asks an old friend who had been born in the North
how he could bear to live and teach in Mississippi,
and the answer comes back, "We have this house,
I have my doctorate. I make good money. . . .
I've got security, Johnny." This is confirmed by
another friend at Alabama State College who tells
him that where there is resistance to integration
in the part of Negroes, it is often for reasons of
self-preservation. A professor of sociology whom
he does not name says curtly, "Governor Wallace
pays my salary; I have nothing to say to you.
Excuse me, I have a class to get to."

Mr. Williams gets his best material from Negro
sources. In his interchange with white liberal
newspapermen who have been taking the punishment
in the South, men like Seigenthaler of the
Nashville Tennessean and McGill of the Atlanta
Constitution, Williams was too much on the de-
sitive, failed to ask the right questions, and his
findings are negligible. I also had the feeling that
he was overplaying his dread of Southern violence,
but after all, he was reporting his reaction, not
mine. Not all the book is concerned with the
struggle. His picture of Vermont is dreamy; his
relief on reaching Chicago, infectious; his reunion
with his mother and brother, Joe, in California,
touching.

CASING THE REBELS

As one of the leaders of the Fugitives, ROBERT
PENN WARREN was concerned about segregation
as far back as the early thirties. He too is South-
ern-born, having grown up in Kentucky and Ten-
nessee, and when he set forth on his big inquiry,
WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? (Random House,
$5.95), he cast a wider net than Johnny Williams;
he listened with sympathetic patience to what
people had to say, frequently taking down their
testimony with a tape recorder. Thus he has had
a meeting of minds with the men and women in
the many movements and in the dangerous com-
munities, and with the skill of a novelist he has
pointed up what they stand for and how they
have borne the battle. His interviews in some of
the Louisiana parishes and in Mississippi placed
him in jeopardy, but he writes without repug-
nance, and his book is a comprehensive case
study, vivid, searching, and compassionate.

Here is the Reverend Joe Carter's narrative of
how at the age of fifty-five he tried to register;
of how he was falsely arrested, stripped of his clothes,
forced into a uniform, and eventually released
— without the registration blank; of how he or-
ganized a school to study voters' rights; and of how
the next fall he led twenty-three Negroes down to
the courthouse and this time he was registered.
We hear from Lolis Elie, a practicing Negro
teacher in New Orleans, who got his degree with
G.I. money after Korea and who believes that the
desegregation of the armed forces is "one of the
most significant things that has happened in this
country." Elie admits that the Southern judges
are prejudiced against a Negro lawyer and that this
drives away his clients, but he finds hope in the
fact that there are today twenty-five Negro lawyers
in New Orleans when a decade ago there were
two. Mr. Warren has a fascinating session with
Clarice Harvey of Jackson, the manager of a
successful business combine and the founder of
Woman Power Unlimited, in the course of which
she remarks that Martin Luther King's non-
violence "is really an aggressive force which
speaks to the conscience of the wrong doer." Or
he seeks out Dr. Aaron Henry of Clarksdale,
Mississippi, whose house has been bombed and
shot into and whose store windows have been
repeatedly knocked out; whose daughter Rebecca
has grown so used to the abusive phone calls that
when the anonymous voice says, "I just shot your
daddy," she replies, "Aw, fellow, are you kid-
ing?" Dr. Henry lives with an armed guard, but
what arms his spirit is knowing "that the United
States sanctions what we are doing."

This is at times a shocking book and, thanks
to Mr. Warren's probing, an edifying one. His
long talk with Ralph Ellison, the Negro novel-
ist, is the most profound of any in the book.
Ellison's words are charged with affirmation:
"Another factor is that Negroes, despite what
some of our spokesmen say, do not dislike being
Negro — no matter how inconvenient it frequently
is. I like being a Negro. . . . I have no desire
to escape the struggle, because I'm just too inter-
ested in how it's going to work out, and I want
to impose my will upon the outcome to the extent
that I can." In their talk Ellison insists, over
and over again, on the Negro's will, even under
slavery, to develop discipline and achieve indi-
viduality. His prophecy of what the South will
be is eminently sane, and when he says that "Ne-
groes are forcing the confrontation between the
nation's conduct and its ideal, and they are most
American in that they are doing so," one is
prompted to reply Amen! An interchange such
as this is tonic for any reader and blessedly free
from sociological molasses.

WINSTON'S SUNRISE

LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER is uniquely
qualified to tell us of the formative and stormy
years of Winston Churchill, and my, how well
she has done it! She was nineteen and he was
thirty-two when they first met at a dinner party
in the summer of 1906, and she was fascinated by