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Films for PEACE
Fourth, discussion started on tactics and ended there. We worried so much about the "how," that we failed to make the "why" clear, even to our own people. The demonstration at the Hilton was important, however, because it was a radicalizing experience for a number of people who took part, brought some of them to SDS, and taught us something about street tactics.

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 50 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL PROPAGANDA:

DEAN AND CHARLIE HEAD THE BILL AT THE HILTON, WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO EAT:

COME HAVE DINNER WITH THE REAL WARMAKERS

The Foreign Policy Association is giving itself a black tie dinner at the New York Hilton on the night of October 14th to celebrate its 50th year of "leadership and innovation in world affairs education," a boast it would be hard to deny. Secretary of State Dean Rusk plans to make a speech over dinner, introduced by Charles W. Engelhard, a director of the FPA and Chairman of Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals, Borden Chemical Company, the American South African Investment Co., Ltd. and Rand Mines. He has a seat on the board of numerous South African corporations and also on that council that sets black wages in the mines at 70c a day. His wealth is based on platinum, gold, silver, diamonds and apartheid. Appropriately, he often represents the U.S. government in Africa on state occasions. He is a big contributor to the Democratic Party, and according to Forbes, the model for Ian Fleming's Goldfinger.

Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together...

The eight hundred names on the committee for the dinner represent a gathering of American Dynasties. What brings them together? The Foreign Policy Association bills itself as private, nonprofit, and nonpartisan. It says it is devoted to developing, through education, informed, thoughtful and articulate public opinion on the major issues of foreign policy facing the U.S. Sounds pious and dull. Everyone is in favor of education, no?

Let us look at a few of those invited to mingle in the Grand Ballroom.

Ellsworth Bunker: lately active in the Dominican Republic invasion, presently residing in Vietnam. At the time of the Dominican crisis he was a leading stockholder and a director for 38 years of the second largest East Coast cane sugar refinery, National Sugar Refining Corporation. As special ambassador to the OAS and special emissary to the Dominican Republic, his sugar interests doubtless helped him to an objective view.

J. M. Kaplan: had a monopoly on Dominican molasses sales during the late years of the Trujillo era of terror. A long-time contributor to the Democrats and ADA, a trustee of the New School, Kaplan's fund is a CIA pass-through, more particularly for the N.S.A. It has received money from at least eight identified CIA conduits and was important from 1960-64 as a CIA conduit for projects in Latin America to train social democratic leaders.

James Rogers: was formerly the deputy director of the OSS (predecessor of the CIA), past president of the Foreign Bond Holders Protector Council, and chairs the board of Operation Crossroads Africa, a paternalistic group that trains America's future leaders by sending them to Africa to do good.

Harold Linder: is a big donor to the Democratic Party and a former associate of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades and Co. and American Investors. Active in the State Department in the fifties, he is now chairman of the Export-Import bank which loans money to Latin American countries.

Roswell Gilpatric: is a partner in the biggest U.S. law firm specializing in representing military contractors. He was under-secretary of the Air Force and worked on the Rockefeller Brothers Special Study Project, which invented the missile gap in the late 50's. He chaired the board of the Aerospace Corporation. While Deputy Secretary of Defense in 1961-63, he was involved in the critical decision to give a 7.5 billion TFX contract to General Dynamics-who now contracts and research is directed to the invisible government of intelligence operations. He has served on a special presidential committee to counter opposition to the Vietnamese War.

Grayson Kirk: is president of Columbia University and a director of Com Edson, the Greenwich Savings Bank, IBM, and Socony-Mobil. Columbia is a member of the Institute for Defense Analysis, does research on Chemical Warfare and accepts contracts from the CIA.
Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus, super­
star of Fort's, for instance, is an impor­
tant member of the Dallas Citizen's Council, the secret corporate junta that runs Dallas.

George B. Brown, of Brown and Root is a close business associate of L.B.J. and recipi­
ent of juicy contracts to build airbases in Viet­
nam and Thailand.

Nelson Aldrich: Rockefeller by marriage, of Chase Manhattan Bank, Chase Manhattan's
involvement in South Africa has been high since 1969, including loans to the South African
government and credit to the Industrial Develop­
ment Corporation, and the $40 million floating
credit arrangement made with ten U.S. banks.

John Richardson, Jr., is president of Radio
Free Europe. In 1959 the National Committee
for a Free Europe launched a "Crusade for Free­
dom" fund to raise money for Radio Free
Europe, which works with Eastern European
elite groups "engaged in the struggle for eventu­
al freedom of their countries" and its directors
have included Allen Dulles of the CIA, G.D.
Jackson, Eisenhower's advisor on psychological warfare, and A.A. Berle, idealogist of the
corporate liberalism, Kennedy contact man during the day of Pigs invasion, and long­time
sugar executive.

Valdemar L. Nielsen, is president of the
Afro-American Institute, which promotes cul­
tural exchange and has been funded by a num­
ber of known CIA contras.

More briefly, what brings together people like those above, besides an opportunity to
sample Hilton cuisine? The duPonts of high ex­
clusiveness, we cannot consume enough.

Paul A. Baran and Paul B. Sweezy, in 52 countries. (All facts from

Valdemar L. Nielsen: is president of the
Afro-American Institute, which promotes cul­
tural exchange and has been funded by a num­
ber of known CIA contras.

Let us look at a typical man from the top of
FPA, Emile Sourby, past chairman and now
heading their 50th Anniversary Committee. He
is a director of Standard Oil of New Jersey. 
The Foreign Policy Association, of course, serves
as a holding company for stock in Standard Oil
and also has helped fund the FPA. Has Standard
Oil a foreign policy?

While two thirds of Standard Oil of New
Jersey's assets were located in North America, only one third of its profits were made at home
by 1960. By now its foreign investments are
four times the domestic rate. In 1963 Standard Oil sold products in over 100 countries and owned 56% or more stock in 375 subsidi­
aries in 52 countries. (All facts from Monopoly
Capital, Paul A. Baran and Paul B. Sweezy, 1966).

Indeed, American corporations today have five times the foreign investments that they had
at the end of World War II. The higher the level of technology in an industry, the higher the fixed
cost and therefore the harder they must push to
expand markets. Though we consume enorm­
ously, we cannot consume enough.

"Wider still and wider
may thy hounds he pressed:
God who made them mighty
make these mightier yet!"

as we used to say in grade school. We must
export capital, but the existing economic struc­
tures of other capital must be altered to per­
mit investment and development in the style and
with the profit margin our corporations are ac­s
customed to having.

The Foreign Policy Association is heavily
interlocked with the Council on Foreign Rela­
tions. Both have tax exempt status as educa­
tional groups and are financed in part by the
same tax exempt Foundations, especially Ford,
Rockefeller and Carnegie. Corporations con­
bute heavily. The Council is an elite-oriented
organization which serves as an unoffcial arm of the State Department. The FPA beems its
wisdom downwards.

FPA is the parent of numerous World
Affairs Councils in an increasing number of
cities. They include representatives of the local
power structure and prestige mills. They ar­
range public discussion on the issues of busines­
smen's foreign policy luncheons, seminars in local
schools and colleges, radio and television pro­
grams and lecture series. They distribute a
lot of expensive educational material at little
or no cost—material proclaimed as 'objective,' 'nonpartisan.' They bring publicity to the lay
people, but they also help to set the full set of liberal attitudes about citizen participation in carefully
shaped decision-making.

To quote from an FPA brochure:
'Great Decisions' is a discussion
program increasingly used by
schools and adult groups in every
section of the country. Requiring
no formal leadership, inapproac­
hable for the participant, the
enriched by newspaper, radio and
television support, the program
occupies a unique place as an
educational instrument.

Opinion formation on foreign policy is car­
ried out by small discussion groups who meet
once a week for eight weeks in each of
year's 'Great Decisions.' 'The only material
required is the nonpartisan Fact Sheet Kit.'
'Great Decisions' is a discussion
program increasingly used by
schools and adult groups in every
section of the country. Requiring
no formal leadership, inapproac­
hable for the participant, the
enriched by newspaper, radio and
television support, the program
occupies a unique place as an
educational instrument.

We believe that the NET may be
described as one of the many
powers for between the lines of the
liberal members of the upper
class and the intelligentsia of the
upper-middle class.


Invitations to participate in the Great
Decisions Program are sent out by
universities, by civic and religious groups. In the annual re­
port for 1965-1966, FPA stresses the effort
they are pouring into reaching high school stu­
dents because of "for about half of our population
the secondary school is the last formal educa­
tional opportunity to develop an understanding
of the basic concepts that govern this country's re­
lationship with the rest of the world." Both high
school photographs show black kids in clas­
rooms making 'Great Decisions.' Teachers are not neglected but offered conferences, meetings, a magazine and teacher training programs.

The Foreign Policy Association: 50 Years of Successful Imperialism

The FPA are so wondrously busy it is hard to give a notion of all the pies they are fingering at the moment. They are active in NPC's White Paper programs on foreign policy. They hold intensive sessions to brief newspapermen. They are going more and more into church groups. They run a corporate service program for executives, tailored to the needs of each corporation. They are starting American Leadership seminars to engage "small groups of opinion leaders from business, labor, the professions..." Their Community Leaders Program brings opinion leaders from around the country to FPA for briefings and discussion of US policies in the UN, working with the US Mission.

In much the same way, doubtless, as we interpreted the FPA output in terms of what they run and what they grow richer and richer on. You learn in school to discuss 'issues', to interpret 'objectively', to avoid dirty economic interpretation and ad hominem attack. You learn to "discuss the Text" and raise no extraneous issues. You make one Great Decision after another, fill out your multiple choice questionnaire and depart, having sharpened your decision-making skills—presumably to make a wiser choice between toothpastes and candidates and whether you will buy your facts from Time or Newsweek.

Indeed, those men meeting at the Hilton for cocktails at 6:30 and dinner at 7:30 on November 14th in the Grand Ballroom with Dean Bask and Charlie Englehard are "responsible leaders." They are responsible for the plastic bread you eat and the flibby air you breathe, they own the buildings that line your streets and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell.

The terrible question was: had the war put an end to the civil war which smoldered in Germany, all through Germany. Even some of those who themselves belonged to the other Germany. The terrible question was: had the war put an end to the civil war which smoldered in Germany. Even some of those who themselves belonged to the other Germany.
placed their hopes upon the flanchow, on the pride of their people, or upon the Russian interior, or upon the Russian industrialists who in general must have felt that the rule of the emperors was over. But these expectations were soon gone, as the Russian workers and soldiers began to act for themselves. The workers had been disarmed and their leaders arrested. They remained a fighting force, but the tsarist regime was over. The revolutionaries quickly took over the factories and began to organize a new society.

The new society was based on the idea of worker control, where workers would manage their own factories and industries. This was a radical departure from the old system, where the czarist government controlled everything. The workers were fed up with the czarist regime and wanted to take control of their own lives.

The revolutionaries were able to gain the support of the peasantry, who were also fed up with the czarist regime. They promised land to the peasants and an end to their exploitation. The peasants were also able to gain the support of the intelligentsia, who were tired of the czarist regime.

The revolutionaries were able to gain the support of the workers and the peasants and were able to establish a new government, the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies. This government was able to quickly gain control of the country and establish a new society based on worker control.

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ment among the allies presents an opportunity for a negotiated peace; or, alternatively, if the rulers of Germany are beaten militarily but left in power economically, a pacification of Europe is unthinkable. In the latter case military occupation by the allies would certainly not help. It is hard enough to control India in these days by violent colonization; it would be quite impossible to control Central Europe. Should the allies take up arms not only against the harrassed regime but also against the whole people, they would need immense forces; the Nazis needed more than half a million SS men, the largest police force in history, and a fanatical block-warden in every block. In every town they also had to hold out a hope of a successful war of conquest without which both the police and the population would starve. The foreign soldier with a gun in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other would only be regarded as a friend worthy of the great democracies that sent him if the milk were for the people and the gun for use against the regime.

The idea of forcibly educating a whole people is absurd. What the German people have not learned when this war is over from bloody defeats, bombings, impoverishment, and from the bestialities of its leaders inside and outside Germany, it will never learn from history books. Peoples can only educate themselves; and they will establish popular government not when they grasp it with their minds but when they grasp it with their hands.

—Bertolt Brecht

Goons squads who brutalized New York Draft Resisters are not typical of all working longshoremen as witness West Coast stevedores swinging hooks at the April 15th march in San Francisco. At the same time Aussie Wharfies gagged at loading shoremen as witness West Coast stevedores swinging along under union banneims and haling hooks uniform.

Viet bound bombs and tied up the Wooloomootoo docks. Some man to mem talk with the men who

Individualism is the first to disappear. The native intellectual had learnt from his masters that the individual ought to express himself fully. The colonialist bourgeoisie hammered into the native's mind the idea of a society of individuals where each person shuts himself up in his own subjectivity, and whose only wealth is individual thought. Now the native who has the opportunity to return to the people during the struggle for freedom will discover the falseness of this theory. The very forms of organization of the struggle will suggest to him a different vocabulary. Brother sister, friend—these are words outlawed by the colonialist bourgeoisie, because for them my brother is my purse, my friend is part of my scheme for getting on.

—Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth

CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER LOWENFELS has been writing poetry and acting in the struggle for human liberation for half a century.

KONSTANTINOS LARRAS is a poet and a Greek American.

ED BOOTH is a poet raised in the Midwest who now lives in New York. He is one of the growing number of young poets who identify themselves with the Movement.

MARGE PIERCY, a member of SDS and the North Americans Congress on Latin America, has a book of poems Breaking Camp coming out in February from Wesleyan University Press.

LEXUS COEUR, a prime originator of the Chicago Monster Congress, has been very active in Artists and Writers Against the War in Vietnam.

JERI ANN HILLERLY founded the Scupture Theater and has worked with the Pageant Players. She writes songs and is starting an SDS street theater group.

DAVID HENDERSON, a black poet living in New York, edits Ubra. A prophecy of the coming American black revolution from the pen of Iraol Jones is a highlight in Ubra, reappearing after a lapse of several years. Since the printing presses turn much slower for the young black writers, they have had to struggle to keep this showcase alive.

MARGARET RANDALL lives in Mexico City and edits el corso espanolos. She writes and translates poetry. She recently visited Cuba.

ROBERT HEAD is an SDS organizer and poet who lives in New Orleans. He is active in Guerrilla theater.

CLARENCE MAJOR is a black writer whose work has appeared in the Village Voice and New Left Notes. He was director of the Harlem Writers' Workshop.

CLAYTON BERNSTAIN is a poet living in New York. He has been active in Angry Arts and edits the magazine, Catepillar. His translations of Cesar Vallejo are coming out in the spring from Grove Press.

Goon squads who brutalized New York Draft Resisters are not typical of all working longshoremen as witness West Coast stevedores swinging hooks along under union banniers and haling hooks uniform.
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The raw material of poems can be found incubating today in the Campus Rebellion and the Negro Revolution. It is not dropping out for an activist to take up his pen. Dante was exiled for his politics, and Heine, another exile, said: "Lay a sword on my bier for I have been a good soldier in the wars of human liberation."

What about today?

A poem in our time creates out of the situation not as it is but as it is becoming.

Who sees the rainbow? Who detects the joy?

We have a right to demand that our poets shall be prophets and that, as in the old days, every politician shall be a poet and sing the glad news to come.

Once we recognize the great world-wide poem, we find the whole affair—production, distribution, consumption, birth rebirth—is one grand song in a performance joined by everyone.

The revolution is to be human.

We move toward that action as poem which the poem as action transcribes. We move toward the human flow. There is a goal where the movement of people and of things—from the wheat in the fields to the grain in the mill and the bread we eat—all this gigantic producing the distributing of things takes place in a rhythm of action and belief incidental to the green of the world. This is the womb of things which the poem acts to disclose. It is this momentary glimpse of the world as poem that the little poems we actually write aim to unfold.

Sometimes I see them in my mind's eye—the people, all the races, all the bodies, all the people here and through time struggling like a lever to push up through the global surface of things, and being pushed down again and again by all the hells that hold us in. But always we start up again—we have to in order to live. Finally we rise through all the hunger and death we leave behind and reach halfway to the top when suddenly the whole globe swings around onto its proper base what it has to become for the people to live.

A South Vietnamese poet wrote to me, "For one year now, I've got enough kerosene and paper to write at night, thanks to the enlargement of the liberated zone. However, morale plays the decisive role. In the daytime I am busy marching, counter-raiding, taking shelter from enemy air-raid, or planting rice seed and growing Cassava. At night I take up my pen to write when already exhausted. Sometimes, a fit of fever has assailed me after I've jotted down no more than a few lines."

—Che Lan Van, Preface to The Fire Blazes

Walter Lowenfels
A NEW BEGINNING

We are human
We cannot eat the flesh
Of the war news
We are immune to the war news
We are lovers
We are learning each other
We cannot listen to the war news
Repeat and repeat
We are guilty lovers
We are our father’s shudder
Between our two flesh
We are two
Not unlike the tracks of animals we have not seen yet
Not unlike our mother who loved forever
Without her body
We cannot wake without confessing
Our distaste
And want only for ourself alone
We are not clever
We are alone, like selves
And then we hate
And sharpen against the whetstone walls
But lovely even the lice that live on us
Though you shudder my love
At the thought
We are not above them
But about at their level,
We are human
We are not immune
To the war news
We are lovers, just as the lice are ours
We are the lice’s insurrection against the wall
The winter flies against the flowery wallpaper
We are our lives lived out in a split second chance
We are the shadows that have died to find their bodies
We are the children that the world chloroforms
Under the snow rocks we listen to the spring waters
That wash us already

WHEN WILL YOU BE MY BROTHER AGAIN?

When will you be my brother again?
Things between us were strong if unspoken.
If life is simple, if weakness is forgotten,
Our feet went down in the wet earth,
And it moved when we walked hardly talking.
We knelt together to gather snails and shells
For your little girl. I was full
Watching you two, her upon your belly
Peacefully. When will you be good to yourself?
My heart fills slowly to the brim,
But I have no place to spill it.
No one to visit those graves with again.
Somewhere amid small wars families dig their own graves.
If life were only that simple,
If death could be put in the ground and walked upon.

IF TOMORROW COMES

Tonight, like a night, like all the others
ever on earth, when we children ached
for what we did not know, morning seemed
only as far away as opening the door,
of standing quietly on the kitchen floor;
these things defy our saying, they are dumb
as our feet, their steps laid before them,
their fears a whole family gnawing at food
which is cold and dead before our noses...
I am surprised my blood is as red as blood.
If I seem strange to you, suddenly, and far away,
as far away as the country you have loved
and left, quietly as a slip of paper slips off a table.
I stab at what I know, forgive me, and all
of us, and you, the most difficult of all
the warm blooded creatures,
my love, I don’t even know how to say it, all
at once those simple things stutter as if
they had never been before, and my imagination fails me
at last; I have no need for it, if tomorrow comes..
The very word defoliate.
The skin, the fire.
The leaves that cover
The body, the hand.
The very trembling earth.
The wound, the constellation,
The dead. The very dead.
They are none but mine,
As these eyes are not mine
Burning twice as bright.
As my body leaps,
As the terror migrates.
Lives cannot repeat.
How many lives can I?
Can I be you, my love
Are me? Is the pain
Increased thereby?
If you are three
Short lives cheated,
You are still hurt,
They are still dying,
Full of life. Of life
We talk to death.
We number the numberless.
While we talk the pain
Is full of pain,
The horror of horror,
The dead of dead, the
Peace we talk is of the
Dead, and tomorrow

Tomorrow. Where am I?
To hold to except
In dreams we hold to
And sink with. Where am I
Horrendously repeated?
Myself, my nose, my lips
My tongue thick in you
Sweet mouth. Do they not
Cry out of me, my dead sons
Flack. How do they fly?
With deathbombs too heavy
For a man to lift. My brow,
Upon your breast. A child
At your breast who shall
Walk again. All is not
In me. The sun sad,
The minute old.
The silent silence.
Still to be born.
Hands and feet,
The Achilles tendon,
The way I laugh,
The way you look.
I take you awkwardly,
Inwardly. Whole. The
Very trembling earth
I hold in you, heavy
Painful earth.
Where I was born.
Where I am living
Among other men.

—Edward Botts

Leon Golub: GIGANTOMACHY
1965 9 1/2' x 22'

YIN YEARS
by David Henderson

New York City is a death festival
voluminous men death carriages/
cartels of internationally disposed people
dodder with blots of water and sugar/
voluminous men
slow death ferment

Looking downtown/from Bowery roofs
the location marks
the balance of this city
to which all structures
of the city hall boys fan
/ East by North

the magnificence of the Woolworth Building
will receive splendid disposition
with the first wave of holocaust---
overland they will come
from Atlantic waters
across queens brooklyn the harlem river
strange men will come
howling tunes weirder than the Beatles
by Bowery
the city cast voluminous light
on the caste of men
who patrol
upwards & downwards
their tree-lined corridor
to infinity
urban renewal
what will you do?
then when you are too late/
when your young planted saplings wither
& your fine printed reports
flutter in dusty empty corridors
& grow yellow
as the sun
by Bowery
bloated men
voices of the disemboweled
yell ditties to each other
in endless short jostling games
that grow dangerous
by darkness
& cold light
jittery limbs
wine pressing skin
both ways
these are the short trunked people
whose trouser ends sweep the ground
& by morning light or red sundown
often limp on barefeet
pitiful & sober
faces shrunk by racist sugar
of sweet fruit drinks
bodies bludgeoned by
the red cross
holy ghost USA
port or amber fluid
falling
broken bottle limbs
gangrene
of the corridor
men of epileptic gesture
& embrace
where to be knocked down
is death in the face
where blood jumps
like crack bottle port 35 cent
Lou's win Five Star Rhythm
North American Port sherry & muscatel
(leading hollywood stars testify
they drink Thunderbird wine during camera breaks)
high powered cars  patios in queens
herding their unkempt
by cab of paddy wagon
three blue men behind the windshield
grinning jostling like construction workers
animal flesh eaters related by blood/
blue veined blonds
versus people of/the fields
Smith & Wesson fire arms
versus bamboo shards & marijuana
we of the cities & towns
have forgotten our sun
our trees
that lie in vacant parks
& along highways of concrete billboard and express
we have forgotten our air
now it moves sluggishly
drugged with soot of Con Edison
and other industrial giants who/
to make amends sells us air conditioners and filters
during humid heat the city lies in a haze
& by coldness darkness
the people retreat
into steam heated spaces & underground cars
and the sky is clear
the city hides
while balding portly men sick in their groins
condemns nudity lovemaking/condones burlesque prostitution
balding portly men who govern us/ sell us food/ hold our money
give us books and newspapers to read/
tells us what to do when we get lonely.
the same men who eat greatly of fruits and flesh/
sugar and alcohol
take many showers and spray themselves with sweet chemicals
to be the white western cowboys they are

joyful men
with modern uniform
creased and steamed
who dress young boys off to war
in their own image
sugar refined faces
maggots of the factory in their blood
automatic weapons fast of fire
that grow hot from too much blood
too many natives rushing howling
strange rage
vietnam watts santo domingo harlem
the British of the 18th century
lined up against the colonials
in parfait order
to employ maximum firepower
...yet the farmers of the fields
prevailed---
now it is the 20th century
natives and farmers learn knowledge of machine
if finite
knowledge of the fields

absolute

\[ \text{A BULLETIN:} \]

president Lyndon Baines Johnson has announced plans
to spend more time in texas...
johnson would gladly A-bomb the world
as he shuttles between the plastic domed plastic grass ballpark
of the houston astros
and the LBJ lake
a man who names a lake after himself
it is the plastic men of technology
versus the natives of the land
the overfilled/overkill peoples
versus peoples who believe in their bodies
more than anything else
& who by necessity goes hungry
the europeans versus the indians
the yankees versus the brooklyn bums

there are the long-haired young of music
jazz rhythm n blues folk tunes & jug band
who dress strangely
and sing america
with chinese accentuations
they travel the land & beyond
from detroit to florida
_cambridge to berkeley
_singing fucking fasting / getting high
There are millionaires stockpiling LSD
Diplomats and executives taking hashish
instead of coffee breaks
young silver-spooned maidens
leaving school
to live like indians
on the Lower East Side of Manhattan/
there are boys and girls
who want to know more about
their sex organs
than that they should be
antiseptic clean
and unused—
there are those
working to crack the riddle
of Western white love
that has college coeds
brushing their teeth instead
of talking their minds
applying maximum safe deodorants
instead of making love
smelling themselves
instead of others
these are years of yin
from korea to vietnam
_yalta to geneva

by Bowery
my dress is among the bums
the police cannot tell us apart
until I open the door to my loft
and disappear
those who make friends
with those who roam low
in the streets
reap reward
_and by Bowery

among bloated men
figurines of Western death
I feel my blood go hot & cold
as theirs
from my many windows
I see them stagger / fall
stare pop bleary at the sun
their enemy
their goddess of love defiled
I know that feeling
my blood remembers the wine
my cells have in their seven years construction
memory
of siren days / cartoon events
signifying a high kind of poison
a logical euthanasia /
by Bowery twilight falls
the caste of men
who by neon fluorescence
are not unlike one another /
everyone in America

I have raced through Cambridge
with a black bearded boy Bobby
_Telling Harvard boys & Radcliffe maidens
we live on the Bowery
because it is a joke / and it is true
these old loft buildings
belong to us
these vacant streets of
dying men and darkness . . .
for we have been shipped off by society
(Indians by reservation)
told to keep moving
or to lie in vacant places / unseen
and like the Negro
the culture of the caste
is intact & underground /
men and women through centuries
to appear like hoboes gypsys the insane
to harangue & cause commotion
in the civilized streets /
the caste of men
weird and everlasting
perpetual recurrence
from Berkely to Babylon
Mexico to New York City
children of yin
through years of yin
unchanging /

“When the group arrived at a likely spot—any place where large numbers of people stood around waiting for something to happen—the dancers started to form a big circle doing the yangko rock (three steps forward, one step back) the boys and girls of the dancing brigade burst into joyous song and began their yangko all over again.

Other skits had to do with the national and international scene. Chiang K’ueh-shchek came in for much buffeting about, as did the Soongs, the K’ungs and the Ch’ens—China’s three other ruling families. These men were represented in typical fashion soong always within a style hat, Ch’en in a black landlord’s gown, Chiang in preposterior military regalia, and K’ung, the banker, always clutching a large briefcase stuffed with money.

The streets overflowed with yangko and stick dancers, each orchestra trying to play louder than the last, each group of dancers striving to step out more vigorously than the one in front of it, each actor attempting to outdo in gesture and voice the others in the cast. Add to this the thousands upon thousands of country people milling about; the peddlers vending hot multon soup, candy, peanuts, and pears; the hundreds of carts going and coming; the red banners and the colored paper spinning and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed.

And, as if all this were not enough, the three great stages on the three main streets presented a continuous succession of plays, each to an enormous changing crowd. Farther on, at the fairgrounds on the east side of the town, a commercial circus displayed the talents of trained monkeys and trick riders, while, from the platform of an abandoned temple, a traditional opera troupe sang to an audience of thousands.

For two days and nights the festivities continued without letup.

**A STREET THEATER IN CHINA: 1948**

*Of Theater*

Of theater

**A STREET THEATER IN NEW YORK: 1967**

The following is a brief excerpt from a taped interview with the Pagant Players, June 1967 in which they discuss their development and role as a radical "Street Theater" group during the past 2 1/2 years. (as the discussion below shows, in Landromat, a brief skit performed in Landromat involves 2 witnesses fighting over a bag of laundry being washed; it belongs to one (Hanyackman) and being seized upon by the other (American), who tries to convince the first to divide her clothes in half and begin refusing thirds. The realistic event...

**Matthew:** We were doing the Laundry play in Brooklyn and there were kids hanging out front of this laundromat and they dug that we were doing something. They didn’t catch the play yet. We all had placards. We had the sign of the Vietnamese and the American and they went through the whole bit of "Heil Hitler," marching around and like "We’re in the army now," and blah, blah, blah. I don’t know why. I guess they were public or something. They were trying to bug us a little bit and they also were just being friendly for some reason. I guess they wanted to relate. So anyway we said, "Okay, we’re going to do this play." I guess they were young and it just sort of scared the others out of doing this play in a laundromat, and anyway they were interested in drumming and music. We took them in the car to the next stop and we had a scared, all crammed in the back like four in the back and we took them to the next performance. They drummed and Victor played and it sounded great.

**Matthew:** Three.

**Arlene:** It turned out to be a few; they just kept coming.

**Eileen:** Well, one came and then more came and the cops got out on their two sides and were really mad saying, “Okay, where are those kids,” and I don’t remember what they said but they treated us like kidnappers. The kids’ mothers and some people on the block had seen the kids get into the car with us who were suspect anyway. So all the mothers were alerted and they called the police that their children had been taken away in a car by some people they didn’t know. The cops were waiting for us when we got back. They took us to the police station where we squared everything away because they really had thought we were kidnappers.

**Matthew:** That’s what we do in the Pagant Players!

**Eileen:** Oh, that’s what we’re all waiting for—a kidnapping plot.

**Michael:** I’m not interested in all of that. Vic can tell it because he got into the police station and he was driving the car that day. We had four children that day and shit, we were planning on fifteen.

**Arlene:** That’s what we do in the Pagant Players!

**Michael:** Well, we had these kids in the car and when we had finished drumming at that stop where they drummed on the washing machines we got them all back in the car again and we went back where we had picked them up. We were going to do another performance in that laundromat. We got there and had just pulled up when this cop car pulled up behind us. Was it one or two?
of theater

Michael: We'll be smoother next time.

Matthew: The cops were just as innocent.

Matthew: We didn't even ask any purposes, a radical theatre bent on a very con-

Michael: His mind? / A world of roleplay, a process which involves necessarily a
directing life, a process which involves a very con-

Matthew: We took his mind out and

Matthew: It was a great finale. The kid was

Matthew: At the end, right? We see this kid
telling the cop. They find this one,
(probably one kid. There were
tree or four others already split
with the mommies. The other cops
don't know. Something like Oswald
and the CIA, animated too, and any-
way a cop said to the kid, "Where
are your brothers?" Very seriously
and the kid is very relaxed eating
his ice cream cone and looking
at the ground. And looking at the
cop, I don't know, sort of lackadaisically
and looking up, chocolate ice cream
sugar cone and saying, "Oh, yah,
they're all right. We just went into
the car and..."

Arlene: The cop asked him why they went
with us.

Matthew: It was a great finale. The kid was
licking his cone and looking at
the cop without any affectation in the
world. So I think that we cleansed
the system of all it's carbon diox-
ide. Yesterday—not today.

WORKING TOWARD A DEFINITION OF THEATER

Ron Davis of the San Francisco Mime Troop
began to tell us about doing "Guerrilla" Theatre (opposed to dull-big-money-big-sets-big-lightsha-
big-deal-actors memorizing somebody else's
words theatre) some years back, a process
which involves inventing your own kind of
theatre, serving your own particular needs and
purposes, a radical theatre bent on a very con-
scious operation of breaching change in those
with whom it makes contact.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHANGE, reestablish-
ishing basic human needs and values, reaffirm-
ning life, a process which involves necessarily a
great deal of destruction, the stripping away
of everything that gets in the way of real contact
and joining: the inside to the outside, the possi-
bility to the necessary, the individual to the world
RIGHT NOW. Food for the hungry. An IN-
STRUMENT FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF NON-
LIFE. We do not want to be the severed appar-
dages, yes-men, of a social structure that ab-
hors life itself. BUT, to do radical theatre is
not yet killing the man who will not let you live;
it is not what Che was doing in the Bolivian
hills. We have not yet occupied that stage where
you perform the truth to be met with an en-
slaught of bullets aimed at the actors' hearts.
Guitars; no guns.

I. PREMISE: Real levitations attack the
roots. - Brecht

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Any theatre
which dares to incorporate the terms guerrilla,
revolutionary, Che, like, must get upon this.
By changing a form already established within
the society, we question and attack the necessity
and function of the old form. New forms work
toward a new society. This doesn't mean you
can't learn or even adopt an older theatrical
form (Mime Troop), but its purpose has to
serve, working with eyes open.

II. PREMISE: Everything depends upon you
and your working relationship with other people.
What can you do best and how can you most ef-
fectively be part of a meaningful operation (play)?

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Develop and
train through improvisation exercises and work-
shops. Consider how you, the actors, can also
"create" the set, objects and places, sound ef-
fects, masks, allowing greater flexibility and
maneuverability in your attacks (plays). Allow
the same materials to serve for many purposes,
creating a variety of sets and costumes from
the same props. Boxes for actors' podiums
are the world's most versatile and functional
actors' tool. (Theatre of the Oppressed).

III. PREMISE: What can you do best and how
you have. If only 2 people want to
make a theatre, embrace and begin. Eleven
people started a revolution. Soon others join.
Each actor can be a "cast of thousands" under
your working relationship with other people.
What can you do best and how can you most ef-
cfectively be part of a meaningful operation (play)?

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: How does man's
progressive movement around a center, let us say
merely the beating of his own heart, relate to
the basic phenomena of the earth's revolution
on its own axis and around the sun? rhythms of
life, growth, change, becoming. Creation.
And how do suppressions, dominations, racism
(tolerances), capitalisms (money, power) indi-
vidualisms, goodness based on guilt, dreams
esteemed more than the man in front of you,
specializations, ignorances, lies, alter, afflict
and negate these rhythms—specifically as re-
vealed in the movements of our own bodies.
Have you seen the rhythms of fear, hate, hun-
gry, pain, loss?

Every action has a movement, a rhythm by
which we understand it. A man walks toward
me on the street. He takes 2 steps forward and
3 back. He never stops to talk to me and his hand
waits in his pocket. Another man comes. He
seems to be with me before he arrives. He
smiles and listens when I speak. We learn
from each other. People are as important as our
own voice and I listen to mine so that when we
speak, we have something to say.

TEST OF PREMISE: Begin with a breathing
exercise. Actors lie down on the floor, their
heads touching at the center of the sphere they
make. "Listen" with your hands to the breath-
ing of the two beside you. All together you make
a circle; if one leaves, the connection is broken.
We are all connected as life is connected to life
all over the world, and to life of the past, pres-
ent, and future. Now slowly begin to move in
rhythm to the breathing you feel with your hands
and body, a process not limited to minutes,
hours, even years. Slowly, we begin to create
a world based on our own movements and im-
pulses. Yes, we are looking at each other and we
are moving, changing and slowly creating a new
movement from the breathing of our own bodies.
It is even possible that we are begin-
ning to love.

-Jerian Hilderley
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BLACK ART

Leroi Jones, Marvin Jackson and I did three, by now, 'famous' essays on the role of the black poet in America, as contributing editors to Joe Goncalves' "The Journal of Black Poetry." Rol said: 'I realize that the Black Poet ought also try to provide a 'post american form', even as simple vision, for his people.' And: 'We must, in the present, be missionaries of Blackness, of consciousness, actually.' And Marvin Jackson (or X) said: 'THE BLACK REVOLUTIONARY POET MUST LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND LANGUAGE OF HIS PEOPLE.'

I said: 'The black poet confronted with western culture and civilization must isolate and define himself in as bold a relief as he can. He must chop away at the white criterion and destroy its hold on his black mind because seeing the world through white eyes from a black soul causes death. The black poet must not attempt to create from a depth of black death. The true energy of black art must be brought fully into the possession of the black creator. The black poet must stretch his consciousness not only in the direction of other non-western people across the earth, but in terms of pure reason and expand the mind areas to the far reaches of creativity's endlessness to find new ways of seeing the world the black poet of the west is caught up in."

'If we black poets see ourselves and our relationships with the deeper elements of life and with all mankind perhaps we can also break thru the tangled ugly white energy of western fear and crime."

'We are in a position to know at first hand the social and political machinery that is threatening to destroy the earth and we can use a creative and intellectual black criteria on it.' But now I wonder at this statement.

Anyway: 'I believe the artist does owe something to the society in which he is involved; he should be involved fully. This is the measure of the poet, and the black poet in his— from a white point of view— invisibility must hammer away at his own world of creative criticism of this society.

Creative criticism of this society? Yes. This summer I conducted a writer's workshop for the Harlem Education Program in Harlem. I was lucky to have had many dedicated students. One was especially noteworthy—seventeen year old Lloyd Cortin, who, near the end of the summer came into the workshop while we were putting together the anthology of works done throughout the session and announced: "My new name is Djangatolum." That is black art. An African had given him the name he was so proud of, and his supplement of poems to the anthology appeared under that name. How will the powers that be in Washington respond to Djangatolum this Fall when they flip through the pages of the anthology to see what we did with the anti-poverty money? But that's besides the point. An example of Corbin's energy:

BLACK BLACK

I want to be black
And not cream my beauty away
In a day, not from that jar
Nor from an Ice Cream bar
BLACK BLACK
I'm gonna stay black
Not cream myself away
Not fall in that jar or
Die in a bar

That is creative criticism of himself, and he is the society. Djangatolum asks:

What are riots?
What do we riot?

Because racism is a tool of capitalism.
Many adults have said to me after reading
this young man's poetry: "God! it's frightening and sad to think that a kid that young is so bitter!" But Lloyd knows where he is at. He is with the shit.

"A work of art," I wrote in 'A Black Criteria', "a poem can be a complete thing;' it can be alone, not preaching, not trying to change men, and though it might change them, if the men are ready for it, the poem is not reduced in its artistic status. I mean we black poets can write poems of pure creative black energy right here in the white west and make them works of art without falling into the cheap market place of bullshit and propaganda. But it is a thin line to stand on."

Recently an 'important' poet, who was a judge on a panel to a poetry contest I entered wrote to me after someone else had won, and said, in effect, that he felt that I should have won, and that perhaps the reason operating against me was that I sometimes wrote for black people only. This, he felt, was propaganda. When black eyes see from black eyes, white sensibility seems to become terribly jammed up. Roi said: "As a people we have no control of 20th century communications media among ourselves, to by and for each other. It becomes the responsibility of sensible white men to dig without reservation the black image in America. While America's reality depends on the success of this.

For four years now I have been working with the idea of black art as communication. When I wrote the Malcolm X article for Negro Digest I was talking not so much about white politics as about black art. I mean simply that I am not talking about hatred but about something very positive, like Marcus Garvey said, man: "There is no sense in hate. But a creative attack on the ritual and passivity, the curse, the dark ages of this death, the original sin's impact on a people and their unjust projection of it upon us black people......"

"I said to the black poets: 'We must shake up not only our own black brothers but the superficial and shoddy people stumbling in the brainlessness of the western decline.' This is almost like saying: Become responsible where white isn't, lead him out of his wilderness, but not quite. Art is a basic responsibility of simple humanity: one cannot help but be responsible.

That is all I am saying. Black art is therefore black life and black life is, though it seems strange to many whites, American life.

Black art has been in every sense of the phrase the black power of music, blues and its grandchild, jazz. A B. Spellman and Leroi Jones in their books on black music are talking about this, and nothing else. This black energy in white America and what's happening to it, where it's going, where it came from. Roi said in a book he's working on now: the black artist must give "his life to communicating... the precise circumstance of contemporary universal consciousness... And this is the shaping of the future (BUILDINGS LIKE JOHN COLTRANE SOLOS) the task...."

The black musician is talking about cultural revolution in America when he blows his horn, when he plays his piano, or beats his drums; and if anybody doubts it ask Max Roach.

On the cover of one issue of The Journal of Black Poetry is a photo of a little black girl holding a sniper. She is talking about change. Like my students in Harlem, she knows the score already. She knows it almost from the time she could walk, and her energy is the same energy Charlie Parker emoted. When I say black consciousness it should be clearly understood that I am talking about something very universal. Again, the little girl with the sniper means something positive, she does not mean hatred.

When James Baldwin and John A. Williams use the English language they are expressing creative discontentment with the same energy, black energy of summertime guerillas. Nothing I can think of is better for the sickness of the culture...

To come to terms with black culture is to know something very basic about all humanity. This should be assignment I for mainstream America. Why? Because the whites have the problem of race, black people know they are not problems. But today art may seem futile while we are confronted with the growing possibility of a race war, right here, and concentration camps, the surplus unemployable poor. But it is not: it may be the undercurrent of hope. Because it is a silent river in human life.

—Clarence Major

3 POEMS

RESTING IN HARLEM

God is not dead
but resting in Harlem
He has not left man but man
has left him
So God went to Harlem
Why? Because God made man
in the likeness of himself
Why go to Harlem?
'Cause God was black
But he thought or you thought
he was white
That's why God came to Harlem

STREETS '65-'66

The horse, the horse
The evil white horse
Whose contents comes in grains
White sand of which I'm about to blow
To blow, to blow
To blow in my nose then into my veins
To unlatch my sub-conscious
To wash my convolutions bare
To rob my soul of the fiber
That was once there
Enslaving me to anger and despair
Freening me of hope, happiness and
love's tender Kiss
For all it is to you, me, anyone
it is too much for one soul to bear
For all it is
For all it is to do
For all it is that I shall never do
For all it is to blow the white horse
That enters through my nose
And down my veins
To close my consciousness
To make cold the breast
that once warmed the rest

—Djangatolum
Who are you and
Silent figures,
Faces of melody,
Muted inside of me
Faces I'm leaving now?
You pass me and
You pass me.
What is the word
Living inside of you
Yearning inside of you
Boldly from day to day?

Two
You pass me and
You pass me.
Whoever you are,
Though you are blind to me
You die inside of me
Erasing all that seemed.

Chorus:
I know the each of you,
Each step that brings me closer to,
Black light that burns inside of you,
Gone is the dream.

Repeat Chorus:
Joy to the mountains
to the fragrant plains
to coolness of the clefted rocks
and to the moon-struck nights;
to you, my brave guerrillas
who know no strident terror
as you leap, lionlike, to war.

These songs have greatness in them because they are a truth, a haunting after a terror that is done now, but that upreaches once again in 1967, as it had stunned all Europe in Fascist Occupation from 1939 to 1945, the Greeks in Civil Strife from 1945 to 1949, as
it rears up its head in Vietnam, in glories now far greater than what the Greeks endured against the Turks, the Persians or Themselves, and are precursors to those songs now being born, which one day, when the carnage shall be done, we’ll sing as gleanings and remembrances of love.

One of our present fathers, and religiously, with fervor, has dared to say that what America is doing in Vietnam is what the Greeks had done at Salamis and at Thermopylae,—that she is holding to contain a barbarous horde. I shall not make such pieties, or point to say that what a paradox is here, and that, but simply, we Americans are, and shall forever be, the hordes, for we have come into a gentle land and utterly destroyed. I simply shall abide by what a conquered people sang, in Greece, a handred fifty years ago, and further,—and what they told of struggles and of dreamings to be free; and wonder what the women and the babes and men of Vietnam are singing now beyond their individual dyings, or their nation’s death.

Just as these songs can tell us how Achilles mourned his fallen friend, Patroclus, how Hecuba and Priam wept for their sons and daughters in great Troy,—so do they need no further pointings here, except to tell us that we must look not only, or exclusively, to the Greek soul (the world is grown too small for that, too great), but to the stunning, stalwart soul of Man: that war, these battles which were waged yesterday, and are waged now, dual dyings, or their nation’s death.

—Konstantinos Lardas

Who was it set fire to the orchard and burned enclosure of the vineyard, enclosure of the orchard and burned those trees that stood together, joined?
The one tree burned and fell, the other burned and stood.
The one which burned and fell, has gone beyond all wants; the one which burned and stands, has much yet to endure; north winds shall whip it, south winds shall lash, the coldest storms shall blast it, and shall burn its heart.

I heard the ark of Noah has departed,—
that held the golden jug, that held the manna, too.

My sleepless, exiled bird, my bird of far away,
the exiled world is shining in your presence, and I have only woe.

Who can I send you, stranger, what can I give you first?
I send an apple and it rots; a quince,—it withers on the way;
and if I send the sweetest of the grapes, they come a shrivelled mass;
and if I send a tear, wrapped in a golden kerchief,
that tear is burning, and it burns the silk.

It’s proper that the earth rejoice
that she be filled with pride,
it’s proper that we plant her with
bright shoots of pearl
and rake her with gold rakes,—for she has eaten of our eagles,
our virgins and their jewels;
and she has eaten of the babes of mothers,
our brothers and their brothers;
and eats the well-loved husband
and the wife.

That apple, that from the branches richly hangs,
rots not,—nor will the birds eat it.
Deer touch it and fall dead, bears taste it and are tamed,
black sheep that eat it, quick-forget their young.
Would that my mother had eaten of it too?
Would that she’d never given life to me!
And since she bore me, to what purpose go,—
and since she has me now, what does she want of me?
I walk in foreign lands; I eat, I drink in exile.
Strange women are my trusted sisters, my companions,—
strange women bring me bread, strange women wash my clothes.

Who are the mountains black? Why stand they filled with tears?
Fights now the wind with them? Strikes them, the rain?
Neither does the wind fight, nor lashes out, the rain; but Charon passes by, in columns, with his dead.
Young men he prods before him; the old, he drags behind;
the tender ones, the children, arrayed on saddles, come.
Old men implore, the young men kneel before him:
The tender ones, the children, arrayed on saddles, come.

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Young men he prods before him; the old, he drags behind;
the tender ones, the children, arrayed on saddles, come.
Old men implore, the young men kneel before him:
O Charon, hasten to the village, hurry to the fountain
that we, the old, might drink; that we, the young, might stone it;
that these, your babes, might pluck, might eat the flowers.
Neither to village nor to fountain shall I go;
for come the mothers to the water, and recognize their brood,
and come the couples, too, and never can be severed.
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new Guardian?

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VERSE:

You charred my flesh
Pocked as the black crow cauws cauws
Caws, caws, caws in my heart.

Chorus: O where are the children who ran
The children who sat by my side?

You burnt my eyes
You burnt my love
You burnt the wonder of life.

O where are the children who hid
The children who laughed in my heart?

And now I can kill
I can kill, I can kill.
I can kill without uttering a sigh.

O where are the children who cared
The children who cried in the dark?

A child is dying
Is bleeding and dying,
The child deep in my heart.

O where are the children I knew
The children who caught all the stars?

The child neither sits nor stands
The child waits to be led
The child waits to be led to its grave.

O where are the voices of children?
The voices who sang of their loves?
When nineteen I was a worker in Nha Be and one of the leaders of the workers' strike there. At that time, the strikers beat a foreman to death, seriously injured a cook and seized several guns from the troops who were rushed in to suppress the strike. I was arrested and arraigned at "The Trial of the Indochinese Communist Party".

Because of my refusal to plead guilty to anything, I was confined in a pitch-dark basement for twenty-one days. I could not make out anything inside. On the fifth day of my confinement, however, I realized that at each meal two mess-tins of rice and other food were thrown in for me. Previously I thought that there was only one.

The court declared as "political prisoners" those who organized and edited revolutionary newspapers. As for those involved in strikes, seizures of paddy, beatings of soldiers,.... they were indiscriminately accused of "banditry and offences against public security", instead of political offenses. We were not allowed to plead. I had only time to say, before being taken away, "You behead people who are allowed to say only 'Yes' or 'No'. Isn't that strange justice?"

Hung was able to finish his sentence, saying, "This is strange justice. I have one head which has been sentenced to be chopped off my shoulders, and now you pronounce a second death sentence against me. I don't know where you will find the other head.''

Tu was even more stubborn in his statement. "You have slandered our Party. Therefore, I must be allowed to defend it first. As far as I am concerned, I will answer you later." And he persisted in his demand to defend his Party.

During the trial, the International Relief Association and the French Communist Party asked progressive barristers in Saigon to act as our defense counsels. A barrister said, "I ask the court to consider my client's youth and lack of mature thinking..."

One of the comrades stood up and intervened, "No, this is a faulty defense. I don't agree with it. Although we are young, we think over what we do. To free the nation and to free the working class how can people dare to call this a lack of mature thinking?"

Finally, the court pronounced the verdicts. On "political offenders", sentences of deportation for life, imprisonment ranging from fifteen to twenty years, and confinement in Poulo Condore were imposed. On "offenders charged with murder and rebellion", like Le Quang Sung, six other persons and I, death sentences were imposed. For comrade Hung, in addition to the previous death penalty, a 20 years' sentence of hard labour was imposed on him.

One day, Sung and I entered the Saigon Central prison.

Upon arrival at the section for prisoners sentenced to death, I heard a very familiar voice calling, "Luong, Luong, here is your mate; we will share this cell together." The person calling me was Hung. He was enjoying sitting close to the door of the cell. At that period, prisoners in this section demanded that the door of the cell be opened a few times a day to let the light in
and to enable them to enjoy a look outside.

Thanh and Ro also greeted us, "Come here, the cell is rather narrow to hold all of us, but it doesn’t matter."

We were in all seven souls living in one cell. Hung jokingly said, "We will order a banquet for tomorrow, and have a drink together." We were allowed to have drinks on Sundays, we would send for the orderly and say to him, "We have a bad cold, is there anything to drink?" The orderly would understand what we meant, and would bring in spirits from the dispensary.

Some days later, the French chief guard came in. He told Hung, "The appeal court agrees with the verdict of death passed against you, but as there has been a more recent trial, the decision from Paris has not yet arrived. I am telling this because you know we are not afraid of death. I have bought some rum and cigars, one glass of rum and one cigar for each of you."

We had been told that the French gave rum and cigars to prisoners sentenced to death just before the execution to cheer them up.

"Long time have we been in this cell? We are not afraid, are we?"

"Long time have we been in this cell? We are not afraid, are we?"

"Yes," we replied, "all the more so, as we have committed no offence and death sentences have been imposed on us."

We subsequently signed applications for appeal. Barrister Cancelleri, who had been sent by the International Relief Association to act as our defence counsel, delivered a report stating that he had been a member of the French Communist Party and had left it. However, he remained a Party sympathizer. He came each time the visitors brought in gifts of food and cigarettes. Every day, he handed us some money. We refused it.

"We have everything we need. You have been kind to us and have defended us.

"The money has been sent to us by the International Relief Association," Cancelleri replied.

"Has it? We will accept them. Please convey our thanks to the International Relief Association."

Cancelleri told us that the French Communist Party was waging a campaign demanding a reversal of the death sentences imposed on us. We had vaguely heard this information before, when we read French newspapers.

How had the French papers reached us? When we asked to borrow some to read, the chief guard dared not lend us Saigon papers, but lent us the Le Petit Parisien, L'Humanite, the Marseillaise and Paris Soir.

"These are the papers I have and as a special favour I will lend them to you to peruse."

From then on, we read newspapers every day. We were particularly interested in the Leipzig trial of comrade Dimitrov by the Hitlerite fascists. The trial, which echoed throughout the world, was reported with abundant details by bourgeois papers. In our cell, we closely followed its development, even more closely than those living outside. We read the comrade Dimitrov’s defence statements and learnt the way he based himself on existing legal and revolutionary legislation to defend his Party and to accuse imperialism. We learned many things, from the spirit and the attitude of the communist militant who defended the Communist International and the Bulgarian Communist Party and nation, who pointed a finger at the face of the Goering and the Hitlers to accuse them, to the experience of struggle in court. French bourgeois papers described him as "Dimitrov, the brave man."

We took the two remaining cigars from the packet which had been given to Thanh and Ro that morning, held them in our fingers a long time, then lit them. The chief guard broke the silence: "The two men are not of your group, why then did they shout slogans?"

"There is nothing strange in this. They have realized where good sense lies. Every thinking person will condemn you. Are you aware of that?"

With an uneasy smile he went away. For people like him it takes time to understand many things.

Six months elapsed. For thirteen months Hung had been in the condemned cell. It was my sixth month in prison. We discussed many things — how to walk the guillotine and how to face it, so that when death came, we should die in a fitting manner. We asked the guards for a description of the guillotine. They provided us with every detail, and asked me why we wanted to know.

"I want to know thoroughly," I said, "so that the execution can go through as smoothly as possible."

"We asked them about the proceedings and the way they take prisoners to the execution. They explained everything.

"Usually this question is put to the victim, "Do you have the last rites?" (A Catholic priest was present at executions)"

"Our answer would be: 'What should I want them for?'"

"Is there anything you want to say?", the French would ask, but we always said we had no last words. When the prisoner faced death, they might lose their self-control and confess, hoping that this confession would save his soul. The French were very shrewd indeed, but they should not have expected us to confess anything. They would ask this question, "Do you want to leave a message for your family?" We replied this like this was welcome. According to imperialist regulations,
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For rental conditions and information on how you can use this film to make money for your organization, write to:

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But it is not only in the bulge where Brazilians die of hunger or disease. In Rio's favelas, the hillside slums where population runs to 1,000,000 (out of Rio's total of 3,000,000) and where the only running water is the rain that causes occasional landslides and the makeshift houses to come tumbling down, a pregnant woman told me:

"My first two babies died within a few months of their birth. Now I hope only that this one will be a boy and that he will grow up to be strong so he can avenge his dead brother and sister." I asked her who she thought was responsible. Her answer was blunt:

"You! ...and all the others like you who can afford those shoes and that sweater. I think just the money you paid for that pen could have saved one of my children."

—John Gerassi, The Great Fear in Latin America

And there was to be trouble. It was already brewing. Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, who later became Guatemala's President, was in exile in El Salvador early in 1954. In his recent book, Ydigoras wrote:

"A former executive of the United Fruit Company, now retired, Mr. Walter Tumbull, came to see me with two gentlemen whom he introduced as agents of the CIA. They said that I was a popular figure in Guatemala and that they wanted to lend their assistance to overthrow Arbenz. When I asked their conditions for the assistance I found them unacceptable. Among other things, I was to promise to favor the United Fruit Company and the International Railways of Central America; to destroy the railroad workers labor union;...to establish a strong-arm government, on the style of Ubico. Further, I was to pay back every cent that was invested in the undertaking."

By late 1953 Eisenhower had reached his decision: Arbenz must go. To implement this decision, he turned to the CIA and Allen Dulles. A plan was evolved.

The Invisible Government by David Wise and Thomas Rose

In June, 1954, a CIA coup overthrew the elected Guatemalan government of Jacob Arbenz which had nationalized some property holdings of the United Fruit Company. A minor official in the Arbenz government, the young Argentinian, Ernesto Guevara, was forced to take exile in Mexico where he subsequently met Fidel Castro and joined the revolutionary movement to liberate Cuba.

...The solidarity of the progressive world for the Vietnamese people has something of the bitter irony faced by the gladiator in the Roman circus when they won the applause of the plebeians. To wish the victims success is not enough, the thing is to share their fate, to join them in death or victory.

— Che Guevara

However hopeless it may seem, we have no other choice; we must go back to the beginning; it must all be done over; everything that is must be destroyed.

William Carlos Williams, from In the American Grain
ODE TO THE AIR

Along a road
I came upon the air,
greeted him and said
respectfully:
"It pleases me
that for once
you leave off your transparency;
now we can talk."

Tireless,
he danced, rustled the leaves,
with his laughter
shook the dust off my feet,
and hoisting up
his blue masts and spars,
his crystal skeleton,
his airy eyelids,
he stood motionless as a mast
listening to me.
I kissed his cheek
fit for a heavenly king
wrapped myself in his banner
of celestial silk
and said to him:
"Monarch or comrade,
thread, corolla, or bird,
I know not what you be,
yet
one thing I implore:
Don't sell yourself.
Water sold herself
and pipelines
in the desert
have I seen
run dry,
and poor folk, common people
reeling along the sand
enduring their thirst.
I saw the rationed light
of night,
resplendent in the houses
of the rich.
All is radiance in the
new hanging gardens,
all is gloom
in the terrible
darkness of the alley.
Thence, the night,
mother-stepmother,
issues forth,
a blade between
her owl-eyes;
and a cry, a crime
swallowed by darkness.

No, air,
don't sell yourself,
don't let them channel you,
don't let them pipe you,
don't let them box you in.
Be not rolled into tablets,
or imprisoned in bottles.
Beware!
If you need me,
call me.

I am the poet son
of common folk; father, uncle,
cousin, blood-brother
and brother-in-law
of the poor, of all,
of my country and all other countries,
of the poor who dwell at the river's edge,
and those who in the vertical
heights
hew rock,
nail boards,
mend clothes,
chop wood,
crush earth,
and therefore,
I want them to breathe;
you are their sole possession,
you are transparent
that they may see
what tomorrow will bring.
For this reason you are,
air;
let yourself be breathed,
don't chain yourself.
Trust no one
who comes in an automobile
to examine you;
shun them, laugh at them,
blow off their hats,
don't listen to
their deals.

Let us go off together
dancing through the world,
blowing blossoms off
apple trees,
entering windows,
whistling together,
whistling melodies
of yesterday and tomorrow.
The day will come
when we will free
light and water,
earth and man,
and all for all
will be, even as you are.
For this reason,
beware!
And come with me,
we have still to do
much dancing and singing;
let's go
along the breadth of the sea
and the height of the hills;
let's go
wherever the new Spring
blooms and, in a gust of wind
and song,
let's distribute flowers,
fragrance, fruits,
the air
of tomorrow.

pablo neruda
The following is an excerpt from Fidel Castro’s May Day 1967 speech to the scholarship students of the Guane-Mantua region of Cuba. In this address Fidel emphasized that the heart of the socialist conception of work is cooperation, as opposed to individual competition and gain in capitalist society. As part of the policy of cooperation, Fidel set forth his government’s attitude toward copyright law.

Radio, television, the press, magazines, apparently we do not know how to use them as efficiently as we could, just as we previously didn’t know how to utilize practically anything else as efficiently as we could.

But, fortunately, we have been learning in these years, and therefore we are beginning to understand how to do things better. And we also hope that in the area of providing information to the people we are also learning and are going to improve.

So many things! Speaking of any one of these deficiencies recalls something we were told when we were children, that good things always come in threes.

At times, millions of copies of certain works were printed only to be submitted—as Marx would say—to the devastating criticism of moths and mice—since there was no demand for them and they were simply stored.

Should it surprise us then that many of the things accomplished by our people today are not publicized, when not even many of the great accomplishments of humanity were publicized, when even elementary matters of agricultural technology were not made available to our agricultural workers and farmers and technical matters were not brought before our students nor did our students have textbooks?

Of course, the solution was not an easy one. It became necessary to make a decision that we considered revolutionary. There exists a thing known as “intellectual property,” in these matters of property we are increasingly less experienced. In the past, everything was “property, property and more property.” No other concept was better known, more publicized or more sacred than that of private property. And strangely enough, air could not be bottled up, yet, nevertheless, something as abstract as intellectual property could be shut up in a kind of bottle.

What do we mean by intellectual property? It is well enough understood. But, in case anyone is not familiar with it, it is simply, the property rights that emanates from the intelligence of individuals, of a group of individuals—a book, for example; any book of a technical nature or a novel. I want to make it quite clear—because I do not want to earn the emnity of the intellectuals; in the first place, because it would be unjustified emnity—that this should by no means be taken as disregard for the merit, the value, even the right to survive of those who produce this type of spiritual goods. Very well. But, while asserting the right to property rights over intellectual possessions—following custom, following a system that prevailed in the world until very recently, following the influence of the whole capitalist concept of society—those intellectual possessions were subject to purchase and sale.

It is naturally, some—and, in general, many—of the creative intellects were badly paid; many have gone hungry. Anyone who reads, for example, the biography of Balzac, who wrote, we are told, one million and a half pages, must be moved by the poverty in which that good man lived. In general, many of the great creative geniuses have gone hungry because they had no backing. Many products of the intellect have been highly valued years after the death of their authors. Many men whose works have gained fame and immortality later, were completely ignored while they lived.

Persons producing works of intellect have generally lived in poverty. They have lacked the support of society and have often had to sell their intellectual productions at any price.

And in what circumstances, in what conditions, did we find ourselves? We were an underdeveloped country, completely lacking in technical knowledge; a country lacking technology and technicians, a country that had to begin by taking on the task of teaching one million citizens to read and write; a country that had to begin establishing technical schools, technological institutes, schools of all kinds from primary to university level; a country that had to undertake the training of tens of thousands, of hundreds of thousands of skilled workers and technicians in order to emerge from poverty and underdevelopment; a country that had to make up the centuries of backwardness that burdened us. When a country like ours sets itself the task of recovering all that lost time, when it proposes to create better living conditions for the people, when it proposes to overcome poverty and underdevelopment, it cannot then invest every cent, a large part of its limited resources, in construction, in purchasing means of production, in buying libraries, at the same time that we had to make countless investments, we were faced with difficulties in educating the people.

What? Because as our citizens learned to read and write, as all children began to attend school, as the number of sixth grade graduates topped the 50,000 mark and reached 60,000, 70,000 and 80,000, as more students entered the technological institutes and the universities, and as we aspired to defeat underdevelopment and ignorance, we needed an ever-increasing number of books. And books were—and are—very costly.

Because of the existing copyright concepts, we found that, in order to satisfy the demand for books, we had to spend tens of millions of pesos on their purchase, often paying for them very dearly. But in practice it is very difficult to determine exactly what is copyright; copyright belonged no longer to the authors but to those who had paid hard cash on the market for those products of the intellect, at any price, generally a low one. Those who exercised a monopoly over books had the right to sell them at the price they deemed suitable. We had to pay, we had to arrive at a decision, a definition, indeed, but a fair one. Our country, in fact, decided to disallow copyrights.

What does this mean? We feel that techni-
cultural knowledge ought to be the patrimony of all mankind. To our way of thinking, whatever is created by man's intelligence ought to be the patrimony of all men.

Who paid the inventors of the alphabet? Who pays the inventors of numbers, arithmetic? All one way or another, all of mankind has benefited from, and made use of, those creations of the intellect that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, man began to benefit from a creation of the intellect. From that time on, all of mankind has benefited from, and made use of, those creations of the intellect that man has forged throughout history.

And what will we give in exchange? We feel it a duty of society to help, to stimulate. We feel it a duty of society to protect all intellectual creators. I don't mean protect them; perhaps that is not the correct concept. We feel that our intellectual creators must take their place in society with all the rights of outstanding workers.

Cuba can and is willing to compensate all its intellectual creators; but, at the same time, it renounces—renounces internationally—all the copyrights that it is entitled to.

Not many technical books are published in this country, but, for example, we have produced a great deal of music that is enjoyed all over the world.

And in the future, in all intellectual fields, our people will produce more and more. As of now, we assure our respect of all copyrights relating to our intellectual property and, with Cuban intellectual producers protected by the Cuban government, our country renounces all its copyrights relating to intellectual property. That is, our books may be reprinted freely in any part of the world, while we, on the other hand, assure the right to do the same. If all countries did the same, humanity would be the beneficiary.

However, this is utopian. It is impossible to think that capitalist world, when those countries that have benefited from the work of those who have strived to get what can be sold—in tomorrow's world all nations will have to work on that same basis.

This is competition as we have known it, and which has given rise to the big bignomies, to the big monopolies that have set the price of all things. We shall not concern ourselves with questions of competition. What we shall be concerned with is the permission of each country to develop its productivity in the manner it sees fit. We shall consider it a duty of society to help those who wish to do so, and who, consequently, don't count. Hundreds of millions of people in this world live in poverty and suffer malnutrition.

This idea of competition will have to disappear in tomorrow's world. Because, just as our people produce today not for the market but for their needs—that is, basically, we attempt to do this country what is the monopoly of the tropical countries, there are practically no tropical countries in the so-called developed areas of the world. And we, beyond any possibility of doubt, will be in the same situation as the tropical zones of the world and our solutions, our techniques, will be available to all who care to learn from them.

It is known, for example, that our Institute of Sugar cane Investigations is carrying on research to obtain new and improved cane varieties. But this will be without any copyright. If in the poultry sector, for example, we develop a variety of fowl that lays more eggs than any other, this knowledge will be placed at the disposal of all other cane-producing countries interested in that variety. We shall not stoop to weak and miserly egoism. No! We shall not concern ourselves with questions of competition. We shall make use of all our efforts to develop our country, and that someone will always produce the things that we need. Therefore, the advantages from our agricultural development; therefore, our thrust towards mass application of technology in the gigantic development of our plans for different branches of production, so that our production may both fill our needs and meet demands abroad. We know that all we produce will always be useful to someone else, and that other countries can do likewise; produce things that are useful to us. But, beginning with the domestic market, we will produce everything we need, as much milk as we need, and that the day that we have more than enough milk we will not begin to throw it away. What have many capitalist countries been doing in the last decades? There is a surplus of coffee, they burn them and throw them away, and the restrictions... We do not suffer from those things. If we have a surplus of milk one day we shall ask ourselves how we can sell it and distribute it, and we will either lower the price or we will give the milk away free.
What then constitutes the alienation of labour? First, the fact that labour is external to the worker, i.e., that it does not belong to his essential being: that in his work, therefore, he does not affirm himself, but denies himself, does not feel content but uncoy, does not develop freely his physical and mental energy but mortifies his body and mutes his mind..."Its alien character emerges clearly in the fact as soon as no physical or other compulsion exists, labour is shamed like the plague."

—Karl Marx

JAVIER HERAUD

The poet JAVIER HERAUD was a guerrilla who fought to liberate his native Peru. He was killed in battle on May, 1965, at the age of 21. The poems which follow were selected from his last work. They were translated by Maureen Ahern and first appeared in the PersianmagazineHarvazac.
SUMMER

Drumrolled gusts of love
shake my heart and eyes.
(It's the light of life and
days. It's the penalty
of death and night).
I reap and sow the seeds
of love: a
way between nights
darkened by
wine,
I question the earth
and the hills,
I tear up jungles
of hates and riots:
what are afternoons
aside of peace,
what are hills
aside of dreams,
what are rivers
aside of tears,
what's a smile,
what's a face,
what's a shudder,
what's a hand,
what day by day
grasses
die
in the fields,
what day by day
the trees
of love
and silence
go crashing down
in their
nights?

THE KEYS OF DEATH

Now and forever in my face
I bear the matchless word,
the only word that will open the
unbelievable doors of life,
the inexhaustible doors
of death.
The only word in my face
I bear eternally, my
face which is night,
to noontime,
which is susceptible facing
the eternal sun, which is the musical score
of weeping in the presence of death.
The word alone eternally
holds back
my face. The matchless word
that is capable of opening the doors
of life, that can open
the doors of death.
My face and my word are
fused in the doors
of life,
are fused in the dawn
of death,
both of them,
face
and word,
like
one
key,
like
a
cluster
of keys,
like
keys
eternal
of
death.

Because my country is beautiful
like a sword in the air,
and bigger now and even
still more beautiful,
I speak out and defend it
with my life.
I don't care what traitors say
we've blocked the way
with thick tears
of steel.
The sky is ours,
Ours our daily bread,
we've sown and harvested
the wheat and the land,
ours
and forever belong
to us
the sea,
the jungles,
and the birds.
A NEW JOURNEY

I must travel again
toward
the white jungles
that are waiting for me.

Toward the same winds
and toward the same orange groves
must my enormous feet
eat up the lands
and my eyes
careen the vines
in the fields.

Lone and total journey:
it's so hard to leave
everything behind!
it's so hard to live
between cities and cities
a street,
a trolley,
everything piles up
so the
eternal season
of disappointment can survive.

You can't stroll
through the sands
if there are oppressor snails
and submarine spiders.

And yet,
walking a little,
turning to the left,
you get to the jungles
and the rivers.

It's not that I want
to get away from life,
it's just that I have
to get closer to death.

It's not that I want
to protect my steps:
it's just that every little while
they spring an ambush on us,
every little while they steal
our letters,
every little while they snare us.

It's better: I recommend it:
To get away for awhile
from the uproar
and get to know
the unknown jungles.

EARTH POEMS

3
I want two geraniums to
sprout out of my eyes,
two white roses from my forehead,
and from my mouth
(words spring)
(a strong perennial cedar,
that'll shade me when
I burn inside and out,
that'll give me a breeze when the rain
drenches my bones.
Pour water on me every
morning, fresh from the
nearby river,
so I'll be fertilizer
for my own vegetables.

4
Everything's wood, the condors,
the masks, the rivers and the
dark honeysuckles.
The trees have roots in
the ground, in the pavement,
in the sidewalks, in frozen
bread, and even in the tree
itself.
Cement is a tree,
gold is tree,
tree pure iron,
and wood the crystals.
Everything's a slender root, the
vine's foundations,
the neckties' buttons,
the buckles of my wrinkled
guts. Everything's wood, the
dawn of your sleepy eyes,
the fingers of my clenched
hands, the sun in its turbulent
setting.

5
Everything's the color of leaves,
green, sky-blue, bright
yellow.
Everything comes falling down
to the same rhythm
of the leaves.
No! don't look now for
green among the boots,
the green of the unreachable pastures
the green in your tangled eyes.
Everything will clear up later on.
Later on will be the time
for hanging leaves,' for leaves trodden in
into the ground, for leaves in their bud
and in their burrow.

6
The sugar tastes like fresh
ants,
lke spiders' webs in the ground,
lke wet flowers between naked rivers
This is the sugar in my dulcified
flank,
ashtrays with burnt cigarettes,
the arms of
narrow chairs.
You can change the world,
sugar,
turn the most salty sweet,
turn sugar the furnished
urine,
turn sugary eyes
burning in pangs
doing.
You can enter the blood,
weaken the world,
squash it with its mouth full,
in its sweet burnt-out bottom.

- JAVIER HERAUD
Sixteen major contemporary artists and eighteen important and influential poets have gotten together and expressed their thoughts about the war in Vietnam.

PORTFOLIO AVAILABLE THROUGH Caw!

I went there and expected to like it, dig it as you know how you'll feel something, what people have said, tracings, words dropped by those who have gone and come back, a certain evidence. But I didn't go decided as it were, for I went too with a life-load of preconception, learnt images - even at thirty the very good U.S. public school training, its residue cannot be entirely gone. And so I went expecting certain vague almost indefinable drawbacks to what otherwise would be a good thing, a great thing, a necessary thing. When I got back the shortest thing I could think of to say to people was "everything you've ever heard about Cuba is a lie, even the good things!" Several friends took offense at that, resented my thinking they only read the yellow press and nothing else. Of course I didn't mean exactly that; I was including myself in the accusation. But I don't know. I'd start to talk, look for the words and people who seemed involved at first would later look away. I myself trailed off. I began to find myself unable to finish phrases, complete any thoughts in description. It was impossible.

I worked on the poems - they said it better. There I said "create / a new language for this, we must, the old / is swollen / foreskin with no place to go" and again "these words have gone back / recovered original form / tense / place / the absolute center." That was the only way for it, really. I stayed with the articles, though, wrote six or eight of them feeling impelled to say it to more than could / would read the poems. At one point I wrote anything that came to me: experiences, conversations, even statistics. The formal articles I sent off to magazines that would have them. Notes, impressions culled from a journal I had kept, those I sent off to friends everywhere, typed endless copies and carbons.
A rabbi in Princeton, New Jersey wrote: "to visit... Cuba is not, as you well know, a 'privilege' readily granted those of us confined in this particular 'free world' corral, so we must do our best to diminish our tragically self-binding, self-defeating and self-imposed cultural blockade."

But I hadn't been telling it, I don't think. Not really. I'd been too involved in how to tell it.

Well, it's time to stop this ridiculous posture, attention to the craft, fear of not doing it justice, trying to find new words, etc. We're stuck with the old ones, the old reader and the old writer. This time around I'd like to forget all that— and try to remember. Really remember. What is was/is like. Why I've half a head of grey hair creeping over the brown at thirty, blossomed in that death and being born again in Habana. What did I mean? Why I'm so much younger in Mexico City, so much older in Cuba, for what? Why was I Patrick? How conversation, closing the doors temporarily on a world I feel I will never be able to get used to fully again. How to go beneath facts, admire journalism and all accepted practices.

Tell it. It's time.

So I won't spend time here on the first country in Latin America freed of illiteracy, the excellent medical program for all, an educational program in which almost every adult on the island has reached sixth grade, the food situation in face of the blockade (three quarters of a pound of meat a week for everyone, a quart of milk a day for every child under twelve, a chicken a week for adults and children alike, plentiful seafood free of rationing, etc.) - the progress in agriculture - the one greatly emphasized field-, new housing, fishing fleet, shipbuilding industry, the incredible cane fields, etc. Nor will I dwell on the material hardships: a raft of 1959 model American cars going to ruin without new parts, the lack of attractive merchandise in the shops, ration books, hard work. I'll talk instead about those things you can't talk about.

Oh, Fidel, a man who spends twelve hours even now with a sick cow in the Escambray, a man who made the transition from mountain to prime minister's office and lost neither his humility nor his skill in the process. A man who walks among his people unguarded—and they're all armed. A man who has forbidden the cult of his person to include statues, plaques or institutions, yet the cult of his person is real and deserved and healthy; in what other country on earth do the people call their prime minister by his first name—and mean it?

Oh, the ease, the sense of real pleasure, the anguish lost and the full hole that leaves— if you can believe the goal and the reason of the revolution and the director of the Casa de las Americas and one who was with Fidel from the beginning: "Every day money losses its sentimental value a bit more in Cuba." And Sergio, walking through the streets: "For the first time in my life I feel good about spending five cents, a peso, ten pesos. Knowing the money is going somewhere, for the good of everyone, not just stopping short in some fat pocket!" And the real absence of the urgency, that monkey on the back of even the least of us—how to "make it", keep going, "make ends meet." It's a simple life when it's not hanging around your neck.

Walking around a housing project in the village of Baracabo in Oriente Province.

The houses were "project" but pleasant, good materials, good space, individual gardens. Talking to the workmen and discovering that the humble farmers who would later occupy these houses were putting in plumbing with their own hands and take the man who puts in his own plumbing will know how to use and take care of it. Simple as life, oh, hot, wet, sensual in the extreme! The endless palm trees, the endless line of sea, the beaches that don't stop. The beaches filled with blacks and whites and never bored because they go on and on and on. The white of the foot, in the foot, in the face. 'Son' even as the soft drink name—taking the place of coca-cola!

And companera. Companera. The greeting. Be it cabbie or minister of education. And compañeros, compañeros, in the Sierra Maestra, the girl who held the rebel line next to you and used the same gun, took the same risks, held the same belief in the same ultimate triumph, perhaps, carrying water for the men, for what? Just because, for what? But equaling equal, or the timid inferior. When real life—and death—has been shared, there's not much room for an "arranged" woman's place. Women and men work together. Each according to his or her individual talents, needs, desires. The Socialist Revolution—natural result of opposition to the previous regime of vice as prime export—has had its place. But everyone is young in Cuba.

In every direction: youth taking over. The average age of the nation's ambassadors: 35. In the ministry for women where six or Minas de Segovia. It's the common denominator that connects, that pulls you together, that equates all other human attributes: dignity, talent, need, beauty, the rights to eat, sleep, learn, keep healthy, in other words, and very surely, the "pursuit of happiness!"

All over the world men are fighting in this pursuit of happiness. And they are dying in it. "For Christ" banners waving along the sidelines at recent liberal marches. The truth is, it couldn't be further from the truth! Socialism (on its way towards Communism) as experienced in the new front—Cuba, the growing fight in other parts of Latin America—emphasizes all other human attributes: dignity, talent, need, beauty, the rights to eat, sleep, learn, keep healthy, in other words, and very surely, "the pursuit of happiness!"

World jargon overcomplicating the facts: in a book called The Irrational Man, popular with a friend—poet and professor—in the States, William Barret says "Marxist man... must be understood in the sense that he wants to make every human capable of his or her capacity, including sex, love, being, man and woman moving in their true dimension, neither breaking under the weight of an IBM equalizer nor stagnating under the patched up double standard Latin Code of "morality". The 'macho': nowhere. Or, to put it another way, you won't get your ass pinched by a social coward on the streets of Habana.

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In Cuba the situation, the "scene," the truth is what I have tried to say, magnified by a thousand. Elsewhere people are fighting for that truth and they are dying for it; and their deaths are hard ones. But Cuban poet Felix Pita Rodriguez says:

BECAUSE WE LOVE LIFE

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
to be well understood, so that no one is mistaken
that these ten words circulate in our blood
and course through our bodies and into our hearts
where they are repeated day after day
in voices muffled and profound

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
we want everyone on earth to listen to us carefully
and know that everyone here carries
these ten words written on his forehead, floating
in his pupils, sheltered
in the nests of his clenched fists

We want it to be known
that here no one is blind
here no one walks with his eyes closed
nobody stumbles around in the darkness
or calls himself Ulysses; there are no sirens
here we all know the way
and the price of the passage
here we all say
because we love life
everything we have caressed
that which has existed
for eternities (the alchemy of dreams)
and those things which are so close
so much our own, undiluted
in our blood, the jubilation
limited to a certain name
or a few family names
the cultivated manners
which are so mysteriously congruent
with the pulse of our own hearts,
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
to be well understood, so that no one is mistaken
that here we can all say
Because we love life
the light of the patio, the sun on the eaves
that twisted branch of the orange tree
beside the wall
the humble stones of a nameless street
so distant that it seems to enter
into the mythology of the soul,
we can fight to the death

We know
we know
that it is possible to snap
the slender wire that strings together
life's small moments — 
unknowing
and banal, insignificant, alien
belonging to others — here
in this solitary universe
a nostalgic territory, our own.
All this, in a game
both fateful and cruel, can be
suddenly exposed and lost

We know
here no one walks with his eyes closed
here no one is blind
here we all have our ears tuned in
to the beating of our hearts.
That is the voice that orders and directs
and gives us our sentence

Because we love life
because we love
things that happy hands
create and build
without thinking that it is all
made for those who
have not yet been born

To death we will fight
to defend life

(trans, by Lionel Keams)

This is an answer. It is the only answer and it is a conscious answer. And after all this, rambling, it's still only a small part of what I found in Cuba.

—Margaret Randall
HEALTH AND EDUCATION IN CUBA

The following interview with Dr. A. Sabin, George Fox Davis Professor of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati, was printed December 24, 1967, in La Granma, the Cuban international newsweekly. Dr. Sabin is the internationally Distinguished Jeronimo Sabin Professor of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati.

Dr. Sabin, what are your general impressions of your visit to Cuba?

This is my fourth visit to Cuba. I was here before in 1940, 1949 and 1951, and now again after approximately 17 years. Obviously, Cuba now is different from what it was before, but in the short time I've been here I've been most impressed by two things: one, the extraordinary efforts that have gone into providing education at all levels, beginning from early childhood to primary, secondary, pre-university and university.

I've been tremendously impressed, as I drove through Marianao, to see this former city of wealth transformed into a city of schools. One hundred and thirty-four thousand students are now boarding in schools in different parts of Cuba; to me this is a most impressive achievement, and I regard it as a very important investment in the future.

Everyone has been very polite to me, and I have been smoking far too many cigars every day.

Dr. Sabin, what are your impressions of public health, medicine, education and technology programs in Cuba?

Well, this covers almost all the fields of my special interest and inquiry during this visit. First, on public health, I would say that the most impressive thing that I heard and also saw, to a considerable extent, is the provision of medical services in the rural areas and in areas that are very sparsely inhabited and usually difficult to reach.

It was interesting to me to find not only the large number of hospitals that have been built, particularly in the rural areas, but not only the new dispensaries and clinics that have been established throughout the country, but also to find out that we have been doing to providing doctors and other medical service people for these new institutions.

I was very curious to know what happened in Cuba, particularly in the light of the fact that somewhat more than 2000 Cuban physicians left the country since 1958. Now, in a country that did not have doctors, perhaps not enough physicians to begin with, the sudden loss of almost one third of the total number of physicians would represent a challenge and almost a catastrophe to any nation.

Accordingly, I think it is extremely interesting to find that not only have many doctors been trained during the past eight years to make up for those who have left the country but also many new ones have been created. Specifically, I remember some figures that show that while in 1968 there were close to 6300 doctors in Cuba—and that number was of 9000—there are now close to 9000.

Just this year almost 500 new ones have been graduated. There are many more in training, so that it is expected that in the next two years perhaps almost 800 to 1000 new doctors will be added each year. Now, this is not only a question of producing more doctors, but how to use them. There was always a problem in Havana, in Cuba; many of the doctors wanted to stay in Cuba; most of the doctors wanted to stay in Havana. That's where the life was better, that's where the universities were, that's where the possibilities of doing research, of developing the institutions and of developing the developments of medicine were, and so almost 63 per cent of all the doctors used to be in Havana. And the majority of the rest of the population of Cuba had very few doctors.

Now it seems that the Government of Cuba does not force these doctors to leave Havana, and there are still a very disproportionate number of doctors in Havana; almost 53 percent of all the doctors now in Cuba are in the Havana area, but the students—medical students who receive complete support for their education, not only get their education free, they are also given allowances, and they are supported by the people to get their medical education—are required to spend the first two years after they have finished their six years of study and training to work in some of these new doctors actually provide a great deal of the important medical service in the rural areas. I understand, I don't know if that is correct, I haven't double-checked if I have to double (check everything) (laughs) but I was told the doctor who spends two years in the rural areas actually fills his military service requirements by spending this time in the army, (TIES REPLY: That will probably be true in the future.) That instead of spending two years entirely in that service in the rural areas is regarded as a service to the army, that is, it is the service in the army, but that isn't too important except in relation to other countries, where doctors have stayed in the army for two years of their life with the armed services.

Now, this provision of medical services has had an immeasurable impact on the health of the nation, and this can be measured in a variety of ways. The rate of mortality has gone down; fewer children die from infectious diseases in the first one or two years of life; certain diseases have been markedly reduced, and some have been eliminated, for example, malaria has been almost completely eliminated. There were only seven cases reported, of origin in Cuba, in this past year, and this has been confirmed by the Pan American health organizations. There has been a marked reduction from some thousands that have occurred before. There has been a marked reduction in tuberculosis, which is a very important disease. There has been a marked reduction in diarrheal diseases of children. There has been a marked reduction in other infectious diseases, and to make this country of interest is the almost complete elimination of poliomyelitis. I think I'll leave that for the moment and say something about the aspect of the development of science and technology and scientific research in Cuba. I had an opportunity to have some idea of what is going on not only by visiting the National Institute of Hygiene, but also by visiting the remarkable new Center for Scientific Investigation, which is partly already completed and partly under construction, and also in my discussion with Dr. Nunez Jimenez of the Cuban Academy of Science.

Now, the future of any country, whether it is developing, mostly developed or highly developed, depends very largely on the level of scientific and technological development of a large portion of its people. Because not only agricultural and industrial development cannot make faster progress without the new knowledge from science and technology, but the creation of new industries, the development of new jobs, everything that has to go into the creation of a high standard of living at the present time, must be based on scientific and technological manpower. Scientific and technological manpower haven't done very much outside of a country than minerals, or oil, or other natural resources that may be in the soil. Cuba has not had, in the past, a tradition of developing scientific or technological people to any great extent, because its industrial and agricultural development did not seem to call for that very much. In addition to that, just like a large number of doctors who left Cuba, there were also teachers in medicine and in the arts who left the country. I don't know how many. I didn't look into that. Cuba was faced with the problem of finding teachers at all levels—for science and technology, as well as only for the universities and institutes but also for secondary schools and pre-university schools, where you must prepare the students. And there was a great shortage of that in Cuba. But it is evident that there is now in operation a program for developing teachers, first of all, who are teachers of science and technology. And the majority of the rest of the population of the country. Because not only the universities were, that's where the professors for the universities and teachers for the pre-universities and secondary schools, and above all, the scientists, who will have to work in different fields.

Scientific research, in a developing country, is not just another cultural activity which contributes to the richness and importance, whether literature, or art or literature, which are all important, but it contributes, it has another very important function, and that is to study in a scientific way
the special problems of importance in the eco-
omic development of the country. Whether in
agriculture, mining or energy or industry, it is
necessary to do research, to develop special
solutions to problems in order to increase the
production of the country, the general standard
of living which ultimately should provide a bet-
ter life for the people. I would say that many
people are suffering now. There's not enough
food, not enough meat; there has to be ration-
ing, and there is not enough to buy certain
things, but it seems to me that this is the sacri-
ifice that has to be made by all people in order
first of all to make sure that some people don't
have too much and others have nothing, and,
secondly, that there will be an investment in the
future so that the future life will be better for
all. Cuba has a long way to go on that, be-
cause it started from almost nothing, but I
think the efforts are promising, and one can
only hope that the government will realize that
this is a very wise investment. Just how much
should be invested is difficult for any outsider
to say. So these, in general, are my impres-
sions on these particular fields, a very long
answer to a very short question.

What is your opinion, Dr. Sabin, on the devel-
opment of the program of antipolioymelitis in
Cuba and its results?

In the first place, I must say that Cuba is the
only country that has eliminated poliomyelitis
in Latin America, and I am very familiar with
the problems of elimination of polio in many
countries in the world, but particularly in Latin
America. Cuba started, in 1963, with a mass
campaign and very quickly diminished the num-
ber of cases. I believe that, since 1963—that is,
1963 and 1964—there was only one case each
year, in persons who were not vaccinated. And
since 1965, '66, and '67 there has not been
1963 and 1964

The mechanism by which this has been achieved
is unique and special. Mass vaccination pro-
grams in the U.S., where, in
about one year, 100 million people were vac-
cinated, and there have been a number of very
good initial mass vaccination programs in
other Latin American countries. The problem,
however, has been of maintaining the immuni-
zation of the new children that are born each
year. Cuba has developed a remarkable sys-
tem based on its well-organized public health
organization and system. Because there are
divisions with certain responsibilities in vari-
ous provinces and regions and areas of small
population.

The people have the responsibility of public
health in those regions. They have also been
to engage the various groups in cities and
outside cities that are not organized for public
health. For example, the Committees for the
Defense of the Revolution have certain respon-
sibilities in public health, and one person in
each Committee has responsibility for a very
small group of people and helps in carrying out
the immunization of children.

And in rural areas, the organizations of small
farmers are very well organized. It seems
that each year, on a special day, there is Polio
Vaccination Day. And it's organized like clock-
work. Because of the tremendous and beauti-
ful decentralization of the ultimate activity,
only one person has responsibility for a very
small group of children in his immediate neigh-
borhood; and because the vaccine is distributed
very nicely the night before, the whole country
has the children vaccinated in a very short time.
It can even be half an hour to one hour after six
in the morning rings.

I couldn't believe how it is possible to achieve
an immunization of 98 or 99 percent of all the
children in the nation. Apparently, it is this
extraordinary organization which works not
only in a single year as a momentary, transi-
tory effort, but is done year after year. And
I think certainly that it would be worth the ef-
fort to work a little while this way to eliminate
poliomyelitis completely. Poliomyelitis has
been eliminated completely in many other coun-
tries with well-organized health services, but
in tropical and subtropical areas this had been
very difficult. As I said before, Cuba is the
only country in Latin America in which polio-
myelitis has been completely eliminated, and
I think it is a very remarkable example of an
extraordinarily efficient public health organiza-
tion with the cooperation of the general public.

In the middle of the tremendous 51st Plate
of Jerusalem, having overthrown everything
outside in worship as a distraction from the
human, Blake isolates the following line:

So los cried at his anvil in the
horrible darkness weeping.

It is an image of terrible power and beaut-
y: the artisan as smith in unceasing fidelity
to his task, hammering forth out of matter
that is loaded with midnight, midnight,
with only the sparks and the eternally eva-
ting promise of becoming to light his way.
The 20th century poet pretty much begins at
this point or, one might say, realizes this
point more clearly than those who could, in
good faith, believe in God. Yet to be a poet
in any way the thing makes sense is to
believe in God; to move other men in language
requires trust in the moment of creation—
without such trust, the existence is
given, poetry is a shell, a parlor game, or
simply a manifestation of modern man lost in
the streets and cities of his desire. There
is this Peruvian, Cesar Vallejo, who seems to
drag out of the index and pass Blake at his
anvil as Christ is being imported to South
America; in the glances they exchange is the
suffering of Neolithic man and the knowledge
that poetry as art is dead. There is only
the human to be expressed. But Vallejo is
mired in Christ and there is a heaviness that
seems congenital that he can only un-
derstand in Marx, or can believe Marx can
lift. I am saying that after Vallejo, the
jig is up: men must attend to his suffering
as something prior to any meaningful utter-
ance.

Clayton Eshelman
CESAR VALLEJO:
POEMAS HUMANOS

And if after so many words
the word doesn't survive!
If after the bird's wings
the bird standing doesn't survive!
Much better in fact
that they eat it all up, fuck it!

To have been born in order to live off our death!
To get up from sky towards earth
through one's own disasters
& glimpse the moment for putting out one's shadow with one's darkness!
Much better frankly
that they eat it all up, so what!...

And if after so much history we succumb
no longer from eternity
but from those simple things, like being
home or starting to think!
And then if we find
all at once that we live,
to judge by the height of the stars,
by the comb & handkerchief stains!
Much better in fact
that they eat it all up, of course!

It will be said that in one
of our eyes we have much sorrow
& likewise in the other, much sorrow
& in the two, when they look, much sorrow...
Then!... Of course!... Then... why bother!

THE MILLIONAIRE WALK NAKED

The millionaire walk naked, barebacked!
Disgrace to the one who builds his deathbed with treasures!
A world to the one who greets;
an armchair to the one who sows in the sky;
tears for the one who finishes what he does, keeping the beginnings;
spur-wearer walk!
won't last long wall on which another wall isn't growing;
give to the miserable all his misery,
bread to the one who laughs;
make triumphs lost & doctors die;
milk be in blood;
add a candle to the sun,

eight hundred to the twenty;
 eternity pass under the bridges!
Scorn to the one who wears clothes,
crown the feet with hands, fit them in their size;
myself sit next to me!
To weep having fit in that belly,
blessings for the one who sees air in air,
many years of nail to the hammer-stroke;
strip the naked,
dress the cape in pants,
shine the copper at expense of its leaf,
royalty to the one who falls from clay to universe,
mouths weep, looks groan,
stop that steel from enduring,
thread to the portable horizons,
twelve cities to the stone path,
a sphere for the one who plays with his shadow;
a one hour day for the husband & wife;
a mother for the plow in praise of soil,
seal the liquids with two seals,
let the mouthful inspect,
the descendents be,
the quail be,
the race of the poplar be, the tree be;
counter to the circle the sea conquer its son
& weeping the grey hair;
release the anas, mister men,
harrow your blaze with the seven logs,
live,
the height raise,
the depth lower deeper,
the wave drive its impulsion walking,
the vault's truce succeed!
Let's die;
scrap your skeleton each day;
pay no attention to me,
a bird grab the despot & his soul;
a terrifying stain to the one who goes alone;
ninny sparrows to the astronomer, to the sparrow, to the aviator!
rain, sun,
keep an eye on Jupiter, on the thief of your gold idols,
copy your letter in three notebooks,
learn from the married folks when they speak, &
from the lonely, when they're quiet;
give the sweethearts something to eat,
give the devil in your hands something to drink,
fight for justice with your nape,
equalize yourselves,
let the oak be done,
let the leopard between two oaks be done,
let us be,
let us be here,
feel how the water sails in the oceans,
nourish yourselves,
conceive the error, since I'm weeping,
accept it while goats & kids still clamber about the cliffs;
make God break the habit of being a man,
grow up...!
They're calling me. I'll be back.
FAREWELL REMEMBERING A GOODBYE

At the tip, in the end, terminal,
I turn, returned & finish up & moan to you, giving you
the key, my hat, this note for everyone.
At the tip of the key is the metal where we should have learned to
scratch off the gold, & there is, in the end
of my hat, this poor badly combed brain,
& terminal glass of smoke, on its dramatic role
this practical dream of my soul rests.

Goodbye, brother san pedros,
heraclituses, erasmuses, spinozases!
Goodbye, sad bolshevik bishops!
Goodbye, disorderly governers!
Goodbye, wine that's in the water like wine!
Goodbye, alcohol that's in the rain!

Goodbye, likewise, I say to myself,
bye bye, formal flight of milligrams!
Likewise goodbye, likewise,
cold of the cold & cold of the heat!
At the tip, in the end, terminal, the logic,
the boundaries of the fire,
the farewell remembering that goodbye.

THE NINE MONSTERS

And, unfortunately,
pain grows in the world every moment,
grows thirty minutes a second, step by step,
& the nature of the pain is the pain twice
& the condition of the voracious carnivorous martyrdom
the pain, twice
& the function of the very pure grass, the pain
twice
& the good of being, to bend us double.

Never, human men,
was there so much pain in the chest, in the lapel, in the wallet,
in the glass, in the butcher's, in arithmetic!
Never so much painful tenderness,
never did what is far rush so close,
never did the fire ever
play better its role of dead cold!
Never, mister minister of health, was health
more mortal,
did the migraine extract so much forehead from the forehead!
did furniture have in its drawer, pain,
the heart in its drawer, pain,
the newt in its drawer, pain.

The wretchedness grows, man brothers,
sooner than the machine, than ten machines, & it grows
with the cattle-head of Rousseau, with our beards;
evil grows for reasons we know not
& is a flood with its own liquids,
its own clay, its own solid cloud!
Suffering inverts positions, stages shows
in which the watery humour is vertical
to the pavement,
the eye is seen & this ear heard,
& this ear strikes nine times at the hour
of lighting, nine funhouse roars
at the hour of wheat, nine female sounds
at the hour of weeping, nine canticles
at the hour of hunger, nine thunders
nine whips, minus a cry.

The pain grabs us, man brothers,
from behind, in profile,
& drives us crazy in the movies,
nails us up on the gramaphones,
unnails us in bed, falls perpendicularly
to our tickets, to our letters;
& it is very serious to suffer, one can pray...
So because
of the pain there are some
who get born, others grow, others die,
& others that get born & don't die & others
who without having been born die & others
who neither get born nor die (The majority).
And likewise because
of the suffering I'm sad
to my head & sadder to my ankle
seeing bread crucified, the turnip
bloodsmearred,
weeping, the onion,
cereal, in general, flour,
salt turned dust, water fleeing,
wine an Ecce-homo,
the snow so pallid, such a red red sun!

How, human brothers,
not to tell you that I can't stand anymore &
I can't stand anymore with so much drawer,
so much minute, so much
newt & so
much inversion, so much far, so much thirst for more thirst!
Mister Minister of Health: what to do?
Ah! unfortunately, human men,
brothers, there is much too much to do.
The multitude shouted:
-- Let him show both hands at once.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let them measure his steps while he weeps.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let him think an identical thought in the time
   it takes a zero to lie useless.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let him do something crazy.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let between him & another man similar to him
   a crowd of men like him intercede.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let them compare him with himself.
   And this was not possible.
-- Let them call him at last by his name.
   And this was not possible.

when people are singing...

for love or for fun, for their rights, for a decent wage, for human dignity, against needless war... we hear about it.

and furthermore we print the songs (with guitar chords) and tell you the full story in words and pictures.

sing out!

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There comes over me days a feeling so abundant, political, for passion, for kissing tenderness on its two faces, & comes over me from far away a demonstrative passion, other passion to love, willingly or by force, whoever hates me, whoever tears up the child's paper, the woman who weeps for the man who was weeping, the wine king, the water slave, whoever hid in his wrath, whoever sweats, whoever walks by, whoever shakes himself in my soul.

And I want, of course, to settle the braid for whoever talks to me; the soldier's hair; the light of the great; the greatness of the kid.

I want to iron right off a handkerchief for whoever can't weep & when I'm sad or happiness hurts me to mend the children & the gentiuses.

I want to help the good man be his little bad & I need to be seated to the right of the lefthanded & respond to the dumb, trying to be useful to that man in some way, & also I want very much to wash the cripple's foot & help my one-eyed neighbor sleep.

Ah to love this man, mine, this man, the ancient interhuman parochial world's!

Wells up to my hair from the foundation, from the public groin, & coming from far away makes me feel like kissing the singer's muffler, whoever suffers, to kiss him in his frying-pan, the deaf man in his courageous cranial murmur; whoever gives me what I forgot in my breast in his Dante, in his Chaplin, in his shoulders.

I want, in order to end, when I'm at violence's celebrated edge or my heart swollen size of my chest, I'd like to help laugh whoever smiles, to put a little bird smack on the bastard's neck, to care for the sick exasperating them, to buy from the salesman, to help the killer kill--terrible thing--& to have been in everything straight with myself.
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We pay all postage and handling charges.

I'm not normally given to making solemn statements but in this case I'm going to make an exception.

One becoz I've learned sumtthing and I'm a slow learner.

Two becoz it needs saying.

It's such an elementary thot you'd think they'd hav taught it us in elementary school but they don't.

You can either learn it the hard way like eddie the roofer rotting at fort polk or the easy way like me by way of draft counseling.

The drafted and those about to be cum running to me at the last minit.

Too late this time a year ago you might hav been able to save yourself.

They are all everyone of them suffering from a common delusion a chronic disease they think that if they forget abt the state the state will forget abt them.

Well it won't.

If you hav / know / see / kiss / hav any 17-year-old children please giv them a message for me.

Psst! Little children I hav sumtthing to tell you.

DON'T FORGET ABT THE STATE BECOZ THE STATE WON'T FORGET ABT YOU.

—Robert Head
2 POEMS BY MARGE PIERCY

CURSE OF THE EARTH MAGICIAN ON A METAL LAND

Marching, a dream of wind in our chests,
a dream of thunder in our legs
we tied up midtown Manhattan for half an hour,
the Revolutionary Contingent and Harlem,
but it did not happen
because it was not reported in any newspaper.
The riot squad was waiting at the bottom of 42nd Street
to disperse us into uncertain memory.
A buffalo said to me
I used to crop and ruminate on LaSalle Street in Chicago
and the grasses were sweet under the black tower of the Board of Trade.
Now I stand in the zoo next to the yaks.
Let the ghosts of those recently starved rise
and like piranhas in ten seconds flat chew down to public bones
the generals and the experts on anti-personnel weapons
and the senators and the oil men and the lobbyists
and the sleek smiling sharks who will dance at the Diamond Ball.
I am the earth magician about to disappear into the ground.
This is butterfly’s war song about to disappear into the fire.
Put the eagle to sleep.
I see from the afternoon papers
that we have bought another country
and are cutting the natives down to build jet airstrips.
A common motif in monumental architecture in the United States
is an eagle with wings spread, beak open
and the globe grasped in his claws.
Put the eagle to sleep.
This is butterfly’s war song addressed to the Congress of Sharks.
You are too fat, you eat bunches of small farmers like radishes for breakfast,
you are rotting our teeth with your sugar
refined from the skulls of Caribbean children. Thus far
we have only the power of earth magicians, dream and song and marching,
to dance the eagle to sleep.
We are about to disappear into the fire.
There is only time for a brief curse by a chorus of ghosts
of Indians murdered with smallpox and repeating rifles on the plains,
of Indians shot by the Marines in Guatemala, in Santo Domingo,
napalmed in the mountains of Bolivia last week.
There will be no more spring.
Your corn will sprout in rows and the leaves will lengthen
but there will be no more spring running like clean water through the bones,
no soft lime wind full of bees,
no long prairie wind bearing feathers of geese,
it will be cold or hot. It will step on your necks.
A pool of oil will hang over your cities,
it will be cold or hot. It will step on your necks.
Your rivers will hum with radioactivity and the salmon float laelly up,
oil slick will seum your lakes and streams killing the trout and the ducklings,
concrete and plastic will seal the black earth and the red earth,
iirrelevant to people burning like last year’s weeds
of Indians shot by the Marines in Guatemala, in Santo Domingo,
napalmed in the mountains of Bolivia last week.
There will be no more spring.
Your corn will sprout in rows and the leaves will lengthen
but there will be no more spring running like clean water through the bones,
no soft lime wind full of bees,
no long prairie wind bearing feathers of geese,
it will be cold or hot. It will step on your necks.
A pool of oil will hang over your cities,
so we are trying to make a community
warm, loose as hair but shaped like a weapon.
Caring, we must use each other to death.
Love is arthritis. Mistrust swells like a prune.
Perhaps we gather so they may dig one big cheap grave.
From the roof of the Pentago which is our Bastille
the generals armed like Martians watch through binoculars
the campfires of draftcards and barricades on the grass.
All summer the helicopters whine over the ghettoes.
Casting up jetsam of charred fingers and torn constitutions
the only world breaks on the door of morning.
We have to build our city, our camp
from used razorblades and bumpers and aspirin boxes
in the shadow of the nuclear plant that kills the fish
with coke battle lamps flickering
on the chemical night.

COMMUNITY

Loving feels lonely in a violent world,
irrelevant to people burning like last year’s weeds
with bellies distended, with fish throats agape
and flesh melting down to glue.
We can no longer shut out the screaming
that leaks through the ventilation systems,
the small bits of bone in the processed bread,
so we are trying to make a community
warm, loose as hair but shaped like a weapon.
Caring, we must use each other to death.
Love is arthritis. Mistrust swells like a prune.
Perhaps we gather so they may dig one big cheap grave.
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Serve Your Country

Don’t Go to Vietnam

If your government is waging a criminal war do you serve the country best by cooperating?
Who served Germany best under Hitler? Those who obeyed orders and helped kill the Jews. Or the handful of Germans who chose prison and even death rather than cooperate?
Who upheld Russian honor in 1956? Those who obeyed orders, marched into Hungary, and shot down students and workers—or those troops who refused to fire?
Who serves America best today? Those who obeyed orders, marched into Hungary, and shot down students and workers—or those troops who refused to fire?

Serve Your Country

Reaffirm the power of the individual conscience against the State. The war in Vietnam is a crime. Do not cooperate.

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84
The mob within the heart
Police cannot suppress
--Emily Dickenson

factory smoke stacks disappear peacefully
like a farmhouse
disappearing
each silent stream of smoke peaceful as the people
inside their grey houses staring at the four 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

--Jerry Badanes

But in those places where this miserable peace which
we endure has not been broken, what should our task be?
To free ourselves at any price.
--Che Guevara