, a frequent contributor to Movement magazines, including the poems "Gestapo" and "Altamont" (21 pages, 25¢)

What's Happening to the American Worker? by David Montgomery: a lucid introduction to the modern social history of labor in the United States, and current perspective, by the well-known author of Beyond Equality (24 pages, 20¢)

Personal Histories of the Early CIO, by Harvey O'Connor, George Patterson, John W. Anderson, Jessie Reese, and John Sargent, edited by Staughton Lynd: personal accounts by leaders in the industrial union upsurge of the 1930s, showing the importance of mass initiatives from below, rather than "direction" from the national CIO, reprinted from the May-June 1971 issue of Radical America (32 pages, 25¢)

The Reproduction of Daily Life, by Fredy Perlman: modern treatment of the subject matter of Marx's Wage Labor and Capital — alienation from production inside the factories (20 pages, color illustrated, 25¢)

Working Class Communism: A Review of the Literature, by Brian Peterson: detailed discussion of the types of workers who joined the Communist parties in the US, Great Britain, France, and Germany, with critical commentary on the existing literature, reprinted from the January-February 1971 issue of Radical America (28 pages, 25¢)

Introduction to Marxian Economics, by Gayle Southworth: four lectures providing an elementary exposition of Marxian basics, delivered by an active member of the Union for Radical Political Economics to a student-run course in Marxian economics at the University of Wisconsin (44 pages, 50¢)

Counter Planning on the Shop Floor, by Bill Watson: reprint of a highly popular RA article depicting the creativity of workers in an auto plant maintaining their independence vis-a-vis management (16 pages, 10¢)

Radical America

reprints

Literature on the American Working Class, by John Evansohn and associates: Bay Area Radical Education Project reprint from Volume 3, Number 2: best available source for bibliographical materials on the historic development of the American working class (26 pages, illustrated, 15¢)

Marxism and Black Radicalism in America, by Mark Naison: sweeping analysis of blacks and the Communist Party in the 1930s, reprinted by New England Free Press from Volume 5, Number 3 (24 pages, 20¢)

The Southern Tenant Farmer's Union and the CIO, by Mark Naison: New England Free Press reprint from Volume 2, Number 5: how the radical impulses of a grass-roots working-class movement were stifled by the CIO's rigid trade-union formulas (20 pages, 15¢)

History of the New Left, 1960-1968, by James P. O'Brien: New England Free Press reprint from Volume 2, Numbers 3, 5, and 6 (rewritten): still-unsurpassed historical and bibliographical essay on the sources and modes of American New Left development up to its turning point (32 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 30¢)

Two Steel Contracts, by the Writers' Workshop in Gary and Staughton Lynd: a "model contract" conceived by radicals and an analysis of the real contract negotiated by the Steelworkers' Union in August 1971, reprinted by New England Free Press from Volume 5, Number 5 (20 pages, 20¢)

Pictures From My Life, by Marcia Salo Rizzi: striking graphics illustrate a personal record of the conflicts and struggles of a woman's life; printed as a special supplement to the July-August 1972 issue of Radical America (24 pages, 40¢)



FIG. 1.—"THE DOME OF THOUGHT."

Works
From
Other
Publishers

Modern Politics, by CLR James: a masterful introduction to the economic, social-cultural, and political situation of humanity in the Twentieth Century, delivered initially as a series of lectures in Trinidad, seized by government forces, and only recently released (116 pages, \$1.75)

State Capitalism and World Revolution, by CLR James: basic document of the "State-Capitalist Group" of CLR James, Raya Dunayevskaya, and others on the totality of world oppression and need of mass involvement in world revolution (Facing Reality Press, 107 pages, \$2.50)

The Invading Socialist Society, by CLR James, F. Forest, and Ria Stone: reprint of 1947 document analyzing state-capitalist parties as an organic product of the mode of production of class society, drawing the conclusion that nationalization under bourgeois forms was not revolutionary. Supplements State Capitalism and World Revolution. (Bewick/Editions, 48 pages, \$1)

Labor Studies Summaries: Over a hundred summaries and critical analyses of works on American labor history by members of the Labor History Group in Madison, an invaluable study guide to the American working class (Labor History Group, 260-plus pages, 8 1/2 x 11, mimeographed, small edition, \$2)

The Right To Be Lazy, by Paul Lafargue: a classic work on alienation of labor by Marx's son-in-law, originally printed in the US in 1907 and reprinted in 1969 in a stylish edition (Solidarity Publications, 46 pages, brilliantly illustrated by Tor Feagre, \$1)

The Bolsheviks and Workers' Control, by Maurice Brinton: extensive treatment of the step-by-step loss of workers' power to the bureaucracy in the Russian Revolution, 1917-1921, reprinted from Solitary edition (Black & Red, 89 pages, 80¢)

Hungary '56, by Andy Anderson: classic treatment of the Hungarian uprising, the creation of the workers' councils, and their suppression by the Russian Counter-Revolution, written by the former London Daily Worker correspondent to Hungary (Solidarity, 48 pages, 8 x 10, \$1)

Essays on Marx's Theory of Value, by I. I. Rubin: brilliant treatment of the relation between Marx's philosophy and his economic critique, particularly in regard to value-theory, translated from the Russian by Milos Samardzija and Fredy Perlman, with an introduction by Perlman (Black & Red, 275 pages, \$2)

Union Committeemen and Wildcat Strikes, by Martin Glaberman: study of workers' wildcats and attitudes in the 1955 auto strikes and analysis of the Left-wing committeeman, showing the need for "the creation of social and political organizations of a different type from those of the 1930s, originally published in Correspondence in 1955 (Bewick/Editions, 23 pages, 50¢)

A Revolutionary Socialist Manifesto, by Jasek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski: an open letter to the Polish Workers' Party, written in 1964 as a Marxist critique of the class nature of the Eastern European regime by two former Party members jailed for their analysis (Pluto Press, 75 pages, 75¢)

Class and Sex: Labor Studies Summaries: updating into a more popular format a major section of the Labor Studies Summaries composed by the American Labor History Group in Madison, including traditional works like The Golden Threads and The Long Day, along with recent commentaries like Elinor Langer's "Inside the New York Telephone Company" (co-published with New England Free Press, 48 pages, 50¢)

Race and Ethnicity: Labor Studies Summaries: also updated from Labor Studies Summaries, including such works as Race Riot in East St. Louis, The Black Worker, and The Polish Peasant in Europe and America (co-published with New England Free Press, 48 pages, 50¢)

The New England Working Class: A Bibliographic History, by Paul Faler, Tom Dublin, and Jim O'Brien: a historical survey with bibliographic assessments, part of an ongoing effort by Left historians in New England to explore a region's labor history (Radical Historians Caucus, 24 pages, 25¢)

Marx and Keynes, by Paul Mattick: the sole available English-language work of the brilliant orthodox Marxist economist, tracing the limits of Keynesian reforms in evading the basic contradictions of Capitalism, and analyzing the Labor Theory of Value and its application in the modern period (Porter Sargent, 350 pages, \$6.95)

The Incoherence of the Intellectual, by Fredy Perlman: a study of C. Wright Mills by one of his students (Black & Red Press, 120 pages, in nine colors, with many diagrams, photographs, and collages, \$1)

Prolegomena on the Return of the Repressed in History: gorgeous text of words and pictures of revolutionary struggles and personal defiance against oppressors of all kinds, collected and designed in the best traditions of the IWW (Solidarity Book Shop, 64 pages, \$1.75)

From Feminism to Liberation, edited by Edith Hoshino Altbach: the revised and greatly expanded version of Radical America Volume 4, Number 2 (February 1970), including contributions by Mari Jo Buhle, Naomi Weisstein, Juliet Mitchell, Lucinda Sisler, Selma James, and others, with poetry by Diane DiPrima, Lyn Lifshin, and Alta (Schenkman Publishing Company, 275 pages, \$3.50)

The Rise and Fall of the Unions, by James Boggs: reprint of Chapter 1 of The American Revolution: Pages from a Workers' Notebook, written in 1963; an insightful sketch and interpretation of the CIO decline, the emergence of automation, and the changing struggles of workers (New England Free Press, 20 pages, 15¢)

Living Conditions in the United States, by Joe Eyer: unique treatment of the deterioration of living conditions in specific sectors of the work force (youth, blacks, women) since the mid-1950s, reprinted from Root & Branch (New England Free Press, 7 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 10¢)



FIG. 80.—DEFERENCE.



FIG. 81.—DIGNITY.

Worker-Student Action Committees, by R. Gregoire and F. Perlman: recounting and analysis, by members of a Paris group, of spontaneous action during the May-June 1968 events in France (Black & Red Press, 96 pages, illustrated, \$1)

Life in the Factory, by Paul Romano: classic description of factory conditions and attitudes in the US, first published by Facing Reality a quarter-century ago, but still a source of rich insights (New England Free Press, 40 pages, 30¢)



FIG. 96.—WONDER.

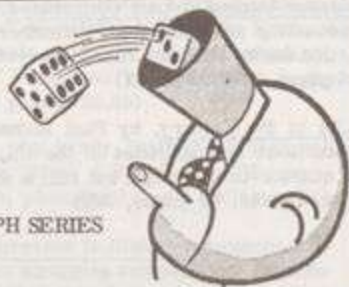
Mummy Tapes, by Pete Winslow: "touch of the marvelous", illustrated with absurd, fantastic poetry inspired by the surrealist former Mimeo Poet (36 pages, drawings, 50¢)

The Morning of a Machine Gun, by Franklin Rosemont: 20 poems and several tracts by a leader of the Chicago surrealist group, covering the period from 1966 to 1968, and a perspective on further surrealist activities in America (Black Swan Press, 64 pages, square binding, profusely illustrated, with cover drawing by Eric Matheson, \$1.75)

Manual for Revolutionary Leaders, by M. Velli: elaborate critique of the estrangement and personification of powers, and the function of the "revolutionary leader" in maintaining this division by stifling the uncontrolled initiatives of the masses; compiled, edited, and illustrated by Lorraine and Fredy Perlman in an astonishing array of colors and patterns, exceeding the design of *The Incoherence of the Intellectual* (Black & Red Press, 261 pages, \$2.50)

SURREALIST RESEARCH

& DEVELOPMENT MONOGRAPH SERIES



The Apple of the Automatic Zebra's Eye: seventeen surrealist poems and "A Note on Automatism" by Franklin Rosemont, with positive and negative drawings by Schlechter Duvall. "Emblems of evil dominate in the accursed societies.... It is not my fault if the wolf professes the same political opinions as the mouflon and the zebra." — Alphonse Toussnel (28 pages, 75¢)

Hidden Locks: a collection of surrealist texts by Stephen Schwartz, with a frontispiece by Max-Walter Svanberg. "The tulips more vicious than a rotten liver; you are my sister tear of green eyes." — Benjamin Peret (12 pages, 50¢)

The Poetical Alphabet: an inquiry into language by the American presurrealist philosopher Benjamin Paul Blood (reprinted from Pluriverse, 1920), with an introduction by Stephen Schwartz. "Language is given man that he might make surrealist use of it." — Andre Breton (24 pages, 75¢)

Rana Mozelle: fifteen surrealist texts, authentically amphibious and automatic, preceded by a succinct treatise on the "Fate of the Obsessive Image" by Paul Garon, author of The Devil's Son-in-Law. "We shall pick up an existence by its frogs." — Charles Fort (20 pages, 50¢)

Down Below: Leonora Carrington's classic account of her adventures in Spain on the other side of the mirror after being pronounced incurably insane (reprinted from VVV Number 4). "The task of the right eye is to peer into the telescope, while the left peers into the microscope." — Leonora Carrington (48 pages, with detailed map, \$1)

Music Is Dangerous: translation of a 1929 lecture by Paul Nougé (1895-1967), a leading figure of the surrealist movement in Belgium (reprinted from View magazine, 1946). "Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears." — Heraclitus (32 pages, 75¢)

BOOKS RECEIVED DURING 1972

(All books listed were published in hardcover in 1972 unless otherwise indicated.)

- Abendroth, Wolfgang: *A Short History of the European Working Class* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$7.50)
- Adelson, Alan: *SDS: A Profile* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons PB, \$2.95)
- Althusser, Louis: *Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$9.50)
- Anastas, Peter: *Glooskap's Children: Encounters with the Penobscot Indians of Maine* (Boston, Beacon Press, \$10)
- Baxandall, Lee (editor): *Radical Perspectives in the Arts* (Baltimore, Penguin Books PB, \$2.45)
- Bober, Arie (editor): *The Other Israel: The Radical Case Against Zionism* (Garden City, New York, Anchor PB)
- Clegg, Ian: *Workers' Self-Management in Algeria* (New York, Monthly Review Press, 1971, \$8.95)
- Cliff, Tony, and associates: *On the Origins of the International Socialists: Some Documents* (London, Pluto Press PB, 1971, \$2.50)
- Cook, Jack: *Rags of Time: A Season in Prison* (Boston, Beacon Press, \$6.95)
- Dobbs, Farrell: *Teamster Rebellion* (New York, Monad Press, \$6.95)
- Edwards, Richard C., Michael Reich, and Thomas Weisskopf (editors): *The Capitalist System: A Radical Analysis of American Society* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice Hall, \$6.50)
- Emmanuel, Arghiri: *Unequal Exchange: A Study of the Imperialism of Trade* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$16.50)
- Frank, Andre Gunder: *Lumpen Bourgeoisie and Lumpen Development* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$6)
- Franklin, Bruce: *From the Movement Toward Revolution* (New York, Van Nostrand - Reinhold PB, 1971, \$3.95)
- Gibson, Richard: *African Liberation Movements: Contemporary Struggles Against White Minority Rule* (New York, Oxford University Press PB, \$2.95)
- Gilbert, James: *Designing the Industrial State: The Intellectual Pursuit of Collectivism in America, 1880-1940* (Chicago, Quadrangle Books, \$10)
- Gramsci, Antonio: *Selections from the Prison Notebooks* (New York, International Publishers, \$13.50)
- Gutierrez, Carlos Marcia: *The Dominican Republic: Rebellion and Repression* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$6.95)
- Habermas, Jurgen: *Knowledge and Human Interest* (Boston, Beacon Press PB, 1971, \$3.95)

- Hall, Burton (editor): *Autocracy and Insurgency in Organized Labor* (New Brunswick, New Jersey, Transaction Books PB, \$3.50)
- Harris, Nigel: *Beliefs in Society: The Problem of Ideology* (Baltimore, Penguin PB, \$1.95)
- Harris, Nigel, and John Palmer (editors): *World Crisis: Essays in Revolutionary Socialism* (London, Hutchinson, \$7.50)
- Henderson, Ron: *The Image Makers* (Richmond, Virginia, John Knox Press PB, \$3.95)
- Howard, Dick: *The Development of the Marxian Dialectic* (Carbondale, Illinois, Southern Illinois University Press, \$7.95)
- Howard, Dick, and Karl Klare: *The Unknown Dimension: European Marxism Since Lenin* (New York, Basic Books, \$12.50)
- Humphreys, Laud: *Out of the Closets: The Sociology of Homosexual Liberation* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, \$5.95)
- Jackson, Kenneth T., and Stanley K. Schultz (editors): *Cities in American History* (New York, Alfred Knopf PB, No Price Listed)
- Jalee, Pierre: *Imperialism in the Seventies* (New York, Third Press, \$7.95)
- Kele, Max H.: *Nazis and Workers: National Socialist Appeals to German Labor, 1919-1933* (Chapel Hill, North Carolina, University of North Carolina Press, \$9.50)
- King, Richard: *The Party of Eros: Radical Social Thought and the Realm of Freedom* (Chapel Hill, North Carolina, University of North Carolina Press, \$7.95)
- Korsch, Karl: *Marxism and Philosophy* (New York, Monthly Review Press PB, \$2.95)
- Korsch, Karl: *Three Essays on Marxism* (London, Pluto Press PB, 50¢)
- Lamb, Helen R.: *Vietnam's Will to Win* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$10)
- Lenin, V. I.: *Selected Works in One Volume* (New York, International Publishers PB, \$4.65)
- Liebman, Marcel: *The Russian Revolution* (New York, Vintage PB, \$2.45)
- Luxemburg, Rosa: *The Anti-Critique*, and N. Bukharin: *The Accumulation of Capital* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$9.50)
- Macciocchi, Maria Antonietta: *Daily Life in Revolutionary China* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$15)
- Mandani, Mahmood: *The Myth of Population Control: Family, Caste, and Class in an Indian Village* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$7.95)
- Mandel, Ernest: *The Decline of the Dollar* (New York, Monad Press PB, \$1.75)
- Mandel, Ernest: *The Formation of the Economic Thought of Karl Marx* (New York, Monthly Review Press, 1971, \$7.95)

- Manning, Peter K., AND Marcelo Truzzi (editors): *Youth and Sociology* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall)
- Marcuse, Herbert: *Counter-Revolution and Revolt* (Boston, Beacon Press, \$7.50)
- Matthews, John: *Ford Strike* (London, Panther Books PB)
- Mitchell, Juliet: *Women's Estate* (New York, Pantheon, 1971, \$5.95)
- Mortimer, Wyndham: *Organize! My Life as a Union Man* (Boston, Beacon Press PB, \$3.95)
- Negrin, Sue: *Begin at Start* (Port Murray, New Jersey, Times Change Press PB, \$1.95)
- Negrin, Sue: *Great Gay in the Morning* (Port Murray, New Jersey, Times Change Press PB, \$1.50)
- Nizan, Paul: *The Watchdogs: Philosophers and the Established Order* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$7.95)
- Parker, Richard: *The Myth of Middle-Class Affluence* (New York, Liveright, \$7.95)
- Pierson, Stanley: *Marxism and the Origins of British Socialism* (Ithaca, New York, Cornell University Press, \$10.75)
- Pope, Harrison, Jr.: *Voices from the Drug Culture* (Boston, Beacon Press PB, 1971, \$2.45)
- Quartim, Joao: *Dictatorship and Armed Struggle in Brazil* (New York, Monthly Review Press, 1971, \$6.95)
- Reich, Wilhelm: *Sex-Pol: Essays 1929-1934* (New York, Vintage PB, \$2.45)
- Richmond, Al: *A Long View from the Left* (New York, Houghton-Mifflin, 1973, \$7.95)
- Rose, Richard: *Governing Without Consensus: An Irish Perspective* (Boston, Beacon Press, 1971, \$2.50)
- Rosmer, Alfred: *Moscow Under Lenin* (with introduction by Tamara Deutscher) (New York, Monthly Review Press PB, \$3.75)
- Rubin, I. I.: *Essays on Marx's Theory of Value* (Detroit, Black & Red PB, \$3)
- Sade, Marquis de: *120 Days of Sodom and Other Writings* (New York, Grove Press PB, 1967, \$1.75)
- Sanford, Nevitt, and Craig Comstock (editors): *Sanctions for Evil: Sources of Social Destructiveness* (Boston, Beacon Press PB, \$3.95)
- Schleifer, Abdullah: *The Fall of Jerusalem* (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$7.50)
- Schultz, John: *Motion Will Be Denied: A New Report on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial* (New York, William Morrow PB, \$3.95)
- Sennett, Richard, and Jonathan Cobb: *The Hidden Injuries of Class* (New York, Alfred Knopf, \$6.95)
- Starobin, Joseph R.: *American Communism in Crisis, 1953-1967* (Cambridge, Harvard University Press, \$12.95)
- Stojanovic, Svetozar: *Between Ideals and Reality: A Critique of Socialism and Its Future* (New York, Oxford University Press, \$7.95)

- Stuckey, Sterling: The Ideological Origins of Black Nationalism (Boston, Beacon Press, \$8.95)
- Sweezy, Paul M.: Modern Capitalism and Other Essays (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$5.95)
- Sweezy, Paul M., and Harry Magdoff: The Dynamics of US Capitalism (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$8.95)
- Trotsky, Leon: Writings of Leon Trotsky, 1933-34 (New York, Pathfinder Press PB, \$3.45)
- Trotsky, Leon, George Novak, and John Dewey: Their Morals and Ours (New York, Pathfinder Press PB, \$1.25)
- Turki, Fawaz: The Disinherited: Journal of a Palestinian Exile (New York, Monthly Review Press, \$5.95)
- Vietnam Veterans Against the War: The Winter Soldier Investigation: An Inquiry into American War Crimes (Boston, Beacon Press PB, \$3.95)
- White, David Manning, and Richard Averson: The Celluloid Weapon: Social Comment in the American Film (Boston, Beacon Press, \$14.95)
- Wyndham, Francis, and David King (editors): Trotsky: A Documentary (New York, Praeger, \$10)
- Youth Liberation News Service: Youth Liberation (Port Murray, New Jersey, Times Change Press, \$1.35)

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