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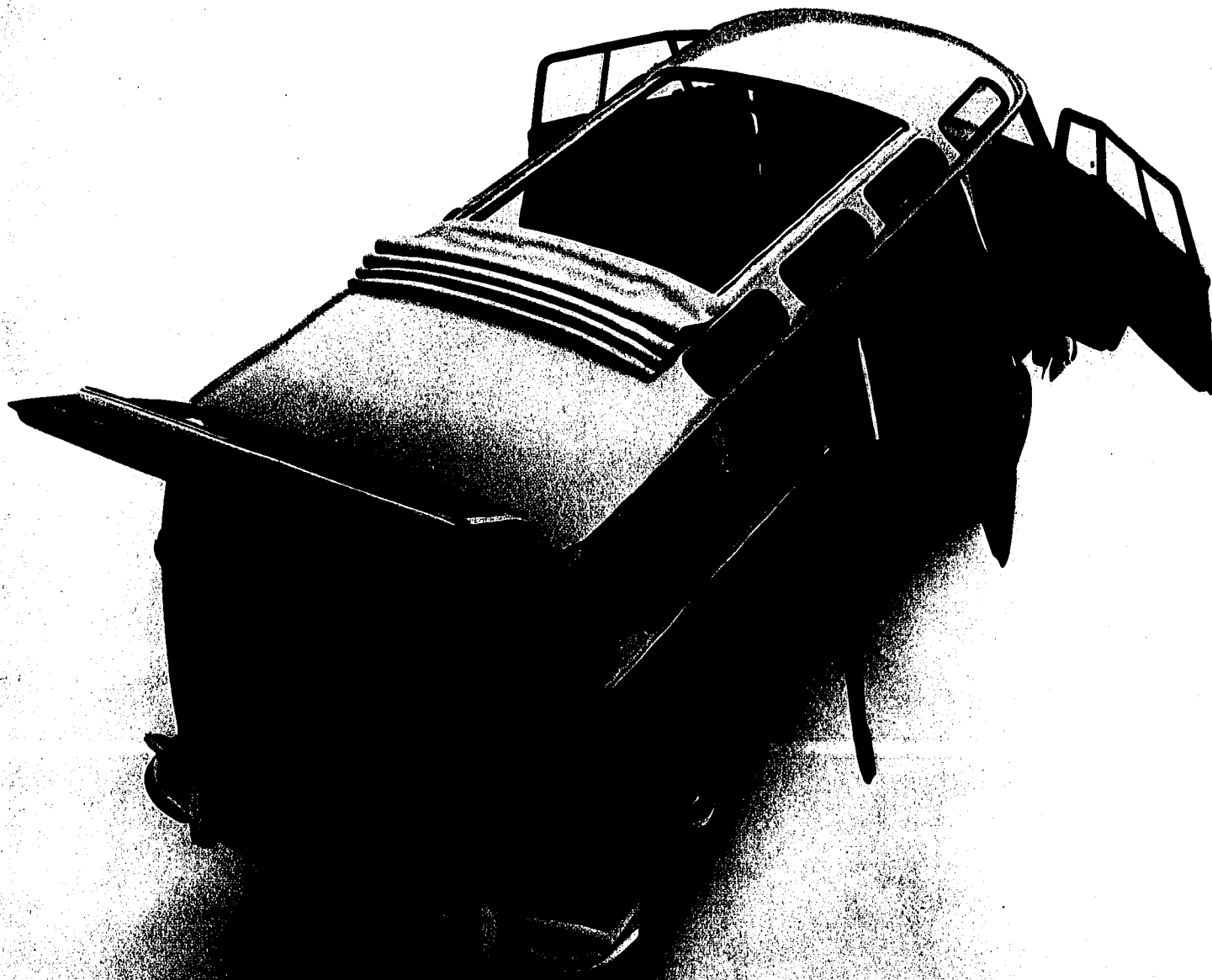
Bringing Up Children:

The American vs. the British Way

ELEANOR WINTOUR

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There are some gaping holes in our theory.

The theory behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon is simple: the box.

And inside the box there is almost twice as much room as there is in a regular station wagon.

Now. What kind of dumb theory would give you all that extra room and no extra way of getting to it?

So we punched our theory full of holes. One on the side is 4 feet wide.

(That way, you don't have to lose your mind trying to angle, say, a rocker around a doorpost.)

And our back door is too big to fit through the back door of a regular wagon.

If you'd like to just sit back and enjoy all

the extra room, there are 21 windows of assorted sizes, and one very large sunroof.

And that can turn a very routine trip to a supermarket into a picnic.

If you measured it, you'd find that there are more holes than theory.

That's the theory.

Harlem Is Nowhere

by Ralph Ellison

The Negro ghetto of the North, enclosed by a society which inspires despair less through the institutional cruelty of the Deep South than through a more subtle indifference and hostility, is the subject of this previously unpublished essay by Ralph Ellison. It was written in 1948, and will be included in a collection of his essays, "Shadow and Act," to be brought out by Random House in October. Reading of "the ruin that is Harlem . . . the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth," one senses how little has changed in the everyday life of the ghetto in the past sixteen years. Ellison's essay helps explain, and in hindsight justifies, the impatience of the American Negro in 1964.—THE EDITORS

To live in Harlem is to dwell in the very bowels of the city; it is to pass a labyrinthine existence among streets that explode monotonously skyward with the spires and crosses of churches and clutter under foot with garbage and decay. Harlem is a ruin—many of its ordinary aspects (its crimes, its casual violence, its crumbling buildings with littered areaways, ill-smelling halls, and vermin-invaded rooms) are indistinguishable from the distorted images that appear in dreams, and which, like muggers haunting a lonely hall, quiver in the waking mind with hidden and threatening significance. Yet this is no dream but the reality of well over four hundred thousand Americans; a reality which for many defines and colors the world. Overcrowded and exploited politically and economically, Harlem is the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth.

But much has been written about the social and economic aspects of Harlem; I am here interested in its psychological character—a character that arises from the impact between urban slum conditions and folk sensibilities. Historically, American Negroes are caught in a vast process of change that has swept them from slavery to the condition of industrial man in a space of time so telescoped (a bare eighty-five years) that it is possible literally for them to step from feudalism into the vortex of industrialism simply by moving across the Mason-Dixon Line.

This abruptness of change and the resulting clash of cultural factors within Negro personality account for some of the extreme contrasts found in Harlem, for both its negative and its positive characteristics. For if Harlem is the scene of the folk-Negro's death agony, it is also the setting of his transcendence. Here it is possible for talented youths to leap through the development of decades in a brief twenty years, while beside them white-haired adults crawl in the feudal darkness of their childhood. Here a former cotton picker develops the sensitive hands of a surgeon, and men whose grandparents still believe in magic prepare optimistically to become atomic scientists. Here the grandchildren of those who possessed no written literature examine their lives through the eyes of Freud and Marx, Kierkegaard and Kafka, Malraux and Sartre. It explains the nature of a world so fluid and shifting that often within the mind the real and the unreal merge, and the marvelous beckons from behind the same sordid reality that denies its existence.

Hence the most surreal fantasies are acted out upon the streets of Harlem; a man ducks in and out of traffic shouting and throwing imaginary grenades that actually exploded during World War I; a boy participates in the rape-robbery of his mother; a man beating his wife in a park uses boxing "science" and observes Marquess of Queensberry rules (no rabbit punching, no blows beneath the belt); two men hold a third while a



Photographs by Roy DeCarava

lesbian slashes him to death with a razor blade; boy gangsters wielding homemade pistols (which in the South of their origin are but toy symbols of adolescent yearning for manhood) shoot down their young rivals. Life becomes a masquerade, exotic costumes are worn every day. Those who cannot afford to hire a horse wear riding habits; others who could not afford a hunting trip or who seldom attend sporting events carry shooting sticks.

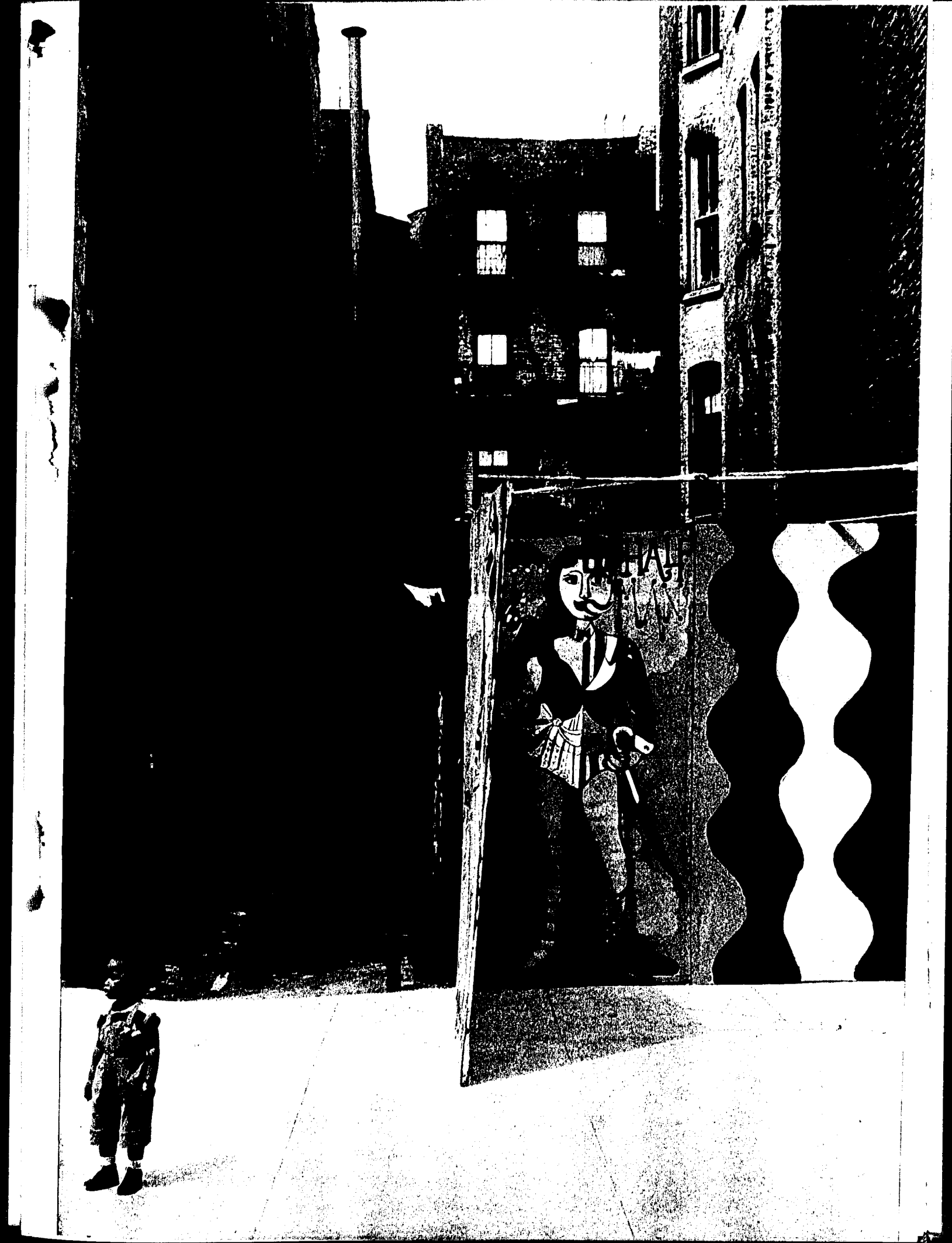
For this is a world in which the major energy of the imagination goes not into creating works of art, but to overcome the frustrations of social discrimination. Not quite citizens and yet Americans, full of the tensions of modern man, but regarded as primitives, Negro Americans are in desperate search for an identity. Rejecting the second-class status assigned them, they feel alienated and their whole lives have become a search for answers to the questions: Who am I, What am I, Why am I, and Where? Significantly, in Harlem the reply to the greeting, "How are you?" is very often, "Oh, man, I'm nowhere"—a phrase revealing an attitude so common that it has been reduced to a gesture, a seemingly trivial word. Indeed, Negroes are not unaware that the conditions of their lives demand new definitions of

terms like *primitive* and *modern*, *ethical* and *unethical*, *moral* and *immoral*, *patriotism* and *treason*, *tragedy* and *comedy*, *sanity* and *insanity*.

But for a long time now—despite songs like the "Blow Top Blues" and the eruption of expressions like *frantic*, *buggy*, and *mad* into Harlem's popular speech, doubtless a word-magic against the states they name—calm in face of the unreality of Negro life becomes increasingly difficult. And while some seek relief in strange hysterical forms of religion, in alcohol and drugs, others learn to analyze the causes for their predicament and join with others to correct them.

In relation to their Southern background, the cultural history of Negroes in the North reads like the legend of some tragic people out of mythology, a people which aspired to escape from its own unhappy homeland to the apparent peace of a distant mountain; but which, in migrating, made some fatal error of judgment and fell into a great chasm of mazelike passages that promise ever to lead to the mountain but end ever against a wall. Not that a Negro is worse off in the North than in the South, but that in the North he surrenders and does not replace certain important supports to his personality. He leaves a relatively static social order in which, having experienced its brutality for hundreds of years—indeed, having been formed within it and by it—he has developed those techniques of survival to which Faulkner refers as "endurance," and an ease of movement within explosive situations which makes Hemingway's definition of courage, "grace under pressure," appear mere swagger. He surrenders the protection of his peasant cynicism—his refusal to hope for the fulfillment of hopeless hopes—and his sense of being "at home in the world" gained from confronting and accepting (for day-to-day living, at least) the obscene absurdity of his predicament. Further, he leaves a still authoritative religion which gives his life a semblance of metaphysical wholeness; a family structure which is relatively stable; and a body of folklore—tested in life-and-death terms against his daily experience with nature and the Southern white man—that serves him as a guide to action.

Mr. Ellison was born in Oklahoma City, attended public school there, and went to Tuskegee Institute. He studied musical composition and is a jazz trumpeter, but in the 1930s in New York he turned to writing. His stories and articles have been widely published, and he is best known for "Invisible Man," a novel about "one Negro's effort to find his place in the world."



These are the supports of Southern Negro rationality (and, to an extent, of the internal peace of the United States): humble, but of inestimable psychological value,* they allow Southern Negroes to maintain their almost mystical hope for a future of full democracy—a hope accompanied by an irrepressible belief in some Mecca of equality, located in the North and identified by the magic place names New York, Chicago, Detroit. A belief sustained (as all myth is sustained by ritual) by identifying themselves ritually with the successes of Negro celebrities, by reciting their exploits and enumerating their dollars, and by recounting the swiftness with which they spiral from humble birth to headline fame. And doubtless the blasting of this dream is as damaging to Negro personality as the slum scenes of filth, disorder, and crumbling masonry in which it flies apart.

When Negroes are barred from participating in the main institutional life of society, they lose far more than economic privileges or the satisfaction of saluting the flag with unmixed emotions.

* Their political and economic value is the measure of both the positive and negative characteristics of American democracy.

They lose one of the bulwarks which men place between themselves and the constant threat of chaos. For whatever the assigned function of social institutions, their psychological function is to protect the citizen against the irrational, incalculable forces that hover about the edges of human life like cosmic destruction lurking within an atomic stockpile.

And it is precisely the denial of this support through segregation and discrimination that leaves the most balanced Negro open to anxiety.

Though caught not only in the tensions arising from his own swift history, but in those conflicts created in modern man by a revolutionary world, he cannot participate fully in the therapy which the white American achieves through patriotic ceremonies and by identifying himself with American wealth and power. Instead, he is thrown back upon his own "slum-shocked" institutions.

But these, like his folk personality, are caught in a process of chaotic change. His family disintegrates, his church splinters; his folk wisdom is discarded in the mistaken notion that it in no way applies to urban living; and his formal education (never really his own) provides him with

neither scientific description nor rounded philosophical interpretation of the profound forces that are transforming his total being. Yet even his art is transformed; the lyrical ritual elements of folk jazz—that artistic projection of the only real individuality possible for him in the South, that embodiment of a superior democracy in which each individual cultivated his uniqueness and yet did not clash with his neighbors—have given way to the near-themeless technical virtuosity of bebop, a further triumph of technology over humanism. His speech hardens; his movements are geared to the time clock; his diet changes; his sensibilities quicken; and his intelligence expands. But without institutions to give him direction, and lacking a clear explanation of his predicament—the religious ones being inadequate, and those offered by political and labor leaders obviously incomplete and opportunistic—the individual feels that his world and his personality are out of key. The phrase “I’m nowhere” expresses the feeling borne in upon many Negroes that they have no stable, recognized place in society. One’s identity drifts in a capricious reality in which even the most commonly held assumptions are questionable. One “is” literally, but one is nowhere; one wanders dazed in a ghetto maze,

a “displaced person” of American democracy.

And as though all this were not enough of a strain on a people’s sense of the rational, the conditions under which it lives are seized upon as proof of its inferiority. Thus the frustrations of Negro life (many of them the frustrations of *all* life during this historical moment) permeate the atmosphere of Harlem with a hostility that bombards the individual from so many directions that he is often unable to identify it with any specific object. Some feel it the punishment of some racial or personal guilt and pray to God; others (called “evil Negroes” in Harlem) become enraged with the world. Sometimes it provokes dramatic mass responses.

And why have these explosive matters—which are now a problem of our foreign policy—been ignored? Because there is an argument in progress between black men and white men as to the true nature of American reality. Following their own interests, whites impose interpretations upon Negro experience that are not only false but, in effect, a denial of Negro humanity. Too weak to shout down these interpretations, Negroes live nevertheless as they have to live, and the concrete conditions of their lives are more real than white men’s arguments.

Harper’s Magazine, August 1964



Bringing Up Children: The American vs. the British Way

by Eleanor Wintour

Which produces the better end-product is still a fiercely argued question—but American mothers clearly get more fun out of their job.

Contrary to received opinion, English wives in the upper income brackets have in most ways—it seems to me—an easier life than their American counterparts. They can buy every item of domestic machinery American women can buy, though they like to talk as if they couldn't. They can and do obtain domestic help at a price which seems incredibly low to an American (for whom help is practically unobtainable at any price). They can have an evening out with their husbands without having to live on bread and water for a week afterwards to pay for it, leaving behind someone more reliable than the neighbor's child to look after Baby. (The English think American prices are high, but do not always realize that Americans agree with them.) Nevertheless, it is a standard English cliché that American wives have little to do, and that it is the English wife whose nose is perpetually to the grindstone. After twenty years of marriage in England, I tend to agree with this, but I think it is due not so much to the ease with which Americans wash dishes as to the relative ease with which they bring up children.

I am dogmatizing largely from personal experience, of course, and my impressions are limited to the so-called professional classes in both countries. I cannot but note, however, that my American friends find their small children less of a

burden than do my English friends. There are, I think, two possible reasons for this. One is that Americans, on the whole, aim at happy (some of them, unfortunately, prefer the term "well-adjusted") rather than good children. Children tend to cooperate with this aim and the inevitable strains between parent and child are consequently reduced. Secondly, society in general in the U. S. A. is more willing to tolerate the imperfections of children than it is in England. This may be hard on the neighbors, but it certainly makes things simpler for the mother.

These differences are reflected in the opinions which each side of the Atlantic holds about the other's children. In upper-class English circles it is common knowledge that American children are spoiled, whining, bad-mannered little creatures. It is not necessary to have actually met any American children to hold this view—it is something one knows just as one knows that the world is round. Americans do not have such pronounced opinions about English children, since they believe all children are lovable until otherwise proved, and it is difficult to meet English children. You do not, when invited to dinner in English houses, expect to see children under sixteen unless you are a very old friend and make a point of it. (I have many English friends whose children I have never seen since my official visit to the hospital on the occasion of the birth.) Americans have a vague idea that English children are quiet and well-behaved, but when they happen to run into any, as they did on a fairly large scale in 1940, they have difficulty in liking them. They find them unresponsive, unchildlike, and "repressed." Americans adore children who