

the white children, and who wants to drink from a fountain where they have had their black mouths and fingers, especially after they have been eating garbage and besides it makes them feel too free. For my part I wouldn't deal with them, but they should have some rights if they tend to their own business. But they should not live with white people and if they do the white people should be classed with niggers also."

"If I had my way," writes a fifteen-year-old girl, "the colored people would be in one section of the state, go to their own schools, churches, and have their own pleasure places. Have their part of town to do their own shopping in." The typically southern view is expressed by a girl who feels, "It is terrible that white children and Negroes attend the same school. Negroes should have a Negro school. I would put them in a section off to themselves and see that they stayed there. After a while some people will have the Negro put up for president. The Negro has not got enough brains to be president."

There are more charitable views. "It's all right if they tend to their own business or they should not be let go to our school." A girl of very superior mentality favors separate schools, but, she adds, "I think a Negro lady should be given a seat in a street car. Many a time I have seen a Negro woman hang onto a street car strap and she would still hang unless there was a Negro man having a seat in the car." Some of the answers revealed that colored children were only too frequently snubbed and subjected to insults from their white classmates, which the latter felt would be eliminated in segregated schools.

In defense of the black race was the fol-

lowing argument. "The colored children ought to get as good education as any other children. I think they ought to go to public schools because their fathers pay taxes just as we do. As long as the Negro stays near the whites there is no trouble raised. The Negro ought to get as many chances as any white man. I believe the white man should have nothing to do with them. Let them build their homes anywhere they please." Another boy tersely states that we should "let the Negro vote as the white and let them do as the white."

"I think it is all right for Negroes to go to the same school," writes a third; and a fourth boy asserts that "Negroes have the same rights so they should go to the same schools. They are all there to get education. The whites and Negroes should have the same rights, but it would be wrong to bring more into the United States."

Are such opinions the product of nurture or nature? If the latter, overcoming prejudice will be an Herculean task. And if antagonism is taught by parents, and in some instances by teachers, as the writer knows, eliminating race antagonism, though less difficult, will not be easy. However, the race situation in this country is not hopeless. If teachers were to unite in fostering a healthy conception of our Negro problem, how much could be accomplished? This need not include any plea for race amalgamation. In fact there is no reason why a permanent solution is incompatible with race consciousness. Can we apply the scientific attitude toward this phenomenon of American life, that attitude which is absolutely essential if education is to win the race against social catastrophe? We have little time to decide.

BREAD AND WINE

COUNTEE P. CULLEN

FROM death of star to new star's birth
This ache of limb, this throb of head,
This sweaty shop, this smell of earth;
For this we pray, "Give daily bread".

Then tremulous with dreams the night,
The feel of soft, brown hands in mine,
Strength from your lips for one more fight:
Bread's not so dry when dipped in wine.

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

A. O. STAFFORD

IN one of his charming essays Anatole France defines a book as a work of magic whence escape all kinds of images to trouble the souls and change the hearts of men.

From Dr. Isaac Goldberg's "Brazilian Literature" (A. A. Knopf, 1922), the first book in English to trace the literary history of our sister republic, images of the past and present escape to inform us that the Brazilian of today is a fusion of Portuguese, native Indian and African Negro and that from the 16th century to our day the literature of colonial, imperial and republican Brazil has been a blending of these three racial temperaments; the adventurous chivalry of one, the dreamy melancholy of the other with the ardent imagination of the last. This admission will undoubtedly trouble the souls of many men even if their hearts remain unaltered.

"Aesthetic pleasure rather than the de-personalized transmission of facts" was the author's objective and while his facts are interesting and instructive his interpretation of the Brazilian national personality, written in the modern manner based on the critical teachings of Mencken and Lewisohn, is admirable and is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of a fused racial group guided by the ideals and art of Latin genius in a new environment.

In a country where there is a conscious effort to fuse the varying racial elements into a common national type a difficulty arises—natural, inevitable and fraught with much delicacy—of citing the names of several writers believed to be allied by blood and tradition to the Negro race.

Two poets, of the first rank, however, whose racial identity is acknowledged are mentioned—Goncalves Dias (1823-1864) and Cruz e Souza (1863-1898). The first is claimed by one critic to be Brazil's greatest poet, and one of his beautiful sentiments finds an echo in the spiritual philosophy of the darker races.

"Our fatherland is wherever we live a life free of pain and grief; where friendly faces surround us, where we have love; where friendly voices console us in our misfortune and where a few eyes will weep their sorrow over our solitary grave."

Of the second poet another critic writes: "He was in many respects the best poet Brazil has produced". The author states: "In his short life the ardent Negro poet succeeded in stamping the impress of his personality upon his age and for that matter upon Brazilian letters . . . His stature will grow rather than diminish with time."

Two other Brazilian writers of note—not of color—rose in audacious flight as defenders of the Negro, Coelho Netto (1864-) whose remarkable novel *Rei Negro* (The Black King) appeared in 1914 and Castro Alves (1847-1871) whose outstanding poems, "Voices from Africa" and "The Slave Ship", prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in Brazil.

With Lamartine in France, Wordsworth in England, Longfellow and Whittier in the United States, Alves is a kindred soul whose lyre vibrating with passionate and indignant strains sang the wrongs of an enslaved people. Part translations are given on pages 138-139. Dr. Goldberg says that Castro Alves is not only the poet of the slave; to many he is the poet of the nation and a poet of humanity as well.

No evidence is offered by the author to confirm that there was a strain of Negro blood in Machado De Assis (1839-1908)—poet, novelist, a man of real genius—president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters from its founding in 1897 until his death—who belongs, says Goldberg, with the original writers of the 19th century; his family is one with Renan and Anatole France. By other students of Brazilian literature De Assis is said to have been a man of color or, as our poet James Weldon Johnson phrases it, an Aframerican.

This stimulating book of Dr. Goldberg opens a window long closed by the barrier of language through which may be discerned vistas of literary opulence of rare beauty and truth. These will give pleasure and inspiration to those of Negro tradition and lineage in other climes, who dwell in the kingdom of the spirit undisturbed by the racial dogma of the hour as expressed by the so-called Nordic group of present day essayists and social historians.