sit-in demonstrators at Columbia University yesterday.

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

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

-Jerry Badanes
Math Commune

CAW! MAGAZINE - SDS

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

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

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

-Steve Tappis
Math Commune
CONTENTS:

3 Days/Out of Franklin - Victor Hernandez Cruz (a student at Benjamin Franklin High School in New York City) .......... 1
Flying - Bread & Puppet Theatre (a theatre of genius performing in the streets of New York) .................. 3
Kennedy's Cultural Center is a Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat - Charlie Simpson ....... 7
from the Mud of Vietnam - Julius Lester (member of SNCC, columnist for the National Guardian, poet, singer, photographer) ....... 16
The Poems of Otto Rene Castillo - translated by Margaret Randall ............ 19
Nightmare of the American Dream - Lennox Raphael (reporter for the East Village Other) .............. 38
4 Poems - Dick Lourie (lives on the Lower East Side and is an editor of Hanging Loose magazine) ............ 42
Models for Radical Theatre - Johnny Lerner (SDS organizer, 6th St. Theatre) 44
The Man Who Picked Up Hitchhikers - Todd Gitlin (SDS organizer, poet, photographer & member of the Movement newspaper staff, California) 50
Collage - Rudolf Baranik (New York artist, member of Artists and Writers Protest)
Steven Baranik (Harper College SDS member)
Paola Borgatta (High school SDS, New York area) .... 51
Vietnamese Poetry - English versions & notes by Robin Morgan and Kenneth Pitchford (two militant American poets) .... 53
3 Poems - Darlene Fife (New Orleans SDS) ......... 64
from Aden Arable - Paul Nizan .......... 67
3 Drawings - Don Newton (Los Angeles SDS) ......... 77
Long Live a Hunger to Feed Each Other, a poem of america - Jerry Badanes 80
Poem - Barbara Meyers ............ 74


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

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

CAW!
Box 332
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.
IT IS A BROWN TREE, THAT STANDS ALONE.

IT IS A HISSING WIND, THAT ENCIRCLES EMPTY HOUSES.

A WHILE LATER, THE SOFT ORTHIAN EARS OF CORN GARNEER THE SPARSE ROUND AND GOLDEN.

AND HER WOMB IN THE TWILIGHT, AND HER HEAVENLY BIRDSONG.

THE SHOPTALK OF THE TULOTS IS TO THE POINT.

IT SHOT UP CHARLIE IN THE DADDIES, HISPOOR HIM WITH GUNS BUT SOMEHOW WE JUST DON'T WE DON'T WANT TO...

THAT LITTLE MOTHER LITTLE

THAT LITTLE MOTHER LITTLE

THAT LITTLE MOTHER LITTLE PLACED THE

STOOD THERE FACING US WITH A RIFLE

WE BLOW HIM UP LIKE A TOY BALLOON.

THERE IS A STORMY FIELD WHERE BLACK RAIN IS FALLING.
In the darkness of Security they hold the construction worker. He wrote slogans, they say, on walls. With a pliers they uprooted his nails one by one, like the shedding petals of a daisy: “she loves me, she loves me not.” But for this occasion it was: “freedom or death.”

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

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

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

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

by CHARLIE SIMPSON

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

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

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

A Giant foodstore that remained open late yesterday in the primarily Negro Cardozo area opened again this morning and did a normal business until 11:30, a spokesman said. Gradually, however, crowds grew, overtaxing the services of the 70 employees, and looting began. "We were swept bare," the spokesman said. "There was no fire, no damage. None of our employees were hurt. However, everything just disappeared." (New York Times, April 6, 1968, p. 63)

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

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

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

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

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

At M.I.T., as at Peenemunde (WW II German rocket base), power resides in organizations, held in trust and utilized by professionals paid to further the organization's interests. Inside or outside the organizational structure, individuals rarely have legitimate power directly disposable in the interests of their egos. We manipulate our environment from behind a uniform — police, blue collar, business suit, lab coat — symbolizing our status as agents of interests not our own. There is little room for a personality on the job.

Creativity-mastery needs are disembodied, as ego-expression, and sold. The ego is a spider without legs. It walks for another organism.

The socially cohesive and preservative functions of society have all been entrusted to very large and complex institutions — of education, of government, of production, of legitimate violence. Public honor and status, naturally accorded social preservers, are now monopolized by these most legitimate, most psychologically real organisms. In their legislated, incorporated or committee immortality, they overwhelm the power of the individual. In their daily functioning they repress and standardize worker and "client" alike. The ego passes through the environment unnoted, a replaceable unit of manpower, a customer of Con Ed.

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

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

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

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

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

Unwind:
Cadillac I
keyed-up
in Detro
Airport
in Cal.

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

We may not believe a wig will do this much for us, but the fact that the public is not offended by this absolute identification of self-esteem with the use of a product shows how unsure of our worth we are. We don’t insist on being treated with dignity.

The new freedom with beards, costume clothes, tangled hair — insignificant as ego expressions, really — become in this environment symbolic acts of individuation.

In general, we are voyeuristic about our sexuality. Each month, millions of men have a "date" with the new playmate pictured on the Playboy Calendar, or featured in the centerfold. She always looks like the daughter of an upper-middle-class family in her first year of college. She does not look functionally sexual, being innocent, even, of pubic hair. The youth, sweetness, associated clothed shots of her playing tennis, identify her as a daughter-girlfriend image in the chaste, worshipped, old-fashioned sense. It’s just that you happened to catch her midway between undressing from her cheerleader activities and slipping on her prom dress. The Playboy girl is the essence of don’t-touch sexuality, stimulation that leaves plenty of leftovers emotion for channeling into consumption.

And consumer education is the real function of the magazine. Regular features, not ads, direct readers’ attention to color displays and write-ups on boots, liquor, cameras, automobiles, razors, gifts and even raincoats. Other regular features discuss travel, records, books, and modern living. The latter directs the young man’s ambition to buying a yacht, or renting a pleasure-dome of a house or apartment so an abundance of women will love him for his boat, house and apartment.

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

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

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

MERCHANDISING LIFE

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

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

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

Student subculture is harassed (Stony Brook style), suppressed or coopted, sometimes all three operations go on at once on one campus. "Narco busts" earn police promotions, manufacture diverting news for the public and allow it to feel better about its own repression. Even the unvarieties are in the game of exploiting the excitement of real life, while keeping the lid on repressed human needs. These can be intellectualized as personal problems. A student at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey describes a course as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

-Julius Lester
STOP THE DAMNED KILLING!

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

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

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

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

STOP THE TWO WARS!

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

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

The original ancestor

My first
most ancient
ancestor
in love,

I know it well.

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

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

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

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

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

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

And splendid
to know yourself victorious
when all around you
it’s all still so cold,
so dark.
THE TASTE OF SALT

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

Now I know,
my love.

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

LOVERS, LIKE THIS

The lovers
who kiss each other now,
do not yet know
they’ll have
to separate so soon.

The lovers
who have not yet found each other,
do not know
that soon they’ll think
they’ve found each other
forever.

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

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

APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

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

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

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

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

On that day
the simple men will come.
those who had no place
in the books and poems
of the apolitical intellectuals,
but daily delivered
their bread and milk,
their tortillas and eggs,
those who made their clothes,
those who drove their cars,
who cared for their dogs and gardens
and worked for them,
and they’ll ask:
"What did you do when the poor
suffered, when tenderness
and life
burned out in them?"
And who made these nations?

Have they stopped laughing today?

Weary, and who made these nations?

And with their hands cordial and hard.

And the heat of his head from where the future bursts

like a rocket in space.

He, the new man who looking on the horizon of his hands, said one day:

Enough hunger!

Enough misery!

Enough being the toy of divine forces that don't exist!

Enough and enough and enough!

I am my own destiny!

It is not only mine, nor yours, but that of all.

And I know that many hear, they sense it, they see it, and cry in hiding because they recognize in that voice their own, the voice already lost or not yet emerging.

And I know they love and respect this voice, because no one can deny that beneath the voice a man burns sweetly for the good of all, even for the good of those who haven't heard it.

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

So, I say, our evil, our badness, our lack of care, will only be wiped out with the unity of all for the good of all.

If we unite we will win over the fearful smelling his own death, enemy, howling already, definitive and huge.

Now do you understand this voice?

It is not only mine, nor yours, but that of all.

And I know that many hear, they sense it, they see it, and cry in hiding because they recognize in that voice their own, the voice already lost or not yet emerging.

And I know they love and respect this voice, because no one can deny that beneath the voice a man burns sweetly for the good of all, even for the good of those who haven't heard it.

And the heat of his head from where the future bursts

like a rocket in space.

He, the new man who looking on the horizon of his hands, said one day:

Enough hunger!

Enough misery!

Enough being the toy of divine forces that don't exist!

Enough and enough and enough!

I am my own destiny!

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

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

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

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

Or never.

Only in ourselves the light, the dawn, or nowhere.

Beneath our night a sun awaits us greater than the universe: the authentic freedom of man.

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

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

And eats enough.

And drinks enough.

And constructs enough, and more.

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

And he began to climb the mountains of hate, to conquer the enormous moles of envy, to penetrate the labyrinth jungles of misery and hunger.

And his soul became light with the swallows of tenderness.

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

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

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

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

Or never.

Only in ourselves the light, the dawn, or nowhere.

Beneath our night a sun awaits us greater than the universe: the authentic freedom of man.

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

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

And so they are won for the people.
And so the infinite example is born.
Not because they fought a part of their lives
but because they fought all the days of their lives.
Only this way do men become men:
fighting day and night to be men.

Then the people open their deepest rivers
and they enter those waters forever.
And so they are, distant fires,
living, creating the heart
of example.

REPORT OF AN INJUICE

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

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

Eviction,
how to explain it?

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

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

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

How great her loneliness!
EXILE

I

My exile was made of cries.

The infinite face of police, grey on my insufficient features.

The great tables of hunger beyond the fish full of dollars that violates the land.

The bags packed every month, ready to wrap up the exodus of tears and dust.

I walked strange shores

of tears and dust.

Dawns of gulls followed me.

I received the brutal embraces of escape, where the liquid eyes of our mother burned, of ash.

Because I am one of those rolling down the face of America.

And yet I say:

tomorrow my long hair will be white.

And you, who sell my country,

listen:

Have you heard the land walk beyond your blood?

Did you ever wake up

crying from the sound of your pulse?

Sitting at a cafe in a far off land

the footsteps descend and retreat.

Asphalt and blind stones, sleeping air, Suidiaajos pugq puB;sjapun uoqj,.

Far away something screams, dark metal, genital.

And so victory is born

and if I fight

and fight, maddening

I live

and my pain and everyone's pain.

Then understand the misery of my country,

and if I fight

and when I say: Bread.

they say

shut up.

and when I say: Liberty

they say

Die.

But I don't shut up and I don't die.

I live

and fight, maddening those who rule my country.

I'll tell you:

Exile

is a long long avenue

where only sadness walks.

In exile every day is called simply agony.

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

II

You, who sell my country,

listen:

Have you heard the land walk

beyond your blood?

Did you ever wake up

crying from the sound of your pulse?

Sitting at a cafe in a far off land

one winter day

have you listened to men speaking of your fight?

Have you seen the moribund exile,

in a dirty room, sprawled

on a bed of planks,

question the vague stature of his children far from his love?

Have you heard him combing his laughter?

Have you once cried on the great belly of our country? Have you been victim of that accusation: communist?, because you were different from the defiling sheep of the despot?

Have you watched as the sweet seamstress planted a tender kiss on the oily cheric of hands in the nights?

Have you seen poor children laugh

the world's collective destiny?

Or pressed the calloused hand of that accusation: BITTERNESS

of your fight?

Silence!

And you, the indifferent, what do you say?

Silence!

And if in protest.

I do not answer.

Do not open your mouths if you don’t answer in protest.

One last painful question for all:

Do you even know what exile is?

Oh, you will know I

my exile was made of cries.

The infinite face of police, grey on my insufficient features.

The great tables of hunger beyond the fish full of dollars that violates the land.

The bags packed every month, ready to wrap up the exodus of tears and dust.

I received the brutal embraces of escape, where the liquid eyes of our mother burned, of ash.

Because I am one of those rolling down the face of America.

And yet I say:

tomorrow my long hair will be white.

And you, who sell my country,

listen:

Have you heard the land walk beyond your blood?

Did you ever wake up

crying from the sound of your pulse?

Sitting at a cafe in a far off land

one winter day

have you listened to men speaking of your fight?

Have you seen the moribund exile,

in a dirty room, sprawled

on a bed of planks,

question the vague stature of his children far from his love?

Have you heard him combing his laughter?

Have you once cried on the great belly of our country? Have you been victim of that accusation: communist?, because you were different from the defiling sheep of the despot?

Have you watched as the sweet seamstress planted a tender kiss on the oily cheric of hands in the nights?

Have you seen poor children laugh

the world's collective destiny?

Or pressed the calloused hand of that accusation: BITTERNESS

of your fight?

Silence!

And you, the indifferent, what do you say?

Silence!

And if in protest.

I do not answer.

Do not open your mouths if you don’t answer in protest.

One last painful question for all:

Do you even know what exile is?

Oh, you will know I

my exile was made of cries.

The infinite face of police, grey on my insufficient features.

The great tables of hunger beyond the fish full of dollars that violates the land.

The bags packed every month, ready to wrap up the exodus of tears and dust.

I received the brutal embraces of escape, where the liquid eyes of our mother burned, of ash.

Because I am one of those rolling down the face of America.

And yet I say:

tomorrow my long hair will be white.

And you, who sell my country,

listen:

Have you heard the land walk beyond your blood?

Did you ever wake up

crying from the sound of your pulse?

Sitting at a cafe in a far off land

one winter day

have you listened to men speaking of your fight?

Have you seen the moribund exile,

in a dirty room, sprawled

on a bed of planks,

question the vague stature of his children far from his love?

Have you heard him combing his laughter?

Have you once cried on the great belly of our country? Have you been victim of that accusation: communist?, because you were different from the defiling sheep of the despot?

Have you watched as the sweet seamstress planted a tender kiss on the oily cheric of hands in the nights?

Have you seen poor children laugh

the world's collective destiny?

Or pressed the calloused hand of that accusation: BITTERNESS
They want the gesturb of your lips and they have put a stop to repeat. But, they cannot erase your heart in the far away depths of your breast as it hearts of tenderness.

A strange cold extends its wings in my soul.

THE ONE WHO IS ALWAYS THERE

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

You, compañero, the one who is always there.

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

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

You, compañero, who never betrayed your people, with tortures nor with prisons nor with graft, tender star, will come of age with pride for the delirious millions emerging from the depths of history to give you glory, you, modest and human, simple proletariet, the one who is always there, unbreakable metal of the land.

GOOD FRIDAY

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

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

The hour in which you deny me. Not three times, but a thousand.

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

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

A strange cold extends its wings in my soul.

31
FREEDOM

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

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

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

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

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

Freedom,
then watch and dream with us
when we enter the night
or arrive at the day,
in love with your beautiful name:
freedom.
3.

A knock at the door.

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

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

4.

Someone hums the National Anthem.
In the street. I get up
and look from the window
of the house where I live now.
He who sings is barefoot.
Surely also without breakfast.
He is a hawker of lies
morning
and afternoon.
Fifteen years at best.
Fifteen years of misery, I bet on that.
And from his hoarse throat,
like a Greek god well fed,
emerges the National Anthem of Guatemala.
If I hadn't seen it, surely
I'd have said: A soldier singing.

5.

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

The blood, hitting hard
and sudden in my heart
the horrible bleeding.
To you, who will ask afterwards
everyone for my footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

In me, as in the anchor,
everything accustoms itself
to the soft sweet mark
of marine earth.
but there's no staying
if beyond the bottom of the sea
absence walks transparent.
In me, as in the anchor,
distance then also awakens,
and now only the goodbye remains
as a last gesture
of tenderness
for you.

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

so, I am sending the twenty poems I have so far translated, the translations are all from his book published in 1965, Vamonos Patria a Caminar. there was a posthumous collection due to appear this year, but the manuscript, the printer's shop, and the plans were wrecked by the army several months ago, before the edition could go to press. a copy exists, somewhere in Cuba. there are poems scattered about. i may be able to get some of these later poems, but not in time for your issue of CAW.
Brother against brother against sister family against nation states fighting states the Mississippi red the Hudson purple. Chaos and love and death. Nicodemus at work.

DIRECT KISSES. Everybody coming in quaint privacy. Revolution, evolution, strange ablution.

ONE BODY IN NEWARK BORE 39 BULLET HOLES.

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

"Six thousand men," he said, "are in the city. We have not the men to clear out these bloody areas. We have not the resources to deal with these when normal processes fail. The bills were passed and we are giving the people when the country sided the problem to be solved. Lord is right on this. It is right to be concerned and call on all you good heads to light on and to accept your thing, and to the god. WHO'S RUNNING WITH ME? We are locked up by skinhead and muscled. It killing, the turn of eyes, the sense death, and the holy color of blackness.

Silenus for a voice of a bastardized nation but we ain't all the same, and some about death of us are strung up by others.

And there are alternatives to every madness.


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

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

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

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

War makes men eager to live and want all the forgotten promises fulfilled immediately. 

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

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

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

Uncle NEEDS you. And you may consider this as wild as saying the Mafia has taken over the (anti)poverty program, somebody else also killed Kennedy, somebody...
stirring up these noises so that the Big Man can make the BIG GRAB, now, that most of us are prove in pay of the architects of this predictable extermination, that it works for them in their dreams as they grow nervous waiting and call on the victim to blow himself in public, that if it does not happen by blood it shall happen by the Holy Constitution, that we are the agents of the agents of the agents behind the forces, that the time is this summer before the elections, that George Hamilton was robbed, that the CIA kidnapped Tshombe, that Twiggy is the final triumph of the 3rdesexed designers, or that it was whites who killed whites in last official world war, and will do worse to blacks, but will grab you, or He will.

Moon exploration is flight from reality.

These X alternatives have been tested: ?George Wallace as our next President, whites withdraw into fear & revenge and listen to George who says I can take care of business with a gun. BLACKOUT. George starts like Maddox against the machine whites withdraw into fear & revenge and listen to George who says I can take care of black revolutionaries in these US of Disunity, Low yield bombs found more effective.

federate flag, and appears on Johnny Carson show, sunglow. But who's behind George?

HASTY & PURE.

brothers.

of patronage, but reaps the fruits of fear & revenge. George takes care of business, disobeyed our godliness, and shall suffer. And, long before that, and following a black mutiny in Vietnam, soldiers and cops were disarmed and sent to join their unfortunate brothers.

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

"I'll take care of your head."

"Give me your mind."

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

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

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

They want us clinging to our fear like halo wigs.

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

HOPE CRIPPLES.

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

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

CHANGE YOUR HEART AND LET REALITY LIVE

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

There aint much time left for fools & saints.

We got to find a way to turn this country ON

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

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

FREE WORD DEMONSTRATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE EXPLODES IN BLOOD.

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

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

FREE WORD DEMONSTRATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE EXPLODES IN BLOOD.

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

Trouble begins when the majority demands a quick solution.

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

ARE YOU RUNNING WITH ME, HATE?

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

Who's dying?

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

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

4 poems

the Hitler Dwarf

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

to be shot by Negroes on Visitation Day

when I went to the toilet this morning

when I went to the toilet this morning a policeman came and sat down in the next stall his pants the heavy gun the brass buckle banged on the floor he took a crap noisily as if it had been some time since the last one as if he'd been busy for years just keeping an eye on people without pausing to eat shit or make love he made up for all that now quickly and efficiently then stood erect hoisting his gear back into position he pumped the shit down strode out the door and hurried back to the job without stopping to wash his hands

Cancion

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

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

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

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

to be shot by Negroes on Visitation Day

(after the table's already been set up for them to sit down across from you and talk over man to man eye to eye how you can help them out) right on 8th Avenue as you're really hurrying to the meeting to get discussions under way. Not because you are Jewish or the color of your skin but the signal was given at noon the sun at a certain height over the sidewalk "Now" and the sun was the moon day was night fires were needed and just before this cancellation of all conference you were crossing the Avenue. Tables pitched out of windows are hitting the streets now like grenades and you go up in flames.
There is no such thing as acting. One does and one is. — R.G. Davis

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

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

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

Student: Let me up.
Administrator: What do you mean?
Student: I can't get up.
Administrator: Of course you can. You can do whatever you like.
Student: I can't move, you're holding me down.
Administrator: My foot on your balls?...
Student: Isn't there anything I can do to change my position?
Administrator: Oh, sure...

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

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

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

The following descriptions of different kinds of theater actions are offered out of my own experience as examples. Since the force of an action is its relevance to its environment, they should be thought of as such, rather than as scenarios for your own use.
anew and which is not automatically associated with political activities. The War Monster began with a young couple dancing to rhythm music provided by a group of musicians--drums, tambourines, washboard, etc. A suited 'businessman' enters with a four-legged monster on a rope leash. The monster, played by two people under a large motiffed cloth, had a huge grotesque head made of plaster, with a cavernous mouth, fangs, etc. The couple continue dancing, obvious, as the businessman parades the monster around the playing area. The monster rears, is accented by sudden wild music--kazoos, washboard. The businessman orders it to sit, opens his attache case and takes out a sign which he pins to the monster's collar: 'The War. The monster rears again, goes wild. The businessman feeds it a gun, an airplane, etc., and it turns around and shifts huge dollar bills which he puts into his attache case. He then puts on a military hat, knocks on the 'door' of the two dancers; they are bewildered as he claps the boy on the shoulder and takes him away. The girl tries to hold on to him but the businessman--general pushes her aside, takes the boy, gives him a rifle, and sends him off for the fight for the war.

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

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

Of God, Of Man, Of the Devil:

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

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

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

The line between theater and reality in America has nearly disappeared: because it had been completely unexpected, because it was carried out in a tight cadre manner, because the dummy itself was so lifelike, it was impossible at first to tell that the burning was staged. Even after the tape began, after it was clearly a dummy on fire in the street, people remained outside, numb, transfixed. The emotional impact was so acute, drove home so immediately the message of war, hit just that part of the consciousness of a 'progressive', enlightened' group of people which was vulnerable. When the firehoses were turned on, the reaction was 'Let it burn!'-that is our conscience burning, let it burn.

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

'Imagine the hustle and bustle of the career carnival during its most active period, and then imagine the 30 or 40 SDS members walking out into the middle of this and spreading out on the floor their own exhibit': a giant Monopoly game, complete with three dice, 'Spartan-town' dollars, and people replacing the playing pieces. The players lined up, the dice were rolled, and the game began with players moving from 'GO' (Collect $200 from the war machine), to such spaces as: NSA--collect $500 from the CIA; Multivesto--collect useless information; Pentagon--rent $70 million; Draft Dodger--go directly to jail; Grosse Pointe--no niggers or kikes allowed; Detroit (which was in flames); Ft. Wayne--rent your life; Income Tax--for war materials; Vietnam--you died if you landed there--and, of course, chance and community chest.' (from New Left Notes, Oct. 25, 1967)
In the Great American Tradition....

CAN I HELP YOU?

PHOTOS
23¢
25¢
(with frames 50¢)
49¢

Your Face HERE
SUSPENSE A LOVED ONE
WHILE U. WAIT
The Man Who Picked Up Hitchhikers

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

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

He used to commute all the way to Springfield just to work for them. The only thing wrong, he'd like to take his boy with him in the cab on his daily run, but company on the job is against the rules.

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

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

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

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

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

--Todd Gitlin
October 1967

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

Nguyen Dhin Thi

an sds journal of the history
of american radicalism

50c or $3/yr to Buhle,
1237 S opaque,
Madison, Wis. 53703.
Cities in a Race with Time
By James R. Law: "To be in the city is to live at the closest possible range."—Mayor John H. Lindsey, final page. N.Y. Times Book Review Cloth $10, forthcoming, Vintage Books (paper) $2.95

The Negro in Twentieth Century America
Edited by Jean Wors, French, & Isidore Silverman: "A unique reader on the cutting edge"—New York Times Books (paper) $2.45

The New Radicals
A Report with Documents By Pati Jacobs & G. Lapp: A survey of the present movements of the 60's. Cloth $9.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

The Death and Life of Great American Cities
By Jane Jacobs: "One of the most remarkable books to come out of the city."—Boston Globe. Cloth $7.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

Who Speaks for the Negro?
By Rev. Paul Newman: A reader on the thought and writing with Negro leaders. Cloth $10.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

La Vida

Crisis in Black and White
By Charles R. Savage: "A searching and original book required reading for all Americans."—Whitney Young, Cloth $9.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

Rebellion in Newark
Official Violence and Black Revolt
By Tom Hoving: "This really happened in Newark, Cloth $9.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.63

Culture Against Man
By Donald Wolfe: "A penetrating critique of American society by a noted anthropologist."—Cloth $7.95; Vintage Books (paper) $2.45

Prelude to Riot
A View of UrbanAmerica from the Bottom
By Pat Jacobs: "An explosive, well-documented expose of the urban slums that led to the Watts riots. Cloth $10.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

Two-Factor Theory
The Economics of Reality
By Louis O. Kelso & Paul W. Ferguson: "Brilliant analysis of productive capital by a noted economist and diplomat and business leader offers realistic remedies for the complex problems of our society."—New York Times Books (paper) $4.95

Desegregation and the Law
The Meaning and Effect of the School Desegregation Cases
By A. P. Baderman and C. C. Fahnzgrün: "A brilliant study that case study can be dramatic as well as edifying."—Saturday Review of Books (paper) $2.95

Crisis Now
By Cin. V. Parks: "A distinguished scholar-collaborator and business leader offers realistic solutions to the most vital issues."—Sunday Review of Books (paper) $4.95

The Great Society Reader
The Failure of American Society
Edited by Marvin E. Getrow, R. David Mephen, and others. Writings by prominent supporters and critics of LBJ's "Great Society" program. Cloth $8.95; Vintage Books (paper) $2.45

Black Power
The Politics of Liberation in America
By Stokely Carmichael: "This is the bible for a generation."—Saturday Review of Books (paper) $2.45

Growing Up Absurd
By Paul R. Kirk: "The most compelling analysis of American society since the birth of a generation. Cloth $4.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

The Politic of Liberation in America
By C. V. Parks: "A clear and forceful plea for the self-help of American youth. Cloth $5.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

Profile of the School Dropout
Edited by Nariah, Susanna, & C. V. Parks: "Heartwarming and educational."—Saturday Review of Books (paper) $2.95

Up Absurd
By Paul R. Kirk: The hard-hitting analysis of America's problem youth: "a book for a generation of which. Cloth $4.95; Vintage Books (paper) $1.95

To be born is to want; is it that simple? Who can be whole, unfed, unfilled, unnourished? Old saints furrowed the grain-seeded land to feed parents, fill wives, nourish children. Yet you came, rat, to tax us. Your gorged body sinks invisible, sleek, to gnaw away embattled fields, filled now with hollow stalks, the storehouse gaping like a child's starved mouth. The grunting farmer's labor cannot feed the abyss behind the thin cries of his wife. To die in want—"is that simple to those yellow teeth whose hunger malms our flesh? The stratagems of your diseases sidle through us. Everything, even your own filth, abores you. You foresaw the people wasted, emptied, stricken, but not how our stiffening hands will strangle you--nor will they release you until at last they carry your rank body to the court and marketplace where beaks will feed and clash, once filled, like cymbals, proclaiming a peace to nourish our ravaged land.
The following are a selection of poems by Robin Morgan and Kenneth Pitchford, loosely based on, but independent of, Vietnamese originals written by poets both from North and South Vietnam. While the poems can speak for themselves, the situation surrounding their creation (as originals in English) will be of interest to other writers who might wish to avoid being taken in by a literary con-game in which their work is wrenched from them and exploited against their will in ways repugnant to them. The situation is one for all radical writers to keep an eye on. We, the two American poets, have therefore sketched out some of the story concerning the composition of these poems.

In the early 1960s, when the Vietnam war was still only a small cloud on the American horizon, Robin met a Vietnamese student who was working for a doctorate at Columbia University in the field of Far Eastern literature, a young man named Nguyen Ngoc Bich. Early in their acquaintance he spoke of a project—*sponsoring* an anthology of Vietnamese literature in English translation and had begun casting about for someone to "sponsor" this project. He mentioned that he had become a Cultural Affairs Minis-
of them, and would re-write the contract to Robin's satisfaction if only she would continue with the work. Wouldn't Robin be helping to end the war by seeing to it that these contemporary Vietnamese anti-war and pro-Vietcong poets found an American audience? Robin specified what the terms of a new contract would have to include; again, these were verbally. Thus, for a short time longer, the relationship continued.

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

All along, there had been another aspect to the "collaboration" that isn't of prime importance here — the petty harassment by the Society once our versions were delivered to them. At first it was agreed that we would make imaginative rather than literal versions of the poems. Any pretense of direct translation had seemed unethical to us, since neither of us was proficient in Vietnamese, although Robin had a rudimentary grasp of some of its qualities through her acquaintance with a number of Vietnamese students in New York. Rich, comparably, was not proficient in written English; he tended to put everything into high-level Victorian clichés. People at Asia Society, none of them poets, nevertheless felt that they had the right to comb the completed versions line by line and insist on changes, usually preferring a limping cliche in Bich's first draft to our attempts at the same in English. Rivera's personal touch, became more hostile until at last court action was threatened unless Robin capitulated. Simultaneously, we have reason to believe that pressure was brought to bear on certain literary magazines of the American "establishment" to prevent independent publication of our work.

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

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

Robin Morgan & Kenneth Pitchford

SINCE JOINING THE REVOLUTION (after To Hiu)

Since then, my body has become one summery incandescence. A tear-shaped sun alights and trembles on the wick of my heart, shining out fire through the hypothesized garden of my life, glittering with fragrance and bird calls. And now my mind goes linked, bound, fused to every other. And now love engulfs its narrow banks, beyond recall, nothing but its garden after garden, all intermingled, quickening the waiting seeds, bringer of life.

But since then, I also inherit misery, my only family, become brother to thousands whose future is already withered. And who else will swaddle millions of broken children? Look, the empty gourds of their bellies, their moan-round mouths.
THE VIGIL
(after Tu Ke Tuong, approx. 1966)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

60

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

J'ACCUSE
(after Huy Can)

You ! God !
To imprison our souls, you built us
bars of bone and walls of flesh,
whose bare hands have been mourning,
and stamped the light of galaxies on our sight.
Our hair hides subtle perfumes, our heads
nod like graceful carved masks on our shoulders'
expanses, calm as a summer lake.
How much labor and craftsmanship is here !
Yet moths can be found fluttering in these palaces,
weaknesses spawning like larvae already covering hatched cocoons.
Prison-palaces humming with guilt,
constructed with dirt, turning to mud.
And the bones and blood are still not exhausted.
The breast may well acid but the lips cannot release it.
One hand props the body, the other claws toward the grave.
You, God ! You who dare be angry with those who have lost
your private Paradise, you who dare require invocation
for your private Paradise, you who dare require invocation
the pity the scorched leaves, the broken wings,
the running-sore bodies bent with the myth of you:
when you learn at last the mind's horror at the filth of consciousness
when you finally comprehend how many souls, brains, hearts
have dissolved, putrescent, to pay for your name on their lips--
you will be shocked, no doubt, ashamed, and even repentant,
but hardly able to understand,
as you flee from our liberating rage
to some Swiss universe,
and live in exile off our hoarded tears.
STREET ARTIST
(after Tu Ke Tuong, 1966)
You can wake up at dawn, but he has already chalked charrette swarms of summer on the trees.
You think you see the sun, but the street painter knows it for a piece of fruit, and so insinuates onto the citrous sky tart fragrances of noon.
You can plead sainly all you like, but he is mad and knows how to balance on the edge of trencnes, miming for blind children how to crumple at a burst of fire, drawing delicate grenades, like beehives, swaying from defoliated branches; he can outline seared twigs pointing peace horizons toward a phosphorus cloud; he can show you the corpse in chiaroscuro black pajamas swaying slowly on the barbed wire. He can even frown and then complete the composition with just one touch: the discarded package of Marlboro cigarettes nearby, the perfect dab of vivid color.
And when your tender dove is pregnant with goodwill, he can sketch burning villages against your stare, cunningly made artificial limbs and pop art candy bars for recompense—such kindness truly illumines all his blackened life; see how grateful he is.
And when you plead weariness at last, and boredom with all this commitment, he can stroke you a warm autumn garden, all burnt siennas and umbers, a cosy bed, and every morning he can add a few more bluish streaks of silver, as you forget that he exists.

I-KON
CUBA CHE MEX MUSICAL POETRY
ALL IN I-KON 50¢ 78 E 4
NYC 10003
10 ISSUES $4
NEW FORMAT

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

On recruiting day at the University of Maryland recently, the SDS chapter passed out a circular purportedly from DEMOPAX, Inc., saying: "WANT-ED: scientists, technicians, mathematicians, systems analysts who are sick of setting up dominos for the war machine to work on. . . You will be researching designing and simulating technical and strategic ways and means to MAXIMIZE SELF-DETERMINATION AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT AND MINIMIZE WAR, OPPRESSION AND DOMINATION—Scientists of the world, unite with the people!" As a device for making students think about what the system wants of them, the circular was clever, but to anyone who wants to see a New Left that is not simply an extracurricular activity for 16- to-21 year-olds, the joke is on us.

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

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

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

MIA will do the following kinds of work:
1. Work that people in it want to do, presuming that service to the Movement will be supported by the three other types of work.
2. Work that serves Movement computer needs—such kindness truly illumines all his blackened life; see how grateful he is.
3. Work on relatively acceptable and clean programming jobs to provide income. For instance, MIA designed an indexing system for the RAM-PARTS files. Certain uses of computers in medicine would fall in this category.
4. Development of proprietary programs which can be leased. For example, Robert Shapiro has designed a small information retrieval system which can be marketed as a proprietary product of MIA.

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

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

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

MIA would like to have a computer eventually, such as a PDP-8 with a Memorex Diskpack. Total cost for such equipment would be less than $40,000. In the meantime we can rent time on such equipment for jobs that require their use.

If you are interested in MIA, write to Robert Shapiro, 240 West 98 Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10025. Please describe your background and interests.
On the way to the SDS conference
we drank coffee in the club car and
looked out the window at the swamp
"do you think a man could hid in there" you said
we pressed ourselves to the pane and looked closely
underneath and on top of the water you could see reeds
a man could breathe thru if he had to
we could almost see mouths pulling at the straws
and in the distance see and hear F-102s swarming in
interceptors out on patrol.
we will escape the train is camouflage,
escape and go with vengeance
to the conference.

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

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

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

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

LIBERATION / 5 Beekman St., N.Y.C. 10038

THE PAPER TIGER IS
an independent radical magazine serving
the movement in New England. It presents
reports and analyses of specific organiz­
ing situations, and
it seeks to promote
discussion among peo­
ple actively working
for social change.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
student: 1/2 year $1.75
1 year $3.00
adult 1/2 year $3.00
1 year $5.00
supporting subscription
1/2 year $6.00
1 year $10.00

address
PAPER TIGER
New England Free Press
245 Roxbury St. Boston
02119 Mass
Paul Nizan, Frenchman, died thirty-five years ago in the Second World War. The central passions which shape his struggle with society and with his personal destiny are contemporary. Any man who writes: "Where is man hiding? We are suffocating. They mutilate us from childhood. We are all monsters." And: "Your modesty will be the death of you, dare to desire, be insatiable, let loose the terrible forces that are warring and whirling inside you, do not be ashamed to ask for the moon — we must have it." And: "Turn your rage against those who have provoked it, do not try to run away from your pain but seek out its causes and smash them." Any man who can write these words speaks to all men of all ages who fight to kindle and keep alive their own flame of rebellion. (Godard realizes how contemporary Nizan is when in La Chinoise he makes the young Communists call their cell the "Paul Nizan Cell." And it fits.

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

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

What was our world like? It was like the chaos the Greeks put at the beginning of the universe in the mists of creation. Except that we thought it was the beginning of the end, the real end, and not the one that is the beginning of a beginning. Faced with exhausting transformations which only an infinitesimal number of witnesses were trying to understand, all one could perceive was that confusion was leading to the natural death, which encircled. Everything resembled the terminal disorder of a disease: before death, which renders all bodies invisible, the unity of the flesh is dissipated, each of the parts pulls in its own direction. It ends in a decay that knows no resurrection.

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

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

They needed to know the ABC's of what was really important. But instead of learning to read, the ones who lay awake at night, tormented by real anxiety, imagined various conclusions, all based on studies of decadent societies of the past: the invasion of the barbarians, the triumph of machines, apocalyptic visions, recourse to Geneva and to God. How intelligent everybody was!

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

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

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

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

The Ecole Normale is the envy or other nations. It is one of the heads of France, which has as many heads as a hydra. It trains part of the proud troupe of magicians whom those who pay for their schooling call the Elite, and whose mission it is to keep the people in the path of complaisance and respect, which virtues constitute the Good.

At the Ecole Normale there reigns the esprit de corps of seminaries and regiments: it is easy to make young men believe that their individual self-effacement contributes to collective pride, that the Ecole Normale is a real being with a soul - a beautiful soul - that it is a moral person more lovable than truth, that ideas, and men. In this place, inhabited, like the Garden of the Rose, by transparent creatures, Hypocrisy is queen. Most of the students think of themselves only in terms of which they were a part of rendering to each his due, you knew that you were safe in that filthy abode. But he died. The Ecole Normale remained, a ridiculous and, more often, odious thing, presided over by a patriotic, hypocritical, powerful little old man who respected the military.

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

They were the sort of philosophers who teach wisdom in scholarly journals and write books full of footnotes and sound arguments. They feigned learned societies and convene congresses to determine what progress the Mind has made in the course of a year, and what remains to be accomplished. They wear ribbons on their lapels like old, retired generals. They dedicate marble plaques at crossroads in Holland, or on houses where somebody was born or where somebody died. These commemoration ceremonies give them the opportunity to travel. Nearly all of them live on the west side of Paris, in Passy, or Auteuil, or Boulogne, in districts where there are few noises and few
where in every corner we saw the vague anxiety. We have within us divisions, anywhere in every corner we saw the vague suffering for our lives, from the scale to the petty dimensions of a personal great disorders of the time, reduced in it on fate, to eternally perform the gesture obscure the existence of calamities we did were negative. The celebrated philo­sick goats. Where was our sickness? In our own good. Do not be content to blame lamities were there, that they were occur­not understand; we knew only that the ca­mulls that awaited us. After all, we had been raised for docile slavery. We have within us divisions, al­lations, wars, debates. We were told we were living in the age of the guilty con­science, but that did not keep us from fear­ing for our lives, from suffering from the mutilations that awaited us. After all, we knew how our parents lived—in awkward­misery, like cats with a fever, like sea­sick goats. Where was our sickness? In what part of our lives? We knew one thing: men who lived as men should. But we still did not know the elements of which a real life is composed; all our thoughts were negative, and nothing existed. The philo­phile Alan did indeed tell us: "To think is to say no." But only the Spirit of Evil says no eternally. The time will come when the mind will no longer fear the things it believes in; then man will be ashamed to have remained on the defensive so long.

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

This was the way we felt: we were a­bout to enter a prison and we were unable to imagine in detail what it would be like. Was there a different way than prison? Can we guess what goes on in each cell? At the age of twenty a man cannot lay his hand on particular things, on individual events. But we had enough forebodings about the future to suffocate. And the things we feared were not illusions: we were threatened with real diminutions, with real constraints and deceptions. In vain did you try to make us believe in the sim­ple conflicts between freedom and deter­minism, mania, madness. But it was a ques­tion of words, we were just as clever as you, too, we could have written scholar­ papers and preached from rostrums. There were agonizing realities behind all your maxims.

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

Our childhood had a lot to do with it. The elder-down quilts of provincial life, our first communion, the wisteria of the summer of '14 did not prepare us for war. The death of our cousins and brothers, the summer of '14 did not prepare us for war. The death of our cousins and brothers, the meaning of the straightforward words and figures of speech, that I am not sure I will ever be able even with the help of silence, filled with the mystic teaching of sleep, and of conversations with passers­by in the public squares, or in barracks, bistros, and factories—to rediscover the meaning of the straightforward words and simple expressions invented by men.

One great thinker among them: Brunschvicg. Playing his cards closer to the chest, and hiding more aces up his sleeve, because he had the precision of a watchmaker and the adroitness of a conjur­er, you thought at first he was a philoso­pher. But in the end you found only a Robert Houdin, whose measure you could take, whose lies you could count. This little re­taller of sophisms had the physical appear­ance of an old master d'hôtel who late in life began to grow a mustache, to wear a beard. Galile lurked in the corners of his eyes and guided the short, insipid movements of his hands, the hands of a Jew­ish merchant. Working, letting may not be tempted to love the world. We lived at the dull speed of sleep; everyone knows it is the high speeds that are dangerous. We moved about as we had been taught, trying ourselves with the little construction games these functionaries taught us. There were people all around us, in the suburbs and the countryside. But we kept our eyes on our teachers, to do as they did and also on our fathers, sadly crouched in corners, getting up occasionally to make their bosses laugh. We moved about as we had been taught, trying to please with the little construction games these functionaries taught us. There were people all around us, in the suburbs and the countryside. But we kept our eyes on our teachers, to do as they did and also on our fathers, sadly crouched in corners, getting up occasionally to make their bosses laugh.

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

One great thinker among them: Brunschvicg. Playing his cards closer to the chest, and hiding more aces up his sleeve, because he had the precision of a watchmaker and the adroitness of a conjur­er, you thought at first he was a philoso­pher. But in the end you found only a Robert Houdin, whose measure you could take, whose lies you could count. This little re­taller of sophisms had the physical appear­ance of an old master d'hôtel who late in life began to grow a mustache, to wear a beard. Galile lurked in the corners of his eyes and guided the short, insipid movements of his hands, the hands of a Jew­ish merchant. Working, letting may not be tempted to love the world. We lived at the dull speed of sleep; everyone knows it is the high speeds that are dangerous. We moved about as we had been taught, trying ourselves with the little construction games these functionaries taught us. There were people all around us, in the suburbs and the countryside. But we kept our eyes on our teachers, to do as they did and also on our fathers, sadly crouched in corners, getting up occasionally to make their bosses laugh.

Imagine it: There we were at the age of twenty, let loose in a bottomless world, armed with a few graceful accomplish­ments—Greek, logic, an extensive vocabulary that did not give us the il­lus ion of understanding. We were lost in a dimly lit museum of our fathers' works,
lars, the children played and left their parents in peace.

Relying on the disasters of the time to build up the lore of virtue, our mothers and teachers took no great pains to instill in us the moral values that rose like a flood during the war. They thought we would acquire them as a matter of course, that we would breathe in with the public-spirited air of wartime that circulated in even the remotest groves of education. To think of so gross an error, we arrived at manhood ignorant of life. But it was too late to start drumming Laws into our heads like advertisements against syphilis. How could we believe in them? To us they were only self-appointed prophets pointing out to us the path of duty. Their fables had nothing to do with us. We were looking for something to get our teeth into and they wanted to snatch the bread from our mouths. Hunger and weakness corrupted our words and our first actions; the books they gave us read as if they had been written in a cemetery. The political parties propounded us in broad daylight. Our appeals went unheeded. We had to do something. But what?

What idle slaves do. We amused ourselves. We went to the movies, and Kant's table of judgments, and the sons of men who had fought were drained of all the naivete in them. But there were excuses for the naivete: writers and philosophers promised wonders from travel, it was a word overlaid with literary and moral aromas. The stain of morality spoiled everything.

No travel in Europe: we had come to regard the whole of that slim band of territory that we called native land. We spoke of it as a single entity, doomed to the misfortunes of a single destiny: war, fascism, the French steel trust and the factories of Saint-Gobain. But we knew nothing about the real stakes of this molehill with its heaps of slag, the real East as the opposite of the West. So once we would cross the borders of this domain and find that the frontier that still held them fast were beginning to melt. We knew others, too. I used to go to see one who kept a dismal little bar on the Boulevard Montmartre, I kissed a girl on the mouth. We knew only noisy defenders of the law, self-made for a civil war against the workers, organized, and preparations were being made for a civil war against the workers, who do not eat dead men. We still had no clear understanding of these stern truths, but we did sense that these people were only noisy defenders of the law, self-appointed prophets pointing out to us the path of duty. Their fables had nothing to do with us. We were looking for something to get our teeth into and they wanted to snatch the bread from our mouths. Hunger and weakness corrupted our words and our first actions; the books they gave us read as if they had been written in a cemetery. The political parties propounded us in broad daylight. Our appeals went unheeded. We had to do something. But what?

What idle slaves do. We amused ourselves. We went to the movies, and Kant's table of judgments, and the sons of men who had fought were drained of all the naivete in them. But there were excuses for the naivete: writers and philosophers promised wonders from travel, it was a word overlaid with literary and moral aromas. The stain of morality spoiled everything.

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

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

Each of us tried to escape in his own way.

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

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

Each of us tried to escape in his own way.

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

There were some who, having knocked at all these doors, found that the fringe was only part of growing up, but we knew there was no reason for this sort of life to come to an end, because all men lived as we did, turning this way and that like bats. Since we did not know our companions in revolt, buried in the countryside and in the furnished rooms of Billancourt, our only thought was away. THEY stayed in the cities, where they were, condemned to a slavery that was harder because it was also the slavery of the body: aching backs, and not enough meat and air. But we, from the depths of our bourgeois lives, how were we to guess that the foundations of our fear and slavery lay in the factories, the banks, and barracks, the police stations, in all the places that were unknown territory to us?
It was established that the collapse and decay of Europe was a simple, inescapable fact, the renaissance and flowering of the Orient became a fact equally obvious. For Europeans, the Orient held salvation and a new life. It had medicine for our ills, and love to spare. We made free use of false analogies with antiquity and drew on the official history of religions. We endowed Asia with all the human virtues that had been gradually disappearing from the West over the last three hundred years, virtues that were no longer demanded anywhere outside the agony columns of the English dailies. The spirit of civilization hovered over India, China seemed more marvelous to us than it had to Marco Polo. Who was there to give us good, hard reasons for being interested in Asia: the strikes in Bombay, the revolutions and massacres in China, the fallings in Tonkin? Good, human reasons, instead of a reason like Buddhism.

MORNING

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

Barbara Meyers
Of course.
Songs and politics are partners (e.g. Bertolt Brecht, Peter Weiss, the Vietnamese liberation fighters who sing songs after battle).
That's why we carry our cultural section (edited by former Sing Out editor Irwin Silber) with book, record, and film reviews, articles on artists and musicians (e.g. The Fugs), Silber's own column "AC/DC"—and poetry (e.g., "Soul Brother," an elegy on Martin Luther King by Cuba's leading poet Nicolas Guillen).

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

I enclose $____ for:
Ten-week trial sub $1 One-year regular sub $7
One-year student sub $3.50 Include name of school.
Add $1.50 for Can., Lat. Amer., $2 elsewhere.

Name
Address
City State Zip
School

Mail to: The

Guardian

independent radical newspaper

197 E. 4th St., New York, N.Y. 10009

DON NEWTON

Crazed, lunatic:
establishing daily rounds re. shapes, symbols, objects:
manufactured in the morning,
distributed until they're all gone;
unrelated to the money system.

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

all cops, scabs, finks ever do is wait &
let the catastrophes justify their fat
& Them arrest somebody black.
entering a marble-vaulted steel-pillared bank

& waiting in line for one of those tellers, mumbling hurrying

& who has any doubts about which is more important teller or

the tale? money in its deep, impervious compartment

so by this mark: we designate our hills, our valleys & rivers

& this mark shows our dwelling places

& also indicates our important possessions
Long Live a Hunger to Feed Each Other

--- JERRY BADANES

a poem of america

Murder is inexcusable here
in the room of light
only death
lost in our living
slowly our eyelids
changing
into mouthfuls of roots
cut down
stabbed by memory
animals of our daytime language
ACTION:
murder execution genocide torture starvation

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

- hold my hand
- Judith (child)
- it just passes
- for each of us
- alone
- in this alien endless universe death
darkness death death
tongue caressing
early morning
one life opening
two bodies gripped by each other's
desperate passing
an ocean we hold on our tongues
a jungle of blood
a gentle cornucopia of our dying
waking up

Who is it in whom my body is carried?
who
in the mirror
heavy sorrow faced jew?
is it a father in my flower caressing
soul?
is it a death in my throat?
is it the blood in the streets in my heart?

As if we are crawling across the moon
we have sat here
in this darkened room
all night
by an ocean
for whispering to each other
a fiery shroud for the watertowers

used in two wars for wounded soldiers
on the ocean front

of the old ladies home
whispering
killed in action
her son
a Buddhist nun
in the city of Hue
as she walks the streets of the city
hugs you to herself in the darkness
by her slaughtered name

Eyelashes scraped by spots of pavement
a shaft from the sun
a billion monarch butterflies
a screech

now old ladies praying for sunlight
Half-Moon Hotel in Coney Island
in your room

is screaming at us from her basement
for whispering to each other
in your room
in the darkness
whispering
of the old ladies home
used in two wars for wounded soldiers
now old ladies praying for sunlight
a screech
a billion monarch butterflies
a shaft from the sun
a fiery shroud for the watertowers
eyelashes scraped by spots of pavement
by an ocean

a billion miles to make love

those billion monarch butterflies
against my forehead
perched on my cheeks
a conflagration in my hair

a birth on the tips of my fingers
an enormous lion
a flower
fusing the city the horizon
war
war
war

Judith
we are in the center of a holocaust
a screech of sorrow

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

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

the blinking lights / the gongs / the dust
covering the stars
everything eyelashes darkened by storms
of light

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

(And nothing at all remains)
but a dead corpse
beginning to die

We have enough.
The facts are in.

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

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

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

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

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

That man sleeping

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

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

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

A black butterfly
against the kiosk on Union Square
struggles to fly off
"Garcia Lorca" my friend says
the revolution
a billion miles to make love

Look!
my hands are beautiful creatures
their trembling wings
are tiny suns
and the earth
oh news dealers
is filled with eggs
butterfly eggs
bird's eggs
giant turtle eggs
and your bodies too are filled with eggs
and your faces
bulging up / parched / from the newspaper pages
fill me with poems.
Hold tight to your hands.
Fly up.
Scattering thousands of miles until we
embrace
and bursting out from our souls bodies faces
bright colors

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

going
somewhere
through Minnesota
four filthy shirts
lightly
wrapped around his guitar
his meal ticket
four bodies bare to the waist
curled together
four petals closed by the rainstorm
making each other pregnant
pushing
through
Minnesota
their backs
like the backs of the twelve students in
Paraguay
horsewhipped
by Ramon Escabon
ASSASSIN TORTURER
whose head-shaved soldiers
are paid for by farmers in Minnesota
the train whistle
says
It's bound
somewhere
1941
four figures
on top a freight car
bare to the waist.

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

Hailstones
in the black sky

and bursting from our souls bodies faces
bright colors

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

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

over this planet dancing
their bodies are lifting up into a vast dance slowly to move
and their wings begin
for our brothers and sisters
a new song
a new song

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

Everywhere in the Church the people are singing the women wear white hats and the men move their lips silently
for love
for love
for love
for love

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

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

I have no wings
& I weigh 185 pounds

& I live in a house
on a street ending at the railroad tracks
and a train
passing
allows me a moment with my body and after it has gone by
at times
I am left with a teardrop which causes nothing to happen ends no war makes no revolution gets no one to love me yet the revolution is greater than my loneliness inside me yet our teardrops
three stations at once
a G.I. series of X-rays
will tell my mother her future
Atlantis is gone forever
I'll never find it again
a needle
where are you now
Nola
May 8 1945
the forces of Germany have surrendered
to the United Nations
the flags of freedom are flying
all over Europe
it is now
5 AM
May 8 1947
Sunday morning in America
Walk with Him
Stand with Him
He'll bring you beauty
wherever you are
as the days go by
just speak His name
He'll hear you call
stormy weather
outside
early mass is about to begin
in Michigan
it will clear up soon
the monsoon season
crippling
our ability
temporarily
America is filled with the music of Bach
against the windows
the children's noses
they are looking out
and behold
Arizona is before them
they know it
and do not ask their father
because it is time for silence
a time when the sun is rising over America
his legs
his arms
blasted off
he shuts his eyes from the hot sun
forever
a million maggots from the center of the sun
begin chewing
and all is now sunlight and empty
Oh Arizona promised land
a music box slowly unwinding a melody
like a child in your arms
falling asleep
it will be 80 degrees today
in the Great Lakes area
Let me be joy
Let me be hope
Let my life sing
I am truly touched by this Sunday morning
in America
Sunday morning in America
we are left with it
Shira
you are waking up in Brooklyn New York
you are waking up
your small body
you head full of thoughts and memories
your toes and fingers moving
your eyelids opening
your cheeks
your forehead
waking up
you are awake
everyone east of the Mississippi
is now waking up
each town
in each city
today
in the rain
I can hear your footsteps in the rain
and I think of someone else
in another time
as you pass through
diminished
into the night
I don't even know you
yet
you have entered my life like a knife
I have entered no one
you enable me to continue stranger
brother
killer
love.

A man walking through the blizzard
looks very fragile
making plans
will be a great musician
slipping from side to side
huddled against the cutting winds
making plans
will be a great scientist
a poet
a doctor healing your wounds with love
songs

hands in his pockets
I shut my eyes for a moment
and he's gone
blocked
by the massive stones of the church
the bells are softly clingii^ in the blizzard
as if announcing
a conflagration a thousand miles away
even your smile would be impossible out
here

My foot hurts
and my emotions are running amok
it is cold in this house
and jealousy is dead
it died in me just like that
without my even knowing when or where
and so they are just like worms
in the cold blind earth
these emotions of mine
you have all beaten me down
you
don't be jealous
don't be jealous
Be dark and dead

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

Your eye
is captured
by a perfect teardrop
clearer than the rain
you can see inside it
a circle of children dancing
snow flakes
coming down
as in a crystal ball
the children are getting cold
they are freezing
they are stiffened
a woman screeches
the teardrop shudder
will not burst
there are men
trudging
across the snow fields
packs
on their backs
rifles in their hands
feet
covered
by torn shoes
and rags
wrapped around them
it is getting colder colder colder
it is more cold
than it has ever been anywhere
everyone frozen
perfectly
still
even the woman's scream
and the last breath frozen
in front of each person
there is nothing can warm them
nothing
to melt the ice
everywhere
getting
thicker
not yet dreamed of by anyone
can melt the snow
and warm our poor bodies
the men are slowly beginning
to move their heads up
and the children's fingers are
reaching out
they are slowly touching each other's hands
slowly
slowly
slowly
everyone's limbs begin to move
the woman's scream is now a song
softly
almost inaudibly
in a language never before heard
they are removing their rags
removing their clothes
they are dancing
tips of new grass
rising above the melting snow
everyone is dancing in your tear drop
it is slowly passing
down your cheek
I would kiss it away
we have not yet that new song
I would kiss it away
your lonely teardrop
I would have that song grow

We must start from the beginning. Struggle.

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

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

intercept the blood in our hearts
poison our fingernails
chew a path in our intestines
baby cockroach
we are each other's accident
let us have a truce
my own creatures are everywhere
being burnt
the dead woman's breasts stayed alive with milk for her infant
whose eyelids were burnt from his face
whose jaw was fused to his throat
my own creatures are everywhere
being burnt

Birth.

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

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

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

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

Brentano's
liberated
from the snow
the small bells
busy fingers
preparing stone polishings
window cleanings
for Easter
Rockefeller Plaza
uncovers its murals
trees
grass
outdoor cafes
words of wisdom and patriotism
good common sense
photographed by the people
icecles
snapping
and Lord and Taylors
is a carillon
sticking in our throats
as we step
a thousand whispers
past two lines
into the library
where two million books and documents
are stored
a continent of pigeons prepare
I stomp in a field
with his hand
it rubs
the cop's nightstick is wet
on doorsteps
grey city sitting
barren
from
in the vast gymnasium
with the oil of his face
muffled
muffling sun
with my heart
I
witli the oil of his kiss
with the oil of his breath
where two million books and documents
weeds
cry out.
armed
one
from
silence
armed
with my heart
cry out.
This afternoon
the pond is almost empty
reaches out
naked
barren
muffling sun
muffled
grey city sitting
on doorsteps
to the cop's nightstick is wet
rubs
it
with his hand
I stomp in a field

"... I'll back up a bit so you'll see where
I am. Tonsils out. Yes, must come out
in January - $230, too expensive, and great
da hospital here wants it in advance, am
raising it though. Will be a good thing when
it happens. Had a job, A & P stock work
all night, reloading shelves with cans, then
switched to cake mixes, then fired, lasted
5 nights (2.17 each hour). Cake mixes my
downfall, all boxes same size, look alike,
did you ever just stare at things minutes
at a time? Said I was too slow. Actually,
reason was me, not my speed, same story,
mainly I ignored the guy (foreman) when
he said things obvious to me. Different
styles. Fired me at 4:30AM on a friday
night. Yes, a relief, but mainly, when I
walked out into the michigan night, a lon-
eliness, a whole crew, no longer part of,
even the bags of flour, and the rest-break
day old cake & a quart of milk) Rock &
Roll on radio & news & all the guys bitch-
ing about being drafted (lots of them were
drafted - I was hired - strange?) no alter-
atives thought of -- And how could they
be (thought of). I mean, there it was, the
A & P, all those cans, the comradeship,
America, unhappy, even squalid, yes, but
what we had, how, then, let go? Dark out
side, I felt lonely when I left, as lonely as
when I stayed, and those guys are there
tonight bitching to the music and I'm glad
I'm not there. When you are, that's it, no
alternative, and that's almost good. But
I'm glad I'm out. Maybe the best thing
about this fucking place is that you can get
fired."
I love you in an area more hopeless than hope two joyful days in the center of the earth gone now
final a man the sun gone down alone on an endless expanse of grey land just walking final
A man's glob of spit
soothing in a footprint
absorbs me
more than his face.
How then can I plant kisses on your eyelids?

We have failed each other too often

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

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

We have failed each other too often

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

MAGAZINE OF STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY
NO. 2 MAY-JUNE 1968 50¢