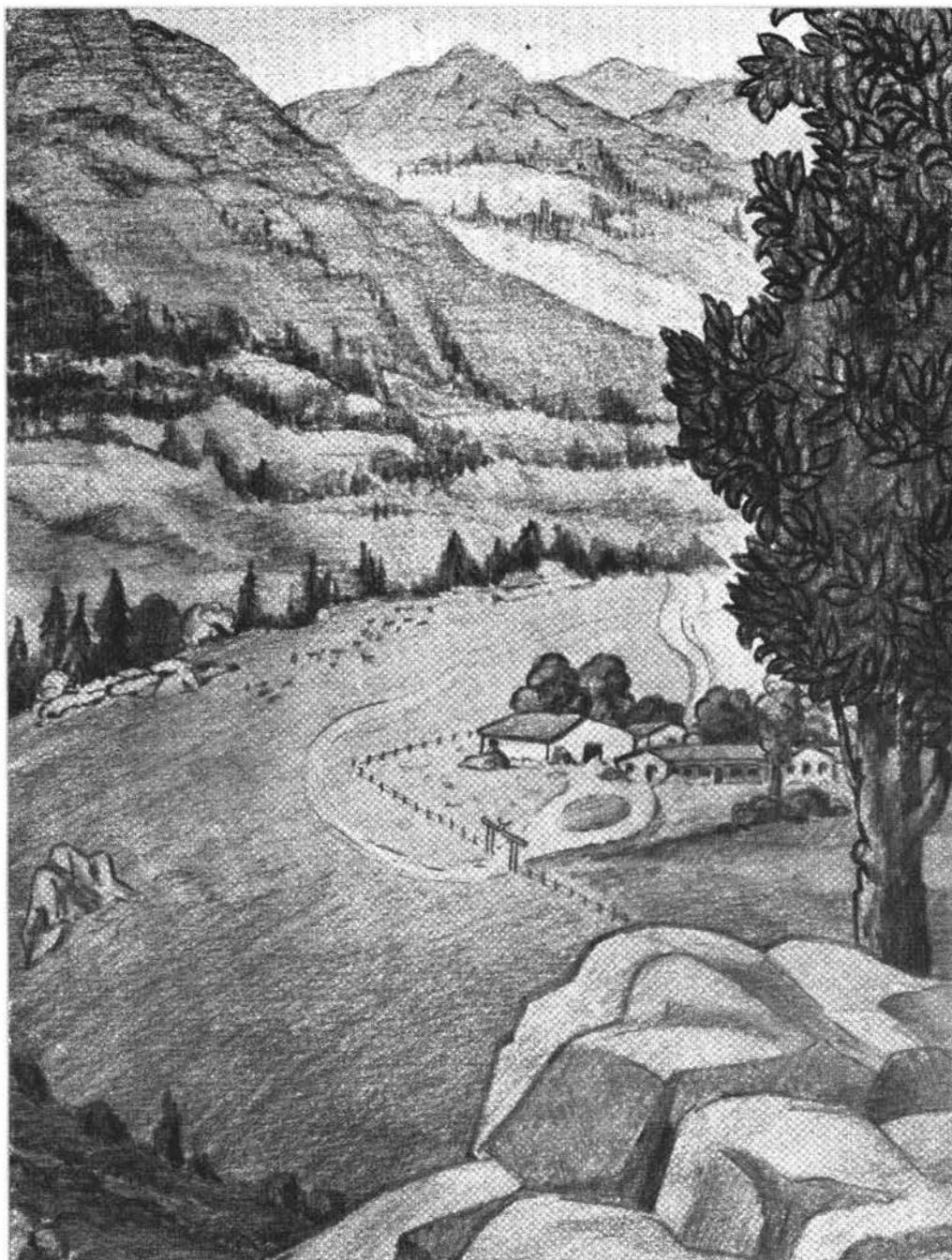


Nevada

Historical Society Quarterly



SUMMER 2001

Nevada

Historical Society Quarterly

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Volume 44

Summer 2001

Number 2

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Front Cover: Detail of cover of Nevada Dude Ranch Association brochure, 1936. See page 114 for full cover image. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

C. L. R. James in Nevada

DENNIS DWORKIN

While recently on sabbatical in England, where I was pursuing research interests on the British Left, I had the good fortune to learn that the twentieth-century black revolutionary, C. L. R. James, had spent more than three months in northern Nevada in 1948. I have never begun an historical essay in the first person, but, because part of this story is that I had to go to England to learn about Nevada, it seems appropriate.

I was having a pint in the Highbury Barn with fellow British cultural historian Bill Schwarz.¹ The Barn is a nondescript north London pub that stands on part of what, in the nineteenth century, was a five-acre site, containing a concert hall, a supper club, and a four-thousand-square-foot open-air dancing area lit by huge gas globes. Now it comes alive only when Arsenal, one of England's best football teams, plays its home games just a few blocks away. On this damp December night, on the eve of the new millennium, neither the grandeur of its past nor the feverish enthusiasm of game days was evident. Bill and I were catching up after many years of being out of touch, and it must have been sometime during the second round of beers that he said to me: "Did you know that C.L.R. James once lived in Nevada? He spent nearly three months there in 1948 waiting for a divorce. While waiting, he worked on a ranch at Pyramid Lake, played the slot machines in Reno, and wrote a book on the dialectic."

I was as surprised that James had spent time in Nevada as I was at having had to come to Britain to learn of it. When Reno was the divorce capital of the United States, it drew the famous and infamous. But James certainly must count as one of its most singular visitors. Playwright, historian, literary critic, journalist, revolutionary Marxist, and pan-Africanist, Cyril Lionel Robert James (1901-89) was one of the most remarkable intellectuals of the twentieth century. Born and educated in Trinidad, he lived throughout what Paul Gilroy has

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described as the “Black Atlantic,” having spent significant periods of time in Britain, the United States, and Ghana, in addition to returning to Trinidad at the time of independence in 1962. James is perhaps best known for his book on the 1791 Santo Domingo slave revolt, *The Black Jacobins* (1938), a version of which was presented on the London stage as *Toussaint L’Ouverture*, starring Paul Robeson as the eponymous leader. He is also the author of arguably the most highly regarded book on cricket, *Beyond a Boundary* (1964), an autobiographical and analytical study founded on a lifelong passion and study of the game, including a stint as a cricket reporter for the *Manchester Guardian* during the 1930s.

I was in London for my sabbatical, and Reno seemed far away indeed. But now I found myself back there. As a result of my serendipitous discovery, I sat in the British Library, piecing together James’s three months in Nevada. The task was helped along by a recently published volume of his letters to Constance Webb, many of which were written in Nevada. James came to Reno in August 1948 to divorce his first wife Juanita, a Trinidadian from whom he had been estranged since 1932 when he emigrated to England. He needed the divorce so that he could marry Webb. James had actually obtained a Mexican mail-order divorce from his first wife and had married Webb in 1946. But the divorce was not recognized as valid, and he sought it once again, leaving a pregnant Webb back in New York.

James’s stay in Nevada proved to be an important moment in his life. Not only was it an intensive period of intellectual activity, but it was a time of reflection and soul searching: He sought to bring together the intellectual, political, and emotional threads of his life into a new synthesis. Others interested in James—including Bill Schwarz in a just-published essay—have recognized the importance of his stay in Nevada to his over-all development, but, not surprisingly, they have dealt little with the Nevada context.² Perhaps, since I live in Nevada and have a scholarly interest in Marxism, I am in a good position to make James’s stay there more concrete.³ As I have sought to flesh out the story of James in Nevada, I have viewed it as being germane to black intellectual history, the history of American radicalism, and the development of postcolonial thought. Most important, in the present context it is also part of Nevada history, a history where “passing through” sometimes seems as important as “settling down.”

When C. L. R. James first traveled to the United States in 1938 he was already a prominent intellectual in the British Trotskyist movement. Invited to this country by the Socialist Workers’ Party (SWP), he embarked on a coast-to-coast lecture tour, speaking alternately on “The Twilight of the British Empire” and “Socialism and the Negro.” Just after arriving, he gave a lecture to the New York intellectuals who wrote for the *Partisan Review*. In Chicago, he debated Bertrand Russell on pacifism, arguing that socialist revolution was the only genuine alternative to world war. In the spring of 1939, he met with Stalin’s

rival Leon Trotsky in Mexico to discuss what was then known as the "Negro question." When James left for the United States, he imagined that he would return to Britain for the beginning of the cricket season. Rather than returning, however, he stayed in the United States, despite an expired passport. The reasons for his decision to remain are unclear. But for more than a decade, James lived a shadowy existence, writing under assumed names (notably J. R. Johnson), rarely making public appearances, and living under continual fear of discovery and deportation. He was finally forced to return to England in 1953.

During his lengthy American stay, James (in close collaboration with Raya Dunayevskaya, Grace Lee, and others) helped found the Johnson-Forest tendency, a minuscule but original Marxist group that broke with orthodox Trotskyism. Briefly, the Johnson-Forest group stood for three principal ideas. First, it argued that the Soviet Union, rather than being a degenerate workers' state—the mainstream Trotskyist position—was "state capitalist," a system of oppression whereby the state rather than capital exploited the working class. Second, it believed that the radical movement must be organized around the masses rather than around the party's vanguard. Third, it viewed the black struggle as being intertwined with the working-class movement but as having a vitality of its own. Perhaps James's most influential contributions to this initiative were that he clarified the dialectical method and produced the unified historical narrative that its logic revealed. He believed that the barbarities of Stalinism and the Third Reich and the collapse of bourgeois society would give way to a liberating breakthrough, made possible by the universalizing impetus of modernization and the increasing prominence of the masses as historical actors.

The distinctive feature of our age is that mankind as a whole is on the way to becoming fully conscious of himself. All the great revolutionary periods, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution, all meant some further progress towards more complete consciousness. We are now on the eve, historically speaking, of a complete realisation of the purpose, meaning, and potentialities of human existence.⁴

As a Marxist writing in the 1940s, James, of course, assumed that the Soviet Union was pivotal to any such historical unfolding. "It is in the very nature of modern society and the Russian revolution that Russia today is symbolical of the whole fate of modern civilisation. There is no further stage. Either the revolution succeeds in encompassing the whole of the world or the whole of the world collapses in counter-revolution and barbarism."⁵ He also believed that in the United States the priority accorded to individual happiness and free association represented an unsurpassed level of human consciousness and expression that was being stifled by industrial capitalism. According to Kent Worcester, James gave a revolutionary twist to Henry Luce's notion of the American Century, envisioning "a kind of socialist and pluralistic model of

postcapitalist modernity."⁶

James's attitude toward American life must be set against his own background, which he described as British Victorian. He contrasted the stifling reserve and hierarchy of an exhausted Europe with the informality, openness, and dynamism of an evolving American civilization. Unlike the Frankfurt School or the New York intellectuals, who viewed American mass culture as debased and demeaning, James came to delight in it, becoming a fan and a critic of gangster movies, comic strips, pulp fiction, and popular music. James argued that the popular arts embodied "the clearest ideological expression of the sentiments and deepest feelings of the American people and a great window into the future of America and the modern world."⁷ He saw them as addressing genuine human needs under modern conditions and embodying the masses' expanding role in history. "The movies, even the most absurd Hollywood movies," James wrote, "are an expression of life, and being made for people who pay their money, they express what the people *need*—that is what the people miss in their own lives Like all art, but more than most, the movies are not merely a reflection, but an extension of the actual, but an extension along the lines which people feel are lacking and *possible* in the actual."⁸ For James, the movies and mass culture more generally had to be understood dialectically: They responded to the contemporary situation and prefigured a future where art and life were increasingly interdependent and intertwined.

James met Constance Webb during his American lecture tour of 1938-39. He was giving a talk at a black church in Los Angeles. Webb was an attractive white woman, blonde, eighteen, an aspiring actress, model, writer, and socialist. She was wearing a red dress. In the 1980s, she recalled her first impression of him

He was over six feet two inches; slim, but not thin, with long legs. He walked easily, with his shoulders level. His head appeared to be on a stalk, held high with the chin tilted forward and up, which made it seem that his body was led by a long neck—curved forward like that of a racehorse in the slip. Shoulders, chest, and legs were powerful and he moved decisively. But, as with highly trained athletes, the tension was concentrated and tuned, so that he gave the impression of enormous ease. He was without self-consciousness, simply himself, which showed in the way he moved, and one recognized a special quality.⁹

There were sparks between them. He wrote to her even before leaving Los Angeles. "I am writing in great haste; and regret very much that I could not see you before I left but if you are good, and better, you will drop me a line, Poste Restante, Mexico City I am very glad to have met you, like you a great deal, and am sorry I did not see more of you."¹⁰ He continued to write—more than 150 letters written on approximately four-thousand handwritten pages over a nine-year period. The longest gap was between October 1940 and August 1943, a consequence of James's health problems. He suffered from an ulcer and nervousness of the fingers. In New York in December 1942, he "fell ill

in the street, was lifted home and operated upon that very night."¹¹

Webb responded to James's attention. At least it seems likely that she did, since, though her replies have not survived, his letters grew in warmth and intimacy. James's letters to Webb are key texts in any understanding of his intellectual development, revealing the remarkable range of his intellectual interests and the scope and depth of his reading, the closest that exists to an autobiography of his American years. They likewise chart his growing passion and love for her. Here, he is loving and compassionate, but also critical and sometimes patronizing. He seeks to seduce, befriend, encourage, shape, and father her. In his mind, Webb signified more than the woman that he desperately longed for and wanted: She was inseparable from the larger forces of history and culture, and, through her, James sought to resolve his own internal contradictions. On the one hand, she symbolized the new American civilization, supplanting the European culture that had intellectually formed him and that he now regarded as a spent force. As he wrote to her in July 1944: "You are young and gay and American, without the English or continental desire to 'waltz,' but ready to 'cut a rug' instead. I love it. Nowhere in the whole wide world could anything like you appear but in America of the post-war, and I am pretty certain that you are a special product of the West."¹² Later in the same year he wrote:

And I begin to realise too that the American woman, though she lacks so much of what her European sister has, is broadly speaking, a more compelling and more charming, yes, charming, personality than her European sister. The causes of these things go deep. But one learns about society in a woman's face as well as in economic documents. To know you and to love you and most priceless of all for you to love me would not only be a personal treasure to me but is also an education. You are to me an ambassador of American civilization—and you don't know it.¹³

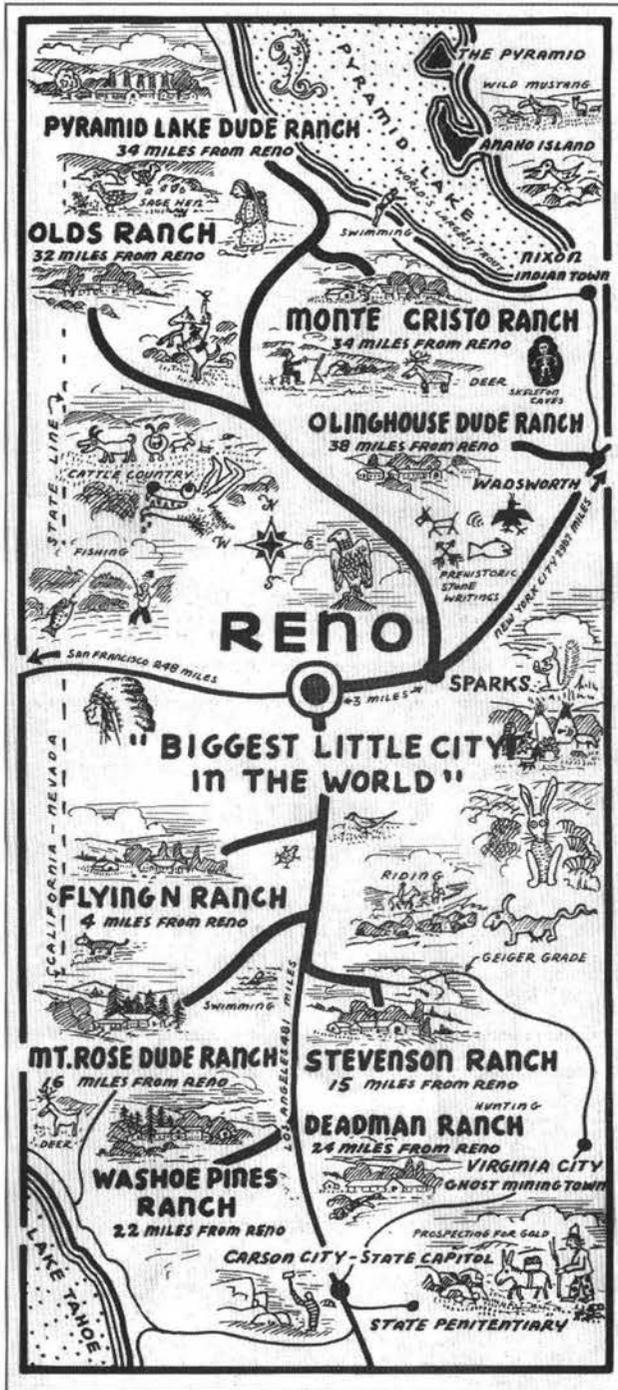
On the other hand, James thought of his union with Webb as part of the wider historical narrative he grappled with in his investigation of dialectical logic. In loving her, he sought to wipe away the contradiction between individual desire and revolutionary politics. In his mind, their relationship adumbrated the socialist world that was on the brink of being realized. In a remarkable letter of October 1947, he all but admitted this:

This is the man who loves you. I took up dialectic five years ago. I knew a lot of things before and I was able to master it. I know a lot of things about loving you. I am only just beginning to apply them. I can master that with the greatest rapidity—just give me a hand. I feel all sorts of new powers, *freedoms*, etc., surging in me. You released so many of my constrictions. What are you going to *do*? I am bursting all over with love for you . . . This is our new world—where this is no distinction between political and personal any more."¹⁴

James and Webb lived on opposite coasts, and, until she moved to New York in 1943, met only once—and briefly—when James was on a political trip that included Los Angeles. In the course of their letter writing, she was married not



This is the cover panel of a brochure for the Nevada Dude Ranch Association, 1936. (*Nevada Historical Society*)



This back-panel map of the brochure shows the locations of Nevada Dude Ranch Association ranches in the Reno area. (Nevada Historical Society)

once—but twice. Following the second marriage, she was briefly engaged to Jack Gilford, an actor who later appeared in *Catch 22* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and was nominated for best supporting actor in 1974 for *Save the Tiger*. James's passion for Webb barely survived her fling with a West Point cadet, but he persisted, and they eventually were married in 1946 by a justice of the peace in New Jersey. The marriage was witnessed by two bigoted policemen who, according to Webb, all but dared them to kiss and "became red in the face with anger when we did so."¹⁵ Marriage did nothing to solidify their relationship, and in 1947 Webb left him. A year later they were reconciled and Webb was expecting a child. James went to Reno because the American authorities did not recognize his Mexican divorce, and he was legally a bigamist.

When James arrived in Reno, it was still the American divorce capital, though probably past its 1930s heyday, when it was the subject of national attention. It was beginning to feel the effects of competition from Las Vegas, put on the media map by the Clark Gable-Ria Langham divorce of 1939, and very shortly of the liberalization of divorce laws in other states. Although the media portrayed divorce seekers as wealthy easterners, they were from every socioeconomic level, from all forty-eight states, numerous foreign countries, and, popular perception notwithstanding, there was only a slightly higher percentage of women over men. According to Mella Harmon's research, New Yorkers were the largest group of divorce-seekers (27 percent), but in second place were Californians (17 percent).¹⁶ Those seeking divorce came from thirty-two countries, Canada and England making up the highest percentage. Women represented 59 percent of the divorce seekers. Thus, James was a unique divorce seeker not because he had financial problems or because he was not American: It is because he was black. Earlier divorce research on Reno does not consider race. But James's account of living in Reno helps fill the gap, providing compelling evidence of the racial discrimination that a black divorce seeker—and black residents more generally—confronted. The details that he provides are invaluable.

James was a black Trinidadian and a British colonial subject. His historical research, undertaken in the 1930s, contributed to understanding the international dimension of the black struggle, but he never experienced racial segregation first hand until he lived in the United States. According to Anna Grimshaw, his personal secretary and editor, "He was acutely aware that his experiences of discrimination as a black man in the Caribbean and later in Britain, were not of the same kind as those which he now faced; and he was apprehensive, being unfamiliar with all the unspoken codes and conventions of a racially divided country."¹⁷ James first encountered American segregation following his meeting with Trotsky, as he traveled at the back of a bus through the South on his way to New York City. His marriage to Webb brought down upon both of them racist hatred as well. In her words: "As far away as Greenwich

Village, most bohemian and liberal area, black and white couples were being attacked and beaten, often dragged from restaurants. And New Jersey was notorious for its hatred of blacks, particularly when they coupled with whites."¹⁸ Yet James, predominantly operating in New York's revolutionary intellectual circles, seems to have been somewhat insulated from the everyday racism encountered by most blacks. He told his friend and comrade Lyman Paine: "We all, me included, are apt to forget that I am a Negro."¹⁹

It would have been unnecessary to remind James that he was a Negro in Nevada. From the moment of his arrival on August 2, 1948, he felt the effects of segregation, but he also found immediate acceptance among Reno's small black community. After arriving at the train station, he asked a white taxi driver where he might find lodging and was taken to 539 Sierra, a "black person's place," where he rented a room, a "kind of annex," for ten dollars a week. It was nine-foot-square and private. The house had hot water, but the upstairs bath and shower available to him had none. The landlady, who was only temporary, agreed to cook meals for him if he bought his own food. She could not, however, guarantee the arrangement after she left. James hoped that he could continue to eat there but, as he explained, "If not I shall eat in restaurants. The Jim Crow here in restaurants is powerful. But there are 2 or 3 places set aside for Negroes—one joint, the Chinese restaurant, and a Negro place. However, one can eat."²⁰

The degree to which blacks stuck together in Reno made an impression on James: "Boy, the solidarity among Negroes is something."²¹ Upon arriving, he was befriended by a young black man (introduced to him by his landlady) who agreed to take him to Lake Tahoe with some friends. James's account of their trip gives us some insight into what blacks confronted in northern Nevada as well as how James related to black Americans. Traveling in a 1941 Chevy, they picked up the young man's friends, stopping at the house of a "dark fellow who had a hangover" and who lived with two other black couples. James was struck by the fact that one of the women was rearing a blonde, blue-eyed, white boy, about a year old.

The parents had given him to this young woman to keep. All these Negroes loved him. They played with him and fondled him and just loved him. If he had been Nob [the nickname given to James's and Webb's baby to be] he couldn't have been more secure . . . All of the time playing most lovingly with the kid. Not one of them showed the slightest, the faintest hint of ill-feeling. I think they loved the kid more than usual because it was white and there could be warm feeling without prejudice.²²

For James, such a pure act of love, among a group of people who were excluded and discriminated against, was the day's highlight.

He was particularly impressed by one of his new acquaintances, Paul, a mechanic and former merchant seaman. The way that Paul related both to his girlfriend and to James provided a contrast to what James was accustomed to in England. "Their easy relationship with one another, and with me, the

sophistication, what Paul really thought and what he did all day, all of this is very very different from the English workers I know." James believed that if Paul "could exercise his *savoir faire*, his way of dealing with all sorts of people, and his terrible need for friendship in a movement of some kind he would accomplish great things for himself and his friends."²³ However, he was reluctant to draw Paul into a political discussion. During his entire stay in Nevada, James was guarded about his past and his background, largely because he did not want to draw attention to himself. On this particular day, he seems to have wanted to relate to his companions strictly as friends as well as being able to study and observe them.

The trip to Tahoe was punctuated by three or four stops for whiskey and cokes and "stupid, dull, and vulgar jokes" to which there was uproarious laughter (though James was certainly not among the laughing). As so many visitors before and since, James was taken by this "superb lake." Yet few commentators have left such a vivid recollection of the implicit racism pervading its social environment. "The lake was lovely," he wrote, "the drive splendid. It should have been a perfect outing. Yet it wasn't. For there were no colored people in sight. We were excluded. All around exclusion was always present. It did not ruin the day but it poisoned it."²⁴

James hoped to find a black lawyer to handle his divorce case. When he learned that Mayfield, the only likely candidate, had yet to take his exams, he settled on a white woman, Charlotte Hunter, who, in his estimation, was liberal, sympathetic to radicals, and strong on the Negro question. Hunter was thirty-six, from a family of Russian-Jewish immigrants, and a graduate of Northeastern University in Massachusetts.²⁵ She was by her own account perhaps the second or third woman to practice law in Nevada, having passed the bar exam in 1947, the year prior to taking James's case. Hunter had not planned to end up in Nevada. She was an adventurous young woman on her way to Tahiti when World War II broke out and altered her plans. She settled in Reno largely because her father had been living there since the 1930s, following his own divorce. Hunter was not particularly political in an ideological sense, and in retrospect believes that she was politically naïve. Her liberalism was heartfelt. According to James, Hunter described herself as someone who was performing a service rather than practicing law. She took his case despite his legal difficulties, telling him (according to James) to keep quiet about his immigration problems and his politics.

James wrote to Webb of an encounter with Hunter that is worth recalling in this context. They were to have lunch, and Hunter suggested that they go "to a big restaurant where she had influence, just to see if they would have the nerve, etc" not to serve them.²⁶ Being "a very modest, retiring person," he persuaded her to eat at the Negro restaurant. He thought that she was wonderful but that her determination to break the social codes was a sign of inexperience. Hunter's memory of the event has a slightly different emphasis. She

remembers wanting to have lunch at a place for white patrons, the Trocadero, a restaurant in the El Cortez Hotel. Her father had married the mother of the two owners, and she could not imagine being turned away. She also vividly remembers James's gentle effort at dissuading her. "Miss Hunter, let's just have lunch today," he said in a quiet voice.²⁷ They ended up eating in the restaurant nicknamed Little Harlem. It was the first time that she had ever been there.

Hunter also helped James to find employment and permanent lodging. He recalled it this way: "So, discussing finances, I told her I was a writer. She as I said seemed interested. Did I wish to work? I said I would be glad to. What? Did I want her to arrange a lecture for me? I said No, I preferred to be quiet. I said I would like to work outdoors on a ranch."²⁸ Hunter called Harry Drackert, the owner of the Pyramid Lake Ranch, and recommended James, citing his educational credentials. According to Hunter, Drackert was not a political person. He would not have understood that James was unable to go into the five-and-ten and have a cup of coffee. But he also was not the kind of person who would have cared about James's color. Although he was reluctant to hire someone well educated to perform menial labor, Drackert invited James to stay as a guest and indicated that he would find something for him. He soon offered James a job as a handyman. By August 18 James was writing Webb from Sutcliffe at Pyramid Lake.

The Pyramid Lake Ranch was one of several divorce ranches in northern Nevada, the state's distinctive contribution to western dude ranching. Drackert, who took possession of the ranch in 1947, stated that it was originally a stage station. It developed as a dude ranch "in a day when such ranches were rough-and-ready, becoming known for its open-handed hospitality, and during the period when tourists and divorcees were not so exacting the ranch had a certain measure of success."²⁹ A. J. Liebling, the *New Yorker* reporter who first stayed at the ranch in 1949, featured it in articles on Reno and Pyramid Lake and discussed its origins from a slightly different perspective, explaining how a white-owned ranch ended up in the middle of an Indian reservation. According to him, it was established by an old-timer named Sutcliffe, who turned a squat on Indian land into a roadhouse popular with fishermen in pursuit of the lake's once plentiful trout. Pressed by the federal courts to give the land up, he paid a few thousand dollars to the reservation and legalized the possession of it.³⁰

The ranch was on the lake "in a charming grove of cottonwood, elm and other trees" and formed "a pleasing variation to the desert scenery." It consisted of a main house which "stood fairly close to the road, behind an old established lawn with flower beds and trees" made possible by irrigation. Behind the house were "company streets of one-room cabins with porches, set around a swimming pool."³¹ There was a store selling local Indian crafts, a restaurant, and a bar that held the only obtainable liquor license for the hundred miles between Reno and Gerlach and hence frequented by guests and

PYRAMID LAKE *Dude Ranch*



SUTCLIFFE (RO. and S.P.-R.R. STATION AT RANCH) **NEVADA**
 GO WESTERN IN A BIG WAY - LAUGH LOAF OR BE ACTIVE -

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RATES, \$33.00 to \$46.00 week—includes everything—room, meals, daily Reno-Ranch auto and shopping service, riding, experienced residence witness. We will meet your Reno train and drive you to Ranch at no expense. Reno office, 20 W. Second Street. Phone 5755. Manager and owner, J. A. Marshall II.

WRITE FOR FOLDER

This information, promoting the Pyramid Lake Dude Ranch, was published in the Nevada Dude Ranch Association brochure. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

locals. The ranch had no gaming. The guests were predominantly divorce seekers, mostly women, in some cases with their children, passing the time while fulfilling Nevada's six-week residency requirement in an environment that was more wholesome than that available in town. On his first morning at Pyramid Lake, Liebling's most vivid impression—besides the breathtaking scenery—was of children of all ages "whom I took to be the unhappy offshoots of broken homes, careered whooping through all the interstices between the buildings" and their mothers who "looked all right—very all right, some of them, in shorts and halter things." Concluding that neither was conducive to literary output, Liebling changed his room to a more remote location.³²

Liebling's representation of the Pyramid Lake Ranch is from the point of view of a guest whose credentials as a journalist allowed him to mingle easily in Reno's better social circles. He learned of the ranch while having a drink in the Riverside Hotel, the city's premiere establishment. At the Riverside, he met Drackert, a national bronc-riding champion in the 1920s, who was part of the rodeo circuit for nearly ten years and who was billed as "Cowboy of America" at Madison Square Garden. It was Drackert's description of his desert-lake

retreat that enticed Liebling to pack his bags and head north. In his *New Yorker* articles, Liebling portrayed Drackert as one of Nevada's colorful characters. If they were not friends, they were certainly on friendly terms. Liebling's decision to return to Drackert's ranch a few years later is probably partially due to a combination of fascination and fondness for him.

James's experience of the ranch was dramatically different. He was the gardener and handyman: He cleared the yard of leaves and paper, supervised the irrigation system, mowed the lawns, took care of the grounds, helped put guests' suitcases in the ranch's station wagon, and even did dishes twice a day. For a middle-aged man who seldom exercised, the work was tiring and difficult, but also satisfying. "I am out in the sun and the dust for hours," he wrote. "I am very stiff sometimes—bending down constantly. *But it is good for me . . .* I don't overwork myself, but the sudden transition from sedentary habits is a jump. But between us, I am surprised at how well I am standing it."³³ One of the attractions for James of being a laborer was the opportunity it presented for interacting with other workers. He had "never been in the kitchen nor in the pantry before, nor in the garden; working with them, from the inside." He had had "intimate contacts" with workers previously, but it was in the context of political activism. "I do not discuss politics [with the workers at the ranch]. Furthermore the isolation of the ranch throws everybody on to everybody else. I am fascinated."³⁴

What interests James about the ranch then is neither the soon-to-be divorcées nor their children nor even those drinking at the bar, not least because the help was not allowed to fraternize with guests. His account of life at the ranch is from the bottom up, dominated by the petty jealousies, daily struggles, and love entanglements of his fellow workers: Budd the Indian cowboy, Joe the Filipino cook, Viola the maid from "Ioway," Mary and Romana the waitresses, Peggy the bartender, and so forth. The one exception to this is his employer Drackert, whom he cryptically describes as an old rodeo man and a gentleman: "50 odd, fit, still competes in rodeos, wrestling cows and riding bucking-horses, a good shot, busy with the ranch, but busy with the girls."³⁵ Even here, what mostly intrigues James about Drackert is the impact he has on the female workers, who resent the women who "come around" and "monopolize" his attention. James was confused by their jealousy. "Curious business. It was not their business whom D [Drackert] slept with."³⁶ He attributed his lack of understanding to the fact that he tried so hard to be reasonable and was "quite lost with the average citizen."

James explained to Webb that he "could have lived in Reno and been miserable—or at least just going to the show and scribbling in my room."³⁷ But Pyramid Lake was altogether different. Living there, he felt a sense of renewal. He realized how little natural beauty and physical exertion there were in his (and Webb's) life and the importance of living an "active life" in the future.



Guests gather in the living room of the Pyramid Lake Dude Ranch lodge. (*Nevada Historical Society*)



The cottages at the Pyramid Lake Dude Ranch lodge. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

Down here I am in the open, sun and the lake and physical exercise and dirt and sweat and fatigue. God! If you know what the afternoon shower is like. I haven't had that feeling for fifteen years. And we have not had it. We haven't been anywhere, walked on beaches, etc. I can. I am doing it here because I have to. But I get up in the a.m. and go round fixing my irrigation before eating—fitter than *after* breakfast at home. Somehow, sweetie, I have to live a more active life. I'll be better in myself and better for you.³⁸

The ranch's environment also proved to be an ideal place for getting work done. "Even in the intervals of my gardening and cleaning," he wrote, "I found that for a variety of reasons I could work here as I have not worked for some dozen years."³⁹ He read French literature "from the beginning"—Racine, Corneille, Molière—as well as beginning to translate into English the French Trotskyist historian Daniel Guérin's *History of the French Revolution* from which he hoped to make "some good cash."

Thus, James found life at Pyramid Lake agreeable, and he was becoming interested in the region and its history, learning "about agriculture, irrigation, and the early pioneers and the life of the West, and the people."⁴⁰ However, what he did not become curious about (at least in his letters to Webb) was the Paiute Indians on whose reservation, of course, the ranch was sitting. A. J. Liebling, on the other hand, a left-liberal reporter who had made a reputation for himself writing about the "colorful antics of eccentric characters," made the Paiutes the central focus of his 1955 *New Yorker* articles.⁴¹ When he arrived at the ranch, he, like James, was vaguely aware that he was in the middle of an Indian reservation. He first learned about the Paiutes from Martin Green, the reservation's policeman, with whom he had a conversation in the ranch's bar, the bar from which James was excluded. His interest evolved from reading a book that he discovered in the ranch's living room, *Program of the Carson Indian Agency, Jurisdiction Nevada-California, 1944*. It described the tribe's long-running battle to repossess land held by squatting white ranchers.

In brief, the conflict had originated at the time of the Civil War, when the commissioner of the General Land Office, with the approval of the secretary of the interior, sought to create a reservation for the Paiutes by ordering a survey of the Pyramid Lake region. President Ulysses S. Grant gave the reservation further legal status in 1874 by issuing an executive order endorsing the land survey. Despite the legal efforts at creating a reservation, and Indian protests, a small group of white ranchers (originally of German and Irish, but later Italian, descent) squatted on Indian lands in the 1860s, claiming retroactive legitimacy for their land tenure on the basis of the 1874 executive order. Pivotal to the unfolding of the land dispute was a 1924 act of the United States Congress allowing the ranchers to buy the land at a bargain price. But when by 1936 the ranchers had not paid up, the Department of the Interior took steps on behalf of the Indians, leading to a federal court order evicting the ranchers from the land.

As Liebling freely admitted at the time, the plight of the Paiutes was not

high on his list of priorities. In addition, he assumed that the federal court order evicting the ranchers from the Paiutes' land would have been fully implemented in the five years since the book's appearance. Liebling's interest grew as he began more fully to appreciate the involvement of Nevada's Senator Patrick McCarran, who for several years had tenaciously intervened in Congress on behalf of the ranchers. For Liebling, McCarran was more than a senator from a peripheral state who used his connections to add a little frosting to the cake of centuries of Indian oppression. A supporter of Senator Joseph McCarthy, he was a powerful symbol of reactionary interests, embodied in the anti-immigrant McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act. Liebling was driven by the social injustice suffered by the Indians, but he also likened his interest in their conflict with McCarran to "the odd fascination of an honest wrestling match." "In the Pyramid Lake case I liked the Paiutes, and although I have never met Senator McCarran, I didn't think I would care for him."⁴² The resulting *New Yorker* articles have recently been collected for the first time by the University of Nevada Press.⁴³

Whether James came across the same volume on the Paiutes as did Liebling, or whether, in fact it was actually sitting there on the shelf the previous year, is not known. Nor is whether, despite his exclusion from the ranch's bar, he met tribal members as Liebling had. It is certainly plausible that James, as a Marxist and a British imperial subject, would view the Paiutes as shaped by the same world-historical process of capitalist imperialism as he himself. If he had, it would have made a remarkable story more remarkable. Yet aside from his acknowledgment that the ranch's location was on an Indian reservation, there is not a shred of evidence that James concerned himself with its inhabitants, let alone the land conflict. It is of course conceivable that his letters to Webb do not reveal an interest that in fact existed, but given the encyclopedic scope of political and intellectual subjects that these letters to her explore, I find this unlikely.

It is more plausible that James was otherwise preoccupied at the Pyramid Lake Ranch. He was consumed by his own problems and intellectual projects as well as the internecine conflicts of the Trotskyist left. To use a present-day phrase, his plate was full, and it became fuller as a result of Drackert's decision to dispense with his services. James's position on the ranch never really solidified. Drackert had been reluctant to hire him, and James was, at first, uncertain how long he would be allowed to stay on. He worried that he would be perceived as taking up a room that could be rented out at a time when the ranch was full. Still, when James was let go, he seemed somewhat surprised: "Then after I had carefully gained assurance that my job was safe, I lost it."⁴⁴ He was pleased, however, that Drackert allowed him to remain as a lodger, glad that he no longer had to work, and, most important, looked forward to devoting all of his time to writing, although the added expense of forty dollars a week for room and board weighed heavily on his mind.

Between the time of his dismissal (September 13) and the final dated letter from Nevada (November 9), James's letters convey the impression that he was more alienated from the ranch and the people on it. He speaks of it as a place of refuge, but no longer discusses its daily happenings, and in the November 9 letter he tells Webb, "I am not boasting about it but I simply live my own life. I talk to the servants, the help a bit. There are women around but I don't see them—a pleasant word or two. Barbara, about 3, is my genuine friend and now and then asks me if she still is my cutiepie."⁴⁵ James also highlights his isolation in his description of attending a University of Nevada football game, one of his few references to the guests at the ranch: "Whom do I go out with? Nobody. Sad but true, for all I care. The guests, or some of them go. We have seats that D [Drackert] has reserved. They are—guests, and I am a kind of non-descript. The formalities are observed, but even in walking from the carpark to the seats for the game, our isolation from each other stands out. I am not hostile, but I am not over-friendly."⁴⁶

Taken as a whole, the letters of these final weeks reveal a man who is more inward looking and self-reflective, in part because he is consumed by work, but also because he is confronting the hard realities pressing down upon him. James was worried that the American counsel, who was serving the papers to his first wife, might tip off the immigration authorities as to his whereabouts, and that he might be jailed and deported before being able to marry Webb legally, which he was counting on to strengthen his case for remaining in the United States. "The lawyer [presumably Charlotte Hunter]," he wrote, "has warned me that my situation is as bad as it can be."⁴⁷ He was also concerned about how he was going to support a family. Limited in his ability to make a living by his legal status, he depended upon financial support from the organizations for which he worked and the generosity of friends in the movement. Now he realized that he had to find "bourgeois work." But how was he going to negotiate supporting a family and being a full-time revolutionary? James likewise struggled with how to protect his relationship with Webb from the meddling—some well-intentioned—of his Johnson-Forest comrades. In a letter to Lyman Paine, his close friend in the group, he complained of the deleterious effects that such activities had had on them:

We had our own troubles for which nobody was responsible but ourselves,"[but] "to our own strictly personal problems, was added this constant interference, criticism, analysis, illumination of me, which made it doubly difficult for her to steer a road between me as a politician and as her husband. Much of it was stupidity, some of it well-meaning, and, I regret to say, a good bit of it was malicious. We struggled through this additional burden and in the whole mess, I nearly lost her."⁴⁸

In addition—and in a more strictly political vein—James confronted the toll that keeping a small revolutionary group afloat was taking on him and his associates. The Johnson-Forest tendency was not simply a Trotskyist group

within a larger revolutionary left, which was in fact small by European standards. For much of the forties the tendency was a minority within the Workers' Party, itself a breakaway minority from the larger SWP. At a personal level, he spoke of "in the last seven years" being "the loneliest man in the world": "Our ideas and plans and perspectives are so big, our work, and our concrete sphere is so small. It is a terrible, a breaking strain upon the personality."⁴⁹ More analytically, he pointed to the "terrible discrepancy between the range, the boldness, the philosophical basis, the concreteness of our ideas, and the miserable little places we do hold, both as a group and individually." He concluded that the "constant underlying strain, exasperation, impotence and frustration" was organic to their situation.⁵⁰ James did not discuss how this might be circumvented, but clearly his distance from the day-to-day grind of activism helped him to see himself and his group in a clearer light.

Important as such challenges were, there was a deeper level to the conflict that James was undergoing. He wrote on October 11 that he was struggling with the demons of his past, a struggle that he knew would take him to a new threshold.

In many ways I think I have crossed a great milestone in my own life down here. I knew for years that something was wrong somewhere. The evil spirit, the demon, fought to hold me in the old groove. I know now exactly what the writers in Scripture wrote about, they and their demons. But I am sure now that that is over. But there are a lot of pieces to be picked up and patched together. I shall make it, I'll do the best I can.⁵¹

James frequently reverted to biblical language to discuss his crisis. However, the demons that James fought to vanquish were the accumulated weight of deeply ingrained intellectual habits and training and a Victorian upbringing, which he clearly associated with the decaying bourgeois world. He saw them as barriers to reciprocating Webb's love and ultimately posing a threat to their relationship. In a powerful passage, James vividly described what he was going through.

But I think of you all the time, all the time. I wonder when I return, how it will be. The demon is waiting for me, I know the old habits, sitting down and reading and all the time so nervous about you, so nervous, nervous fifteen hours out of eighteen. I *know*, I shall have to break resolutely out of it. I am preparing . . . I think often of my return, and how it is going to be. You should know the long, long solitary hours I have spent, reading—reading—reading, thinking, writing. Since I was about four years old. It is the ingrained pattern of a life-time . . . I have been writing so easily and reading so easily I say "Jesus. If I could only express myself to you as easily, as naturally." It is something to strive for. You are O.K. . . . But I am different. Years and years, and the British bourgeois training ingrained.⁵²

He identified with a poem by D. H. Lawrence in which a British bourgeois is portrayed as "washed and clean and strong" but incapable of human understanding and feeling. James was determined "to break these old patterns once and for all, once and for all."⁵³

As James struggled with his inner demons, his behavior was becoming increasingly frantic. Writing had always been easy for him, but in Nevada he wrote at a pace unknown for twenty years. "I could do 10,000 words a day without stopping to put a comma, and then read all sorts of books, and start off again in the morning. It has not stopped. In fact I seem just to have begun."⁵⁴ Later on he vividly portrayed his frenetic work schedule as well as his alienation from those around him.

But the work comes pouring out. I cannot stop it. Many days I rise at 9. Am back from breakfast at 10. Work til 1; come back at 2; I sleep sometimes from 3-5; work til 7; come back at 8:15 and work til 3; sometimes 4. Continuously. If I do not sleep in the afternoon I work til about 2. I sit at the table and do not move for hours on end. The people here look on me as some freak, the natives and the visitors.⁵⁵

James's principal diversion was to play the slot machines in town: "Whenever possible I rush into Reno, for this place is absolutely isolated, 35 miles from Reno. And I play the machine *and lose*. I am a gambler now."⁵⁶ He would receive a ride into town from Drackert, who led (in Liebling's words) "a detail of the women in to shop and have their hair done."⁵⁷ They signed up the night before, and Drackert dropped them off at the Riverside before lunch, collecting them in the late afternoon for the return journey. On such jaunts, James assumed whenever possible his "much-loved place in the back among the baggage." Once in town, he went his own way, going to the library, the Negro restaurant, and the drugstore to play the slot machines. James worked "feverishly day and night to make up for the loss."⁵⁸

What James was feverishly working on was a series of philosophical reflections on the Hegelian dialectic, privately circulated as *Notes on Dialectics* (1948). All through his American years James wrestled with the complexities of Hegel's *Logic*, recognizing "from early on that the *Logic* constituted an algebra, made to be used in any analysis of constitution and development in nature or in society."⁵⁹ In *Notes on Dialectics*, his understanding of dialectical logic provided the foundation of an independent Marxist position: a rejection of orthodox Trotskyism, state socialism, and the vanguard party in the name of working-class spontaneity, creativity, and self-development.

James intended the book to be read by his comrades in the Johnson-Forest tendency, yet, in writing it, Webb was never far from his thoughts. Indeed, he never wrote a line that did not have her in mind.

And all the time, consciously, sometimes subconsciously, I am thinking of you. Page after page on the dialectic, I am saying how you will be amazed and pleased; and I am hoping you will be able to use it for yourself. I think about us. I take a little walk around the place sometimes. Or I stop writing, or I lie in bed after turning off the light, or in bed on mornings. I am working on two planes—it and us.⁶⁰

As James wrote about Hegelian logic out on the Nevada desert, he was simultaneously combating psychological, political, and financial problems. At

certain points, he felt triumphant, certain that he was entering a new, higher stage, where (as discussed earlier) the personal and the political would be fused. But the fight undeniably had its price, and sometimes it seemed as if he were losing control.

I am somewhat tired. I have been beating at the Doctrine of Being, there is my peculiar self—between wind and water. All I can think of is just writing down a lot of things. About money, about you and the party and me, you and clothes, our monthly expenses, everything boiling in my head. What a mess! I wish I could take a brush and scrub it out, scrub it out, but I can't. I have to dig it out. And the demon. Jesus! He says "You are writing because you can't talk." But I ain't budging. I shall write *to-day* otherwise I shall be putting it off for *to-morrow*. But it is shaking me.⁶¹

James was wracked by self-doubts that he feared would never end. He wondered whether he and Webb would "always be nursing each other," although he believed—or perhaps hoped—that they would find "some spot"—by which he meant perhaps a place that would be free of the friction produced by numerous personal and political challenges. James's way of fighting off his demons was to write, but he knew that it was a double-edged sword, a way of avoiding "talking" or emotionally giving of himself. Yet it was finally writing and his love for Webb that were his salvation. "I write. I develop things. So I say: get with it. Nothing is *wrong* with you. You work O.K. You are closer to your wife than ever before."⁶²

James might have been closer to his wife than ever before when he left Nevada, but the relationship did not endure. Despite the long years of courtship, the endless stream of letters, two wedding ceremonies, and the birth of their son, they were separated by 1952, although he tried to win her back. "I see Constance often," he wrote. "We talk. For hours and hours at a time. She is preaching, in fact has knocked a lot of sense into me! You thought it would be easy to get her back. Freddie [Paine] that will be the most difficult thing in the world. But that is what I want. We shall see."⁶³ Not long after this was written their marriage was finished, and Webb was dating someone else. The details of the collapse of their marriage are hard to know, but, according to Kent Worcester, the challenges they faced as an interracial couple and the fact that Webb never felt fully accepted by James's Johnson-Forest comrades figure prominently. Most important, the inner demons that James struggled with in Nevada—"the British bourgeois training ingrained"—continued to haunt him. Webb recalled, "Rather than have any disagreement, Nello's [James's] method was to simply retreat behind an impenetrable wall. He could not express his emotions. Instead, he walked about the Bronx carrying on lengthy, furious arguments with me and with himself—all inside his own head."⁶⁴ Retrospectively, James could see that his "virtues as a husband were entirely negative" and that he did not pay "any attention" to his wives "as human beings sharing a life with" him. Despite his behavior, his letters to Webb suggest that from a distance he wanted her to realize her full potential.

Intellectually, the years immediately following James's departure from Nevada were more fruitful. He wrote *American Civilization*, a detailed sketch for a proposed book representing the culmination of his many years of thinking about American culture and politics. It was eventually published in 1993, after his death, and deserves to be seen as a landmark in Marxist cultural theory and a precursor of contemporary cultural studies. At the time, the only segment of the manuscript to be revised for publication was his analysis of Herman Melville, whom he argued had brilliantly captured the contradictions of American historical development. James wrote the book *Mariners, Renegades, and Castaways* (1953) while interned on Ellis Island awaiting deportation for passport violations. Confronted with imprisonment, suffering great pain from his ulcer because of indifference of the authorities to giving him proper food and treatment, James characteristically turned to writing. He regarded the book as central to his application for citizenship and sought to establish his American credentials in a final chapter that, among other things, paid tribute to the nation's liberal traditions and its liberation from "the weight of the past which hangs so heavily on Europe." The United States did not have a culture so much as "a need for human relations of a size and scope which will in the end triumph over all deficiencies."⁶⁵ James was sent back to Britain in autumn 1953.

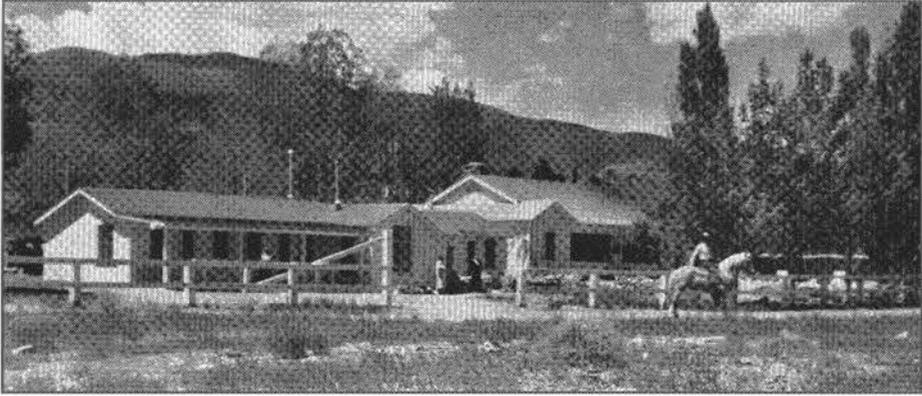
Looking back from the vantage point of the 1970s, James regarded his years in the United States as "the high water mark" of his long life. Until recently, this was difficult for James scholars to document. Living an underground existence and writing under pseudonyms in low-circulation journals, James's American years were shrouded in mystery. With the discovery and publication of both his correspondence with Webb and *American Civilization* this is no longer true. It is now possible to see, as Anna Grimshaw has observed, that "it was, above all, his *experience* of living in America which changed and moulded his mature perspective on the world."⁶⁶

Within this pivotal period of his life, James's brief stay in Nevada must count as a significant moment. He produced a major statement of his theoretical method and his most thoroughgoing critique of orthodox Trotskyism up to that point. He confronted a multitude of personal, political, and intellectual challenges. Ultimately, he wanted to bring together his love for Webb and his commitment to socialism, seeing them as different aspects of the same revolutionary struggle to transform himself and the world. The fact that he never was able to integrate them should not denigrate the heroic effort involved.

The time that James spent in Reno and at Pyramid Lake is also part of Nevada history. His observations on what it meant to be black in Nevada in 1948 are themselves noteworthy. Equally important, Nevada was not just an abstract backdrop for his intellectual pursuits. James became enmeshed in Nevada life: from divorce and divorce ranches, and lawyers and cowboys, to gambling and the scenic sublime. Yet, as should be clear, I think that the story of James in Nevada would have been even more compelling had he, like A. J.

Liebling, supported the Paiute's efforts to regain their ancestral lands. It still may turn out that he did. But, as I have suggested, there are plenty of reasons why the Paiutes might have escaped his attention. It is even possible that, riveted by the broad sweep of history, James might have viewed the land conflict as a local skirmish. Still, I can not help but wonder what might have transpired if James had made common cause with the Paiutes.

Since learning of James's trip to Nevada, I have returned from England, ready to give my full attention to the cultural politics of postwar Britain. Yet I cannot easily shake the image of James, writing about the Hegelian dialectic, Marxism, and world revolution on a divorce ranch in the middle of the Nevada desert, taking time out only to write letters to the woman that he loved and to lose money playing slot machines in Reno. It is a truly singular moment in the life of an extraordinary man. It is no less singular in the history of Nevada.



This photo of the Pyramid Lake Dude Ranch appeared in the Nevada Dude Ranch Association brochure. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

NOTES

¹I could not have written this essay without the help of numerous friends and colleagues. Bill Schwarz stimulated my interest in James in Nevada, and Stuart Hall encouraged me at the initial stage of curiosity. Jerome Edwards, Laura Gorman, Caroline Musselman, Elizabeth Raymond, William Rowley, and Hugh Shapiro read early drafts (or parts of drafts) of the essay and made invaluable suggestions. I presented this essay at the department's research colloquium. Those attending helped me to see the potential of the project from a number of perspectives.

²Bill Schwarz, "Becoming Postcolonial," in *Without Guarantees: In Honour of Stuart Hall*, Paul Gilroy, Lawrence Grossberg, and Angela McRobbie, eds. (London: Verso, 2000), 268-81.

³Most notably in my *Cultural Marxism in Postwar Britain: History, the New Left, and the Origins of Cultural Studies* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1997).

⁴C. L. R. James, *Special Delivery: The Letters of C.L.R. James to Constance Webb, 1939-1948*, Anna Grimshaw, ed. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1996), 191.

⁵C. L. R. James, "Dialectical Materialism and the Fate of Humanity," in *The C. L. R. James Reader*, Anna Grimshaw, ed. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992), 158.

⁶Kent Worcester, "C. L. R. James and the American Century," in *C. L. R. James, His Intellectual Legacies*, Selwyn R. Cudjoe and William E. Cain, eds. (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), 173.

⁷C. L. R. James, *American Civilization*, Anna Grimshaw and Keith Hart, eds. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1993), 119.

⁸James, *Special Delivery*, 73.

⁹Constance Webb, "C. L. R. James: The Speaker and His Charisma," in *C. L. R. James. His Life and Work*, Paul Buhle, ed. (London: Allison and Busby, 1986), 169.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 37.

¹¹*Ibid.*, 70.

¹²*Ibid.*, 132.

¹³*Ibid.*, 183.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, 298.

¹⁵Quoted in Selwyn R. Cudjoe, "'As Ever Darling, All My Love, Nello': The Love Letters of C. L. R. James," in *C. L. R. James: His Intellectual Legacies*, Cudjoe and Cain, eds., 232.

¹⁶See Mella Rothwell Harmon. "Divorce and Economic Opportunity in Reno, Nevada during the Great Depression," M.S. thesis, University of Nevada, Reno, 1998, 74-77. Harmon's research is based on looking at 3,007 divorce records, a sample of records between 1931 and 1934.

¹⁷Anna Grimshaw, Introduction to James, *Special Delivery*, 8.

¹⁸Quoted in Cudjoe, "'As Ever Darling'," 233.

¹⁹James, *Special Delivery*, 346.

²⁰*Ibid.*, 311.

²¹*Ibid.*

²²*Ibid.*, 312.

²³*Ibid.*, 314.

²⁴*Ibid.*, 313.

²⁵Charlotte Hunter, interview, Reno, Nevada, 17 November 2000. In addition to representing James, Hunter was to represent another famous Trinidadian in a divorce case. She was the attorney for Eric Williams, an historian and politician who became Trinidad's first prime minister following independence in 1962. Williams, who had been James's student while at secondary school, was referred to Hunter by James.

²⁶James, *Special Delivery*, 322.

²⁷Hunter, interview, 17 November 2000.

²⁸James, *Special Delivery*, 315.

²⁹Harry Drackert, "Pyramid Lake Ranch," prospectus for sale of the ranch, ca. 1957, The Records of Harry and Joan Drackert (Special Collections, University of Nevada, Reno), 2.

³⁰A. J. Liebling, *A Reporter at Large: Dateline: Pyramid Lake, Nevada*, Elmer Rusco, ed. (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2000), 7.

³¹*Ibid.*, 10.

³²*Ibid.*, 10-11.

- ³³James, *Special Delivery*, 320-21.
³⁴*Ibid.*, 334.
³⁵*Ibid.*, 323.
³⁶*Ibid.*, 324.
³⁷*Ibid.*, 334.
³⁸*Ibid.*, 332.
³⁹*Ibid.*, 341.
⁴⁰*Ibid.*, 325.
⁴¹Elmer R. Rusco, Introduction to Liebling, *Reporter at Large*, xv.
⁴²Liebling, *Reporter at Large*, 101.
⁴³A. J. Liebling, *A Reporter at Large: Dateline: Pyramid Lake, Nevada*, Elmer Rusco, ed. (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2000).
⁴⁴James, *Special Delivery*, 341.
⁴⁵*Ibid.*, 376.
⁴⁶*Ibid.*, 375.
⁴⁷*Ibid.*, 345.
⁴⁸*Ibid.*, 344.
⁴⁹*Ibid.*, 352.
⁵⁰*Ibid.*, 348.
⁵¹*Ibid.*, 349-50.
⁵²*Ibid.*, 373-74.
⁵³*Ibid.*, 374.
⁵⁴*Ibid.*, 341.
⁵⁵*Ibid.*, 359.
⁵⁶*Ibid.*, 342.
⁵⁷Liebling, *Reporter at Large*, 6.
⁵⁸James, *Special Delivery*, 349.
⁵⁹C. L. R. James, *Notes on Dialectics* (London: Allison and Busby, 1980), 8.
⁶⁰James, *Special Delivery*, 359.
⁶¹*Ibid.*, 371-72.
⁶²*Ibid.*, 372.
⁶³Quoted in Cudjoe, " 'As Ever Darling' ," 238.
⁶⁴Cited in Kent Worcester, *C. L. R. James: A Political Biography* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1996), 101.
⁶⁵C. L. R. James, *Mariners, Renegades, and Castaways* (London: Allison and Busby, 1953), 168.
⁶⁶Grimshaw, Introduction to *C. L. R. James Reader*, Grimshaw, ed., 12.