SONG TO MAKE LOVE

GENTLE LOVER GENTLE KIND GENTLE LOVER GENTLE AND

GENTLE LOVER GENTLE KIND GENTLE LOVER GENTLE AND

MINE GENTLE LEAD CLEAVE GENTLE WITH YOUR HANDS AND GRAPEST MY HEART

LIKE A RIVER FLOWS WITHIN THE WONDER OF YOUR LOVE

A DORING, A DORING, A DORING WITH PETALS OF KISSES, TEARS FOR MY LOVE

THIRSTING, MOURNING AND ALL THE WANG, YOUR OPEN THROAT, GENTLE THEN THE DARKEST BEGINS

NIGHT WILL RIDE AND JOIN THE OTHER LOVERS, PARADING, WITH THEIR OWN, TO THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN AND ALL THE PRECIOUS LOVES THAT WE HAVE KNOWN

GENTLE LOVER, GENTLE KIND GENTLE LOVER, GENTLE LOVE

BEFORE THE CRY TUMBLING OCEANS OF FIRE RISE OR FALL, LIFT IS COME.

UNRULY AND MUSIC-JERIANN BADANES

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This is the first 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

Cooper Station

New York, N.Y.

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. All the typography, paste-up, and printing of CAW! is done by members of SDS and the magazine staff on a cooperative basis.

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3
THE EXPLOSIVE NEW RECORD THAT SINGS OUT THE DEFIANT RALLYING CRY OF AMERICA'S YOUTH!

45 RPM RECORD

THE RADIO AND T.V. ARE GOING TO KEEP SONGS LIKE THIS FROM GETTING HEARD—BUT IF WE GIVE THE RECORD A BOOST IT WILL GET AROUND ANYWAY. GREAT SONG!

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"SATIRIC THRUST at the smugness, complacency and stupidity of people who do not grasp the anguish, horror and desolation that may be caused by war and warmongers."

CROWTHER, N.Y. TIMES

"IRONIC AND SHATTERING... IT IS DIFFICULT TO IGNORE ROGOSIN'S ABRASIVE, THOUGHT-PROVOKING REPORT OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY... THE FILM IS SHATTERING."

CARROLL, DAILY NEWS

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHOM WE ARE FIGHTING. IT IS HARD TO SEE THEM AS ENEMIES.

—BRENDEL GILL, NEW YORKER

Films for Fundraising

GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL TIMES

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Emile de Antonio & Mark Lane

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Fourth, discussion started on tactics and ended there. We worried so much about the "how", that we failed to make the "why" clear, even to our own people.

The demonstration at the Hilton was important, however, because it was a radicalizing experience for a number of people who took part, brought some of them to SDS, and taught us something about street tactics.

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 50 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL PROPAGANDA:

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

COME HAVE DINNER WITH THE REAL WARMAKERS

The Foreign Policy Association is giving itself a black tie dinner at the New York Hilton on November 14th to celebrate its 50th year of "leadership and innovation in world affairs education." A boast it would be hard to deny. Secretary of State Dean Rusk plans to make a speech over dinner, introduced by Charles W. Engelhard, a director of the FPA and Chairman of Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals, Englebard Hanover, the American South African Investment Co., Ltd. and Rand Mines. He has a seat on the board of numerous South African corporations and also on that council that sets black wages in the mines at 76¢ a day. His wealth is based on platinum, gold, silver, diamonds and apartheid. Appropriately, he often represents the U.S. government in Africa on state occasions. He is a big contributor to the Democratic Party, and according to Forbes, the model for Ian Fleming's Goldfinger.

The eight hundred names on the committee for the dinner represent a gathering of American Dynasties. What brings them together?

Ellsworth Bunker: lately active in the Dominican Republic invasion, presently residing in Vietnam. At the time of the Dominican crisis he was a leading stockholder and a director for 39 years of the second largest East Coast cane sugar refinery, National Sugar Refining Corporation. As special ambassador to the OAS and special emissary to the Dominican Republic, his sugar interests doubtless helped him to an objective view.

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

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

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

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

Grayson Kirk: is president of Columbia University and a director of Com Edision, the Greenwich Savings Bank, IBM, and Socony Mobil. Columbia is a member of the Institute for Defense Analysis, does research on Chemical warfare and accepts contracts from the CIA.
Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus, superstar former owner of Neiman Marcus, is an important member of the Dallas Citizens' Council, the secret corporate junta that runs Dallas.

George B. Brown of Brown and Root is a close business associate of L.B.J. and reciipient of juicy contracts to build airbases in Vietnam and Thailan.

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

Join Richardson, Jr., president of Radio Free Europe. In 1950 the National Committee for a Free Europe launched a "Crusade for Freedom" fund to raise money for Radio Free Europe, which works with Eastern European exile groups engaged in the struggle for eventual freedom of their countries" and its directors have included Allen Dulles of the CIA, C.D. Jackson, Elaenower's advisor on psychological warfare, and A.A. Beineke, ideologist of the corporate liberalism, Kennedy contact man during the Bay of Pigs invasion, and long-time sugar executive.

Valdemar L. Nelson is president of the Afro-American Institute, which promotes cultural exchange and has been funded by a number of known CIA conduits.

More briefly, what brings together people like those above, besides an opportunity to sample Hilton cuisine? The dePuits of high explosive munitions fame and heavy Republican donors; Amory Houghton of the Coming Glass Foundation; a rabbi in Washington, some presidents of some smaller corporations and local banks, judges, professors, principals. What goes on here? Who's doing what to whom, and why?

The Establishment has very nearly come from the most international, attempted to get on top of, used the dominant liberal rhetoric, dominated world attitudes about citizen participation in carefully shaped decision-making.

Add a good percentage of members from the local power structures across the nation like Arthur Ballantine of the Durango Herald in Colorado, or Roger Anderson of Continental Illinois Bank. Say the head of a brewery in St. Louis, a rabbi in Washington, some presidents of some smaller corporations and local banks, judges, professors, principals. What goes on here? Who's doing what to whom, and why?

What the business liberals represent is the outlook of the interests of the newer property class as a whole. They are 'baptized' because they are more flexible in adjusting to such political changes as the New Deal and big labor, because they have taken over and used the dominant liberal rhetoric for their own purposes, and because they have, in general, attempted, to a greater or lesser extent, to win or even slightly ahead of the trend of these developments, rather than to fight them and preserve their conservative ways are wont to do.


The business liberals, who usually come from the most internationally minded companies, speak through such organizations as the Council on Foreign Relations, an organization interlocked with the FPA.


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

While two thirds of Standard Oil of New Jersey's assets were located in North America, only one third of its profits were made at home by 1966. By now profit on foreign investments are four times the domestic rate. In 1963 Standard Oil sold products in over 100 countries and owned 66% or more stock in 376 subsidiaries in 52 countries. (All facts from Monopoly Capital, Paul A. Baran and Paul B. Sweezy, 1966).

In industry after industry, U. S. companies found that their overseas earnings were soaring, and that their return on investment abroad was frequently much higher than in the United States. Business Week, April 20, 1963.

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

"What's the matter? " said Arthur Ballantine. "People aren't doing what we tell them to do."

"Do you mean we have to put the foot in the soup again?"

"That's right."

"What's going to happen?"

"We can't say."

"Should we worry?"

"Don't worry."

"Is "the Establishment" going to be a bit more flexible?"

"That's the question."

Invitations to participate in the Great Decisions Program are sent out by universities, by civic and religious groups. In the annual report for 1965-1966, FPA stresses the effort to develop an understanding of the foreign policy implications of the world. FPA becomes the wisdom downwards.

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

To quote from an FPA brochure:

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

Opinion formation on foreign policy is carried out by small discussion groups who meet once a week for eight weeks to discuss that year's 'Great Decisions.' "The only material required is the nonpartisan Fact Sheet Kit." Discussion is supplemented by eight weekly half-hour TV shows on National Educational TV.

According to Richard Eiman in the Nation (March 1, 1965), the president of NET is chiefly responsible to the Ford Foundation which subsidized and created NET. The president, and reserves the right to inspect every NET program produced with Ford money.

We believe that the NET may be described as one of the many times that the liberal members of the upper class and the intelligencia of the upper-middle class.

rooms making 'Great Decisions.' Teachers are not neglected but offered conferences, meetings, a magazine and teacher training programs.

'Great Decisions' lends itself to active student participation, and emphasizes the development of decision-making skills. In the past year over 15,000 students participated. The pros and cons of each alternative are stated so that the teacher can guide students in a discussion of the issue. The student is encouraged to arrive at his own conclusion and defend it to his peers.

'Great Decisions' are like 'Great Books'; pre-packaged fragments to be studied in a vacuum and consumed. At the end of each discussion everyone fills out a multiple choice questionnaire called an 'Opinion Ballot.' These are a choice means of monitoring the effectiveness of the propaganda. Results of adult balloting are forwarded to the State Department or members of Congress.

The issues are defined, indeed. For instance, one 'Great Decision' of 1966, SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA: CAN STABILITY BE A-...

The mentality that prepares their documentation "to encourage informed, responsible, and articulate discussion" would choke on this article which attacks the men and who they are and interprets the FPA output in terms of what they run and what they grow richer and richer on. You learn in school to discuss "issues", to "discuss the Text" and raise no extraneous issues. You make one "Great Decision" after another, fill out your multiple choice questionnaire and depart, having sharpened your decision-making skills—presumably to make a wiser choice between toothpastes and candidates and whether you will buy your facts from Newsweek.

In the days when the great powers were not yet fighting Hitler and the few voices from abroad —some not silent even today— gave him encouragement, the world will know that he was being fought from within and his enemies were called: the other Germany. Refugees, many of them known throughout the world, and foreign correspondents on furlough, reported that this other Germany really existed. At no time were even half the voices cast for the Hitler regime and the existence of the most frightful instruments of oppression and the most frightful police force which the world has ever known, proved that regaled the world had to combat illusions about the existence of the most frightful instrument camps. In 1939 these armies numbered 200,000 — more Germans than the Western forces at Stalingrad. These 200,000 do not comprise the whole of the other Germany. They are only one detachment of its forces.

The exile's trade is: hoping. It is well known, after all, that wars engender hatred and nationalism and blight the peoples more securely to their rulers.

The days we seized the street in Oakland

20th The Movement

November 1967 • VOL. 3 NO. 11

The Other Germany: 1943

Bertolt Brecht

In the days when the great powers were not yet fighting Hitler and the few voices from abroad —some not silent even today— gave him encouragement, the world will know that he was being fought from within and his enemies were called: the other Germany. Refugees, many of them known throughout the world, and foreign correspondents on furlough, reported that this other Germany really existed. At no time were even half the voices cast for the Hitler regime and the existence of the most frightful instruments of oppression and the most frightful police force which the world has ever known, proved that regaled the world had to combat illusions about the existence of the most frightful instrument camps. In 1939 these armies numbered 200,000 — more Germans than the Western forces at Stalingrad. These 200,000 do not comprise the whole of the other Germany. They are only one detachment of its forces.

The other Germany could not stop Hitler, and in the present war which has brought the great powers into conflict with him, the other Germany has almost been forgotten. Many doubted if it really existed or at least denied that it had any significance. One factor was that the fighting democracies had to combat illusions about the striking-power of Hitler's armies. And there were powerful groups that regarded the other Germany with mistrust; they feared it was a socialist, but there was also a suspicion that confused the friends of the other Germany, even some who themselves belonged to the other Germany. The terrible question was: had the war put an end to the civil war which was fought in Germany all through the first six years of Nazi rule? It is well known, after all, that wars engendered more nationalism and blight the peoples more securely to their rulers.

The exile's trade is: hoping. It is well known, after all, that wars engendered more nationalism and blight the peoples more securely to their rulers.

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The exile's trade is: hoping. It is well known, after all, that wars engendered more nationalism and blight the peoples more securely to their rulers.
placed their hopes upon the Fatcheaver, on the pride of caste of the industrialist, on the Germany which would not want to go to war un­der any circumstances, or, upon the Rhineland industrial­ists who in general must have foreseen very clearly that a war broke out, some said: "the regime can keep the war going while it remains a war. But these explanations are not the whole truth. They show how the working classes came to be slav­ishly dependent upon the rulers of the working classes; they do not show how the workers have begun to deplo­ment and change. They show how the workers have begun to deplo­ation and change.

The working classes were a more serious matter. Al­ready in the last year of the We­imar Republic the situation of the working class was catastrophic: National Socialism had become a reality. The working classes had created unemployment; the world crisis, which struck Germany with particular force, spread unemployment into a national catastro­phe. Competition among the workers was intensified, and they were worse off. As we have seen, the working classes were divided, and their leaders were divided.

A man sticks to his trade, and the exile's trade is: hoping. Very soon therefore all sorts of explan­ations appeared—nevertheless less technical. The Hitler regime, it was said, had had to keep two countries in the dark about the invasion to the very last minute, the Russian campaign. That proves, does it not, that the regime was embarrassed by the war? The question of Nazi labor policy during their five vears of power was even more serious matter. Al­ready in the last year of the We­imar Republic the situation of the working class was catastrophic: National Socialism had become a reality. The working classes had created unemployment; the world crisis, which struck Germany with particular force, spread unemployment into a national catastro­phe. Competition among the workers was intensified, and they were worse off. As we have seen, the working classes were divided, and their leaders were divided.

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work on the waterfront may show that idie goons were mostly pie/card hacks and fuzz out of shoremen as witness West Coast stevedores swinging along under union banneims and haling hooks uniform. Viet bound bombs and tied up the Wooloomootoo docks. Some man to mem talk with the men whoers of Germany are beaten mili­
tion; or, alternatively, if the rul­opportunity for a negotiated
ment among the allies presents an

opportunity for a negotiated
ment among the allies presents an

FRANZ FANON, The Wretched of the Earth

CONTRIBUTORS

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

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growing number of young poets who identify themselves with the Movement.

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LEON OLLIL, a prime originator of the Chicago Monster School, has been very active in
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Umbra, reappearing after a lapse of several years. Since the printing presses turn much
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LEON OLLIL, a prime originator of the Chicago Monster School, has been very active in

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

Looking at the original text, it appears to be a collection of contributions from various writers and poets, possibly for a literary or political cause. The text features various articles, poems, and commentary, with a focus on the struggle for human rights and freedom, particularly in the context of the Vietnam War and the Civil Rights Movement.
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—Henri Peyre, Yale University.

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THE POEM AND REVOLUTION

The raw material of poems can be found incubating today in the Campus Rebellion and the Negro Revolution. It is not dropping out for an activist to take up his pen. Dante was exiled for his politics, and Heine, another exile, said: “Lay a sword on my bier for I have been a good soldier in the wars of human liberation.”

What about today?

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

Who sees the rainbow? Who detects the joiKluil?

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

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

The revolution is to be human.

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

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

—Walter Lowenfels

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

—Che Lam Van, Preface to The Fire Blazes Hanoi, 1965

But let us understand one another. You may perform better than he whose stage is the street. Still your achievement will be less if your theatre is less Meaningful than his. If it touches less deeply the lives of those who took. If its reasons are less, Or its usefulness. — Bertolt Brecht
A NEW BEGINNING

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

WHEN WILL YOU BE MY BROTHER AGAIN?

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

IF TOMORROW COMES

Tonight, like a night, like all the others
ever on earth, when we children ached
for what we did not know, morning seemed
only as far away as opening the door,
of standing quietly on the kitchen floor;
these things defy our saying, they are dumb
as our feet, their steps laid before them,
their fears a whole family gnawing at food
which is cold and dead before our noses...
I am surprised my blood is as red as blood.
If I seem strange to you, suddenly, and far away,
as far away as the country you have loved
and left, quietly as a slip of paper slips off a table.
I stab at what I know, forgive me, and all
of us, and you, the most difficult of all
the warm blooded creatures,
my love, I don’t even know how to say it, all
at once those simple things stutter as if
they had never been before, and my imagination fails me
at last; I have no need for it, if tomorrow comes...
THE SUN SAD THE MINUTE OLD

The very word defoliate.
The skin, the fire.
The leaves that cover
The body, the hand.
The very trembling earth.
The wound, the constellation,
The dead. The very dead.
They are none but mine.
As these eyes are not mine
Burning twice as bright.
As my body leaps,
As the terror migrates.
Lives cannot repeat.
How many lives can I?
Can I be you, my love
Are me? Is the pain
Increased thereby?
If you are three
Short lives cheated,
You are still hurt,
They are still dying,
Full of life. Of life
We talk to death.
We number the numberless.
While we talk the pain
Is full of pain,
The horror of horror,
The dead of dead, the
Peace we talk is of the
Dead, and tomorrow

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

—Edward Botts

Leon Golub; GIGANTOMACHY II 1965 9 1/2' x 22'

YIN YEARS

by David Henderson

New York City is a death festival
voluminous men death carriages/
cartels of internationally disposed people
dodder with blast of water and sugar/
voluminous men
slow death ferment
Looking downtown/from Bowery roofs
the location marks
the balance of this city
to which all structures
of the city hall boys fan
/East by North
the magnificence of the Woolworth Building
will receive splendid disposition
with the first wave of holocaust---
overland they will come
from Atlantic waters
across queens brooklyn the harlem river
strange men will come
howling tunes weirder than the Beatles
by Bowery
the city cast voluminous light
on the caste of men
who patrol
upwards & downwards
their tree-lined corridor
to infinity
urban renewal
what will you do?
then when you are too late/
when your young planted saplings wither
& your fine printed reports
flutter in dusty empty corridors
& grow yellow
as the sun
by Bowery
bloated men
voices of the disemboweled
yell duties to each other
in endless short jostling games
that grow dangerous
by darkness
& cold light
jittery limbs
wine pressing skin
both ways
these are the short trunked people
whose trouser ends sweep the ground
& by morning light or red sundown
often limp on barefeet
pitiful & sober
faces shrunk by racist sugar
of sweet fruit drinks
bodies bludgeoned by
the red cross
holy ghost USA
port or amber fluid
failing
broken bottle limbs
gangrene
of the corridor
men of epileptic gesture
& embrace
where to be knocked down
is death in the face
where blood jumps
like crack bottle port 35 cent
Lou's win Five Star Rhythm
North American Port sherry & muscatel
(leading hollywood stars testify
they drink Thunderbird wine during camera breaks)
high powered cars, patios in queens
herding their unkempt
by cab of paddy wagon
three blue men behind the windshield
grinning jostling like construction workers
animal flesh eaters related by blood/
blue veined blonds

versus people of the fields
Smith & Wesson fire arms
versus bamboo shards & marijuana

we of the cities & towns
have forgotten our sun
our trees
that lie in vacant parks
& along highways of concrete billboard and express
we have forgotten our air
now it moves sluggishly
drugged with soot of Con Edison
and other industrial giants who/
to make amends sells us air conditioners and filters
during humid heat the city lies in a haze
& by coldness darkness
the people retreat
into steam heated spaces & underground cars
and the sky is clear
the city hides
while balding portly men sick in their groins
condemn nudity lovemaking/ condones burlesque prostitution
balding portly men who govern us/ sell us food/ hold our money
give us books and newspapers to read/
tells us what to do when we get lonely.
the same men who eat greatly of fruits and flesh/
sugar and alcohol
take many showers and spray themselves with sweet chemicals
to be the white western cowboys they are

joyful men
with modern uniform
creased and steamed
who dress young boys off to war
in their own image
sugar refined faces
maggots of the factory in their blood
automatic weapons fast of fire
that grow hot from too much blood
too many natives rushing howling

strange rage

vietnam watts santo domingo harlem
the British of the 18th century
lined up against the colonials
in platton order
to employ maximum firepower
...yet the farmers of the fields
prevailed---
now it is the 20th century
natives and farmers learn knowledge of machine
if finite
knowledge of the fields
absolute

those who lie low
by grass
must come to terms
with lower orders of life
if these people are wise and kind
their friends will aid them
flies snakes birds rabbits winds light of moon rains of monsoon
that no technology can approximate/

by bowery
there are the elders
who speed by in their air-conditioned limousines
from City Hall or Wall Street
who appear
quite at odds
with old age

sullen faces creased in frowns
necks welded to shoulders
assholes abdomens bellies
locked-up
crude collages
of toilet training
& pissing desire
attention stature anti-fornication
waxen men of destruction

wan men
held together by technology
of machine & drugs
oldsmobiles & aspirins
20th century plastics
there are men who call to god by plastic
decayed men who want to live forever
androids of science-fiction
half men half robots
bing crosby
owns a plastic liver
and is considered
a chic
old man/
plastic hearts veins glands kidneys dicks
modern men of America
dwarfed by racial sugar

misshapen like president johnson
is there any mystery that the old men
who would call down destruction
do not & cannot live in the world/

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

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

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

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

VII
I have raced through Cambridge
with a black bearded boy Bobby
Telling Harvard boys & Radcliffe maidens
we live on the Bowery
because it is a joke / and it is true
these old loft buildings
belong to us
these vacant streets of
dying men and darkness...
for we have been shipped off by society
(Indians by reservation)
told to keep moving
or to lie in vacant places / unseen
and like the Negro
the culture of the caste
is intact & underground /
men and women through centuries
to appear like hoboes gypsies the insane
to harangue & cause commotion
in the civilized streets /
the caste of men
weird and everlasting
perpetual reoccurrence
from Berkely to Babylon
Mexico to New York City
children of yin
through years of yin
unchanging/
China, 1948.

The following passage is an excerpt from William Hinton’s book, Fanshen: A Documented Account of Communist Revolution in a Chinese Village. Monthly Review Press, N.Y., 1966, pp. 10-12, which describes a theatrical celebration in Changdhih City as part of a mass demonstration of support for the Chinese Communist Party, the Draft Agrarian Law (enacted to end feudal land tenure), the establishment of limited ownership rights of all landlords, ancestral shrines, temples, monasteries, schools, institutions and organizations, and the leadership of Mao Tse-Tung in Communist China, 1948.

"When the group arrived at a likely spot—a parking lot where large numbers of people stood around watching for something to happen—the dancers started to form a big circle doing the yangko rock (three steps forward, one step back) and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed. And, as if all this were not enough, the streets overflowed with yangko and stick dancers, each orchestra trying to play louder than the last, each group of dancers striving to step out more viscerally than the one in front of it, each actor attempting to outdo in gesture and voice the others in the cast. Add to this the thousands upon thousands of country people milling about; the peddlers vending hot mutton soup, candy, peanuts, and pears; the hundreds of carts going and coming; the red banners and the colored paper spining and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed. And, as if all this were not enough, the streets overflowed with yangko and stick dancers, each orchestra trying to play louder than the last, each group of dancers striving to step out more viscerally than the one in front of it, each actor attempting to outdo in gesture and voice the others in the cast. Add to this the thousands upon thousands of country people milling about; the peddlers vending hot mutton soup, candy, peanuts, and pears; the hundreds of carts going and coming; the red banners and the colored paper spining and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed. And, as if all this were not enough, the streets overflowed with yangko and stick dancers, each orchestra trying to play louder than the last, each group of dancers striving to step out more viscerally than the one in front of it, each actor attempting to outdo in gesture and voice the others in the cast. Add to this the thousands upon thousands of country people milling about; the peddlers vending hot mutton soup, candy, peanuts, and pears; the hundreds of carts going and coming; the red banners and the colored paper spining and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed.

The most popular theme of these many plays was land reform. The two points which most of them hammered home were the need to depend on the poor-and-hired peasants and the importance of uniting with the middle peasants. Many groups portrayed a villainous landlord who tried to sabotage all land division, a rich peasant who schemed with him, a middle peasant who worried lest the new land law be used against him, and a village political worker who sold out the poor for favors from the rich. But a hired laborer with the help of a Communist Party member always won the confidence of the people in the end. The landlord and his running dog, powerlessness in disguise, the poor peasant danced a merry jig with the middle peasant, while the boys and girls of the dancing brigade burst into joyous song and began their yangko all over again.

Other skills had to do with the national and international scene. Chiang, Ku-shek came in for much buffeting about, as did the Soong, the Kung's and the Ch'ens - China's three other ruling families. These men were represented in typical fashion: Soong always with a Western-style hat, Ch'en in a black landlord's gown, Chiang in preposterous military regalia, and Kung, the banker, always clutching a large red bow. They held the two free ends in their hands so that the silk waved and fluttered with each movement of the arms. Like shimmering butterflies they wove figure eights and squares. The girls all carried wide scarves of silk that were tied to their waists, swinging gracefully. The girls all carried wide scarves of silk that were tied to their waists, swinging gracefully.

The following passage is an excerpt from a taped interview with the Pageant Players, June 1967, in which they discuss their development and role as a radical "Street Theater" group during the past 2 1/2 years. (As applied to their kind of theatre, "Street Theatre" is more a descriptive than a literal title as they perform in a variety of places and situations: parks, street corners, demonstrations, parties, hustles, marches, churches, only occasionally on "stages" and, as the discussion below shows, in laundromats.) Briefly, the play performed in laundromats involves 2 actresses fighting over a bag of laundry being washed; it belongs to the (Vietnamese) and being sided upon by the other (American), who tries to convince the first to divide her clothes in half and being refused through clever in her face. The realistic event and dialogue are "hacked up" by cardboard representations of an American and NLF soldier and song, making a farring and effective watch while doing your laundry. Not everyone watches. The main issue of this tape along with photographs of the Pageant Players in action.

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

Nancy: They drummed on the washing machines.

Matthew: Yes, and they sounded terrific, a nice rhythm section. It felt real cool, like relating to them and bringing them into the play. I don't know what effect it had on them, which way they'll fall, but anyway we nearly got hustled for kidnapping later on, which was cool, had nothing to do with it.

Shelly: 25, 30...

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

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

Eileen: They were boys about 12.

Matthew: That doesn't interest me. It's just the idea of having kids in the...
Michael: We'll be smoother next time.
Matthew: We said, "We didn't even ask any
Matthew: The cops were just as innocent.
Matthew: with whom it makes contact.
Liz: Perverts!
Arlene: The cop asked him wdiy they went
Matthew: It was a great finale. The kid was
Shelly: What did the kids say. I wasn't
Michael: It's a little late.
Liz: "Viva socialista..."
Matthew: The kid was eating an ice-cream
Shelley: They didn't tell the cops they should
eat shit?
Matthew: At the end, right? We see this kid
telling the cop. They find this one kid, probably one kid. There were
three or four others already split with the mommies. The other cops
don't know. Something like Oswald and the CIA, animated too, and any­
way a cop said to the kid, "Where are your brothers?" Very seriously
and the kid is very relaxed eating his ice cream cone and looking at
the ground. And looking at the cop, I don't know, sort of lackadaisically
and looking up, chocolate ice cream sugar cone and saying, "Oh, yah,
they're all right. We just went into
the car and..."

Arlene: The cop asked him why they went
with us.
Matthew: It was a great finale. The kid was
licking his cone and looking at the
cope without any affection in the
world. So I think that we cleaned
the system of all it's carbon diox­
ide. Yesterday—not today.

Matthew: We took his mind out and had it on
the windsield.
Michael: His mind?
Matthew: Yes.
Arlene: Brainwash them to Communism.
Matthew: Well, we did as a matter of fact,
Cross that off the record.
Michael: It's a little late.
Shelly: What did the kids say. I wasn't
there.

WORKING TOWARD A DEFINITION OF THEATER

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

AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHANGE, reestab-
lishing basic human needs and values, reaffirm-
ing life, a process which involves necessarily a
great deal of destruction, the stripping away of
everything that gets in the way of real contact

and joining; the inside to the outside, the possi-
bile to the necessary, the individual to the world
RIGHT NOW. Food for the hungry. An IN-
STRUMENT FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF NON-
LIFE. We do not want to be the severed apen-
dages, yes-men, of a social structure that ab-
hores life itself. BUT, to do radical theatre is
not yet killing the man who will not let you live;
it is not what Che was doing in the Bolivian
hills. We have not yet occupied that stage where
to perform the truth is to be met with an en-
slaught of bullets aimed at the actors' hearts.
Guitars; no guns.

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

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Any theatre
which dares to incorporate the terms guerrilla,
revolutionary or the like, must act upon this.
by changing a form already established within
the society, we question and attack the necessity
and function of the old form. New forms work
because how we are much more than
we can't learn or even adopt an older theatrical
form (Mime Troop), but its purpose has to
serve now, working with eyes open.
II. PREMISE: Everything depends upon you
and your working relationship with other people.
What can you do best and how can you most ef-
fectively be part of a meaningful operation (play)?

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Develop and
train through improvisation exercises and work-
shops. Consider how you, the actors, can also
"create" the set, objects and places, sound ef-
fected, masks, allowing greater flexibility and
maneuverability in your attacks (plays). Allow
the same materials to serve for many purposes,
creating a variety of sets and costumes from
the same props. Boxes for actors' podiums can
also carry your musical instruments and masks
 từuur PLAYERS. A rug can be quick-
ly rolled down, the magic carpet stage, and
rolled up before the police come. QUESTION:
Do you need a stage all at if you have the pres-
ence born from purpose? The voice can create
many sounds (noises as of grass, tones as of
song). The face of one actor can be molded into
an expression by another, making a mask.
Learn to work within limitations to force a var-
ety of possible actions and reactions (to heck-
ers, demonstrations, to children shooting
beeces into the mouth of the War Monster
—Pageant Players—to people who always want
Shakespeare...to the park). Let your play flow
out from the stage into the audience for discus­
sion, argument, fights, change... Don't wait.
Use what you have. If only 2 people want to
make a theatre, embrace it and begin. Eleven
people started a revolution. Soon others join.
each actor can be a "cast of thousands" under
derstandable theatre, and sometimes one gesture
tells a whole story, so be efficient. (Judan's
kiss, Che's betrayal). Know the other actors.
Know the audience. Who are they? How are you
going to deal with them in particular? Are they
the ones you should play to? What is their
need? What is their hunger? Do they only want
entertainment or do they need reinforcement
and revitalization for the struggle ahead.
Work with your own ideas and learn by your
own failures. For a revolutionary, failure
is a springboard. As a source of theory it is
richer than victory: it accumulates experience and knowledge. - Debray. The
whole processes of creating a play should revolu-
tionize YOU. If you're not changed, who will be?
Go beyond the limits of yesterday and you
will begin to realize more than we had thought possible. Throw away yester-
day's images for the new ones you will create.
III. PREMISE: The processes and rhythms of
LIFE should beget the processes and rhythms of
theatre.

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: How does man's
progressive motion around a center, let us say
simply the beating of his own heart, relate to
the basic phenomena of the earth's revolution
on its axis and around the sun? Rhythms of
life, growth, change, becoming. Creation.
And how do suppressions, dominations, racism
(tolerances), capitalism (money, power) indi-
vidualisms, goodness based on guile, dreams
esteemed more than the man in front of you,
specializations, ignorances, lies, altar, aesthet
and negate these rhythms—specifically as re-
vealed in the movements of our own bodies.
Have you seen the rhythms of fear, hate, hun-
gry, pain, loss?
Every action has a movement, a rhythm by
which we understand it. A man walks toward
me on the street. He takes 2 steps forward
and 3 back. He never looks at me and his hand
waits in his pocket. Another man comes. He
seems to be with me before he arrives. He
smiles and listens when I speak. We learn from each other. He listens as well to
my voice and I listen to mine so that when we
speak, we have something to say.

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

—Jeriann Hilderley
随机屋

书

以改变

让社会

For the first time

当我们讨论

我们

在社会

...
this young man's poetry: "God! it's frightening and sad to think that a kid that young is so bitter!" But Lloyd knows where he is at. He is with the shit.

"A work of art," I wrote in 'A Black Criterion', 'a poem can be a complete 'thing'; it can be alone, not preaching, not trying to change men, and though it might change them, if the men are ready for it, the poem is not reduced in its artistic status. I mean we black poets can write poems of pure creative black energy right here in the white west and make them works of art without falling into the cheap market place of bullshit and propaganda. But it is a thin line to stand on." Recently an 'important' poet, who was a judge on a panel to a poetry contest I entered wrote to me after someone else had won, and said, in effect, 'that he felt that I should have won, and that perhaps the reason operating against me was that I sometimes wrote for black people only. This, he felt, was propaganda. When black eyes see from black eyes, white sensibility seems to become terribly jammed up. Roi said: 'As a people we have no control of 20th century communications media among ourselves, to by and for each other.' It becomes the responsibility of sensible white men to dig and lead where it came from. Roi said in a book he's working on now: the black artist must give 'his life to communicating... the precise circumstance of contemporary universal consciousness... And this is the shaping of the future (BUILDINGS LIKE JOHN COLTRANE SOLOS) the task.'..."

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

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

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

To come to terms with black culture is to know something very basic about all humanity. This should be unlearning I for mainstream America. Why? Because the whites have the problem of race, black people know they are not problems. But today art may seem futile while we are confronted with the growing possibility of a race war, right here, and concentration camps, the surplus unemployable poor. This black art has been in every sense of the phrase the black power of music, blues and its grandchild, jazz. A. B. Spellman and Lerol Jones in their books on black music are talking about this, and nothing else. This black energy in white America and what's happening to it, where it's going, where it came from. Roi said in a book he's working on now: the black artist must give 'his life to communicating... the precise circumstance of contemporary universal consciousness... And this is the shaping of the future (BUILDINGS LIKE JOHN COLTRANE SOLOS) the task.'..."

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These songs of the Greeks are songs of war, of exile, and of love; and they are
mourning songs from Mani, and from those other provinces of Greece whose women know
no joys, but only sing of sorrow. They are all songs of the folk: of the Turkish C. cupalion,
of the ubiquity of war, and of that further usurpation,—death; our own, which is of utmost
holiness to us; and of the hope of an attainment of a purer consciousness which battles, not
for our meager selves alone, but for the brighter welfare of our sons, and for those myri-
ads of all the sons of earth, devotedly, devoutly.

We love these works for what they were, for what they’ve meant to shepherds and
to sailors,—for what they have become within the larger voyagings of those poets, who,
writing now, remember always that they themselves have sprung from such beginnings,
from such people that can sing such songs.

From this tradition of the folk, a warrior rose to be a father to the poets of our
times. His name was Yiannis Makriyiannis (John Long-John) a guerrilla fighter risen to
the rank of ‘general’ in the Revolutionary War of 1821. He was an illiterate; and learned
to write, phonetically, after the wars were finished, that he might record the struggles of
his determination to be free. And showed himself to be a brother to the greatest of the
Greeks.

His battles with the Turks completed, he waged fierce struggles with Otto, the
Bavarian Prince, brought down to rule the newly independent, ‘savage’ Greeks, and fought his
fellow Greeks that a constitution might be established for their rule, and fought his
brothers who reviled and taunted his belief in freedom and in truth, because they hunger-
ed; after wealth, and for position, and for continuation of the status quo, which, in so short
a time, had managed to produce the privileged ones within the newly founded kingdom, who
rage yet throughout Greece.

Makriyiannis fought on the steps of the acropolis, and in the parthenon itself, and
there was wounded grievously, as were the monumental glories, also, smithereened apart,
and fought throughout southern Greece; and once, at Myloi, at an undefensible position, a
French adviser had admonished him, “What kind ot war will you wage against Ibrahim from
here?”

And he had answered, “The positions are weak, and so are we. But the god who
protects us is strong, and so our fate will be revealed through these weak positions. And
if we are few before the might of Ibrahim, we are consoled by one thought,—that we Greeks
have always been a few, that from the beginning to the end, from olden times unto the
present, all the wild beasts have fought to eat us,—and they have failed. They eat of us,
but always, there is something left. And those few even (the remaining ones) make up
their minds to die. And when they thus decide, sometimes, they lose, but most often, they
win. So is our position here, today. And here, we’ll meet our fate,—we weak ones,
ranged against the mighty.”

What we have learned from Makriyiannis, his essence and his courage, what we
have learned from the folk songs, beyond the linguistic debts that are acknowledged by all
the poets who have written in the tongue of the modern Greeks, is: a striving towards
freedom, and a determination to retain that status in our selves, and to be free forever.
As there has never been, there is no royal, nor, no certain road to poetry, so
there can never be a surety to freedom; it is forever an upstruggling up from chaos and
from death. But here, where dreams are nourished, where begins salvation from corrup-
tion and from death, we sing

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

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

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

Just as these songs can tell us how Achilles mourned his fallen friend, Patroclus, how Hecuba and Priam wept for their sons and daughters in great Troy,—so do they need no further pointings here, except to tell us that we must look not only, or exclusively, to the Greek soul (the world is grown too small for that, too great), but to the stunning, stal­wart soul of Man: that war, these battles which were waged yesterday, and are waged now, are a sacred battle of the people whether they were yesterday; Greeks, Spaniards, French­men, Americans, Russians, Chinese, or are today; the Greeks again, the Cubans, Guate­malans, the Bolivians, or those holiest of men and women, children, who die in Viet­nam and have been dying now, not for a decade, or for decades, but for the longest of unending generations, and yes, for always, yes, and of the people.

—Konstantinos Lardas

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

What can I send you, stranger, what can I give you first?

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

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

Who was it set fire to the orchard and burned enclosure of the vineyard, enclosure of the orchard and burned those trees that stood together, joined?

The one tree burned and fell, the other burned and stood. The one which burned and fell, has gone beyond all wants; the one which burned and stands, has much yet to endure: north winds shall whip it, south winds shall lash, the coldest storms shall blast it, and shall burn its heart.

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

Why are the mountains black? Why stand they filled with tears?

Fights now the wind with them? Strikes them, the rain?

Neither does the wind fight, nor lashes out, the rain; but Charon passes by, in columns, with his dead.

Young men he prods before him; the old, he drags behind; the tender ones, the children, arrayed on saddles, come.

Old men implore, the young men kneel before him: O Charon, hasten to the village, hurry to the fountain that we, the old, might drink; that we, the young, might stone it; that these, your babes, might pluck, might eat the flowers.

Neither to village nor to fountain shall I go: for come the mothers to the water, and recognize their brood,—and come the couples, too, and never can be severed.
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**new Guardian?**

Not exactly. But enough to advertise about.

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**SONG OF THE MOTHER**

SLOW-WITH VOICE THAT SPEAKS, OCCASIONALLY BREAKS

VERSES:

You charred my flesh
Pocked as the blackcrow
Caws, caws, caws in my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We were in all seven souls living in one cell. Hung jokingly said, "We will order a banquet for tomorrow, and have a drink together."

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

We subsequently signed applications for appeal.

Barrister Cancellieri, who had been sent by the International Relief Association to act as our defence counsel, often visited our cell, and we learnt that he had been a member of the French Communist Party and had left it. However, he remained a Party supporter. He came each time with gifts of food and cigars. One day, he handed us some money. We refused it.

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

The money had been sent by the International Relief Association, Cancellieri replied.

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

Cancellieri told us that the French Communist Party was waging a campaign demanding a reversal of the death sentences imposed on us. We had vaguely heard this information before.

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

During that period, we succeeded in establishing communication with political prisoners in the front prison building. We borrowed books from the prison library and wrote invisibly in them using boiled rice liquid. We informed the comrades in the other buildings of the titles of the books we had ordered, and painted on a page, previously agreed between us, with a solution of tincture of iodine to make the letters appear. By this method, we made the books pass out of the cell. As we were awaiting the execution day, we did not give any information on our personal situation.

On the last day in our cell was a row of papaws. Sparrows often came there and cheered us with their twittering. One day, petty-officer prisoners came with long sticks and poles to chase them away. They said they had received the order from the chief guard to protect the papaws and to keep the ripe fruit for us. We invited them to come in, and told them, "If you chase the birds away we shall lose the pleasure of listening to their twittering. This doesn't matter, but you should keep the ripe papaws for the children in the women's cell. They are innocent yet are confined there."

One day, the jailers brought us a large quantity of good food. We did not know where the food had come from. Later, we realised that they had taken it away from the parents and wives of petty-officer prisoners who had brought these gifts to their sons and husbands in prison. We asked the jailers to return it to those people who were leading a harder life than we. We forbid you to take anything away from them."

The jailers admitted there were more with each passing day. Some of them were moved to the point of telling us of their repentance and apologising.

We told them, "We are fighting the French and the imperialists, we feel no enmity towards you."

Their admiration for us grew.

Whole days were spent in entertainment and fun, playing games, singing songs and performing operas. When the cell door was open and people asked us, "Who will buy coconut juice with sugar?"? We then felt as if we were actually walking along the pavement. Noises coming from outside revived our memories of street and factory activities and we felt an unbearable sadness for them."

One day, Thanh and Ro fell ill, although not seriously. Two prison warders came and told them to go to the prison hospital. This was a pretext to take the men to their execution. Before leaving, they spoke to us. "You said earlier that before we die we should keep our awareness and shout slogans. Now tell us some of these."

They had guessed what would happen to them. We, too, shared their apprehension. If they had lived, they would have become honest men.

"Down live the Vietnamese Communist!"

"Long live the Vietnamese Communist!"

The slogans were shouted calmly. We all heard them, and knew that Thanh and Ro were going to their death. Silently we glanced at each other.

The chief guard came in.

"Your friends have bid you farewell. Did you hear them?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There are two cigars left... will you smoke them?"

We took the two remaining cigars from the packet which had been given to Thanh and Ro that morning, held them in our fingers a long time, then lit them.

The chief guard broke the silence: "The two men are not of your group, why then did they shout slogans?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is there anything you want to say?"

The French would ask, but they presumed that when the prisoner faced death, he might lose his self-control and confess, hoping that this confession would save his soul. The French were very shrewd indeed, but they should not have expected us to confess anything. They would ask this question. "Do you want to leave a message for your family?" Their question like this was welcome. According to imperialist regulations.

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IF EVER A FILM COULD STOP THIS WAR .... THIS IS IT!

Felix Greene’s dramatic film “Inside North Vietnam” is now available on a rental basis in 16mm. It should be shown on every campus in the country.

After its opening at the Carnegie Hall Cinema in New York — this is what they said about it:

"THE MOST JOLTING FILM IN TOWN for anyone who gives a damn about what is being done in his name. This is a film about an atrocity. Scenes fill one with shame. The film’s over-all power comes from detailing, often exquisitely, the heroism of a beautiful, courageous people. Thanks to Felix Greene we can never say we did not know what our country was doing." — Cue magazine

"Felix Greene wanted to open America’s eyes to the people we are fighting ... he aims his camera at the heart of North Vietnam—peasants, children, hospitals and schools ... A beautifully photographed movie ... will create a stir." — Daily News

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"THE FILM IS SHATTERING. I cried, raged, cheered. The interview with the captured pilot is poignant and unforgettable. This film if seen by enough Americans could end the war." — Jessica Mitford, Author of "The American Way of Death"

"A valid and important film with much to offer. A hard-hitting documentary. Remarkably well photographed. We won’t learn from newspaper reports some of the things shown." — Motion Picture Daily

"Superb cinematography, and an exact mirror of life in North Vietnam today. It is a human experience. You must see “Inside North Vietnam” as Felix Greene has filmed it for you ... just as it truly is." — David F. Schoenbrun

For rental conditions and information on how you can use this film to make money for your organization, write to:
Felix Greene Films
76 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, California 94117
But it is not only in the bulge where Brazilians die of hunger or disease. In Rio's favelas, the hillside slums where population runs to 1,000,000 (out of Rio's total of 4,000,000) and where the only running water is the rain that causes occasional landslides and the makeshift houses to come tumbling down, a pregnant woman told me:

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

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

—John Gerassi, *The Great Fear in Latin America*

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

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

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

The Invisible Government by David Wise and Thomas Ross

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

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

— Che Guevara

Written apparently in mid-1965 Translated by Lee Lockwood

CHE GUEVARA: FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS PARENTS

Dear Folks—

Once again I feel the ribs of Rocinante between my heels; once more I hit the road with my shield upon my arm.

Almost ten years ago today I wrote you another letter of farewell. As I remember, I lamented not being a better soldier and a better doctor. The latter no longer interests me; I'm not such a bad soldier.

Nothing has changed essentially, except that I am much more aware, my Marxism has taken root and become purified. I believe in armed struggle as the only solution for those peoples who fight to free themselves and I am consistent with my beliefs. Many will call me an adventurer, and that I am--only, one of a different sort: one who risks his skin to prove his platitudes.

It's possible that this may be the finish. I don't seek it, but it is within the realm of logical probabilities. If it should be so, I send you a last embrace. I have loved you very much, only I haven't known how to express my fondness. I am extremely rigid in my actions and I think sometimes you didn't understand me. Nevertheless, just have faith in me today.

Now a will which I have polished with delight is going to sustain some shaky legs and some weary lungs, I will do it.

Give a thought once in a while to this little 20th Century soldier-of-fortune. A kiss to Celia, to Roberto, Juan Martin and Pototin, to Beatrice, to everybody.

An abrazo you from your obstinate and prodigal son.

Ernesto

Written apparently in mid-1965 Translated by Lee Lockwood

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

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, FROM *IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN*
Along a road
I came upon the air,
greeted him and said
respectfully:
"It pleases me
that for once
you leave off your transparency;
now we can talk."

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

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

The following is an excerpt from Fidel Castro's May Day 1961 speech to the scholarship students of the Guane-Mantua region of Cuba. In this address Fidel emphasized that the barter of the socialist concept of work is cooperation, as opposed to individual competition and gain in capitalist society. As part of the policy of cooperation, Fidel set forth the years, and therefore we are beginning to mountains and found books on philosophy. This worker, workers to the people we are also learning and are going know how to utilize practically anything else as efficiently we could, just as we previously didn't. But, fortunately, we have been learning in this country for quite some time now all the books our students needed have been printed and a Book Institute has been organized that is doing a great deal of printing, taking full advantage of the abundant human resources and machinery we have at hand in the printing field. And perhaps we shall also learn to make better use of our paper.

At times, millions of copies of certain works were printed only to be submitted—as Marx would say—to the devastating criticism of modus and mice—since there was no demand for them and they were simply stored. Should it surprise us then that many of the things accomplished by our people today are not publicized, when not even many of the great accomplishments of humanity were publicized, when even elementary matters of agricultural technology were not made available to our agricultural workers and farmers and technical matters were not brought before our students nor did our students have text books?

Of course, the solution was not an easy one. It became necessary to make a decision that we considered revolutionary. There exists a thing known as "intellectual property." In these matters of property we are increasingly less experienced. In the past, everything was "property, property and more property." No other concept was better known, more publicized or more sacred than that one. Everything was private. Possibly the ground on which you are now sitting was once very "private". The houses, the land, the mountains, the sky, the sea, everything was private—even the sea, the seas surrounding Cuba, because every vessel that crossed those seas was a private vessel.

Well, these are all becoming things of the past. Our entire new generation is becoming more and more familiar with a different concept of property and is beginning to look upon all those things as goods of general use and as goods that belong to the whole of society. The air, it is true, could not be said to be private, for the simple reason that there was no way to get hold of all of it and enclose it in a carafe. Has anyone thought up, as is possible, the air would have been taken over in the same way that the landgrabbers took over the land. But better the air in their control than food. Air was available to everyone, because it could not be bottled up, but food was not available to all because the land that produced it was not in the hands of the people.

Among all of the other things that were appropriated, there was one, very "suitable", called intellectual property. You will say: but that is abstract property. Yes, it is abstract property. And as such, it is not the same, it could not be bottled up, yet, nevertheless, something as abstract as intellectual property could be shut up in a kind of bottle.

What do we mean by intellectual property? It is well enough understood. But, in case any one is not familiar with it, it is, simply, the property that emanates from the intelligence of individuals, of a group of individuals—a book, for example; any book of a technical nature or a novel. I want to make it quite clear—because I do not want to earn the enmity of the intellectuals. So many things! Speaking of any one of them, it is not at all wrong. The concept was better known, more publicized or not in any way mean that philosophy is something to be underestimated, but those

...
cal knowledge ought to be the patrimony of all mankind. To our way of thinking, whatever is created by man's intelligence ought to be the patrimony of all men.

What is the difference between Cervantes and to Shakespeare? Who pays the inventors of the alphabet; who pays the inventors of numbers, of letters, of words; who pays the inventors of the scientific knowledge that is available throughout the world, and we therefore consider ourselves entitled to print any book of a technical nature that we need for the development that we need in the training of our technicians.

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

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

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

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

However, this is utopian. It is impossible to think that a capitalist country would do this. But if all countries did exactly the same, in exchange for the books that each country created, for the books published, or rather written in a given country, that country, by renouncing its copyrights to those books, could acquire the rights to the books written in every other country of the world.

Naturally, we cannot assume that this will happen. But, for our part, we can state that this will be our stand on the problem of copyright in relation to the United States; but we, independent of those circumstances, consider as a right of our people — of all the underdeveloped nations — that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, mankind began to benefit from a creation of the intelligence that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, mankind began to benefit from a creation of the intelligence that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, mankind began to benefit from a creation of the intelligence that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, mankind began to benefit from a creation of the intelligence that man has forged throughout history.

It is known, for example, that our Institute of Sugar Cane Investigations is carrying on research to obtain new and improved cane varieties. We have always obtained a good variety of cane, we, a cane-producing country, will put this knowledge at the disposal of every other cane-producing country interested in that variety. We shall not stoop to weak and miserable egotism.

No! We shall not concern ourselves with questions of competition.

If in the poultry sector, for example, we develop a variety of fowl that lays more eggs than another or produces more meat than another, we will always be able to place at the disposal of all other peoples, if we have a surplus of milk one day and the day that we have more than enough milk, that our production may both fill our needs and meet demands abroad. We know that all our produce will always be useful to someone else, and that other countries can do likewise: produce things that are useful to us. But, beginning with the domestic market, we will produce everything we need, as much milk as we need, and the day that we have more than enough milk we will not begin to throw it away. What have many capitalist countries been doing in the last decades? There is a surplus of coffee, they bore coffee; they have a surplus of other products and they burn them and throw them away, and the restrictions... We do not suffer from these ills. If we have a surplus of milk one day we will ask our fellow citizens, our average consumption is and we will either lower the price or we will give the milk away free.
What, then, constitutes the alienation of labour? First, the fact that labor is external to the worker, i.e., that it does not belong to the essential being that it has in his work, therefore he does not affiliate himself but denies himself, does not feel content but unhappy, does not develop freely his physical and mental energy but mortifies his body and ruins his mind..."The alien character emerges clearly in the fact as soon as no physical or other compulsion exists, labor is shamed into the plague."

--- Karl Marx

Geography

Harvard Chemist Would Do It Again for the Country

The poet JAVIER HERAUD was a guerrilla who fought to liberate his native Peru. He was killed in battle in May, 1985, at the age of 21. The poems which follow were selected from his last work. They were translated by Maureen Ahem and first appeared in the Peruvian magazine Maravac.

THE ART OF POESY

Actually, speaking straight out, poetry's a hard job that's won or lost to the best of autumn years.

(When you're young and the flowers that fall aren't picked you write and write away the nights and at times you fill up hundreds and hundreds of useless notebooks. You can praise yourself and say "I just write and I don't correct at all, poems drop off my hands like a springtime felled by the old cypresses on my street").

But at times goes along and the years are filtered through the temples poetry starts to become a potter's job clay baked between the hands, clay molded by quick fires.

And poetry is a marvelous lighting bolt, a rain of quiet words, a forest of heartbeats and hopes, the song of oppressed nations, the new song of liberated nations.

And then poetry is love, death, the redemption of man.

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SUMMER

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

THE KEYS OF DEATH

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

A GUERRILLA’S WORD

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

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

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

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

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

And yet,
walking a little,
turning to the left,
you get to the jungles
and the rivers.
It’s not that I want
to get away from life,
it’s just that I have
to get closer to death.

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

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

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

4
Everything’s the color of leaves,
green, sky-blue, bright
yellow.
Everything comes falling down
to the same rhythm
of the leaves.
No! don’t look now for
green among the boots,
the green of the unreachable pastures
the green in your tangled eyes.
Everything will clear up later on.
Later on will be the time
for hanging leaves,
for leaves trodden in
into the ground,
for leaves in their bud
and in their burrow.

5
Everything’s wood, the condors,
the masks, the rivers and the
dark honeysuckles.
The trees have roots in
the ground, in the pavement,
in the sidewalks, in frozen
bread, and even in the tree
itself.
Cement is a tree,
gold is tree,
tree pure iron,
and wood the crystals.
Everything’s a slender root, the
vine’s foundations,
the neckties’ buttons,
the buckles of my wrinkled
guts. Everything’s wood, the
dawn of your sleepy eyes,
the fingers of my clenched
hands, the sun in its turbulent
setting.

6
The sugar tastes like fresh
ants,
like spiders’ webs in the ground,
like wet flowers between naked rivers.
This is the sugar in my dulcified
flank,
ashtrays with burnt cigarettes,
the arms of
narrow chairs.
You can change the world,
sugar,
turn the most salty sweet,
turn sugar the furnished
urine,
turn sugary eyes
burning in pangs
doing.

You can enter the blood,
weaken the world,
squash it with its mouth full,
in its sweet burnt-out bottom.

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

PORTFOLIO AVAILABLE THROUGH Caw!
A rabbi in Princeton, New Jersey wrote: "to visit... Cuba is not, as you well know, a 'privilege' readily granted those of us confined in this particular 'free world!' corral, so we must depend on you to diminish our tragically self-binding, self-defeating and self-imposed cultural blockade. But I hadn't been telling it, I don't think. Not really. I'd been too involved in how to tell it.

Well, it's time to stop this ridiculous posture, attention to the craft, fear of not doing it, thinking to find new words, etc. We're stuck with the old ones, the old reader too and the old writer. This time around I'd like to forget all that--and try to remember. Really remember. What is was/is like. Why I've half a head of grey hair creeping over the dark brown at thirty, blossomed in that death and being born again in Habana. What did it mean? Why 1 take refuge now, in Mexico City, in the Cuban embassy for hours of coffee and conversation, closing the doors temporaroly on a world I feel I will never be able to get used to fully anyway, to go back hence statistics, admirable journalism and all accepted practice. Tell it as it is.

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

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

Oh, the ease, the sense of real pleasure, the anguish lost and the full hole that leaves — the goal and the reason for life and the reasoned and the reader of the Casa de las Americas and one who was with Fidel from the beginning: "Every day money loses its sentimental value a bit more in Cuba. " And Sergio, walking through the streets: "For the first time in my life I feel good spending five cents, a peso, ten pesos. Knowing the money is going towards plumbing will know how to use and take care of these houses who would later occupy them. And the people on them, the office. Too often, that great autonational progress has brought with it new material hardships: a raft of 1959 model American cars going to ruin without new parts, the lack of attractive merchandise in the shops, ration books, hard work. I'll talk instead about those things you can't talk about.

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

The houses were "project" but pleasant, good materials, good space, individual gardens. Talking to the housewives and discovering that the humble farmers who would later occupy these houses were part of the crew putting in plumbing will know how to use and take care man who puts in the own plumbing will know how to use and take care of it. Simple as life.

Oh, the air, hot, wet, sensual in the extreme! The endless palm trees, the endless line of sea, the beaches that don't stop. The beaches filled with blacks and whites and never mind where because they go on and on and on. The streets everywhere go on and on. Oh, the 'son', that quick insistent rhythm, that music all the time in the hand, in the streets: "For the first time in my life I feel good spending five cents, a peso, ten pesos. Knowing the money is going towards plumbing will know how to use and take care of these houses who would later occupy them. And the people on them, the office. Too often, that great autonational progress has brought with it new problems, not the least being the growing alienation of human beings. But there's always the analysis/psychiatrist/therapist/psychologist/marriage counselor/business advisor/minister/priest or divorce lawyer— the men we create to solve the problems we create—at prices to fit every pocket. Meanwhile, throughout Latin America (and in most "underdeveloped" countries, perhaps) is moving like young people all over the world towards stripping contrived social inhibitions from the real life energies. Soon Cuba will have come into its 'generation': a nation of working leaders educated within the revolution. After eight years the profile can be seen. The guanco (those who have left, who people Miami and New York) share a common trait: age. Either real or assumed. Is this clear? Am I saying it right? Can you see the nature of all human drives to capacity, including sex, love, being, man and woman moving in their true dimension, neither breaking under the weight of an IBM equalizer nor stagnating under the patched up double standard Latin code of 'morality'. The 'macho': nowhere. Or, to put it another way, you won't get your ass pinched by a social coward on the streets of Habana.

World jargon overcomplicating the facts: in a book called The Irrational Man, popular with a friend—poet and professor— in the States, William Barret says 'Marxist man... the whole philosophy that deals with individuals, all individuals, is philosophy that deals with the human subject as forms of irrationalism.' Their rationalism, of course, consists in technical intelligence, in the power over things (and over men considered as things); and this exalting of the technical intelligence makes it possible for every human attribute becomes demonic in action....' This seems, at first, a sane philosophy to 'hang on to'; certainly many steps above the "KILL A CONNIE FOR CHRIST" banners waving along the sidelines at recent liberal marches. The truth is, it couldn't be further from the truth! Socialism (on its way towards Communism) as experienced in the new front—Cuba, the growing fight in other parts of Latin America—emphasizes all other human attributes: dignity, talents, need, beauty, the rights to eat, sleep, learn, keep healthy, in other words, and very surely, 'the pursuit of happiness!'

All over the world men are fighting in this pursuit of happiness. And they are dying in the streets.

VIETNAM: Two Viet Coegs were aboard a plane headed for Saigon. When the first refused to answer, he was tossed out of the plane. VENEZUELA: 'Another system commonly used to force prisoners to talk is that of pulling out finger nails or cutting off, in the prisoners' presence, the fingers, ears or sexual organs of another prisoner. 'GUATEMALA: 'As for Hector Manuel Gutierrez, reports say that he died as a result of the "hook", torture, in which the victim dies of suffocation.' This seems, at first, a sane philosophy to 'hang on to'; certainly many steps above the "KILL A CONNIE FOR CHRIST" banners waving along the sidelines at recent liberal marches. The truth is, it couldn't be further from the truth! Socialism (on its way towards Communism) as experienced in the new front—Cuba, the growing fight in other parts of Latin America—emphasizes all other human attributes: dignity, talents, need, beauty, the rights to eat, sleep, learn, keep healthy, in other words, and very surely, 'the pursuit of happiness!'

A rabbi in Princeton, New Jersey wrote: "to visit... Cuba is not, as you well know, a 'privilege' readily granted those of us confined in this particular 'free world!' corral, so we must depend on you to diminish our tragically self-binding, self-defeating and self-imposed cultural blockade. But I hadn't been telling it, I don't think. Not really. I'd been too involved in how to tell it.

Well, it's time to stop this ridiculous posture, attention to the craft, fear of not doing it, thinking to find new words, etc. We're stuck with the old ones, the old reader too and the old writer. This time around I'd like to forget all that--and try to remember. Really remember. What is was/is like. Why I've half a head of grey hair creeping over the dark brown at thirty, blossomed in that death and being born again in Habana. What did it mean? Why 1 take refuge now, in Mexico City, in the Cuban embassy for hours of coffee and conversation, closing the doors temporarily on a world I feel I will never be able to get used to fully anyway, to go back hence statistics, admirable journalism and all accepted practice. Tell it as it is.

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

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

The houses were "project" but pleasant, good materials, good space, individual gardens. Talking to the housewives and discovering that the humble farmers who would later occupy these houses were part of the crew putting in plumbing will know how to use and take care man who puts in the own plumbing will know how to use and take care of it. Simple as life.

Oh, the air, hot, wet, sensual in the extreme! The endless palm trees, the endless line of sea, the beaches that don't stop. The beaches filled with blacks and whites and never mind where because they go on and on and on. The streets everywhere go on and on. Oh, the 'son', that quick insistent rhythm, that music all the time in the hand, in the foot, in the face, 'Son' even as the soft drink name—taking the place of coca-cola! And compagnero, Compagnère. The greeting. Be it cabbie or minister of education. The woman selling deodorant in the corner drugstore. The director of the art school, the director of the art school, Cubancan. It's the common denominator that connects, that pulls you together, that equalizes. The very real salutation that has restored to every Cuban the human dignity with which he was born.

Dignity. That goes for women too. And why not? Don't try to pass that "U.S. competition" over on us now; that's no solution. Centuries of Spanish tradition, the virginity cult in all its suffocating horror hasn't been much helped by the"women in business" nonsense. It's been an unnatural force forced so many women to wear the apron, and the office. Too often, that great autonational progress has brought with it new
In Cuba the situation, the "scene," the truth is what I have tried to say, magnified by a thousand. Elsewhere people are fighting for that truth and they are dying for it, and their deaths are hard ones. But Cuban poet Felix Pita Rodriguez says:

BECAUSE WE LOVE LIFE

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

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

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

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

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

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

We want it to be known
We want everyone on earth to listen
Here no one is blind
Here we all know

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

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

(trans. by Lionel Keams)

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

—Margaret Randall
GRANMA INTERVIEW WITH DR. ALBERT SABIN

HEALTH AND EDUCATION IN CUBA

The following interview with Dr. A. Sabin, Inventor of the oral polio vaccine, was printed December 24, 1967, in La Gramma, the Cuban International newspaper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was very curious to know what happened in Cuba, particularly in the light of the fact that somewhat more than 2000 Cuban physicians left the country since 1938. Now, in a country that did not have too many, perhaps not enough physicians to begin with, the sudden loss of almost one third of the total number of physicians would represent a challenge and almost a catastrophe to any nation.

Accordingly, I think it is extremely interesting to find that not only have many doctors been trained during the past eight years to make up for those who have left the country but also many new ones have been created. Specifically, I remember some figures that show that while in 1968 there were close to 6300 doctors in Cuba—and remember that 2000 of those left—and there are now close to 9300.

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

Now it seems that the Government of Cuba does not force these doctors to leave Havana, and there are still a very disproportionate number of doctors in Havana; almost 53 percent of all the doctors now in Cuba are in the Havana area, but the students—medical students who receive complete support for their education, not only get their education free; they are also given allowances, and they are supported by the people to get their medical education—are required to spend the first two years after they have finished their six years of study and training to work in some of these new hospitals. Doctors actually provide a great deal of important medical service in the rural areas.

I understand, I don't know if that is correct, I haven't double-checked it and I haven't gone to see that, but I was told that the doctors who spend two years in the rural areas actually fulfill his military service requirements. Is that generally right? (THEY REPLY: That will probably be true in the future.) That instead of spending two years entirely in the service in the rural areas is regarded as a service in the army, that isn't so important except in relation to other countries, where doctors have to spend two years of their life with the army.

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

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

The Institute for Scientific Investigation which I visited this morning, that I saw was partially completed and partly under construction, has impressed me tremendously with, first of all, the beauty of the place and the excellent laboratories that have already been built and with the very large amount of excellent scientific equipment. Now, I think that this does not grow on trees and isn't made in Cuba. We've been told that it takes a lot of sugar to buy this kind of equipment. "Sugar is money" also. Now, this is very important, because it means to me that someone had to make a decision whether, for that money, to buy new tractors or to buy new machinery to make, let's say, more food for the people right away. They could've done that, or make more clothing or other things, or to invest in the future. This was an investment in the future. And I think this is a very good investment in the future. And just as the Cuban Government has made the decision to invest a great amount of money in education, so I think it is very important that it has begun and will probably have to do more, to invest in scientific equipment, which, of course, is more difficult because that takes foreign exchange. That is a very good and impressive beginning, and from that Institute one can expect within a number of years to come the professors for the universities and teachers for the pre-universities and secondary schools, and, above all, the scientists, who will have to work in different fields.

Scientific research, in a developing country, is not just another cultural activity which contributes to the richness of the country in terms of art or literature, which are all important, but it contributes, it has another very important function, and that is to study in a scientific way
the special problems of importance in the eco-

nomic development of the country. Whether in

agriculture, mining or energy or industry, it is

necessary to do research, to develop special

solutions to problems in order to increase the

production of the country, the general standard

of living which ultimately should provide a bet-

ter life for the people. I would say that many

people are suffering now. There's not enough

milk, not enough meat; there has to be ration-

ing, and there is not enough to buy certain

things, but it seems to me that this is the sacri-

fice that has to be made by all people in order

first of all to make sure that some people don't

have too much and others have nothing, and,

secondly, that there will be an investment in the

future so that the future life will be better

for all. Cuba has a long way to go on that, be-

cause it started from almost nothing, but I

think the efforts are promising, and one can

only hope that the government will realize that

this is a very wise investment. Just how much

should be invested is difficult for any outsider

to say. So these, in general, are my impres-

sions on these particular fields, a very long

answer to a very short question.

What is your opinion, Dr. Sabin, on the devel-

opment of all the program of antipoliomyelitis in

Cuba and its results?

In the first place, I must say that Cuba is the

only country that has eliminated poliomyelitis

in Latin America, and I am very familiar with

the problems of elimination of polio in many

countries in the world, but particularly in Latin

America. Cuba started, in 1963, with a mass

vaccination programs in the U.S., where, in

about one year, 100 million people were vac-

cinated, and there have been a number of very

good initial mass vaccination programs in

other Latin American countries. The problem,

however, has been of maintaining the immuni-

zation of the new children that are born each

year. Cuba has developed a remarkable sys-

tem based on its well-organized public health

organization and system. Because there are

differences with certain responsibilities in vari-

ous provinces and regions and areas of small

population.

The people have the responsibility of public

health in those regions. They have also been

able to engage the various groups in cities and

outside cities that are not organized for public

health. For example, the Committees for the

Defense of the Revolution have certain respon-

sibilities in public health, and one person in

each Committee has responsibility for a very

small group of people and helps in carrying out

the immunization of children.

And in rural areas, the organizations of small

farmers are very well organized. It seems

that each year, on a special day, there is Polio

Vaccination Day. And it's organized like clock-

work. Because of the tremendous and beauti-

ful decentralization of the ultimate activity,

only one person has responsibility for a very

small group of children in his immediate neigh-

borhood; and because the vaccine is distributed

very nicely the night before, the whole country

has the children vaccinated in a very short time.

It can even be half an hour to one hour after six

in the morning rings.

I couldn't believe how it is possible to achieve

an immunization of 98 or 99 percent of all the

children in the nation. Apparently, it is this

extraordinary organization which depends not

only in a single year as a momentary, transi-

tory effort, but is done year after year. And

I think certainly that it would be worth the ef-

fort to work a little while this way to eliminate

poliomyelitis completely. Poliomyelitis has

been eliminated completely in many other coun-

cies with well-organized health services, but

in tropical and subtropical areas this had been

very difficult. As I said before, Cuba is the

only country in Latin America in which polio-

myelitis has been completely eliminated, and

I think it is a very remarkable example of an

extraordinarily efficient public health organiza-

tion with the cooperation of the general public.

In the middle of the tremendous 20th Plate

of Jerusalem, having overthrown everything

outside inward in worship as a distraction from

the human, Blake isolates the following line:

So Los cried at his Anvil in the

horrible darkness weeping.

It is an image of terrible power and beau-

ty: the artist as smith in unaccounting fidel-

ity to his task, hammering from out of matter

that is loaded with midnight, in midnight,

with only the sparks and the eternally ever-

vital promise of becoming to light his way.

The 20th century poet pretty much begins at

this point or, one might say, realizes this

point more clearly than those who would, in

good faith, believe in God. Yet to be a poet

in any way that the immune makes sense is to

believe in God; to move other men in language

requires trust in the notion of creation—

without such trust, the existence is a
game, poetry is a shell, a parlor game, or

simply a manifestation of modern man lost in

the streets and cities of his desire. There

is this Peruvian, Cesar Vallejo, who seems to

drag out of the noble and pass Blake at his

anvil as Christ is being imported to South

America; in the gloomies they exchange to the

suffering of Noahlike man and the knowledge

that poetry as art is dead. There is only

the human to be expressed. But Vallejo is

mixed in Christ and there is a heaviness

that seems congenital that he can only un-

derstand in Marx, or can believe Marx can

shift. I am talking that after Vallejo, the

anvil is up: men must attend to his suffering

as something prior to any meaningful uter-

once.

Clayton Eshleman
CESAR VALLEJO:
POEMAS HUMANOS

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

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

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

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

THE MILLIONAIRE WALK NAKED

The millionaire walk naked, barebacked!
Disgrace to the one who builds his deathbed with treasures!
A world to the one who greets;
an armchair to the one who sows in the sky;
tears for the one who finishes what he does, keeping the beginnings;
spur-wearer walk!
won't last long wall on which another wall isn't growing;
give to the miserable all his misery,
bread to the one who laughs;
make triumphs lost & doctors die;
milk be in blood;
add a candle to the sun,
eight hundred to the twenty;
eternity pass under the bridges!
Scorn to the one who wears clothes,
crown the feet with hands, fit them in their size;
myself sit next to me!
To weep having fit in that belly,
blessings for the one who sees air in air,
many years of nail to the hammer-stroke;
strip the naked,
dress the cape in pants,
shine the copper at expense of its leaf,
royalty to the one who falls from clay to universe,
moths weep, looks groan,
stop that steel from enduring,
thread to the portable horizons,
twelve cities to the stone path,
a sphere for the one who plays with his shadow;
a one hour day for the husband & wife;
a mother for the plow in praise of soil,
seal the liquids with two seals,
let the mouthful inspect,
the descendent be,
the quail be,
the race of the poplar be, the tree be;
counter to the circle the sea conquer its son
& weeping the grey hair;
release the anps, mister men,
arrow your blaze with the seven logs,
live,
the height raise,
the depth lower deeper,
the wave drive its impulsion walking,
the vault's truce succeed!
Let's die;
scrub your skeleton each day;
pay no attention to me,
a bird grab the despot & his soul;
a terrifying stain to the one who goes alone;
sparrows to the astronomer, to the sparrow, to the aviator!
rain, sun,
keep an eye on Jupiter, on the thief of your gold idols,
copy your letter in three notebooks,
learn from the married folks when they speak, &
from the lonely, when they're quiet;
give the sweethearts something to eat,
give the devil in your hands something to drink,
fight for justice with your nape,
equalize yourselves,
let the oak be done,
let the leopard between two oaks be done,
let us be,
let us be here,
feel how the water sails in the oceans,
nourish yourselves,
conceive the error, since I'm weeping,
accept it while goats & kids still clamber about the cliffs;
make God break the habit of being a man,
grow up...!
They're calling me. I'll be back.
FAREWELL REMEMBERING A GOODBYE

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

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

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

THE NINE MONSTERS

And, unfortunately,
pain grows in the world every moment,
grows thirty minutes a second, step by step,
& the nature of the pain is the pain twice
& the condition of the voracious carnivorous martyrdom
the pain, twice
& the function of the very pure grass, the pain
the boundaries of the fire,
the fareweel remembering that goodbye.

The wretchedness grows, man brothers,
sooner than the machine, than ten machines, & it grows
with the cattle-head of Rousseau, with our beards;
with the water, the waters, & it grows
in the end, terminal, the logic,
the boundaries of the fire,
the farewell remembering that goodbye.

So because
doing the suffering I'm sad

How, human brothers,
not to tell you that I can't stand anymore &
I can't stand anymore with so much drawer,
such suffering & sorrow

The pain grabs us, man brothers,
from behind, in profile,
& drives us crazy in the movies,
unnails us on the gramaphones,
falls perpendicularly
to our tickets, to our letters;
& it is very serious to suffer, one can pray...

So because
doing the suffering I'm sad

to my head &adder to my ankle
seeing bread crucified, the turnip
milk smeared,
weeping, the onion,
cereal, in general, flour,
salt turned dust, water fleeing,
wine an Ecce-homo,
the snow so pallid, such a red red sun!

How, human brothers,
not to tell you that I can't stand anymore &
I can't stand anymore with so much drawer,
so much minute, so much
newt & so
much inversion, so much far, so much thirst for more thirst!
Mister Minister of Health: what to do?
Ah! unfortunately, human men,
brothers, there is much too much to do.
A BONE CATALOGUE

The multitude shouted:
--- Let him show both hands at once.
And this was not possible.
--- Let them measure his steps while he weeps.
And this was not possible.
--- Let him think an identical thought in the time
it takes a zero to lie useless.
And this was not possible.
--- Let him do something crazy.
And this was not possible.
--- Let between him & another man similar to him
a crowd of men like him intercede.
And this was not possible.
--- Let them compare him with himself.
And this was not possible.
--- Let them call him at last by his name.
And this was not possible.

There comes over me days a feeling so abundant, political,
for passion, for kissing tenderness on its two faces,
& comes over me from far away a demonstrative
passion, other passion to love, willingly or by force,
whoever hates me, whoever tears up the child's paper,
the woman who weeps for the man who was weeping,
the wine king, the water slave,
whoever hid in his wrath,
whoever sweats, whoever walks by, whoever shakes himself in my soul.
And I want, of course, to settle
the braid for whoever talks to me; the soldier's hair;
the light of the great; the greatness of the kid.
I want to iron right off
a handkerchief for whoever can't weep
& when I'm sad or happiness hurts me
to mend the children & the geniuses.

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

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

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

TRANSLATED BY CLAYTON ESHELMAN
A timely, devastating new paperback exposes Lyndon B. Johnson to the acid pen and bristling brush of today's political satirists

This collection gathers together, for the first time, the sharpest and most adroit political comment on LBJ's domestic and foreign leadership. Over 100 cartoons pinpoint LBJ's frailties, frustrations and failures with uncommon—and at times uncomfortable—accuracy. Among the forty cartoonists represented are such well known names as Jules Feiffer, David Levine, Bill Mauldin, Robert Osborn, Macpherson, Franklin and Haynie.

Jules Feiffer, author and social critic, contributes a sensitive and searing (some will say classic) commentary to startle even veteran "Johnson-Watchers.

LBJ LAMPOONED contains six chapters in the political life and times of Lyndon B. Johnson: LBJ and Vietnam, LBJ and Dissent, LBJ and the Great Society, LBJ and the Presidential Style, LBJ and the Credibility Gap, and Assorted Assaults.

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Words of Wisdom

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

one becos i've learned somtihng and i'm a slow learner

two becos it needs saying

it's such an elementary shit

you'd think they'd hav taught it us

in elementary school

but they don't

you can either learn it

the hard way

like eddie the roofer

rotting at fort polk

or the easy way

like me

by way of draft counseling

the drafted and those

about to be

cum running to me

at the last minit,

too late this time a year ago

you might hav been able to save yourself,

they are all everyone of them suffering from a common delusion a chronic disease they think that if they forget abt the state the state will forget abt them well it won't

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

psst! littte children

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

—Robert Head
2 POEMS BY MARGE PIERCY

CURSE OF THE EARTH MAGICIAN ON A METAL LAND

Marching, a dream of wind in our chests,
a dream of thunder in our legs
we tied up midtown Manhattan for half an hour,
the Revolutionary Contingent and Harlem,
but it did not happen
because it was not reported in any newspaper.
The riot squad was waiting at the bottom of 42nd Street
to disperse us into uncertain memory.
A buffalo told me
I used to crop and ruminant on LaSalle Street in Chicago
and the grasses were sweet under the black tower of the Board of Trade.
Now I stand in the zoo next to the yaks.
Let the ghosts of those recently starved rise
and like piranhas in ten seconds flat chew down to public bones
the generals and the experts on anti-personnel weapons
and the senators and the oil men and the lobbyists
and the sleek smiling sharks who will dance at the Diamond Ball.
I am the earth magician about to disappear into the ground.
This is butterfly's war song about to disappear into the fire.
Put the eagle to sleep.
I see from the afternoon papers
that we have bought another country
and are cutting the natives down to build jet airstrips.
A common motif in monumental architecture in the United States
is an eagle with wings spread, beak open
and the globe grasped in his claws.

COMMUNITY

Loving feels lonely in a violent world,
irrelevant to people burning like last year's weeds
with bellies distended, with fish throats agape
and flesh melting down to glue.
We can no longer shut out the screaming
that leaks through the ventilation systems,
the small bits of bone in the processed bread,
so we are trying to make a community
warm, loose as hair but shaped like a weapon.
Caring, we must use each other to death.
Love is arthritic. Mistrust swells like a prune.
Perhaps we gather so they may dig one big cheap grave.
From the roof of the Pentagon which is our Bastille
the generals armed like Martians watch through binoculars
the campfires of draftcards and barricades on the grass.
All summer the helicopters whine over the ghettos.
Casting up jetsam of charred terrors and torn constitutions
the only world breaks on the door of morning.
We have to build our city, our camp
from used razorblades and bumpers and aspirin boxes
in the shadow of the nuclear plant that kills
the fish with coke bottle lamps flickering
on the chemical night.

Serve Your Country
Don't Go to Vietnam

If your government is waging a criminal war do you serve
the country best by cooperating?
Who served Germany best under Hitler? Those who obeyed
orders and helped kill the Jews Or the handful of Ger­
mans who chose prison and even death rather than co­
operate?
Who upheld Russian honor in 1956? Those
who stood at the gates of Hungary, and shot down students and workers—or those troops who refused to fire?
Who serves America best today?
This nation wasn't built on "consensus" or "obedience" to
the State. It was built by heretical Baptists, irresponsible
Quakers, headstrong Puritans, freedom-loving slaves, slub­
born shellfish—by people who believed they should
obey their conscience rather than the State.
Serve your country. Reinstate the power of the individual
conscience against the State. The war in Vietnam is a
crime. Do not cooperate.

Send 10c for "Updraft With the Draft" or $1 for a large
Peace Packet Box

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
Dept B3, 5 Beekman Street, New York 10038
The mob within the heart
Police cannot suppress
—Emily Dickenson

Factory smoke stacks disappear peacefully
like a farmhouse
disappearing
each silent stream of smoke peaceful as the people
inside their grey houses staring at the four walls
each night hearing the trains pass
each blast of sound a chill of liberation.
And now the sky is black and clear
I can see each star
alone in the black sky
shipments of napalm ease across America
the young soldier guarding it
is counting the stars
clear Nebraska night

—Jerry Badanes

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