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

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

—Jerry Badanes
Math Commune

CAW! MAGAZINE - SDS

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

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

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

—Steve Tappis
Math Commune

Math - Science Social Studies Language Arts (Reading)

3 DAYS / OUT OF FRANKLIN

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Wednesday

victor hernandez cruz
exiled from franklin
december 14 to 19

Thursday

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

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

CAW!
Box 332
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10003

(please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.) As long as it remains financially feasible, CAW! will be sent to all dues paying members of SDS without charge. Subscriptions are $5.00 for 12 issues. We ask everyone who can, including SDS members to subscribe or send a contribution.
THE SHOPLUCK OF THE
PILOTS IS TO THE POINT.
"I SHOT UP CHARLIE IN
THE PADDIES, HOSING
HIM WITH GUNS BUT
SOMEHOW WE
JUST DIDN'T
HIT HIM. WE
RAN THAT
LITTLE MOTHER
ALL OVER THE
PLACE.
FINALLY HE
STOOD THERE FACING
US WITH A RIFLE WE
REALLY BOASTED HIS
ASS THEN. WE BLEW
HIM UP LIKE A TOY BALLOON

STOOD THERE
FACING US
WITH A RIFLE

WE BLEW
HIM UP
LIKE A TOY
BALLOON

THAT LITTLE
MOTHER

There is a stubble field,
Where black rain
Is falling.

IT IS A
BROWN
TREE,
THAT
STANDS
ALONE

IT IS A
HISSED
WIND,
THAT
ENCIRCLES
EMPTY
HOUSES

HOW MELANCHOLY
THE EVENING IS

A WHILE LATER,
THE SOFT ORPHAN
GARNERS THE SPARSE
EARS OF CORN
HER EYES GRAZE,
ROUND AND GOLDEN,
IN THE TWILIGHT
AND HER WOMB
AWAIT THE HEAVENLY
BRIDEGROOM.
In the darkness of Security they hold the construction worker. He wrote slogans, they say, on walls. With a pliers they uprooted his nails one by one, like the shedding petals of a daisy: "she loves me, she loves me not." But for this occasion it was: "freedom or death."

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

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

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

21 APRIL

for Tsak

translated by J. Chioes
Kennedy's Cultural Center Is a Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat

by CHARLIE SIMPSON

There used to be a television program scheduled for the early afternoon audience of housewives. Couples raced each other through a supermarket, loading up their carts, their arms, loading up each other, usually beginning with the meat counter. The winners were the couple which staggered to the check-out counter with the highest dollar value. The exhausted but ecstatic young champions, only momentarily disheveled suburban types, got to bank their haul in the home freezer and try again the next week.

Here was a fantasy millions could identify with — impulse grabbing, posturing, gratification, beeping, reeling consumption. The winners collapsed in satiation; bored housewives shivered their palms sweat, sometimes barely able to formulate a rational opinion. "The article concludes, "And the question remains: if they feel helpless, who feels in control?"

At M.I.T., as at Peenemunde (WWII German rocket base), power resides in organizations, held in trust and utilized by professionals paid to further the organization's interests. Inside or outside the organizational structure, individuals rarely have legitimate power directly disposable in the interests of their egos. We manipulate our environment from behind a uniform — police, blue collar, business suit, lab coat — symbolizing our status as agents of interests other than our own. There is little room for a personality on the job. A Giant foodstore that remained open late yesterday in the primarily Negro Carideo area opened again this morning and did a normal business until 11:30, a spokesman said. Gradually, however, the crowds grew, overtaxing the services of the 70 employees, and looting began. "We were swept bare," the spokesman said. "There was no fire, no damage. None of our employees were hurt. However, everything just disappeared."

(New York Times, April 6, 1968, p. 63)

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

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

They have kept a troubled silence because they are still active in the government advisory apparatus or because they play roles in important public and private institutions and are fearful of the consequences an open break might bring . . .

Privately, however, they are full of anguish, depression and anger.

"I burned my Johnson button several months ago," one member of the founding committee remarked.

These top scientists refused to allow Science to attribute any remarks to them personally. A few masked their anger as cynicism about politics in general; others, four years after their 1964 political effort, said, "I can't get the data. On the war?"

Public honor and status, the woman soldcr's contacts on belt-moving television sets, the bottling company man pushing the buttons of the console that controls the washing, filling, capping, electric-eye checking, and truck-loading of cola or beer, creative response is obviously impossible.

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

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

The standard of performance is investment-return. In the words of John Galbraith:

Advertising and salesmanship — the management of consumer demand — are vital for planning in the industrial system. At the same time, the wants so created insure the services of the worker. Ideally, his wants are kept slightly in excess of his income. Compelling inducements are then provided for him to go into debt. The pressure
Unwind
Cadillac
keyed-up
in Detroit
Airport
viti.
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Room.
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of the resulting debt adds to its relia-

bility as a worker... Few producers of

consumer goods would care to leave

the purchases of their products to the

spontaneous and hence unmanaged

responses of the public. Nor, on reflec-

tion, would they have much confidence

in the reliability of their labor force in

the absence of pressure to purchase the

next car or to meet the payments on the

last. (The New Industrial State,

p. 197, p. 272)

The beautiful dovetailing of life energies

and satisfactions in a circular procession

across the floor of the stock market depends

on one thing, the humiliated ego. Worker

and shopper must be smooth and uniform,

ball-bearings endlessly rolling. American

culture must convince us that we should not

legitimately regard ourselves as the mak-

ers of our furniture, the sources of our

entertainment, the molders of our

environment. If our creativity

cannot totally be suppressed it can

at least be channeled into prefabricat-
	ed accomplishment problems —

assembling bird houses, or model

railroad kits. Thus we can still

create within the marketplace culture. A

do-it-yourself hi-fi kit advertises:

Creative Fun and Unique Satisfaction —

Building your own Heathkit provides a

chance to create a useful product from your effort... a chance to have fun and relax — to forget daily

problems. But the biggest thrill comes

when you finish and hear it. You ex-

perience that exhilarating sense of self-

accomplishment... that feeling of

personal victory when you've done some-

thing you doubted you could ever do.

The ego responds to the channeling by

narrowing its sense of competence. Any in-

dividualism becomes a mistake in the wir-

ing diagram; a misinterpretation of the

color-coded instructions. We learn to feel

creative doing what we have been taught to
do so well, follow directions. And it is

with something like national pride that we

hang up our paint-by-numbers picture in

the living room.

Of course the wealthy do not number-
paint. Recently the New York Times

Magazine described an example of creative

living: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Blank

"transformed an old-fashioned apartment

into an unobtrusive but livable background

for art," furnishing it with "generally

anonymous but comfortable furniture,
ranging from off-white to mushroom."

The acceptable mode of creative-
mastery behavior is to accumulate wealth

and use it as the measure of ego-power.

The route to wealth and power, for all but

the most marginal characters, is institu-
cion-climbing, tracing a personal career

and identity through programmed behavior

appropriate to a progression of slots. The

selfless individual who allows the institu-
tion's interests to channel ambition, the

transparent ego jealous of his private

life — this man-on-the-go, if he succeeds,
becomes the conductor of ever higher volt-

ages of institutional energy. Both he and

his less affluent counterpart identify with

a make of car, party candidate, baseball

team. He allegedy revels in his brand be-
ing No. 1 when it is No. 1, and "would

rather fight than switch" when it isn't. His

alienated career-individualism leaves him

anxiety-ridden, prey to band-wagon poli-
tics and the "you're not alone anymore"

pitch of True brand cigarettes.

To the extent that American culture

(routinely) snatches master-creativity be-

havior from the hands of the individual, it

produces in him a tension of unfulfilled

needs. Sustaining this tension is the pre-

requisite for its planned, rational exploita-
tion as a market for professional creativ-

ity — entertainment spectacles and pack-

aged art in all media. The logic of produc-

tion and profit demands that goods be of

fleeting significance, built to be soon re-

placed as broken, out of fashion, forgotten.

Like the news, the ideal product exploits

the impotency-anxiety it feeds, overwhelm-

ing the attention with its programmed sig-

nificance, for today, and turning itself into

the litter of old newspapers tomorrow.

ALIENATED SEXUALITY:
THE PLAYBOY CULTURE

Sexuality would appear to be harder to

cleave from the individual's conception of

legitimate personal expression. Suppres-
sion takes the form of objectifying sex as

an abnormality, an unnatural complication

in the otherwise rational process of educa-

tion, planned work, and social interchange.

Sexuality objectified as a foreign force be-

comes all the more fascinating as it slips

from the sphere of our legitimate concern.

The resulting drive to be reunited with a

basic mode of expression is exploitable to

the extent that sexuality can be maintained

as not inherently an ego characteristic.

Having learned to disavow his unclean im-

pulses, the now sexually-anxious ego is

cought between socially encouraged impo-

tence and a fascination with the forbidden.

All manner of merchants are in a position
to sell us the tickets and attire for a vaca-

tion getaway to that land not our legitimate

home. The customer is a voyeur, sold a

glimpse of the life he cannot fully act out.

Grove Press asks, "Do you have what it
takes to join the Underground?" and the

go does feel a new task represented itself as a

bookbuyer.

There is, of course, a vast production

of commodities — clothes, cars, essences,
apartments — advertised as sexually en-

hancing. The consumer is persuaded, or

frightened, into believing these enhance his

innate sexuality. In fact, as mass products,

these sportscars, hair fashions, dress

designs, and perfumes do not individuate.

And we sense this in cliches about two

women with the same dress hating each

colors at a party. The rich pay to have the

patterns of their clothes retired so their
egos may seem unique. But if the sexual

outfitting business is profitable, tastes must be controlled by the propa-
gandizing of conformity as a virtue, and the

styles must change so that market-
demand renews itself. People must be

made to feel ashamed to be out of style.

In fashion, it must be made clear that the
dress is what makes the woman sexy. The

Mustang accounts for the man's popularity.

People must be made anxious about their

sense of beauty and of their own worth.
The rich are overwhelmed by manipu-
lated popular taste-opinion. In American

culture, it makes sense for the subculture

war protestor to be attacked in popular

mythology for being uncensored:

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

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

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

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

MERCHANDISING LIFE

The difficulty with a commodity culture is that it discourages the ego from looking to itself for the definition, organization and satisfaction of its pleasure-needs. The self is never encouraged to think of itself as theatrical or significant. It is led to purchase a look at life, or a piece of it, in a holiday "package," a full-service retirement "community," a night out, a magazine peek at criminals, celebrities, hippies and other deviants.

Creation is a professionalized function, and for professionals we ordinary persons constitute the audience, the market. As such, we are assaulted quite legitimately by "authorities," promotion men, advisers on proper conduct — all engineering our needs into purchasing patterns. Like humiliation, we lose self-respect, power over our direction, control of our identity. The magic objects of our psychic landscape are manipulated from outside. The focus on the self dissipates. If the strong ego can survive only within community, then it seems community, too, has altered.

Community, as mutual concern and support in a publicly encouraged sense, is nonexistent in the America of mass culture. We have replaced it with impersonal social structures that monopolize all power and within which a mythical "individualist" ego struggles to be usefully attached to one establishment or another. Within this mass culture subcultures cannot exist as significant productive and consuming arrangements. The hippy way of life, for instance, became such an object of commercial exploitation that the San Francisco community staged its own funeral in August 1967.
Like all bohemian, beat and artistic communities before them, hippies foresaw a race with real estate speculators, pricing them out of their own neighborhoods. In addition, they faced an inundation of mass-made copies of their clothes, art, and language. Newspapers and tourist buses haunted them, and it became more profitable to become a spokesman in Look magazine, or a merchandiser of plastic paraphernalia, than to live as a hippy. So the hippies tried to commit suicide with their public image. Of course the press, in its inexorable search for life to contain and package, has exhumed them and found a pulse still beating. The trick failed. Midtown New York department stores now hold light shows in the dress departments, and The Times advertises the Official Hippy Hat, along with the Mao Suit and Viet Cong Sandals (made in U.S.A.). The neatly trimmed management man can now buy a "Hippy-Type Wig" so he'll feel inconspicuous on his weekend trips to his city's "Village."

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

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

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

An Atlanta mortician has adopted the drive-in approach for busy persons who want to drive by and view a deceased friend. Hirschel Thornton is building five windows in a row as an extension on his funeral home. Each window is six feet long and will contain a body in its coffin. The display will face a driveway at the side of the home located on a busy street. "So many people want to come by and see the remains of a relative or friend," Thornton said, "but they just don't have the time. This way, they can drive by and just keep on going. ... Another thing," Thornton added, "The people won't have to dress up to view the remains." (New York Post, 3/13/68, p.3)
Before I went to North Vietnam, I tried to prepare myself to endure horrors the like of which I'd never seen. I went and yes, I saw many horrors, but I was even more overwhelmed by the Life that is evident in every face. Perhaps key to my North Vietnam experience was seeing women whose Womaness was augmented, not diminished, by the rifles on their backs, the wheelbarrows of crushed stone they pushed or any other aspect of the heavy labor they perform. There is nothing that needs to be done that they do not do and I thought of the genteel women of America who feel that to pick up a box is to deny them feminity. And perhaps that's the difference. The women of America are feminine. The women of Vietnam are Woman. Some of my friends have been shocked by this poem, feeling I should have written poems denouncing the war. I could do that without going to Vietnam. Having been and been baptized by the Life that Revolution creates, I prefer to celebrate that Life. And there is no Revolution until the bars that keep women from being Woman have been destroyed.

-Julius Lester

MUD OF VIETNAM

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

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

from The Mud of Vietnam by Julius Lester
STOP THE DAMNED KILLING!

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

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

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

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

STOP THE TWO WARS!

For Artists and Writers Protest
Rudolf Baranik, Leon Golub, Irving Petlin, Jack Sonnenberg

...I am translating the complete works of a Guatemalan poet named Otto Rene Castillo. He was exiled at the age of 17, studied in Europe, took active part in the communist underground in his country, was in prison and exile three times, finally returned early last year to integrate definitively in the F.A.R. in March, after 18 days of eating only roots, he and a girl comrade were captured in ambush, tortured 4 days and finally burned alive. This month -- the 19th -- marks the first anniversary of that death, which is only one (two) of many deaths, every day. I am about 1/3 way through the translations of his book -- there are some 75 poems in all.

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET RANDALL, editor of El Corso Emplumado, published in Mexico, with excerpts from her letters about Castillo.
THE ORIGINAL ANCESTOR

I
My first
most ancient
ancestor
is love,
I know it well.
When the first lovers
on earth
kissed
they were putting
name
to my lips.
The endless pain
of this biography
began.
In any case
love is always
pain.
And the first pain
must have been
the greatest,
its strength
still moving in us.

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

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

To love
one must ask for everything.
Any one part
denied
puts the body in mourning.
And so one rebels
if the offering is not complete
if you kiss my mouth,
why can’t I kiss the light of your breasts?
All that has limits
defines
a scattering of roads.
In the end, one remains alone.
And someone is left in sadness.
To be truthful, few even know.

IV
We try
so hard
to be alone with ourselves,
that everything dies
In the trying.
And we keep on going
with these blind
hands
reaching to touch
the distance
where it flies,
never to return,
because these hands
would go on forever
into the shadows.
Then, they call us unstable.
I don’t know. I never could-understand.
One can’t understand so many things.
But one thing I know.
Someone
put this inconsistency I suffer
on my lips.
Perhaps
my original ancestor:
love.

And when the enthusiastic
story of our time
is told,
for those
who are yet to be born
but announce themselves
with face more generous,
we will come out ahead
--those who have suffered most from it.
And it’s that
being ahead of your time
means suffering much from it.
But it’s beautiful to love the world
with eyes
that have not yet
been born.
And splendid
to know yourself victorious
when all around you
it’s all still so cold,
so dark.
LOVERS, LIKE THIS

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

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

THE TASTE OF SALT

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

Now I know,
my love.

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

"...last month we celebrated (inside our hearts/bodies) the first anniversary of his death -- on March 19th. I enclose a picture from PRENSA LATINA re: that, and the girl who died with him, Nora Pais, known as "Raquel" in the guerrilla."
Listen, look, touch this voice, for underneath a man burns sweetly for the good of all.

And who made these nations?

I have they stopped laughing today?

Naturally not, biologically not. He, only he, the powerful of this century, the proud of himself, the solitary and the human, the man who works, has won, wins, and will keep on winning.

Like a comet he'll disappear in history with his forehead in flame but his fire will continue lighting the centuries to come. Naturally not, biologically not.

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

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

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

At this stage of our time after twenty centuries of Christian word, man is worse than ever more evil that ever less caring than ever. Even the word love has been lost --love! This at least in my country gentle and sonorous as no other.

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

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

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

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

And the centurries will come to kneel before my image, proud, alone, and human.

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

And when will this cosmic force arrive in my sweet country? Sonorous and glorious like a petal in the sea? When we, all of us, decide to make it arrive! Or never.

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

And when will this cosmic force arrive in my sweet country? Sonorous and glorious like a petal in the sea? When we, all of us, decide to make it arrive! Or never.

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

And the heat of his head from where the future bursts like a rocket in space.

He, the new man who looking on the horizon of his hands, said one day: Enough hunger! Enough misery! Enough being the toy of divine forces that don't exist! Enough and enough and enough! I am my own destiny!

I tell you.

And who made these nations? And who made these nations? And who made these nations?
REPORT OF AN INJUSTICE

Perhaps you can’t believe it, but here, before my eyes, an old woman, Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia, 77 years of age, have been evicted. Mrs. Murcia was thrown from her humble living quarters located at 15 "C" Street, between 3rd and 4th, Zone 1. (Radio newspaper "Diarlo Minute," first edition, Wednesday, June 10, 1964.)

SUFFRAGETTE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eviction, how to explain it?

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

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

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

How great her loneliness!

They are the norm among us. The abnormal is tenderness and the hate of poverty. And so today more than ever I love your world, its cosmic pride.

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

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

I don’t want these things for my country.

I don’t want these things for anyone.

I don’t want these things for anyone in the world.

And I say I

because pain should carry an indelible aura.

This is the free world, they say.

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

Tell them I love their world. They should make it beautiful. And I’m very glad they no longer know injustices so deep and plentiful.
EXILE

You, who sell my country, listen:
Have you heard the land walk beyond your blood?
Did you ever wake up crying from the sound of your pulse?
Sitting at a cafe in a far off land one winter day have you listened to men speaking of your fight?
Have you seen the moribund exile, in a dirty room, sprawled on a bed of planks, question the vague stature of his children far from his love?
Have you heard him combing his laughter?
Have you once cried on the great belly of our country?
Have you been victim of that accusation: communist!, because you were different?
Have you watched as the sweet seamstress of escape, where the liquid eyes of our mother burned, her aegis dimension of cottonwood, branches up defending the city of birds from the endless assault of water.

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

Because I am one of those who still carry maternal winds in the pores of his blood. One who cries swallows when he dreams the face of his infancy. One who runs after agile butterflies. And who sails his paper boat in a dirty room, sprawled on asphalt and blind stones, sleeping air, Suidaj's...sudaj's pugq puB ;tBqdsv...ssauxJBp

And you, the indifferent, what do you say? Silence!
You do not answer. Don't open your mouths if you can't answer in protest.
One last painful question for all:
Do you even know what exile is?
Oh, you will know!
Till you tell: Exile is a long long avenue where only sadness walks. In exile every day is called simply magony.

And one more thing, salesmen and indifferent of my land. In exile you can lose your heart, but if you don't they'll never be able to kill its tenderness nor the powerful strength of its storms.
They want's^*no&^ the ge
d^f;JyJi^p's
and ^on the name

A strange cold extends its wings in my soul.

OTTO RENE CASTILLO

THE ONE WHO IS ALWAYS THERE

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

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

You, compañero, who never betrayed your people, with tortures nor with prisons nor with graft, you, tender star, will come of age with pride for the delirious millions emerging from the depths of history to give you glory.

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

You, compañero, the one who is always there.

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

You, compañero, who never betrayed your people, with tortures nor with prisons nor with graft, you, tender star, will come of age with pride for the delirious millions emerging from the depths of history to give you glory.

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You, compañero, the one who is always there.
FREEDOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What did Hitler say
ten years later
under the ruins of Berlin?
A few years later
Mister Dulles, snoring
like a caterpillar
said "This decade will see the end
of the slavery of communism."

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

Thomas Mann was right
when he said
"Anti-communism
is the most ridiculous
of the twentieth century."
Still
the interests
the profit
continue their fanfare
continuing to fill
still.

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

And I, sensing his anguish, the grey
and noble sadness of my friend,
knowing his fight
to keep on fighting,
do not say: coward or go to the mountains
or lazy or pessimist,
rigid, poor devil.

I only put my arm around his shoulder,
so the tearing cruelty of his cold
be less.
3. A knock at the door.

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

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

4. Someone hums the National Anthem. In the street. I get up and look from the window of the house where I live now.

He who sings is barefoot. Surely also without breakfast. He is a hawker of lies morning and afternoon.

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

5. Recently returned from Europe one of my nephews asks me if I know Madrid, I say no, bruskly, and continue talking about Paris.

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

6. In the days of Ubico the tyrant, end of '42, as the story goes, there was a mason in the parish who dared paint "Liberty, Down with th bloody general" on the city walls.

The mason was caught, questioned, --why was he so crazy as to hate the General if the General had complete military support and his power was invincible.

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

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

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

"There will come a time . . .

distances

34
To you, who will ask afterwards everyone for my footsteps.

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

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

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

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

IV
I'm going I am no longer the dry monologue that cracks in hope. Now I am the abandoned, the leaf that falls from the tree all full of autumn, and who will feel for a time to come the kindly presence of that tree. I'm going, don't look for me, I am gone.

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

In me, as in the anchor, distance then also awakens, and now only the goodbye remains as a last gesture of tenderness for you.

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

So, I am sending the twenty poems I have so far translated, the translations are all from his book published in 1965, Vamonos Patria a Caminar, there was a posthumous collection due to appear this year, but the manuscript, the printer's shop, and the plans were racked by the army several months ago, before the edition could go to press, a copy exists, somewhere in Cuba. There are poems scattered about, I may be able to get some of these later poems, but not in time for your issue of CAW.
to Moscow, below. But all progress is painful; and I say it is wise to walk on the edge of that "false topology of our post-production world that you mentioned yesterday."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uncle NEEDS you. And you may consider this as wild as saying the Mafia has taken over the (anti)poverty program, somebody else killed Kennedy, somebody...
stirring up these noises so that the Big Man can make the BIG GRAB, now, that
most of us are prove in pay of the architects of this predictable extermination, that
it works for them in their dreams as they grow nervous waiting and call on the victim
to be his own accuser. and in public, that if it does not happen by blood it shall happen by the
Holy Constitution, that we are the agents of the agents of the agents behind the forces,
that the time is this summer before the elections, that George Hamilton was robbed,
that the CIA kidnapped Tshombe, that Twiggy is the final triumph of the 3rd sexed
mutiny in Vietnam, soldiers and cops were disarmed and sent to join their unfortunate
brothers.

FREE WORD DEMONSTRATION

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

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

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

LOVE EXPLODES IN BLOOD.

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

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

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

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

CHANGE YOUR HEART AND LET REALITY LIVE

We must protest the handshakes of these forces, or secrete razorblades in our
lifelines. Anything to make a man see what he's looking at, and stop him from staring.
There aint much time left for fools & saints.

We got to find a way to turn this country ON

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

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

Poems

the Hitler Dwarf

this morning though I had heard about him
from my friends I saw for the first time the
Hitler Dwarf whistling and striding towards
me through the dirty snowpiles alongside
Seventh Avenue the short solid legs
slightly bent the familiar mustache a
brown trenchcoat nearly to the ground he said
in passing "are you out looking for sharp
images? to early you know your girl
is still in bed dreaming of you in fact
no one's up yet but in a month or so
when the sun's out and the snow melts if you'll
meet me some place for coffee we can
discuss our plans as to the future of the race"

when I went to the toilet this morning
when I went to the toilet this morning
a policeman came and sat down in the
next stall his pants the heavy gun the brass
buckle banged on the floor he took a crap
noisily as if it had been some time
since the last one as if he'd been busy
for years just keeping an eye on people
without pausing to eat shit or make love

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

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

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

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

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

to be shot by Negros on Visitation Day

to be shot by Negros on Visitation Day
(after the table's already been set up
for them to sit down across from you and talk
over man to man eye to eye how you can
help them out) right on 8th Avenue as you're
really hurrying to the meeting to get
discussions under way. Not because you are
Jewish or the color of your skin but the
signal was given at noon the sun at a
certain height over the sidewalk "Now" and the
sun was the moon day was night fires were needed
and just before this cancellation of all
conference you were crossing the Avenue.
Tables pitched out of windows are hitting the
streets now like grenades and you go up in flames.
The Antioch student body had been trying for a year to force the trustees to meet openly. (There had been concern about South African investments, control of institutional policies, etc.) Finally the trustees consented and held a general meeting for the whole Antioch community. The following action was executed by about twenty-five members of the Antioch Guerilla Theater.

When the meeting had been in session for a few minutes a student stood up in the audience and yelled, "This is a crock of shit!" and stormed out of the auditorium. Immediately another student rose and addressed the trustees, who were seated on the stage: 'I must apologize for the actions of my fellow student. His outburst was entirely uncalled for and extremely embarrassing, and I trust that the rest of the student body will listen to you with proper respect.' He sat down and another student stood to speak: 'I must apologize for both of these students. You are such important men, you who have taken time from your busy schedules to come and talk to us, students, are forced to have your time wasted by two inconsiderate fellow students--why, you could be using this time to buy further stocks in South African corporations, to make more decisions about how Antioch will be run, etc. This was repeated by about twenty students, each apology more absurd than the previous. They were able to talk about all of their grievances, couching it in the form of profuse apology. When the apologies were over, and the meeting started again, students who had gained access to the lighting booth suddenly threw the auditorium into a blackout. When the lights came up again, two people were on the stage directly in front of the seated trustees: one, dressed as a hippy-student, was lying on his back. The other dressed in a suit, as an administrator, stood with one foot on the other's crotch. They went into a dialogue something like the following:

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

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

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

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

The following descriptions of different kinds of theater actions are offered out of my own experience as examples. Since the force of an action is its relevance to its environment, they should be thought of as such, rather than as scenarios for your own use.
spected. It used a form—apology—that was unfamiliar and which is not automatically a form of public statement. Thus it was able to involve and reach people before they realized the content, before they could throw up their defenses. It was tightly coordinated, involving precise timing and a knowledge of the environment.

New York's PAGANT PLAYERS performed a street play in the fall of 1967 which provides a valuable model for a theater action that is clear, direct, and understandable to a great number of communities. 'The War Monster' began with a young couple dancing to rhythm music provided by a group of several musicians—drums, tambourines, washboard, etc. A suited 'businessman' enters with a four-legged monster on a rope leash. The monster, played by two people under a large mottled cloth, had a huge grotesque head made of solastic, with a cavernous mouth, fangs, etc. The couple continue dancing, obvious, as the businessman parades the monster around the playing area. The monster rears, is accentuated by sudden wild music—kazoos, washboard. The businessman orders it to sit, opens his attaché case and takes out a sign which he pins to the monster's collar: 'The War.' The monster rears again, while, the businessman removes his military hat and puts on a sign, 'Taxman,' goes back to the girl and takes a wad of dollars from her. He feeds the monster again, the monster shits again, etc. The soldier resumes fighting, hiding behind the monster, which rears and dances until it has enucleated him and covered his head with its mouth. The soldier dies, the monster retreats. The girl sees the dead soldier, is shocked, begins to accuse the businessman, to avoid her, slaps a dollar on the dead soldier's chest, takes the monster's leash, and they leave the playing area.

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

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The planners of the action refused to put it out, and the fire department got its street of the campus. At 6:00 pm, the hour at which the cafeteria was most crowded, cars drove out of side streets at either end of the union building, blocking the street to further traffic. At the same time, a microphone stopped in front of the cafeteria windows long enough for two people to lift an exceptionally real looking dummy of a soldier, (most store mannequins on a metal frame) seated in the lotus position onto the street on the side of the bus away from the union building. As the truck pulled away, the dummy was doused with gasoline and ignited, and at the same time a well-known married girl ran into the canteen and was screaming 'Oh my god, Dick's burned himself!' Within minutes hundreds of people had rushed into the street. Because of the properties of the plaster mannequin, it burned slowly and retained its human appearance for some time. After it had been burning for three or four minutes, loudspeakers that had been mounted on the union roof for the action began to broadcast, at full volume, a tape of bomb explosions, gunfire, etc. After several minutes, the tape suddenly cut to a specious sign which he pins to the monster's collar: 'The War.' The monster rears again, while, the businessman removes his military hat and puts on a sign, 'Taxman,' goes back to the girl and takes a wad of dollars from her. He feeds the monster again, the monster shits again, etc. The soldier resumes fighting, hiding behind the monster, which rears and dances until it has enucleated him and covered his head with its mouth. The soldier dies, the monster retreats. The girl sees the dead soldier, is shocked, begins to accuse the businessman, to avoid her, slaps a dollar on the dead soldier's chest, takes the monster's leash, and they leave the playing area.

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

'Imagine the hustle and bustle of the career 'carnival' during its most active period, and then imagine 30 or 40 SDS members walking out into the middle of this and spreading out on the floor their own 'exhibit': a giant Monopoly game, complete with three-foot dice, 'spartan-town' dollars, and people replacing the playing pieces. The players lined up, the dice were rolled, and the game began with players moving from 'GO' (Collect $200 from the war machine), to such spaces as: NSA—collect $500 from the CIA; Multiversity—collect useless information; Pentagon gon—rent $70 million; Draft Dodger—go directly to jail; Grosse Pointe—no niggers o: kikes allowed; Detroit (which was in flames); Ft. Wayne Induction Center—rent your life; Income Tax—war materials; Vietnam—'you died if you landed there—and, of course, chance and community chest.' (from New Left Notes, Oct. 28, 1967)

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

Photos:
- 23¢
- 25¢
- (with frames)
- 49¢

CAN I HELP YOU?
The Man Who Picked Up Hitchhikers

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

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

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

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

Sunglasses shield the man's expression. I imagine it tranquil, controlled by years of stolid habit. He has some secret, my shades conceal my foreignness too. I would like to be an angel in the pay of his underground anger. Meantime I'm only a spy for another age, a time unanticipated. My uncle's code has always eluded me too.

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

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

--How did it happen?
--Oh, one of those things. A cotter pin fell out. That was it.
--But you still drive fast?
--Oh yeah. Whenever I get a chance.

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

--Todd Gitlin
October 1967

an sds journal of the history of american radicalism

RADICAL AMERICA

50c or $3 yr to Buhle,
1237 Spaight,
Madison, Wis. 53703.

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

Nguyen Dinh Thi
The following are a selection of poems by Robin Morgan and Kenneth Pitchford, loosely based on, but independent of, Vietnamese originals written by poets both from North and South Vietnam. While the poems can speak for themselves, the situation surrounding their creation (or English) will be of interest to other writers who might wish to avoid being taken in by a literary con-game in which their work is wrested from them and exploited against their will in ways repugnant to them. The situation is one for all radical writers to mobilize against as we come nearer to our war was still only a small cloud on the horizon, Robin met a Vietnamese man named Nguyen Ngoc Bich. Early in their acquaintance he spoke of compiling an anthology of Vietnamese poetry in English translation and that Asia Society had decided to take on this project — at least so long as the discussions remained purely verbal. Of course, a contract of sorts was drawn up, but Robin was assured that this was only a technicality and that all of her feelings and attitudes toward the project would be respected; it was these very feelings, in fact, that made her such an ideal choice as co-editor for the work. Robin had already mentioned that she was putting together a first book of her own poems and that she might want to include, as a short section in her book, a group of these poems, particularly from the contemporary poets writing about the (then) nearly twenty years of war in Vietnam. Robin was to learn that it is easy for people to say that they value the work of others, but that they will later reject it. Robin knew relatively little about Bich’s politics or about Asia Society itself at this point, but distinguished American poets such as Dylan Thomas found expression volumes for the Society and the Society seemed to agree about presenting good poems regardless of the translated poet’s political allegiance.

The director of Asia Society’s literature program, Bonnie Crown, was affable and personable in the three-way discussions that ensued at this point and sweet promises were made that whatever had been said would be respected; it was these very promises, in fact, that made her such an ideal choice as co-editor for the work. Robin no longer had any rights at all, but only a verbal agreement, she realized that the Rockefeller millions supported this so-called “apolitical” society. Later we were to wonder about its funding by the Kaplan Foundation and to surmise the worst when the CIA scandal broke. (No one in this province, specifically mentioned Asia Society as the recipient of CIA funds, but Mrs. Crown said that the Society staff lived on “pins and needles” for weeks during the CIA disclosures.) At any rate, both of us read our poems that week of Angry Arts, both on the scheduled programs and on the flat trucks that roved through New York City, carrying the war protest to people unlikely to attend formal poetry readings. We felt the poems were our own, and that we could do with them what we saw fit. Mrs. Crown, in fact, did not yet know that such foundations are thoroughly capable of unethical and immoral behavior; we did not know that a foundation would fall through which impious poets all rights to their own work. (By the way, the original Vietnamese authors, as far as we could gather, were not to receive payment for publication of their work.) Always there were reasonable and “understanding” talks about the dignity and integrity of poets; always there were follow-up letters in which verbal agreements were reversed and abrogated. We heard the lies of the Administration concerning the bombings, always garbed in the highest sounding moralistic sermonizing, and saw the actual death and destruction as in the Ramparts photo. We heard the promises of Asia Society, as given by Mrs. Crown, and saw the action the Society took against us to prevent us from participating in the fruits of our labor. As the situation worsened, we felt that there was a metaphorical but direct connection between the two kinds of lies we were increasingly exposed to.

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

At the outset of the project, we had not yet been radicalized; we did not understand the nature of American control; we thought that a literary foundation in America, whatever its name, might be guilty of sins of omission, but we did not yet know that such foundations are thoroughly capable of unethical and immoral behavior; we did not know that a foundation would fall through which impious poets all rights to their own work. (By the way, the original Vietnamese authors, as far as we could gather, were not to receive payment for publication of their work.) Always there were reasonable and “understanding” talks about the dignity and integrity of poets; always there were follow-up letters in which verbal agreements were reversed and abrogated. We heard the lies of the Administration concerning the bombings, always garbed in the highest sounding moralistic sermonizing, and saw the actual death and destruction as in the Ramparts photo. We heard the promises of Asia Society, as given by Mrs. Crown, and saw the action the Society took against us to prevent us from participating in the fruits of our labor. As the situation worsened, we felt that there was a metaphorical but direct connection between the two kinds of lies we were increasingly exposed to.
of them, and would re-write the contract to Robin's satisfaction if only she would continue with the work. Wouldn't Robin be helping to end the war by seeing to it that the anti-war poems by two American poets, based indirectly on the work of contemporary Vietnamese anti-war poets, found an audience? Robin specified what the terms of a new contract would have to include; again, these were not negotiable. Thus, for a short time longer, the relationship continued.

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

All along, there had been another aspect to the "collaboration" that isn't of prime importance here — the petty harassment by the Society once our versions were delivered to them. At first it was agreed that we would make imaginative rather than literal versions of the poems. Any pretense of direct translation had seemed unethical to us, since neither of us was proficient in Viet­namese, although Robin had a rudimentary grasp of some of its qualities through her acquaintance with a number of Vietnamese students in New York. But comparatively, was not proficient in written English; he tended to put everything into high-level Victorian cliches. People at Asia Society, none of them poets, nevertheless felt that they had the right to comb the completed versions line by line and insist on changes, usually preferring a limping cliche in Bich's first draft to our attempt to capture the essential spirit of the anger or grief we glimpsed beneath his hastily dashed off working drafts. It became apparent to us that the fierce scrutiny was reserved for our versions of the anti-war poems. Forgive our paranoia if we saw a pattern of requested changes (none of which we acceded to) that reduced an effective anti-imperialist poem to harmless, cliché-ridden propaganda. Once, we found two draft versions by Bich in a folder: one with something of (what we assumed was) the virulence of the original intact; one, the later version, with this quality emasculated. Typically, Robin once received a three-page letter of suggested changes for a half-page poem by a North Vietnamese poet. But our disgust with the literary end of the relationship may, after all, be separable from our disgust with the political aspect.

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

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

One can certainly say that we deserved the lesson we got in the schools of one American foundation. It did not take other Americans a Vietnam war or a proposed anthology to realize the unethical and domineering power of American power can be in its insistence on possessing what belongs to others. One must also emphasize that the upshot is here is relatively unimportant — some poems Asia Society wants, but which we won't give them right to, if we can help it. Beside the suffering and dying done around the world because of America's misuse of power, this situation is indeed insignificant. It should also be said that Asia Society throughout this brief affair worked with advice from well-trained lawyers which they can afford to retain. We did not. Therefore, they may possibly have all legal rights on their side, and we none. But our decision, finally, is that we will deny to Asia Society, in any way that we can, any chance to use these poems or, at the very least, to use our names in connection with their project. (At least one other poet that we know of felt equally mistreated by the Society and wished to withdraw his work.)

There are other ways to fight than on ground they choose and by means they pre-determine.

One lawyer, in fact, has told us that an important Constitutional point inheres in this case which could possibly be fought and won through the courts. But it could take more money than we have — and certainly more interest. What is open to us, we felt, is a species of direct action such as Caw! has courageously allowed us to take here: to tell our story and print our work. The poems, ethically, are our own. We will publish them. We will claim them. Let Asia Society threaten. Let them do anything they will. We do wonder if they will be able to place the completed anthology with a publisher, should the publisher know what sort of skullduggery lies behind the work. But perhaps this is to credit American publishers with the same respect for ethics we naively began with crediting to American foundations. The other night we re-read a not-so-light-verse poem by E. B. White on the rejected Diego Rivera murals for Rockefeller Center. The same millions of dollars behind both projects. "After all," Rockefeller is made to say in that poem, "It's my wall." And the poem closes: "We'll see if it is, 'said Rivera."

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

Robin Morgan & Kenneth Pitchford

To Huu is considered the Poet Laureate of North Vietnam

**SINCE JOINING THE REVOLUTION**

(after To Huu)

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

And now my mind goes linked, bound, fused to every other. And now lower, it passes to the towers, beyond recall, nourishing lit garden after garden, all intermingled, quickening the waiting seeds, bringer of life.

But since then, I also inherit misery, my only family, become brother to thousands whose future is already withered. And who else will swaddle millions of broken children?

Look, the empty gourds of their bellies, their mean-round mouths.
THE VIGIL
(after Tu Ke Tuong, approx. 1966)

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

Her husband hunts different prey, in the hills.

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

She should write him, perhaps, that she is pregnant. What to name this child with his almost-forgotten face?

If it is a girl, Napalm.

If it is a boy, M-14 or Shrapnel, so as not to forget, never to forget that his is fighting for the land—twenty years of war minus twenty years of suffering equals nothing.

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

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

THE DEAD MAN
(after Pham Nha Uyen, early 1960's)

The night resurrects itself in answer to my voice that speaks but says nothing. All our struggle, only for this? that dusk, like torture, should insinuate itself leisurely beneath my fingernails, staining me with darkness?

My eyes are open but see nothing except the night, returning on the wings of insects like a blight of horror to lay waste to this green land whose imperturbable life still seeds itself in the earth that broods on my restless sleep. My memory is open but knows nothing except those final slashes blooming, blooming in the sky, except those people whose agony slowly releases them slowly, whose gasping cracks the earth's heart at last as they cling to a small windowframe, sliding, sliding. You who wear your guilt like mourning, embalm your indifference while you still can. Soon you will be unable to respectfully close the small barred window of hope that is ours; that is open to the sky but sees nothing; through which you have passed us twenty years' rations of suffering through which we reach a fist that holds nothing; through which we send a song that sings nothing you could ever understand but which resurrects all of us whom you thought were nothing.

THE DEAD MAN

J'ACCUSE
(after Huy Can)

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

You put the breath of seasons in our throats, fingers blooming from hands, and legs firm as pine trees.

You who wear your guilt like mourning, yet moths can be found fluttering in these palaces, weaknesses spawning like larvae already covering hatched cocoons. Prison-palaces humming with guilt, constructed with dirt, turning to mud.

The breast may well acrid but the lips cannot release it. One hand props the body, the other claws toward the grave. You, God ! You who dare be angry with those who have lost your private Paradise, you who dare require invocation the pity the scorched leaves, the broken wings, the running-sore bodies bent with the myth of you: when you learn at last the mind's horror at the filth of consciousness, when you finally comprehend how many souls, brains, hearts have dissolved, petrrescent, to pay for your name on their lips—you will be shocked, no doubt, ashamed, and even repentant, but hardly able to understand, as you flee from our liberating rage to some Swiss universe, and live in exile off our hoarded tears.
You can wake up at dawn, but he has already chalked chartreuse swarms of summer on the trees. You think you see the sun, but the street painter knows it for a piece of fruit, and so insinuates onto the citronous sky tart fragrances of noon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIA will do the following kinds of work:
1. Work that people in it want to do, presumably having to do with computers, theoretical or applied.
2. Work that serves Movement computer needs and means to MAXIMIZE SELF-DETERMINATION and popular government and MINIMIZE WAR, OPPRESSION AND DOMINATION . . . Scientists of the world, unite with the people!

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

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

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

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

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

If you are interested in MIA, write to Robert Shapiro, 240 West 98 Street, 1411, New York, N.Y. 10025. Please describe your background and interests.
DARLENE FIFE

3 POEMS

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

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

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

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

Darlene Fife

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

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

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

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

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

What was our world like? It was like the chaos the Greeks put at the beginning of the universe in the mists of creation. Except that we thought it was the beginning of the end, the real end, and not the one that caused the ruin: love, Ideas, the loss of his family, his entrance into the world of adults. And the young people trusted them.

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

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

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

The Ecole Normale is the envy of other nations. It is one of the heads of France, which has as many heads as a hydra. It trains part of the proud troupe of magicians whom those who pay for their schooling call the Elite, and whose mission it is to keep the people in the path of complaisance and respect, which virtues constitute the Good. At the Ecole Normale there reigns the esprit de corps of seminaries and regiments: it is easy to make young men believe that their individual self-effacement contributes to collective pride, that the Ecole Normale is a real being with a soul - a beautiful soul - that it is a moral person more lovable than truth, which constitutes the Good. Most of the students think of themselves only in terms of rendering to each his due, you knew that you were safe in that filthy abode. But he died. The Ecole Normale remained, a ridiculous and, more often, odious thing, precious over by a patriotic, hypocritical, powerful little old man who respected the military.

For years, on the Rue d’Ulm and in the lecture halls of the Sorbonne, I listened to important men who spoke in the name of the Mind. They were the sort of philosophers who teach wisdom in scholarly journals and write books full of footnotes and sound arguments. They join learned societies and convene congresses to determine what progress the Mind has made in the course of a year, and what remains to be accomplished. They wear ribbons on their lapels like old, retired generals. They dedicate marble plaques at crossroads in Holland, or on houses where somebody was born or where somebody died. These commemoration ceremonies give them the opportunity to travel. Nearly all of them live on the west side of Paris, in Passy, or Auteuil, or Boulogne, quiet districts where there are few noises and few
where in every corner we saw the vague outline of a battle: wars in the colonies, White terror in the Balkans, assassinations in America applauded by everyone in France. The terrible hypocrisy of the men in power could not obscure the existence of calamities we did not understand; we knew only that the calamities were there, that they were occurring, but not tell us it was for our own good. Do not be content to blame it on fate, to eternally perform the gesture of Pilate.

On awakening in the morning, each man finds himself confronted with the great disorders of the time, reduced in scale to the petty dimensions of a personal anxiety. We have within us divisions, where in every corner we saw the vague what part of our lives? We knew one thing: science, but that did not keep us from fear.

sick goats. Where was our sickness? In our own good. Do not be content to blame it on fate, to eternally perform the gesture of Pilate.

But we were weak, we were impotent. Beginning with our comfortable childhood, we had been raised for docile slavery. We had no way of locating the hidden springs of hope within us. We had no divining rods, no way of knowing that we were suffering because our fate is our own. Our masters seemed unshakeable, the professions that did not even give us the vocabulary that did not even give us the illusion of an old maitre d'hôtel who late in life had to wear a beard. Guile lurked in the corners of his eyes and guided the short, insipid movements of his hands, the hands of a Jew. We were living in the age of the guilty conscience. We had within us divisions, where in every corner we saw the vague what part of our lives? We knew one thing: science, but that did not keep us from fear.

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

Rellying on the disasters of the time to mold heroic hearts and the love of parents in peace.

wartime that circulated in even the remotest parks of South. Thanks to no gross an error, we arrived at manhood ignorant of life. But it was too late to start drumming Laws into our heads like advertisements against syphilis. How could we have made us believe in ten years earlier, that was harder because it was also the thing we knew. Since we did not know our companions in revolt, buried in the countryside and in the furnished rooms of Billancourt, our only thoughts were those. THEY started up there, where they were, condemned to a slavery that was harder because it was also the slavery of the body: achings, backs, and not enough meat and air. But we, from the depths of our bourgeois lives, how were we to guess that the foundations of our fear and slavery lay in the factories, the banks and barracks, the police stations, in all the places that were unknown territory to us?

Each of us tried to escape in his own way.

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

There were some who, having knocked—ed at all these doors, found that the fronts of the reasons that still held them fast were beginning to melt. Recalling childhood games and things they had read, they suddenly remembered that people travel. During those soft years, which dignified, and impatience to be men, rose in everyone like an attack of fever, an irresistible centrifugal force pulled the least weight of them away from the center of the earth called Paris. They went spinning in all directions, toward whatever point of the compass seemed to offer a last chance of the promise of adventure reinforced the confidence in life that, despite everything, they could not help retaining. Adventure became the wonder of their lives, the fixed point on the horizon. These voyages rarely had a commercial purpose, and there was a good deal of naivete in them. But there were excuses for the naivete: writers and philosophers promised wonders from travel, it was a word overlaid with literary and moral adornments. The stain of morality spoiled everything.

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

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

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

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

Barbara Meyers
poetry in the guardian?

Of course.

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

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

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

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DON NEWTON

Crazed, lunatic: establishing daily rounds re. shapes, symbols, objects: manufactured in the morning, distributed until they’re all gone; unrelated to the money system. but put enough holes in the walls & all the body’s blood will flow out upon the ground whether or not it’s happening because of what a body wants or even sacrificially, maybe just for money blood flows out upon dry ground.

all cops, scabs, finks ever do is wait & let the catastrophes justify their fat & them arrest somebody black.
Long Live a Hunger

to Feed Each Other.
by an ocean

for whispering to each other

a fiery shroud for the watertowers

used in two wars for wounded soldiers

on the ocean front

of the old ladies home

whispering

killed in action

yesterday

her son

a Buddhist nun

as she walks the streets of the city

eyelashes scraped by spots of pavement

a shaft from the sun

in the darkness

in your room

is screaming at us from her basement

for whispering to each other

in your room

whispering

of the old ladies home

in the darkness

Half-Moon Hotel in Coney Island

used in two wars for wounded soldiers

now old ladies praying for sunlight

a scream

a billion monarch butterflies

a shaft from the sun

a fiery shroud for the watertowers

eyelashes scraped by spots of pavement

by an ocean

scalped by wings of holocaust

a billion miles to make love

his body flown home

buries her mother in her cellar forever

cursing

from inside her coffin

everyone

Judith

attacking

you

in your sleep

a photograph twi's of my mother's sister

all bundled up against a wooden door both

of them dead in a death camp were they

starved were they beatem were they experi-

imented on were they made to squat naked

on frozen ground were they locked in a

room bodies heaped breathlessly turning

green reaching final drops of air heaps of

bodies in vomit in frozen organs swollen

like polluted fish were their heart beats

kept like membranes behind glass

a billion miles to make love

those billion monarch butterflies

against my forehead

perched on my cheeks

a conflagration in my hair

a birth on the tips of my fingers

an enormous lion

a flower

fusing the city the horizon

war

war

war

Judith

we are in the center of a holocaust

a scream of sorrow

the blood sucked from her mangled flesh

cured

a clean corpse in a wooden box

with terrible music

with dim blue lights

a dead womb

inside a dead body

inside a wooden box

your womb

from which you have been taken

your flesh

therefore

dead

your

mystery

sucked from your eyes

there's no way to cover over your heart

your mama

is dead

child

the box is open

all see the inside of your womb

and it is nothing now

except in your dreams at night a few more

years

a desperate crush of butterflies

locked in my chest

membranes

mangled by oxygen

a cloud of butterflies

bellowing up over all our bodies

we are corpses under a golden sky

shadows

imbedded in granite

an old man dying by himself

and we

two babes in a dark room

the only living witnesses

witnessing the end of the world in each

other's faces

a billion miles to make love

scratched forever in our streams of blood

a scream

and it's all over

we are strangers again

we are stuck with our lives

"Mother fucka

pull a knife on a man

pull a knife on a man

mother fucka"

.... inward

in your eyes

inward

in your head

sunlight

seizes your face

and the old ladies of St. Elizabeth

shivering

in the sea wind in Coney Island

are sucking

sunlight

from the ocean

wanting

to live and live and live

they are the tears on your beautiful face

Judith

Buddhist nun

three floors up in Washington D.C.

Judith - sister - sister

brothers and sisters in the waiting room

sitting in wheelchairs

the train is coming

blowing everything from sight

thundering everything into darkness

confusing the whole world dwelling inside

me

the blinking lights / the gongs / the dust

covering the stars

everything eyelashes darkened by storms

of light

it is my chance to go

all wing

ready to go

to fly off

there is nothing to hold me back

except

one rotten teardrop

that holds me here

here

and will hold me here

until I am murdered

my thick hair

thickened by blood

until I vomit in death

even in death my body retching

the train is a miracle

but it slides by on a different earth

it cannot save us

and the storm

yesterday

sweeping down my street

the purple storm

cannot save us

and the storehouses of knowledge

and of grains of wheat

cannot

save

us

the train is disappearing

even as we sit inside it

it roars on past on a different earth

it cannot save us.

(and nothing at all remains)
Remember by its bolts and pistons and wheels
my feet are tickled by the earth of this
mother of my daughter whom I named.
she is each wife I’ve ever had.
from behind I hear
not by the fly
I hear my name called
as it roars by
its one eye remains
impaied on my forehead.
I sit in the bowels of the Wolverine
in the bowels of America
in the bowels of a bullet aimed by a madman
factory smoke stacks disappear peacefully
like a farm house
disappearing.
each silent stream of smoke peaceful
as the people
inside their grey houses
staring at the 4 walls
each night hearing the trains pass
each blast of sound a chill of liberation
and now the sky is black and clear.
I can see each star
alone in the black sky
shipments of napalm ease across America
the young soldier guarding it
is counting the stars.
clear Nebraska night.
And his name shall be called, Wonderful
as I sit
a lap for her head
waves of her pressed to me through me
edging me in with memories.
And his name
how will it sound? Wonderful
Wonderful Badanes
A new child
A new poem
A new son pregnant with motherhood.
On each seat in the train his mother sleeps.
That man sleeping.

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

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

Signs dance before my eyes
signs like NO SMOKING PLEASE
signs like WOMEN like GENTLEMEN
she holds my legs with her hands
her head breathes in sleep in my lap
she is each wife I’ve ever had.

Mother of my daughter whom I named
song
the train speeds our bodies forward
my feet are tickled by the earth of this planet
by its bolts and pistons and wheels.

And inside the speeding
a slow rocking
c a railing like a questing
a jerking like her sudden dreams against my back
at night
I remember "Der Tunkler" (the dark one)
I hear my name called
not by the fly
not by the moth
not by the moonlight

But a dead corpse
beginning to die.
We have enough.
The facts are in.

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

Remember
the five quintuplets born 33 years ago in
Canada?
One is now dead of a seizure
one happily married in Quebec City
two are divorced
one, back from a nunery, studies
arts and crafts in Montreal.

Hallstones
And his name
shall be called. Wonderful
as I sit
my barrel body bouncing and barely
belly full of onions
the top heavy poet with a sack full of
memories
magician
of darkness
my nose always points toward
Moon!
come down and spit in my mouth!

A black butterfly
against the kiosk on Union Square
struggles to fly off
"Garcia Lorca" my friend says
against the kiosk on Union Square

A new poem
A new child
A new son pregnant with motherhood.
On each seat in the train his mother sleeps.
That man sleeping.

And above them
my barrel body bouncing and barely
not topping
bird's e^s
butterfly eggs
and your faces
and your bodies too are filled with eggs
and the earth
are tiny suns
their trembling wings
my hands are beautiful creatures
a billion miles to make love.
Look!
my hands are beautiful creatures
their trembling wings
are tiny suns
and the earth
oh news dealers
is filled with eggs
butterfly eggs
bird's eggs
giant turtle eggs
and your bodies too are filled with eggs
and your faces
bulging up / parched / from the news
paper pages
fill me with poems.

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

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

I dance naked before a vast mirror.
My legs
long legs of a thin boy
hairy legs
as quick as my hungry sex

you are made to disturb fenced-in fields
filled with girls
I hop over easily
and all the night long
along the tip toe blades of grass
frolicking
filling your bodies with flowers
wet grass of your bodies!
the carpet in my father's house
filled with dust
filling my nostrils
forever
as I breathed in my child's desire of you
my sisters.

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in the bowels of America
in the bowels of a bullet aimed by a madman
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A new child
A new poem
A new son pregnant with motherhood.
On each seat in the train his mother sleeps.
That man sleeping.
We are all beautiful.  
over this planet  
dancing  
their bodies are lifting up into a vast dance  
slowly to move  
and their wings begin  
for our brothers and sisters  
a new song  
for love  
and the windows of all the agencies  
are slammed shut today.  
their evil  
bewilders me  
as if  
they weren’t  
a collection  
of unbearable parts  
Everywhere death.  
I pity myself  
because I am alive  
and everywhere surrounding us death  
what good are their ancient hymns?  
Everywhere  
in my body  
death  
and I am frightened of it  
and there are people who are starving to death  
and I am frightened of it  
and there are people who are murdered by bread  
their thin bodies  
so close to death  
and I am frightened of it  
across the street  
in the Church  
the people are singing  
the women wear white hats  
and the men move their lips silently  
and the boys carry newspapers  
back to the automobiles  
and they are surrounded by boys selling newspapers  
clear  
it is very clear  
the air  
the land  
the sky  
very clear  
this morning  
VENCEREMOS!!

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

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

I have no wings  
& I weigh 165 pounds

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

A white shirt
a man
below in the street
a man
appears
in the black night
a slow flash of white
gone
oh how derelict my heart is
a slow flash of white
in the black night
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
for love
is wanted
for love
is mirrored in every post office
for love
is pursued by the moonlight
for love
is dragnetted by starlight
for love
is machine gunned by sunlight
for love
I love only you
transistor
radio
as small almost as the lit edge of my
 cigarette
how much
do I love you
how deep
how high
how many times
must I tell you
they are killing us all
they are killing us all
save your children man
start, sir, by crying
everyone in America / crying
right now
even the pastor J. Phillips of St. Paul
Minnesota
each of us
crying
crushing our grapes and making wine
I’ll see you a quarter of eight
await me with tears in your eyes
we’ll take a slow ride around
oh that stupid music
an organ
it is of less value than a chorus of fat ladies
in Ohio
I will kiss you in Ohio at midnite
Atlanta
Georgia
is disappearing
right into the air
instead we have Mozart
and he too right into the air
and we have
Saigon clearly in Illinois
Union Pacific
passenger cars
there's a funeral for a boy
killed
in Vietnam
gunned down in Newark
a string of coffins crossing the Pacific
blood
washed
from the streets of Detroit
and the factories are still pumping
chemicals
into bottles
in the Dow Chemical Works
in Midland Michigan
they are producing murder by the minute
the church doors are being unlocked
the car motors turned off
the people are filing in
the people
the people
the people
Jeriann
the people
each one of them
with a private thought
a private memory
a need
a desire
a plan
the people are filing in
and the lips of the ministers are busily rehearsing
and the words will issue
three stations at once
a G.I. series of X-rays
will tell my mother her future
Atlantis is gone forever
I'll never find it again
a needle
where are you now
Nola
May 8 1945
the forces of Germany have surrendered to the United Nations
the flags of freedom are flying
all over Europe
it is now 5 AM
May 8 1947
Sunday morning in America
Walk with Him
Stand with Him
He'll bring you beauty
wherever you are
as the days go by
just speak His name
He'll hear you call
stormy weather
outside
early mass is about to begin
in Michigan
it will clear up soon
the monsoon season
cripping our ability
temporarily
America is filled with the music of Bach
against the windows
the children's noses
they are looking out
and behold
Arizona is before them
they know it
and do not ask their father
because it is time for silence
a time when the sun is rising over America
his legs
his arms
blasted off
he shuts his eyes from the hot sun
forever
a million maggots from the center of the sun begin chewing
and all is now sunlight and empty
Oh Arizona promised land
a music box slowly unwinding a melody
like a child in your arms
falling asleep
it will be 80 degrees today
in the Great Lakes area
Let me be joy
Let me be hope
Let my life sing
I am truly touched by this Sunday morning in America
Sunday morning in America
we are left with it
Shira
you are waking up in Brooklyn New York
you are waking up
your small body
your head full of thoughts and memories
your toes and fingers moving
your eyelids opening
your cheeks
your forehead
waking up
you are awake
everyone east of the Mississippi
is now waking up
in each town
in each city
today

I am stunned.
We are always preparing
we are always preparing
but this here is all that we have
this face
this streetcorner
this cigarette
this memory of your smile
these funny feelings in our chests
your teardrop
all these objects around me
radio
coffee pot
pencil
wine bottle
these old pieces of paper everywhere
meaningless
where are you beloveds?
where are you?
where are you?
Do I really care?
Do I really care about your terrible sadnesses?
who care?
and when care?
and how do we say it?
you take a walk at night
in the rain
I can hear your footsteps in the rain
and I think of someone else
in another time
as you pass through
diminished
into the night
I don't even know you
yet
you have entered my life like a knife
I have entered no one
you enable me to continue stranger
brother
killer
love.

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

My foot hurts
and my emotions are running amok
it is cold in this house
and jealousy is dead
it died in me just like that
without my even knowing when or where
and so they are just like worms
in the cold blind earth
these emotions of mine
you have all beaten me down
without my even knowing when or where
in the cold blind earth
these emotions of mine
you have all beaten me down
without my even knowing when or where
in the cold blind earth
these emotions of mine
you have all beaten me down
without my even knowing when or where
in the cold blind earth
these emotions of mine
you have all beaten me down
without my even knowing when or where
getting thicker
not yet dreamed of by anyone
can melt the snow
and warm our poor bodies
the men are slowly beginning
to move their heads up
and the children’s fingers are reaching out
they are slowly touching each other’s hands slowly slowly slowly
everyone’s limbs begin to move
the woman’s scream is now a song softly
almost inaudibly
in a language never before heard
they are removing their rags
removing their clothes they are dancing tips of new grass rising above the melting snow everyone is dancing in your tear drop it is slowly passing down your cheek I would kiss it away we have not yet that new song I would kiss it away your lonely teardrop I would have that song grow from the spaces between us as we hold each other our teardrops and our smiles are the same thing on this hopeless planet as we hold each other in the darkness it is getting much colder we have only the smilities between us to catch the cold with and lock it away back where it belongs in the crystal ball so the children can laugh and our tears be blessed by salt again enough of it so that men don’t murder each other for a lick of salt a drop of love a body full of dust Remember remember remember remember I love you and it is very difficult I would kiss away each teardrop as beautiful as your nipples milk rain earth salt everyone dancing naked in a warm field in a new song It is very cold inside me. Worms.

We must start from the beginning. Struggle.

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

Brentano’s liberated
from the small bells busy fingers preparing stone polishings window cleanings for Easter Rockefeller Plaza uncover its murals trees grass outdoor cafes words of wisdom and patriotism good common sense photographed by the people icicles snapping and Lord and Taylors is a carillon sticking in our throats as we step a thousand whispers
past two lines
into the library
where two million books and documents
are stored
a poor man
is juggling white coals in his mouth
spring is here
the policeman
shines his stick
with the oil of his face
with the oil of his breath
on Wall Street
in the vast gymnasium
a continent of pigeons prepare
for my friend?

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

desolation freezes me at the
edge of weeping I would

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

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

oh my love I am thankful
that you are so lovely

So many people standing
at the very edge of land
a man a setting sun tattooed
on his forearm three children
their sex frozen forever with
fire villages and villages
at the very edge of land
your face machine guns my soul.
Pennsylvania Station
I await you
I miss you
panic
you are
swallowed by a planet of people
all at the very edge of land
tattooed with setting suns
burning each other's flesh
a young boy his sex burnt
a plastic ashtray mutated
cancered erupted by fire
I love you in an area
more hopeless than hope two
joyous days in the center
of the earth gone now
final a man the sun gone down
alone on an endless expanse
of grey land just walking final

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

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

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

Hateful! (America)
You murder me
from my shoes to the space around my
head
you murder me
who are you?
I am inside out with death.
what is dying inside me?
why do you kill everything
empty boots on the desert
and there will be skulls there
oh!
look how many little brothers have
entered the palace

We have failed each other
too often

great:
wall
of China
in my chest
what to do
what to do

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

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