

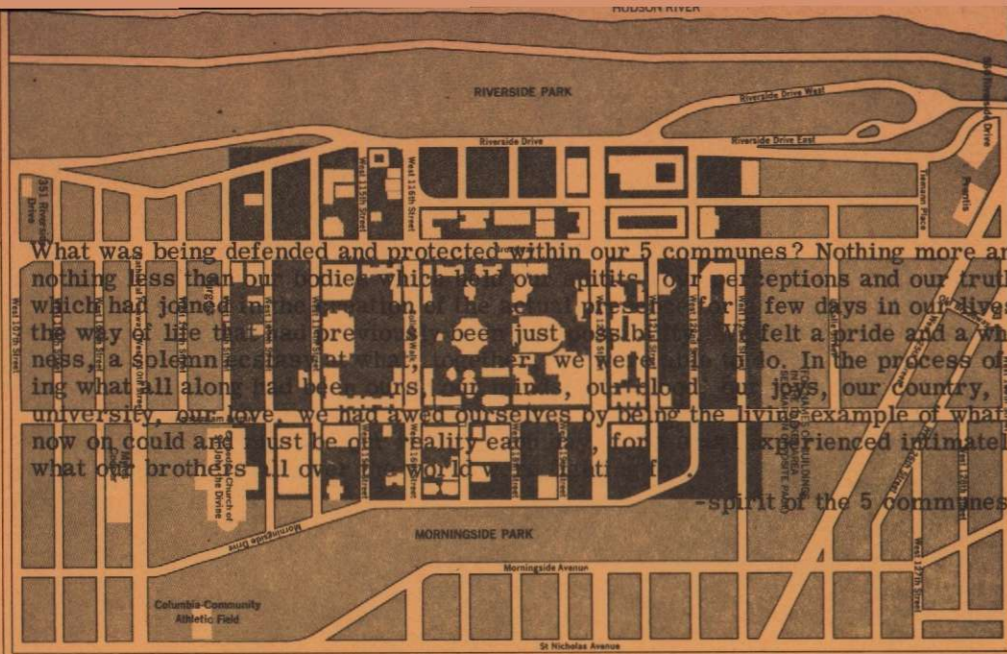


caw! magazine (sds)

NEWS photo by Judd Mehlman
sit-in demonstrators at Columbia University yesterday.

That was it. The word: they're coming. We found some good cigars and we sat, legs dangling from the window ledge of the 4th floor. Their shiny helmets, their clubs, their axes and picks. And we? We knew who we were then. No panic. Our defenses were set. Our barricades would hold the cops for half an hour. The marble stairs were slicked with soapy

(Continued on inside cover)



The Morningside Heights Area of New York City

What was being defended and protected within our 5 communes? Nothing more and nothing less than our bodies which held our spirits, our perceptions and our truths, which had joined in the common purpose of presenting for a few days in our lives of the way of life that we preferred. We felt a pride and a whole-ness a solemnity about what we were doing. In the process of claiming what all along has been ours, our lives, our blood, our joys, our country, our university, our love, we had awed ourselves by being the living example of what from now on could and must be of quality everywhere, for we experienced intimately what our brothers all over the world would experience in the spirit of the 5 communes.

(Continued from front cover) water. They would have to move slowly and drag us out slowly. Outside a number of teachers were being beaten. And as they were being dragged off they looked up at us and made the sign of victory. Temporarily they had become one with us. Finally the cops got through the front door and were now faced with an elaborate barricade of tables, chairs, steel poles, ropes. The captain, through a megaphone, ordered us to come out. To a person we chanted back "up against the wall, motherfucker." Then, as some of us stayed to welcome the cops, the rest scattered throughout the building into rooms and locked the doors. The police would have to work very hard to get us out. And after we were out and out of jail and after we greeted our brothers and sisters from Fayerweather Commune, Hamilton Commune, Low Commune, Avery Commune, those with us on the grounds of the campus, we would have to work very hard. For what we were inside our home would have to live and be communicated. And the others, the liberals, the compromisers, the secure ones, the ones afraid to touch, would be out talking talking covering subtly the iron fist with the velvet glove again. Our struggle is before us. Malcolm X University is a dream for America. Our struggle is everywhere.

-Jerry Badanes
Math Commune

CAW! MAGAZINE - SDS

The windows of Liberated Zone #5 (Math Hall) face Broadway. People walking by sent up cider, bread, peanut butter, cigarettes, money, and anything else that we requested. Truck drivers, bus drivers, taxi drivers, white teenagers, black teenagers, people over 30 and people under 30 waved and yelled support. A car with 6 young blacks drove by and held out a sign reading, "Hang on, Brothers." A group of approximately 30 people from the community came with placards and singing songs. Older looking people came and said they were alumni who wanted to support with legal aid, medical aid, and money. Words of encouragement came from virtually everyone who walked by. This definitely helped keep up the morale.

The administration's strategy was to undermine the people's trust of their leadership. Their strategy never worked. Many people disagreed as to the tactics but the brothers and sisters gave in on their petty disagreements whenever unity was in question. As the administration continued to accuse the new occupants of liberated areas of being a "militant minority" thousands of other students wore green armbands in support. At the time of the arrests there was only a small segment of the student body who did not support the strikers.

We were arrested with the cry of "We'll be back" and "The war is really just beginning."
-Steve Tappis
Math Commune

| | Math - Science | Social Studies | Language Arts (Reading) | Time |
|--|---|--------------------------|---|-----------|
| | | | | Shipping |
| | | | | Monday |
| | | 3 DAYS / OUT OF FRANKLIN | | |
| | the soul is a beautiful thing & i live by the soul when i walk it takes me today i didn't go to school i read got high ate read wrote got high | | today beautiful soul went down spoke to some children & slowly remembered chino singing baby O | |
| | spoke to carlos saw the indians on t.v. & in my mind & heart they kick the white man in the ass went down got high took a bus honeychild & claudia giggled about paul home made | | baby in the hallway at 12-17 i smiled at the rain when it fell from the window wrote head night morning no school but the world & my soul & all the love | Tuesday |
| | chicken & rice found a dime sticking in the tar jefferson park the wind talks night morning no school black coffee corn muffin read dauids felix listened to joe bataan wrote i learned | | that wants to blow up like joe bataans trombones night 3 days with myself & the world soul is beautiful thing the smell of everything ahead the earth & all the people/ | Wednesday |
| | | | victor hernandez cruz exiled from franklin december 14 to 19 | Thur |

W! CAW! CAW! CAW! CAW! CAW!

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Note: an extensive interview with Al Haber about the beginnings of SDS and his impressions of America today will appear in the next issue of CAW!

This is the second issue of CAW!, a national magazine of the Students for a Democratic Society. CAW! will be published at least six times a year through the New York Regional Office of SDS. Feel free to send us your work. Our address is:

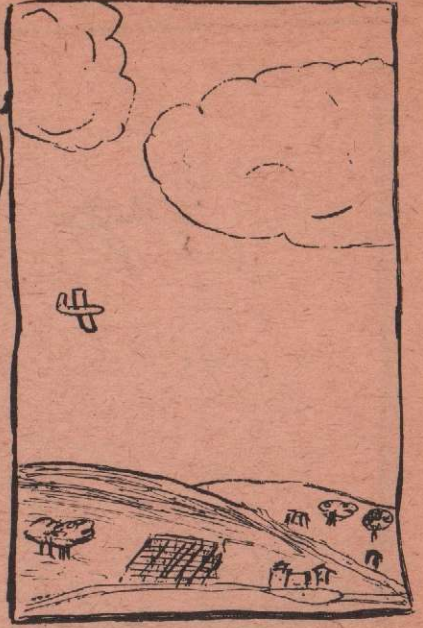
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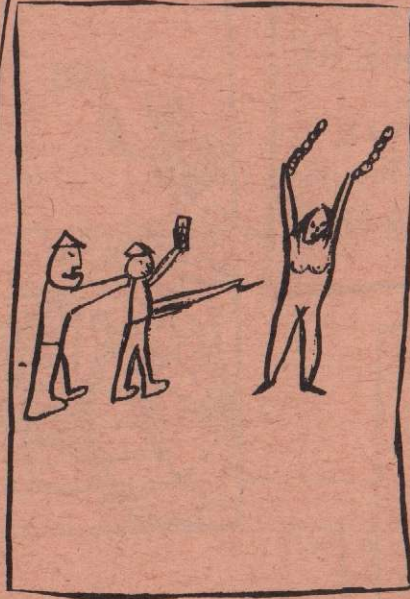
FLYING
BREAD AND PUPPET PRESS

MANY OF THE EMOTIONS OF COMBAT FLYING ARE FAMILIAR TO EVERY PILOT, WHETHER OR NOT HE HAS FLOWN IN ACTUAL COMBAT

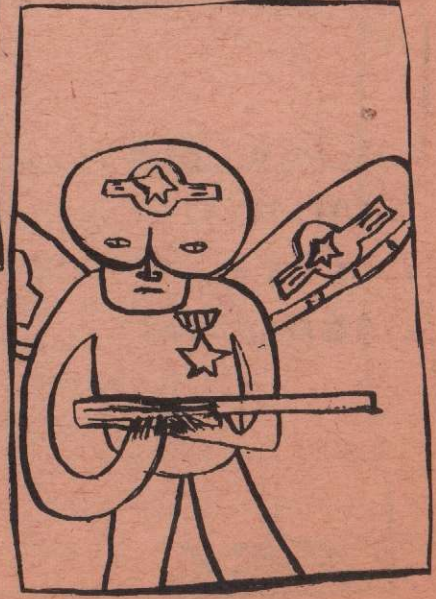


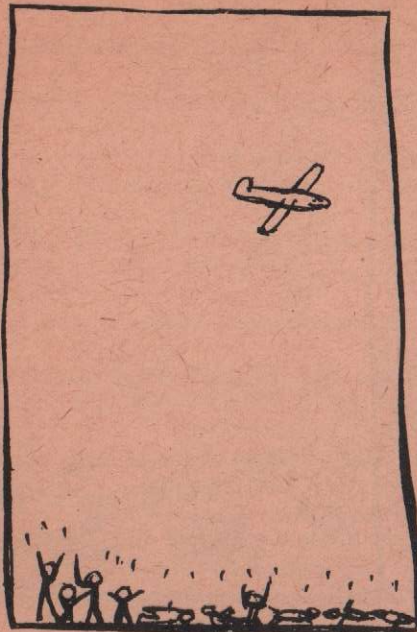
THE CAMARADERIE OF THE AIRMAN...

SOME OF THE BAR GIRLS IN SAIGON WERE PITIFUL PROSTITUTES IN RAGS A SHORT TIME AGO, NOW THE MORE FAMOUS ONES HAVE MADE SO MUCH MONEY THAT THEY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BUY COUNTRY ESTATES.



... THE AFFECTION HE DEVELOPS FOR HIS OWN AIRPLANE ... PRIDE IN HIS OWN FLYING ABILITY



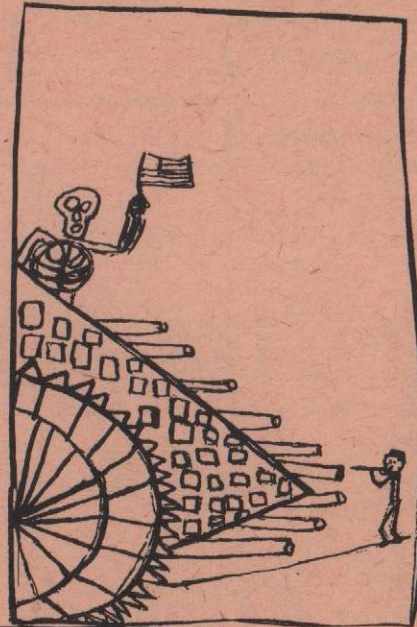


THE SHOPTALK OF THE
PILOTS IS TO THE POINT.
"I SHOT UP CHARLIE IN
THE PADDIES, HOSING
HIM WITH GUNS BUT
SOMEHOW WE
JUST DIDN'T
HIT HIM. WE
RAN THAT
LITTLE MOTHER
ALL OVER THE
PLACE.
FINALLY HE
STOOD THERE FACING
US WITH A RIFLE. WE
REALLY BUSTED HIS
ASS THEN. WE BLEW
HIM UP LIKE A TOY BALLOON

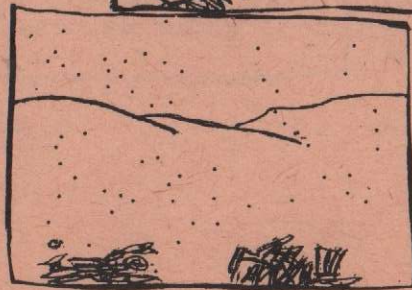
THAT LITTLE
MOTHER



STOOD THERE
FACING US
WITH A RIFLE

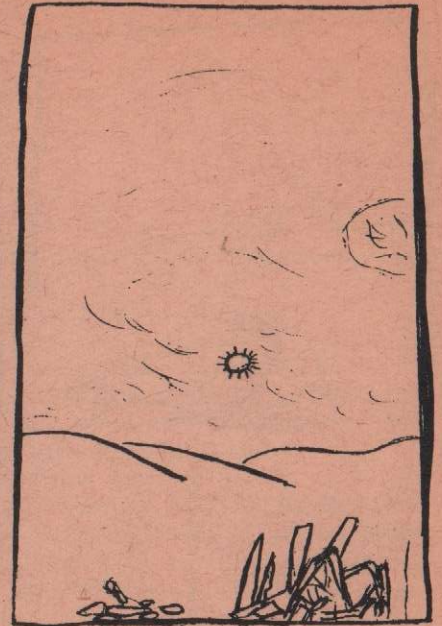
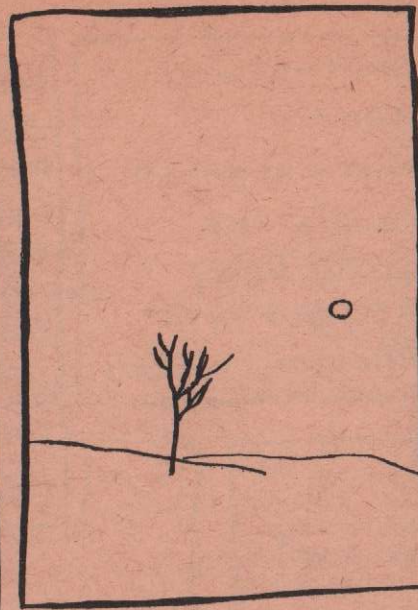


WE BLEW
HIM UP
LIKE A TOY
BALLON



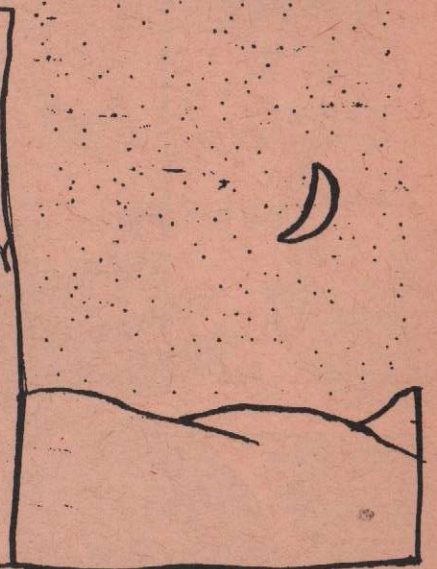
THERE IS A STUBBLE FIELD,
WHERE BLACK RAIN
IS FALLING

IT IS A
BROWN
TREE,
THAT
STANDS
ALONE.



IT IS A
HISSING
WIND,
THAT
ENCIRCLES
EMPTY
HOUSES

HOW MELANCHOLY
THE EVENING IS

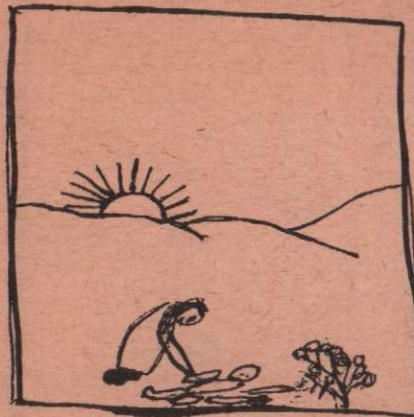


22

A WHILE LATER,
THE SOFT ORPHAN
GARNERS THE SPARSE
EARS OF CORN
HER EYES GRAZE,
ROUND AND GOLDEN,

IN THE TWILIGHT
AND HER WOMB
AWAITS THE HEAVENLY
BRIDEGROOM.

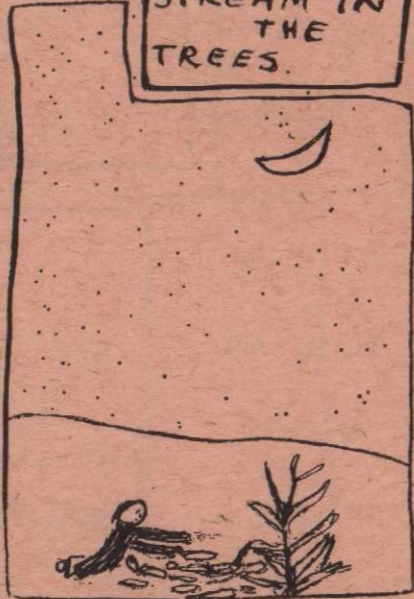




ON THE WAY
HOME
THE SHEPHERD
FOUND THE
SWEET BODY
DECAYED IN A
BUSH OF THORNS

I AM A
SHADOW
FAR FROM
DARKENING
VILLAGES
I DRANK THE
SILENCE OF
GOD
OUT OF THE
STREAM IN
THE
TREES.

COLD
METAL
WALKS
ON MY
FOREHEAD.
SPIDERS
SEARCH
FOR MY
HEART.
IT IS A
LIGHT
THAT GOES
OUT
IN MY
MOUTH



28

AT NIGHT
I FOUND MYSELF
ON A PASTURE,
COVERED WITH
THE RUBBISH AND
THE DUST OF STARS
IN A HAZEL THICKET
ANGELS OF CRYSTAL
RANG OUT ONCE MORE



TEXT FROM "FLYING MAGAZINE"
AND GEORGE TRAKHL POEM TRANS-
LATED BY JAMES WRIGHT & ROBERT SLY
THE BREAD & PUPPET PRESS

VASILIS VASILIKOS

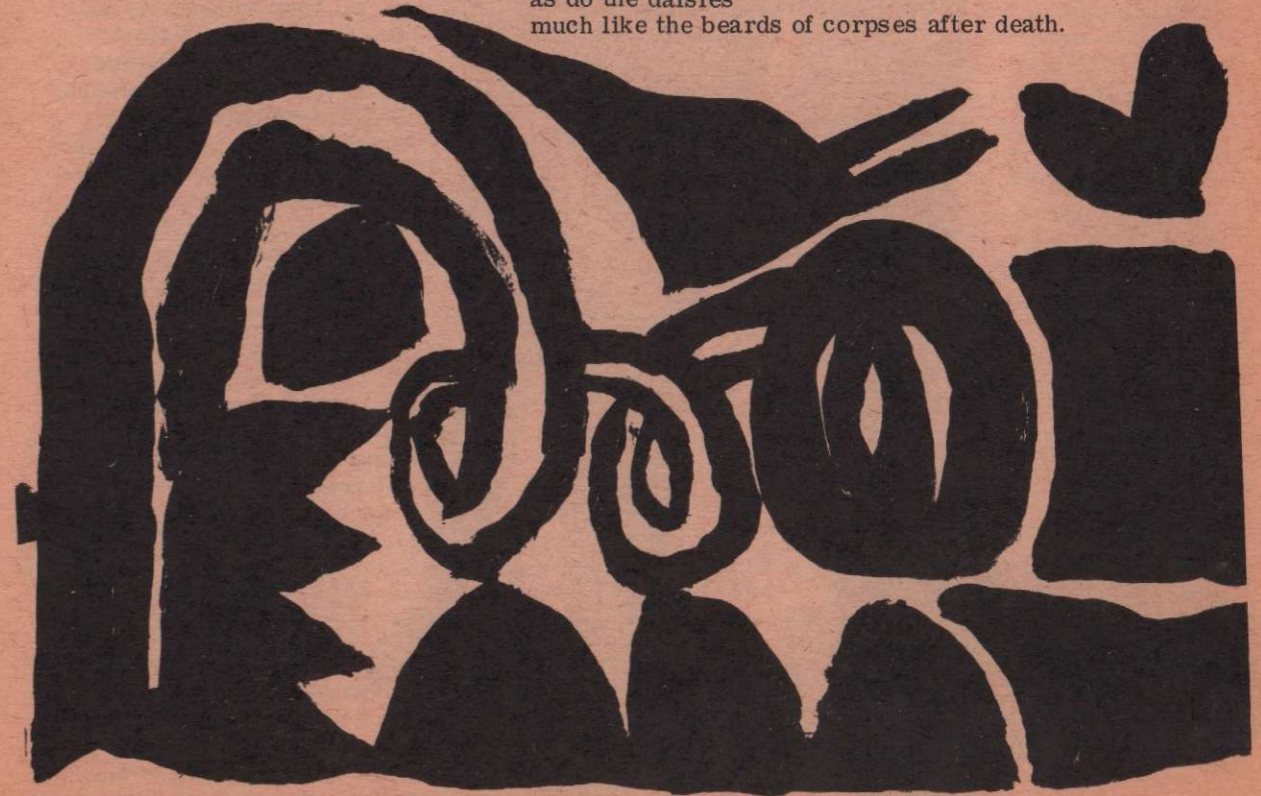
21 APRIL
for Tsak

In the darkness of Security they hold the construction worker.
He wrote slogans, they say, on walls.
With a pliers they uprooted his nails
one by one, like the shedding petals
of a daisy: "she loves me, she loves me not."
But for this occasion it was: "freedom or death."

On the fifth finger with the long nail
--the one he cleared his ear with--
they found "freedom." But on the tenth finger
they found "death!" And instead of killing him
they asked him to "sign"
that he supports the regime.

He said: "My hands are for building scaffolds;
even if they could, they do not know how
to hold a pencil. One builder less
is not a house lost."

In the darkness of Security they hold the construction worker.
Nails grow again on their own
as do the daisies
much like the beards of corpses after death.



Kennedy's Cultural Center Is a Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat

by CHARLIE SIMPSON

There used to be a television program scheduled for the early afternoon audience of housewives. Couples raced each other through a supermarket, loading up their carts, their arms, loading up each other, usually beginning with the meat counter. The winners were the

couple which staggered to the check-out counter with the highest dollar value. The exhausted but ecstatic young champions, only momentarily dishevelled suburban types, got to bank their haul in the home freezer and try again the next week.

Here was a fantasy millions could identify with — impulse grabbing, possession gratification, heaping, reeling consumption. The winners collapsed in attractive satiation; bored housewives shivered with vicarious satisfaction. Everyone got the message. The local shopping plaza is the gratification trip. American culture, the goodies that make your palms sweat, consists of variations on the theme of commodity consumption. The ego wallows in heaps of juice-tight sani-packs.

An unsponsored version of this ritual occurred during the recent Washington, D. C., celebrations:

A Giant foodstore that remained open late yesterday in the primarily Negro Cardozo area opened again this morning and did a normal business until 11:30, a spokesman said.

Gradually, however, the crowds grew, overtaking the services of the 70 employees, and looting began. "We were swept bare," the spokesman

said. "There was no fire, no damage. None of our employees were hurt. However, everything just disappeared. So we closed." (New York Times, April 6, 1968, p. 63)

The ghetto is not suburbia, but suburbia is America, and we may take smug satisfaction in that. We know the difference between irresponsible ferment and retirement at 55 to Cape Coral.

In a recent report, *Science* magazine spoke of the "Scientists and Engineers For Johnson" organization four years after the 1964 elections. This conscience of the fraternity that bore the electronic barrier, the desert-making fertilizers, the princess phone, does not sleep comfortably.

They have kept a troubled silence because they are still active in the government advisory apparatus or because they play roles in important public and private institutions and are fearful of the consequences an open break might bring. . . . Privately, however, they are full of anguish, depression and anger. "I burned my Johnson button several months ago," one member of the founding committee remarked.

These top scientists refused to allow *Science* to attribute any remarks to them personally. A few masked their anger as cynicism about politics in general; others, four years after their 1964 political effort, said, "I can't get the data [on the war] to formulate a rational opinion." The article concludes, "And the question remains: if they feel helpless, who feels in control?"

At M. I. T., as at Peenumunde (WW II German rocket base), power resides in organizations, held in trust and utilized by professionals paid to further the organization's interests. Inside or outside the organizational structure, individuals rarely have legitimate power directly disposable in the interests of their egos. We manipulate our environment from behind a uniform — police, blue collar, business suit, lab coat — symbolizing our status as agents of interests not our own. There is little room for a personality on the job. Creativity-mastery needs are dismembered as ego-expression, and sold. The ego is a spider without legs. It walks for another organism.

The socially cohesive and preservative functions of society have all been entrusted to very large and complex institutions — of education, of government, of production, of

legitimate violence. Public honor and status, naturally accorded social preservers, are now monopolized by these most legitimate, most psychologically real organisms. In their legislated, incorporated or committee immortality, they overwhelm the power of the individual. In their daily functioning they repress and standardize worker and "client" alike. The ego passes through the environment unnoted, a replaceable unit of manpower, a customer of Con Ed.

The most humiliating epithet in the master sergeant's working vocabulary is "individualist," hurled at the recruit whose shirt buttons, belt buckle, and fly don't line up. The welfare case worker's forms, the teacher's lesson plan based on Board of Education curriculum — both approach the salesman's sample case and memorized line. For the worker in strictly production employment, the woman soldering contacts on belt-moved television sets, the bottling company man pushing the buttons of the console that controls the washing, filling, capping, electric-eye checking, and truck-loading of cola or beer, creative response is obviously impossible.

Flexible job definition and execution are impossible due to the top-down hierarchy of authority and the energy channeling effected by mechanization and departmentalization. But providing food and shelter need not be acultural activities. If they are today it may be because the ego cannot see its reflection in a task whose solution is not at the same time self-expression. And so the job, unlike hunting, taking a scalp, or tool-craftsmanship, has lost its significance as a magic activity, ego-enhancing in itself.

American culture teaches that happiness lies in quite another direction, in consumption. Teaching the acceptance of this attitude is necessary for the functioning of a productive system that uses high initial-cost technology, mass production to lower unit cost, and plans production according to anticipated sales (created demand) rather than the satisfaction of real needs. The standard of performance is investment-return. In the words of John Galbraith:

Advertising and salesmanship — the management of consumer demand — are vital for planning in the industrial system. At the same time, the wants so created insure the services of the worker. Ideally, his wants are kept slightly in excess of his income. Compelling inducements are then provided for him to go into debt. The pressure

And they're not alone. Nearly 25 per cent of s are under the age of ung people who ar opping out.

who—like Nancy merican kids— working hard, or the things-

? Maybe be- ind grand- i Dime to r homes, ildren's

ecause ghest And tivi- Our % a erly,

plan-

ime, and DeKalb Ave., lease include the), state whether il, joint, or trust. n go all the way r trust account. ll Mr. Warren

office or any 'me account its or with- ourse, you y postage

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ngs bank ew York



Unwind &
Cadillac
keyed-up
in Detroit
Airport
via
Car

Room.
vacations a
j

entertainment, the molders of our environment. If our creativity cannot totally be suppressed it can at least be channeled into prefabricated accomplishment problems — assembling bird houses, or model railroad kits. Thus we can still create within the marketplace culture. A do-it-yourself hi-fi kit advertises:

Creative Fun and Unique Satisfaction — Building your own Heathkit provides a chance to create a useful sophisticated product from your effort . . . a chance to have fun and relax — to forget daily problems. But the biggest thrill comes when you finish and turn it on. You experience that exhilarating sense of self-accomplishment . . . that feeling of personal victory when you've done something you doubled you could ever do.

The ego responds to the channeling by narrowing its sense of competence. Any individualism becomes a mistake in the wiring diagram, a misinterpretation of the color-coded instructions. We learn to feel creative doing what we have been taught to do so well, follow directions. And it is with something like personal pride that we hang up our paint-by-numbers picture in the living room.

Of course the wealthy do not number-paint. Recently the *New York Times Magazine* described an example of creative living: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Blank "transformed an old-fashioned apartment into an unobtrusive but livable background for art," furnishing it with "generally anonymous but comfortable furniture, ranging from off-white to mushroom."

The acceptable mode of creative-mastery behavior is to accumulate wealth and use it as the measure of ego-power. The route to wealth and power, for all but the most marginal characters, is institution-climbing, tracing a personal career and identity through programmed behavior appropriate to a progression of slots. The selfless individual who allows the institution's interests to channel ambition, the transparent ego unjealous of his private life — this man-on-the-go, if he succeeds, becomes the conductor of ever higher voltages of institutional energy. Both he and his less affluent counterpart identify with a make of car, party candidate, baseball team. He allegedly revels in his brand being No. 1 when it is No. 1, and "would rather fight than switch" when it isn't. His alienated career-individualism leaves him

of the resulting debt adds to his reliability as a worker . . . Few producers of consumer goods would care to leave the purchases of their products to the spontaneous and hence unmanaged responses of the public. Nor, on reflection, would they have much confidence in the reliability of their labor force in the absence of pressure to purchase the next car or to meet the payments on the last. (The New Industrial State, Boston, 1967, p. 273)

The beautiful dovetailing of life energies and satisfactions in a circular procession across the floor of the stock market depends on one thing, the humiliated ego. Worker and shopper must be smooth and uniform, ball-bearings endlessly rolling. American culture must convince us that we should not legitimately regard ourselves as the makers of our furniture, the sources of our

anxiety-ridden, prey to band-wagon politics and the "you're not alone anymore" pitch of True brand cigarettes.

To the extent that American culture (routinely) snatches master-creativity behavior from the hands of the individual, it produces in him a tension of unfulfilled needs. Sustaining this tension is the prerequisite for its planned, rational exploitation as a market for professional creativity — entertainment spectaculars and packaged art in all media. The logic of production and profit demands that goods be of fleeting significance, built to be soon replaced as broken, out of fashion, forgotten. Like the news, the ideal product exploits the impotency-anxiety it feeds, overwhelming the attention with its programmed significance, for today, and turning itself into the litter of old newspapers tomorrow.

ALIENATED SEXUALITY:
THE PLAYBOY CULTURE

Sexuality would appear to be harder to cleave from the individual's conception of legitimate personal expression. Suppression takes the form of objectifying sex as an abnormality, an unnatural complication in the otherwise rational process of education, planned work, and social interchange. Sexuality objectified as a foreign force becomes all the more fascinating as it slips from the sphere of our legitimate concern. The resulting drive to be reunited with a basic mode of expression is exploitable to the extent that sexuality can be maintained as not inherently an ego characteristic. Having learned to disavow his unclean impulses, the now sexually-anxious ego is caught between socially encouraged impotence and a fascination with the forbidden. All manner of merchants are in a position to sell us the tickets and attire for a vacation getaway to that land not our legitimate home. The customer is a voyeur, sold a glimpse of the life he cannot fully act out. Grove Press asks, "Do you have what it takes to join the Underground?" and the ego feels challenged to assert itself as a bookbuyer.

There is, of course, a vast production of commodities — clothes, cars, essences, apartments — advertised as sexually enhancing. The consumer is persuaded, or frightened, into believing these enhance his innate sexuality. In fact, as mass products, these sportscars, hair fashions, dress designs, and perfumes do not individuate. And we sense this in cliches about two women with the same dress hating each other at a party. The rich pay to have the patterns of their clothes retired so their egos may seem unique. But if the sexual outfitting business is to be profitable, tastes must be controlled by the propagandizing of conformity as a virtue, and the styles must change so that market-demand renews itself. People must be made to feel ashamed to be out of style. In fashion, it must be made clear that the dress is what makes the woman sexy. The Mustang accounts for the man's popularity. People must be made anxious, unsure of their sense of beauty and of their own worth. They are overwhelmed by manipulated popular taste-opinion. In American culture, it makes sense for the subculture war protestor to be attacked in popular muthology for being undeodorized.

An ad for a hairpiece reads:

Break the dull steak house habit

We opened the Cattle Baron for you men (and your who hunger for great steak and—the grand We made it big. Brassy. Plush. We spoil you v treats on the house at dinnertime. Bring thi special gift any time cocktails, dinner, a supper, all day Sund: This is the place you'v ing for. Eye-filling, so luxury all around the heart of the the Major credit cards. Je two Cattle Baron: 46th Street, 265 West 47th Street, .

CATTLE
BARON



Are You Having An Affair?



IF
YOU
CARE
ENOUGH
TO
WANT
THE
BEST

Abet
RENT-A-FUR

Today, there's no need to be afraid, half dressed, immature, gutless. You have courage to fix your teeth ... so what's the hangup about getting a natural looking, undetectable hairpiece. You will not only look better, you will certainly feel younger and enjoy newfound poise and self-confidence.

We may not believe a wig will do this much for us, but the fact that the public is not offended by this absolute identification of self-esteem with the use of a product shows how unsure of our worth we are. We don't insist on being treated with dignity. The new freedom with beards, costume clothes, tangled hair — insignificant as ego expressions, really — become in this environment symbolic acts of individuation.

In general, we are voyeuristic about our sexuality. Each month, millions of men have a "date" with the new playmate pictured on the *Playboy Calendar*, or featured in the centerfold. She always looks like the

daughter of an upper-middle-class family in her first year of college. She does not look functionally sexual, being innocent, even, of pubic hair. The youth, sweetness, associated clothed shots of her playing tennis, identify her as a daughter-girlfriend image in the chaste, worshipped, old-fashioned sense. It's just that you happened to catch her midway between undressing from her cheerleader activities and slipping on her prom dress. The *Playboy* girl is the essence of don't-touch sexuality, stimulation that leaves plenty of leftover emotion for channeling into consumption. And consumer education is the real function of the magazine. Regular features, not ads, direct readers' attention to color displays and write-ups on boots, liquor, cameras, automobiles, razors, gifts and even raincoats. Other regular features discuss travel, records, books, and modern living. The latter directs the young man's ambition to buying a yacht, or renting a pleasure-dome of a house or apartment so an abundance of women will love him for his boat, house and apartment.

The similarity of the editorials to the ads shows *Playboy* functioning in a beautifully unified effort to create new needs in its sector of the consumer public. One ad reads:

Tom Keating just had his hair styled. Wanna make something out of it? At 250 lbs. Tom's no sissy. But he gets his hair styled. Because if Tom's hair is shaped to fit his face, he looks slimmer ... First Tom's stylist shampoos his hair ... Later he styles it with Dep for Men, a clear, non-greasy gel. ... How about you? (1/68, p. 24)

Another ad (11/67, p. 23) informs us that the word "Orgy" has been trademarked and presumably is not to be used without purchase of the \$10 drinking game so named. "What sort of a man reads *Playboy*?" asks its ad for admen every month. "The *Playboy* reader has a talent for choosing attractive companions — whether it's a tie for a shirt or a girl for a date." Or a shirt for a girl or a tie for a date.

MERCHANDISING LIFE

The difficulty with a commodity culture is that it discourages the ego from looking to itself for the definition, organization and satisfaction of its pleasure-needs. The self is never encouraged to think of itself



Unwind &
Cadillac &
keyed-up
in Detroit
Airport
via
Ca'

Room.
reservations a
i

as theatrical or significant. It is led to purchase a look at life, or a piece of it, in a holiday "package," a full-service retirement "community," a night out, a magazine peek at criminals, celebrities, hippies and other deviants.

Creation is a professionalized function, and for professionals we ordinary persons constitute the audience, the market. As such, we are assaulted quite legitimately by "authorities," promotion men, advisers on proper conduct — all engineering our needs into purchasing patterns. Like humiliated children, we lose self-respect, power over our direction, control of our identity. The magic objects of our psychic landscape are manipulated from outside. The focus

on the self dissipates. If the strong ego can survive only within community, then it seems community, too, has altered.

Community, as mutual concern and support in a publicly encouraged sense, is non-existent in the America of mass culture. We have replaced it with impersonal social structures that monopolize all power and within which a mythical "individualist" ego struggles to be usefully attached to one establishment or another. Within this mass culture subcultures cannot exist as significant productive and consuming arrangements. The hippy way of life, for instance, became such an object of commercial exploitation that the San Francisco community staged its own funeral in August 1967.

Like all bohemian, beat and artistic communities before them, hippies foresaw a race with real estate speculators, pricing them out of their own neighborhoods. In addition, they faced an inundation of mass-made copies of their clothes, art, and language. Newspapers and tourist buses haunted them, and it became more profitable to become a spokesman in Look magazine, or a merchandiser of plastic paraphernalia, than to live as a hippy. So the hippies tried to commit suicide with their public image. Of course the press, in its inexorable search for life to contain and package, has exhumed them and found a pulse still beating. The trick failed. Midtown New York department stores now hold light shows in the dress departments, and the Times advertises the Official Hippy Hat, along with the Mao Suit and Viet Cong Sandals (made in U.S.A.). The neatly trimmed management man can now buy a "Hippy-Type Wig" so he'll feel inconspicuous on his week-end trips to his city's "Village."

Student subculture is harassed (Stony Brook style), suppressed or coopted, sometimes all three operations go on at once on one campus. "Narco busts" earn police promotions, manufacture diverting news for the public and allow it to feel better about its own repression. Even the uni-

versities are in the game of exploiting the excitement of real life, while keeping the lid on repressed human needs. These can be intellectualized as personal problems. A student at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey describes a course as follows:

I'm sitting in on something called "Contemporary Psychological Problems," a three-hour class on Tuesdays. Mr. Shiftman is also bearded; he "teaches" the class from a Persian rug on the floor, with incense on one side and a candle on the other. We talk about the psychology of drugs and play Otis Redding and the Beatles on his portable record player.

A consumer culture must be maintained devoid of satisfying content for in a profit-oriented society, goods have to move. To do so they must titillate but not satisfy; the good commodity is never substantial (long-lived) enough to glut its own market. Mechanical aptitude that might lead to a creative ego involvement (with a car, for instance) is discouraged in the ads for it might lead to a long-term satisfaction with one purchase. So ever-changing body style is emphasized; the speed of psychic obsolescence is greater even than built-in mechanical obsolescence.



So American culture is a matter of style, style being a matter of temporality, controlled by taste engineering. Content, to be renewable, must be of, or treated as being of, little importance.

Repressive culture fosters immaturity. It cradles the ego in vinyl upholstery and shields it with tinted windshield glass. It encourages juvenile possession-based superiority, fearful competitiveness, and haunting insecurity. The corporation is the parent we must at all costs please, against whom we are helpless, and for whose attention we singly must compete. So we muffle those of our brothers that we can, and sandbag our corner of the play yard against those we cannot muffle. Life slithers among us as an alien thing. We are too busy entrenching and insuring to pass through the rites of growth into adulthood. We never learn that the ambiguously-colored snake of life can be grasped, and held down by all of us in a great communal heap. We

see only the colors of pain and death in the snake, and recoil. And hide from death, in Libby Owen's Ford.

An Atlanta mortician has adopted the drive-in approach for busy persons who want to drive by and view a deceased friend. Hirschel Thornton is building five windows in a row as an extension on his funeral home. Each window is six feet long and will contain a body in its coffin. The display will face a driveway at the side of the home located on a busy street. "So many people want to come by and see the remains of a relative or friend," Thornton said, "But they just don't have the time. This way, they can drive by and just keep on going. . . . Another thing," Thornton added, "The people won't have to dress up to view the remains." (New York Post, 3/13/68, p. 3)



Before I went to North Vietnam, I tried to prepare myself to endure horrors the like of which I'd never seen. I went and yes, I saw many horrors, but I was even more overwhelmed by the Life that is evident in every face. Perhaps key to my North Vietnam experience was seeing women whose Womanness was augmented, not diminished, by the rifles on their backs, the wheelbarrows of crushed stone they pushed or any other aspect of the heavy labor they perform. There is nothing that needs to be done that they do not do and I thought of the genteel women of America who feel that to pick up a box is to deny them femininity. And perhaps that's the difference. The women of America are feminine. The women of Vietnam are Woman. Some of my friends have been shocked by this poem, Feeling I should have written poems denouncing the war. I could do that without going to Vietnam. Having been and been baptized by the Life that Revolution creates, I prefer to celebrate that Life. And there is no Revolution until the bars that keep women from being Woman have been destroyed.

-Julius Lester



THE MUD OF VIETNAM

The
mud
of
Vietnam
is
woman-thigh
deep
with backs bent,
for muddiness is next to Godliness,
woman-thigh deep
in river mud at low-tide,
woman-hands
scooping mud to build
new dikes and
repair bombed ones;
woman-thigh deep
in the fields of
Hung Yen Province
carving slabs of
mud that will
be cut to
brick-size and
baked in kilns ---
woman-thigh high
in water,
feet
deep
in
the

mud,
planting rice ---
(with a quick
turn of the wrist
green stalks
are
thrust into the mud);
woman-thigh high
midst the delicate rice
hair (tied loosely
at the back of the head)
falling below the
hips
and
brushing the tops
of the
green
rice stalks.

Their
woman-ness
seems to grow from
the
mud
of
Vietnam
where they stand,
woman-thigh high,
woman-thigh deep.

I would like
to make love

woman-thigh high
woman-thigh deep

in
the
mud
of
Vietnam.



from The Mud of Vietnam by Julius Lester

STOP THE DAMNED KILLING!

The genocidal war in Vietnam continues, even if the futility of America's military effort there and the aroused conscience of the American people have forced the government to make gestures toward a negotiated peace. Death still stalks Vietnam and will until our troops leave and leave the destiny of Vietnam to the Vietnamese. The crime continues and so must our outcry against it.

We also cry out against the other war, the war against black America. The funeral of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was followed by close to forty black funerals: a divinity student in Trenton, N.J.; a woman in Washington, D.C.; a child in Chicago; an old man in Kansas City. Shot in the back, shot "by accident," shot "as a suspect" — such are even the official descriptions. The picture is clear, and it is ironical that the New York police has to be praised for its "restraint" because it did not murder indiscriminately as did the police in other ghettos, including Memphis where a policeman murdered an unarmed black youngster, before Dr. King's death.

We consider the moral duty of America's creative community to raise its voice of conscience against the two wars: the war against the people of Vietnam and the war against Black America.

We demand freedom for poet LeRoi Jones and author Eldridge Cleaver and other black intellectuals who have been jailed, indicted and otherwise persecuted. We demand that black intellectuals in our country be given the opportunity to speak to the young generation, through the schools and other platforms, in terms of black cultural traditions, dignity and militancy. We condemn the persecution of Dr. Spock, Mitchell Goodman and their colleagues who are urging America's youth to resist death.

STOP THE TWO WARS!

For Artists and Writers Protest

Rudolf Baranik, Leon Golub, Irving Petlin, Jack Sonenberg



... i am translating the complete works of a Guatemalan poet named Otto Rene Castillo. he was exiled at the age of 17, studied in Europe, took active part in the communist underground in his country, was in prison and exile three times, finally returned early last year to integrate definitively in the F.A.R. in March, after 15 days of eating only roots, he and a girl comrade were captured in ambush, tortured 4 days and finally burned alive. this month -- the 19th--marks the first anniversary of that death, which is only one (two) of many deaths. every day. i am about 1/3 way through the translations of his book -- there are some 75 poems in all.

THE ORIGINAL ANCESTOR

I My first
my most ancient
ancestor
is love,

I know it well.

When the first lovers
on earth
kissed
they were putting
name
to my lips.
The endless pain
of this biography
begun.

In any case
love is always
pain.
And the first pain
must have been
the greatest,
its strength
still moving in us.

II Love is like a house
built
so that birds,
wind and rain
sing in its eaves,
and men and their shadows
live within.
Lay a brick
and another beside it,
until one morning
of many,
we hear a song
in the roof
and a cry
within the house.
The roof is the soul
of houses.
From it the wind begins.

III It is all so complex,
so worldly worldly,
that if my hand looks for you
your hand takes care
of stopping its flight.
That way nothing is known.
No one knows
if your skin
is the color of sweetness
or if it's only your eyes
that burn in my chest.



To love
one must ask for everything.

Any one part
denied
puts the body in mourning.

And so one rebels
if the offering is not complete

if you kiss my mouth,
why can't I kiss the light of your breasts?
All that has limits
defines
a scattering of roads.

In the end, one remains alone.
And someone is left in sadness.

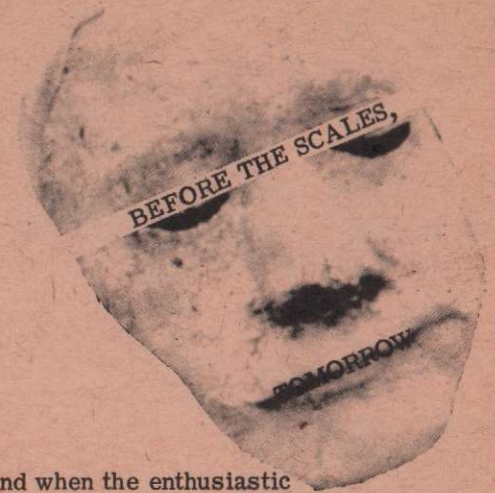
To be truthful, few even know.

IV

We try
so hard
to be alone with ourselves,
that everything dies
in the trying.
And we keep on going
with these blind
hands
reaching to touch
the distance
where it flees,
never to return,
because these hands
would go on forever
into the shadows.
Then, they call us unstable.
I don't know. I never could understand.
One can't understand so many things.

But one thing I know.

Someone
put this inconsistency I suffer
on my lips.
Perhaps
my original ancestor:
love.



And when the enthusiastic
story of our time
is told,
for those
who are yet to be born
but announce themselves
with face more generous,
we will come out ahead
--those who have suffered most from it.

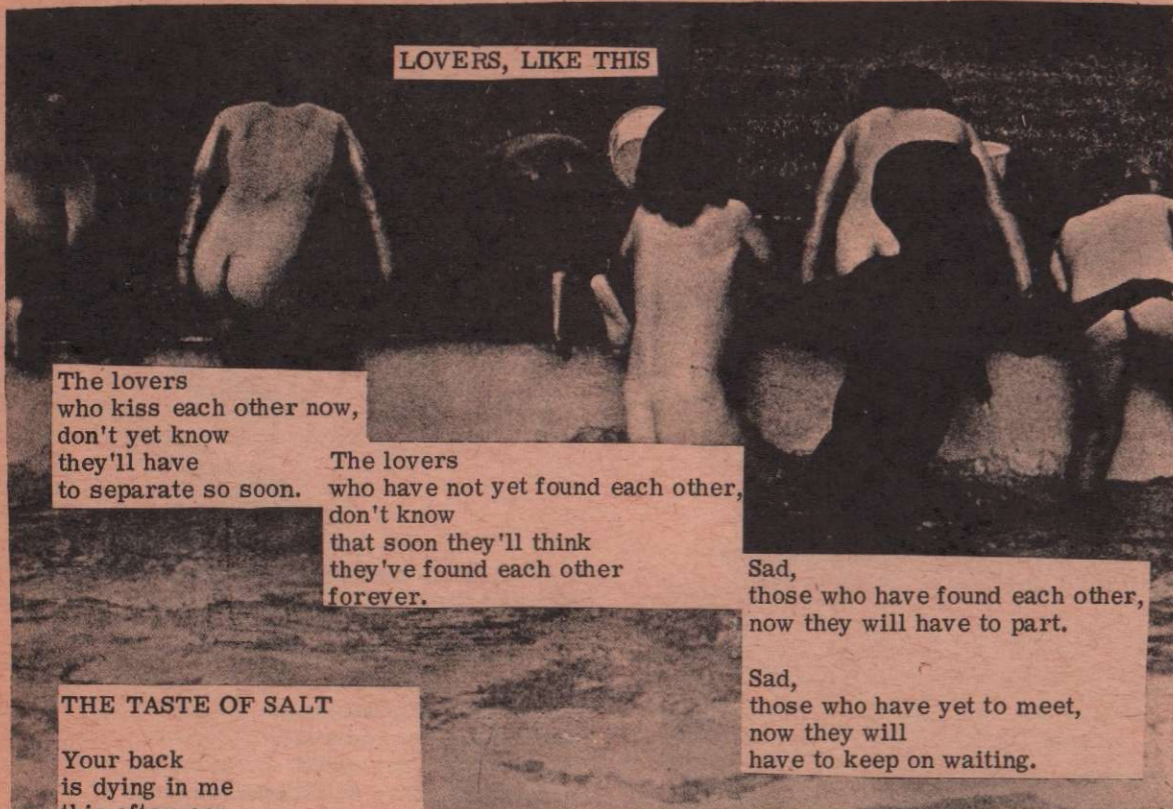
And it's that
being ahead of your time
means suffering much from it.

But it's beautiful to love the world
with eyes
that have not yet
been born.

And splendid
to know yourself victorious
when all around you
it's all still so cold,
so dark.



LOVERS, LIKE THIS



The lovers who kiss each other now, don't yet know they'll have to separate so soon.

The lovers who have not yet found each other, don't know that soon they'll think they've found each other forever.

Sad, those who have found each other, now they will have to part.

Sad, those who have yet to meet, now they will have to keep on waiting.

THE TASTE OF SALT

Your back is dying in me this afternoon, my saddened fugitive. Never as now the wave of your face burns out in me. Never as now do we spin, you fleeing my mouth, my mouth fleeing your back, both approaching the ashes of the last kiss.

Now I know, my love.

The first kiss is sweet and trembles in the heavens. The last is grey and tastes of salt so that never as now will I feel the pain of being alone with myself, witness to the death of your lovely back.



. . . last month we celebrated (inside our hearts/bodies) the first anniversary of his death -- on march 19th. I enclose a picture from PRENSA LATINA re: that, and the girl who died with him, Nora Paiz, known as "Raquel" in the guerrilla.

APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

One day the apolitical intellectuals of my country will be interrogated by the simplest of our people.

They will be asked what they did when their nation died out slowly, like a sweet fire, small and alone.

No one will ask them about their dress, their long siestas after lunch, no one will want to know about their sterile combats with "the idea of the nothing" no one will care about their higher financial learning. They won't be questioned on Greek mythology, or regarding their self-disgust when someone within them begins to die the coward's death.

They'll be asked nothing about their absurd justifications born in the shadow of the total lie.

On that day the simple men will come. Those who had no place in the books and poems of the apolitical intellectuals, but daily delivered their bread and milk, their tortillas and eggs, those who mended their clothes, those who drove their cars, who cared for their dogs and gardens and worked for them,

and they'll ask: "What did you do when the poor suffered, when tenderness and life burned out in them?"



Apolitical intellectuals of my sweet country, you will not be able to answer.



A vulture of silence will eat your gut. Your own misery will pick at your soul. And you'll be mute, in your own shame.

FOR THE GOOD

OF ALL

Listen,
look,
touch
this voice,
for underneath
a man burns sweetly
for the good of all.

Cliches?

You,
try to be worthy
all day long.
Afterwards
we'll speak alone
if you wish.

I tell you.

At this stage of our time
after twenty centuries
of christian word,
man is worse than ever
more evil that ever
less caring than ever.
Even the word love
has been lost

--love!

This at least in my country
gentle and sonorous as no other.

And in spite of it all,
there are nations where man
sings a duet with tenderness.

And eats enough.
And drinks enough.
And constructs enough, and more.
And love, more than enough,
if the blind torment appeals to him,
rock and soul.

And who made
these nations?

He,
he with his hands
cordial and hard.
And the heat of his head
from where the future
bursts
like a rocket in space.
He,
the new man
who looking
on the horizon of his hands,
said one day:
Enough hunger!
Enough misery!
Enough being the toy
of divine forces that don't exist!
Enough and enough and enough!

I am my own destiny!

From now on
he said,
the centuries will come
to kneel before my image,
proud,
alone,
and human.

And he began
to climb the mountains of hate,
to conquer
the enormous moles of envy,
to penetrate
the labyrinth jungles
of misery and hunger.
And his soul became light
with the swallows of tenderness.

And all the magnates of the world,
laughing,
laughing with the pure politicians,
hung over with their lives
of commerce and industry.

Have they stopped laughing today?

Naturally not, biologically not!

He, only he,
the powerful of this century,
the proud of himself,
the solitary and the human,
the man who works,
has won, wins,
and will keep on winning.

Like a comet
he'll disappear in history
with his forehead in flame
but his fire will continue
lighting the centuries to come.

But freedom is like wheat.
It must be planted, softly,
and watered every day.
It must be protected
till it multiplies,
fills the mouth of the wind,
the hunger of all,
and becomes invincible.

So, I say,
our evil,
our badness,
our lack of care,
will only be wiped out
with the unity of all
for the good of all.
If we unite
we will win over the fearful
smelling his own death,
enemy, howling already,
definitive and huge.

Now do you understand
this voice?

It is not only mine,
nor yours,
but that of all.
And I know
that many hear,
they sense it,
they see it,
and cry in hiding
because they recognize
in that voice their own,
the voice already lost
or not yet emerging.
And I know they love
and respect this voice,
because no one can deny
that beneath the voice
a man burns
sweetly
for the good of all,
even for the good of those
who haven't heard it.

And if you come now
to the plaza of his acts
to the streets where he risked his life,
you'll find bread
on everyone's table,
a roof over everyone's head,
a kiss on the lips
of everyone,
friendship running in the veins
of all.

And when will this cosmic force
arrive in my sweet country?
sonorous and olorous
like a petal in the sea?

When we, all of us,
decide to make it arrive!

Or never.

Only in ourselves
the light, the dawn,
or nowhere.
Beneath our night
a sun awaits us
greater than the universe:
the authentic freedom of man.

EXCLUSIVO
DESDE GUATEMALA

Por EDUARDO GALEANO



REPORT OF AN INJUSTICE

Perhaps you can't believe it, but here, before my eyes, an old woman, Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia, 77 years of ashes, under the rain, beside her furniture, broken, stained, old, receives on the curve of her back all the monstrous injustice of your system, and mine.

For being poor, the judges of the rich ordered eviction. Perhaps you no longer understand that word. How noble the world you live in! Little by little the bitterest words lose their cruelty there. And every day, like the dawn, new words emerge all full of love and tenderness for man.

Eviction, how to explain it?

You know, here when you can't pay the rent the authorities of the rich come and throw your things in the street. And you're left without roof for the height of your dreams. That's what it means, the word eviction: loneliness open to the sky, to the eye that judges, misery.

This is the free world, they say. What luck that you no longer know these liberties!

Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia is very small, you know, and must be very cold.

How great her loneliness!

"For the past few days the personal belongings of Mrs. Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia, 77 years of age, have been out in the rain where they were thrown from her humble living quarters located at 15 "C" Street, between 3rd and 4th, Zone 1." (Radio newspaper "Diario Minuto," first edition, Wednesday, June 10, 1964.)



You can't believe how these injustices hurt. They are the norm among us. The abnormal is tenderness and the hate of poverty. And so today more than ever I love your world,

I understand it, its cosmic pride. I glorify

And I ask myself: Why do the old suffer among us so, if age comes to us all one day? But the worst of it all

is the habit. Man loses his humanity, the enormous pain of another is no longer his concern and he eats and he laughs and he forgets everything.

I don't want these things for my country. I don't want these things for anyone. I don't want these things for anyone in the world.

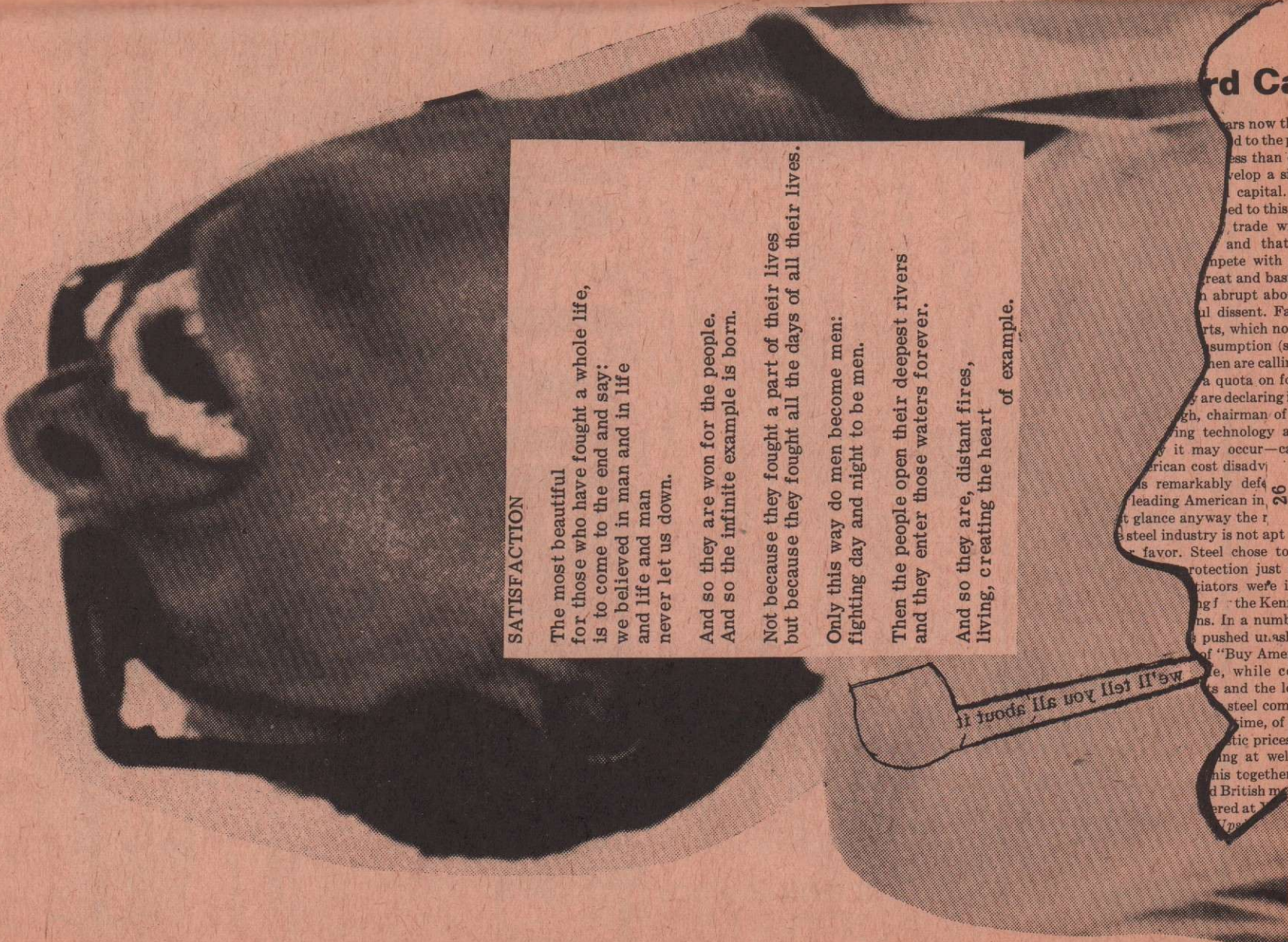
And I say I because pain should carry an indelible aura.

This is the free world, they say. Look at me.

And tell your friends my laughter has turned grotesque in the middle of my face.

Tell them I love their world. They should make it beautiful. And I'm very glad they no longer know injustices

so deep and plentiful.



SATISFACTION

The most beautiful for those who have fought a whole life, is to come to the end and say: we believed in man and in life and life and man never let us down.

And so they are won for the people. And so the infinite example is born.

Not because they fought a part of their lives but because they fought all the days of all their lives.

Only this way do men become men: fighting day and night to be men.

Then the people open their deepest rivers and they enter those waters forever.

And so they are, distant fires, living, creating the heart of example.

Well, I'll tell you all about it!

EXILE

I

My exile was made of cries.

The infinite face of police, grey on my insufficient features. The great tables of hunger beyond the fish full of dollars that violates the land. The bags packed every month, ready to wrap up the exodus of tears and dust.

I walked strange shores in search of my country's face. Dawns of gulls followed me. I received the brutal embraces of he who discovers a cataclysm of roses in the places most hidden of his soul; touch of hands in the nights of escape, where the liquid eyes of our mother burned, her ageless dimension of cottonwood, branches up defending the city of birds from the endless assault of water.

I was a tear of my country rolling down the face of america.

Because I am one of those who still carry maternal winds in the pores of his blood. One who cries swallows when he dreams the face of his infancy. One who runs after agile butterflies. And who sails his paper boat every winter afternoon.

I am only the young tide of my people.

And yet I say: tomorrow my long hair of fish will be white. My face will be wiped out by hands of fog. The shape of my bones will be lost in a wind of ash.

But my heart will be a whole soldier with flags flying

II

You, who sell my country, listen:

Have you heard the land walk beyond your blood? Did you ever wake up crying from the sound of your pulse? Sitting at a cafe in a far off land one winter day have you listened to men speaking of your fight? Have you seen the moribund exile, in a dirty room, sprawled on a bed of planks, question the vague stature of his children far from his love? Have you heard him combing his laughter? Have you once cried on the great belly of our country? Have you been victim of that accusation: communist!, because you were different from the deifying sheep of the despot? Have you watched as the sweet seamstress planted a tender kiss on the oily cheek of her prince the mechanic? Or pressed the calloused hand of the workers who build the world's collective destiny? Have you seen poor children laugh the beautiful optimism of their childhood?

Salesmen of my country, your silence is greater than all your cash.

And you, the indifferent, what do you say? Silence!

You do not answer.

Don't open your mouths if you can't answer in protest.

One last painful question for all: Do you even know what exile is? Oh, you will know! I'll tell you:

exile is a long long avenue where only sadness walks. In exile every day is called simply :agony.

And one more thing, salesmen and indifferent of my land. In exile you can lose your heart, but if you don't they'll never be able to kill its tenderness nor the powerful strength of its storms.

Indices of Development and Underdevelopment

| Country | Per capita national income in dollars* | Per capita consumption, 1964 | | Number of inhabitants per doctor 1960-1963 |
|------------------------|--|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| | | Energy in kgs. of coal or equivalent | Industrial steel in kgs. | |
| United States | 1964: 2,700 | 8,772 | 615 | 690 |
| United Kingdom | 1964: 1,365 | 5,079 | 438 | 840 |
| Federal Germany | 1964: 1,415 | 4,230 | 579 | 670 |
| France | 1964: 1,370 | 2,933 | 356 | 870 |
| Italy | 1964: 760 | 1,659 | 221 | 610 |
| Sweden | 1964: 2,025 | 4,320 | 623 | 960 |
| Averages for group** | 1,605 | 4,500 | 470 | 775 |
| Pakistan | 1963: 80 | 86 | 11 | 7,000 |
| India | 1963: 80 | 161 | 16 | 5,800 |
| Federation of Malaysia | 1963: 235 | 373 | 43 | 10,500 |
| Thailand | 1963: 95 | 106 | 13 | 7,600 |
| Iraq | 1963: 210 | 666 | 28 | 4,800 |

EVEN BENEATH THIS BITTERNESS

| | | | | |
|----------------------|-----------|-----|----|--------|
| United Arab Republic | 1961: 130 | 321 | 24 | 2,500 |
| Morocco | 1964: 170 | 149 | 16 | 9,700 |
| Zambia | 1964: 195 | 431 | 22 | 8,900 |
| Nigeria | 1962: 90 | 38 | 6 | 34,000 |
| Ghana | 1964: 250 | 120 | 11 | 12,000 |

At the bottom of the night the footsteps descend and retreat.

Shadows surround them. Streets, drunks. Buildings. Someone running away from himself. A broken bottle, bleeding. A widowed paper sailing around a corner. A freethinker pissing on the grass, where tomorrow the well-dressed children will play beside the dew.

Far away something screams, dark metal, genital. Asphalt and blind stones, sleeping air, darkness, cold, police, cold, more police. Streets, whores, drunks, buildings. Police again, soldiers, Again police. The statistics say: for every 80,000 officers of the law there is one doctor in Guatemala.

Then understand the misery of my country, and my pain and everyone's pain. If when I say: Bread!

shut up! and when I say: Liberty!

Die! But I don't shut up and I don't die. I live and fight, maddening those who rule my country.

For if I live I fight, and if I fight I contribute to the dawn. And so victory is born even in the bitterest hours

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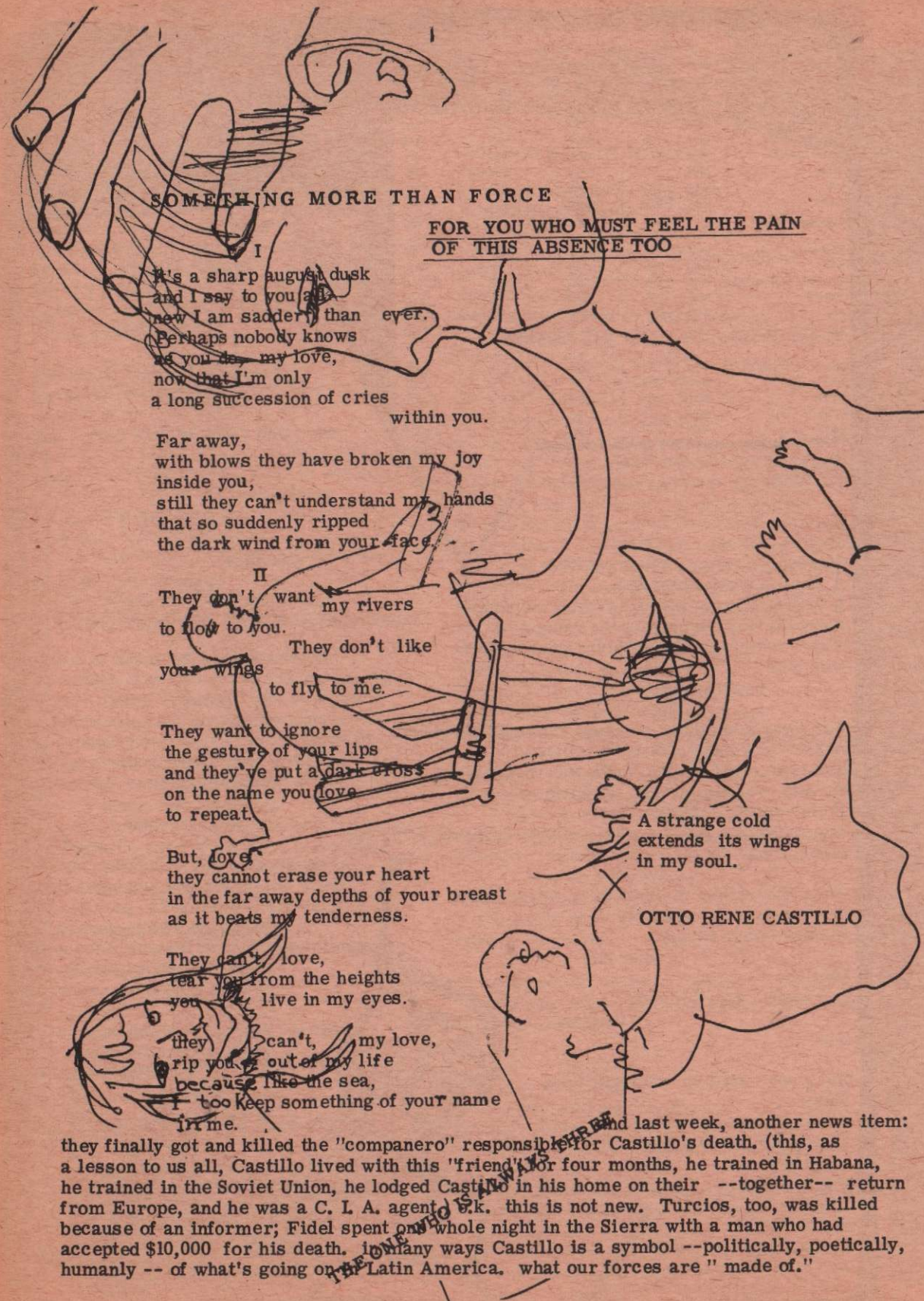
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South America THE PILLAGE OF THE THIRD WORLD and profit.



SOMETHING MORE THAN FORCE

FOR YOU WHO MUST FEEL THE PAIN OF THIS ABSENCE TOO

I
It's a sharp august dusk
and I say to you
now I am sadder than ever.
Perhaps nobody knows
as you do, my love,
now that I'm only
a long succession of cries
within you.

Far away,
with blows they have broken my joy
inside you,
still they can't understand my hands
that so suddenly ripped
the dark wind from your face.

II
They don't want my rivers
to flow to you.
They don't like
your wings
to fly to me.

They want to ignore
the gesture of your lips
and they've put a dark cross
on the name you love
to repeat.

But, love,
they cannot erase your heart
in the far away depths of your breast
as it beats my tenderness.

They can't love,
tear you from the heights
you live in my eyes.

They can't, my love,
rip you out of my life
because like the sea,
I too keep something of your name
in me.

A strange cold
extends its wings
in my soul.

OTTO RENE CASTILLO

And last week, another news item:
they finally got and killed the "companion" responsible for Castillo's death. (this, as
a lesson to us all, Castillo lived with this "friend" for four months, he trained in Habana,
he trained in the Soviet Union, he lodged Castillo in his home on their --together-- return
from Europe, and he was a C. I. A. agent. E.K. this is not new. Turcios, too, was killed
because of an informer; Fidel spent one whole night in the Sierra with a man who had
accepted \$10,000 for his death. In many ways Castillo is a symbol --politically, poetically,
humanly -- of what's going on in Latin America. what our forces are "made of."

THE ONE WHO IS ALWAYS THERE

You,
compañero,
the one who is always there.
The one who
never fell back.
Shit!
The one who never
played coward
with the flesh of the people.
Who stood up
against beatings and jail,
exile and shadow.

You,
compañero,
the one who is always there.

And I love you
for your timeless
honor,
for your resistance
--little sensitive animal,
for your faith,
greater
and more heroic
than all the giants
of all the religions combined.

But, you know,
the centuries to come
will stand on their toes
on the shoulders
of this planet,
trying to touch
your dignity
burning with courage
even then.

You,
compañero,
who never betrayed
your people,
with tortures
nor with prisons
nor with graft,

you,
tender star,
will come of age with pride
for the delirious
millions
emerging
from the depths of history
to give you glory,
you,
modest and human,
simple proletariat,
the one who is always there,
unbreakable
metal of the land.

GOOD FRIDAY

Where will I put my head
this good friday
if your hands are gone?
Where will I put my single mouth
if your lips aren't there?

At three in the afternoon
my kiss will be crucified on your absence.
Through it all, what I hate most
is the crown of my loneliness:
there is your name
supported on thorns.

The hour in which you deny me.

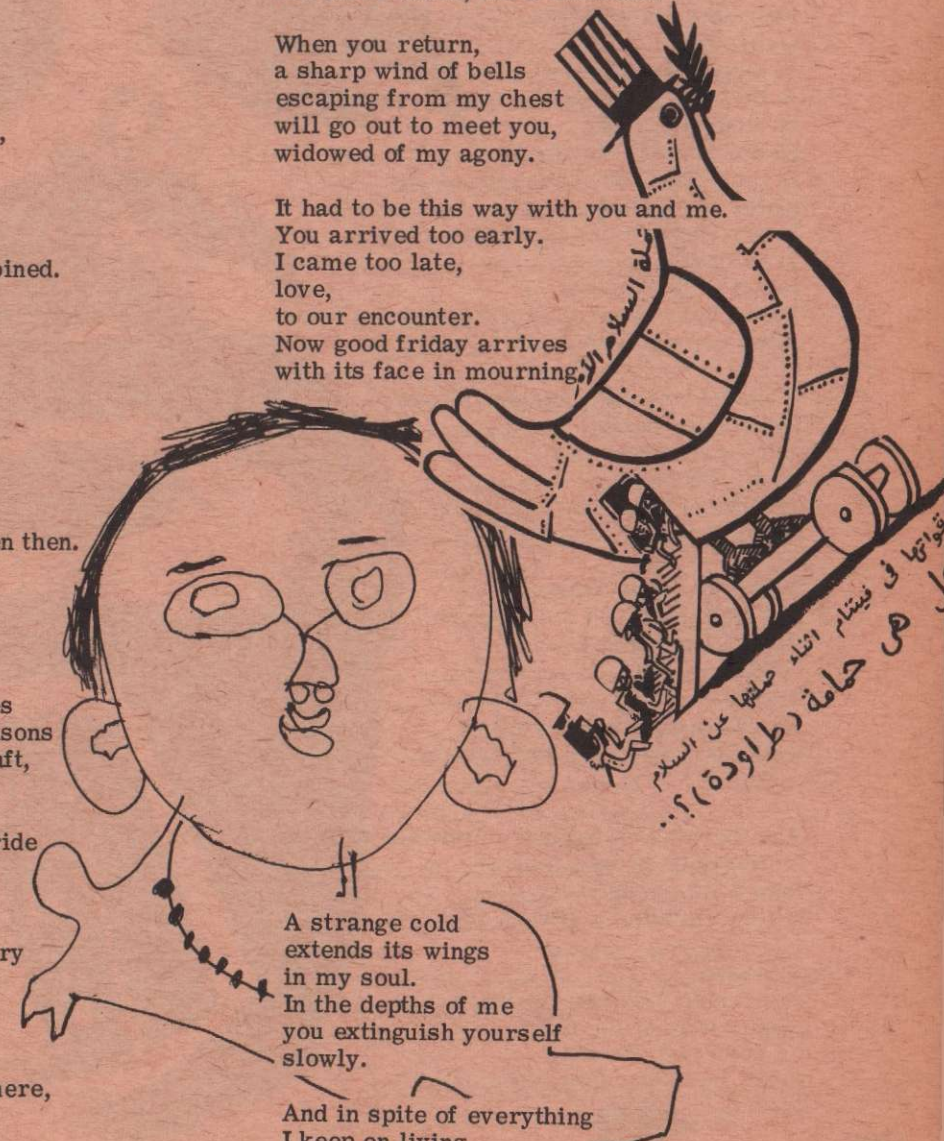
Not three times, but a thousand.

When you return,
a sharp wind of bells
escaping from my chest
will go out to meet you,
widowed of my agony.

It had to be this way with you and me.
You arrived too early.
I came too late,
love,
to our encounter.
Now good friday arrives
with its face in mourning.

A strange cold
extends its wings
in my soul.
In the depths of me
you extinguish yourself
slowly.

And in spite of everything
I keep on living.



توالتها في فينتام انشاء صلحتها عن السلام
هي حمامة (طراودة)؟

FREEDOM

For you
we have so many blows
on our skin
that even standing on end
there's no room for us in death.

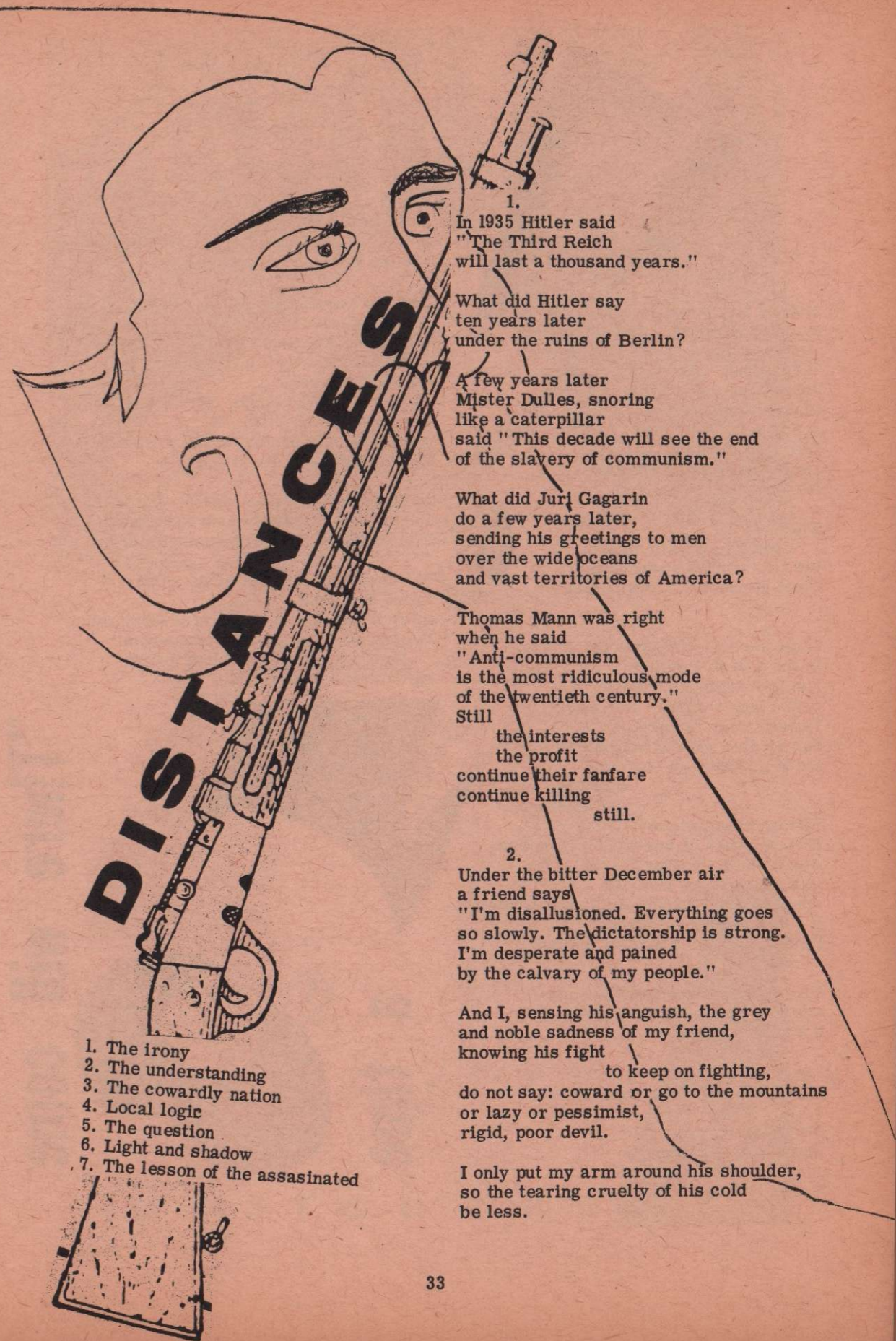
In my country
freedom is something more
than a delicate breeze of the soul,
it is also a courage of skin.
In every inch of its infinite cry
your name is written:
freedom.
In the tortured hands.
In the eyes, open in shock
of mourning.
On the brow in its dignity.
In the breast, where man
grows up in us.
In our back, in our feet that suffer.
In our balls
proud of themselves.
There your name, your soft and tender name
sings courage and hope.

We have suffered assassins blows
in so many parts
and written your name
on so little skin
that death is no longer our end,
freedom has no place in death.

They can hit us again
and again, believe me, they can.
You will always win,
freedom.
And when we fire the last round
you'll be the first to sing
in the throats of my countrymen,
freedom.

For there's nothing more beautiful
on the width of the earth
than a free people
putting finish to a system that dies.

Freedom,
then watch and dream with us
when we enter the night
or arrive at the day,
in love with your beautiful name:
freedom.



1.
In 1935 Hitler said
"The Third Reich
will last a thousand years."

What did Hitler say
ten years later
under the ruins of Berlin?

A few years later
Mister Dulles, snoring
like a caterpillar
said "This decade will see the end
of the slavery of communism."

What did Jurij Gagarin
do a few years later,
sending his greetings to men
over the wide oceans
and vast territories of America?

Thomas Mann was right
when he said
"Anti-communism
is the most ridiculous mode
of the twentieth century."
Still

the interests
the profit
continue their fanfare
continue killing
still.

2.
Under the bitter December air
a friend says
"I'm disillusioned. Everything goes
so slowly. The dictatorship is strong.
I'm desperate and pained
by the calvary of my people."

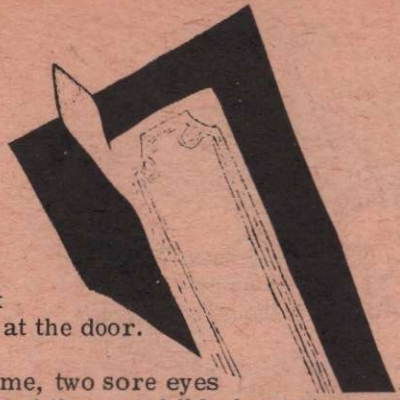
And I, sensing his anguish, the grey
and noble sadness of my friend,
knowing his fight

to keep on fighting,
do not say: coward or go to the mountains
or lazy or pessimist,
rigid, poor devil.

I only put my arm around his shoulder,
so the tearing cruelty of his cold
be less.

1. The irony
2. The understanding
3. The cowardly nation
4. Local logic
5. The question
6. Light and shadow
7. The lesson of the assassinated

3.
A knock
at the door.



Before me, two sore eyes
And behind them, a child whose six years
bearly support the national misery,
the national infamy, the cowardly nation.
He extends his hand
and on the face of my country
the pieces of my heart
fall split by blows
protesting this man's death
already dead.

Still
when I give him bread
his tender eyes speak to me
from the depths of his ignorance.

4.
Someone hums the National Anthem.
In the street. I get up
and look from the window
of the house where I live now.
He who sings is barefoot.
Surely also without breakfast.
He is a hawker of lies

morning
and afternoon.

Fifteen years at best.
Fifteen years of misery, I bet on that.
And from his hoarse throat,
like a Greek god well fed,
emerges the National Anthem of Guatemala.
If I hadn't seen it, surely
I'd have said "A soldier singing."

5.
Recently returned from Europe
one of my nephews asks me
if I know Madrid,

I say no, brusly,
and continue talking about Paris.

But my story goes pale.
The blood, hitting hard
and sudden in my heart
the horrible bleeding.

6.
In the days of Ubico the tyrant,
end of '42, as the story goes,
there was a mason in the parrish
who dared paint "Liberty,
Doun with th bloody jenral"
on the city walls.
The mason was caught,
questioned,
--why was he so crazy
as to hate the General
if the General had complete military support
and his power was invincible.

And the mason said: Ubico will fall.
And everyone laughed. This is a crazy man,
they said. The General will rule forever
in Guatemala. Until he dies. Like god,
he is all powerful.
No one will lift a finger against him.
His power is infinite
and the people are cowardly, resigned,
afraid of his granite strength.

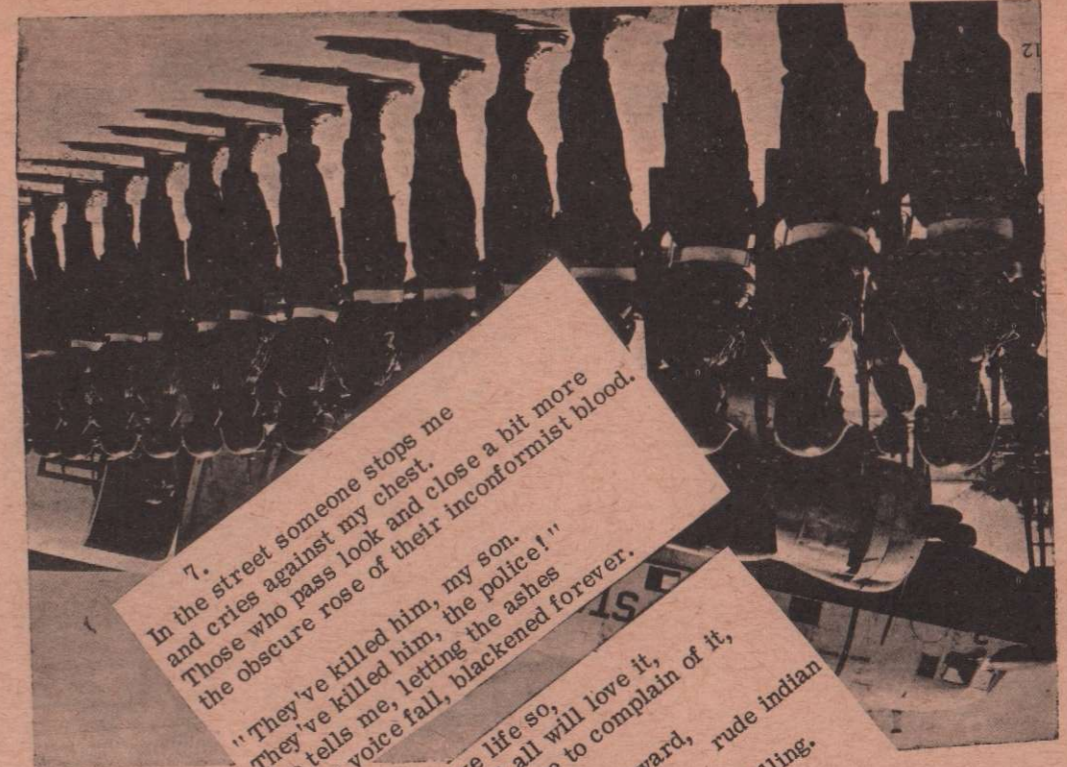
But the stubborn mason said: Ubico will fall.
He will not rule forever in Guatemala.
The people will rise up against him.

And they shot him, in the morning,
in the barracks,
more for disbeliever than for subversive,
the mason of the parrish who wrote:
"Liberty. Doun with th bloody jenral"
on the walls of the city.



a time...

"There will come



7.
In the street someone stops me
and cries against my chest.
Those who pass look and close a bit more
the obscure rose of their inconformist blood.
"They've killed him, my son.
They've killed him, the police!"
she tells me, letting the ashes
of her voice fall, blackened forever.

And I, who love life so,
who fight so that all will love it,
and no one will have to complain of it,
feel the desire to kill
he who killed, blind, awkward, rude indian
desire to revenge the killed by killing.

But I say and do nothing.
I stroke the white head
of the old woman crying on my chest,
and life is more painful than ever.
And still I know: there are many ways
to give life for life.
The important thing:
to give it as it must be given!



d i s t a n c e s

To you, who will ask afterwards
everyone for my footsteps.

LAST WORDS

I

No one but you
did I wish to raise in my songs,
surround with all my tenderness,
bend down
over her soul
to see
all the rivers pass
and all the winds of her life.

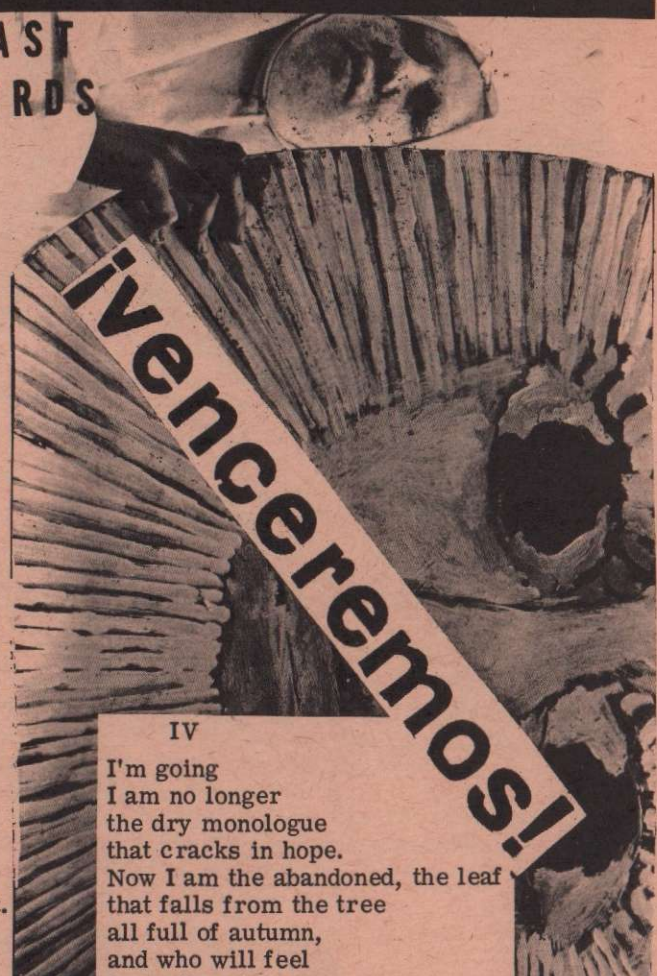
And no one but you
so failed in my hands,
sank so low,
only because someone said,
someone who never really came
out of the shadow,
that of all the men in the world
I was the most vile,
the least fitting for you.

II

Your lips
lacked strength to stay with me,
in the time not yet arrived,
and over whose cross
you'll cry tomorrow,
when everything returns
to my crazy way of loving you,
mourn broken ship
in the waves now never in your breast.

III

It is six in the afternoon
on the last day
of the bitterest august of my life,
and nevertheless I write
these wounded scratchings
to tell you goodbye.
Loneliness surrounds me
with all its blades.
But it doesn't matter,
I am still left
with a little moon
in the blind ocean
of the night
which begins,
not absent
of your early morning
walk.
And let it be known
the high flush of my face,
always directed at your coastal step,
breaks the same
in wind
and in ash.



IV

I'm going
I am no longer
the dry monologue
that cracks in hope.
Now I am the abandoned, the leaf
that falls from the tree
all full of autumn,
and who will feel
for a time to come
the kindly presence

of that tree.

I'm going,
don't look for me,
I am gone.

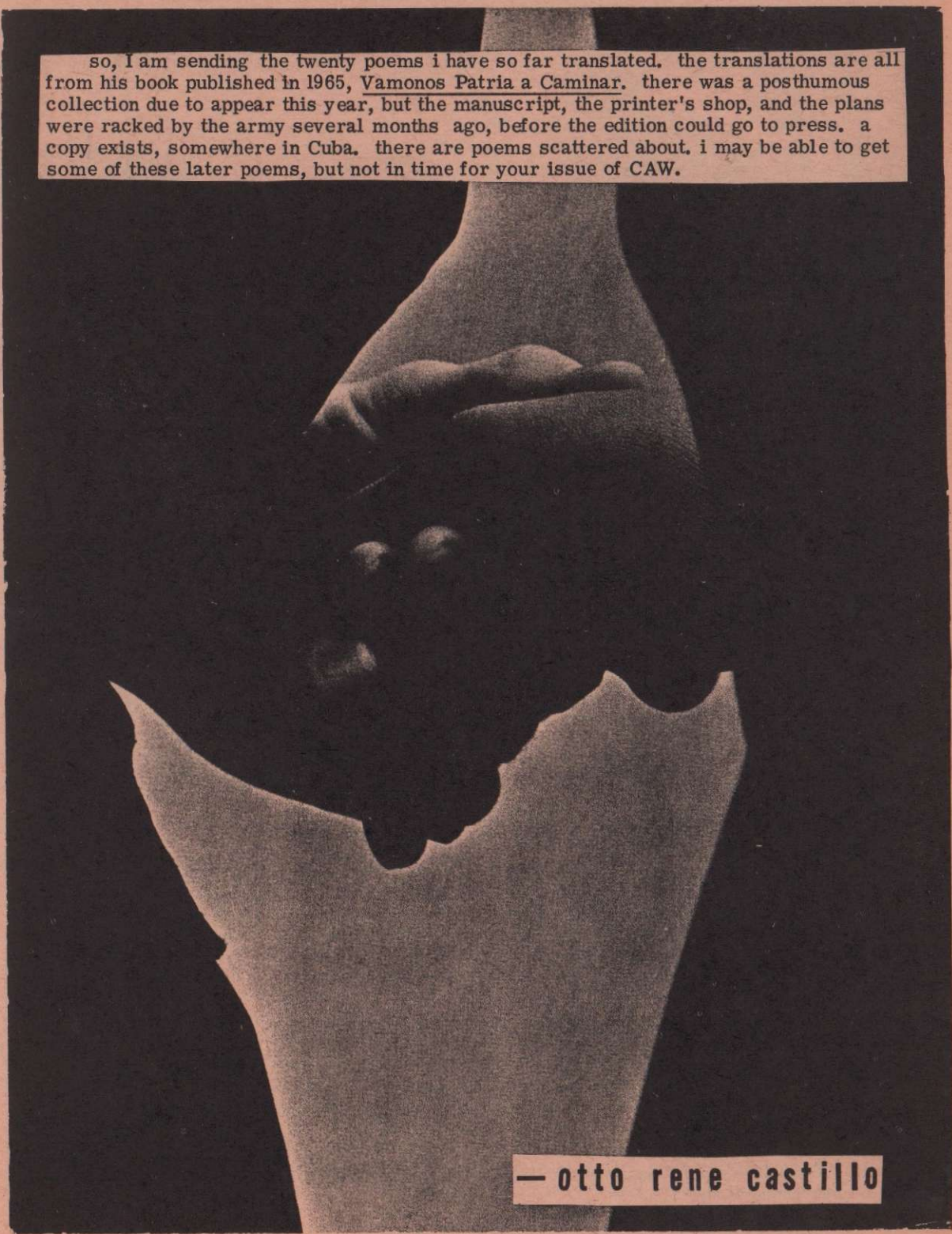
In me, as in the anchor,
everything accustoms itself
to the soft sweet mark
of marine earth,
but there's no staying
if beyond the bottom of the sea
absence walks transparent.

In me, as in the anchor,
distance then also awakens,
and now only the goodbye remains
as a last gesture

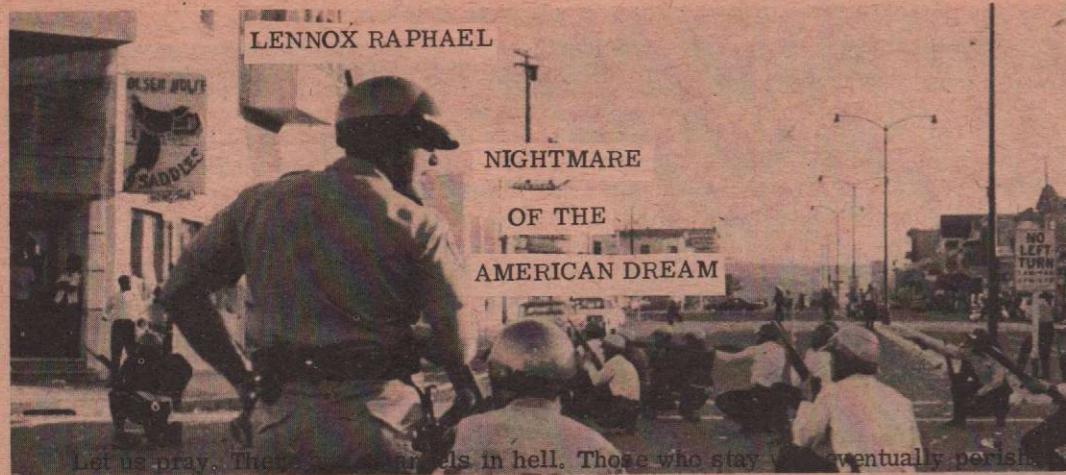
of tenderness
for you.

Goodbye my love,
don't look for me,
I'm gone.

so, I am sending the twenty poems i have so far translated. the translations are all from his book published in 1965, *Vamonos Patria a Caminar*. there was a posthumous collection due to appear this year, but the manuscript, the printer's shop, and the plans were racked by the army several months ago, before the edition could go to press. a copy exists, somewhere in Cuba. there are poems scattered about. i may be able to get some of these later poems, but not in time for your issue of CAW.



— otto rene castillo



LENNOX RAPHAEL

NIGHTMARE
OF THE
AMERICAN DREAM

Let us pray. Those who stay in hell. Those who stay eventually perish.

There is one way: **OUT**

Set your feelings free. Relax and keep cool in knowledge of the forces behind the forced. The first act says there is something very political and strategic behind these bloody noises. We have come a long way from the days when nothing happened. The bills were passed but never implemented and we were giving up hope when this country solved its problems. Blacks and white have bled and looted. Lyndon Baines Johnson is our best Johnson in Power and is right to be concerned and call on all you tragic heads to light up and pray for our thing, and be the god. WHO'S RUNNING WITH ME? We are locked in a predicament of extermination. It is feeling, the turn of eyes, voice deaths, and the holy obelisk of blackness.

Silence is the mark of a civilized nation, but we ain't all the same, and some shout truth or lie and are stomped by silence.

And there are **X** alternatives to every madness.

?Brother against brother against sister family against nation states fighting states the Mississippi red the Hudson purple. Chaos and love and death. Nicodemus at work. Direct kisses. Everybody coming in quaint privacy. Revolution, evolution, strange ablation.

ONE BODY IN NEWARK BORE 39 BULLET HOLES.

"Of course," said Maj. Gen. Almerin C. O'Hara, commander of the State Army National Guard, "we can't do just what we would do in Vietnam. Out there if you had a sniper in a room you'd just crank up a tank and fire a shell through the window, destroying the whole room and much of the building." But, said the general (who wears a mustache), "I don't think public opinion would accept the use of that kind of force here."

Which left hand grenades, recoilless rifles, bazookas and other "heavy weapons." LIKE DEATH.

"Christ had 12 apostles," the general said, "and one of them was a rat. I have 11,000 men and if 1,000 of them are bigots, that's par for the course." And how does that relate to the nation?

So we have seen nothing, only the red drizzle, but wait for the rain, and it will come and come, and soak us.

I believe in the Man's profound stupidity and eyelessness to destroy Himself and all that fear Him, whether white or black. This western world that stretches from Detroit

to Moscow, aglow. But all good things must come back home. The question is when, and I say now, and read you the news of the day and what the Big Men are doing to your head. The acid hypocrits are screaming, and are strongest when feared.

War makes men eager to live and want all the forgotten promises fulfilled immediately, and remember to punish you severely, or lose their lives so doing for themselves. We cannot afford to pamper reality. (I was fingerprinted 15 times and given my pass-book, yesterday. I produce it at every checkpoint. They do not know why they let me pass, but I pass. They think I am a member of the Extermination Brigade, getting rid of all the rats so that the buildings wouldn't smell, while burning. Bombing of the black ghettos have returned to neutral; and the pacification program has been lauded by the POPE. Christian motivation is reckless pride)



Who controls the forest of silent despair?

? The President declared a state of national emergency, federalized the National Guard, ordered defense expenditures split equally between these United States of Disunity and Vietnam. White collaborators hanged on television. Bobby Kennedy placed "under protective custody." Blacks stashed in blacklands "to protect them from criminal elements." (And I'm down here, still, the only one in Manhattan, hiding with my white friends who are also hiding from the Man. At night I wear my white sheet & white gloves and attend the frantic Madison Square Garden rallies which demand complete whitening of continent. And anyone who refuses to help the war effort will be removed)

The forces behind the forces behind the forced surfaced in blood, call mighty democracy bull, all men to give their lives for nothing, and crack down death on purveyors of violence in communications media. All white men who cannot hate are therefore black and must be KILLED before they contaminate this christian community of love.

(Junta took America out of UN and ordered immediate departure of personnel and building from this land)

We have come a long way from nothing to nothing. Lost in a strange misery.

Television accelerated the necessities and technologized white aggression into emergency.

Sometimes, without wanting to be, we are like children who do not suspect, who take too many things as they come without drawing conclusions from artillery fire.

(The unemployed, and Welfare recipients, removed from productive society. Against the law to wear your hair long, use colored garments, speak anything but Fowler's English, stay away from churches and synagogues, show interest in Indian culture, or associate with psychedelicommies. LORD, PLEASE DO IT FOR ME. The accused is taken to computerized court house and sent through mind belt where, in one minute, his thots & deeds are down on legal foolscap. FOR ALL TO SEE, LORD. Television nationalized. China bombed, Russia fighting the Vietcong, Israel conquers every single Arab nation, Fidel hanged on tv, Western combine leads fight against Black Liberation Front in South Africa, blood blood blood blood, blood, DRACULA SUCKS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, blood. This country carries its own coffin. Death rules love.)

You can't stop hate because it's so easy, and you don't have to think, only hate back and let it rule your mind, fuck with your head, make you despise love; and it is usual for usual men who have no balls, and therefore the unusual is blest, and roasted. Power is the name of the game if you have it, and death if you pretend politeness like the slaves been doing all these agonies.

Uncle NEEDS you. And you may consider this as wild as saying the Mafia has taken over the (anti)poverty program, somebody else killed Kennedy, somebody

stirring up these noises so that the Big Man can make the BIG GRAB, now, that most of us are provos in pay of the architects of this predictable extermination, that it works for them in their dreams as they grow nervous waiting and call on the victim to eat himself in public, that if it does not happen by blood it shall happen by the Holy Constitution, that we are the agents of the agents behind the forces, that the time is this summer before the elections, that George Hamilton was robbed, that the CIA kidnapped Tshombe, that Twiggy is the final triumph of the 3rdsexed designers, or that it was whites who killed whites in last official world war, and will do worse to blacks, but will grab you, or He will.

Moon exploration is flight from reality.

These X alternatives have been tested: ?George Wallace as our next President, whites withdraw into fear & revenge and listen to George who says I can take care of business with a gun. BLACKOUT. George starts like Maddox against the machine of patronage, but reaps the fruits of fear & revenge. George takes care of business, Regan criticized as feeble leftist, George makes America a conscious Alabama, no black talk, cut tongues, sew lips, pin arms to sides, staple legs, ressurects the Confederate flag, and appears on Johnny Carson show, sunglow. But who's behind George?

This is the period of encirclement. NONE SHALL ESCAPE THE FIRE. We have disobeyed our godliness, and shall suffer. And, long before that, and following a black mutiny in Vietnam, soldiers and cops were disarmed and sent to join their unfortunate brothers.

"But everything I do, I do for you."

"I'll take care of your head."

"Give me your mind."

Roaming blacks: or the forces behind the forces that killed Kennedy now moving upstage to prevent discovery & punishment by another Kennedy, and seek to suspend the Holy Constitution, and is killer crazy and hate love sweeping death below everybody's bed, how reckless eyes zap out god friendliness and reward lovers with blood.

"Run," white looter to black looter. "Here comes the Man."

YOU'RE ALMOST THERE, BUT SOME FRIGHT IS NEEDED TO MAKE YOU HASTY & PURE.

They want us clinging to our fear like halo wigs.

Constitution or not, the way is the same, one, but we shake our busted heads and say NO, and stay handcuffed to our dreams WHILE WE SHOULD BE CHASTIZING NIGHTMARES. Or gazing into futures evident in present chaos unleashed by the forces behind the forces.

HOPE CRIPPLES.

And even the forces behind the forces will fall, for it is written that greed is evil & evil greed & this sickness unpardonable.

(Every black of military age was shot. The junta accuses Haiti of conniving with black revolutionaries in these US of Disunity. Low yield bombs found more effective. Death to black & whitesaboteurs, and reward to those who take part in the hunt. Dead or alive, the blood must let a good time roll for the hypnotists who control Funky Broadway)

CHANGE YOUR HEART AND LET REALITY LIVE

We must protest the handshakes of these forces, or secrete razorblades in our lifelines. Anything to make a man see what he's looking at, and stop him from staring.

There aint much time left for fools & saints.

We got to find a way to turn this country ON

(The Man came to the community and said that X, the people's hero, had done some-

thing wrong, and the black camp would be WIPED OUT if he wasn't handed over. And X was called a militant troublemaker & racist when he refused to be Abraham's lamb; and God Bad smote the camp with fire. I wanted to do something, but thought that right was right, wrong wrong, and evil always punished by the saviors of our repression; and all was gone when I did wake up, finally, final, because our warriors had been destroyed by SILENCE & NEGATIVE DESPAIR)

Our beloved President has spoken: "And to those who are tempted by violence I would say this: Think again. Who is really the loser when violence comes? Whose neighborhood is made a shambles? Whose life is threatened most? And if you choose to tear down what other hands have built, you will not succeed; you will suffer most from your own crimes. You will learn that there are no victors in the aftermath of violence."

FREE WORD DEMONSTRATION

"I know," he said at midnight of firepower, "that with few exceptions the people of Detroit and the people of Newark, and the people of Harlem, and all of our American cities, however troubled they may be, deplore and condemn these criminal acts."

"I know the vast majority of Negroes and whites are shocked and are outraged by them."

Okay. Law is law and must be dealt as law, but what becomes of law when everyone is determined criminal.

"I'm black, brother," the carpenter said, "and there aint no worse crime than that — because the Man makes it so."

It is easier to deal with criminals, people stop regarding blood as liquid, see dissent from extermination as criminal.

"I'm learning to hate," he said. "The Man is a good teacher. All I got to do is look at His beautiful eyes of disaster for blackness. I don't expect anything good."

LOVE EXPLODES IN BLOOD.

(And blacks, "for your safety, please," were moved to protected pens, away from automation, or contamination by white guerillas. Blacks found expendable. TOMIVILIZATION. Love a machine and be saved. Machines are much nicer — they don't frown. And you built them, stupid. TIME IS KING PACIFIER)

Trouble begins when the majority demands a quick solution.

Indians know the taste of White Power. Action is truth.

ARE YOU RUNNING WITH ME, HATE?

The Secretary of Hypnotism speaks on tv every hour on the hour & holds your eyes to do his dirty work.

Who's dying?

Logic is past tense of pain. Anything can happen, and something totally strange will happen, and we pray for mindfulness, that we explore our recklessness, and hip to the wisdom and strength of feeling & vision. Do vegetarians beat their meat? Or what, or something else, or we must preserve our love.

God says that life is the supreme fantasy. And we must witness our fantasies, or perish. Right now as we come to the end.



— Lennox Raphael

DICK LOURIE

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the Hitler Dwarf

this morning though I had heard about him
from my friends I saw for the first time the
Hitler Dwarf whistling and striding towards
me through the dirty snowpiles alongside
Seventh Avenue the short solid legs
slightly bent the familiar mustache a
brown trenchcoat nearly to the ground he said

in passing "are you out looking for sharp
images? to early you know your girl
is still in bed dreaming of you in fact
no one's up yet but in a month or so
when the sun's out and the snow melts if you'll
meet me some place for coffee we can
discuss our plans as to the future of the race"

when I went to the toilet this morning

when I went to the toilet this morning
a policeman came and sat down in the
next stall his pants the heavy gun the brass
buckle banged on the floor he took a crap

noisily as if it had been some time
since the last one as if he'd been busy
for years just keeping an eye on people
without pausing to eat shit or make love

he made up for all that now quickly and
efficiently then stood erect hoisting
his gear back into position he pumped
the shit down strode out the door and hurried
back to the job without stopping to wash his hands

Cancion

Sunday afternoon along East 6th Street Puerto Ricans
lined up next to their cars like camel drivers
readying for a trek are washing fixing
up their bright maroon or black Fords Oldsmobiles
in the afternoon sun. Others are standing
around with cans of cold beer in their hands.

When word comes the island is cracking in half
everyone flees to elevated points(the
Empire State Building better yet the Cloisters)
except for the Puerto Ricans. Now they've begun
polishing all the cars. Their wives are watching.

Soon more Puerto Ricans arrive from uptown
children in all colors are dancing now and
laughing the mothers talk on the stoops and then
families pile into cars eight ten people
to a car the children sucking coconut
ices men with guitars and cuatros singing.

When the island cracks the uptown half sinks from
the weight of many citizens the lower
half moves out smoothly into the harbor smacks
a few freighters they are all singing now and
the whole thing floats to Puerto Rico in the sun.

to be shot by Negroes on Visitation Day

to be shot by Negroes on Visitation Day
(after the table's already been set up
for them to sit down across from you and talk
over man to man eye to eye how you can
help them out) right on 8th Avenue as you're
really hurrying to the meeting to get
discussions under way. Not because you are
Jewish or the color of your skin but the
signal was given at noon the sun at a
certain height over the sidewalk "Now" and the
sun was the moon day was night fires were needed
and just before this cancellation of all
conference you were crossing the Avenue.
Tables pitched out of windows are hitting the
streets now like grenades and you go up in flames.

DICK LOURIE

"THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS ACTING. ONE DOES AND ONE IS." -- R.G. Davis



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MODELS FOR



The Antioch student body had been trying for a year to force the trustees to meet openly. (There had been concern about South African investments, control of institutional policies, etc.) Finally the trustees consented and held a general meeting for the whole Antioch community. The following action was executed by about twenty-five members of the Antioch Guerilla Theater.

When the meeting had been in session for a few minutes a student stood up in the audience and yelled, 'This is a crock of shit!' and stormed out of the auditorium. Immediately another student rose and addressed the trustees, who were seated on the stage: 'I must apologize for the actions of my fellow student. His outburst was entirely uncalled for and extremely embarrassing, and I trust that the rest of the student body will listen to you with proper respect.' He sat down and another student stood to speak: 'I must apologize for both of these students. You are such important men, you who have taken time from your busy schedules to come and talk to us, students, are forced to have your time wasted by two inconsiderate fellow students--why, you could be using this time to buy further stocks in South

In our workshops, in our improvisations, we learn about each other. You laugh in that exercise: are you embarrassed? (Don't be embarrassed, I'm making a fool of myself too.) You watch me do a mime and you see an error here, a lack of clarity there; when it is your turn, you don't make the same mistakes--watching me teaches you something you are able to use yourself.

Working together leads us to a knowledge of each other. Knowing each other, when we are making a theater action, becomes a kind of trust between us. I need not be able to predict your responses, but I must be sure that any way in which you will respond to any situation that arises during a piece will add to, be incorporated into the integrity of the piece. If you and I are performing twenty feet away from each other in a streetcorner play and a policeman approaches you, I must, without sacrificing my own involvement, trust that you will deal with the cop in such a way that he will become part of our piece.

The following descriptions of different kinds of theater actions are offered out of my own experience as examples. Since the force of an action is its relevance to its environment, they should be thought of as such, rather than as scenarios for your own use.

RADICAL THEATER

African corporations, to make more decisions about how Antioch will be run, etc. This was repeated by about twenty students, each apology more absurd than the previous. They were able to talk about all of their grievances, couching it in the form of profuse apology. When the apologies were over, and the meeting started again, students who had gained access to the lighting booth suddenly threw the auditorium into a blackout. When the lights came up again, two people were on the stage directly in front of the seated trustees: one, dressed as a hippy-student, was lying on his back. The other dressed in a suit, as an administrator, stood with one foot on the other's crotch. They went into a dialogue something like the following:

student: Let me up.
administrator: What do you mean?
s: I can't get up.
a: Of course you can. You can do whatever you like.
s: I can't move, you're holding me down.
a: I'm holding you down?
s: LET ME UP!
a: Get up if you want to...
s: How can I get up when you're holding your foot on my balls?
a: My foot on your balls?...
s: Isn't there anything I can do to change my position?
a: Oh, sure...

And he picked the student up by his heels and stood him on his head.



This action was successful in several ways. It was completely unex-

pected. It used a form--apology--that was unfamiliar and which is not automatically associated with political statement. Thus it was able to involve and reach people before they realized the content, before they could throw up their defenses. It was also tightly coordinated, involving precise timing and a knowledge of the environment.



New York's PAGEANT PLAYERS performed a street play in the fall of 1967 which provides a valuable model for a theater action that is clear, direct, and understandable to a great number of communities. 'The War Monster' began with a young couple dancing to rhythm music provided by a group of several musicians--drums, tambourines, washboard, etc. A suited 'businessman' enters with a four-legged monster on a rope leash. The monster, played by two people under a large mottled cloth, had a huge grotesque head made of solastic, with a cavernous mouth, fangs, etc. The couple continue dancing, obvious, as the businessman parades the monster around the playing area. The monster rears, is accentuated by sudden wild music-kazoos, washboard. The businessman orders it to sit, opens his attache case and takes out a sign which he pins to the monster's collar: 'The War.' The monster rears again, goes wild. The businessman feeds it a gun, an airplane, etc., and it turns around and shits huge dollar bills which he puts into his attache case. He then puts on a military hat, 'knocks on the 'door' of the two dancers; they are bewildered as he claps the boy on the shoulder and takes him away. The girl tries to hold on to him but the businessman-general pushes her aside, takes the boy, gives him a rifle, and sends him off the fight for the war.

He shoots out into the audience, sometimes using the monster as cover. Meanwhile, the businessman removes his military hat and puts on a sign, 'Taxman,' goes back to the girl and takes a wad of dollars from her. He feeds the monster again, the monster shits again, etc. The soldier resumes fighting, hiding behind the monster, which rears and dances until it has encircled him and covered his head with its mouth. The soldier dies, the monster retreats. The girl sees the dead soldier, is shocked, begins to accuse the businessman who tries to avoid her, slaps a dollar on the dead soldier's chest, takes the monster's leash, and they leave the playing area.

Simplicity is perhaps the greatest value of this play. The soldier who did not want to fight is dead. His girl, who has lost him, has helped pay for his death with her taxes. Business, military, and government are joined in one character, collecting money from everyone. The war is shown as a monster. The play was performed in many communities, for different kinds of audiences, and was able to transmit its message easily because of this clarity of characterization and symbol, and because it dealt with a general issue.

Of God, Of Man, Of the Divell.

An excellent example of a successful and powerful shock theater action also comes from Antioch. During the week prior to the April 1967 Mobilization Antioch students proclaimed a Gentle Tuesday and Angry Arts day. There were picnics, folk dances, an outdoor play, a media presentation in the cafeteria, etc. A group of art and drama students--in no way a formal radical theater group but because of common interests and friendships encompassing much of the requisite group understanding and trust--decided that none of the planned activities were strong enough to have any real affect on Antioch's generally sympathetic but apolitical student body. They executed the following action:

The cafeteria at Antioch is on the ground floor of the student union building, and has a large window wall facing the main

street of the campus. At 6:00 pm, the hour at which the cafeteria was most crowded, cars drove out of side streets at either end of the union building, blocking the street to further traffic. At the same time, a microbus stopped in front of the cafeteria windows long enough for two people to lift an exceptionally real looking dummy (made of department store mannequins on a metal frame) seated in the lotus position onto the street on the side of the bus away from the union building. As the truck pulled away, the dummy was doused with gasoline and ignited, and at the same time a well-known married girl ran into the cafeteria screaming 'Oh my god, Dick's burned himself!' Within minutes hundreds of people had rushed into the street. Because of the properties of the plaster mannequin, it burned slowly and retained its human appearance for some time. After it had been burning for three or four minutes, loudspeakers that had been mounted on the union roof for the action began to broadcast, at full volume, a tape of bomb explosions, gunfire, etc. After several minutes, the tape suddenly cut into gentle rock music. (This ends the planned part of the action.)

What then happened played right into the action. The college fire department arrived on the scene, followed shortly by the town fire department. (The tape was loud enough to have been heard in downtown Yellow Springs, several blocks away.) They insisted that the burning dummy would damage the macadam street surface, and that it had to be extinguished. The planners of the action refused to put it out, and the fire department got its hoses out to spray the dummy, which was quickly surrounded by a tight circle of about ten students who were left soaking wet. One by one, people from the crowd went up to the circle, put a jacket over someone's shoulders, and joined in the circle. Half an hour later, a circle of several hundred students stood quietly, hand-in-hand, around the ashes and pieces of the smoldering dummy.

The line between theater and reality in this action was nearly invisible: because it had been completely unexpected, because it was carried out in a tight cadre manner, because the dummy itself was so lifelike, it was impossible at first to tell that the burning was staged. Even after the tape

began, after it was clearly a dummy on fire in the street, people remained outside, numb, transfixed. The emotional impact was so acute, drove home so immediately the message of war, hit just that part of the consciousness of a 'progressive', 'enlightened' group of people which was vulnerable. When the firehoses were turned on, the reaction was 'Lét it burn!'--that is our conscience burning, let it burn...



An annual occurrence at Michigan State University is the 'Career Carnival', at which representatives from many corporations set up exhibit booths as a sort of pre-recruiting advertising for the student body. Last fall, the MSU/sds chapter took over the carnival with a carnival of their own:

'Imagine the hustle and bustle of the career 'carnival' during its most active period, and then imagine 30 or 40 SDS members walking out into the middle of this and spreading out on the floor their own 'exhibit': a giant Monopoly game, complete with three-foot dice, 'Spartan-town' dollars, and people replacing the playing pieces. The players lined up, the dice were rolled, and the game began with players moving from 'GO' (Collect \$200 from the war machine), to such spaces as: NSA--collect \$500 from the CIA; Multiversity--collect useless information; Pentagon gon--rent \$70 million; Draft Dodger--go directly to jail; Grosse Pointe--no niggers or kikes allowed; Detroit (which was in flames); Ft. Wayne Induction Center--rent your life; Income Tax--for war materials; Vietnam--you died if you landed there--and, of course, chance and community chest.' (from New Left Notes, Oct. 23, 1967)

The Monopoly game involved passers-by in an easy, humorous way, and at the same time made its point of manipulation in society. Game type actions are valuable in this way--and because sometimes reality has to be made absurd before it can be recognized as reality.



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SAMPLES

CAN I HELP YOU?

THE MAN WHO PICKED UP HITCH HIKERS

It wasn't that he wanted a funnel for his feelings. He kept from talking because he must have thought we didn't want to talk. He was headed for home in Schenectady, improbably, the Greyhound terminal in Albany was on his way, he's glad to help us out, these curious strangers. It's taken for granted. He deigns to perform.

He drives a truck by day and each day runs his Mercury these forty miles each way to work.

--Why?

--I like the outfit.

--What's to like in an outfit?

--The fellas stick together, they don't stick a knife in the other fella's back. There's any trouble with rules, it's between the boys. Anyone tells the boss, we get him out, one way or the other. You see, it's a good outfit.

He used to commute all the way to Springfield just to work for them. The only thing wrong, he'd like to take his boy with him in the cab on his daily run, but company on the job is against the rules. The radio now says the man is lonely. He apologizes. --You gotta have something on to break the monotony.

Sunglasses shield the man's expression. I imagine it tranquil, controlled by years of stolid habit. He has some secret. My shades conceal my foreignness too. I would like to be an angel in the pay of his underground anger. Meantime I'm only a spy for another age, a time unanticipated. And what is the code to make contact? He reminds me, even down to the big tattoo on a physical arm, of my uncle who fixes washing machines by day and listens to

Wagner at night. My uncle's code has always eluded me too.

We slice through the hills in his earth bound Mercury. He nods at the car, not at the hills and the fields, and smiles slightly. His assurance seems honest, not to the point of arrogance. --I've had this up to a hundred and twenty-five on the Thruway.

So quietly he shares his mystery.

--Ever had an accident?

He smiles a little broader.

--Eleven years ago. My buddy and I were racing. I had my Chevy up to eighty when the front left wheel came off. That's right, came off. The last thing I saw was the wheel rolling off. My buddy pulled me out. I don't see how he did it. There wasn't that much space, my head was under the dash and my body was twisted around the wheel. Woke up in the hospital, spent six months there, with six busted ribs and a lotta bruises, and this scar, and this, and this one.

--How did it happen?

--Oh, one of those things. A cotter pin fell out. That was it.

--But you still drive fast?

--Oh yeah. Whenever I get a chance.

We drove through cardboard towns into Albany, passing nowhere near Ithaca, and I wondered, what is the program for this man, besides speed? To own his work, for sure, to save his son, but politics is not a billboard. Talk his language, yeah, but we've been around too long to trust in words. We need to be a gear in his Mercury.

--Todd Gitlin
October 1967

an sds journal of the history
of american radicalism

RADICAL
AMERICA

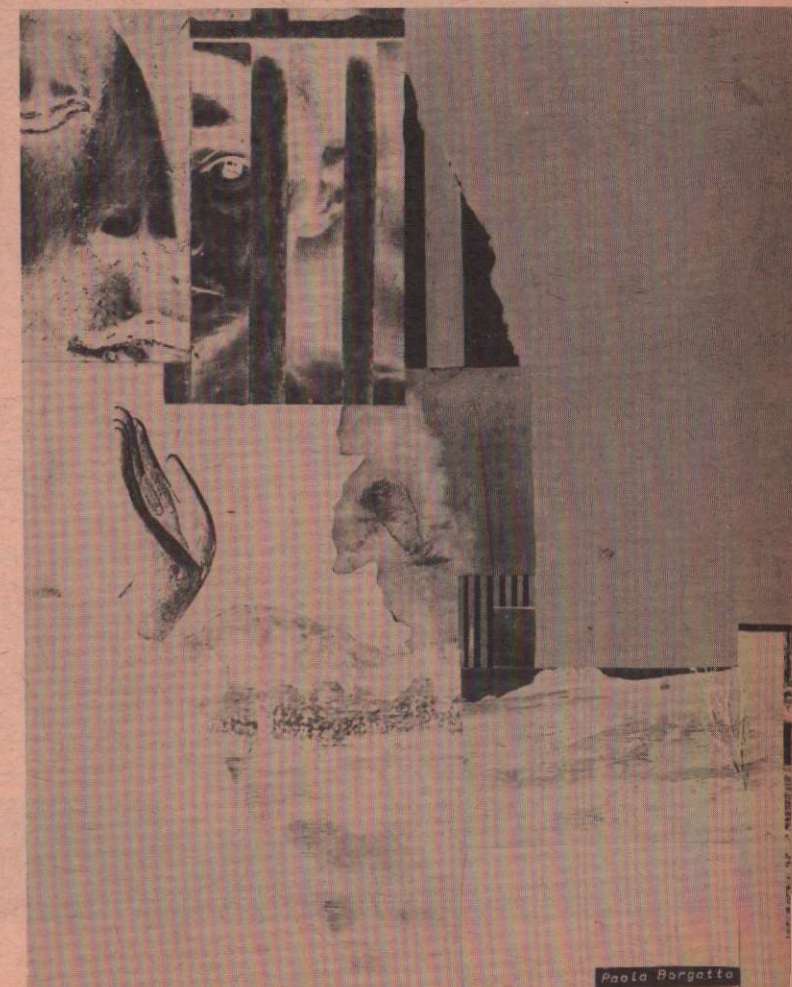
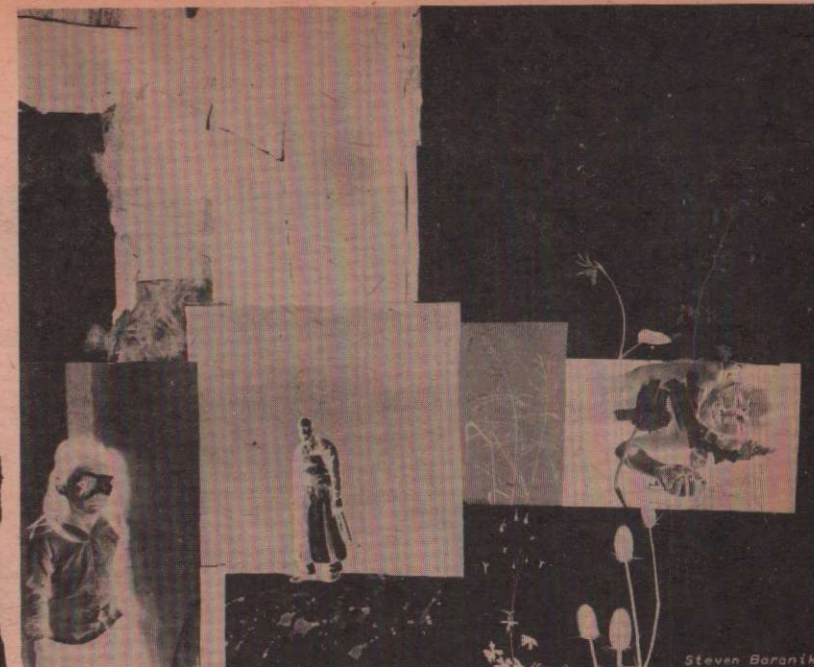
50¢ or \$3/yr to Buhle,

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I was a little bird
at Duy Xuyen.
Day after day
I sat on a buffalo's
back,
a leaf hat on my head.
I played with
the butterflies,
I sang and danced.
What wrong
did I do them?

Nguyen Dhin Thi



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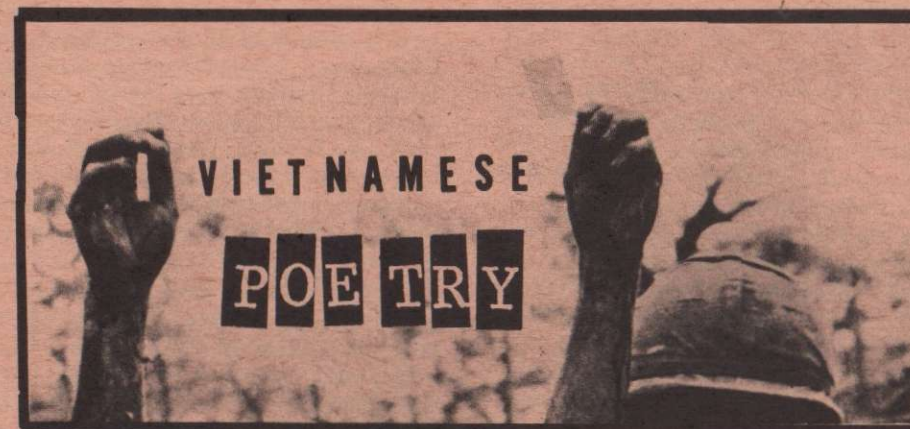
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ADDRESS TO A RAT (after Nguyen Binh Khiem, 1491-1585)

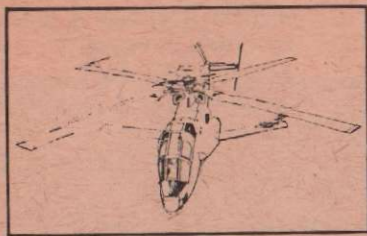
To be born is to want; is it that simple?
Who can be whole, unfed, unfilled, un nourished?
Old saints furrowed the grain-seeded land
to feed parents, fill wives, nourish children.

Yet you came, rat, to tax us. Your gorged body
slinks invisible, sleek, to gnaw away
embattled fields, filled now with hollow stalks,
the storehouse gaping like a child's starved mouth.

The grunting farmer's labor cannot feed
the abyss behind the thin cries of his wife.
To die in want--is it that simple
to those yellow teeth whose hunger maims our flesh?

The stratagems of your diseases sidle through us.
Everything, even your own filth, abhors you.
You foresaw the people wasted, emptied, stricken,
but not how our stiffening hands will strangle you

--nor will they release you until at last they carry
your rank body to the court and marketplace
where beaks will feed and clash, once filled, like cymbals,
proclaiming a peace to nourish our ravaged land.



The following are a selection of poems by Robin Morgan and Kenneth Pitchford, loosely based on, but independent of, Vietnamese originals written by poets both from North and South Vietnam. While the poems can speak for themselves, the situation surrounding their creation (as originals in English) will be of interest to other writers who might wish to avoid being taken in by a literary con-game in which their work is wrenched from them and exploited against their will in ways repugnant to them. The situation is one for all radical writers to mobilize against as we come nearer to our goal of drastically altering the literary, as well as the social and economic, establishment of this country. We, the two American poets, have therefore sketched out some of the story concerning the composition of these poems.

In the early 1960s, when the Vietnam war was still only a small cloud on the American horizon, Robin met a Vietnamese student who was working for a doctorate at Columbia University in the field of Far Eastern literature, a young man named Nguyen Ngoc Bich. Early in their acquaintance he spoke of compiling an anthology of Vietnamese literature in English translation and had begun casting about for someone to "sponsor" this project. He mentioned UNESCO and the Asia Society as possibilities. Later, Robin heard that the project had been reduced in scope to an anthology of Vietnamese poetry in English translation and that Asia Society had decided to take on this project.

In the summer of 1966, Bich first approached Robin about collaborating on this work, he to make literal English prose versions of the Vietnamese poems, she to make creditable English poems from his word-for-word translations. Robin agreed, thus beginning two painful years of education concerning the American literary establishment and concerning Asia Society's small but, in our opinion, pernicious piece of this action. For one thing, the trans-

lated drafts she saw, particularly of the modern poets, seemed exciting despite the ineptness of the English prose versions. The anti-war (or, more important, the pro-Vietcong) tone of many of the poems seemed dramatically pertinent to growing concern about the war. And Bich assured her that both North and South Vietnamese poems would be represented in terms of literary merit without regard to political stand. Robin knew relatively little about Bich's politics or about Asia Society itself at this point, but distinguished American poets (such as Denise Levertov) had done other volumes for the Society and the Society seemed to agree about presenting good poems regardless of the translated poet's political allegiance.

The director of Asia Society's literature program, Bonnie Crown, was affable and personable in the three-way discussions that ensued at this point and sweet reasonableness seemed to prevail over the project — at least so long as the discussions remained purely verbal. Of course, a contract of sorts was drawn up, but Robin was assured that this was only a technicality and that all of her feelings and attitudes toward the project would be respected; it was these very feelings, in fact, that made her such an ideal choice as co-translator for the work. Robin had already mentioned that she was putting together a first book of her own poems and that she might want to include, as a short section in her book, a group of these poems, particularly from the contemporary poets writing about the (then) nearly twenty years of war in Vietnam. Robin was to learn that it is easy for people to smile and agree — it costs nothing — and then take back in writing later what had been agreed to verbally. This, of course, is not illegal, merely unethical.

Robin's early enthusiasm for the project was further fired when her husband Kenneth was also enlisted, with the same verbal assurances of respect for his poetic integrity as had been made to Robin. Both did versions of poems; in the aura of good will that prevailed at this point, however, Asia Society neglected to go through the formality of a written contract with him. This is especially interesting in that Robin and Kenneth frequently worked together on versions, did variant versions, and were generally involved in a real, living collaboration. Who did what was less important than the end result. Thus what "belonged" to

Robin and what to Kenneth is somewhat unclear to this day — a nice legal point that the Asia Society lawyers have not yet had to deal with in the various threatening letters they have since sent to Robin (but not to Kenneth).

But this gets ahead of the story. The first change in atmosphere occurred as the result of two things. First, Bich announced that he had become a Cultural Affairs Minister of the Vietnamese Embassy in Washington under the Ky regime. Second, American outrage against the war was already beginning to mount. The latter found expression in New York during Angry Arts Week, a protest action in which American artists expressed their opposition to the war. In social conversation, Robin and Kenneth mentioned to Mrs. Crown that they would be reading their versions of Vietnamese war poems during that week. After the affability of preceding conversations, particularly one in which they had congratulated her upon seeing her husband's name listed in a full-page newspaper ad of professors and teachers who opposed the war, they could hardly have expected her reaction. Now they were told they must not read these poems, to do so might endanger Bich's job at the Embassy; it would, furthermore, drag Asia Society into a partisan cause in direct conflict with the Society's policy of remaining rigidly apolitical.

There was also an implication that any untoward publicity could deeply embarrass Mrs. Crown, both within the Society and among its patrons. Patrons? This was the first we realized that the Rockefeller millions supported this so-called "apolitical" society. Later we were to wonder about its funding by the Kaplan Foundation and to surmise the worst when the CIA scandal broke. (No one, in that scandal, specifically mentioned Asia Society as the recipient of CIA funds, but Mrs. Crown said that the Society staff lived on "pins and needles" for weeks during the series of disclosures.) At any rate, both of us read our poems that week of Angry Arts, both on the scheduled programs and on the flat trucks that roved through New York City, carrying the war protest to people unlikely to attend formal poetry readings. We felt the poems were our versions, and that we could do with them as we liked. Yes, we were naive. One of us had signed a contract which, as we re-read it now, gave Asia Society unbelievable control over Robin's work. In fact, as we saw with horror, they tried to claim

Robin no longer had any rights at all to the work she had done; Asia Society could do exactly as they wished with any of her work: revise it, publish it in magazines (with her name attached!) without her permission or knowledge, in fact, dispose of it in any way they saw fit. They could, if they chose, reject the poems for the anthology but refuse to allow them to be printed elsewhere, thus burying the work for all time. By reading the poems in defiance of this kind of bargain, we hoped the whole thing would fall through and we would be free of a situation which had become extremely distasteful to both of us.

At the outset of the project, we had not yet been radicalized; we did not understand the nature of American thought control; we thought that a literary foundation in America, whatever its name, might be guilty of sins of omission, but we did not yet know that such foundations are thoroughly capable of unethical and immoral behavior; we did not know that a foundation would, for a ridiculously low fee, calculatingly contract to take from relatively impecunious poets all rights to their own work. (By the way, the original Vietnamese authors, as far as we could gather, were not to receive payment for publication of their work.) Always there were reasonable and "understanding" talks about the dignity and integrity of poets; always there were follow-up letters in which verbal agreements were reversed and abrogated. We heard the lies of the Administration con-

a helicopter that
thinks for itself.

cerning the bombings, always garbed in the highest sounding moralistic sermonizing, and saw the actual results, as in the Ramparts photos. We heard the promises of Asia Society, as given by Mrs. Crown, and saw the action the Society took against us to prevent us from participating in the fruits of our labor. As the situation worsened, we felt that there was a metaphorical but direct connection between the two kinds of lies we were increasingly exposed to.

Shortly after Angry Arts Week, Robin told Mrs. Crown that she no longer wished to be a part of the project. In a display of histrionic skill, Mrs. Crown weepily confessed to Robin that she fully understood Robin's objections, sympathized with all

of them, and would re-write the contract to Robin's satisfaction if only she would continue with the work. Wouldn't Robin be helping to end the war by seeing to it that these contemporary Vietnamese anti-war and pro-Vietcong poets found an American audience? Robin specified what the terms of a new contract would have to include; again, these were agreed to verbally. Thus, for a short time longer, the relationship continued.

The next hitch was that certain Vietcong poems seen by Robin in draft translations were suddenly no longer available to us to make versions of. Then, she was told that Ho Chi Minh (like Mao, a distinguished poet as well as statesman) would no longer be included in the anthology, not because he was a communist, but because his work was generally regarded as inferior and "propagandistic." Just before these disclosures, Asia Society arranged a reading of the poems at New York University's Loeb Center. Robin had discovered, and put a stop to, an attempt by Radio Free Europe to tape the reading. She was not, however, able to prevent a similar taping by Voice of America, a failure that deeply distressed both of us. For the second time, all these things, in combination, brought the project to a dead halt.

All along, there had been another aspect to the "collaboration" that isn't of prime importance here — the petty harassment by the Society once our versions were delivered to them. At first it was agreed that we would make imaginative rather than literal versions of the poems. Any pretense of direct translation had seemed unethical to us, since neither of us was proficient in Vietnamese, although Robin had a rudimentary grasp of some of its qualities through her acquaintance with a number of Vietnamese students in New York. Bich, comparably, was not proficient in written English; he tended to put everything into high-level Victorian clichés. People at Asia Society, none of them poets, nevertheless felt that they had the right to comb the completed versions line by line and insist on changes, usually preferring a limping cliché in Bich's first draft to our attempt at catching the essential spirit of the anger or grief we glimpsed beneath his hastily dashed off working drafts. It became apparent after awhile that the fiercest scrutiny was reserved for our versions of the anti-war poems. Forgive our paranoia if we saw a pattern of requested changes (none of which we acceded to) that reduced

an effective anti-imperialist poem to harmless, cliché-ridden propaganda. Once, we found two draft versions by Bich in a folder: one with something of (what we assumed was) the vividness of the original intact; one, the later version, with this quality emasculated. Typically, Robin once received a three-page letter of suggested changes for a half-page poem by a North Vietnamese poet. But our disgust with the literary end of the relationship may, after all, be separable from our disgust with the political aspect.

With the project at a standstill, the written version of the verbally promised "new" contract arrived in the mail. It was simply unbelievable. Robin's insistence on maintaining possession of her own poems, outside Asia Society's use of them in their anthology, was not to be granted. There is no need to detail the legalistic jargon used —

before a wider justice than they recognize and a more profound condemnation than they are equipped to understand

Mrs. Crown had had lawyers do this work (in a far different emotional vein than the teary sympathy that had initially caused Robin to relent) — but its punitive quality was clear. Any attempt to bargain with Kenneth, who was not under the same restraint as Robin, was foregone; but, as Robin refused to sign such a document, the letters, now drafted by lawyers who were notably lacking in Mrs. Crown's personal touches, became more and more hostile until at last court action was threatened unless Robin capitulated. Simultaneously, we have reason to believe that pressure was brought to bear on certain literary magazines of the American "establishment" to prevent independent publication of our work.

One can certainly say that we deserved the lesson we got in the ethics of one American foundation. It did not take other Americans a Vietnam war or a proposed anthology to realize how unethical and domineering American power can be in its insistence on possessing what belongs to others. One must also emphasize that the upshot here is relatively unimportant — some poems Asia

Society wants, but which we won't give them right to, if we can help it. Beside the suffering and dying done around the world because of America's misuse of power, this situation is indeed insignificant. It should also be said that Asia Society throughout this brief affair worked with advice from well-trained lawyers which they can afford to retain. We did not. Therefore, they may possibly have all legal rights on their side, and we none. But our decision, finally, is that we will deny to Asia Society, in any way that we can, any chance to use these poems or, at the very least, to use our names in connection with their project. (At least one other poet that we know of felt equally mistreated by the Society and wished to withdraw his work.) There are other ways to fight than on ground they choose and by means they pre-determine.

One lawyer, in fact, has told us that an important Constitutional point inheres in this case which could possibly be fought and won through the courts. But it could take more money than we have — and certainly more interest. What is open to us, we felt, is a species of direct action such as Caw! has courageously allowed us to take here: to tell our story and print our work. The poems, ethically, are our own. We will publish them. We will claim them. Let Asia

Society threaten. Let them do anything they will. We do wonder if they will be able to place the completed anthology with a publisher, should the publisher know what sort of skulduggery lies behind the work. But perhaps this is to credit American publishers with the same respect for ethics we naively began with crediting to American foundations. The other night we re-read a not-so-light-verse poem by E. B. White on the rejected Diego Rivera murals for Rockefeller Center. The same millions of dollars behind both projects. "After all," Rockefeller is made to say in that poem, "it's my wall." And the poem closes: "We'll see if it is," said Rivera."

In summation, we want none of Asia Society's Rockefeller money; we want no collaboration with Nguyen Ngoc Bich. We do want these poems — regardless of whether they are deleted from or revised into perversions of themselves for the anthology — not to be buried but to be given their chance in print. Here, then, are some poems by two American poets, based indirectly on the work of contemporary Vietnamese poets who would, we suspect, be far happier to see them published here — and in these circumstances — than anywhere else we could imagine.

Robin Morgen & Kenneth Pitchford

To Huu is considered the Poet Laureate of North Vietnam

SINCE JOINING THE REVOLUTION
(after To Huu)

Since then, my body has become one summery incandescence.
A tear-shaped sun alights and trembles on the wick of my heart,
shaking out fire through the hypnotized garden
of my life, glittering with fragrance and bird calls.

And now my mind goes linked, bound, fused to every other.
And now love oversplashes its narrow banks, beyond recall,
nourishing lit garden after garden, all intermingled,
quickenning the waiting seeds, bringer of life.

But since then, I also inherit misery, my only family,
become brother to thousands whose future is already withered.
And who else will swaddle millions of broken children?
Look, the empty gourds of their bellies,
their moan-round mouths.



THE VIGIL

(after Tu Ke Tuong, approx. 1966)

As summer unfurls the snails' tiny bodies in their shells,
the fishing boats return to women who will celebrate
their husbands' catch. Such men smell of the sea.
Her husband hunts different prey, in the hills.

Each morning she sits by the old pagoda,
and listens to the schoolbells
and strokes the flowers that just blossom at the tip
of her fingers, like beaded blood,
dew-spattered, but with tears.

She should write him, perhaps, that she is pregnant.
What to name this child with his almost-forgotten face?
If it is a girl, Napalm.
If it is a boy, M-14 or Shrapnel,
so as not to forget, never to forget
that his is fighting for the land--
twenty years of war minus twenty years of suffering
equals nothing.

Each evening her head is heavy, resting on her wasted arm.
She should write him, perhaps,
but watches him, instead, behind closed eyes,
seeing him high in the wooded mountains, happy
to display the unwritten letter to his comrades.

But one night she lies curled tightly in no shell,
netted like a gasping salmon that would strain against
all mesh to batter upstream through reddening rivers
toward that mountain source--
and knows who the bells have been mourning,
and knows why she has not written,
and knows she will never reflect herself again in silver water,
and knows that only some jungle weed, like her belly,
blooms from his corpse,
while red ants speak through his mouth.

THE DEAD MAN

(after Pham Nha Uyen, early 1960's)

The night resurrects itself in answer
to my voice that speaks but says nothing.
All our struggle, only for this? that dusk,
like torture, should insinuate itself leisurely
beneath my fingernails, staining me with darkness?
My eyes are open but see nothing
except the night, returning on the wings of insects
like a blight of horror to lay waste to this green land
whose imperturbable life still seeds itself
in the earth that broods on my restless sleep.
My memory is open but knows nothing
except those final slashes blooming, blooming in the sky,
except those people whose agony slowly releases them slowly,
whose gasping cracks the earth's heart at last
as they cling to a small windowframe, sliding, sliding.
You who wear your guilt like mourning,

embalm your indifference while you still can.
Soon you will be unable to respectfully close
the small barred window of hope
that is ours;
that is open to the sky but sees nothing;
through which you have passed us twenty years' rations
of suffering through which we reach a fist that holds nothing;
through which we send a song that sings nothing
you could ever understand
but which resurrects all of us
whom you thought were nothing.



J'ACCUSE

(after Huy Can)

You ! God !

To imprison our souls, you built us
bars of bone and walls of flesh,
fingers blooming from hands,
and legs firm as pine trees.

You put the breath of seasons in our throats
and stamped the light of galaxies on our sight.
Our hair hides subtle perfumes, our heads
nod like graceful carved masks on our shoulders'
expanse, calm as a summer lake.
How much labor and craftsmanship is here !

Yet moths can be found fluttering in these palaces,
weaknesses spawning like larvae already covering hatched cocoons.

Prison-palaces humming with guilt,
constructed with dirt, turning to mud.
And the bones and blood are still not exhausted.
The breast may well acid but the lips cannot release it.
One hand props the body, the other claws toward the grave.

You, God ! You who dare be angry with those who have lost
your private Paradise, you who dare require invocation
the pity the scorched leaves, the broken wings,
the running-sore bodies bent with the myth of you:
when you learn at last the mind's horror at the filth of consciousness,
when you finally comprehend how many souls, brains, hearts
have dissolved, putrescent, to pay for your name on their lips--
you will be shocked, no doubt, ashamed, and even repentant,
but hardly able to understand,
as you flee from our liberating rage
to some Swiss universe,
and live in exile off our hoarded tears.

STREET ARTIST
(after Tu Ke Tuong, 1966)

You can wake up at dawn, but he has already chalked
chartreuse swarms of summer on the trees.
You think you see the sun, but the street painter
knows it for a piece of fruit, and so insinuates
onto the citreous sky tart fragrances of noon.

You can plead sanity all you like, but he is mad
and knows how to balance on the edge of trenches,
miming for blind children how to crumple at a burst of fire,
drawing delicate grenades, like beehives, swaying from
defoliated branches; he can outline seared twigs
pointing peace hosannahs toward a phosphorus cloud;
he can show you the corpse in chiaroscuro black pajamas
swinging slowly on the barbed wire. He can even
frown and then complete the composition
with just one touch: the discarded package of Marlboro cigarettes
nearby, the perfect dab of vivid color.

And when your tender dove is pregnant with goodwill,
he can sketch burning villages against your stare,
cunningly made artificial limbs and pop art candy bars
for recompense--such kindness truly illumines
all his blackened life; see how grateful he is.

And when you plead weariness at last, and boredom
with all this commitment,
he can stroke you a warm autumn garden,
all burnt siennas and umbers, a cosy bed,
and every morning he can add a few more bluish streaks of silver,
as you forget that he exists.

The New Left is starting its own computer consulting company. One of the projects of Movement for a Democratic Society in New York — the embryonic post-graduate SDS — is the attempt to launch META-INFORMATION APPLICATIONS, a software computer company with worker control.

On recruiting day at the University of Maryland recently, the SDS chapter passed out a circular purportedly from DEMOPAX, Inc., saying: "WANTED—scientists, technicians, mathematicians, systems analysts who are sick of setting up dominoes for the war machine to work on . . . You will be researching, designing and simulating technical and strategic ways and means to MAXIMIZE SELF-DETERMINATION AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT AND MINIMIZE WAR, OPPRESSION AND DOMINATION . . . Scientists of the world, unite with the people!" As a device for making students think about what the system wants of them, the circular was clever; but to anyone who wants to see a New Left that is not simply an extracurricular activity for 18-to-21 year olds, the joke is on us.

We need DEMOPAX and we need it now. We need something to offer the radical systems analyst who would just as soon not sell his brain to ARPA, KRESS, the DOD or IBM. If we can only tell him to forget his science and cut off his hands, we might as well hand out suicide pills to the people we organize who are creative in a science.

To get off the ground, MIA needs two or three people who (1) identify strongly with the Movement or need a way to do so, and (2) identify strongly with being computer people, especially programmers and software types. If you are interested in computers because they represent an easy way of making money, forget MIA: it's not for you. MIA will be staffed by people who express their creativity working with computers, but don't want to be creative at the expense of their brothers, in the service of the great corporations and corporate armies.

Less essential characteristics but desirable ones for people to start MIA include their being in a position—because of their experience in the field—to get some amount of support for their work. Experience outside a university is also desirable, and it would help if you have some facility estimating time required for carrying out projects.

MIA will do the following kinds of work:

1. Work that people in it want to do, presumably having to do with computers, theoretical or applied.
2. Work that serves Movement computer needs as they arise. For instance, an automated information center could be set up. Data—facts, articles, books, researched information—of political relevance

could be collected and made accessible by an automated indexing system implemented on a computer. Such an information retrieval system could take in the research findings of New Left groups around the country, put them together, and respond to queries from organizers, students, chapters, and the radical press for relevant and timely information. We hope that service to the Movement will be supported by the three other types of work.

3. Work on relatively acceptable and clean programming jobs to provide income. For instance, MIA designed an indexing system for the RAM-PARTS files. Certain uses of computers in medicine would fall in this category.

4. Development of proprietary programs which can be leased. For example, Robert Shapiro has designed a small information retrieval system which can be marketed as a proprietary product of MIA.


The structure of MIA will be simple worker control. After a period of probation, every person becomes part of the decision-making apparatus: one man, one vote. People will hassle out with each other what is clean work and what to get paid. The company is already incorporated in the State of New York as a profit-making corporation. It is capitalized in such a way that the preferred stock has no voting rights: putting in money or buying stock gives NO control over the company.

People who do work for the company and do not take out of the company in salary as much as they bring in in contracts will be given the equivalent amount of money in preferred stock. However, they would not acquire any more voting power. Everybody will have the same vote.

MIA exists on paper. What it needs to make it exist in the world is dedicated people to get together and agree to start looking for work and be available to do work when it is found.

MIA would like to have a computer eventually, such as a PDP-81 with a Memorex Diskpack. Total cost for such equipment would be less than \$40,000. In the meantime we can rent time on such equipment for jobs that require their use.

If you are interested in MIA, write to Robert Shapiro, 240 West 98 Street, 14H, New York, N.Y. 10025. Please describe your background and interests.



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NEW FORMAT

DARLENE FIFE

3
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S

On the way to the SDS conference

we drank coffee in the club car and
looked out the window at the swamp
" do you think a man could hid in there " you said
we pressed ourselves to the pane and looked closely
underneath and on top of the water you could see reeds
a man could breathe thru if he had to
we could almost see mouths pulling at the straws
and in the distance see and hear F-102s
swarming in
interceptors out on patrol.
we
will escape the train is camouflage.
escape and go with vengeance
to the conference.

Surgeon-General's List of Disqualifying Medical Conditions,
Paragraphy 2-15, Urinary System; h. penis, amputation of ,
if the resulting stump is insufficient to permit micturation
in a normal manner.

i don't know
it seems in the extremity
what can you do with a bloody stump?
beat your draft board with it.
wrap a red red
ribbon around it and leave it
as a present.
can you leave yourself a little
to be insufficient
and still be sufficient for a blowjob?
there must be another way
to present your manhood.
you could always
in the last extremity
blow your draftboard.
it will be
unmistakable
undraftable
potent.

better than the times-picayune i said can i read it again.
oh yes he said i get the telegraph every day
it seemed quite important at first
but now we've been here six months
and i still get it, but it's not important anymore.
do you like it here i said.
oh yes we like it
happy ,
so long as we've got a job you know.
bloody english bastards
we have enough trouble with this country
without your coming over and
liking it.

Darlene Fife

LIBERATION

In recent issues Barbara Deming and Régis Debray wrote on revolutionary nonviolence and guerrilla warfare, Frantz Fanon and Che Guevara; Dave Dellinger, Todd Gitlin and James Higgins reported first-hand from Cuba; a double issue was devoted to testimony from the War Crimes Tribunal; editors Dellinger, Deming, Paul Goodman, Sidney Lens and Staughton Lynd analyzed the problems and prospects of resistance. This is the breadth of reporting you can expect from LIBERATION—the stuff that a vital radical monthly is made of. Subscribe now and we'll send you the Deming-Debray issue free and promise you one year of incisive political analyses that look beyond the elections.

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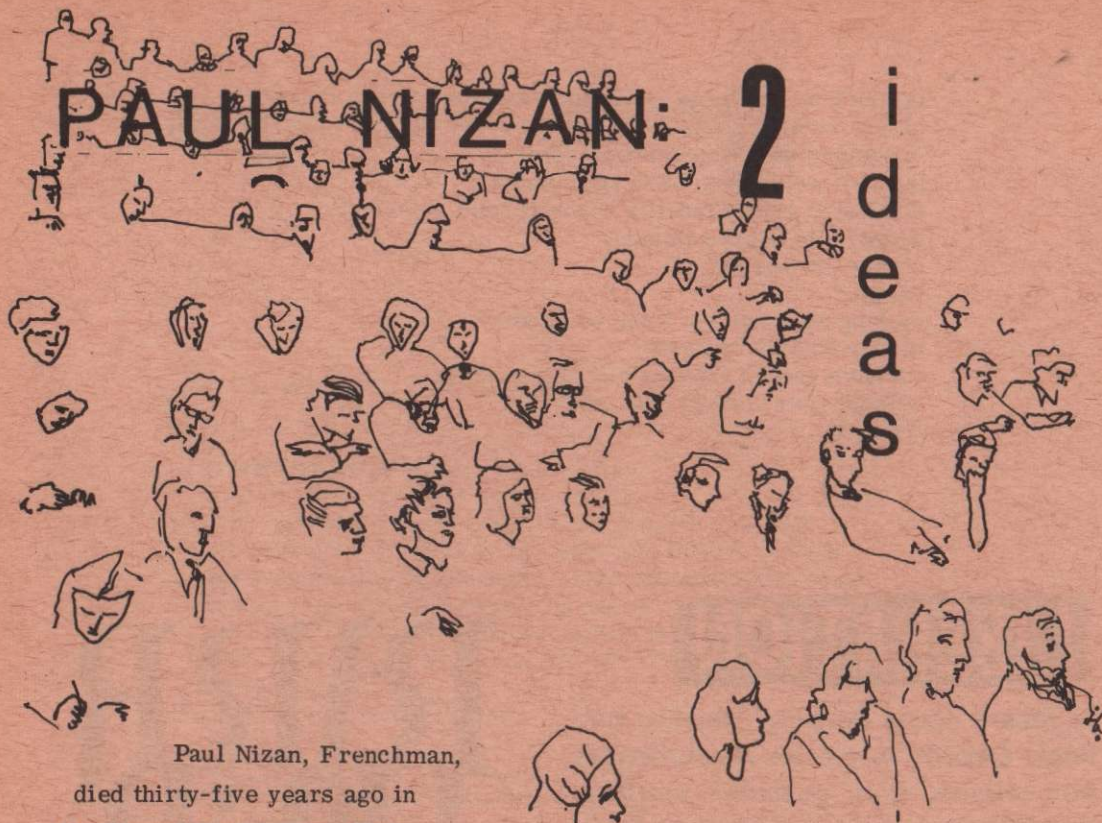
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Paul Nizan, Frenchman,
died thirty-five years ago in
the Second World War. The

central passions which shape his struggle with society and with his personal destiny are contemporary. Any man who writes: "Where is man hiding? We are suffocating. They mutilate us from childhood. We are all monsters." And: "Your modesty will be the death of you, dare to desire, be insatiable, let loose the terrible forces that are warring and whirling inside you, do not be ashamed to ask for the moon --- we must have it." And: "Turn your rage against those who have provoked it, do not try to run away from your pain but seek out its causes and smash them." Any man who can write these words speaks to all men of all ages who fight to kindle and keep alive their own flame of rebellion. (Godard realizes how contemporary Nizan is when in *La Chinoise* he makes the young Communists call their cell the "Paul Nizan Cell." And it fits.



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The conditions which prevailed in Nizan's time, prevail today. Certain historical nuances have shifted, certain nations have had to relinquish colonial possessions, the Cold War, China, Cuba, Vietnam have happened, are happening, but the same ideology, the same grey de-humanizing values, institutions, architecture, the same cunning exploitation, the same hypocrisy confront Western youth today. Wait. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe these conditions, rotten and cancerous in conception, have now reached a point intolerable to any man fighting to preserve his humanity so that rebellion is a necessity, a hot wax sealing the cracks, the fragments we all are, we all have become. I, who am forty, feel this point of no return. Fifty years ago, at the age of twenty, Nizan felt it. He felt it so strongly it is a basic texture, a cement which fuses all the phenomena involved in his writing (his rich sense of language, his emotions, his majestic irony) so that the result is a wholeness. The result is social man passionately putting all of himself in play to destroy what was rotten in his heritage in the hope of making something better. In the expression of desperate awareness Nizan becomes whole.

PAUL HECHT

"The future that awaits us is not a tempting one: to become like them, with the shameful memory of having wanted, when we were young, to live like men; to become one of their servants, performing tasks which are assigned by them and completely laid out in advance. I was afraid of those ends, and there can be no others without a battle. I do not want to die degraded like a banker, or dragged down like a submissive laborer."

In 1925 Paul Nizan was a student at the Ecole Normale the elite French academy in Paris. His roommate was a precocious literati who cherished each new adjective — Sartre. His teachers were the celebrated intellectuals of Europe. A brilliant career awaited Nizan — only one problem — everything in this charmed existence was meaningless, he refused to accept it. He refused to accept what was not true. Thus, Nizan was in revolt.

The power of Nizan's revolution was his honesty. He knew he was unhappy and admitted it. "I was twenty. I will let no one say that it is the best time of life." But how could Nizan be unhappy? He was making it. He had arrived. He must be happy. By definition. His bourgeois culture commanded him to be happy and he refused, he revolted. He made demands. That his education not hide the reality of the world, its suffering. "In China men were dying violent deaths, in Upper Volta forced labor was felling the Negroes like an epidemic... They (the professors) did what they could to hide from us the flesh and blood existence, of our brothers, in order that we might be well armed for the tasks we were destined to perform — the tasks of cures". Nizan did not understand. France could be happy, because the rest of the world was happy. Professors could remain aloof, "because the world was about to be saved". Poor Nizan, exaggerated problems, youth is impatient. The French bourgeoisie prides itself on its morality, it would be the first to fight for the good— whatever. And Nizan told them where. But he was wrong. By definition, France was happy, therefore.....

RICHARD EPSTEIN

PAUL
NIZAN

from ADEN ARABIE

I was twenty.

I

will let no one say it is the best time

of life.

Everything threatens a young man with ruin: love, ideas, the loss of his family, his entrance into the world of adults. It is hard to learn one's part in the world.

What was our world like? It was like the chaos the Greeks put at the beginning of the universe in the mists of creation. Except that we thought it was the beginning of the end, the real end, and not the one that is the beginning of a beginning. Faced with exhausting transformations which only an infinitesimal number of witnesses were trying to understand, all one could perceive was that confusion was leading to the natural death of what existed. Everything resembled the terminal disorder of a disease: before death, which renders all bodies invisible, the unity of the flesh is dissi-

ipated, each of the parts pulls in its own direction. It ends in a decay that knows no resurrection.

Very few men felt they saw clearly enough to sort out the forces that were already at work behind the great, decaying debris.

We knew none of the things we would have had to know. Culture was too complicated for us to understand anything but the ripples on the surface. The professional intellectuals were wearing themselves out with subtleties in a world of reasoned arguments, and almost none of them was capable of so much as spelling out the words in the texts they discoursed upon. Error is never so simple as the truth.

They needed to know the ABC's of what was really important. But instead of learning

to read, the ones who lay awake at night, tormented by real anxiety, imagined various conclusions, all based on studies of decadent societies of the past: the invasion of the barbarians, the triumph of machines, apocalyptic visions, recourse to Geneva and to God. How intelligent everybody was!

But these clever men were too near-sighted to look up over their glasses and see beyond the shipwrecks. And the young people trusted them.

Absolute condemnations, sentences that could not be appealed: "You are going to die." The young people of my age, prevented from catching their breath, suffocating as though their heads were being held under water, wondered if there was any air left anywhere. Nevertheless they had to be sent to join their drowned families beneath the surface.

Since I was classed as an intellectual, the only people I had ever met were technicians without inner resources: engineers, lawyers, archivists, professors. I can no longer even remember such utter poverty.

Prudent advice, and the chances of my academic career, had brought me to the Ecole Normale and that official exercise which is still called philosophy. Both soon inspired in me all the disgust of which I was capable. If anyone wants to know why I remained there, it was out of laziness, uncertainty, and ignorance of any trade, and because the state fed me, housed me, lent me free books, and gave me an allowance of a hundred francs a month.

The Ecole Normale is the envy or other nations. It is one of the heads of France, which has as many heads as a hydra. It trains part of the proud troupe of magicians whom those who pay for their schooling call the Elite, and whose mission it is to keep the people in the path of complaisance and respect, which virtues constitute the Good. At the Ecole Normale there reigns the *esprit de corps* of seminaries and regiments: it is easy to make young men believe that their individual self-effacement contributes to collective pride, that the Ecole Normale is a real being with a soul - a beautiful soul - that it is a moral person more lovable than truth, justice, and men. In this place, inhabited, like the Garden of the Rose, by transparent creatures, Hypocrisy is queen. Most of the students think of themselves only in terms that affirm their membership in the elite. The Christian elite: many

of them love the mass. The academic elite: some of them prepare the successive stages of a fine career as if it were a great journey, and at the age of twenty make plans to marry the daughters of famous professors - the *Bulletin de l'Ecole Normale* publishes proud and laughable genealogies. The political elite: several of them swim in the muddy waters of the Socialist clubs and the Radical leagues as skillfully as old fish. And always, the intellectual elite. Most of their meditations on the value of men never go beyond the limit of these ambitious thoughts.

To adolescents worn out by years of lycee, corrupted by the humanities and by the bourgeois morality and bourgeois cooking of their families, the Ecole offers the example of illustrious predecessors: Pasteur, Taine, Lemaitre, Giraudoux, Francois-Poncet. It promises students that they too will receive the Legion of Honor and be elected to the Academy at the end of their days. But no one tells them about the life of Evariste Galois. 1

In 1924 there was still one man at the Ecole: Lucien Herr. When you saw that giant bent over a mountain of books, his clear eyes peering from beneath a bulging forehead, from beneath a steep cliff of thoughts, when you heard his voice that never lied pronounce judgements with the sole object of rendering to each his due, you knew that you were safe in that filthy abode. But he died. The Ecole Normale remained, a ridiculous and, more often, odious thing, presided over by a patriotic, hypocritical, powerful little old man who respected the military.

For years, on the Rue d'Ulm and in the lecture halls of the Sorbonne, I listened to important men who spoke in the name of the Mind.

They were the sort of philosophers who teach wisdom in scholarly journals and write books full of footnotes and sound arguments. They join learned societies and convene congresses to determine what progress the Mind has made in the course of a year, and what remains to be accomplished. They wear ribbons on their lapels like old, retired gendarmes. They dedicate marble plaques at crossroads in Holland, or on houses where somebody was born or where somebody died. These commemoration ceremonies give them the opportunity to travel. Nearly all of them live on the west side of Paris, in Passy, or Auteuil, or Boulogne, quiet districts where there are few noises and few

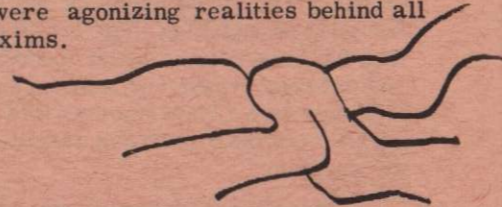
where in every corner we saw the vague outline of a bloody encounter: wars in the colonies, White terror in the Balkans, assassinations in America applauded by everyone in France. The terrible hypocrisy of the men in power could not obscure the existence of calamities we did not understand; we knew only that the calamities were there, that they were occurring somewhere. Do not tell us it was for our own good. Do not be content to blame it on fate, to eternally perform the gesture of Pilate.

On awakening in the morning, each man finds himself confronted with the great disorders of the time, reduced in scale to the petty dimensions of a personal anxiety. We have within us divisions, alienations, wars, debates. We were told we were living in the age of the guilty conscience, but that did not keep us from fearing for our lives, from suffering from the mutilations that awaited us. After all, we knew how our parents lived—in awkward misery, like cats with a fever, like seasick goats. Where was our sickness? In what part of our lives? We knew one thing: men do not live as men should. But we still did not know the elements of which a real life is composed; all our thoughts were negative. The celebrated philosopher Alain did indeed tell us: "To think is to say no." But only the Spirit of Evil says no eternally. The time will come when the mind will no longer fear the things it believes in; then man will be ashamed to have remained on the defensive so long.

We were dissatisfied in advance with the professions for which we were being trained, professions that did not even promise decent wages. We were afraid of what was going to happen to us. A fine youth! How could we seek the help of men? Where were they hiding? Everything set them apart from us: duty, family, country, respect, money—there were too many enemies. I have learned since that those enemies are only phantoms, reflections ten thousand times distorted that we took seriously because we were full of good intentions. But it took me a while to figure that out.

This was the way we felt: we were about to enter a prison and we were unable to imagine in detail what it would be like. What young man thinking about prison can guess what goes on in each cell? At the

age of twenty a man cannot lay his hand on particular things, on individual events. But we had enough forebodings about the future to suffocate. And the things we feared were not illusions: we were threatened with real diminutions, with real constraints we could not begin to enumerate. In vain did you try to make us believe in the simple conflicts between freedom and determinism, predestination and grace, maturity and puberty. If it had been merely a question of words, we were just as clever as you, we too could have written scholarly papers and preached from rostrums. There were agonizing realities behind all your maxims.



But we were weak, we were impotent. Beginning with our comfortable childhood, we had been raised for docile slavery. We had no way of locating the hidden springs of hope within us. We had no divining rods, no way of knowing that we were suffering because our human capacities were idle. Our masters seemed unshakable, the machines that flattened every existence seemed too solidly constructed for us to break. But if we did nothing, the idleness would last all our lives. What was going to happen to us? What was NOT happening to us already? It is hard to be a compass crazed by a storm or an aurora borealis, spinning toward the cardinal points, in a darkness split by bells, flashes of light, and cries, where at every street corner madness struts and shows her comely face.

Our childhood had a lot to do with it. The eider-down quilts of provincial life, our first communion, the wisteria of the summer of '14 did not prepare us for war. The death of our cousins and brothers, the license afforded by the absence of our fathers, the murderous objects in the hands of older men, all these mysterious things provided food for our disorder. It was the disorder of a childhood miraculously unhampered by the restrictions of order: the war enabled us to live. There was no constraint other than the obligation to remove one's hat before the flag or in the presence of the dead. During air raids, when the night blazed with bombs, sirens, and conflagrations, and dogs howled in cel-

men, and where girls do not become pregnant before they are married. They are the Wise Men of the 16th arrondissement.

They present orderly ideas, finely honed theories on psychology, morality, and progress - abstractions which were already threadbare in the days of Jules Simon and Victor Cousin but which apparently still have a lot of wear left in them. These philosophers are simple fellows who say that truth must be caught on the wing like an unsuspecting bird. They issue pronouncements on war and peace, on the future of democracy, on justice and God's creation, on relativity, serenity, and the spiritual life. They make up vocabularies, because they have all discovered one important proposition: when the terms of problems have been adequately defined, problems will no longer exist. They will fall to dust. To state a problem will be to solve it without further examination. Philosophers will simply be watchdogs of vocabulary, and historians of the Dark Ages when words had several meanings. In the meantime, they learn to set aside dangerous thoughts until the day when the poison in those thoughts has evaporated. Reason can afford to wait, she will come back to them in her own good time, which does not coincide with the time of men.

Thus they practice philosophy - which, after all, demands enough orderliness and care so that it is an honorable calling for men who might have been accountants or Jesuits.

And what language! They display so many finely turned phrases, so many proverbs and figures of speech, that I am not sure I will ever be able - even with the help of silences filled with the secret teachings of sleep, and of conversations with passers-by in the public squares, or in barracks, bistros, and factories - to rediscover the meaning of the straightforward words and simple expressions invented by men.

One great thinker among them: Leon Brunschvicg. Playing his cards closer to the chest, and hiding more aces up his sleeve. Because he had the precision of a watchmaker and the adroitness of a conjurer, you thought at first he was a philosopher. But in the end you found only a Robert Houdin³ whose measure you could take, whose lies you could count. This little retailer of sophisms had the physical appearance of an old maitre d'hotel who late in life had been permitted to grow stout and wear a beard. Guile lurked in the corners

of his eyes and guided the short, insipid movements of his hands, the hands of a Jewish merchant. Winking, letting fly his witticisms as though they were decrees of reason, suggesting in every speech: leave it to me, everything is going to be all right, I can fix everything, both in souls and in the sciences. Then bowing to the audience. What a hidden appetite for position, for rest and honors! What a real terror of the truth which poses a threat, the truth which, for example, might have placed in jeopardy this rich man's money! The disciples ranged around him held themselves in readiness to raise above his corpse the mercenary banner of critical idealism.

But men were working on the assembly line, policemen were walking the streets. In China men were dying violent deaths, in Upper Volta forced labor was felling the Negroes like an epidemic.

They did what they could to hide from us the flesh-and-blood existence of our brothers, in order that we might be well armed for the tasks we were destined to perform - the tasks of cures. The bourgeoisie coops up its intellectuals and force-feeds them like poultry in order that they may not be tempted to love the world. We lived at the dull speed of sleep: everyone knows it is the high speeds that are dangerous. We moved about as we had been taught to do, busying ourselves with the little construction games these functionaries taught us. There were people all around us, in the suburbs and the countryside. But we kept our eyes on our teachers, to do as they did and also on our fathers, sadly crouched in corners, getting up occasionally to make their bosses laugh or to deliver to them a consignment of illusions, arguments, or justifications. Clowns and accomplices: the intellectual professions. From time to time they begged us to be patient: the world was about to be saved.



Imagine it: There we were at the age of twenty, let loose in a pitiless world, armed with a few graceful accomplishments—Greek, logic, an extensive vocabulary that did not even give us the illusion of understanding. We were lost in a dimly lit museum of our fathers' works,

lars, the children played and left their parents in peace.

Relying on the disasters of the time to mold heroic hearts and the love of virtue, our mothers and teachers took no great pains to instill in us the moral values that rose like a flood during the war. They thought we would acquire them as a matter of course, that we would breathe them in with the public-spirited air of wartime that circulated in even the remotest prefectures of the South. Thanks to so gross an error, we arrived at manhood ignorant of life. But it was too late to start drumming Laws into our heads like advertisements against syphilis. How could we believe in them? To us they were only fearful chains for a man, chains that cut into our lives. To be a man seemed to us to be the only legitimate enterprise. We were in despair when we discovered that all those noble duties, which they should have made us believe in ten years earlier, crushed out the love of life. Love the life they made for us? Put together provincial families, school examinations, well-bred young ladies, the low faces of drill sergeants, whores leaning on imitation marble, black avenues, lessons at thirty francs an hour, and Kant's table of judgments, and you are a man. What more do you need to fill your young life to overflowing?

This life we had been tricked into living unfolded amid the false atmosphere of national carnival that came into being immediately after the war. It was a life that began the morning of the armistice, the only time I ever saw people celebrating in the streets. A great exhalation of breath that we had been holding for years in the depths of our lungs, desire for sex and drink, the natural right to light as many lamps as we pleased, to insult old enemies, the day when, for the first time in my life, in front of a whole-sale butcher's on the Boulevard Montmartre, I kissed a girl on the mouth. The men who had fought were drained of all the war they had in them, but they maintained their flame as faithfully as the imbecilic gas under the Arch of Triumph. Bursting with the insolent pride of having been forced to make sacrifices, they exploited the country's dead before our eyes. The glorious corpses were put to good use, no part of them was wasted by the sinister pork-butcher who retailed the pieces to

the public. They lived according to the military order they dreamed of perpetuating in a nation in turmoil, surrounded by enemies they invented for it every day. They impregnated every heart with a foul smell of combat, bevuac, and furlough. Behind this display of patriotic ideals, by which a few adolescents of good family were taken in, French industry was being organized, and preparations were being made for a civil war against the workers, who do not eat dead men. We still had no clear understanding of these stern truths, but we did sense that these people were only noisy defenders of the law, self-appointed prophets pointing out to us the path of duty. Their fables had nothing to do with us. We were looking for something to get our teeth into and they wanted to snatch the bread from our mouths. Hunger and weakness corrupted our words and our first actions; the books they gave us read as if they had been written in a cemetery. The political parties propositioned us in broad daylight. Our appeals went unheeded. We had to do something. But what?

What idle slaves do. We amused ourselves. We went drinking in bands: consoling nights. We sent to the movies: there at least you have animal warmth, and you can pick up women, you can touch their knees in the dark. Into these tanks filled with sound and flashes of white lightning, men go to forget themselves. They come out stupefied by dreams and go off to lose themselves in the cubicles where they experience what Monsieur Bergson still dares to call life, with the eternal dripping of a faucet in the corner. We did as men do.



We knew other women, too. I used to go to see one who kept a dismal little bar on the Rue Saint-Jacques. Her husband, dried out by the winds of Argentina, traveled between Paris and London, absorbed in business transactions of a sort that are not defined in the commercial statutes. Between journeys he planted tricolored darts in a straw target. This young woman, refined out of the alluvial sludge of her native town, was only a bored body on the frontier of a desert, but with her knees spread, the black and white scissors of her thighs were enough to give temporary satisfaction to my love of freedom,

during those years when a moist mouth was all it took to break the routine. I lost myself with her in a country without contours, closed in by the great, vertical panels of the night.

All this continued for months and months. They tried to make us believe it was only part of growing up, but we knew there was no reason for this sort of life to come to an end, because all men lived as we did, turning this way and that like bats. Since we did not know our companions in revolt, buried in the countryside and in the furnished rooms of Billancourt, our only thought was to run away. THEY stayed where they were, condemned to a slavery that was harder because it was also the slavery of the body: aching backs, and not enough meat and air. But we, from the depths of our bourgeois lives, how were we to guess that the foundations of our fear and slavery lay in the factories, the banks, and barracks, the police stations, in all the places that were unknown territory to us?

Each of us tried to escape in his own way.



There remained real escape. That did happen: every so often we would read in the newspapers about a suicide. Then, with an American correctness, young men would organize an inquiry: Suicide—is it a solution?

There were some who, having knocked at all these doors, found that the frozen reasons that still held them fast were beginning to melt. Recalling childhood games and things they had read, they suddenly remembered that people travel. During those soft years, in which disgust, and impatience to be men, rose in everyone like an attack of fever, an irresistible centrifugal force pulled the least weighty of them away from the center of the earth called Paris. They went spinning in all directions, toward whatever point of the compass seemed to offer a last chance. The promise of adventure reinforced the confidence in life that, despite everything, they could not help retaining. Adventure became the wondering attention they fixed on the future. These voyages rarely had a commercial purpose, and there was a good deal of naivete in them. But there were excuses

for the naivete: writers and philosophers promised wonders from travel, it was a word overlaid with literary and moral adornments. The stain of morality spoiled everything.

No travel in Europe: we had come to regard the whole of that slim band of territories, that branch of Asia, as our native land. We spoke of it as a single entity, doomed to the misfortunes of a single destiny: there was our country—Europe—and us. It was the dust of Europe we had to shake from our feet. And elsewhere lay the other continents, overflowing with all the strength, virtue, and wisdom that our province lacked. Anything, we felt, was better than Europe, better than any part of it. And we were right, because the German cartels, the Fascist militia, the English textile mills, the Rumanian executioners, and the Polish socialists cast a shadow as black and cold as the shadow of the French steel trust and the factories of Saint-Gobain. But we knew nothing about all that. We were thinking in terms of the inner life when we should have been thinking in terms of dividends. You must understand that we were in the grip of indefinable yearnings, that we were swept up in a whirlwind of sentimental appearances. We had been educated badly enough, artificially enough, so that we could think about Justice, Good, and Evil with a straight face. After all, we were living in a dream, but all the forces in us were pulling us back to earth.

So we would cross the borders of this peninsula bounded by water and the frontier stakes of Russia. We would condemn this molehill with its heaps of slag, the refuse of its ancient mines. The professors themselves, patient accomplices of the poets, were discussing its decline, philosophers were describing the decadence of the West. How were we to know that the real decadence of the world was manifest everywhere, in colonial wars, in American factories, in African trading posts. How were we to know that one day everything could begin anew, that everything was already beginning anew in the Soviet Assemblies, in the workers' movements, in the upheavals that were bringing paralytic old Asia to her feet.

Our conclusion was worthless, because we had been taught to think of the East as the opposite of the West. So once

it was established that the collapse and decay of Europe was a simple, inescapable fact, the renaissance and flowering of the Orient became a fact equally obvious. For Europeans, the Orient held salvation and a new life. It had medicine for our ills, and love to spare. We made free use of false analogies with antiquity and drew on the official history of religions. We endowed Asia with all the human virtues that had been gradually disappearing from the West over the last three hundred years, virtues that were no longer demanded anywhere outside the agony columns of the English dailies. The spirit of civilization hovered over India, China seemed more marvelous to us than it had to Marco Polo. Who was there to give us good, hard reasons for being interested in Asia: the strikes in Bombay, the revolutions and massacres in China, the jailings in Tonkin? Good, human reasons, instead of a reason like Buddhism.

.....

MORNING

To think I did not know
what the sun was about.
But that first day out
in the midst of it, I
felt its candor grow and
fill the remarkable
shy morning, so immense with
the sun's stout self:
lovely as your devout, glib
face, swollen-amiable
with heaviest sleep, grotesquely
beautiful as in the
morning you looked to me. And
the flowers, even,
bizarre, smelling marvelously
of semen, such
incongruity, that I grew
wildly in love with
everything far out as
my nose could smell
and my eyes could see; not a
single thought could mar
that caricature of light
and wondrous smell and
how such mornings come to be
none can tell.

Barbara Meyers



poetry
in the guardian ?



Of course.

Songs and politics are partners (e.g. Bertolt Brecht, Peter Weiss, the Vietnamese liberation fighters who sing songs after battle).

That's why we carry our cultural section (edited by former *Sing Out* editor Irwin Silber) with book, record, and film reviews, articles on artists and musicians (e.g. The Fugs), Silber's own column "AC/DC"—and poetry (e.g. "Soul Brother," an elegy on Martin Luther King by Cuba's leading poet Nicolas Guillen).

Among our other features: Carl Oglesby and Carl Davidson on the future of the new left ■ Wilfred Burchett reporting from Vietnam ■ LeRoi Jones and Eldridge Cleaver on the ghetto struggle ■ Staughton Lynd on the new socialism ■ Julius Lester of SNCC on the black liberation movement ■ campus reports ■ much more with depth in sixteen to twenty pages tabloid.

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3 by DON NEWTON

Crazed, lunatic:
establishing daily rounds
re. Shapes, Symbols, objects:
manu-
factured in the morning,
distributed until they're
all gone;
unrelated to the money system.



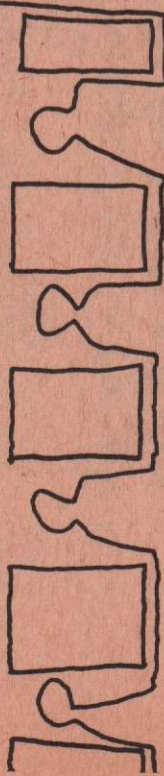
but
put enough holes in the walls &
all the body's blood will flow
out upon the ground
whether or not it's happening
because of what a body wants or
even sacrificially,
maybe just for money blood flows
out upon dry ground.



all cops, scabs, finks ever do is wait &
Let the catastrophes justify their fat
& Then arrest
somebody black.

entering a marble-vaulted
steel-pillared

BANK



& waiting in line for one of

mumbling
tellers,

those
hurrying

who
has any doubts about
which

| | | | |
|----|--------|-----------|--|
| | | | |
| is | more | important | |
| | teller | or | |
| | | | |

the tale?
money in its
deep, impervious compartment

so by this
mark:



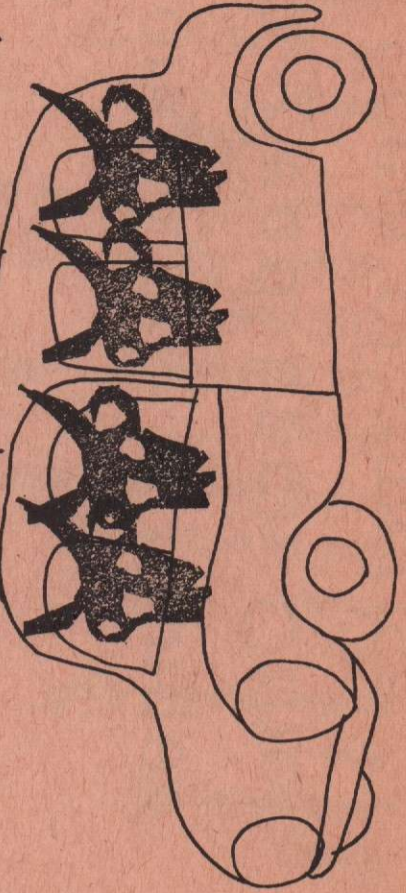
we designate our
hills,
our

valleys &
rivers

& this
mark
shows our
dwelling places



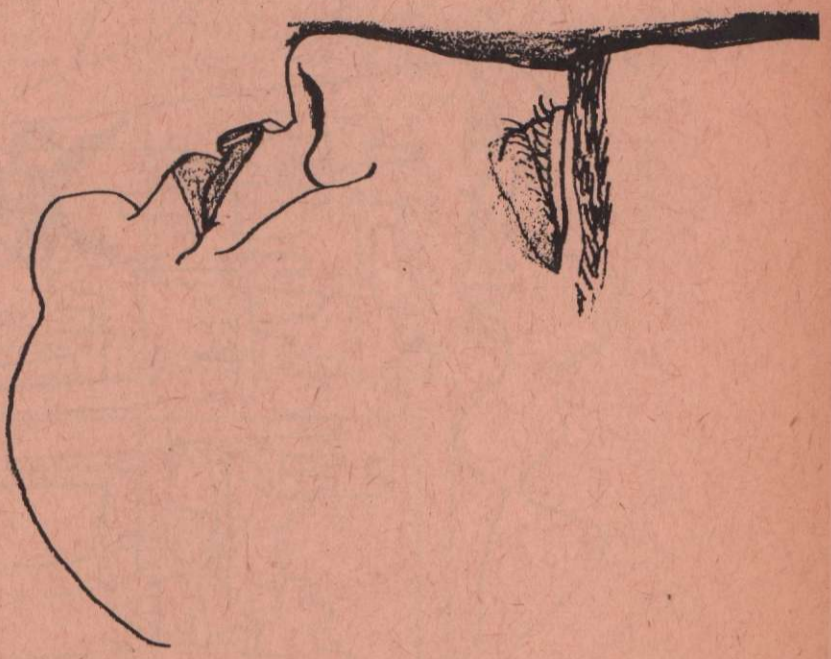
& also indicates our
important possessions



Long Live a Hunger
to Feed Each Other,
a poem of america

— JERRY BADANES

Vulnerability
I hear
in my voice
saying
"is this for me?"
silences me
all evening.
Somewhere
a man
is saying
"is this for me?"



*Murder
is inadmissible
here
in this room of light
only
death
lost in our loving
growing slowly over our eyelids
changing
into mouthfuls of roots
cut down
stabbed by memory
urinals of our daytime language*

return:
murder →
execution →
genocide →
torture →
starvation →

an ocean
is everyone's murdered teardrop
a field of corn is my eyesight
a gentle cornucopia of our dying
it is almost dawn now darkness dissolving
all the holes are brightening with light.
The darkness
is dissolving
our tongues slowly caressing
both of us
one angel on a pin of light
your face . . . your face
it just passes
child
your bones made luminous by pain
slowly your hands
becoming strangers to each other
and your fear
as silent
as inside
a coffin
it just passes
you are all alone
unable to move
on your back in a field
unable to move
slumped in a chair
unable to move
in your sweat on your bed
unable to move
propped to a wall waiting
unable to move
your mama nowhere near you
your mama is within your bright
filled eye sockets
dying within your death
choking inside your chest
it just passes
and nothing at all remains

hold my hand
Judith (child)
it just passes
for each of us
alone
in this alien endless universe death
death death death
your thin hands
made luminous
by the white grass pushing up
are becoming strangers to each other
the sun is getting closer cooler
you are being turned away from it into
darkness
tongues caressing
early morning
one life opening
two bodies gripped by each other's
desperate passing
an ocean we hold on our tongues
a jungle of blood
a gentle cornucopia of our dying
waking up
Who is it in whom my body is carried?
who
in the mirror
heavy sorrow faced jew?
is it a father in my flower caressing
soul?
is it a death in my throat?
is it the blood in the streets in my heart?
As if we are crawling across the moon
we have sat here
in this darkened room
all night

holding hands
 Judith
 all sorrow
 in Washington D.C.
 in your thin arms
 asleep now
 three floors up
 in St. Elizabeth
 a Buddhist nun in the city of Hue
 has set herself afire on your forehead
 ashes in your heart
 Lumumba
 lifts upward from your sleeping body
 his wife
 her breasts uncovered
 by her slaughtered name
 Lumumba
 hugs you to herself in the darkness
 in St. Elizabeth
 as she walks the streets of the city
 a Buddhist nun
 her son
 yesterday
 killed in action
 is screaming at us from her basement
 for whispering to each other
 in your room
 in the darkness
 whispering
 of the old ladies home
 on the ocean front
 Half-Moon Hotel in Coney Island
 used in two wars for wounded soldiers
 now old ladies praying for sunlight
 a screech
 a billion monarch butterflies
 a shaft from the sun
 a fiery shroud for the watertowers
 eyelashes scraped by spots of pavement
 by an ocean

scalloped by wings of holocaust
 a billion miles to make love
 his body flown home
 buries her mother in her cellar forever
 cursing
 from inside her coffin
 everyone
 Judith
 attacking
 you
 in your sleep
 a photograph twins of my mother's sister
 all bundled up against a wooden door both
 of them dead in a death camp were they
 starved were they beaten were they exper-
 imented on were they made to squat naked
 on frozen ground were they locked in a
 room bodies heaped breathlessly turning
 green reaching final drops of air heaps of
 bodies in vomit in frozen organs swollen
 like polluted fish were their heart beats
 kept like membranes behind glass

a billion miles to make love
 those billion monarch butterflies
 against my forehead
 perched on my cheeks
 a conflagration in my hair
 a birth on the tips of my fingers
 an enormous lion
 a flower
 fusing the city the horizon
 war
 war
 war
 war
 Judith
 we are in the center of a holocaust
 a screech of sorrow

on its lips
 the butterflies are all escaping
 to make love in another world
 we are left with dust
 left with a shout blotting out
 the sun
 the street
 an ambulance sitting across the street
 its mouth opened
 we are left with the tall massive shadows
 of buildings

Judith
 the moaning mother below us
 has stopped moaning
 on a stretcher
 an old man his face drawn tight
 as though he is being born
 his eyes dart back and forth
 no one to tell it to
 his final minutes spent only with personnel
 the fright in his face flutters in my heart
 Judith
 your eyes move back and forth
 his child's face has entered your own
 and of me
 my own father's death is rocking you shut
 midwife
 to your spine
 infant
 of your sorrow
 they slide him onto a rack
 your lips are moving
 as if you are screeching in another world
 unable to move
 in your sweat on your bed
 unable to move
 your eyes dart back and forth -
 what is it to see your mother die?
 to see her body

the blood sucked from her mangled flesh
 cured
 a clean corpse in a wooden box
 with horrible music
 with dim blue lights
 a dead womb
 inside a dead body
 inside a wooden box
 your womb
 from which you have been taken
 your flesh
 therefore
 dead
 your
 mystery
 sucked from your eyes
 there's no way to cover over your heart
 your mama
 is dead
 child
 the box is open
 all see the inside of your womb
 and it is nothing now
 except in your dreams at night a few more
 years
 a desperate crush of butterflies
 locked in my chest
 membranes
 mangled by oxygen
 a cloud of butterflies
 billowing up over all our bodies
 we are corpses under a golden sky
 shadowed
 imbedded in granite
 an old man dying by himself
 and we
 two babes in a dark room
 the only living witnesses
 witnessing the end of the world in each
 other's faces

a billion miles to make love
 scratched forever in our streams of blood
 a screech
 and it's all over
 we are strangers again
 we are stuck with our lives
 "Mother fucka
 pull a knife on a man
 pull a knife on a man
 mother fucka"
 . . . inward
 in your eyes
 inward
 in your head
 sunlight
 seizes your face
 and the old ladies of St. Elizabeth
 shivering
 in the sea wind in Coney Island
 are sucking
 sunlight
 from the ocean
 wanting
 to live and live and live
 they are the tears on your beautiful face
 Judith
 Buddhist
 nun
 three floors up in Washington D.C.

Judith - shvester - sister
 brothers and sisters in the waiting room
 sit in wheelchairs
 the train is coming
 blowing everything from sight
 thundering everything into darkness
 confusing the whole world dwelling inside
 me

the blinking lights / the gongs / the dust
 covering the stars
 everything eyelashes darkened by storms
 of light
 it is my chance to go
 all wing
 ready to go
 to fly off
 there is nothing to hold me back
 except
 one rotten teardrop
 that holds me here
 here
 and will hold me here
 until I am murdered
 my thick hair
 thickened by blood
 until I vomit in death
 even in death my body retching
 the train is a miracle
 but it slides by on a different earth
 it cannot save us
 and the storm
 yesterday
 sweeping down my street
 the purple storm
 cannot save us
 and the storehouses of knowledge
 and of grains of wheat
 cannot
 save
 us
 the train is disappearing
 even as we sit inside it
 it roars on past on a different earth
 it cannot save us.
 (and nothing at all remains)

but a dead corpse
beginning to die)

We have enough.
The facts are in.

Sometimes when I look at her
sleeping
it is as though she has died
the downward curve of her mouth
the utter stillness of
her closed eyes
relief comes only with the faintest

perception
of her breathing
beneath the mexican blanket.

Remember
the five quintuplets born 33 years ago in
Canada?

One is now dead of a seizure
one happily married in Quebec City
two are divorced
one, back from a nunnery, studies
arts and crafts in Montreal.

Hailstones
inch and a half across
Woody Guthrie
riding on top a freight car
a black man
and two white kids
are with him

going
somewhere
through Minnesota
four filthy shirts
tightly
wrapped around his guitar
his meal ticket
four bodies bare to the waist
curled together
four petals closed by the rainstorm
making each other pregnant
pushing
through
Minnesota
their backs
like the backs of the twelve students in
Paraguay

horsewhipped
by Ramon Escabon
ASSASSIN TORTURER
whose head-shaved soldiers
are paid for by farmers in Minnesota
the train whistle
says
it's bound
somewhere
1941
four figures
on top a freight car
bare to the waist.

Wilderness of buildings
flames like teardrops shooting up
smoke like solid black streams
in the black sky
a mighty grey phantom blinks my breath
away

as it roars by
its one eye remains
impaled on my forehead
I sit in the bowels of the Wolverine
in the bowels of America
in the bowels of a bullet aimed by a madman
factory smoke stacks disappear peacefully
like a farm house
disappearing
each silent stream of smoke peaceful
as the people
inside their grey houses
staring at the 4 walls
each night hearing the trains pass
each blast of sound a chill of liberation
and now the sky is black and clear
I can see each star
alone in the black sky
shipments of napalm ease across America
the young soldier guarding it
is counting the stars
clear Nebraska night.

And his name shall be called, Wonderful
as I sit
a lap for her head
waves of her pressed to me through me
edging me in with memories.
And his name
how will it sound? Wonderful
Wonderful Badanes
A new child
A new poem
A new son pregnant with motherhood.
On each seat in the train his mother sleeps.

That man sleeping

head back hands clasped
each hand feels the other hand
as he sleeps oh wonderful
his life fragile
yiddish words pass
through me
from behind I hear
"shvester" which means sister
"tsurick" which means return
as underneath this fright of life
this strangeness
each one of us is called wonderful.

Signs dance before my eyes
signs like NO SMOKING PLEASE
signs like WOMEN like GENTLEMEN
she holds my legs with her hands
her head breathes in sleep in my lap
she is each wife I've ever had
mother of my daughter whom I named
"song"
the train speeds our bodies forward
my feet are tickled by the earth of this
planet
by its bolts and pistons and wheels

And inside the speeding
a slow rocking
a cradling like a questing
a jerking like her sudden
dreams against my back
at night
I remember "Der Tunkler" (the dark one)

I hear my name called
not by the fly
not by the moth
not by the moonlight

I hear my name called
not by my father asleep in the next room
Death calls my name
though it sounds like my own heart
Death calls my name
though it sounds like a dream
Death calls my name
though it sounds like the leaves
Death calls my name
though it sounds like my century
Death calls my name
it sounds like my brother
my brother is dead (murdered)
his body is dust
I put my ear to his chest
my head bursts
with the sound
of my own name.

I dance naked before a vast mirror.
My legs
long legs of a thin boy
hairy legs
as quick as my hungry sex
you are made to disturb fenced-in fields
filled with girls
I hop over easily
and all the night long
along the tip toe blades of grass
frolicking
filling your bodies with flowers
wet grass of your bodies!
wet grass of the earth
sweet earth
the carpet in my father's house
filled with dust
filling my nostrils
forever
as I breathed in my child's desire of you
my sisters.

And above them
my barrel body bouncing and barely
not toppling
belly full of onions
the top heavy poet with a sack full of
memories
magician
of darkness
my nose always points toward
Moon!
come down and spit in my mouth!

A black butterfly
against the kiosk on Union Square
struggles to fly off
"Garcia Lorca" my friend says
the revolution
a billion miles to make love
Look!
my hands are beautiful creatures
their trembling wings
are tiny suns
and the earth
oh news dealers
is filled with eggs
butterfly eggs
bird's eggs
giant turtle eggs
and your bodies too are filled with eggs
and your faces
bulging up / parched / from the news-
paper pages

fill me with poems.
Hold tight to your hands.
Fly up.
Scattering thousands of miles until we
embrace
and bursting from our souls bodies faces
bright colors

a rainbow
a new song
for our brothers and sisters
and their wings begin
slowly to move
their bodies are lifting up into a vast dance
everyone nakedly easily
over this planet dancing
everyone
We are all beautiful.

A white shirt
a man
below in the street
a man
disappears
in the black night
a slow flash of white
gone
oh how derelict my heart is
soon
it will snow you will freeze
in a beautiful white earth
mystery will seize you
your parts will disappear
a white flash in a white world

Is wanted
for love
is mirrored in every post office
for love
is pursued by the moonlight
for love
is dragnotted by starlight
for love
is machine gunned by sunlight
for love

for love
a corpse in a puddle of blood
rainwater
filling his eye sockets
for love
and the windows of all the agencies
are slammed shut today.

their evil
bewilders me
as if
they weren't
a collection
of unbearable parts

Everywhere death.
I pity myself
because I am alive
and everywhere surrounding us death
what good are their ancient hymns?
Everywhere
in my body
death
and I am frightened of it
and there are people who are starving
to death
and I am frightened of it
and there are people who are murdered
by bread
their thin bodies
so close to death
and I am frightened of it
across the street
in the Church
the people are singing
the women wear white hats
and the men move their lips silently

and the boys carry newspapers
back to the automobiles
and they are surrounded by boys
selling newspapers
clear
it is very clear
the air
the land
the sky
very clear
this morning

VENCEREMOS !!

You hold
I am bound by your flesh tonight
I am smiling in your eyes
blurred in your teardrops
You hold
I grow enormous within you
You hold
I am an old man
or a blind child at your breast
You hold
I am bound by each rapid glance
of your eyes
living / breathing / sorrowful / creature

Who are you Judith?

You are everyone I know
You are a stillbirth within us continually
weeping
You are the revolution we shall win.

I have no wings
& I weigh 185 pounds

& I live in a house
on a street ending at the railroad tracks
and a train
passing
allows me a moment with my body
and after it has gone by
at times
I am left with a teardrop
which causes nothing to happen
ends no wars
makes no revolution
gets no one to love me
yet the revolution
is greater than my loneliness
inside me
yet our teardrops
my strange people
are seething with unspeakable love
and they burn into the earth
the same as the rainfall
the same as yours and yours & yours
& yours & yours & yours & yours & yours
& yours & yours & yours

Breaking open
like a pomegranate
the rain
clattering down
my eyes squinting
red roses
send them nowhere
there's a war going on inside me
too much light
blinding
9 minutes after four

Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby from Ilyria
welcome to Atlanta
no fears
no tears
blinding me with fire
inside me
smashed to pavement
inside me
like a watermelon
only a couple of dollars
Buddhists are becoming holy
while Buddhists struggle
we are soothed by timetables
biting into an apple
and the sound of a train across the flatlands
of Ohio

Twentieth Century Limited
is as silent as the flat land and the
blackened square houses
and the frozen black smoke
and the spaces between
as if we are crawling across the moon
I can hardly see anymore
though I squint
money have I none
pockets wet from my hands
squeezed like a grapefruit
I burn
64 degrees partly cloudy
announcing the winner
Israel Simpson
of Jersey Georgia
to him a motorcycle from Japan
sweet as a red rose in June
blood
needed
Helicopters are ugly machines
delivering death
leave me alone

I love only you
transistor
radio
as small almost as the lit edge of my
cigarette

how much
do I love you
how deep
how high
how many times
must I tell you
they are killing us all
they are killing us all
save your children man
start, sir, by crying
everyone in America / crying
right now
even the pastor J. Phillips of St. Paul
Minnesota

each of us
crying
crushing our grapes and making wine
I'll see you a quarter of eight
await me with tears in your eyes
we'll take a slow ride around
oh that stupid music
an organ
it is of less value than a chorus of fat ladies
in Ohio
I will kiss you in Ohio at midnite
Atlanta
Georgia
is disappearing
right into the air
instead we have Mozart
and he too right into the air
and we have
Saigon clearly in Illinois
Union Pacific
passenger cars

mail cars
 freight cars carrying carrying carrying
 helicopter parts to Oakland
 won't you please hurry home to my arms,
 to my lips
 to my heart
 Saigon
 Breaking open
 like a pomegranate
 on the train
 crawling across the moon
 the captain
 and his two children
 asleep
 behind
 me
 going to
 Arizona
 promised land
 Caesar Vallejo Brigade in the mountains
 of Peru

Mr. Lang
 lost in Poughkeepsie
 giving spelling lessons to street urchins
 will I be pretty
 will I be rich
 oh mother will I
 will we have rainbows day after day
 tenderly
 Mr. Lang in Poughkeepsie
 plays chess with the druggist
 Judith
 how can I tell you how lost my love is for
 you
 like your quick glance
 it takes in all the sorrow contained in a
 transistor radio
 all the sorrow
 in our heads

three stations at once
 a G.I. series of X-rays
 will tell my mother her future
 Atlanta is gone forever
 I'll never find it again
 a needle
 where are you now
 Nola
 May 8 1945
 the forces of Germany have surrendered
 to the United Nations

the flags of freedom are flying
 all over Europe
 it is now
 5 AM
 May 8 1967
 Sunday morning in America
 Walk with Him
 Stand with Him
 He'll bring you beauty
 wherever you are
 as the days go by
 just speak His name
 He'll hear you call
 stormy weather
 outside
 early mass is about to begin
 in Michigan
 it will clear up soon
 the monsoon season
 crippling
 our ability
 temporarily
 America is filled with the music of Bach
 against the windows
 the children's noses
 they are looking out
 and behold
 Arizona is before them
 they know it

and do not ask their father
 because it is time for silence
 a time when the sun is rising over America
 his legs
 his arms
 blasted off
 he shuts his eyes from the hot sun
 forever
 a million maggots from the center of the
 sun begin chewing
 and all is now sunlight and empty
 Oh Arizona promised land
 a music box slowly unwinding a melody
 like a child in your arms
 falling asleep
 it will be 80 degrees today
 in the Great Lakes area
 Let me be joy
 Let me be hope
 Let my life sing
 I am truly touched by this Sunday morning
 in America

Sunday morning in America
 we are left with it
 Shira
 you are waking up in Brooklyn New York
 you are waking up
 your small body
 your head full of thoughts and memories
 your toes and fingers moving
 your eyelids opening
 your cheeks
 your forehead
 waking up
 you are awake
 everyone east of the Mississippi
 is now waking up
 in each town
 in each city
 today

there's a funeral for a boy
 killed
 in
 Vietnam
 gunned down in Newark
 a string of coffins crossing the Pacific
 blood
 washed
 from the streets of Detroit
 and the factories are still pumping
 chemicals
 into
 bottles
 in the Dow Chemical Works
 in Midland Michigan
 they are producing murder by the minute
 the church doors are being unlocked
 the car motors turned off
 the people are filing in
 the people
 the people
 the people
 the people
 Jeriann
 the people
 each one of them
 with a private thought
 a private memory
 a need
 a desire
 a plan
 the people are filing in
 and the lips of the ministers are busily
 rehearsing
 and
 the
 words
 will
 issue

forth
 and
 songs
 will fill the deep spaces of the chambers
 while in Saginaw the haze is lifting
 there will be greater visibility
 maybe even we will catch a glimpse of
 America today

small
 daughter-faced
 bewildered-eyed
 napalmed
 child

forever
 whistles
 down
 forever
 turns
 in your fists
 forever
 fingers
 your heart
 forever
 explores
 your intestines
 forever
 sits
 on the cold ends
 of your nerves
 forever
 locks
 in your brain
 forever
 pictures
 tumble
 away
 from you forever

cold
 black
 night
 cold
 black
 rain
 seeds
 are unbearably
 beautiful.

I am stunned.
 We are always preparing
 we are always preparing
 but this here is all that we have
 this face
 this streetcorner
 this cigarette
 this memory of your smile
 these funny feelings in our chests
 your teardrop
 all these objects around me
 radio
 coffee pot
 pencil
 wine bottle
 these old pieces of paper everywhere
 meaningless
 where are you beloveds?
 where are you?
 where are you?
 Do you really care?
 Do I really care about your terrible
 sadnesses?
 who care?
 and when care?
 and how do we say it?
 you take a walk at night

in the rain
 I can hear your footsteps in the rain
 and I think of someone else
 in another time
 as you pass through
 diminished
 into the night
 I don't even know you
 yet
 you have entered my life like a knife
 I have entered no one
 you enable me to continue stranger
 brother
 killer
 love.

A man walking through the blizzard
 looks very fragile
 making plans
 will be a great musician
 slipping from side to side
 huddled against the cutting winds
 making plans
 will be a great scientist
 a poet
 a doctor healing your wounds with love
 songs
 hands in his pockets
 I shut my eyes for a moment
 and he's gone
 blocked
 by the massive stones of the church
 the bells are softly clinging in the blizzard
 as if announcing
 a conflagration a thousand miles away
 even your smile would be impossible out
 here

darling woman
 hairs on your nipples
 the touchings of the bells
 the buildings screaming in the wind
 the windows just about to shatter
 into particles of pain
 and the frozen white dust covering the
 footprints in seconds
 are very beautiful
 the massive blocks of stone
 the massive blocks of stone are everywhere
 yet I can smell my own armpits with
 pleasure

I can smell the small room downstairs
 where you stayed
 5 & 10 cent store perfume
 secret oils for your bath
 as part of me now
 as the odor of synagogues
 or my father's salves
 for his tortured
 skin
 or the dimly
 lit
 hallway
 leading to my childhood room
 or those of my wife though I can't
 distinguish them

except when I first return
 early morning
 briskly walk from the train station
 chilled
 enter the house
 touch
 quietly
 her small half sleeping body
 and then it's gone again
 except that it's mine too forever
 and a half

strangled
 awareness of her loveliness
 and burning smell of ether
 woman
 in a white bed
 in a white room so big
 there were no walls to be seen
 and our child
 warm
 clean
 domestic as a laundramat
 lonlier
 and the smells of my own crotch
 everything that happens is forever
 which means in my own case
 until I am dead
 yet
 also
 everything gets lost
 as quickly as the footprints in the blizzard
 but that too forever
 as quickly
 as gasoline
 covers the odor of oils
 but that too forever
 and the massive blocks of stone massive
 and all the plans we make
 as we slip on the ice
 forever

your armpit
 your crotch
 your smile
 your eyes
 each of you

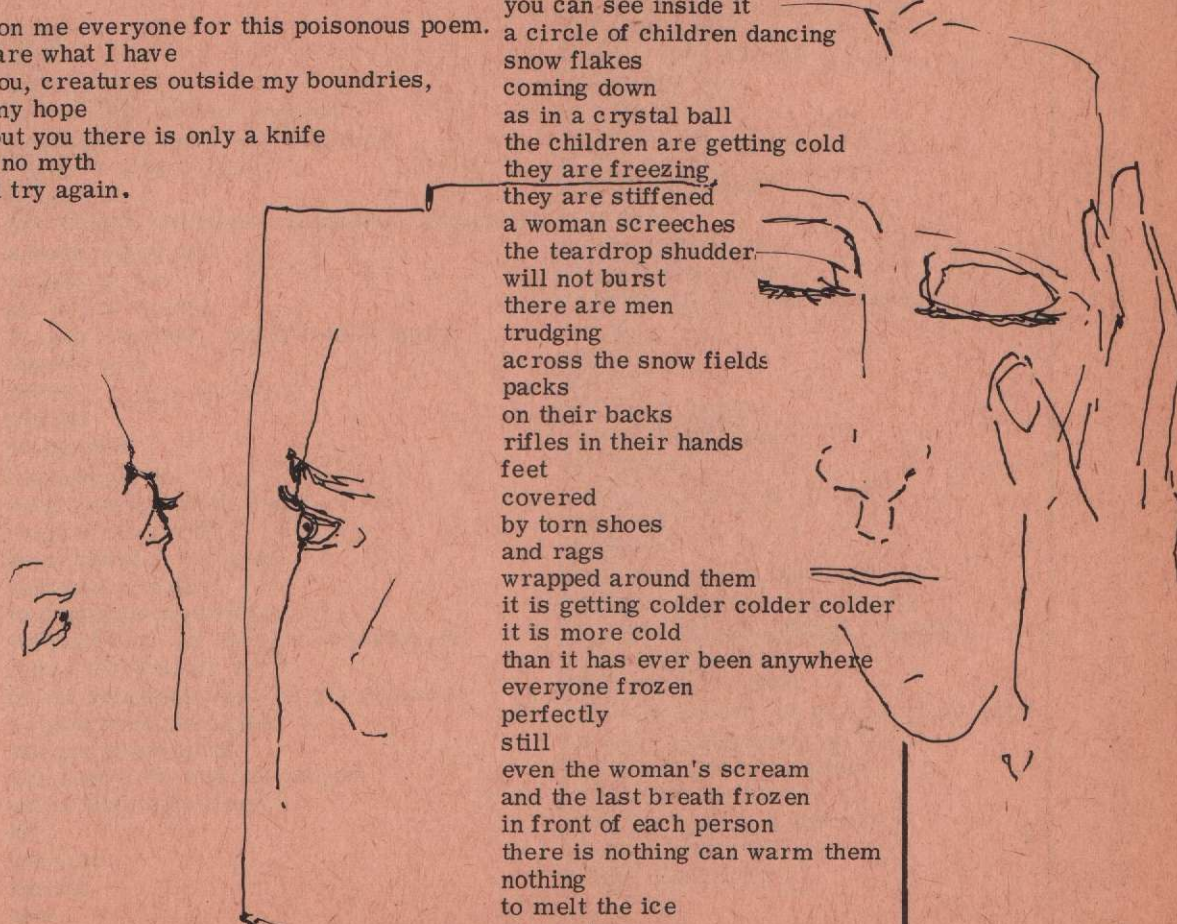
My foot hurts
 and my emotions are running amok
 it is cold in this house
 and jealousy is dead
 it died in me just like that
 without my even knowing when or where
 and so they are just like worms
 in the cold blind earth
 these emotions of mine
 you have all beaten me down
 you
 with feet that sidestep as quick as your eyes
 dart past me always past me
 so my words stay trapped in my heart
 and begin to swell like toads
 and you
 who walk on your tortured foot everywhere
 bravely
 whose smile almost brings the words from
 my eyes
 in the shape of tears
 but who leaves me huddled and shivering
 in a wet cave
 And you
 whose feet carry you loosely down hillsides
 whose face I feel honored to touch gently
 with my fingers
 but who says to me naggingly
 "open your eyes"
 not caring to know that they are open
 but cannot see in this darkness

All of you
 you with silent tongues
 you with quick darting tongues
 my foot hurts terribly
 and I don't even know how it all started
 like the death of my jealousy

don't be jealous
 don't be jealous
 Be dark and dead

Pardon me everyone for this poisonous poem.
 You are what I have
 for you, creatures outside my boundries,
 are my hope
 without you there is only a knife
 I am no myth
 I will try again.

Your eye
 is captured
 by a perfect teardrop
 clearer than the rain
 you can see inside it
 a circle of children dancing
 snow flakes
 coming down
 as in a crystal ball
 the children are getting cold
 they are freezing,
 they are stiffened
 a woman screeches
 the teardrop shudder
 will not burst
 there are men
 trudging
 across the snow fields
 packs
 on their backs
 rifles in their hands
 feet
 covered
 by torn shoes
 and rags
 wrapped around them
 it is getting colder colder colder
 it is more cold
 than it has ever been anywhere
 everyone frozen
 perfectly
 still
 even the woman's scream
 and the last breath frozen
 in front of each person
 there is nothing can warm them
 nothing
 to melt the ice
 everywhere



getting
 thicker
 only a song
 not yet dreamed of by anyone
 can melt the snow
 and warm our poor bodies
 the men are slowly beginning
 to move their heads up
 and the children's fingers
 are
 reaching
 out
 they are slowly touching each other's hands
 slowly
 slowly
 slowly
 everyone's limbs begin to move
 the woman's scream is now a song
 softly
 almost inaudibly
 in a language never before heard
 they are removing their rags
 removing
 their clothes
 they are dancing
 tips
 of new grass
 rising above the melting snow
 everyone is dancing in your tear drop
 it is slowly
 passing
 down
 your cheek
 I would kiss it away
 we have not yet that new song
 I would kiss it away
 your lonely teardrop
 I would have that song grow

from
 the
 spaces
 between
 us
 as we hold each other
 our teardrops and our smiles
 are the same thing
 on this hopeless planet
 as we hold each other in the darkness
 it is getting much colder
 we have only the smilings between us
 to catch the cold with
 and lock it away
 back where it belongs
 in the crystal ball
 so the children can laugh
 and our tears
 be blessed
 by salt
 again
 enough of it
 so that men don't murder each other
 for a lick of salt
 a drop of love
 a body full of dust
 Remember remember remember remember
 I love you
 and it is very difficult
 I would kiss away each teardrop
 as beautiful as your nipples
 milk
 rain
 earth
 salt
 everyone dancing naked in a warm field
 in a new song
 It is very cold inside me.
 Worms.

Birth.
 A baby cockroach
 slides across the wall
 from the corner of my eye
 I see it my relative
 we inhabit the same room
 we exist simultaneously
 it crawls across the shadow of my hand
 the palm of my hand
 it can sleep there
 I'll close my hand gently around it
 a blanket a little bit of warmth
 from creature to creature
 In Saigon
 it is said
 there are packs of children
 who share
 among themselves
 bits of rat poison
 and die
 and die
 and die
 children die by their own hands
 by their own hands
 Merry Christmas
 it is said
 you are immune
 from fallout
 oh little cockroach
 it's all for you
 it's all for you
 leave me my shadow
 don't suck it in
 don't suck it in
 we are preparing it all for you
 with our jellied burning excretions
 suck our eyes from our heads
 clamp your jaws tight on our livers

intercept the blood in our hearts
 poison our fingernails
 chew a path in our intestines
 baby cockroach
 we are each other's accident
 let us have a truce
 my own creatures are everywhere
 being burnt
 the dead woman's breasts stayed
 alive with milk for her infant
 whose eyelids were burnt from his face
 whose jaw was fused to his throat
 it will take years before
 he can swallow his mothers milk
 and go to sleep.
 My people
 the little dogs dancing in the windows
 of B. Altman's Dept. store
 allow us to smile at each other
 and the snowstorm
 allows us to acknowledge
 each other in the street
 with a slight movement of our heads
 our heads
 filled with peace
 our heads
 filled with murder
 Saint Patrick's Cathedral
 will crumble
 its loud breaking bells
 will melt
 I need time to kiss you again
 beloved woman
 small child in Brooklyn
 old man
 who has painted in his lifetime
 12,000 rooms
 I must teach my hands to love
 each other

We must start from the beginning.
 Struggle.

Each
 day
 we communicate
 with
 Standard
 Oil
 soaking
 our bread
 in their gasoline
 empty
 oil
 drums
 now
 are filling with rainwater
 a goat
 pokes
 for leftovers
 even
 louder
 than before
 I see you
 looking down at the pavement
 your
 jaw
 full of coins
 your fists of pebbles
 eyes of rainfall
 a turtle
 just being stepped on
 you
 devastate
 me
 more
 than my own existence

I dance with myself
 with cash in hand
 with a matchbook full of birds
 and I can't express this feeling of tenderness
 sour sour in my mouth
 no one here
 the man whose face I see in the mirror
 strikes me dead.
 Green beans.
 Protest everything !
 Protest everything brother !

Brentano's
 liberated
 from the snow
 the small bells
 busy fingers
 preparing
 stone polishings
 window cleanings
 for Easter
 Rockefeller Plaza
 uncovers its murals
 trees
 grass
 outdoor cafes
 words of wisdom and patriotism
 good
 common
 sense
 photographed by the people
 icicles
 snapping
 and Lord and Taylors
 is a carillon
 sticking in our throats
 as we step
 a thousand whispers

past two lines
into the library
where two million books and documents
are stored

a poor man
is juggling white coals in his mouth
spring is here
the policeman
shines his stick
with the oil of his face
with the oil of his breath
with the oil of his kiss
on Wall Street
in the vast gymnasium
a continent of pigeons prepare

I
one
from
silence
armed
with my heart
cry out.
This afternoon
the pond is almost empty
weeds
reach out
naked
barren
muffling sun
muffled
grey city sitting
on doorsteps
the cop's nightstick is wet
rubs
it
with his hand
I stomp in a field

the flies
follow
I sweat
I think napalm
no poems
I do not want to be me
a squat barn
aloof
a tank crushing
others
nothing essential between us
telephone
wires birds
armed
with my heart
no
words
between us
I wait
tonight
stars will remind me
child

A subway door
slides
shut
on your smile
your face
gone
from me
forever
white
tiles
pull
past
endlessly.
How
then
can I search

calmly
for my friend?

thirty years of heart beats
each separate even from sleep
thirty years of heart beats
startles you in your throat
thirty years of heart beats
gentles my anguish on your forehead
thirty years of heart beats
roped in my arms with your pulse
thirty years of heart beats
death quieted on your lips
thirty years of heart beats
your face freezes in my own
thirty years of heart beats
between two beats of darkness
smoke
filled
laughter
surrounds
your
ripped
open
gaze
rooms
of floods
of my helplessness
thirty years of heart beats
a dream awakens in your eyelids

"... I'll back up a bit so you'll see where I am. Tonsils out. Yes, must come out in January - \$230, too expensive, and great hospital here wants it in advance, am raising it though. Will be a good thing when it happens. Had a job, A & P stock work all night, reloading shelves with cans, then switched to cake mixes, then fired, lasted 8 nights (2.17 each hour). Cake mixes my downfall, all boxes same size, look alike, did you ever just stare at things minutes at a time? Said I was too slow. Actually, reason was me, not my speed, same story, mainly I ignored the guy (foreman) when he said things obvious to me. Different styles. Fired me at 4:30AM on a friday night. Yes, a relief, but mainly, when I walked out into the michigan night, a loneliness, a whole crew, no longer part of, even the bags of flour, and the rest-break (day old cake & a quart of milk) Rock & Roll on radio & news & all the guys bitching about being drafted (lots of them were drafted - I was hired - strange?) no alternatives thought of -- And how could they be (thought of). I mean, there it was, the A & P, all those cans, the comradeship, America, unhappy, even squalid, yes, but what we had, how, then, let go? Dark outside. I felt lonely when I left, as lonely as when I stayed, and those guys are there tonight bitching to the music and I'm glad I'm not there. When you are, that's it, no alternative, and that's almost good. But I'm glad I'm out. Maybe the best thing about this fucking place is that you can get fired."

It will rain all day
grey
puppet
strings
a pair of underpants
an old man
sways
heavily
in the dim dawn light
my brain
is a casket
tapped
upon
by raindrops
oh
that you are able
to pucker your life
into a kiss
fills my face with a grin
you
are
still
sleeping
all your queerness
tucked in
with you.

Desolation slashes my body
you are asleep in the next room
I've returned from watching you
sleeping desolation is winter
inside me if you were awake now
I would ask you to comb your
hair I would watch you
stroke your hair the room
warm and softly lit
desolation freezes me at the
edge of weeping I would

take you my love into my
awkward arms you would
nuzzle my chest with your lips
desolation is an invisible weight
in the empty cup sitting
cold on my table maybe I
would dance for you naked
thin as a child walking on water
desolation is a heavy stone
we squat as one
our limbs silently hang
weights at our sides
you are sleeping my love
my love my love we are dying
outside are guns and knives and very
dark

oh my love I am thankful
that you are so lovely

So many people standing
at the very edge of land
a man a setting sun tattooed
on his forearm three children
their sex frozen forever with
fire villages and villages
at the very edge of land
your face machine guns my soul.
Pennsylvania Station
I await you
I miss you
panic
you are
swallowed by a planet of people
all at the very edge of land
tattooed with setting suns
burning each other's flesh
a young boy his sex burnt
a plastic ashtray mutated

cancered erupted by fire
I love you in an area
more hopeless than hope two
joyous days in the center
of the earth gone now
final a man the sun gone down
alone on an endless expanse
of grey land just walking final

A man's glob
of spit
seething
in a footprint
absorbs
me
more
than his face.
How then
can I plant
kisses
on your eyelids?

Twenty four floors up
what is it that strikes me here
twenty four floors up
besides the rats below
the tiny figures in between
inside out of each other
I vomit into a desk drawer
screaming bloody friday bloody murder
the cook in the bar says see what I mean
and the black boy answers I follow you
wherever you are wherever you are
you kiss acid on my eyelids
no milk in your breasts
twenty four floors up I sit wailing
like a babe inside me
and you! do you have the guts to
hold something in your self for

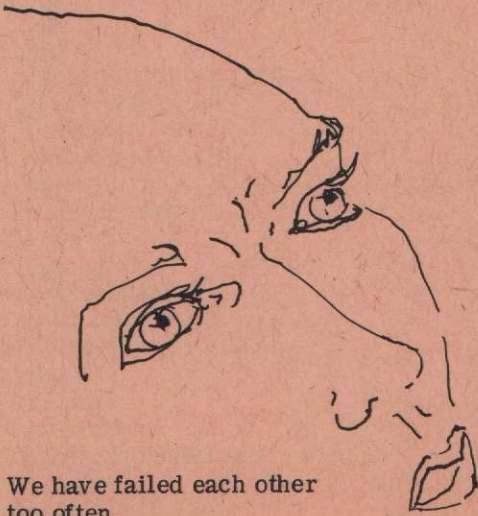
a little while for a minute?
before you spill it all out pink vomit on the
sidewalk

Hateful! (America)
You murder me
from my shoes to the space around my
head

you murder me
who are you?
I am inside out with death
what is dying inside me?
why do you kill everything
empty boots on the desert
and there will be skulls there
oh!
look how many little brothers have
entered the palace

We have failed each other
too often

great
wall
of China
in my chest
what to do
what to do
what to do
3 AM
an old woman
limping
down the street
a light goes on
a slow shadow dance
an
old
woman
mopping an empty floor
somewhere else
where I am
your head turns to the wall
somewhere else
where I am
boys
aged 19
22
17
in the space of the sound of thunder
charred
bodies
tears purchased in bottles
sent
with flowers to a shadow
mopping
an
empty
floor
yesterday my life was marvellous
tonight it is a shadow
We have failed each other too often.



Hey!
You!
Break down my door and say something.
I won't be silent or huffy or heavy
I'll prance on the tips of my toes a happy
ape
who's learned to speak
alphabets will stick in my beard
and shake free and scatter
we'll whistle tunes from our lips
and those tunes will slow down
to the wheat field whispers of our flesh

All night long
I have thought about you America
in darkness
your deeds

LONG LIVE A HUNGER TO FEED EACH OTHER

Jerry Badanes
Ann Arbor - New York City
1967-1968



Viet Cong flag is flown from Mathematics Building b

CAW!

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