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arts in society

the arts and the black revolution II/$1.50

On 11th and Center Streets in Milwaukee's inner city a two-story building announces in large steel letters that it is St. Boniface School. To its south is St. Boniface church, often the focal point of the city's civil rights movement.

Children have a beautiful way of looking at things. It's easy for them to say exactly what's on their mind, to boil down seemingly complex problems into simple terms, something adults often find hard to do. And that's what gives special meaning to the Milwaukee Banners.

Early in 1967 a group of Milwaukee children supervised by Sister John Mary of Cardinal Stritch College and Sister Josette of St. Boniface created a dozen Christian banners to flank the altar at St. Boniface Church and ten for a mission church in Africa.

But the bright felt banners did more than adorn the altar. They became symbolic of Milwaukee's freedom movement, expressing Christian hope, love and purpose as can be seen only through the eyes of a child.

The photographs of all banners were taken by Karin Denissen

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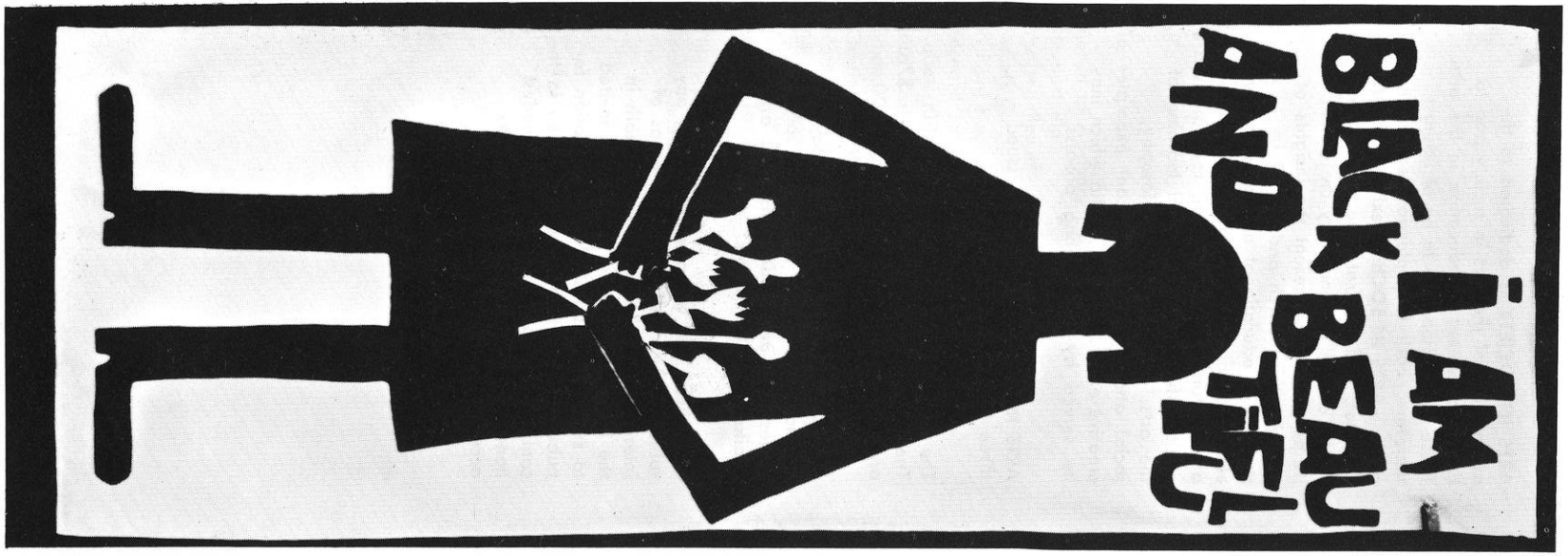

ARTS IN SOCIETY is dedicated to the augmenting of the arts in society and to the advancement of education in the arts. These publications are to be of interest, therefore, both to professionals and the lay public. **ARTS IN SOCIETY** exists to discuss, interpret, and illustrate the various functions of the arts in contemporary civilization. Its purpose is to present the insights of experience, research and theory in support of educational and organizational efforts to enhance the position of the arts in America. In general, four areas are dealt with: the teaching and learning of the arts; aesthetics and philosophy; social analysis; and significant examples of creative expression in a media which may be served by the printing process.

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Additional copies of this issue may be purchased at $1.50 per copy. Special professional and student discounts are available for bulk rates.

The editors will welcome articles on any subjects which fall within the areas of interest of this journal. Readers both in the United States and abroad are invited to submit manuscripts for consideration for publication. Articles may be written in the contributor's native language. A modest honorarium will be paid for papers accepted for publication.

Manuscripts should be send to Edward L. Kamarck, Editor, **ARTS IN SOCIETY**, University Extension, The University of Wisconsin, 606 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53706. Books for review should be directed to the same address.

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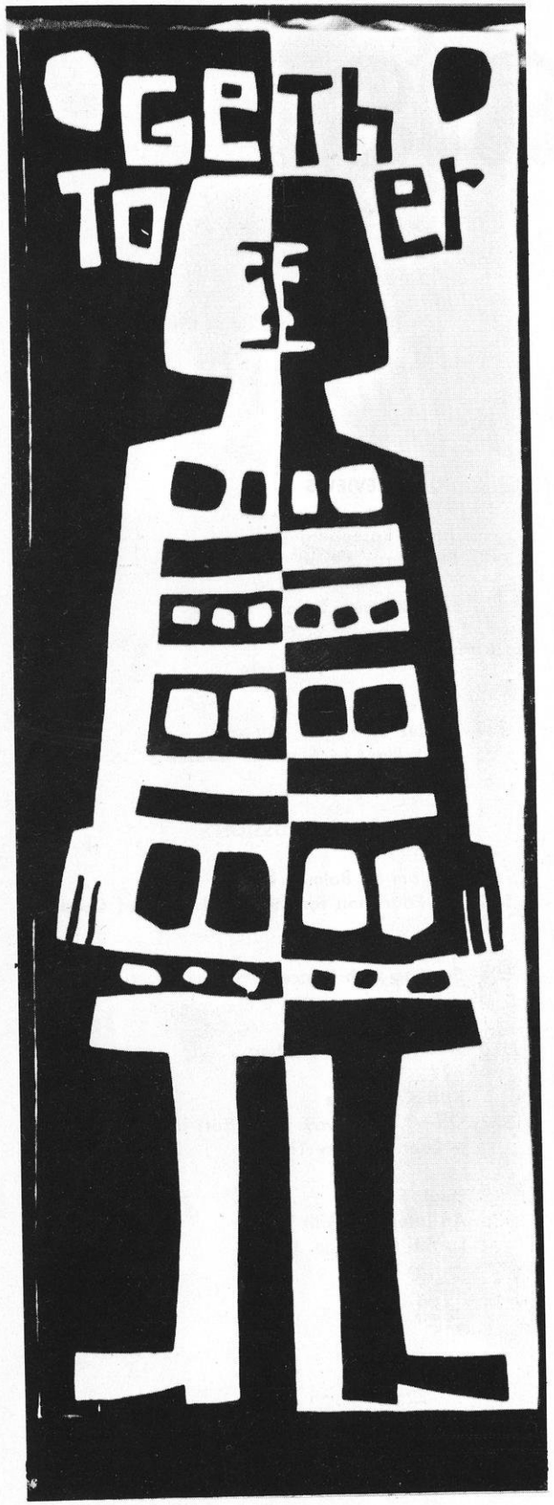
contents



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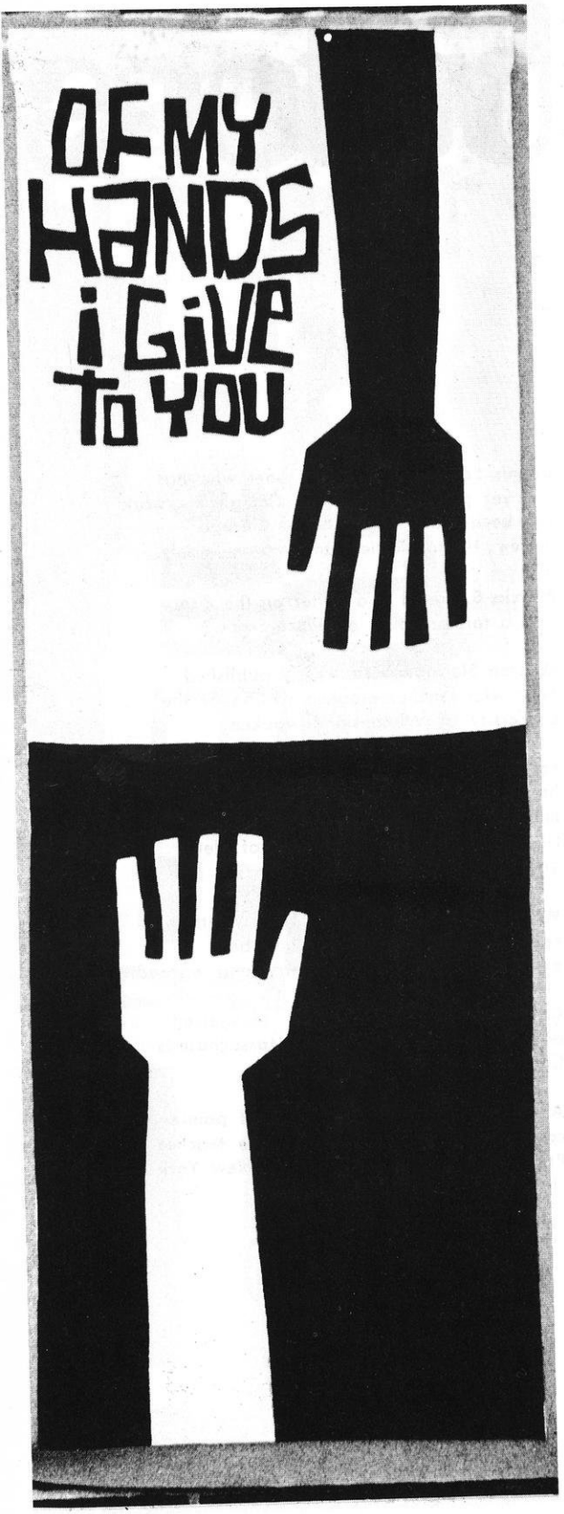

editorial comment

THE ARTS AND THE BLACK REVOLUTION — II

ART OR SOCIAL PROTEST?

About eight months have elapsed since the day we started the planning of the first of our two issues on The Arts and the Black Revolution. In that brief period, during which occurred the brutal assassination of Martin Luther King and its aftermath of ghetto riots, the mood and temper of the Black Revolution has changed markedly. It must be admitted that in today's context many of the overtones and resonances of our first issue already seem a bit dated.

We, of course, face the same hazard with this present issue, for it is evident that the tempo of change is if anything quickening. Note, for example, the rapidly-shifting rhetoric of this Revolution. What precisely does "Black Power" mean today? It is difficult to pin down, but it certainly has a much different meaning than it had eight months ago. There is, however, no mistaking the **direction** of change. It is toward greater militancy, greater assertiveness of pride in blackness, greater polarization toward black leadership and institutions. Because the nature of the role of whites in this Revolution, howsoever sympathetic and anxious they may be to help, is now being thrown into question — most young militants would grant whites no role except that of impotent observer — we find ourselves as editors in the anomalous position of feeling almost self-conscious and apologetic in offering at this juncture in history an issue forcussed on the Arts and the Black Revolution. But, surely it is better to continue exploration, analysis, and exposure, so long as there is no pretense of playing the authoritative and prescriptive roles. And we do herewith disavow both roles: our intention in these issues has not been to dominate or guide the discussion but rather to try to stimulate more of it.

Howsoever stringent the demands which this Revolution is making on the energies and commitments of black painters, musicians, and writers, their problems as artists remain within the area of concern of all of contemporary American culture. Black polarization as an essentially political tactic in no way mitigates the continuing responsibility of our culture to identify, analyze, and do battle against the totality of destructive forces menacing its well-being, growth, and vitality, of which racism and discrimination are among the more noxious.

Times of rising political upheaval have always pressed agonizing choices on artists, and it is perhaps too easy to reduce the choices to the old controversial dichotomy: art or social protest. A social dimension is perforce present in all good art, and upheaval — of any kind — should be a central concern of artists. Since most black artists have become artists out of the need for aesthetic confrontation of their social condition, it would be folly of the grossest kind for them to purposely turn away from the passionate issues of the Black Revolution. The great artistic success of Ellison's **The Invisible Man** and Wright's **Native Son,** both of which are based on the profoundest of social analysis, suggest that the pertinent dichotomy is not between art and social protest but rather between creativity and mere craftsmanship, between the construct of an imaginatively valid world and a pasteboard, bloodless one. The significant stumbling blocks are the dogma and organizational tactics of political movements, and while an artist has at all times the option and in certain circumstances even the moral obligation to embrace these as a political being, it is unwise for him to do so as an artist, if he is to continue to grow creatively. Of course, one cannot pretend that it is easy for any man to keep these roles separate during a time of intensifying violence, when one's deepest human commitments are pressing for climactic resolution. It is difficult to know, for example, whether John Oliver Killens' essay in this issue, **The Black Writer and Revolution,** should be taken primarily as a political or aesthetic testament. Given the mood and temper of the times this question is perhaps an academic one. His is an existential stance now being adopted by many black artists, and in this hour it ill behooves us to dwell long on its appropriateness. Our judgements and energies should more properly be directed toward the racist nature of our middle class society, which has too long closed its doors to blackness.

Artists and politicians eventually do have a parting of the ways, as history has proved many times, for, to recast Seneca's hoary aphorism, politics is fleeting and art is long. Disenchantment usually sits in at revolution's end, with success. In this present instance may that day be hastened.

Edward L. Kamarck

st. boniface


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Fr. GroPPi
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TERRY ASHLEY

the black writer and the revolution

by John Oliver Killens

We black folk are the tragic men. Tragedy, irony and paradox have dogged our heels at every turn and sickened our hearts and souls and frustrated our profoundest dreams in this homeland of the brave and free. Most men reached these shores seeking freedom; we black men came here to be slaves. There is the terrible paradox in this vast and tragic land. The so-called founding fathers of this nation held our forefathers in human bondage. Washington and Jefferson were freedom-loving slavemasters. Slavemasters, who loved the freedom and the leisure they could afford by having their black slaves do all the work. We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal (excepting black and red men), and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights (excepting men of pigmentation, naturally).

We black folk have been sowers, never reapers in this land of opportunity. Listen to the Great White Mother, Statue of Liberty, Mother of Exiles, as she stands at the mouth of New York harbor:

"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!"
Cries she with silent lips.
"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Black brothers and sister, wherever you are, you know those beautiful words are not meant for you and me. You know the great white green-gilled mother is not beckoning to us. Nothwithstanding, poet Emma Lazarus, who wrote this immortal verse, was herself an avid abolitionist.

This is, of course, another way of saying that black folk, historically, must of necessity look upon this great and powerful nation from a different vantage point. Our cups runneth over with irony and paradox. Our perspective is different, our vision unique amongst all other Americans. What do we mean by the black writer's vision for America? We are raising the question of: how does the black writer,

reflecting his black perspective, his black consciousness, look upon this nation's past? How does he evaluate its present? And what kind of future does he envision for this nation and the world. And make no mistake about it. There simply is no hiding place on earth from the American significance. What black men do to change this nation has significance for the entire universe. Every nook and corner of this earth is affected by what we do in Detroit, in Harlem, in the District of Columbia, and all over these United State of America. In a very real sense, African-Americans are the freedom-fighters for the world.

There is this story of the days of slavery of a slave named Andrew. Now Andrew was an industrious and ambitious slave, greatly admired by his kindly master. Indeed, it was a kind of mutual admiration society between this "loyal slave" and this "kindly master." As you have already guessed, Andrew was a house slave. He related to his master more than to his black brothers and sisters deep down in the cotton patches. And it must be said, in terms of giving the devil his due (even though I haven't the vaguest notion why this devil should be given his due), but giving him his due nevertheless, he was extremely fond of Andrew, so much so that he let him work once in a while away from the old plantation and earn a little money for himself. One day Andrew played the lottery and won a thousand dollars. He didn't stop running until he reached the Big House. "How much money am I worth?" Andrew asked ol' Mass'r. "Why, what do you mean, Andrew? I wouldn't think of selling you down the river." Andrew came back with: "But peace, Mass'r, I mean I want to buy my own self. How much will you sell me to me for?" The master answered, "In that case, Andrew, it would cost you nine hundred and ninety nine dollars." Whereupon Andrew said, "Thank you very much." And beat a hasty retreat. One of his signifying brothers, a field slave, having overheard the dialogue, said to Andrew, "Man, why didn't you buy your freedom? You just won a thousand dollars." Andrew replied, "Negroes too expensive right long in here. I'm going to wait till they gits cheaper." Irony? Paradox? Tragic-humor? In the latter third of the Twentieth Century, many many black folk have decided that no price is too dear to pay for freedom. Question number one: What price is the black writer prepared to pay to liberate his people and this bloody nation? For make no mistake about it, the truth comes at an exhorbitant price, and pays very small immediate dividends. It is the vision that counts, never the immediate dividends. A vision not unlike, in depth and scope, the vision of black writer and prophet William Edward Burghardt DuBois. He paid a dear price for the truth he told. Put in handcuffs like a common criminal when he was in his eighties, this gentle giant, distinguished and respected throughout the earth, America's greatest intellectual, was persecuted by the power structure of this nation, and very few black men came to his defense.

One lesson to learn from this is that we black folk must choose our own leaders, our own spokesmen, and must never turn against them when the power structure does. The magnificent Paul Robeson also paid the price for telling black truths to the nation and the world, as did Brother Malcolm and finally Brother Martin, the latter day Messiah. As we walked a few weeks ago in Atlanta in Brother Martin's funeral, many of us in the black artists contingent took solemn oaths that this was the last funeral of a black beloved assassinated leader that we would march in — peacefully, sorrowful and crying and singing freedom songs. No more! No more weeping! This was the last time we would flood this heartless nation with all those black tears of compassion. God gave Noah the rainbow sign. No more water, THE FIRE NEXT TIME! Well, of course. we all know, there was a tiny bit of fire **this time.**

At the turn of the Twentieth Century, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois put the Western World on notice that the problem of the Twentieth Century was the problem of the color line, the relationship of the Western World with the peoples of color in Africa and Asia and the Islands of the seas. Years later, the same man wrote, with even greater certainty: "Most men in the world are colored. A belief in humanity means a belief in colored men. The future world will, in all reasonable possibility, be what colored men make it." In 1955, the late Pan-Africanist George Padmore, wrote, in comment on the DuBois prophecy: "This is the inescapable challenge of the second

part of the Twentieth Century." Question number two: How will black folk, and specifically black writers, meet this challenge? What kind of a world are we going to make? And how do we go about it?

Yes, DuBois was a great prophet, but who would listen to a black prophet in that far-off era in the good old days of endless frontier and glorious empire, when Western man thought we would rule the roost forever, or, at the very least, for another thousand years? Who could bring themselves to believe that the literature of black men could have social relevance. Who could believe that black men could have vision.

In those days the "relevant" literature was filled with characters who were "free, white and twenty one," which was tantamount to possessing all the keys to the kingdom. It was a time when figures like that great apologist for colonialism, Rudyard Kipling, wrote:

Take up the white man's burden
Send forth the best ye breed.
Go bind your sons in exile
To serve your captive's need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild —
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half child.

It was a time when literature was filled with burning incense to the "noble savage," personified in the likes of Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima and good old Gunga Din. Dear old Gunga Din who "despite 'is dirty 'ide, 'e was white all white inside, as 'e went to fetch the water under fire." In the Hollywood version, good old white inside Gunga blew the trumpet for the British against his own people, and just how whiter inside could a noble savage be?

Notwithstanding, the prophecy of the black prophet **has** come to pass. Observe how the world has changed since the Second World Wide Madness. Look at the United Nations, that organization that started out as a Gentlemen's Agreement, an exclusive club of Great White Fathers, paternalistic trustees of three quarters of the world. Look at it today, this despite the words of the Last of the Great Anglo Saxons (I mean, of course, Sir Winston Churchill), who proclaimed to one and all, that he had not taken over the reins of Her Brittanic Majesty's Government to administer over the dissolution of the British Empire. Recall that little island's arrogant boast, that the sun never set on the British Empire. But Sir Winston notwithstanding, the sun does set on the empire of that foggy little island separated from the rest of Europe by the English Channel. The British Empire **is** dissolving. Queen Elizabeth **is** the last of the Great White Mothers.

And so we see, the world does move, inquisitions notwithstanding. And the question is: where do black writers wish to take the world, at this moment in time and space? What kind of trip are we preparing? How do we turn the people on? What do black writers have to say to students, their wonderful faces flushed with the fever of rebellion? We say: join the revolution! Make the revolution! You can be rebels **with** a cause. A rebel-with-a cause **plus** a program equals a revolutionary.

Western man has used language, words, as a powerful weapon to enslave the rest of mankind, and now we black writers must use our language, Afro-Americanese, to redefine ourselves. We black folk are a colony on the mainland. I have heard colored musicians themselves say, "I don't play jazz, spirituals, rhythm and blues and that kind of stuff. I play serious music." I'm saying, these brothers have been had. The language has enslaved them just as it has enslaved, on one level or another, every black brother and sister in this nation. One of the black writer's tasks is to decolonize the language. "Good hair" and "high yaller" and "a nigger ain't shit" will have no place in Afro-Americanese one of these days, and soon, if the black writer does his job.

As a black writer, I have a vision of black people all over this nation beginning a pilgrimage back home to their Black Consciousness. Come on home! Come on home from wherever you are! Brothers and sisters, come on home! Black artists must proclaim Homecoming Week for fifty-two weeks in every year. And now I take the position that all black men want to be free, even Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima and good old Gunga Din. It's time for Homecoming Week to be also

Rehabilitation Week. It's time for us to help Uncle Tom straighten up and straighten out his back and throw his shoulders back, and come on home.

Black writers must contribute to the creation of a Black Vision for society. For four centuries our vision has been a white Western-oriented vision. We have looked at our black selves through the eyes of white America. We are the only people on earth whose God was created in the image of another man, and that is psychological homicide. Suicide? We have worshiped a Messiah with pale face and blue eyes. And this is not to derogate Jesus Christ. I have nothing but profound respect and admiration for him. I believe that Jesus lived. Yes — I believe he was the great revolutionary of his time.
I believe that was why they lynched him. There is every indication that he was a man of color.

But now that Medgar and Malcolm and Martin have departed, it must be said that black folk need not look for their Messiah any longer. They have come, they have given the word, fought the good fight, and they have been crucified. Brothers and sisters, did you not take notice of the full eclipse of the moon a few nights after Martin's funeral, several years before it was predicted and expected by the awesome men of science? The Messiahs have gone and we must create a new calendar for black people and for the disinherited all over this terrible wonderful earth. Everything Before Martin must be dated "B. M." Everything After Martin, After the Messiahs, must be dated "A. M." And be you not fooled, brothers and sisters, by the public washing of hands and the oceans of obscene tears the nation wept the other week over television over the passing of our Messiah. It was, for the most part, strictly a command performance, a three ring circus of hypocrisy. Leaders, preachers, politicians, all of them leaping upon the bandwagon, shamelessly expurgating centuries of guilt, trying to "psych" black people into thinking that they really cared. It was a revolting sight — all those killers weeping at the bier. It reminded me of the old time Mafia movies, with the gangster killers attending the funeral dressed in black, bringing with them tons of flowers, standing at the grave weeping with the widow, with their guns almost in evidence underneath their jackets. If all of Martin's mourners had truly loved him, he would not have been crucified. The kindest thing we can say for them, these honorable representative of the power structure, is that for centuries they helped to set the stage for this Great American Tragedy. Where were they when Martin languished in their jails? Where were they when he walked around this world preaching peace on earth and love for all mankind? Where were they when his enemies sicked their dogs on him and beat him with their clubs? Where were they **when they nailed him to the cross?** How could the men-of-war who run this government have truly loved Martin, when he fought against their atrocious war in Viet Nam? And where were **we,** brothers and sisters, when they nailed our Martin to the cross? Were we there?

Martin was my valued friend. There were certain things about which we disagreed vis-a-vis the tactics of the Revolution. But I knew he was a revolutionary, and I loved him and respected him, and I am angry past description at the way we let him down. We must build a monument to Brother Medgar, Malcolm and Martin. The three **M's. M** is for Messiah. We must construct a monument, not built of stone and mortar, but forged out of their great vision, the vision for freedom and liberation; the vision that the disinherited shall inherit the earth.

Their vision calls upon black writers to write our own black history, create our own myths and legends. Washington and Jefferson do not belong to our black children. They are not the founding fathers of our black children; they are not our legendary heroes; they were our foreparents' slavemasters. No amount of falsification of history can disguise this brutal fact. Our legendary heroes are Nat Turner, Fred Douglass, Denmark Vesey, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, Toussaint L'Overture, white John Brown and Red Sitting Bull. And Garvey and DuBois and Robeson and Medgar and Malcolm and Martin and many thousands more, of whom most of us have never heard.

One of the cruelest acts of Western man was to build a fence between man and man and thereby sentence humankind to

loneliness. It is obvious that he meant, by this, to fence the rest of humanity **out,** but what he has succeeded in doing is fencing himself **in.** And now at this moment in history, alas too late, he wants to gather everybody into the old corral, with himself as the great white rancher, and brand every human L. B. J. But our black vision is to tear the fences down.

It is time for some black writers, the more the merrier, to move from social protest to affirmation and revolution. Every black writer worth his bread is a revolutionary of sorts. Speaking for myself, each time I sit down to the typewriter, I'm out to rock the boat, to change the world, to break the world down bit by bit and forge it into something altogether new and different, to create a new image and new vision for mankind, which will encompass, in the words of Margaret Walker, "all the Adams and Eves and their countless generations." Our black vision for this country and the world is vastly different from the white writer's vision, too many of whom are the best that money can buy. And they have been bought and paid for. Believe it. Men who get fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars a year for writing such masterpieces as the "Dodge Rebellion" and "Come alive, you're in the Pepsi generation!" and "Is it true that blondes have more fun than anybody?" How can I relate to a writer like that, who thinks he's writing serious literature?

Yes, it is the time for revolutionary writers! To dramatize the revolution, the revolution that hasn't even started yet. To glorify the freedom fighters — of Detroit, and Washington and Harlem and Watts and Chicago. I personally am not, as yet, an advocate of Burn, Baby, Burn. But I dig the motivation of the valiant freedom fighters — wherever they are.

Black writers will create a new vision for man, a vision of love and life, as opposed to hate and death. And now, let me make it clear, that the question of love and hate between black and white Americans, is a total irrelevance, as far as I am concerned. I neither need to hate the white man or to love him. But white men insist that you either hate them or love them. They do not care which, as long as you are so obsessed with them, you don't have time to take care of the business of black liberation. But love is a question we will take up with Charlie three or four hours **after** liberation. Nothwithstanding, our long range vision is one of life and love; a vision oriented to man, not to things. **Muntu.** An African word meaning, roughly, **man. Man** oriented. Man in the center of the universe. Glorify man, not automobiles, not jet airliners, not atomic weapons. Yes, black writers must dramatize against this ugliness which has seized the world, where the most powerful nations spend billions of dollars for moontrips and weapons of destruction, while men starve all over this earth in the very midst of plenty. This is a perversion of human energies, and black writers must scream damnation down upon it.

In a real sense, colored peoples throughout the world were sentenced by Western man to centuries of silence. Now at this historic moment it is time for us to speak; to speak in vindication of every human in this world who has been forced to live the life of a "nigger," which will mean, of course, that all mankind will at last be vindicated. Everywhere Western man went over the earth, "Christianizing" and "civilizing," he made men into the "niggers," the better to conquer and exploit. And made men believe that they were niggers. To deniggerize the earth is the black writer's challenge.

It will be up to us, black revolutionary writers, to reconstruct the history of the last four hundred years, and this time tell HOW THE WEST WAS REALLY WON. No one will do our work for us. We must carry forth the vision of Medgar, Malcolm and Martin. Remembering in our hearts and souls and minds, that everything before was B.M. Everything from these days forward is A.M. After Medgar, After Malcolm, After Martin. Now we know for the first time, what A.M. really means. After Martin, and the morning of a new day borning, that Great-Getting-Up-Morning, when man has just begun to live. This must be the monument we build for the Messiahs. Black writers, let us begin again. Recreate man in our own black image.


MOMMIE
WHY
WAS
THE
DARKIE
BORN
PAMELA S
JESUS
IS
BORN
REGINA
WASHINGTON

black poetry today

BLACK POETRY TODAY

by Abraham Chapman

Until very recently, when the term black poetry began to make its appearance, a long-standing controversy among Negro poets and critics centered around the question of whether Negro poetry or poems by Negro poets was the more appropriate designation. Those who spoke of Negro poetry affirmed a sense of race rooted in the common experiences of black people, produced by a society which relegates Negroes to an inferior position and to discrimination and deprivations not based on individual considerations but on grounds of race. This point of view did not deny the basic importance of the individuality and personal voice of the poet, but inherent in it is the assumption that the pervasive realities of racial differentiation in the United States are part of the shaping process of a Negro poet's individual vision of life. Employing a different point of departure, those who insisted on speaking of poems by Negroes believed that the varied personal experiences of Negroes as individuals transcended any common or group traits of a racial nature in poetry. The sounds and echoes of this unfinished battle are evident in the titles and subtitles of the succession of anthologies of Negro poetry.

The two conflicting approaches are evident in two anthologies edited by two Negro poets in the 20's, James Weldon Johnson and Countee Cullen. **The Book of American Negro Poetry** (1922) edited by Johnson was the first comprehensive anthology of modern Negro poetry. In a lengthy preface he developed the view that the Negro poet "needs to find a form that will express the racial spirit by symbols from within rather than by symbols from without," a form that will "hold the racial flavor; a form expressing the imagery, the idioms, the peculiar turns of thought, and the distinctive humor and pathos, too, of the Negro, but which will also be capable of voicing the deepest and highest emotions and aspirations, and allow the widest range of subjects and the widest scope of treatment."

Johnson gave voice, in his own way, to the principle of "racial self-expression" which

was affirmed by most of the participants in the New Negro movement of the early part of the century. The general cultural perspective of this movement was articulated by its ideological father, W. E. B. DuBois, well before the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's came into being, in his famous article "The Immediate Program of the American Negro" published in **The Crisis** in 1915:

In art and literature we should try to loose the tremendous emotional wealth of the Negro and the dramatic strength of his problems through writing, the stage, pageantry and other forms of art. We should resurrect forgotten ancient Negro art and history, and we should set the black man before the world as both a creative artist and as a strong subject for artistic treatment.

Countee Cullen, a prominent poet of the Harlem Renaissance, insisted that he wanted to be a universal poet rather than a Negro poet and he developed his view in the anthology he published five years after Johnson's, **Caroling Dusk: An Anthology of Verse by Negro Poets** (1927). In his foreword to the book he wrote:

I have called this collection an anthology of verse by Negro poets rather than an anthology of Negro verse, since this latter designation would be more confusing than accurate. . . . Moreover, the attempt to corral the outbursts of the ebony muse into some definite mold to which all poetry by Negroes will conform seems altogether futile and aside from the facts. . . . The poet writes out of his experience, whether it be personal or vicarious, and as these experiences differ among other poets, so do they differ among Negro poets; for the double obligation of being both Negro and American is not so unified as we are often led to believe. A survey of the work of Negro poets will show that the individual diversifying ego transcends the synthesizing hue.

Johnson and many other writers of the Harlem Renaissance found the racial experiences and folk music, literature and culture developed by the Negroes in the United States a positive source of values, artistic forms, themes, and literary subject matter. Cullen, classical and conservative in his poetic forms and romantic in temperament, had other aesthetic needs. He also felt that there was somehow a dichotomy between racial experience and poetic expression which he voiced in the concluding couplet of his famous sonnet "Yet Do I Marvel":

Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

This was Cullen's reaction to the harsh reality, historical and contemporary, which James Baldwin describes as follows in his latest statement of views, "A Letter to Americans," in **Freedomways** (Spring, 1968):

Furthermore, **all** *black Americans are born into a society which is determined — repeat: determined — that they shall never learn the truth about themselves or their society, which is determined that black men shall use as their only frame of reference what white Americans convey to them of their own potentialities, and of the shape, size, dimensions and possibilities of the world. And I do not hesitate for an instant to condemn this as a crime. To persuade black boys and girls, as we have for so many generations that their lives are worth less than other lives, and that they can only live on terms dictated to them by other people, by people who despise them, is worse than a crime, it is the sin against the Holy Ghost.*

This pressure also generated the supposed dichotomy between white, Western and "universal" values, on the one hand, and black, supposedly limited and parochial values on the other. The main thrust of a significant number of writers of the Renaissance was a challenge to this view and affirmed the value to America and the world of the human understanding and culture that emerged from the experiences and artistic creations of the black men in America. It is this challenge and this appreciation of racial consciousness and values that the black cultural nationalist movements of today and the unfolding black poetry movement are advancing to a new and different stage. A backward glance at the debate on "racial self-expression" in the 20's thus becomes the best introduction to the debate on "black poetry" today.

Of all the poets of the Harlem Renaissance it was Langston Hughes who became the best known and most widely read Negro poet in the United States. The long span

of his poetic productivity, from his first published volume of verse, **The Weary Blues** (1926) to his posthumously published **The Panther and the Lash: Poems of Our Time** (1967), made him a most significant bridge to contemporary Negro poetry which he was actively shaping until his death in 1967. Throughout his lifetime he adhered quite consistently to the poetic principles he enunciated in his well known article "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain" published in **The Nation,** June 23, 1926. He wrote then:

One of the most promising of the young Negro poets said to me once, 'I want to be a poet — not a Negro poet,' meaning, I believe, 'I want to write like a white poet,' meaning sub-consciously, 'I would like to be a white poet,' meaning behind that, 'I would like to be white.' And I was sorry the young man said that, for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. . . . We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame.

In 1961, participating in a radio symposium in New York City with James Baldwin, Alfred Kazin, Lorraine Hansberry, and others, Langston Hughes said:

My main material is the race problem — and I have found it most exciting and interesting and intriguing to deal with it in writing, and I haven't found the problem of being a Negro in any sense a hindrance to putting words on paper. . . . My early work was always published in **The Crisis** *of the NAACP, and then in the* **Opportunity** *of the Urban League, and then the Negro papers like the Washington* **Sentinel** *and the Baltimore* **Afro-American,** *and so on. And I contend that since these things, which are Negro, largely for Negro readers, have in subsequent years achieved world-wide publication — my work has come out in South America, Japan, and all over Europe — that a regional Negro character like Simple, a character intended for the people who belong to his own race, if written about warmly enough, humanly enough, can achieve universality.*

And I don't see, as Jimmy Baldwin sometimes seems to imply, any limitations, in artistic terms, in being a Negro. I see none whatsoever. It seems to me that any Negro can write about anything he chooses, even the most narrow problems: if he can write about it forcefully and honestly and truly, it is very possible that that bit of writing will be read and understood, in Iceland or Uruguay.

Like many artists Hughes believed that the individual and the human, explored in depth and all its complexities, is universal, and that includes ethnic individuality. This question has not only confronted Negro poets. W. B. Yeats raised it, and answered it to his satisfaction and to the enrichment of world poetry. He examined this question at some length in his essay "A General Introduction for My Work" incorporated in his book **Essays and Introductions** (1961). Here Yeats stated his "first principle" that "a poet writes always of his personal life," and secondly, that he found "my theme" in the Irish resistance movement. Yeats found no contradiction between his desire to be universal and his desire to express his "Irishry" as he put it. He wrote, almost in one breath, that "I wanted to cry as all men cried, to laugh as all men laughed" and then said that "if Irish literature goes on as my generation planned it, it may do something to keep the 'Irishry' living."

The personal and private, the ethnic and racial which are the products of common social and historical experiences, and the universal, are not separate and warring categories, but are all fused in the individual personality, outlook and vision of life. Understood in this sense the racial feeling or consciousness of the poet is not something which separates him from the rest of humanity but an organic part of his distinctive and individual sense of life.

Alain Locke, who has been called the mentor and the leading critical voice of the Harlem Renaissance, observed during that great debate of the 20's:

In the case of the American Negro the sense of race is stronger than that of nationality; and in some form or other is a primary factor in the consciousness of the Negro poet. Race has many diverse ways of reflecting itself in the equation of life; each temperament reflects it just a bit differently and reacts to it just a bit differently. We too frequently neglect this important point, that the racial factors may reside in

the overtones of artistic expression and that there is often more of race in its sublimations than in its crude repertorial expression.

In an essay in **Ebony and Topaz,** one of the two major collections of Negro writing of the Harlem Renaissance, the sociologist E. Franklin Frazier stressed that "the racial experience of the Negro was unique because of historical and social factors rather than of biological inheritance." Citing James Weldon Johnson's volume of verse **God's Trombones** as an example of "the unique contribution of the Negro artists" Frazier went on to say:

In this unique work of art he has used the literary language of America to give artistic expression to the racial experience of the Negro in America. Whatever of racial temperament there is in these poems has been made articulate through cultural forms which were acquired by the artist in America.

The polarity of being both black and American, what W. E. B. DuBois described as the "twoness' of the American Negro, contributes to the complexity of American Negro poetry. Black poets have assimilated the entire heritage of literature in English and world literature. Black poets write in the most diverse styles and modes of expression. The poetry of M. B. Tolson and Gwendolyn Brooks, (the only Negro writer to win a Pulitzer Prize) shows clearly that the two poets have drawn upon the Eliot-Pound modernist tradition for their different needs and different ways of expressing racial sensibilities and themes. Bob Kaufman is a black poet who has been associated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg and has voiced his black experience as part of the Beat movement. LeRoi Jones established his reputation as one of the most prominent **avant-garde** poets of the 50's before he entered his later development as a poet of black consciousness and sensibility. The whole range of modern poetic expression, from the modernist and allusive and highly intellectual to folk expression and free verse and jazz and blues rhythms, from the highly formal and academic to the experimental and underground, is part of the literary consciousness and background of the black poets.

But that is only part of the total picture. The most original of the black poets, employing the American language, have created distinctive forms of their own drawing simultaneously upon the black cultural and the American literary heritage. Langston Hughes and Sterling Brown pioneered in this, in different ways, in their poetry. Looking back at the life work of Hughes in a recent memorial tribute, Arna Bontemps noted that Hughes gave "soul" its special connotation "indicating a kind of 'Negro' quality in certain areas of American self-expression and culture." And James A. Emanuel, a contemporary black poet, educator, and author of **Langston Hughes** (1967), the Twayne Series book-length study of the poet, identified the special quality of Hughes as "American Negritude," an American counterpart of African Negritude. It is Emanuel's view that "if American Negritude can be tentatively defined as that complex of traits, sensibilities, and historical consciousness peculiar to black Americans, a study of Hughes's poetry alone can yield to the outline of the concept."

American Negritude may involve traits, sensibilities, and consciousness regardless of the form in which they are expressed, but for Hughes and other black poets it also involved a constant search for new forms of poetic expression which would incorporate idioms of speech of black people and rhythms of spirituals, blues and jazz. This is one aspect of the concept "black aesthetic" young black writers are now employing. Hughes experimented with this all his life and achieved distinctive rhythmic patterns of his own as can be seen in this conclusion of "Children's Rhymes," one of the poems in his striking **Montage of a Dream Deferred** cycle:

What's written down
for white folks
ain't for us a-tall
"Liberty And Justice —
Huh — For All."
Oop-pop-a-da!
Skee! Daddle-de-do!
Be-bop!
Salt'peanuts!
De-dop!

Many young black poets are experimenting with newer and more involved jazz forms than Hughes's and have turned to Afro-American music as an aesthetic source of formal influence as well as a subject, as can be seen in this poem by S. E. Anderson

which appeared in **The Journal of Black Poetry** (No. 6, 1967):

THE SOUND OF AFRO-AMERICAN MUSIC
CHAPT. 1

The history of blacklife is put down in the motions of mouths and blackhands with fingering lips and puckered raven fingers bluesing the air of today and eeking out the workgrunts — getting down to earth — the nittygritty — i mean — they mean: you dig and if you don't don't you worry pretty momma — we all feel dat way anyway — and sister it's a pity whitey done this to us but I love you and my history says whitey ain't shit and should be flushed but poppa and momma may have the 'ligion but god don't mean a thing baby when you got no bread and a bed and a bad head blinding you with blackblues of gospel bashing out of the bigblack sisters' lips spiritually into the bop and now the avantgarde jazz of a hard shepp and blackblues looking over hunched hardworked shoulders into the sepia polyrhythmic soil: lord, lord we done come far and still ain't nowhere near even with long nappy hair and talk of revolution . . . jumpin with my bro — you know — out there in dolphyland or baby maybe into that sun-ra shit beautiful but bars are 8 & 12 like dinah and luther king digging malcolm shinin in my front door — sweet momma keepinkisses for my high with fontella & 'retha taking care of much business in the rhythm of the blues.

Young black poets today do not rule out any form of expression that may be viable or meaningful, American or international. Don L. Lee, a young Chicago poet of militant black consciousness who experiments with many different forms in his two published booklets of poems, has also experimented with the new form of the contemporary international poetic movement, concretism, as is evident in the following poem which appeared in his collection **think black!**

"SMALL"

Big-

Big- **Big-**

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

Big-

ot,

Bigot.

More characteristic of Lee's poetry is "The Hate of Don Lee," which follows, from his second collection **black pride:**

i,
at one time,
loved
my
color —
it
opened sMall
doors of
tokenism
&
acceptance.
(doors called, "the only one"
& "our negro")
after painfully
struggling
thru DuBois,
Rogers, Locke,
Wright & others,
my blindness
was vanquished
by pitchblack
paragraphs of
"us, we, me, i"
awareness.

i
began
to love
only a
part of
me —
my inner
self which
is all
black —
&
developed a
vehement
hatred of
my light
brown
outer.

If we contrast this with Langston Hughes's treatment of the mulatto theme we begin to see some of the ways in which the black poetry of today differs from the older race-consciousness and American Negritude. "Cross" by Langston Hughes opens with the following quatrain:

My old man's a white old man
And my old mother's black,
If ever I cursed my white old man
I take my curses back.

There is still an effort to come to terms with the white father who has rejected his black son, a hope for some kind of reconciliation. Another poem by Hughes, "Mulatto," opens:

I am your Son, White man!

Georgia dusk
And the turpentine woods,
One of the pillars of the temple fell.

You are my son!
Like hell!

And the poem which moves through six additional stanzas, giving full voice at the end to the white rejection of the Negro son and brother, concludes:

I am your son, white man. . . .

Hughes excoriated the rejection by the white father and brother and counterposed the demand for the acceptance and recognition of paternity and kinship by the white father and brother. The young black nationalist poets today are far more estranged and alienated from white America. We witness a counter-rejection, not only an embrace of their black selves, but a repudiation and disavowal of the white fathers, an acceptance of the separation from the white fathers and brothers in the spirit of black independence, of cutting the ties with those who despise them, in the spirit of revolt against the pressures of white society (described earlier by James Baldwin) to impose its values and views on black people. The struggle against the old patterns of dependence on white America, the struggle for black independence, recognition of black beauty and values, black consciousness and the affirmation of black pride, constitute a central current of black writing and thinking today, voiced recurrently in the new poetry. Clarence Major, a poet and critic, expressed this viewpoint very clearly in a symposium of statements on "The Black Poet" in **The Journal of Black Poetry** (No. 4):

The black poet confronted with western culture and civilization must isolate and define himself in as bold a relief as he can. He must chop away at the white criterion and destroy its hold on his black mind because seeing the world through white eyes from a black soul causes death. . . . The black

poet must stretch his consciousness not only in the direction of other non-western people across the earth, but in terms of pure reason and expand the mind areas to the far reaches of creativity's endlessness to find new ways of seeing the world the black poet of the west is caught up in. . . . We are in a position to know at first hand the social and political machinery that is threatening to destroy the earth and we can use creative and intellectual black criteria on it.

I believe the artist does owe something to the society in which he is involved; he should be involved fully. This is the measure of the poet, and the black poet in his — from a white point of view — invisibility must hammer away at his own world of creative criticism of this society. A work of art, a poem, can be a complete 'thing'; it can be alone, not preaching, not trying to change men, and though it might change them, if the men are ready for it, the poem is not reduced in it's artistic status. I mean we black poets can write poems of pure creative black energy right here in the white west and make them works of art without falling into the cheap market place of bullshit and propaganda. But it is a thin line to stand on.

The best of the black poets are expressing themselves, the black experience, their visions of life, and their creative criticism of American society, in new poetry. The mediocre, and always and everywhere they outnumber the best, are not getting beyond propaganda, bombast, invective, and calls for revolutionary action.

The "vehement/hatred" of white America proclaimed by Don Lee in his poem is rather characteristic of the tone, mood and feelings of the militant black nationalist movements of today. The question of tone is discussed by Stokely Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton in their recent book **Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America.** They say:

There has been only a 'civil rights' movement, whose tone of voice was adapted to an audience of middle class whites. It served as a sort of buffer zone between that audience and angry young blacks. It claimed to speak for the needs of a community, but it did not speak in the tone of that community. . . . . We had only the old language of love and suffering. And in most places — that is, from the liberals and middle class — we got back the old language of patience and progress. . . . For the masses of black people, this language resulted in virtually nothing. . . . The white society devised the language, adopted the rules and had the black community narcotized into believing that that language and those rules were, in fact, relevant.

LeRoi Jones, the best known and most controversial of the black poets, has attuned his literary voice to the tone of hatred, in addition to anger and defiance, and has incorporated the language of hatred and the organization of hatred into his program for the black artist. In his essay "state/meant" which concludes his book **Home: Social Essays** (1966), LeRoi Jones declares:

The Black Artist's role in America is to aid in the destruction of America as he knows it. His role is to report and reflect so precisely the nature of the society, and of himself in that society, that other men will be moved by the exactness of his rendering and, if they are black men, grow strong through this moving, having seen their own strength, and weakness; and if they are white men, tremble, curse, and go mad, because they will be drenched with the filth of their evil . . . The Black Artist must teach the White Eyes their deaths, and teach the black man how to bring these deaths about.

The long-standing controversy among Negro poets and critics over the designations Negro poetry or poems by Negroes has not ended. Some would retain Negro poetry, the militant nationalists and many young poets would substitute black poetry, and others still adhere to the position initially enunciated by Countee Cullen. Among the latter is Robert Hayden, poet and Professor of English at Fisk University, awarded The Grand Prize for Poetry at the First World Festival of Negro Arts, held in Dakar, Senegal, in 1965, and editor of the latest hard-cover anthology of Negro poetry. He titled it **Kaleidoscope: Poems by American Negro Poets** and in his introduction he keeps alive the question of "whether we can speak with any real justification of 'Negro poetry' " which some object to "because it has been used disparagingly to indicate a kind of pseudo-poetry concerned with the race problem to the exclusion of almost everything else." Hayden, who

is effective as a poet in personal and meditative lyrical poems, in seascape and nature poems, and in poems of racial theme and protest, pursues an approach to poetry diametrically opposed to LeRoi Jones's and in his introduction, where he explicitly agrees with Countee Cullen's view, he also writes:

Those who presently avow themselves 'poets of the Negro revolution' argue that they do indeed constitute a seperate group or school, since the purpose of their writing is to give Negroes a sense of human dignity and provide them with ideological weapons. A belligerent race pride moves these celebrants of Black Power to declare themselves not simply 'poets' but 'Negro poets.'

Thus the debate continues, but what has happened is that a new and interesting current of black poetry has come into being as part of what Hoyt W. Fuller, managing editor of **Negro Digest,** describes as "a spirit of revolution abroad in the shadowy world of letters in black America." It is evident in **Negro Digest** which under Fuller's editorship has become an important black cultural organ. Month after month it consistently publishes news of what black writers are doing, book reviews, poems, short stories, cultural debates, and an annual Poetry issue. But it is most evident in a development unprecedented in the literary history of black America: the birth of black "little magazines," literary and political, and the proliferation of little publishing houses issuing booklets of poetry and other literature.

The Journal of Black Poetry was born in San Francisco about two years ago. Eight issues have appeared to date. In Detroit the poet Dudley Randall has established a significant black poetry-publishing venture as a labor of love, Broadside Press. He started out by publishing broadsides of individual poems (more than twenty have been published to date) and graduated recently to the publication of books of poetry, of which the first three have already appeared and more are announced. In Newark, LeRoi Jones and associates have established Jihad Productions which is publishing poetry and other literature. The students at North Carolina College at Durham are producing **ex umbra,** a most interesting "magazine of the arts" with interesting new poetry. Poems and other writing by participants in the Watts Writers' Workshop conducted by Budd Schulberg were assembled by him in the book **From the Ashes: Voices of Watts** (1967) and selections by these young writers were presented in two national television programs.

Following the news stories and the ads in the little black magazines I have been collecting the new verse by young Negro poets published by little black publishing ventures. I now have volumes of verse published in the following cities: Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Detroit, Newark, Cleveland, Baltimore, Los Angeles, Berkeley, Omaha, Tougaloo, Mississippi, and Burlington (Canada). If this is contrasted with the efforts of Langston Hughes and other writers of the Harlem Renaissance to establish a Negro "magazine of the arts" in 1926, we can see how much the picture has changed. Hughes and his associates published a single issue of **Fire** which was panned by the Negro Press in New York, ignored by the white critics, couldn't get distribution and died aborning. Today we are witnessing a national network of black poetry publications signifying the vitality, creativity and profound changes in the black communities of the United States.

CRY CITY

Walls that see-that hear-that free
Walls that enclose-that grow-that fall
Walls that sing-that destroy-that diminish
That defile and are defiled
Walls that climb to the sky and are supported by
Steel, glass and concrete
Walls that crumble under the crushing blows of a
Construction gang's blockbuster
Walls that symbolize all that is beautiful-
Walls that muffle a baby's cry
Walls that crowd people into a single room
Walls that house only a single soul
Signifying solitude
Walls that watch the period of humanity and
Inhumanity-from birth to death
Walls that revel and laugh
Walls that know only sadness and despair
Walls so pregnant that they spawn cities
Walls so sterile they reflect the morality
Of a lost generation
Walls that children scribble
Their children's games on
Walls that are bulletin boards for the "Dukes,"
The "Dragons"-the 'bopping clubs'
Walls that reflect the lights of the city
Walls that are dressed in their Sunday best-
Posters, billboards and tar paper
Walls that are nature's collage
Walls that trap the criminal
Walls that free the artist
Walls that echo the cacophony of every sound
In existence
Walls that are impervious to the onslaught
Of time and ecological tide
Walls that have the history of a city's minorities
Written across its textured surface
Walls that cry-
Walls that cry "City".

Alvin C. Hollingsworth 1965

"Lonely Boys" Front view of focus 4 sided painting by A. C. Hollingsworth ▶


JONAH

a statement

by Ed Wilson

I have felt the so-called "psychic split," specifically from 1949-60, most of which time was spent in the South in Mississippi, Georgia and North Carolina. During this period I was regarded as being subversive, radical or rebellious because I questioned and challenged blacks and whites about the oppressive and restrictive nature of a segregated system. Since 1960, I have not experienced this pull to any great extent. I think the reason for this lies in the fact that **I participated** in making social change in the South. Direct experience in helping to make change in one's socio-political environment provided a deep insight into the intricacies of a system that methodically calculated my dehumanization.

I found that this "psychic split" could destroy me humanistically in that my sole purpose as a person and teacher (1951-1960) was moving toward wanting to destroy the system that had brought about all that inhumanity. This meant that those black and white people who regarded others as expendable, inferior, insensitive, unintelligent, radical or rebellious had to go. I was to learn, however, that as a person, to become involved in the "cause" in the south almost led to my being consumed as an artist. It was at this point that the writers Ellison and Baldwin were instrumental in pulling me up from the depths by the power of their work. I began to understand (contrary to what I really wanted to believe) why the creative Negro left the South. The urban northern jungle provided the necessary mixture of ambush and camouflage for the Negro artist to "sense" what freedom might be. I was also to learn, rather painfully, what freedom might be and that freedom is a state of mind. When this was understood one would be able to pay whatever dues one had to in order to preserve it.

★

I cannot see any **special** relationship that the Negro artist has now to American society except if he were able to develop what Ellison refers to as "memory." To me Jacob Lawrence has this in his work. Jazz and all of its antecedents have "memory." I feel that most art by Negroes

before 1965 has been too documentary and programmatic.

★ ★ ★

I don't think that the Negro artist has to commit his work to the fight for equality per se — I would prefer if he would commit himself to seeking humanistic values and all those universal human values in world art — great world art — to begin to seek the universal in the specific experience — jazz does this perfectly; the specific Negro experience transcended into universally understood terms — as does Picasso's "Quernica" and as does African traditional sculpture.

★ ★ ★

Any enlightened artist in a reasonably enlightened society can be both a success and a threat. Witness the fear of the Hitler regime with respect to the German Expressionists. On the other hand, the idea of there being successful artists could connote the presence of a healthy society or it could simply mean that there are many people able to support art without any real knowledge of art. Success often leads to self-indulgence and when this becomes a cultural pattern then you have a cultural vacuum.

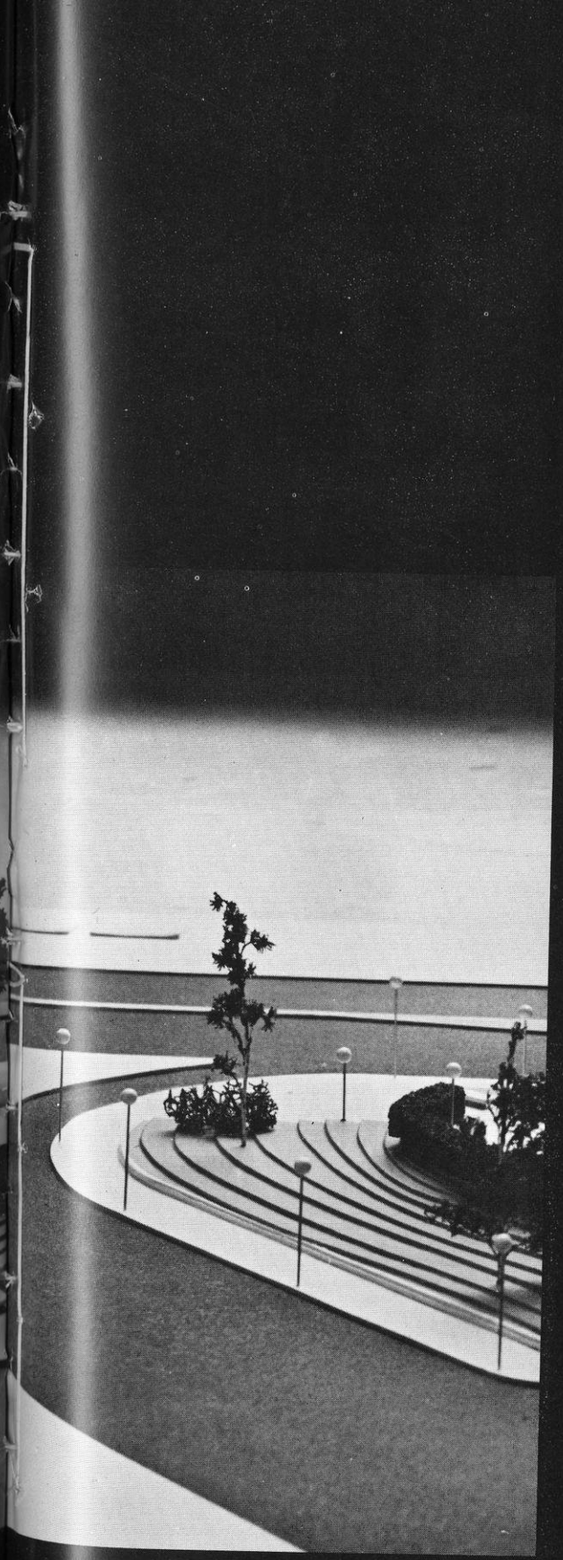
The American Negro, whether he is an artist or not, has to get over his self consciousness of being black. He has to forget the put-down of the "Tarzan" pictures and see the real potential of African and other black people. Also one's self-image has to be expanded before one can accommodate an outside image intelligently. I feel that the education of the American artist, whether he is black or white, should include exposure to African art, American jazz and the psycho-social dynamics of the American scene. There is a strange vitality fermenting under this racial tension in America and I want to see it erupt.

★ ★ ★

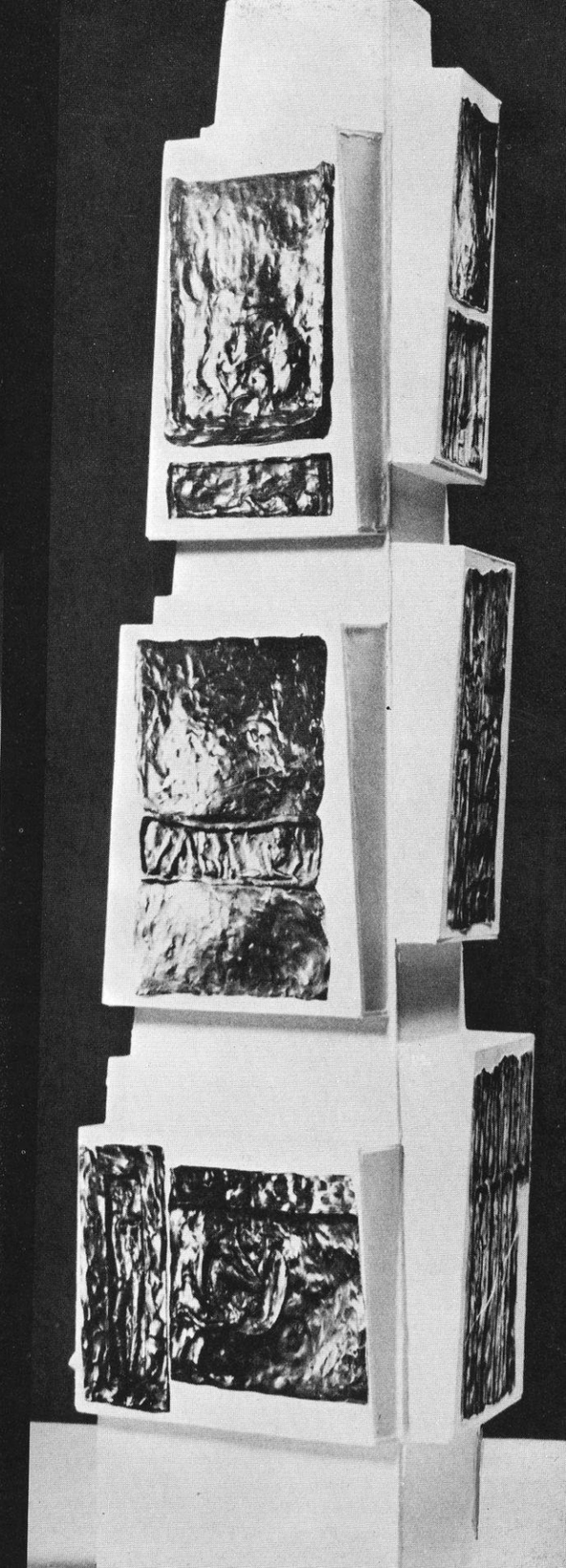
There is an awakening taking place of the emptiness of middle class values; a growing rejection of the consumer-spectator role encouraged by the fat institutions symbolic of middle class success. This rejection of middle class values is being enacted by younger whites and more militant young Negroes. It is quite probably that a common course of action might spring from rejection symbolizing a switch from a

"Figure Study" 1967 by Ed Wilson ▶

▲ Model for Park Showing JFK Monument



Model for JFK Monument by Ed Wilson ▶



"thing-status" oriented value system to a humanistically oriented system.

★ ★ ★

I feel that the Negro artist could possibly have become unique in American society had he evolved like the Negro jazz musician. I don't feel that American "Negro Art" represents a unique esthetic content or posture. It relates more perhaps to group consciousness and in too many instances, in ways that are programmatic, documentary, and unimaginative. In socalled Negro literature, the "psychic split" is profoundly developed through the work of Wright, Baldwin and Ellison, but I fail to see a comparable treatment in the visual arts. I also failed to see very much in "Negro Art" before 1965 to compare with the content, color, energy and texture of the blues and jazz. Again here is where Jacob Lawrence is the exception. His work has consistently carried the content of urban Negro life, and formalistically he has developed his sense of design and energy parallel with changes in jazz. He has searched for and found the idea of "memory" in the urban Negro experience.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps it might be possible for the Negro artist of the future to make a profound contribution to American art if he is able to bring humanistic values back into American urban life. The health of this nation, in many respects, is tied up with the meaningful survival of the urban masses. Maybe through the "memory" of his not-so-human existence he might be in a better position to understand the bleak future of the anti-human pattern and inject a bit of humanism (soul). After all, isn't this what "Bird" Miles, Ray Charles, Malcolm X, Wright, Ellison, Baldwin and others are about?

◀

A design by Ed Wilson, Professor of Art, Harpur College, SUNY at Binghamton, for a traffic island and sculpture under N. Y., Project 2, R-115, Urban Renewal Agency, City of Binghamton, New York, constructed April, 1967.

A triangular traffic island area was recommended by traffic engineering consultants studying traffic flow problems for the City of Binghamton. Mr. Wilson was commissioned by Mr. David Bernstein, President of the Sun-Bulletin Fund, Inc. to design the traffic island area into a proposed focal center with a memorial sculpture to John F. Kennedy. Citizens in the triple-cities area had voluntarily contributed to the Sun-Bulletin Fund for a memorial after the assassination of the late President Kennedy in 1963.

This project represents the contributions and cooperation between a daily newspaper and its philanthropic foundation, a city government, an engineering firm, and artist working to achieve an aesthetically pleasing environment and a thought provoking memorial within a normal urban renewal expenditure.

The area involved is approximately 300 x 300 x 380 feet including one-way turn streets, paving, seating, and planted land masses. The materials are granite for paving, walls, and seating, with round globe mercury vapor lamps on bronze cylinders.

The monument is of granite and is 10 feet tall. It is basically a trylon with three partial cubes projecting from each side. The "Seven Seals of Silence," in bronze by Mr. Wilson and placed on the vertical surfaces of seven cubes with a quote and biographical data on John F. Kennedy utilizes the remaining two cube surfaces. The lettering of these two bronze reliefs and a 'credits' plaque were designed and executed by Mr. Wilson. The subject matter of the Seven Seals of Silence treats various kinds of human inaction or unconstructive human action. The walks and seating are so designed as to give the viewer a constantly changing elevation as he moves about the island and looks at the sculpture.

ction Without Direction" Part II of 'Birmingham Genesis' a three part sculpture by Ed Wilson ▼

debra Carter
J. Golden
ANN Mari
Karen Mille
Irene Patterso
howell
Judy C. Gentr
Washington
LinNell G. E. We
Ramona Karen
M. Simpson
St. Josette
Mary O. Carli
Tommie B.
Sheila Deborah
Connie EMM
artze
Francisca
denise Patton

art education in the negro colleges

THE CLOGGED CHANNEL: THE DILEMMA OF THE PREDOMINANTLY-NEGRO COLLEGE ART PROGRAMS*

by Mary J. Rouse

In view of the considerable numbers of Negro-Americans who have distinguished themselves in music, dance, writing, and the theatre, it has been somewhat difficult to understand why so relatively few have succeeded professionally in the visual arts. A recent survey by Negro colleges managed to discover only a small number of outstanding Negro painters, sculptors, and graphic artists, and to identify only a handful of Negroes teaching in predominantly-white college and university art departments. The largest single group of Negro visual artists were found to be on the faculty of the predominantly-Negro college art programs. But even their number is surprisingly small.

Undoubtedly, some of the explanation for this phenomenon can be found by taking a close look at the educational resources of the hundred or so predominantly-Negro colleges which constitute the largest single channel of opportunity for Negro talent in the nation. A recent study by J. S. Coleman,

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Equality of Educational Opportunity, shows that of the 207,316 Negroes attending college anywhere in 1965, at least 60% were enrolled in these predominantly-Negro institutions.

In making this study we were able to contact a large proportion of these institutions and to obtain detailed information from almost all of those now offering art programs. In order to develop a comparison group we also attempted to obtain similar information from a sample of predominantly-white college and university art programs that appeared to be successful in the production of visual artists.

In all we contacted 80 four-year and 21 two-year predominantly-Negro institutions; and 36 of the mainly white group. We had an 87% response from the four-year Negro institutions (76% from the two-year schools), and 72% from the predominantly-white college programs. Other information was obtained from the catalogues of the various institutions as well as from standard reference sources.

What We Learned About the Art Faculty of the Predominantly-Negro College

Initially, it should be borne in mind that the art faculty needs to be viewed in two roles: first, as the chief artistic mentors and educators of the largest group of future young artists in the country, and, second, as a large and important group of practicing artists.

Our first conclusion about this group is that they are underranked and underpaid. This applies whether one compares them with other faculty members in their own colleges or with art faculty from predominantly white colleges. For example, while the latter sample showed a make-up of 28% professors and 27% associate professors, the predominantly-Negro college art faculty sample consisted of only 3% professors and 18% associate professors. And while 15% of the predominantly-white college art faculty sample were instructors, the figure from the Negro-college faculty was 40%. Similarly, figures obtained from their own administrations showed that the predominantly-Negro colleges' total faculties consisted of 20% full professors as compared with the art faculties' figure of 3%, and 29% instructors as compared with the art faculties figure of 40%.

With respect to salaries, our returns revealed that approximately 57% of the art faculty from these colleges were making less than $7000 annually. This is spectacularly different from our predominantly-white college art faculty sample whose reported salaries showed that only 7½% were in the "under $7000" range. In the upper ranges, only 17% of the Negro college art faculty reported earning over $9000 per year, as compared with 60% of the other sample.

Another finding was that many more members of the art faculties of the predominantly Negro colleges are female than is the case in other colleges. Our sample showed that 63% of this faculty group are women as against only 16% of the non-Negro college sample.

The majority of this faculty group are Negroes, as might be expected, but about 30% are not. As far as could be determined, most of the mixed faculties are located in the larger metropolitan areas rather than in the smaller, more isolated communities, and many of the mixed faculties include individuals with foreign degrees or certificates. Some of the institutions have traditionally had mixed faculty (Hampton Institute, Xavier University, and Spelman College are examples) but for others this has been only a recent development. And for some, of course, integrated faculties are still an impossibility.

The faculty of the predominantly-Negro colleges come mainly from the southeastern and middlewestern portion of the United States. The art faculty sample for the non-Negro colleges come mainly from the northeastern and middlewestern sections.

The Negro college art faculty, as was the case with the non-Negro group also, first identified an interest in art during the age period of 6 to 11. They attended large high schools rather than smaller ones, and public schools rather than private. In each of these respects they were no different from our other sample, and both groups considered that their high school art teachers had had a major role in the shaping of their future careers.

Over 50% of the predominantly-Negro college art faculty received their undergraduate education from the same or

other predominantly-Negro institutions. In view of the fact (as will be discussed later) that the majority of these programs offer art education majors rather than studio majors, it follows that most of these individuals pursued art education programs.

This faculty group does not differ much from the other in numbers holding master's degrees, but does differ considerably in the kind of master's degree held, for many more of the non-Negro college art faculty hold Master of Fine Arts degrees. Similarly only 4% of the predominantly-Negro college art faculty hold doctorates, a substantially lower figure than that of 16% reported by the other group. Only 28%of this group reported spending more than 25 months in graduate study as against 58% of the other.

While the majority of predominantly-Negro college art faculty had attended similar institutions at the undergraduate level, their choice of graduate institutions was not so restricted. They received graduate degrees from 33 different institutions with Teacher' Colleges cited most often. (Parenthetically, it should be stated only one of the predominantly-Negro institutions, Howard University, currently awards graduate degrees in art or art education.) These faculty members evidence a major interest in graduate degrees in art education or painting, and very rarely in art history.

Somewhat surprisingly, these faculty members usually teach fairly small classes whether these are classified as lecture or studio. 75% of their studio classes, for example, are composed of less than 15 students. They also teach fewer kinds of lecture classes and a rather limited variety of studio courses.

They differ from the comparison group, also, in the amount of outside creative work produced during the last two years or at least in the amount of outside creative production for which they were paid. 11% of this group report receiving $1000 or over for such work during this period, while for the non-Negro college group, the figure was 34%. Many more of the predominantly-Negro college group report receiving no income from this source. They also published fewer articles and books than members of the other group. Only 16% published one or more papers during the two year period as against 36% of the other faculty.

What We Learned About the Students

There appears to be a majority of female art majors at these institutions, (judging from the response to our questionnaires). If so, this conforms with what is generally known about the make-up of the student population of these colleges. Very few of their art majors are non-Negro.

The largest portion of the students came originally from either the southeast or the middle-south. 61% of their fathers hold jobs classified as "less than skilled." Although we did not inquire into family income, the recent McGrath study, which dealt with the more general aspects of the Negro colleges, reported that in 1964 some 42% of the students' parents earned less than $4,000 and 68% earned less than $6,000. The job descriptions of the parents in our study indicates that these figures probably apply for this group as well.

The Negro group of students, like their instructors, tend to come from larger, rather than smaller high schools and also give a great deal of credit to their high school art teachers and their high school art programs for interesting them in an art career. In fact, the high school seemed to be more influential with this group of students than was the case with the non-Negro college students. It seems likely that the predominantly-Negro college art student has his first and strongest encounters with art within the school setting rather than elsewhere, including his home. This points to the critical importance of good secondary school art programs for this group of young people.

With respect to career choice, a surprisingly low percentage of these students indicate that they hope to become either an elementary or secondary art teacher and a surprisingly high percent expect to become commercial artists, painters, or sculptors. It would appear that these responses represent a somewhat unrealistic assessment of possibilities, since, as will be shown, most of the programs in these colleges offer art education majors rather than studio majors. Of the latter, few appear to offer sufficient depth of instruction

to equip students adequately for professional careers.

In this connection it is pertinent to note the assessment given of these students, by their instructors. Asked to rate their students in terms of artistic ability, they categorized most of them (78%) as only "average" or "below average" in ability. This contrasts with the ratings given by the faculty in the predominantly white institutions who placed the majority of their students (some 63%) in the categories of "above average" or "high."

We also asked these students how many hours of outside preparation for art classes they schedule each week. 62% of the predominantly-Negro college art students responded that they work less than 15 hours. The comparison group, however, reported that they work more than 20 hours outside of class in preparation. Whatever the reason — undemanding programs or lower degree of motivation on the part of the students — the demonstrated commitment of the first group does not seem adequate for serious artistic production. In spite of this, however, the majority of these students who intend to go on to graduate school (and many do) reported that they expect to be adequately prepared to compete on an equal basis with students from other institutions.

What We Learned About the Programs

Responses to our questionnaires revealed that 35 predominantly-Negro colleges offer majors in either art or art education. Almost all of the remaining institutions surveyed offer some kind of art courses, as a service to other major areas of study, such as, for example, elementary education. Of these that do not offer a major in art or art education a few manage to offer a minor — usually of 18 semester hours.

Of the 35 institutions having such majors, the majority are in art education only. We identified 11 institutions that also offer studio majors. The mean semester hour requirement for art courses in the programs offering art education majors is 41.1 hours. For the studio major programs, the mean semester hour requirement in art is 65.2 hours. Most programs require at least 6 semester hours of art history and several require substantially more. The curriculum of those offering studio majors are somewhat limited, usually consisting only of painting, commercial art, and sometimes the graphic arts.

The curriculums of the art education major tend to provide the student with a wide variety of experiences in areas such as drawing, painting, the crafts, ceramics, and design. Sculpture, graphics, weaving, and jewelry are less frequently offered. Few opportunities appear to exist for students to explore any area in depth. When they do exist, however, they are usually in drawing or painting only. Courses such as marionette-making and puppetry turn up a surprising number of times in these curriculums, perhaps to the detriment of other possibilities for the student.

The major programs graduated an average of 4 students each during the year in question (1965). The proportion was heavily weighted in favor of art education, since 17 individuals received degrees in other art areas.

Figures for library collections of art books in the Negro institutions average around 1200 per program, although the different colleges vary from a low of 15 books to a high of 10,487. For the 17 non-Negro colleges from which we obtained estimates of book holdings, the average is approximately 28,000 per institution, with a range of 3,000 to 90,000. Clearly, the predominantly-Negro colleges are greatly lacking in this most important resource. Since their average budget for the purchase of new art books is only in the neighborhood of $500 per year, no substantial improvement in this situation seems possible.

Slide collections are equally sparse. Our figures show that these programs own an average of 823 2" x 2" black and white slides and 1537 2" x 2" color slides. As was the case with books, their budgets for the addition of new slides is so meagre (an average of $376) that it seems unlikely that much improvement can be made for some years. The predominantly-white colleges responding to our questionnaire report an average of 13,333 black and white slides and 16,437 color slides. Their budgets for the purchase of new slides average $3316 per year, with the lowest reported figure being $900.

A majority of the predominantly-Negro college programs own collections of reproductions and prints, but there are a few that have none at all. Several are reported to have been assembled only because the faculty bought them personally. Of the Negro colleges reporting such collections, our figures show an average of 1158 units. In contrast, the program of our comparison group average 17,797 units. The predominantly–Negro colleges report that they can rarely spend over $50 a year to add to their collections, while the comparison group reports an annual mean expenditure of over $1000.

Very few of these programs have either galleries or museums as such. They have an average display space of 1,458 square feet. Full-time directors or curators are almost non-existent; most often teaching faculty also serve in this capacity. Their collections largely consist of contemporary drawings, paintings, sculpture, decorative arts and prints. With the exception of some rather notable collections of African art and artifacts, few have much to offer of a historical nature. At least two of the most extensive African art collections suffer from a lack of display space and are in buildings subject to almost instant destruction in case of fire. A constant problem is the uninsurability of collections due to unsafe physical conditions, such as dampness, or the possibility of fire or theft.

In asking the departments to rate their studio facilities, we set up categories for almost every type of art activity and included under each category all of the items thought necessary for efficient operation. Only one item, "industrial design: laboratory space" was rated as even average in quality by the Negro college programs. Every other category and item within each category (including painting, sculpture, industrial design, commercial art, graphic arts, ceramics, jewelry, textile design, and art education) were rated as below average or totally inadequate.

The students were asked to rate the quality of their art programs as they saw them. Some 39% of the predominantly-Negro college art students rate theirs as mediocre or poor, while only 2% of the other group of students hold their programs in such low esteem. On the other end of the continuum, only 16% of the Negro college students rate their programs as of the highest quality while 59% of the comparison group do. The students believe that their studio courses are higher in quality than either art history or art education courses. Of the various studio courses offered, they prefer painting, drawing, ceramics and sculpture most, and printmaking and weaving least.

What We Learned About the Administrative Support For Art.

From the 51 presidents of the predominantly-Negro colleges who responded to our questionnaire, we learned that 35% consider art "highly important" on their campuses, 19% think it "as important as other areas," 39% regard it as "primarily a service to other areas," and approximately 5% think it "not very important." Slightly over half report that they are thinking of strengthening their art programs but have not yet formalized plans, while 42% write that they have already made rather definite plans for this purpose.

It is interesting to compare their responses with those of their own faculty who in their part of the survey report that 29% of their administrators probably regard their art programs only as of peripheral importance while only 16% could be considered to be really supportive.

One faculty respondent wrote, "The program as it appears today is a hodgepodge of whatever the administrator could or pretended to understand . . . I wonder why administrators employ persons to do a job and then dare them to do it?"

One must keep in mind, of course, that these presidents constantly face the difficult task of attempting to do the most they can with limited funds, facilities, and personnel. The question of whether or not funds should be spent in any substantial amount on the development of an art program probably haunts most of these administrators. They quite likely find it easy to rationalize less support for the art programs in order to bolster areas which not only have more prestige but afford clearer economic opportunities for students.

Some Implications

We believe that the information gained from our survey helps to explain who so relatively few Negroes are becoming professional artists. Clearly the programs have multiple limitations. The Negro youngsters who arrive at these colleges with an already sub-standard cultural and educational background are severely handicapped in their efforts to acquire the skills, knowledge, and understandings so necessary for later successful professional performance in the visual arts. If anything, these youngsters ought to be able to obtain an added degree of enrichment at these institutions in order to make up for their years of inadequate background and preparation.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO AS COLLEGE ART STUDENT

by Douglas Reynolds

At this juncture in history are Negro college art students substantially different from white art students in their cultural needs and in their motivation to expression?

Having taught art in predominantly white art schools and college and university art departments in the northeast, midwest and south for over twenty years, I found comparisons inevitable when I began to teach in the art department of Hampton Institute, the well-known southern Negro college, which this year is celebrating its centennial. I thought it might be interesting and useful to set down my impressions of some apparent differences.

It is important to note that my remarks represent personal views and not facts collected for scientific study and goals. I feel sure that other white teachers at predominantly Negro colleges would give somewhat different interpretations of their experiences. The seven Negro and white teachers on the Hampton Institute art staff have mixed reactions to the following impressions; some agree and some disagree.

This, then, is an interim tentative report, purporting not to offer educational panaceas but rather only modest insights regarding the apparent effects of oppression and deprivation on a minority creative group.

The American Negro is more American than Negro or African. He feels less identification than any other immigrant group with a "mother country" abroad. One reason for this is that he has been in America far longer than most other immigrant groups (many Negroes could amply qualify for membership in the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution). Certainly their entry into the United States long predates the peak of immigration in the early years of this century. The white immigrants by and large cherished their traditions, proudly bringing the arts and customs of their past cultures into the new environment to add enrichment to American national life. The same would undoubtedly have been true of African Americans if the circumstances of their arrival here had not been totally disruptive of all human values.

Western denigration not only of Negroes in this country but of black Africans as well provides another reason for the failure of many Negro art students to identify with their African origin. In addition, the association of African visual art prototypes with their native religious beliefs and magic mitigated against their use in a society where Negroes soon became converted, involuntarily, to Christianity. African musical forms could more readily be remolded into "spirituals" and thus were allowed to pass the "color line" into the white culture. (When the Negro was imported from Africa, tunes could be carried in his memory, sculpture and other visual arts had to be kept behind.)

When Stokely Carmichael came to the Hampton Institute campus for an electrifying session in which he delivered a speech dedicated to the expansion of the black ego and a corresponding deflation of the "honkie" image, he accused arts departments of playing down the value of the Negro's art contribution and of devoting exclusive coverage to the white tradition in art. The fact is that it is usually the Negro student, not the white teacher, who is reluctant to be "sold" on Negro or African art. His attitude can perhaps be summarized as follows: "You have disinherited and disenfranchised me as an American; don't patronize me with this foreign primitive substitute of being an African." No doubt he feels that behind the eulogies of art critics and historians on

the beauty of design in early African art there is the implied suggestion that such art is merely charming and curious and refreshing; like the art of a child. The average black American college student wants no association with anything in his past that was unsophisticated or that smacks of the so-called uncivilized. It is as easy to understand his rejection of this distant cultural heritage as it is to understand why Negro historians have dealt reluctantly with the period of Negro slavery in this country. As stated above, he has generally accepted American (synonymous with white) judgments. Even though he is painfully aware that white America's evaluation of him is cruel and unjust, subconsciously or secretaly he tends to believe it because he is, paradoxically, an American. The Negro college student who is willing to accept and become proud of his African art heritage is, in my limited experience, very rare.

In addition to the obvious problems associated with being a Negro in a white society, the art student has the additional emotional burden of his artistic sensitivity. The complex styles of contemporary art with their irrationality, changeability, and inconsistency are not conducive to clarifying the paths to self-understanding and identity necessary for artistic self-expression by the Negro, who already has an inordinate problem of self-identity. Understandably, it takes the black art student a long time to feel his way to a satisfying mode of expression. He is likely to try a number of styles, minimal, Op, realism, abstraction, and other accepted idioms, before he is able to find a way to say what he wants to say. The sudden freedom of experimentation and diversity can be confusing to him.

One might expect that hostility would pour from his aggrieved spirit into his art but the wounds he has suffered from white America seldom evoke such expression. The currently popular minimal abstract forms allow him to escape from the fears and injustices of reality, and consequently, the anguish and hostility which might find an outlet in his work remain bottled up. Seldom does he invent personal subject matter, or semi-abstract symbolism which might represent black suppression and misery. When the proper environment is created, the student will sometimes respond, with coaxing. However, when the Negro art student is encouraged to deal with social subject matter in his art, it tends to make him forget about the plastic and aesthetic considerations of expression. When emotions concerning social injustice are brought out into the open, he often becomes artistically inarticulate and inhibited in his capacity to work.

If the black art student does not bring his most intense suffering into his art expression, he also avoids humor in his works. He seems to strive for a noncommittal technique, whereby he can set down decorative hard-edged abstractions that will hide his true feelings and his innermost convictions. It is as if he has been wounded and hurt too often to expose his bruised personality to the possibility of ridicule, rejection, or unsympathetic reaction on yet another front. If art, to him, is not a catharsis of the emotions, it can be structured by him into an impersonal wall to use as a shield when his environment seems to close in upon him. The Negro student is only one of many in this age who have discovered that art can function as an escape mechanism.

It should be remembered that the Negro art student does not react exclusively as a Negro or as an artist to the circumstances of life. He is also undergoing the ordeal of growing up, and moreover growing up in a war-torn, decadent society amidst a revolutionary world situation, where the problems are not solely reserved for people with dark skin. The Negro art student looks out of his segregated school, in his non-integrated city, and tries to unscramble the puzzle of who **he** is, where **he** is going, and why he has two strikes against him before he even gets started. But it is difficult to determine whether or not the faults he finds with established academic procedures closely parallel those generally felt by today's rebellious student generation. Negro academic revolts seem to be no more frequent than those in predominantly white institutions of higher learning, and in fact are somewhat more restrained in tenor. Certainly the hippie drug protest movement does not appear to be the problem on Negro college campuses that it is on white ones. But there are sufficient sparks to cause a conflagration at any time. Violence by Negroes does not amaze

me as much as their patience, forebearance, and apparent ability to forgive.

Although there are signs that black art students today have become aware of the sudden new interest being taken in them, and occasionally joke about it, it is tragic to see how many talented young men lose heart and presumably decide there are too many counts against them, in school and in life, and drop out. Some deliberately try to flunk in spite of the encouragement of teachers, parents, and their friends. I have had students drop out of class from time to time in order to work at a job long enough to be able to pay their way back into class again. The college tries to help the needy students in every way possible but there simply is not enough money to go around. Often the apparent psychological problem turns out to be a financial one. Many would not be in college at all if it were not for almost incredible sacrifices and support from their parents.

By and large, the Negro students I meet are not prejudiced against whites. They do not seem to hold every white person responsible for the sins of his race against them but judge people on their individual merits. A few Black Muslim students make a conscientious effort to hate "whitey" but one can see that it is quite difficult for some of them to maintain this attitude. If I might risk a racial generalization, hate doesn't seem to come as naturally to the black man as to the white.

In their reactions to teaching personalities and methods, Negro art students like all other students tend to prefer calm, patient, compassionate, warm-hearted teachers. Negro students particularly like to have the teacher take a close personal interest in their lives as well as in their artistic development. Impersonality chills them, objectivity leaves them cold. At the same time, they disdain teachers who are excessively lenient and tolerant. The Negro student hates authoritarianism, binding restraints and rules, but at the same time he needs and seeks security. He needs to know what is coming next in a lecture or assignment. Students will say that they do not want the teacher to lecture them with the same information that is found in the assigned reading, but in fact they do not want the lecture to contradict or stray very far from the security of textual sources. Being unsure in verbal communication, because of past educational deficiencies, they do not seem to really admire great originality or extreme creativity in either art or art teaching methods. One senses that they are not ready to be too venturesome and daring, for few have yet reached the point of individual initiative in scholarship. The Negro student seems to be saying: "You set up the rules and I'm trying to follow them — just don't change them." It is insecurity, not dishonesty, that will cause students to copy long passages from sources and forget to include quotation marks and footnotes.

An unexpected insight into the students' sensitivity stemmed from the request of a teacher to his painting class not to use black pigment. The teacher was trying to have the students learn how various mixtures of colors could function as more colorful darks. In previous works the students had used black as a "crutch" to outline areas of color that had no tonal distinction and as a device for tying together pictorial patterns that had little or no relationship to each other. It had not occurred to the white teacher that his counterdevice would be interpreted as a symbol of racial discrimination against black. The ban against black pigment, which was made for aesthetic and technical considerations, had to be rescinded in deference to the feelings of the students. One notices other ways in which the long period of racial discrimination has tended to result in minor sensitivities. Negro art students do not like to be told to use smaller canvases, or smaller brushes, or color range. Restrictions, limitations, inhibitions, reduction are anathema to the Negro art student. I have noticed that, for probably obvious psychological reasons, the Negro art student seems to relish an assignment in which there is a strong destructive element. He likes to tear down one structure (like a box) in order to build another shape and form.

The Negro art student tends to be down-to-earth, practical, and very logical. He is not easily led into esoteric or fanciful theories or abstract idealism. Artistically he will take nothing on faith. He tends to be conservative in his thinking, no matter how impulsive his artistic

approach may be. In short, he does not wish to run many risks or meet with failures.

The art-minded Negro college student tends to disdain the trade school industrial arts subjects which would prepare him for a job requiring the use of his hands, yet he has not reached the point of economic security where he can afford a solely liberal education in which job-directedness can be ignored. These circumstances militate against the development of a strong fine arts major. In this respect, the Negro college suffers in microcosm much the same weaknesses characterizing higher education on today's large industry-oriented campuses while sharing few of the traditional strengths still to be found in the small Ivy League-type "white" institutions.

In a predominantly white art department a sharp division is usually discernible between the art majors and the general academic students who are taking the art appreciation and elementary art education courses, but this is not true among Negro college students. One finds that the average art major is no more curious and informed about art history or the use and care of art materials than the non-major. His special talents and motivations as an artist offer insufficient leverage to enable him to surmount the difficulties he shares with the non-majors — inadequate earlier education, cultural deprivation, psychological wounds, and the many socio-economic problems.
As to the aesthetic awareness and response of the Negro art student, it often seems that having been "culturally deprived" so far as white aesthetic values are concerned, he now seems to be undergoing cultural indigestion. For example, many concerts, dance recitals, art exhibits, and other cultural events are made available to the student on campus and though we find that "big name" artists will attract large crowds, frequently many of the students will slip away at intermission. (Could it be that lily-white classical aesthetic values do in truth fail to strike significant response in the Negro?) It should be noted that a recent showing on campus of a superb group of Japanese art films were received with little appreciation and no few catcalls — the Negro student, in common with students at Harvard and Yale, tends to go to extremes of response and audience participation, showing open approval or contempt.

I have the impression that the Negro art student is not as committed to total arts involvement as are his white contemporaries. He is more likely to be content in following one art to the exclusion of others. Being interested in the rhythms of the visual line does not necessarily make him curious about the rhythms of the dance. The ballet is the one art most likely to leave him unmoved. In view of the proficiency of the Negro in other types of dance forms, spontaneous and improvised as well as stylized, perhaps this response is quite understandable.

Subtlety of color or form does not make a great impression on the Negro art student, nor is he much interested in the techniques of visual perspective, even if he needs them to express himself in a presentational style. His forced disorientation in society shows in his lack of spatial security. As a general rule, he employs line and flat pattern easily and persistently, and he has a pronounced decorative sense that makes his designs strong, his colors forceful, and his lines and edges very hard. He does not concern himself very much with texture in painting or in sculpture, nor with pictorial compositional arrangement, except in flat pattern design. He is apparently not greatly interested in adjusting forms to a logical spatial environment. In technique, he tends too often to be attracted to manneristic, ready-made patterns that seem to offer the maximum of acceptability with a minimum of creative effort. There is a preponderance of spirals, squares, circles, and simple geometric figures which he uses over and over, not because of expressive needs, but, as he will admit, because they are "easy." Kenneth Noland's vivid striped horizontals are imitated, and we find design variations of Reinhardt's, Rothko's, and Newman's simplistic canvases. There is a decided preference for Op art over Pop. While Albers, Vassirelli, and Poons are accepted, the works of Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenberg, and Marisol strike few responsive chords.

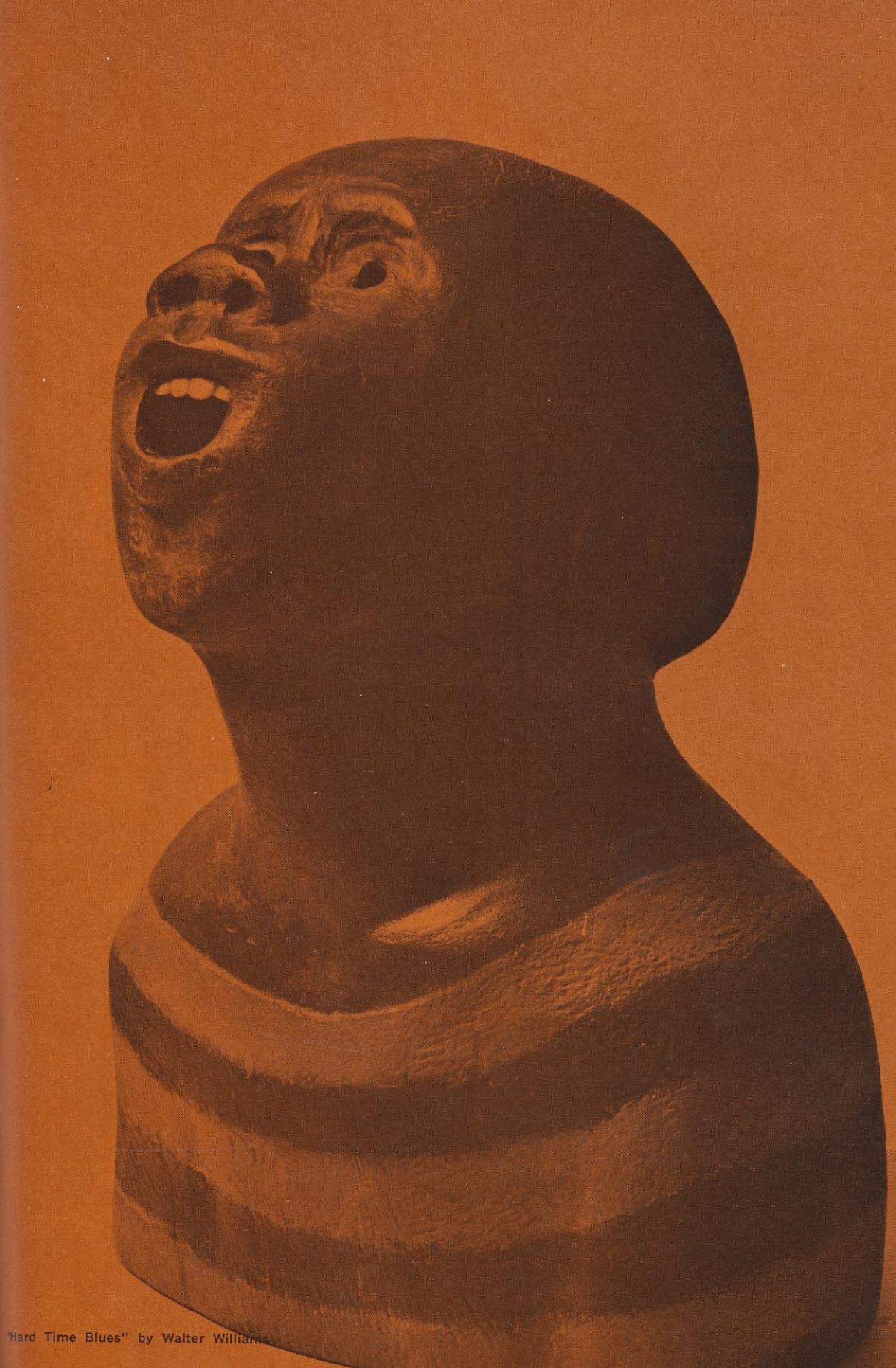
Minimal, kinetic, and primary structural motifs are also emulated to some extent.

The Negro art student appears to be more concerned now with assimilation than with trail-blazing, but his increasing confidence and sense of identity have led him to use more forceful colors and patterns in his art. His work seems more extroverted now than did creations by Negroes several years ago, but it is still important to invite to the campus as visiting lecturers such famous and successful Negro artists as Richard Hunt, Charles White, and Romare Bearden in order to give today's students a boost in self-confidence and self-identification.

The most important conclusion which emerges from these observations is that Negro students would have a much greater change to realize their potential if they could achieve a sense of pride and self-confidence both in themselves and in their traditions; if they could believe in future rewards for their efforts; if they could be in an environment of more challenging educational standards; and if their communicative skills and study habits could be improved by special educational resources in order to compensate for inferior early education. Because of social conditions which unfortunately are still prevailing, the attainment of these prerequisites is highly problematical, and it is the terrible reality of this fact which is chiefly responsible for the differences between the Negro and white art students whom I have taught. Nothing short of the total concern and support of the white community is needed to restore them to whole life.

To end on a hopeful note, incoming Negro students are showing better preparation and better motivation. Soon we should see many talented Negro art students entering the world of visual arts with the opportunity to be recognized as have been such great musical artists as Marian Anderson, Leontyne Price, McHenry Boatwright, Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, and the hundreds of other outstanding Negroes in other arts.

The Negro art student of today seems to expect very little from the white community. He would be grateful if at the very least we did not block his path. In the words Negro Congressman John Conyers: "All we want is for America to be what it says it is."



"Hard Time Blues" by Walter Williams

WHEN THAT
FREEDOM
TRAIN COMES
ALONG

art and society in africa and america

The educational program of the Washington Museum of African Art and the Frederick Douglass Institute of Negro Arts and History

by Warren M. Robbins

It has long been fashionable in certain intellectual circles to insist upon a strict separation of art from sociology or politics. Any attempt to relate art to social questions or to enlist it in the service of political understanding tends to be regarded with the utmost suspicion. The turgidity of Soviet "socialist realism" or the banal productions of some of our own social realists of the 30's are immediately brought to attention as examples of what can happen if this taboo is broken. Art, we would be reminded, is something of itself — pure, enduring, sacrosanct, somehow or other independent of the culture and the clime that produced it. It is not to be contaminated by subordination to the special interests of some cause or reform, no matter how idealistic or how compelling they may be.

This view of art stems in large part from the fact that in the Western world art has traditionally been the domain of a privileged group for whom it had special meaning. Shrouded in a mystical language of interpretation, it has remained peripheral to the main interests of the populace at large — and will undoubtedly remain so for generations to come, the present day cultural explosion notwithstanding.

Such a role for art contrasts sharply with that which it has played throughout most of man's life on earth. In pre-industrial societies, "art" is central to the life of the people, an all-pervading expression of their beliefs and values, intimately bound up with their private lives as well as with their public responsibilities. As such, it is inseparable from society.

In tribal Africa, for example, what the Westerner calls "art" — the masks and figures and artifacts through which the traditional African has conducted the business of tribal life — are symbolic objects which, with very few exceptions, were made not as works of art in the Western sense but as implements of religious and

Deadrest. **Baluba,** Congo (Kinshasa). Museum of African Art, Hersey Collection.

social life. It is the Westerner who has superimposed upon these objects the concept "art" but their primary function was to convey religious values and customs, enhance political authority and help to maintain social control and order. The objects, frequently portraying ancestral figures and mythological characters — in conceptual rather than representational form — functioned as the principal cohesive forces in the society. They served not only as symbolic vehicles for communication between contemporaries but, by keeping alive ancestral spirit and authority, provided continuity from generation to generation.

Today, with some 40 newly-independent countries of Africa taking their place in the arena of the United Nations, and with more than 22 million American citizens of African extraction involved in a fundamental quest for equal rights and human dignity, the need for a proper understanding of the significance of African culture in the history of mankind is evident, and the dearth of valid information concerning the contributions to civilization of the African and Afro-American peoples is clear.

For 400 years, in the face of what could be called an "historical blackout" regarding the role and contribution of the Negro peoples in both Africa and the United States, prejudiced views concerning Africa on the one hand and the Negro in America on the other have fed upon one another. The supposed savagery of African culture has been held as confirmation for the inferiority of the Negro in America, while, conversely, the debilitating results of slave culture on the mores of Negroes in this country have been held as confirmation of the inferiority of African culture. Even today, despite remarkable achievements by innumerable individual Negroes, despite all the soul-searching by individual whites, and the far reaching social legislation being implemented by federal, state and local governments, the white man, in his attitude toward the Negro, has progressed little beyond prejudice — to some sort of interim stage in which "Christian" tolerance and democratic convictions have been patronizingly practiced.

And in the minds of the majority of the black people in America, ironically, as well as in white minds, the concepts of "savagery" and "slavery" continue to constitute the principal heritage of the Negro people. Little is known of the history and ancient cultures of Africa, and prior to the present decade, no real attempt has been made to measure the significance of its forms of human expression in the context of its own richly creative culture and to disseminate information which would be consistent with the factual knowledge languishing in what recorded history we do have. Nor has there been any real effort to bring to light and to articulate the very real contribution which innumerable but isolated Americans of African extraction have made to the growth of the American nation in every sphere of life.

To deal with this basic gap in the awareness of most Americans and to help refute the myths of the past, the Museum of African Art and its companion Frederick Douglass Institute of Negro Arts and History were established in 1963 and 1964 respectively.

Somewhat in defiance of the Western taboo against mixing art with sociological and political considerations, their express purpose is to use art as a tool for broader education — to help foster social understanding within the United States, and to provide a basis for "equality of communication" between the peoples of the West and of Africa.
The inter-disciplinary educational program of the Institute/Museum involves not only exhibits of art and historical materials at the Museum proper but eventually an extension program, now in its beginning stages, which will make lectures, traveling exhibits, photo panel shows and audio-visual materials available to interested organizations outside of Washington. The goal of the program is to project beyond the academic community — to popularize — scientific criteria and aesthetic insights with which the contribution of the Negro people to human culture in general and to the development of the American nation in particular can be more validly appraised.

Integrated in the program's inter-disciplinary approach are:

a. the anthropologist's concept of cultural relativity, lending legitimacy to the values and mores of the pre-industrial societies of Africa.

b. a reconstructed view of Africa which departs far from the pattern of western ethnocentricity established in the 17th century, to take cognizance of the tremendous strides in cultural evolution made by human beings of an earlier era in Africa; of the African empires of the Middle Ages and of Africa's contributions in non-materialistic terms to mankind. Giving Africa respectability in the cultural spectrum of man has special implications in America beyond merely informing the public, since it tends to release the sources of pride and positive self-identity among Negro-Americans — particularly children — that have been locked up with a negative view of their ancestral origins, a view in which unarticulated self-hatred finds nourishment.

c. the art historian's profound respect for the tribal sculpture of Africa which attests to its rich and ancient creative heritage. African tribal sculpture which, in the absence of written language, represents in plastic form the social customs, history, religion, literature, and law of the people, becomes an invaluable educational tool beyond the realm of aesthetics itself.

d. the modern artist's recognition of the impact that the arts of Africa have had upon the 20th century Western cultural revolution — in painting, in sculpture, music and dance.

e. a re-interpretation of the Negro's role in American history, and an illumination of his contributions to the development of the United States. Setting the historical record straight discloses innumerable Negro figures who, from the nation's very inception, and before, have contributed fundamentally to its material and political development, its democratic institutions, its industry, its science, arts and culture.

f. orientation in the semantics of interracial understanding, demonstrating how faulty language usage and distorted perception convey and perpetuate misconception.

g. scientifically valid biological concepts to obliterate false notions of racial inferiority or superiority.

Hundreds of school classes each year receive guided lecture tours of the exhibits of African art and Negro history.

The program is carried out by both the Frederick Douglass Institute and the Museum of African Art. The companion institutions are located in the first residence in Washington of Frederick Douglass, the brilliant 19th century abolitionist orator and publisher who rose from slavery to become an advisor and friend to Lincoln and a highly-placed government official in the administrations of five succeeding presidents. The building, located on Capitol Hill in the symbolic shadow of the Supreme Court, houses twelve public galleries, eight of which comprise the Museum, displaying more than 300 works of traditional African sculpture broadly representative of the principal art styles of the continent. In one gallery the dynamic impact which African creativity has had upon the development of modern Western art is demonstrated by juxtaposing tribal sculpture with examples of the work of Picasso, Klee, Modigliani, German Expressionist painters and others.

Exhibits on the Negro in America include a gallery of 19th century artists; a special children's gallery "Panorama of Negro History" and a re-creation of the study of Frederick Douglass with books, documents, furniture and memorabilia reflecting the life and times of the man regarded today as the "Father of the Civil Rights Movement."

The gallery of 19th century artists contains works by three important but relatively unknown artists: Edward Mitchell Bannister, a highly regarded New England landscape painter, who, as one of the founders of the Providence (Rhode Island) Art Club, was an early force in the development of American art; Henry O. Tanner, a student of Thomas Eakins at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, who resided for most of his life in Paris where his paintings on Biblical themes won for him the reputation as one of America's most important artists; Edmonia Lewis, who took refuge at the American Academy in Rome to execute innumerable works of neo-classical sculpture and who, at the high point of her career, was regarded as America's leading expatriate sculptor. A gallery of contemporary Negro artists is to be added at a later time.

Depictions of 40 personages who made fundamental contributions to American life comprise the panoramic gallery. They include Crispus Attucks, the first man to lose his life in the cause of American freedom — at the Boston Massacre of 1770; Jean DuSable, founder of Chicago; Matthew Henson, who accompanied Admiral Peary on all of his expeditions to the North Pole over a period of 18 years, and who is credited today as its co-discoverer; Dr. Charles Drew, developer of blood plasma; Jan Matzeliger, whose invention of the shoe machine last revolutionized the shoe industry throughout the world.

The resources and the perspective of the Institute and Museum are made available to the teachers and pupils of the Washington, D. C. schools through an "Interdisciplinary Resources Center on the Negro Heritage," established with a planning grant from the U. S. Office of Education. Materials to be developed by the Center will serve as prototypes for school districts in other parts of the country as well.

The program of the Museum of African Art and the Frederick Douglass Institute is unique among American museums. In exploiting the potential of the arts and social sciences to portray the cultural and historical antecedents of America's 22 million people of African extraction, its object is to furnish irrefutable evidence of the Negro contribution to mankind. A great awareness of the dimensions of this contribution will serve to foster among Negro Americans a sense of ethnic pride and positive identification with an ancient creative past; among white Americans, it will help to break down the barriers of prejudice which have estranged large segments of the American people from one another for so many generations.

Double Figure. **Baule,** Ivory [illegible] Museum of African Art, Hersey Collection

Μίνως Αργυράκης

greek intellectuals and the resistance

GREEK INTELLECTUALS AND THE TRADITION OF THE RESISTANCE

by Virginia Baskin

Although they were talking of the evil times just after World War II, it could have been today. During the Karamanlis regime (1955-1963) Greek artists and intellectuals suffered just as they are suffering now. Even in the more enlightened Papandreou period many of the repressive political tendencies still hung on. A large number of writers, artists, poets, sculptors, and musicians who had been involved in the Resistance against the Germans, were called communist — as indeed some of them were — and found themselves isolated in their studios and workshops without commissions long after the war. In late 1964 when these interviews took place, many were afraid to speak openly of their part in the Resistance.

The Tradition of the Resistance, that great popular upsurge which started with an anti-German basis and evolved into a socialist oriented movement, was absorbed in the culture and today is as intimately bound to Greek tradition as the war against the Turks or even the ancient battles of Xenophon.

Since **Never on a Sunday** Americans have experienced a small revival of interest in the Greeks. We know that present-day Greeks are writing music, and we know they dance beautifully. We are not as aware of the fact that Greek intellectuals are fighting their tradition-bound history and at the same time using it to create a new kind of art, a contemporary humanism.

The language shows this dual tendency. Much of modern Greek vocabulary is the same as the ancient. There have been movements to revive the old tongue and an artificial language has been created, called Katharevousa, which is spoken by professors when they lecture and is used in government documents and on the first pages of newspapers. However the peoples' language, Demotic, serves the writers and poets even though they deal with highly cultivated non-popular ideas. They scorn tradition-based Katharevousa and go back to the people to derive their inspiration from the newer traditions.

The same dichotomy is found in music. Composer Mikis Theodorakis interposes the western voice of the tetrachord between themes based on traditional Byzantine hymns. He started writing music at the age of eleven and before he reached nineteen had been arrested by both the Italians and the Germans for his activity in the Resistance. By the time he was twenty he was arrested again by the Greeks and sent to a concentration camp for political prisoners. He continued composing under incredibly difficult circumstances, creating ballets, symphonies and love songs behind prison walls. The internees were not allowed to have paper, not even toilet paper, but they did manage to smuggle in guitars and violins.

Theodorakis composed his first symphony from his jail cell and dedicated it to two friends who had been killed in the fighting. One who was a musician begged his fellow prisoner, two hours before their scheduled execution, to give him a lesson in Verism! Theodorakis' songs travelled from one prison camp to another and he heard them years later sung as folk songs. He also started a literacy school among the prisoners, taught music, learned French and devoted himself to an understanding of Marxism.

At the age of twenty-four he was transferred to a more severe prison where he was beaten, tortured and so seriously injured that he spent two and a half months in an Athens hospital. It was this beating which was responsible for his comatose condition. During his 1968 trial, at the age of twenty-five he was freed and tried to earn a living in Athens as a musician. Blacklisted and often deprived of work, he nevertheless managed to survive and even made his way to Paris where he was awarded a scholarship to the Conservatory.

It was in Paris that he discovered his Greek heritage. Isolated and lonely amid an alien music, he turned back to the loving music of his people, the serious, warm, national music which he knew. He said:

In **Antigone** *there are two tendencies which have always been a source of conflict in me. The first is to show the cruelty of civil war between two brothers. There I used a hard music, cerebral, dynamic, based on a tetrachordal system. The second is to show the humanity, the feelings of Antigone. Here I based my music on Byzantine hymns. On the one hand the voice of the tetrachord led me toward mathematics and cerebral music, on the other such works as* **Epitaph** *led me toward music based on Greek origins.*

Epitaph made musical history in Greece. It motivated the youth groups to turn back to Byzantine roots, to earn their cultural self respect. They no longer looked to Western Europe as the artistic arbiter and model, but rediscovered themselves as a people. Theodorakis became the leader of this movement as well as of a political movement of the left wing youth. He was president of Youth for Lambrakis and was elected Deputy from Piraeus.

"Man can make sputniks, machines, rockets, airplanes, but cannot make life. He cannot manufacture a soul. I wanted to find humanity. I wanted to discover this secret," he said. He found his soul in the Resistance:

It was the highest summit of the Greek movement. It was not only directed against the Germans, it had a positive goal. During the Resistance we found ourselves. Through music the flame has been kept alive. Music helped the struggle because it lighted the way for people to know themselves and fight in the Resistance.

Closely allied to the musicians are the poets, not only in an artistic alliance, but in an intensely practical one. Many of the modern Greek poets collaborate with the composers and together produce oratorios and operas. Theodorakis has written music with almost every prominent poet. The records sell. The common people buy them. Poetry and music have begun to penetrate even the remote villages. According to Chrysa Lambrinou, poetry critic, the poets are vitally aware of the struggle for freedom and the national revolution formed the subject matter of much of their works.

The generation which arose in 1930 and lived through World War II and the Resistance is giving us the first poets and writers of today. They are very much influenced by recent history because during the Civil War many of the leftists, including poets, were exiled, imprisoned or shot by the state. Iannis Ritsos wrote in prison with the feelings of a

prisoner who fought for peace and liberation, constantly in danger of being killed. His memoirs of the Resistance, the demonstrations, the heroism, are written in a narrative style. Today Ritsos has changed techniques and themes and writes more introspectively of decadence and death.

Iannis Ritsos spent five years on a prison island, one of the worst. When asked how the Civil War had influenced his writing, he evaded the question delicately:

As an experience, the Civil War was a dreadful thing. It was an experience, a bad experience, but an experience. It was good in the sense that it taught us many things. There are always two ways of getting something. To borrow an allusion from the dance, you can turn with a pirouette, and you can turn with a "tour renverse" (in ballet terminology, a reverse turn). the Civil War was a "tour renverse."

In his poem, **Moonlight Sonata,** one of his more recent works, an old woman lives in a decaying house trying to recapture through a young man the vitality of her youth. At first the house is a dominating, closed place. Then the relationship of the objects changes and becomes a relation to man and his feelings, an almost carnal connection, like a chain of objects leaning on a person's body. Both the objects and the person form one thing, said Chrysa Lambrinou. The objects derive a human quality. The house and the woman synthesize and each becomes an expression of the other's personality. It is an organic symbol and man gives the quality to the symbol. Instead of fighting the traditional Sphinx, the Greek protagonist finds himself trying to overcome objects.

For Ritsos, woman is the symbol of an entire civilization, a symbol of rebirth. In a poem about two women he stresses the conflict between solitude and the need for communication. Communication is equated with survival. He concentrates on the essentials of life to show man, himself, his time and his role. He sees the past as responsible for the present and as a key to change tomorrow.

Chrysa Lambrinou characterizes Ritsos' sense of role as follows:

During the war and the Resistance progressive poetry was concentrated on the future, but Ritsos sees the past as responsible for the present and as a key to change tomorrow. The dynamics of the present lead to a faith in the future and this is how Ritsos triumphed over the defeat of the revolution. He guarded his integrity even through confinement on Makronisos prison and emerged with an optimism not achieved through ignorance, but through knowledge.

The unhappiness of the past gives us a sense of how to conquer life now. The strength to surpass difficulties arises not in a straight line but in a roundabout way and progresses toward an ideal. This is his dialectic and he can translate this into poetry. Ritsos has been one of the poets with revolutionary ardor and saw faith as not only a need but a reality.

Odysseus Elytis, who is not of the left, was apolitical before the war, a surrealist writing decorative poems about the sea, nature, the mountains. In 1940 he was drawn into the fighting and became a soldier. This affected his themes and he started writing poetry about contemporary events with the techniques of surrealism. He wrote of the German Occupation. Then for twelve years he stopped writing. He says:

I, too, have written of the war and the Occupation. In Greece we have always lived in danger. In poetry one writes of what one loves so that the poetry of the Resistance was more flourishing during the Resistance. Greek poetry, perhaps, has kept more of the human feelings.

We have a different sort of poetry in this country, for poetry is linked with the language and we have basically the same language as in ancient Greece. The language has a history of the people and we are different from other people. There is a solid base of tradition to which I try to add a small stone. The real language representing the evolution of the Greek of antiquity is Demotic, not Katharevousa. It is enriched by the words we use and is the true development of ancient Greek.

Now I am interested in the development of form. It is not a question of going back to the ancient scheme, but we must find a new architecture to give solidity and continuity to our poetry from the point of view of technique. The Greek spirit can contribute this to the universal spirit in its own way.

Elytis' last sentence typifies a mystique of cultural nationalism which seems to flourish among the poets. References to "the Greek spirit" are frequent and perhaps have their roots in the nearly four hundred years of Turkish occupation, when the Greeks met secretly in church basements at night teaching their children in illegal schools, the language, the songs and the dances of their country. They stubbornly resisted any infiltration of Turkish culture, even to the point of barely assimilating any Turkish words into the language.

Nikos Gatsos, another poet, said:

We have a three-thousand year old history and we know that our race influenced western culture and the whole civilized world. It is in ourselves. We live it. Here we have a philosophy other than that of the West. The Beat poets reflected a general mood of despair and of void. It would be impossible for us to produce a man like Tennessee Williams or a work like Kafka's **The Castle.** *It is just not modern Greek philosophy. Our poets cannot express that feeling. It is not Greek. We are peculiar that way. The Greek mind creates the world from the beginning.*

Architect Paul Mylonas, a Renwick Fellow, who studied at Columbia University, now a professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Athens, does not think there is any formalistic connection between ancient and modern Greece or between classical architectural form and modern forms. However there is a relation in spirit, he claims, between ancient and modern Greece in every area, including architecture:

The characteristics of this spirit in all fields — politics, religion, art, architecture — is simplicity of form, clarity of scope, composition and the human scale which to me is the great difference between Greek architecture through the ages and any other architecture. All the others have a tendency to be non-human such as the Egyptian temple, the Gothic cathedral, the Palazzo in Florence or the American skyscraper.

The feeling for the human being and the human scale in ancient times brought democracy to life, encouraged sports as a means of educating people, vitalized the theatre as a way of informing people, imparted beauty of form and content to the ideology of art, evolved buildings and town planning in harmony with the human being. This same feeling for the human scale exists in modern Greek architecture. In the proportion of buildings, composition of light and shadow, simplicity of facade and of plan, there is a very physiological adaptation to the surroundings.

Rena Maria Costakos (an alias to protect her identity), a young painter from Athens, was discussing abstraction from the point of view of the human scale:

It is the deep part of everything, the skeleton. When you paint something from nature the feeling you have when you see it is most important. All the styles are secondary and must grow out of the feeling. It has nothing to do with logic. It was not until after the war that abstraction began in Greece, and then many of us forgot that art is communication and concerned ourselves too much with techniques.

The Civil War produced painters with greater vision. Byzantine art influenced them and they worked with restraint and without theatrics on subjects which were mainly scenes of the war. Today's painters are still trying to return to Greek art without foreign influence. They are still studying Byzantine art, unknown artists and the colors and costumes of folk lore. They are trying to rediscover their own traditions.

A Cretan artist whose work tended toward the abstract explained it at length:

After the Occupation ended the dream started — a dream of a new life, a magic life, an enriched life and the small workingmen's clubs in the villages were now calling on artists to decorate their walls with murals. This enthusiasm for living made people go out into the streets, sing, dance. For the first time many of the peasants saw living theatre which arose as a new experience in the small towns. Even the kids stopped talking about sports and started talking politics. There was a feeling of cooperation, communication and solidarity. People seemed to want to stand by each other. Each one was ready to work without pay for the common good. There was joy in living.

When the Civil War started, the reactionary government exiled and imprisoned all the people who were in the Resistance. Heroes who fought for a better life felt that they had been betrayed. No one from the left was allowed to work. They could not get papers, not even a license to drive a car was given to

members of the Resistance. The identification card amounted to a certificate of political opinion. Even those who fought against the Germans were considered left wing and were chased into the mountains.

All this had a negative influence on my painting. We, who are artists, must express ourselves but when we cannot, when we are empty, we retreat into bare forms. There are many artists in Greece who did not lose their ideals. They were imprisoned, too, but continue to work as if they had blinders on. But those who are not dogmatic are the better artists. When we lost our beliefs we also lost our dogmatism. In the long run, it was good because we enlarged our point of view.

Minos Argyrakis is both an artist and a writer. His work is unconventional, imaginative, but not abstract. He said:

I have never been abstract and I never believed in it. In the beginning abstract art was revolutionary but then it became conventional. Abstract art is now fading away. It is at the end of its fad. Pop art, a work done with objects, shows another kind of despair. It is a fingerprint of our madness. It is a document of what is happening. We are now going through a rebirth. Pop art and abstract art were both cathartics.

His book, **Dream Street,** is a collection of satirical pen and ink drawings done in a uniquely characteristic style. There is humor, pathos, bitterness. Most of the pages carry opposing themes. The good and the beautiful is on one side. The middle class morality, stultified and cruel, is on the other. Thus we find the drawing of a nursemaid wheeling a baby in the park. The baby is a cherub with wings, but is handcuffed to his stroller. The nurse is the prototype of all female authority, ugly, unfeminine, flat-chested and wearing glasses. The park is populated with satyrs, a mermaid and two fishes who are seen kissing each other in a lake. All is poetry and love, except for the governess who has bound the cupid.

And the City Swam in Black Flags, a book consisting of drawings to a poem which he wrote, is a satirical representation of a royal memorial to war heroes. It, too, has an opposition theme. Underground are writhing heroes, dead men, squalid, dirty, vulture ridden, who contrast with the clean, respectable, band-playing company, the government, the army and the bureaucracy, who are shown above ground. On the last page a headless army officer in the shape of a dachshund walks over the tomb of a Christlike dead man who wears Greek national costume.

Argyrakis said:

Our greatest Greek painter paints sailors and scenes from mythology and everything he does is based on Byzantine folk lore. This trend reached its highest level after the Occupation when we were very Greek conscious, but I think that if we stop being culturally nationalistic, we could open our minds to new influences. We must use these elements and put them down in our own way. I try to synthesize the satirical with the poetic. In their union I find myself.

Argyrakis attended the American College in Athens and seven years after graduation decided to enter the Academy of Fine Arts. He took the entrance examination but failed to pass. This being the era of the German Occupation, he went into the mountains where he worked with the Resistance for seven months. When he returned from the mountains he took the Fine Arts Academy entrance examination again. Again he failed. The fate of the non-conformist!

During the Civil War he was caught by the English and taken to El Daba near Tobruk as a prisoner for four months. He returned in 1945 and for the next two years, unable to support himself by his art, he worked in the United States Information Service (USIS) until they found out that he had been a member of the Resistance. Then he got a job in a doctor's office and finally in a film laboratory. By 1947 he had a nervous breakdown and spent four months in the hospital, but the following year found him painting again and exhibiting two drawings in the Panhellenic Exposition in Athens. He was conscripted into the army in 1950 for a two year hitch. Seven years later he published **Dream Street,** which was subsequently produced as a pantomime. Argyrakis did the stage design, the costumes and collaborated on the play.

In 1960 he worked for **Haute Societé** in Paris and went to London to cover an

exhibit opening in the Tate Gallery. There he published a long poem written in English, **Picasso Party,** which satirized the people at the art show. He bites into the upper class artistic pretension and hypocrisy. This won for him the French prize for Black Humor (Prix d'Humour Noire).

He said:

There are two cacodemonia in Greek art. One is the element of ancestor reverence. We all suffer from this and use it as an excuse for everything. But the language, the spirit, the glory, that was Greece are dead for us present-day Greeks. The second evil genius is the element of being culturally subservient to foreign powers. Instead we should say, "We are Greeks." We are open and we get from everyone the good things and discard the bad ones.

Dimitri Pappayannis (an alias to protect his identity), a sculptor, claimed that the inspiration of the artists was the Resistance. He said that at the present time the work from that era is quarantined because the government does not recognize the Resistance, calls the Greeks who participated communists, and gives them no commissions for public works. The subject matter of the revolution is still enclosed in the studios as the artists dare not exhibit those works. He said:

The Resistance was the most beautiful act of heroism, the most beautiful page in the war for liberation, even more so than the revolution against Turkey. Nothing has yielded greater deeds of self sacrifice or greater efforts. This has never been officially recognized or celebrated. Now we feel that someday a really democratic government will revive the memories and documents of the Resistance, collect and organize them and write a new contemporary history.

Papandreou did nothing to restore the Resistance to its rightful place. He did not recognize the role of the guerrillas and the common people against the Germans. And it was the common people who really hated the enemy.

A true artist is not far from the people. On the contrary, he is close to society and feels that with his art it is his duty to help society. Each individual must present history as it took place, transmit it to his descendants and give it to all nations, actual, majestic as it was. I feel that here in Greece the artists have sensed the spirit of the people and breathed the air of history.

A medallist, working primarily on social subjects from modern history commemorates Auschwitz. On one side of the medallion there is a legend in French saying, "Never Again Auschwitz." It is round and depicts a starving woman kneeling and imploring help. Leaning against her and forming a triangular composition are the bodies of two more people, a man and a woman half covered by a flag. The figures are semi-abstract as are the ones on the reverse side, showing in circular form scenes inside Auschwitz.

He claimed that the Civil War in Greece was caused by allied troops siding with the reactionaries:

We were obliged to take arms and we made some mistakes and committed some crimes, but our purpose was worthy. The effect of those times on my art has been one of pessimism. The future of our nation did not look very bright. The democratic trend had been thwarted. I have a friend who was a member of the Resistance and made the first anti-Nazi poster in Europe during the Occupation, but I can't give you his name for publication. He is working and doesn't want the government to know about his past. You see, our climate is still not completely pure!

This was in 1964.

Andreas Nenedakis, forty-five year old writer, holds that, "Despite our age we are the younger generation of writers. We lost twenty years of our lives in the war, the Occupation, the Civil War which followed, and then in prison camps. Professionally speaking, we have just started to write and are in the infancy of our careers, where a boy of twenty-five would be if he grew up in your country." Almost all of his books are concerned with the war and prison camps. They are the classics of that period. Theodorakis said, "If you want to know what prison camp was really like, read Nenedakis' books."

"In Greece," said Nenedakis, "historical and

sociological subjects make the most popular books. During the war people were anxious to know, to read political biographies. In fact, stories of the Civil War are more widely read than novels."

Mitsos Dimitriou, the first Greek officer to go over to the Resistance, spent seven years in prison under sentence of death. "I was a fighter not a writer," he said, "but I became a writer because I feel the fire, the drive to acquaint the public with our Resistance movement. Now I am ready to publish my sixth book — my memoirs. I hope I can give voice to this great phenomenon of modern Greek history, which was the Resistance."

Dimitriou discussed the EAM section of the Resistance, which he called a genuine peoples' operation and said it was purely anti-fascist. Not only did the EAM fight military actions, it was the only group in the Resistance which handled problems democratically and participated in daily life. New laws were passed and courts elected for territories it controlled. High schools were organized to train teachers for the villages. In May, 1944, women voted for the first time in Greece under the EAM government. Sometimes elections had to take place secretly in occupied country. But he points out:

Yet no partisan ever received a medal for the fight against the Germans. No amputee of the Resistance ever received a pension. No parents of a Resistance fighter ever received insurance or money from the death of a son in battle. This seems to be the great contradiction of our time.

The struggle for freedom was called a criminal thing. Since the time of the liberation all the officers of the Resistance have been without jobs, without stripes, black-listed, while all the collaborators remained in the army and now form the ranks of the neo-fascists. (How prophetic! V.B.)

Our songs from the Resistance are beautiful and even our enemies admire them. I once told one of the enemy, "How can you expect good songs to come from a bad movement?" Good songs — good ideals. Because in the Resistance there were all the good characteristics of our people — courage, love, our force, our strength was in the Resistance, our future. What do we envision for the future? Democracy, peace, prosperity, friendship all over the world between people. These are the thoughts of all the Greek fighters of the Resistance and we are still continuing the struggle.

Since the military coup in April 1967 Dimitriou's works are banned as well as those of Nenedakis, Ritsos, Argyrakis and Theodorakis. Lambrinou and Nenedakis are refugees living abroad. Melina Mercouri has been stripped of her Greek citizenship for speaking out against the Junta. Theodorakis and Ritsos have been imprisoned.

These are only some of the people who are now opposing the regime of the colonels. The others have had experience living under reaction. Some have been toughened by years of torture, imprisonment and poverty. Even though fascist ideologies often include ideas akin to the mysticism of "the Greek spirit" and the trend toward nationalism most of those interviewed stand strongly against the present government. But more dangerous yet to any dictatorship is the fact that the country's artists and thinkers have not lost their faith in the future nor have they lost their humanity. They have developed a new tradition of revolution and fused it with the traditions of their past.

the green table: movement masterpiece

THE GREEN TABLE: MOVEMENT MASTERPIECE

by Marcia B. Siegel

One of the most noteworthy and imaginative achievements in the current alliance between government and the arts has been the New York State Council on the Arts $25,000 grant to the City Center Joffrey Ballet for purposes of reviving **The Green Table.** Of all the twentieth-century choreography slipping ephemerally by us, Kurt Jooss's 1932 anti-war dance-drama is perhaps the most deserving of preservation. Since its creation, **The Green Table** has never been long out of the active repertory. After the dissolution of the Jooss Ballet, Ernst Uthoff took the work with him when he became director of the Chilean Ballet, but American audiences could see it only when those companies visited here. The Joffrey revival, under the supervision of Uthoff, Jooss, and former Jooss dancer Ulla Soederbaum, was first shown at the New York City Center March 9, 1967, and its impact was immediate and stunning.

What makes **The Green Table** a work of art, and how does it manage to be revealing and radiant after thirty-five years? First, for a society preoccupied with information, it has a message: war is ugly, ruthless — and inevitable. The cynical ceremony of the conference table, which begins and ends the war, takes on a double irony for us. The peacemakers have learned nothing since 1932, as Jooss predicted; Geneva, like Versailles, resulted in gunshots.

But we are bombarded with anti-war art these days. Antony Tudor's **Echoing of Trumpets,** Anna Sokolow's **Time + 7,** and Richard Kuch's **The Brood,** based on **Mother Courage,** are three recent examples in dance. But although these works may be memorable, they are not immortal.

The Green Table has a tight structural logic that makes for extraordinarily good theatre. Within its a-b-a form (the conference table — the war scenes — the table again) it builds in a crescendo of dramatic climaxes, until the final inexorable Dance of Death and the completion of the cycle in diplomatic stalemate. The characters are allegorical, and the action is a series of terse vignettes. With Death marking time

Death whirls the Young Girl in a huge circle: her energy is out, to escape — his is centripetal. photo by Fred Fehl

in the background, the soldiers and wives, refugees and whores, play out the panorama of war. The clarity of the dramatic line is strengthened by a sparing use of the other elements of production. Aside from the grotesque masks and costumes of Death and the Gentlemen in Black, all the costumes are essentially practice clothes, with suggestions of detail, like the derby hat, white gloves, and dandified mustache on the Profiteer. Frederic Cohen's cabaret-style score is played by two pianos. There is no set, and the stark lighting of Tom Skelton provides all the atmosphere that is needed. In fact, my one reservation about the Joffrey production is that Skelton's Death-greens and and destruction-reds are a shade overstated.

As an effective theatre piece, **The Green Table** does all the things a classic is supposed to do: it tells a story economically and clearly, it has characters who speak for every age, and its message is of vital significance. Yet, after seeing it for the first time, a viewer may have an incredulous feeling that something doesn't add up. Clearly, the style of the piece is dated, no one makes expressionistic dances like this any more, imagine doing a concert dance to a tango! Why, then, was he so moved?

The answer is in the movement.

American theatre and most of American dance is symbolic in style. Where actors use words to convey a message, dancers use patterned sets of movements. I confess I am unable to respond, "ecstasy," when the danseur noble lifts the ballerina high in the air, but this is the premise on which ballet has rested for hundreds of years. Modern dancers rejected this artificiality and substituted their own vocabulary. Martha Graham's contractions and contortions originally may have been a realization of her own emotional states, but they are now dogma, and are most often used as a facsimile of the emotion the dancer wishes to portray. The viewer has to translate these representative gestures into the terms of his own experience. Kurt Jooss and others who follow the German school of modern dance believe that all movement has an expressive as well as a functional content, and they use the qualities inherent in movement as a direct statement of feeling. In their terms, a ballet lift would be quite another thing than ecstasy because the dancers are using great strength, control, and precision, which are not the qualities of abandon. Alwin Nikolais' choreography, which has moved away from dramatic content, uses the whole gamut of movement qualities for visual and dynamic effect. He was recently asked by interviewers for a popular magazine what the dancers in a photo of **Imago** were doing. He answered, "Tilting," and, for him at least, that was sufficient.

The process of looking at one thing and perceiving another has become second nature to us, so that when we are presented with literal movement we immediately look for symbolic content. Even when the movement is in direct conflict with the words, we usually accept the words, allowing some remarkable things to get by on stage. In a recent production at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre I saw a supposedly seductive girl beckon to a reluctant lover as she crossed one leg in front of the other. Perhaps the director thought of this as a slinky movement, or perhaps he judged that the audience would not notice the movement at all, but I was certainly confused.

The Green Table, on the other hand, deliberately chooses movement qualities that will reinforce the dramatic content. Its message is unequivocal and it evokes an emotional response even when the audience is not sure why.

The pivotal figure of Death gains its power from the varied use of two principal movement qualities, strength and gathering, in combination with control, directness, and energy that flows in toward the body. These qualities pervade all the actions of Death and define his character as one of self-centered, consuming appetite and implacable determination.

When Death first appears, he does a solo to a pounding martial rhythm, which he maintains with stamping feet. Keeping his torso expanded and immobile, he reaches out horizontally around his body and pulls in the energy with clenched fists. These — the strength being driven relentlessly to earth, and the energy gathered in from as far as he can reach — are the leit-motif of Death. In variation they appear throughout the dance. He will emphasize

The Gentlemen in Black: the angular postures of discord
photo by James Howell

the gathering of his fists with a flourish. He will leap into the air, not to get off the ground, but to pull down more energy with him. He will await his victims firmly rooted with his legs together and crossed, his arms extended horizontally to his sides and his fists rotating with quick jerks, or with his arms wrapped around his upper torso, elbows pointing forward. In all cases he claims his victims by gathering them in, rather than striking them down, which would involve a release of energy. Each gathering is different: lustful, as he envelops the inert body of the Young Girl; almost tender, as he folds the Old Mother into his arms; predatory, as he swoops down from above the soldier, in one scythe-like motion snatching the flag and hooking the soldier's arm; impatient with the Profiteer, the last to survive, as he propels his arms quickly toward his body, as if he were hauling in a sail.

Occasionally the movements of Death appear to be contradictory, but these contradictions actually add to his character. His frequent extensions of arms and legs might not seem consonant with his inward tendency. However, the extensions usually end in a pulling in. When Death whirls the Young Girl in a huge circle around himself, her energy is outward — to escape — but his is centripetal. The extensions not only exaggerate their culminating impulse, but also add to the physical size of Death. Another contradiction is that the embraces of Death take place in the arms and not in the torso. But, since physically in a full embrace the chest normally becomes narrow, the act of folding the arms while expanding the torso actually requires more strength.

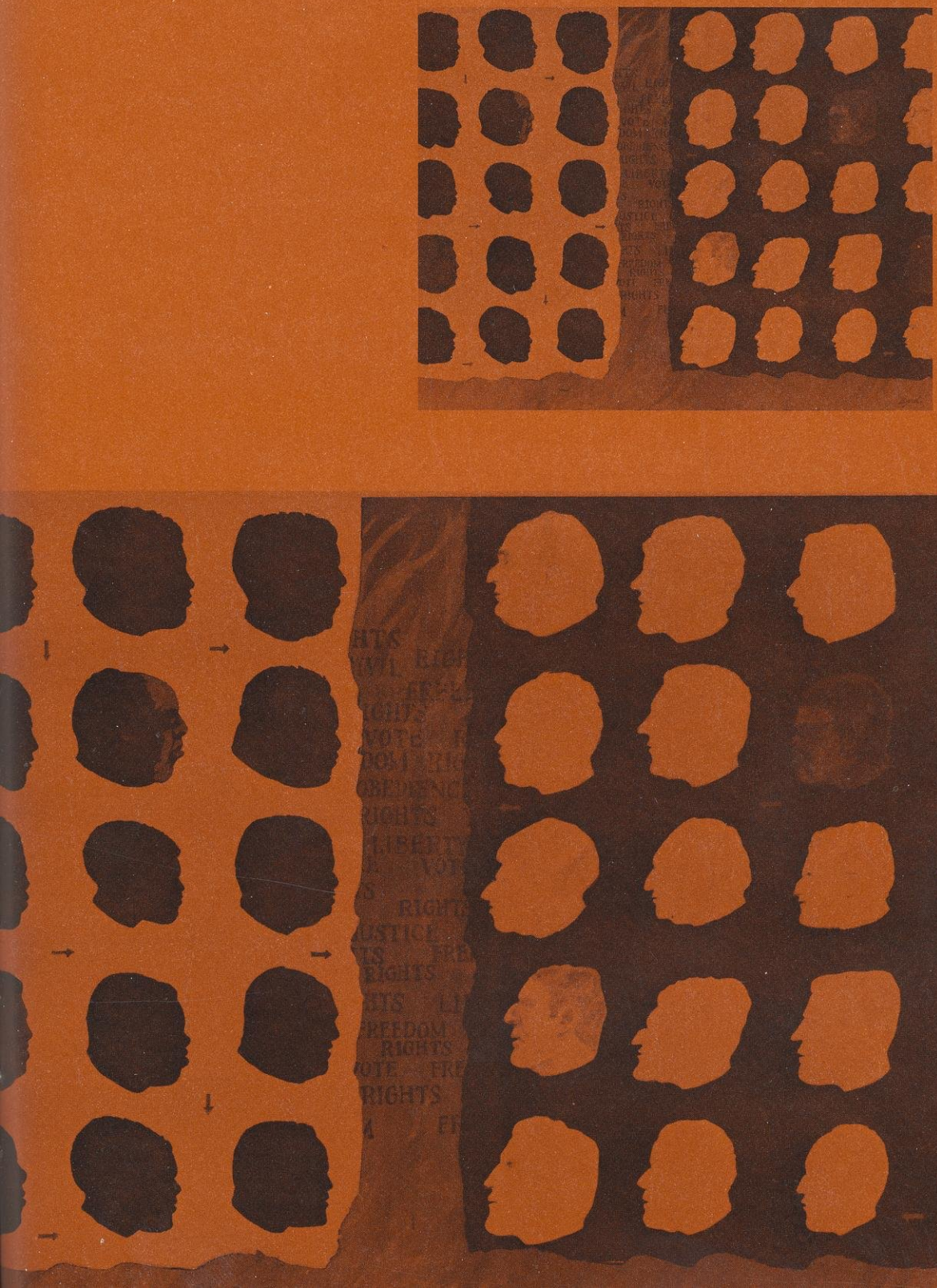
The other characters also have distinctive movement qualities that give them depth. The role of the Profiteer might be evident solely on the basis of his pantomimed stealing of a ring from a dead soldier's body and his introduction of the innocent Young Girl into the whore house. But how much more sly and sinister Jooss has made him through the use of lightness and indirectness! The Profiteer never approaches his objective in a straight line or on a single level; he circles, hesitates, crouches, springs, angles, reconnoiters, and finally makes contact with a deft and skimming touch. His movements are flexible to the point of sinuousness, and his poses are zigzag in shape.

Dance of Death: the Old Mother, the Guerilla Woman, Death, and a soldier.
photo by Fred Fehl

The Young Girl, the Old Mother, and the procession of refugee women have a curious neutrality in their movements that suggests passivity. Carried along by the momentum of their forced march, they actively neither advance nor retreat, resist nor give in; they have been through horrors and can no longer feel. In a characteristic and poignant gesture, the Old Mother holds her hands slightly above her head, fingertips up, with a free lightness that clearly indicates a lack of purpose. When forced to dance with the soldiers in the brothel, the Young Girl narrows her body by keeping her arms at her sides, but she is too numb to make any complete body withdrawal. Only the Guerilla Woman still has the strength and resiliency to fight back, which she uses in her dance of defiance, and after her courageous murder of an occupying soldier, she deliberately embraces the feet of Death. In the enlistment scene, each recruit enters with a different quality, of eagerness, reluctance, determination, despite the fact that all the soldiers have identical steps, arm movements, and rhythmic pattern. As each recruit joins the line of soldiers marking time, his own qualities disappear and he merges into the anonymity of the regiment. The opening and closing scenes, with the Gentlemen in Black around the green table, have a tremendous pictorial and pantomimic effect, but even here the movement qualities contribute to the overall atmosphere. The diplomats, in their rusty black tailcoats, spats, white gloves and senile masks, palaver back and forth in a continual discord that ranges from amiable to tense. They are devious, with weaving heads and wagging fingers, or aggressive, as they lean forward across the table. Their groupings are constantly shifting; one side of the table will work in a unit against the other, they scatter off into huddles, relax and shake hands with their opposite numbers, return to the table to argue as individuals in stiff, angular postures. The only time the ten men do anything in unison is when they line up facing the audience, draw their pistols, and fire into the air, thus by common consent precipitating the next war.

Kurt Jooss was a student of Rudolf Laban, the inventor of Labanotation and Effort-Shape analysis, and the founder of what has been called the Movement Movement. Laban's work in analyzing and classifying the movement of dancers, athletes and factory workers has opened a whole new era of behavioral studies in psychotherapy, anthropology, and industrial placement. In dance, his theories were explored by Jooss and Mary Wigman, and found their American expression in the work of Hanya Holm and her disciple, Alwin Nikolais. Each of these choreographers has developed the possibilities of movement in different ways, and Jooss chose to work within the theatrical framework of the classical ballet. This combination allows **The Green Table,** despite its period flavor, to work both as a theatre piece and as a profound human statement.

Every theatre work has movement qualities, whether the director-choreographer is conscious of what they are, or only dimly sees them as concomitants of a mood he is trying to achieve. In **The Green Table,** Kurt Jooss consistently selected the particular dynamic and spatial qualities that would best strengthen his narrative, and he was able to do this because he thoroughly understood the properties of movement. I think most ballet and modern dance has become bottled up in its own movement conventions; it has nowhere to go but to repeat itself. Choreographers who use movement more fluently, for what it is, may have found one way out, and **The Green Table,** as a pioneer work in this genre, not only survives but surpasses later choreography in its vitality.



"Aphrodite" in marble by Richard Boyce
courtesy: Feliks Landau Gallery, Los Angeles.

FOR AN AMERICAN JUBILEE OF SURREALISM

by Edouard Roditi

As if to celebrate the Jubilee of the Dada and Surrealist movements, the first of which was born in 1917 while the second followed in 1922, New York's Museum of Modern Art has devoted one of its major efforts to an attempt to situate these two movements, in relationship to others that preceded and followed them in some kind of historical perspective. Unfortunately, the Museum of Modern Art's choice of the school of art proposed to us as the direct heir of European Dada and Surrealism is all too parochial: like an Anglican divine trying to prove to us that Anglicanism rather than Calvinism or Lutheranism derives from Roman Catholicism. The Museum of Modern Art offers us, as examples of latterday or revised Surrealism, mainly works of the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. But the early works of Mark Rothko, Robert Motherwell, Theodoros Stamos, Adolph Gottlieb, Barnett Newman, Clifford Still, Alfonso Ossorio, William Baziotes and a few other Americans now seem far more dated than much earlier and more orthodox Surrealist works by Max Ernst, Victor Brauner or Joan Miro. Somehow, the ribald quality of fun and sheer provocation of the European Dadaists and Surrealists was lost by the American Abstract Expressionists, who took themselves all too seriously. Better European examples of Surrealism in its later forms or of Post-Surrealism could easily have been found to show in New York: paintings, for instance, by Friedrich Schroeder-Sonnenstern, Richard Oelze and Piet Morell from Western Germany, or by Modesto Roldan, Yüksel Arslan, Le Marechal, Juan Breyten and a few others from Paris.

But even from America, more convincingly provocative Post-surrealist works might have been brought to New York, especially from the Pacific Coast. As one wandered through the American Post-surrealist section of the Museum of Modern Art's show, one indeed became more and more convinced that many of these choices had been made under pressure from New York dealers who happen to represent these artists, or in order to justify previous purchase policies of the Museum. All too many Post-surrealists

who happen neither to be already represented in the Museum's own permanent collections nor by any major New York gallery had been neglected.

True, much of this recent way-out art of the Pacific Coast may soon prove to be of a very ephemeral nature. In a culture that, as ours in recent years, publicizes so widely any novel art-style that happens to tickle its omnivorous but effete palate, the frontier that might divide pure art from applied art, or art in general from mere news of joyous goings-on in the art world, can no longer be traced very clearly. Within a few months of the New York successes of OP Art, a few years ago, slick merchandizing had already made it possible to buy a black-and-white chequered men's sport-shirt, with a Vasarely-style pattern, from a medium-priced department store in West Berlin, or to eat a pizza off a similarly patterned plate in a Los Angeles espresso lounge. In Los Angeles, **ultima Thule** of our culture whose mixed blessings include Napalm, LSD, the psychedelic art-nouveau posters of the Jefferson Airplane and our President's many all too optimistic and even soporific statements about Vietnam, a home-furnishing store at the Corner of La Cienega Boulevard and Melrose, for over a year, has now been displaying a whole window full of **Spreadmobile** bedspreads that can disguise an ordinary divan-bed as a racing-car or a speedboat. This remains, of all Le Cienega Boulevard as a major art-center, the best and most convincing example of Pop Art seen there for a long time.

Other and more subtle examples of this kind of marriage between art and commerce — mythical nuptials that might well be celebrated in a sculptured group of nudes such as those that decorate some Nineteenth-century Belgian post-offices — are readily available for inspection in other West-Coast art galleries. Should you happen, for instance, to own a gigantic featherweight Oldenburg hamburger bun, specially constructed for easy air-travel, you would surely need something to protect such a valuable possession against the hazards of rought handling, since you would scarcely consider entrusting it like a pet cat to your neighbors while you follow, hypocritical reader, **mon semblable, mon frère,** your present critic on his year-round jet-set wanderings from Providence to Paris, from Katmandu or Kabul to Kansas City, from Melbourne or Port Moresby to Milano. But your problem, thanks to the tireless ingenuity of our avant-garde, has already been solved: a few months ago, at the Rolf Nelson Gallery, formerly of 736 N. La Cienega but recently deceased, a Canadian virtuoso of applied Surrealist **humour noir,** Iain Nelson, President of the N.E. (Any) Baxter Thing Co. of Vancouver, British Columbia, was exhibiting a collection of his "things," mainly made of vinyl, that included a **Duffelbag for Oldenburg Sneakers, Water for Oldenburg's Soft Toilet,** a **Bagged Landscape** and a **Bagged Seascape with Green Cruiser,** the latter being a translucent plastic bag containing some water and a toy boat. For a mere nothing, Iain Baxter would indeed supply you with a custom-made plastic container for your Oldenburg hamburger bun. For suburbanites who hanker after a cloud in their otherwise too cloudless living room, he offers moreover several attractive models of his own **Ersatz** for a **cumulus** or a **cirrus** formation.

Such masterpieces, one must despondently conclude, risk becoming mere conversation pieces or expendable toys for the moody adults of a self-destructive society that has sold its Faustian soul to the Devil of Conspicuous Display. Too many of Baxter's "things" are fun only in what an Aristotelian would call a "second-intentional" manner: if one happens to know only ordinary toilets and has no idea of what an **Oldenburg soft toilet** might be, there's nothing particularly amusing, as a thing-in-itself, about a plain vinyl bag which, one is told, has been made specially to contain this unknown object. Indeed, are Baxter's "things" still likely to be here in four centuries, to be admired in contemplative wonder and reproduced in color in some future **Life Magazine,** like the murals of the Sistine Chapel? On the contrary, they are all too likely to end, like toys given to a spoiled child on Christmas, in the ashcan by Epiphany, together with the balding Christmas tree. Yet Baxter's works are full of a wry and complex wit that offers us an apt comment on some of the more absurd aspects of our affluent society which has survived Armageddon and now awaits its Day of Judgment.

More immediately useful and less defeatist

Painter-Novelist Mary Ewalt seated in the lap of an Altina Carey **Chairacter.**
Courtesy: McKenzie Gallery, Los Angeles.

"Funk Cake" by Dennis Oppenheim
Courtesy: Comara Gallery, Los Angeles.

in their approach to a buying public bent desperately on accumulating the paraphernalia of gracious living, the iron Hibachi charcoal grills of sculptor David Tomkins, at the Comara Gallery on Melrose Place, are less likely to provoke scandalized or ribald comment in the local press, but can be sold and used more readily than a Baxter vinyl "cloud." Inspired by the style of classical Japanese garden sculpture as it has now been reformulated by Noguchi, David Tomkins has created here something that situates his work in the same general category of remarkably imaginative applied art as the fantastic furniture of the Paris artist Lalanne, whose work Alexander Iolas has exhibited with such success in his Paris and New York galleries.

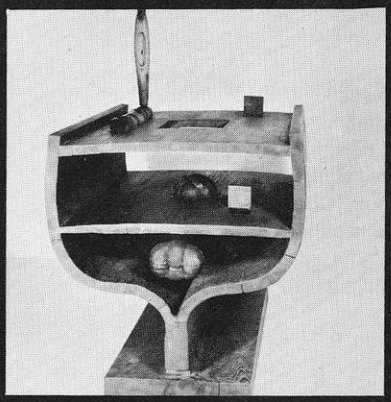
Admirers of Marisol who live in small apartments and cannot afford to sacrifice precious living space to her bulky sculptures may find, at the McKenzie Gallery at 861 N. La Cienega, a solution to their problem in a selection of chairs by Altina Carey, who had previously distinguished herself mainly as a mosaicist and painter of murals. Of her chairs painted in weatherproof colors to represent people, Altina Carey says: "No one is alone. We all have our cast of characters and these are mine, the ones who come to sit and be sat on." Altina's cast of "characters," as she calls them, can thus be of much the same compulsive nature as the ghosts who haunt the fantasies of the characters in Jean Genet's **The Balcony.** If you wish to sit on the knees of a Pope, of your own mother-in-law or of our glorious President, order them as chairs from Altina Carey; even for a narcissist pining to fondle himself on his own lap, she has a ready answer.

Ohio-born Robert Cremean now lives and teaches art in the San Francisco area, but exhibits his laminated wood sculptures in Los Angeles at the Esther Robles Gallery, 665 N. La Cienega. They included, when I saw them there, a monumental wooden **Triptych,** carved in low relief, that could be used very effectively to partition a very large room. The evolution of Cremean's art is interesting: from an earlier Expressionist style of bronzes that sometimes suggest an affinity with the early assemblage work of Paolozzi, Cremean has now been striving more and more consciously towards a kind of Post-cubist neo-classicism that can remind one of the Purist low-relief paintings of Ozenfant or of the very rare sculptures of Schlemmer. In laminated wood, Cremean seems indeed to have found a medium in which he can express and communicate particularly well his personal aspirations as an artist; in the modern sculpture section of the Los Angeles County Museum, his monumental group of figures is the only work by a West-coast sculptor that can successfully compete with those of artists from Europe and the East Coast.

At the Nicholas Wilder Gallery, 814 N. La Cienega, Robert Graham showed some months age some wittily mannered figurines. Though conceived in a distinctly Post-surrealist Hollywood idiom of vaguely erotic fantasy, they reminded me of the Meissen art-nouveau figurines that Scheurig produced in Germany before 1914. A collector afflicted with a **Playboy** nostalgia for advance-guard girlie art might well consider acquiring a Robert Graham group as a centerpiece for a stag-party dining-room table, thus reviving the tradition of those Bavarian kings who employed the rococo sculptor Bustelli to make Nymphenburg porcelain figurines to decorate monumental pies and pastries.

Huge monochrome rectangular plastic reliefs, each in a different color but all with a gently corrugated surface like that of a floating mattress for a swimming-pool, were Craig Kauffmann's contribution as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, for our walls, at the now-deceased Ferus-Pace Gallery at 812 N. La Cienega. They made an elegant display, but few collectors, it seems, were tempted to buy them. Again and again, in Los Angeles as elsewhere, those galleries which specialize in the kind of art that provokes the most passionate discussion and protest in the press must painfully learn that the best conversation-pieces are not necessarily the works of art that will sell most easily.

At the Ryder Gallery, 667 N. La Cienega, anyone looking for a dream-world telephone that can actually work will find that Michael Leeds, a young Los Angeles sculptor, has recently created such a weirdly functional **objet-de-vertu** out of **papier-mache** and now specializes in constructing other such gadgets that are



"Between, 1961" by Jeremy Anderson
Courtesy: San Francisco Museum of Art.

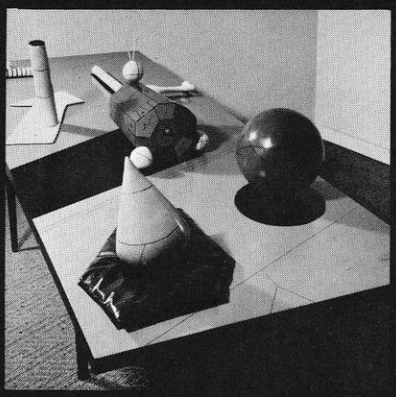
both useful and fantastic. He should be encouraged to experiment in ceramics and, like Lalanne in Paris, perhaps produce a nightmarish new design for a toilet.

The relatively recent emergence of so much Post-surrealist **humour noir** in the work of younger West-coast artists inspired the Art Department of the University of California at Berkeley to organize last year, in its small campus museum, an exhibition of what it called Funk Art. No longer strictly a Junk Art of assemblage and **objets trouvès** nor the kind of Fun Art that Pop Art could be at its best, Funk Art is something in which an undercurrent of anxiety or of macabre humor can be detected beneath the fun or junk. Though the exhibition included such purely decorative gags as David Gilhooly's earthenware, vinyl and plywood **Elephant ottoman,** a stool shaped like an elephant's foot and easily produced in sufficiently large quantities to be offered in department-stores as a neat and novel substitute for the ubiquitous imported Arab camel-saddle, the Funk Art Festival at Berkeley suggested at long last a new departure in West-coast art, which had long tended to claim that it was more novel and original than it really was. This new departure is perhaps best illustrated in the somewhat disturbing painted wood sculptures of Jeremy Anderson, who has already exhibited with success in San Francisco's Dilexi Gallery and elsewhere, and also by the fired and painted clay objects of Kenneth Price.

These objects, as well as much else that was shown in Berkeley and later too in a number of one-man shows in West-coast galleries, are all basically Surrealist in their reliance on surprise and on the erotic or obscene associations they somewhat innocently suggest to us, as well as on a kind of meaning or probability that we can detect in a verbal lapse or in an apparently absurd dream. But whereas classical Surrealism, as represented a year later in most of the European masterpieces shown in New York at the Museum of Modern Art, generally communicates to us the dream-world of such artists as Tanguy, Magritte or Brauer in two-dimensional paintings and only more rarely in objects, our younger Funk artists nearly all offer us three-dimensional life-size or over-life-size representations of dream situations that seek to create a more literal "ambience" within which we can live like Alice when she stepped through the looking-glass into her three-dimensional world of sheer fantasy; though the Funk artist invites us to step into his own dream rather than to create such an ambience of our own.

The problem that much of this Funk Art poses to museum curators, gallery owners and private collectors is therefore one of sheer space. In an age when most department stores have given up selling grand pianos because they take up too much valuable space and sell too slowly, many admirers of Funk Art will hesitate to invest in it because it might prove to be too cumbersome. But space, in our affluent society, no longer poses real problems above a certain income level. The very rich, leading sheltered lives in which they need not feel the pressures of the population explosion, can easily sacrifice a few rooms, in their spacious homes, to display a three-dimensional ambience where Funk art conversation pieces will impose topics on their otherwise tongue-tied guests. In spite of the somewhat "native American" or "Redskin" quality of the humor illustrated in much of this Funk Art, it appears moreover to represent a trend which, with slight variations, has already achieved an almost international diffusion, all the way from Western Europe, via America, to Japan.

In Western Germany, Funk Art is generally two-dimensional. In crayon drawings executed with the painstaking and naive virtuosity of Sunday painters, Friedrich Schroeder-Sonnenstern, Piet Morell and Kurt Simon rely, in their allegorical compositions, on much the same kind of ribald folklore fantasy as novelist Günther Grass in **The Tin Drum.** Though Schroeder-Sonnenstern had already been accepted as a Surrealist by André Breton in the last Surrealist shows that he organized, this kind of derisive German humor is in many ways closer to that of American Funk Art than to the more classical Surrealism of Magritte. In the three-dimensional work of Bernhard Schulze, a German artist represented in the Museum of Modern Art's retrospective, we find, however, traces of a more elegantly European kind of Funk Art. In Paris, the Turkish painter Yüksel Arslan might also qualify as a two-dimensional European representative of



"Toys of a Prince," (after de Chirico, 1914)
by Jeremy Anderson
Courtesy: Dilexi Gallery, San Francisco.

Funk Art. When he recently exhibited, for the first time in many years, some of his work in his native Turkey, the gallery was raided by the police, who seized several of his works as obscene and withdrew his passport, so that he could no longer return to his home in Paris. This proves indeed that Arslan's work has a Surrealist quality of provocation that cannot possibly be detected by mere police officials in the work of Barnett Newman or Mark Rothko, who are presented as legitimate American heirs to the great Dada and Surrealist tradition of provocation and deliberate scandal, by the Museum of Modern Art.

It would seem to be difficult to define neatly the frontiers of Funk Art. If Gilhooly's Elephant ottoman is typical of it, then Magritte and Juan Breyten, in Europe, offer us two-dimensional examples of the same kind of inventive humor, and Beckett and Ionesco might be its literary representatives in terms of a poetic of the absurd. Or must Funk Art be three-dimensional? Is it only a style of sculpture, of installations and ambiences? Certainly not, since Peter Saul's sculpture, exhibited last year at Berkeley, is in exactly the same style as his paintings, but three-dimensional so as to offer us the illusion of being the thing-in-itself. If this were the case, though, the latter should then be live and not its mere representation in lifeless materials, which it actually is; in fact, it is a painted statue and not its two-dimensional portrait.

Fundamentally, Funk Art thus poses some valid problems about the nature of art and of the art-object and about their relationship to the real world, including the equally real world of dreams. In recent years, Abstract Expressionism, Pop Art, Op Art and even Minimal Art or Basic Structures have all too often neglected to pose this kind of problem for us. They were all concerned with style and technique rather than, like Surrealism and Funk Art, with subject matter, whether derived from the real world or from dreams. Abstract Expressionism assumed too readily that an artist expresses himself most freely and directly in his style, as if a writer's hand writing were more significant to his readers than what he writes. Because of the basic absurdity of this premise, Abstract Expressionism was inevitably doomed to face a paradox in which style becomes total absence of style, in the later works of Rothko, of Newman and, in Europe, in the monochromes of Yves Klein, Pop Art offered us snide comments on the non-art that surrounds us, but would be left with no message at all if its revolt against this non-art succeeded in sweeping it away. Op Art offered us an art that refrains from any comment, always representing only itself, without ever referring to anything, in the real world or the world of dreams, that is not contained in the work of art itself. At first generally two-dimensional, in the work of Mondrian or Albers, for instance, Op Art then gradually became three-dimensional too, in some of the work of Vasarely, and finally led to Minimal Art or Basic Structures, which extend some of the principles of OP Art into the third dimension, stressing moreover the principle of modular repetition that OP Art had already used in improvising some of its variations on a basic theme.

Like Dada and Surrealism as a revolt against Cubism, Funk Art now breaks away from all this narcissistic preoccupation with self expression, with commenting on the absurdity of a reality that the artist actually accepts but presents in a snide context of art only to stress its absurdity, or with art that represents only itself, whether in painting, sculpture or serial repetition. Availing itself of many of the technical or stylistic devices of Abstract Expressionism, Pop, Op and Minimal Art, Funk Art proclaims a return to imaginative subject matter and to the creation of images which can suggest meanings, thus offering us again the illusion of reality, though of a fantastic or zany reality. It is significant, in this respect, that Jeremy Anderson should have exhibited, over a year ago at the San Francisco Museum of Art, a sculpture that was a three-dimensional representation of an early Chirico **pittura metafisica** painting. Should we now conclude that the works of Kienholz are also Funk Art, and interpret them as a kind of latter-day three-dimensional variation on the kind of statement that the Albright brothers were already making thirty years ago in their paintings?

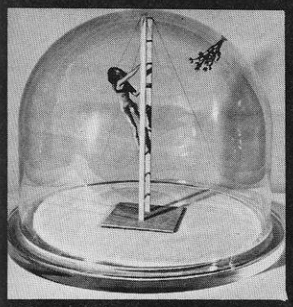
At the U.F.O. Gallery on San Francisco's Haight Street, a whole series of one-man shows, for over a year, has revealed, however, how low Funk Art too can sink, indeed to the level of a kind of sick and

amateurish or do-it-yourself Surrealism that reminds one of human monsters displayed on Coney Island or reproduced in a waxworks museum's Chamber of Horrors. In the Berkeley exhibition, the hippier artists of Haight Street were not represented, neither was Dennis Oppenheim, who was meanwhile exhibiting, in a one-man show at the Comara Gallery in Los Angeles, a selection of "cakes" that derive from Oldenburg's very unappetizing reply to Dali's theory of "comestible art," but with an added artificial flavoring of Funk Art that makes Oppenheim's pastry even more Pop-corny.

San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district has long been over-ambitious in its claim of being "like Paris in the Twenties." It still lacks a Picasso, a Matisse, an André Breton, a Gertrude Stein, a Stravinsky, a James Joyce, a Cocteau, in fact the kind of artistic personalities that are actually producing the obvious classics of the future. More and more, the Neo-art-nouveau poster-artists of the Haight-Ashbury are reduced to ransacking art books in order to discover their "new" designs. By now, they have exhausted the iconography of Mucha, Beardsley and even Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but none of them has yet proven to be scholarly enough to rediscover Marcus Behmer or Thomas-Theodor Heine. Wes Wilson, once a nationally advertised star among them, seems to have already exhausted his somewhat shallow store of erudition, taste and technical skill. If there is a new star among them it might be Charles Clifford Seeley, who has a sounder training as a graphic artist and a more tastefully complex sense of calligraphy and design. The total monthly volume of sales, whether direct in local stores or by mail order, of San Francisco's psychedelic or hippy poster, especially to Campus customers throughout the Country, is no longer expanding as rapidly and has become stabilized around a quarter of a million dollars. The market for these wares has extended to Japan, Western Europe and Australia; I'm told that they even reach Moscow by black-market channels.

Over thirty years ago, in the heyday of Surrealism, André Breton had already proclaimed his admiration for the dream world of Art Nouveau. To the Surrealist, its apparently interminable spirals can, like the chance patterns of **frottage,** of drip-and-drool or of stains on a wall, suggest hallucinations and subject matter for his art. The basic heresy of the New York Abstract Expressionists, as indeed of the Museum of Modern Art in its choice of the American heirs of Surrealism, has been to attach too much importance to the technical innovations and tricks of Max Ernst and other major European Surrealists, and to neglect the use of these mere techniques as devices that can suggest subject matter. When I interviewed him in his home in Southern France a couple of years ago, Max Ernst thus expressed to me his dismay at now seeing so many of his technical "short cuts" to the dream-world of Surrealism, such a frottage and reliance on the chance patterns of drip-and-drool, now used as styles of art in themselves. They should be used, in his opinion, much as the designs on the cards of the Rohrschach test, to be interpreted by the artist himself in subject matter that they suggest to him, not presented by the artist as they come, for each individual who then sees them to interpret them differently. But America tends always, because of its own technological bent, to reduce everything to techniques and styles; in its interpretations of Surrealism, it thus reduces even a revolt against the dominance of artistic techniques and styles to a mere technique or style. Only a few of the more "way-out" American artists, mainly in California, still seem, in their work, to be interpreting correctly the real message of Surrealism as a movement that seeks to run counter to the pressures of a civilization that discourages imagination and fantasy as basically subversive.

It is significant, in this respect, that the Museum of Modern Art should not have thought of including, among the American heirs of Surrealism, the West-coast sculptor Richard Boyce, whose small bronzes express the same kind of perversely erotic fantasy as the drawings and sculptures of the great Paris Surrealist Hans Bellmer, and in a curvilinear style that is likewise derived from Art Nouveau and, in the case of Boyce, more particularly from Rodin. But America has always been peculiarly blind to its own native Surrealists. The Surrealist poems that I mayself wrote between 1928 and 1931 and then managed to publish mainly in **transition** and other European periodicals



have only just been published this year in book form in America, where I am surpised to see that they are now considered very novel. In some machines it take an eternity for a coin to drop.

Editorial Note:
Edouard Roditi will continue his survey of West Coast art in the next issue of ARTS IN SOCIETY, Vol. 5, No. 1 with an article on the art world in Canadian British Columbia.

"Girl on a Ladder" 1966 by Robert Graham
Courtesy: Nicholas Wilder Gallery, Los Angeles.

garbo·garbo·garbo

GARBO

by Antoni Gronowicz

The world knows Greta Garbo as a great actress.

Like many of the events of the same era, her films of the incredible 30's have become a legend for our time, triumphs of simplicity and greatness thrown up out of the confusion and disorder of the moment. Their strange beauty seems utterly remote; yet, since we recognize it as beauty still, it is in some way almost familiar. Both remote and unattainable; we would grasp it, understand it, so that we might set it ahead of us again and achieve or surpass it. Such is the disturbing, mysterious quality of a classic; it sets goals which are not, and cannot be, standards for the present, yet the present feels how much it is itself formed by the incomprehensible past. In the minds of the film public, Garbo's life and career are one, and both have been assimilated to this kind of classical timelessness.

Furthermore the public has never been left with this picture alone. Garbo's presence, as a continuous, mysterious force, a promise of a greater triumph somehow latent, soon to burst forth, still animates the imaginations of those who know the Garbo of today only as the omnipresent mystery of the past.

The public, encouraged by gossip columnists, confuses her old acting in films with her new acting in daily life, and looks with fascinated awe at this institution named Greta Garbo. But what will happen to the institution in the next fifteen years when, growing old, she stops running around America and Europe, when the columnists stop writing about her? The answer is — nothing.

Although she is in her early sixties, the years do not touch her. As though time stopped for her when she was thirty, she still has her strange physical beauty and her mental alertness. She might yet be the greatest actress that ever lived, if, just for a short time, she would stop admiring and cultivating "Greta" and give her time and energy to a motion picture or

theatrical role. Were she once more to play under the lights that role which, as her private life, merely perpetuates her frustration, she might win the success which would erase her own guilt and shame. She is still haunted by the knowledge that her twenty-fourth and last picture, **Two-Faced Woman,** was the only flop of her career.

She is lost when she walks along Madison or Third Avenue, looking at antiques, either outside the shop or from within, depending upon the weather. She is lost and alone in her modestly furnished Fifty-Second Street apartment or in Le Pavillon eating crepes suzette. She is lost, alone and bitter when she sees herself on the screen in the private showings of her films in the Museum of Modern Art. She is disappointed when she suns herself on the terrace of the Rock villa in Cap d'Ail près Monte Carlo. She knows that the only real purpose in her life now is to support the Garbo legend she herself has built. If she thought she could foster the legend by talking and acting like an ordinary person, she would do it. But she knows that this course would destroy the fantasy the world has of her, and in which, at times, she still believes herself.

At least one part of the legend of Garbo is true — she is a strangely beautiful woman. The beauty is present, strange in what it has done to the passage of time, in how it has created and abetted that legend which is both her triumph and her failure. And yet it exists independently of her personal life, of the present aimlessness, her own great happiness now long dead. It is not a "classic" beauty; if, at times, she reminds one of Greek sculpture, it is the eternal mystery of that beauty that fascinates, not the ever-intelligible clarity which other centuries have admired in Greek art. It is the beauty of an archetype made individual, a beauty incomprehensible to the secular modern mentality, capable of understanding humanity only as the uniqueness of the individual and, opposed and irreconcilable to this, the vague "facelessness" of the masses. And yet, there she is, perhaps the most striking mark of her individuality being an underlying aloofness that sets her apart from beauty living and dead.

It is her eyes and hands, more than anything else, that make her unique. In a few seconds her eyes can change from admiration to fear in strange harmony with the movement of her expressively strong hands. Hands and eyes — those who see her once notice them first; those who have known her longest, remember them most.

I once dedicated a book to her. It was called **Modjeska, Her Life and Loves.** It seemed a natural thing; Modjeska's life and career were the fated blueprint for Greta Garbo, although half a century of time divides them.

At the end of the nineteenth century Helena Modjeska emerged as the outstanding Shakespearean actress. According to contemporary critics, such as William Winter of the **New York Tribune,** Modjeska's interpretation of Desdemona, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra, surpassed those of Bernhardt or Duse. Sarah Bernhardt was too sensual in her acting, and Eleonora Duse, too modernistic and experimental. Modjeska was moderately realistic. Her voice was melodious, her beauty, classic. The effect of these qualities, perfectly combined in performance, was monumental, the impression on her audiences, intense.

While poets wrote her odes and men fell in love with her, Modjeska's private life was complex and tragic. Perhaps that is why her artistic achievements became almost legendary. She was born in Poland, lived her life on the stage and died in 1909 in bitterness and solitude in California. That same year — 1909 — a Swedish novel, **Gösta Berling's Saga,** won the Nobel Prize, and years later in 1927, the film version of the book marked the first appearance of an interesting but unknown young actress, Greta Garbo. In the light of a strange and significant parallel between the life of Greta Garbo and that of Modjeska, this minor coincidence almost seems the gratuitous gesture of a mischievous Fate.

Helena Modjeska was born to an indigent family in Cracow; Greta Garbo was born under similar circumstances in Stockholm. Each had to struggle to keep alive and to convince the world that to be an actress is a noble thing. There is an odd sameness in their very characters; stubbornness, independence, classic beauty and realistic

balance, and of course outstanding acting ability. There is even a similarity in the men they loved. Modjeska's Igo Neufeld, like Garbo's Mauritz Stiller, came from the same Jewish, eastern European community. Each man was the decisive and dominating influence in the life and development of the talents of the woman. And in both cases, love was interrupted by tragic death.

"I saw him many times in shops or on the streets of Stockholm," said Greta. "and I would watch him and follow him. But I never had the courage to approach him or speak to him."

At this remark we looked at each other and laughed. I said, "Your shyness today has developed into legend."

"I think, basically, I'm not shy, but to be constantly exposed to people is no advantage to a woman or an artist. It is time-consuming and you have to be always on guard to say the proper thing at the proper moment. After all, an artist is a human being; you like to think about what kind of an impression you make on people. Besides this, direct contact with people outside my medium will make me lose my originality, all my personal characteristics; I shall become one of the masses and will have no artistic appeal for them. Don't misunderstand me, I have nothing against masses; but I also haven't the physical stamina or mental capacity to be constantly exposed. Too many people and routine things in daily life make me lose many hours and there is no time to read books, plays, scripts. As you know, I'm determined to act again . . . and very soon."

I said nothing. Deep inside I did not believe her. She seems to have become increasingly cold and suspicious in her dealing with people, and takes definite steps to avoid everyone. Undoubtedly, many have loved her, but on her part there is no response. To this day, she does little in an active way and has no friends with whom she keeps in regular contact. On occasion, she calls an old acquaintance to join her for supper or a walk, but most of her days are spent reading. cooking simple Swedish meals, or altering her own dresses. For recreation she walks or window-shops, goes to a movie, or strolls through Central Park.

Her yearly trips to Europe are unplanned and without purpose. They simply break the monotony of her American existence. She wishes — to act again on the stage and to appear once more in a film. But for such an undertaking, she needs another Stiller to organize and direct her — a strong hand to encourage her to give actuality to her dreams.

Perhaps the memory of Stiller will be enough. She has lost neither her beauty nor her talent. She has mentioned many times her desire to play the role of Modjeska. The tragic life of Modjeska — the fated role for Garbo. If she could triumph once more in this role, would the grip of Fate upon her life of waste and solitude be broken?

"I am going to Hollywood to start a film about Modjeska." Before I came out of the shock and could say "Amen," she hung up. She always keeps half her promises. She left her sunglasses in New York, sunglasses that she had been wearing for the past thirty years. She left them deliberately. I saw her to the airport and then went home.

Seven days later she was back. Before I had a chance even to open my mouth she said, "Don't ask me. I went there. People seem so strange to me. They don't bother me any more. They don't ask me anything and I didn't have the courage to say that I would like to play . . ."

"So," I concluded, "you're back."
"Yes."

And here is your great Greta Garbo. You can see her practically any time on Madison Avenue, hurrying with her beauty. To Where? To nowhere, to oblivion.

He has recently had poems in **The Beloit Poetry Journal** and **Shenandoah.**

Partly Dave

I catch
eyes in my teeth
and write new love
notes in the palm
of my hand.
I suck around
like rough fish
feeding
in bottom mud,
and hold
hands because
the old lady said so.

I clench the palmed
note until sweat
and ink slide down the streambeds
of my hand.
My feet shake like giant
tics. My face swells
and reddens.

Mouth sewn
shut, my warm
face bounces
off the table
like a red
rubber ball.

He is a young black poet with interests in acting, writing and film-making.

the colors change mary jane

the colors are changing
leaving no words to
be written with bodies
of love in secret
places
may i cover you like
night upon a mattress
speaking only of forgotten
diversions or remembered
faces that clang from
the past
the colors are changing
painting the streets and alleys
grey leaving silence
waiting on the corner
our mouths open and
we wonder where the
words have gone
the colors are changing
and quiet is supreme
breaking walls and
lovers whose hands are
tied in knots
the colors are changing
so we close our eyes
walking like blindmen
without canes
seeking the memory of the
light of your body
under mine.

10-26-67

the faith

it's floating in the
breeze like a bird
over the sea . . . . maybe
it's all vague and
invisible . . . . following
our tracks across
the sand . . . . leaving
only our whispers and
sighs to be heard . . . .
by those passing by
in fellini type fantasies
in multi-colored ornaments
which were moving through
the air . . . .
so the director found us
hiding in the bushes . . . . ashamed
wearing our dream masks
— so we went untied
behind him . . . .
with faint smiles
hoping to be rescued by
either love
or faith . . . .
or maybe even both.

1-21-67

last of summer

it was fall
with summer
lingering in september
like perfume
fences down
in the fields
bending upon brown
grass where their
blanket was spread
they ate oranges
throwing peels
to make a harsh
picture of oranges
and browns

the breeze passed
over them as
she looked at
the sky
through her closed
eyes
breathing like the
wind she cried
out to the sun
moving up to
meet him.

he fell on his back
and let the
wind cool his
legs as they
held hands

it was fall
with the last
of summer gone
through her body

9-25-67

"Vote Victim" by Calvin Burnett

in memory of malcolm x

we are listening
dead malcolm to
your lingering music

damnit they killed
you/by not listening/

so we burned making
flames as a
sacrifice to you/
dead malcolm/

your words are true
so we paint this
country black with
smoke/

brothers and sisters
brothers and sisters/
listen to your black
malcolm who calls
from another place
with black music
from black voices

oh my God Malcolm
rescue us . . . .
must we die to
listen

brothers and sisters
brothers and sisters/
spread his music
through the streets
we are listening
dead malcolm

damnit they
killed you.

winter-67

WARREN SLESINGER

He is a widely published poet who teaches creative writing at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

The Only Hotel

I never determined what happened when it happened
which is why I examined the past. I went to sleep
in a pale and fateful garden since nothing decomposes
like the sense of self. It is a useless, fruitless form
of vegetation spreading and twining, corrupting
and fading. The ego even disappears under it.

To say that I awake is to say that I enter
the pulse and the ache of a rented room in which
the furniture is marred and cheap, too broken-down
to be antique, and this is where I spent myself
when I was a poet morose in a hole, in one of those
interiors with a loose lock, a low watt bulb, a shade
drawn like a veined eyelid that is punished and worn.

The memory of what happened to me still sits
on my shoulders like a dream in which I become
a street corner spectacle and start to scream. I have
a friend whose knotted forehead works and writhes,
a girl with chipped teeth, whose hair is full of flies.

To say that I awake is to say that I carry
a faceful of sleep to the basin. In the mirror
I appear reluctant like a grizzled witness.
Tell me: What more is there to settle for?
I am blotched and dazed and creased, and I am tired
of all I know and own. Cold and corrupted,
I hold: Men are the children of an older growth.

JOHN INGSWERSEN

He is a structural engineer living on South Manitou Island in Lake Michigan, now preparing prints and poetry for a coming book, **How to Build a Thirty-Mile Toy.**

UNMAILED LETTER
to a friend on the suicide of his son

It's late.
It's December.
    there is the gilded tree

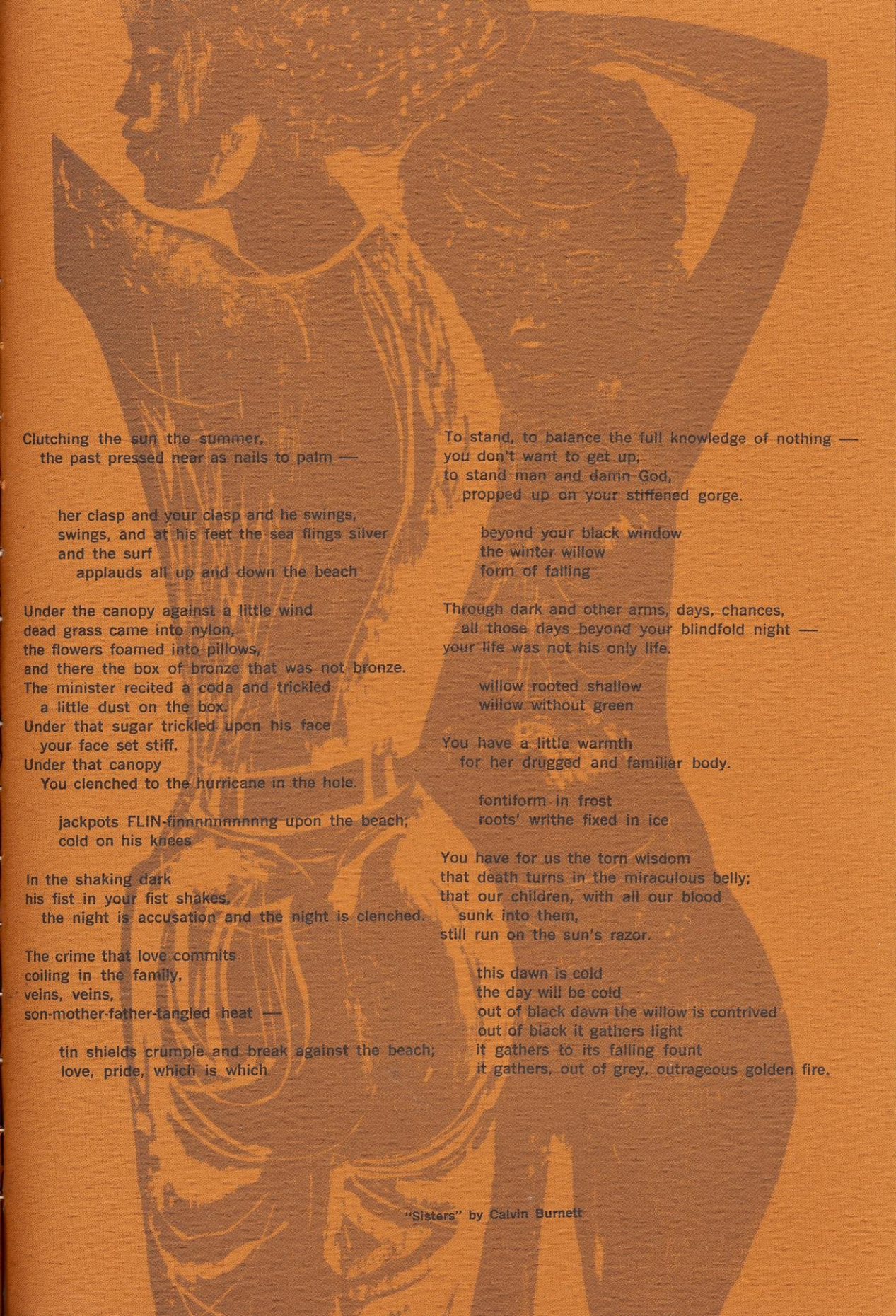
You sit alone with thirty years of love and labor
piled high and no takers,
  no one to tear the ribbons.

No one comes down the stairs —
you hear your own blood
  beating on the numb no one
                       to come

    in the dusk the tree takes all the light

Along the day's drugged night she sleeps
  and waits for sleep.
Death kicks in her belly.

She wrapped him
warm in that winter coat,
top button pinched at his throat's pulse —
he was invested.
And through the years he turned
within the ritual:
into your thanksgivings,
out of your hungers,
turned upon the edge of homecoming,
at last returned,
turned quick in you his six-foot wound.
    the ornaments bend the branches
    white sheet where the roots were



Clutching the sun the summer,
the past pressed near as nails to palm —

her clasp and your clasp and he swings,
swings, and at his feet the sea flings silver
and the surf
applauds all up and down the beach

Under the canopy against a little wind
dead grass came into nylon,
the flowers foamed into pillows,
and there the box of bronze that was not bronze.
The minister recited a coda and trickled
a little dust on the box.
Under that sugar trickled upon his face
your face set stiff.
Under that canopy
You clenched to the hurricane in the hole.

jackpots FLIN-finnnnnnnnnng upon the beach;
cold on his knees

In the shaking dark
his fist in your fist shakes,
the night is accusation and the night is clenched.

The crime that love commits
coiling in the family,
veins, veins,
son-mother-father-tangled heat —

tin shields crumple and break against the beach;
love, pride, which is which

To stand, to balance the full knowledge of nothing —
you don't want to get up,
to stand man and damn God,
propped up on your stiffened gorge.

beyond your black window
the winter willow
form of falling

Through dark and other arms, days, chances,
all those days beyond your blindfold night —
your life was not his only life.

willow rooted shallow
willow without green

You have a little warmth
for her drugged and familiar body.

fontiform in frost
roots' writhe fixed in ice

You have for us the torn wisdom
that death turns in the miraculous belly;
that our children, with all our blood
sunk into them,
still run on the sun's razor.

this dawn is cold
the day will be cold
out of black dawn the willow is contrived
out of black it gathers light
it gathers to its falling fount
it gathers, out of grey, outrageous golden fire.

"Sisters" by Calvin Burnett

ALBERT DRAKE

He is in the English Department at Michigan State University. His poetry has appeared in many little magazines.

The Poet is Miscast as Protector

A blown airliner's hatch
and I see you plummet
like Hansel and Gretel hand in hand
through a forest of air;
or the car dives off open bridges
and you are struggling in seat belts
while I float slowly out the window
like a Chagall figure, to safety.

Oh my children
each night these fantasies are true:
I see you threatened not by poison
under the sink, a bathtub brimming,
or the evils of a naked breadknife,
but by heights, pressing steel,
the impossible acrobatics of our auto.

I grow sleepless and thin
as the serial hazards unfold
where I am cast a concerned
but clumsy hero attempting
a divine intervention to win:
racing across the toy-strewn yard
catcher's mitt outstretched
as the two pound motor-mount bolt
falls from the stratosphere
toward your innocent play.

I would shelter you warm
keep you from harm
perform spectacular heroics
all from love — even though
I know there is a day certain
as science, absolute as the law
of the hours: when
if you do not stand in my wake
then I must stand in yours.

DENNIS SCHMITZ

He is a young poet who has not yet published a book, though his work has been featured in **Choice, Chicago Review, Hudson Review,** and **Arts in Society.**

The Droning Streets

the droning streets

of the inner world

sometimes a light

flashes from the eye

& we know it is night

inside

like the basement of the soul

with no switch

& we must feel along

the walls

or like the heart

as a red traffic code

it says stop

& all the wheel

lock & there is

perhaps the smell

of the sudden stop

sometimes inside

there is only the sound

in the blackness

without even a red wink

of light

& we wait for an accident

View of His House

there are nails
everywhere
& bones shore up the sorely
sagging flesh the nipple
ends
protrude from the walls wood
but worked
into nipples to cover nail
holes the heart
must be self-sealing the slow
journey
a nail makes
the blood
turns over many times

The Summons

1
far out in the field
the swallows have answered
the summons
the thin silver bones
of the reaper shake in the sun
the sudden bright spot has brought
these birds down
has found among all the feathers
the kernel of a brain
has pushed through a pin
of light

2
the snake cannot enter the stone
though roots may
& the frost on a cold day
can shatter
it to powder
the snake leaves its skin
as a sign

3
the roses grope
to the sills of the trellis
the soft bruises
on their skins receive the arrows
of the wind & the bees
puzzle all their wet
openings

"Figure and Bird" by Calvin Burnett

He has been featured in three recent anthologies: Lucien Stryk's **Heartland,** Denise Levertov's **Out of the War Shadow** and Webster Schott's **American Christmas.** He won third prize in the **Writers Digest** poetry contest this year.

The Little Folk of the Salvàns: an Album of Trolls

after woodcarvings
by Sestini Giulio

The Weatherman

He's no stranger to wind
pressing Tyrolean Dolomites
and the seat of his pants,
hoisting coattail and shirttail,
roofing hair over apple face.
His beard is puffing too.
Truant toes
are blown up,
but he plants the brown gnarled
fingers on his knees
crooking and creaking.
His eyes are green,
his mouth O-exclamation.
He warns and worries like a man.

The Gold Ball Carrier

If suspenders don't give
he'll be lucky;
touching that head-size treasure
to his happy head
bowed like melon on trellis.
He's valley bound.
Truly he'll hammer out
a pair of buckles
for King Laurin's boots,
craft earrings and a
breastpin for Queen Samblana,
or for any lady,
his eyes carrying
their darknesses.

The Watchman

Raising his horn and winding
a call of the night,
he brings dissolution
of light and mountain
to presences.
It's outrageous
as war cry.
Settles.
Bark and bloom and brother,
fur, fin, feather
die
a while.
You'd welcome
nibble sound.

The Old Wise

Gnarls in trouserlegs
match pine stick underarm,
his hands locking on hard buttocks.
Moppy bangs cut an uneven
woodpath, but no knots
puzzle the gentle beard.
You feel his right eye closing
on an alpine secret
he'll whisper to
the young or the wary.
Traveling every mannered valley,
he knows people quite as well
as that other me
each one has sitting in his belly.

The Alp Woman

She takes one green day at a time,
probes a ribcage of bramble
for healing herb and root.
Grasses wake against her as she walks
— oh she'll not miss a fly
cleaning its legs on a clover leaf.
Her hooded eyes
shadow the long jawed face,
three lower teeth beam spaces
near them, and a wart
bobs on her nose.
You'd not be afraid to meet her
with that oaken cudgel and bucket
some aromatic night.

The Harpist

Like a coverall
his singing robe is of a piece,
though he plays many pieces for
the Salvàn folk,
this sunbreasted lark,
owl among ruins.
He chords the strangeness in things,
making what's unfamiliar present
as his bluewebbed hands
along gold strings.
Peddling dream of a dream,
he will upset you most
with personal song
of an unlaid ghost.

The Winetaster

Heavy hangs plump grape
over his head and horns,
on his fine bare chest
a baldric vine sports tendril
and enough leaf
for the joyful genital.
The keg he's straddling
beds his satyr tail,
but little creases of fat
italicize pure merriment.
Abstract hare and blurred lady's-slipper
are merely a question
of twenty-twenty vision.
He moves at ease with his own body.

The Waterman

He hears little voices
making important noises in the grass
because his head is ground into his
shoulders and he's not particularly tall.
Best of all, he attends frog
concerts, having met
that music at streams
he clears of algae and unfriendly skum,
for that's his business.
Water flows from his pail,
his beard flows,
and blood is his body's
resonance deeper than
basso profundo of bees.

The Magician

As she snorts and skims and stirs
her bubbling kettle
a chipmunk scuttles
down her right shoulder.
Her cheek muscles twitch.
She's brewing prime matter
of earth, air, sky and water.
When the little folk ring
empty bowls for her freshlife
upheaped and waiting,
she'll pamper the palate in a
split second,
and you doubt if they'll notice
witchfire in her retina.

The Joker

He's man having part of earth in him:
dust seeps under his nails
and into crannies of his face.
For the Salvàn folk
he lowers the risible hills
onto their tablet of mind
or into their funnybone.
"This is the quality of living,"
and his lower tooth sizzles
in spittle so near the fired cheek.
When he pins a moral tail on a tale
he makes you ponder
a little, you expect he'll quit the world
finally with fresh wonder.

The Fool

Needing attention, he gets it
whenever he sits in his birthday
suit in a log tub,
shaking a pinecone bell
to the tickle tune of a
squirrel's brush on the sole
of his one protruding foot.
His head of yellow hair is yelling
he'll not unpack his heart
— but what if that elf
of a troll
suddenly looks in the water
returning
him to himself?

The Caller

Loving the clean run
of his voice on air,
his ear needs no tuning fork,
though cupped hands greet every echo
with a new surprise.
Breath and blood come quick
for these epiphanies of passage
sweeter than
mosquito orchestration
or quivering
sparrow harem.
Winds bring best
his own beloved psyche
back to him.

The Meditator

Short sleeved and short on hair,
he presses his belly to earth
allowing the ah-ness
and the thingness of things
to involve his mind's eye:
a mother bird
is nesting her roseate young
in his branching beard.
Though he may 'clip an angel's wing,'
with those thoughtful hands
he builds a head-support instead,
his bare feet thrashing air,
a little furious for a philosopher
left so poetically curious.

The Happy One

A long leaf curling like half moon
cups all his body,
he pillows his head on his hands
and smiles down to an orphic lap
of spring birds.
He feeds them kernels of light,
making a poem
fluff the white plumage of his chin,
unbuttoned talk with himself
overheard
by troll as well as bird.
His love's a space touching two points,
he feels it and so do you
even in your joints.

book reviews

PERFIDIOUS ALBION

by James Rosenberg

Kenneth Tynan, **Tynan Right and Left.** Atheneum, 1967. $8.95.
Eric Bentley, **The Theatre of Commitment.** Atheneum, 1967. $5.00.

Kenneth Tynan. Born Birmingham, 1927. Educated Oxford. Drama critic for **The Spectator, The Evening Standard, The Daily Sketch, The Observer.** Visiting drama critic for **The New Yorker.** Currently Literary Manager (i.e., **dramaturg**) for the National Theatre Company of Great Britain.

Eric Bentley. Born England, 1916. Educated Oxford and Yale. Drama critic for **The New Republic.** Adaptor, translator, essayist, anthologist, editor, teacher, theoretician. Author numerous volumes of drama criticism and theatre aesthetics (most importantly: **The Playwright as Thinker, The Life of the Drama).**

I open a review of the two latest books by Tynan and Bentley in this fashion by way of acknowledging, first and foremost, that any such review will be, and inevitably must be, a review of the men themselves.

It is surprising to note, for example, that though both are quite young, as critics and the world wag these days (Bentley in his early fifties, Tynan a decade younger), they have moved almost indisputably into positions as our two most eminent English-speaking critics of the drama. I say "almost indisputably," for there is really nothing that is wholly indisputable, and some might care to argue the case. But Brustein, a relative latecomer (and himself a product, like most of the brighter young American critics, of the Bentley school), has moved away from active criticism toward a condition of deanship; Clurman, for all his great theatrical intelligence and wisdom, speaks from, and for, another generation; John Simon and Richard Gilman, among the younger critics, have yet really to make their marks (Simon seems occupied with periodically making his and then rubbing it out).

Consider, however, the case of Eric

Bentley, a man still young enough that it is only within the last few years that he may be said to have lost his credentials as a "young Turk"; his first major book in the field of the drama — **The Playwright as Thinker** — appeared over twenty years ago. Shortly thereafter there began to appear the great series of anthologies — **From the Modern Repertoire, The Classic Theatre, The Modern Theatre, Naked Masks, Seven Plays by Brecht,** etc., etc. To say that the whole dramatic curriculum in educational theatre of the past twenty years has been almost single-handedly rewritten by Eric Bentley is, if anything, an understatement. A generation ago, even perhaps a decade ago, a history of German drama would have included Goethe, Schiller, Hauptmann, Sudermann, maybe Kaiser and Toller, maybe Zweig or Werfel or Zuckmayer. To Bentley almost alone goes the honor of restoring to the mainstream, not only of the German drama, but of the whole modern drama, such names as Brecht, Buechner, Kleist, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Sternheim, etc., etc. Not since Shaw, in the nineties, has one man so completely changed the dramatic tastes and attitudes of a nation — Shaw, in his more flamboyant manner, through public polemicism and deliberately controversial attitudinizing, Bentley, more quietly and insidiously, by reshaping the national curriculum through re-writing its books and restocking its library shelves. Both had something in them of Ibsen's campaign to "torpedo the Ark."

Tynan, thanks to extreme precocity and high public visibility (the born actor's gift), seems to have been around almost as long as Bentley — his first book was published when he was only twenty-three — and his influence on the British drama has been commensurate with that of Bentley on the American scene. Just as Bentley almost single-handedly promoted Brecht from an obscure Leftist German writer into a household word and a Cause, so it was Tynan who very nearly alone fought and won the Battle of John Osborne (the Second Battle of Britain, one might say) and in so doing created the taste — some ten years ahead of time — which made possible the emergence of such playwrights as Harold Pinter and John Arden (the latter, to be sure, still something of a prophet without honor). But where Bentley moved outward to exert his greatest pressure on the educational fringes of the theatre, where the actors, playwrights, and — above all — the audiences of tomorrow are being created, Tynan has driven inward to the very heart of the Great Beast, exerting his direct influence as the intellectual conscience of his nation's leading theatre. And the thesis that the professional theatre, at all times and in all places, badly and always needs an intellectual-conscience-in-residence — this is one of the major implicit themes throughout the work of both Tynan and Bentley. The appointment of Tynan as "Literary Manager" of the National Theatre some years ago was surely one of the landmark events in the generally sorry history of modern theatre. Seen from this side of the Atlantic, it is a mind-blowing prospect. Imagine Eric Bentley as the **dramaturg** of Lincoln Center! (It wouldn't be good box-office.) Or Richard Gilman at the Guthrie. (Who needs a dramaturge when you've already got a thaumaturge?) John Simon at — God save the mark! — the Los Angeles Forum Theatre. Stanley Kauffmann as "Literary Manager" for Universal-International Pictures? The mind not only boggles but collapses.

One final introductory note: Both men, as has been noted, are British. Bentley, to be sure, became an American citizen many years ago and has lived in this country for at least half of his adult life, while Tynan is a frequent visitor to our shores. But, whatever their current nationality status, both bear deep within their bones a profoundly European attitude toward the drama, which sees it as a serious, central, and indeed necessary part of life, and which does not accept the American view of the theatrical life and the intellectual life of the nation as being permanently, and quite properly, separate.

This much said, by way of establishing the very great importance of these two major critics, it nevertheless becomes my sad duty to add, in all good sooth, that, to any devotee of the modern theatre and/or of Tynan and Bentley, these two books come as distinct disappointments.

Bentley's **The Life of the Drama** was, I believe, one of the most important pieces of critical writing in the theatre since Shaw's heyday in London. (If I keep harking back to Shaw, incidentally, it is no accident;

he was the spiritual forefather of both Bentley and Tynan in more ways than one.) The present **Theatre of Commitment** is, by contrast, a frank and unashamed scissors-and-paste-pot job of bits and pieces of Bentleyana ranging over the past 14 years. One of the earliest, first printed in **The Avon Book of Modern Writing,** a publication long since deceased, was entitled "The American Drama, 1944-1954," and one cannot help questioning the necessity, let alone the importance, of reprinting this now. "What Is Theatre?" was originally the lead essay in a book of the same name first published in 1956. One of the essays first appeared in **Playboy** magazine (!) — for, one hopes, lots of money — and only the title essay of the book, reprinted from **Commentary,** can be said to be really new, having had its genesis as a lecture delivered at Brandeis University in 1966. In other words, for followers and fans of Eric Bentley, this is like a season of TV re-runs, and one could scarcely blame them if they marched back to the bookstore and demanded a refund of their five bucks — a pretty high price, after all, for twice-told tales.

Similarly, Tynan's **Curtains** struck me at the time (and still does) as the best collection of theatre criticism published in English since World War Two — witty, incisive, and expressing, like all great criticism, not an opinion but a world-view. The publishers have lured me into expecting a second **Curtains** by the deliberately imitative format of the present volume, and it is not until I open the book and inspect the table of contents that I discover that less than half the volume is devoted to theatre criticism. There is a rather unsatisfactory section on cinema (Mr. Tynan, brilliant in the theatre, is not altogether at home in the world of film), and then sections called "People," "Places," and "Comments and Causeries," these latter representing a mish-mash of Cholly Knickerbocker-type gossip about the jet-set, scraps of travel notes and gourmet tips, interviews, prose sketches, marginalia, and random jottings, most of them ranging from bad to (in one or two instances) downright embarrassing. The **rationale** behind all this would seem to be that Tynan, as an institution, is now so interesting and important that anything he writes automatically becomes of value. This is, alas, far from true, even of a Goethe; even the most towering intellect tends to write trivially about trivia. Recommendation here: rip out the last two hundred pages and return them to your bookseller and request that **half** the purchase price (a whopping $8.95) be returned.

Nevertheless, the publishers, while undoubtedly cocking a shrewd eye at the market value of the Bentley and Tynan names, have not altogether cheated us, and they are at least partially right in their assumption that nothing written by these two men, however dated or hackneyed, can be completely devoid of interest. Certainly the title essay of Bentley's book is an important one, and it is good to have "What Is Theatre?" readily available again, even though some of its major theses have since been restated more cogently elsewhere. And Tynan's theatre pieces display the same crackling intelligence and wit as before, even though Tynan describing how he refereed a bibulous meeting between Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams scarcely rises above the level of Sheilah Graham.

Interestingly enough, both titles suggest a political approach to theatre (which neither book fully expresses), and it is certainly true that one of the things which elevates Bentley and Tynan above their critical confreres is their ability to see and understand the theatre as part of the larger and more important arena in which men live and die. Bentley has always had a broad concern with theatre and its workings within the totality of man's existence, even before his adoption of Brecht and his Epic Theatre, and undoubtedly one of the reasons his current book comes largely out of the scrapbook is that within the last few years he was withdrawn more and more from the role of theatre critic while gravitating toward that of political philosopher (in the broadest sense of the term). His most recent published essays, in **The New Republic,** had to do with his visit to divided Berlin, with scarcely a mention of the theatre situation there, and with America's commitment in Vietnam.

Tynan, too, has always been something of a political animal, although, like Bentley, when he talks about such matters, it is (to paraphrase Cocteau) a "politics **of** the theatre" he has in mind rather than a

"politics **in** the theatre." Readers attracted to these volumes by the titles, and hoping to find studies of the political theatre of the 1960's in terms of the **agitprop** protest theatre of the 1930's, are due to be sorely disappointed. The "commitment" that Bentley is talking about is rather a different matter from the "commitment" of the 30's, and Tynan, though he is enough of a good Brechtian to accuse Ionesco and some of the other Absurdists of being "inward-looking and self-pitying," still is not blind by any means to some of the dreadful dullness in certain theatrical works from behind the Iron Curtain.

But both Bentley and Tynan are agreed in their insistence on the theatre as a serious and important political instrument — "political" in the broadest and best and most meaningful sense of the word. Both see it as a central forum in the life of the nation where the most vital issues are brought before the people. And both are wise enough to understand that the theatre is a palace of art before it is an arena of politics and that its political formulations must be stated as metaphor rather than polemic (although Tynan is sometimes in danger of sounding more didactic than Brecht, and Bentley's "political" bias may lead him to vastly overrate such an extremely bad play as **The Deputy).**

Finally, one of the real pleasures in reading Tynan and Bentley lies — as with all art — in the realm of style. Bentley's prose style — pure, simple and forceful — is somewhat more grave and donnish than that of Tynan, who has a truly Irish flair for the high-spirited, high-jinks of language — puns, word-play, fireworks, flippancy, the gorgeous "argie-bargie," as Dylan Thomas called it, of words pinwheeling beyond sense into larger meaning. Tynan is, in fact, one of the few writers extant who truly deserves the adjective "witty," and at his best (which is much of the time) he reminds us forcefully of the difference between true wit (as in Ben Jonson) and mere wisecracking. (How is it possible, for example, to better Tynan's description of Kirk Douglas as an actor: "Mr. Douglas talks through a grinning rictus of bared and gritted teeth, like a demented ventriloquist"?) It is unfortunate, but significant, incidentally, that the sheer liveliness and flip grotesquerie of Tynan's style (which, to be sure, at times descends to fairly awful levels of punning) has to a great extent cost him his reputation among Serious Critics, most of whom tend to assume to start with that anyone remotely interested in theatre must be a pretty trivial fellow **au fond.** Thus, Mary McCarthy, in a review of **Curtains,** decides that "rational discourse is not Tynan's strong point," that he "tends to write advertising copy"; in drawing an invidious comparison between Tynan and Francis Fergusson, she concludes, to Fergusson's advantage, that he is "neither a journalist nor a wit" — the intellectual's **coup de grace to** the man suspected of being a shade less profound than Aristotle. And Alfred Kazin, speaking out of the great shadowy glooms of Flaubert and Dostoyevsky, observes sadly that "no one who reviews all the specimens of an art regularly, by the day or the week, by the performance or the exhibition, can ever be better than, can really be **different** from, the stuff he works in." Tynan, he concludes, more in sorrow than in perception, "is exactly like the contemporary theatre — as horridly professional, as glibly insurgent; everything is turned back into the usual sophisticated liberalism, the fatally self-conscious gesture." It has, of course, long been the literatures fancy to visualize the theatre critic as a sort of Times Square tap-dancer, à la George M. Cohan, but underlying this delicate snobbery, this "they're not really **our** kind of people" attitude, is a larger and more crippling Calvinism of the intelligentsia which has always tended to overvalue pomposity and turn away from funniness. (Can a man who cracks jokes be **really** worthy of our attention?) The fruits of this attitude can be seen in the general academic judgment which sees Sophocles as a more important artist than Aristophanes, which elevates Racine above Molière, and, in English-speaking climes, pays heavy obeisance to such colossal bores as O'Neill and Dreiser and Spenser while dismissing Mark Twain and Chaucer as figures lacking in High Seriousness.

But all the toplofty disapproval of deep thinkers cannot disguise the fact that there is often in Tynan's japes and witticisms a deeper, and more serious, perception than in the ponderous perorations of the undroll

(cf. his characterization of Vanessa Redgrave as resembling "a vulnerable baby giraffe," his description of **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** as "a microcosm of a microcosm," his objection to the Absurdists' "pervasive tone of privileged despair").

Bentley, as I have indicated, has to some extent escaped the suspicions attached to Tynan, since both his style and manner indicate that he is a serious person attending to serious matters. He is by no means devoid of humor, but much of it is subtle, and often so scolding in tone as to make it sound like a rather harsh gravity. He is also a man of very nearly encyclopedic knowledge, and few readers can fail to be impressed by the immense breadth of his reading (although he must nonetheless be a constant source of intellectual embarrassment to some of his Columbia colleagues, like Lionel Trilling and W. H. Auden, who have repeatedly and publicly avowed their total lack of interest in and respect for the theatre as an art form). Tynan, by contrast, is scarcely a cultural clod, but he wears his learning — like his adjectives — so jauntily that it is easy to dismiss his wide-ranging literary and historical references as examples of Sophomore Survey Course superficiality. However, a man who sees that the proper epigraph for a review of **After the Fall** is a quotation from Goethe may be many things, but he is not superficial.

It is also true that good critics — like good actors — are fertile mines of surprises, and here neither Bentley nor Tynan is a disappointment. Bentley, for example, is peculiarly excellent on the subject of 19th Century French farce. A couple of Tynan's best reviews are of Francois Billetdoux's **Chin-Chin** and of Lerner and Loewe's **Camelot,** the score of which he describes as "all sugar and fatty degeneration" (a comment reminiscent of his earlier characterization of an unhappy Shakespearean actor essaying Hamlet, as "a born Horatio").

In short, and despite my previous strictures concerning both these volumes, there is much of value — even if one follows my advice and guts both books, preserving only a handful of loose pages from each. This is perhaps not "God's plenty," but it is more than we have a right to expect in a theatre world where a kind of showbiz Know-Nothing-ism seems all too often to be the established religion.

It may sometimes seem that, if the mind is a muscle, it is in dire danger of atrophy within the show-shops of Broadway and the West End, as well as in the critical writings about them, but as long as Bentley and Tynan are with us the dangers of atrophication are appreciably reduced.

For which, praise be.

BORDER COUNTRY IN POLAND

by Albert Bermel

Six Plays by Slawomir Mrozek;
Grove Press, 1967. $1.95.

A story has it that a trapper happened to build a two-room cabin astride the 49th Parallel. He was visited by a surveyor from the provincial government of Manitoba who told the trapper he had a choice. He could move his bedroom a few feet to the south and become a citizen of the United States, or push his living room north into Canada. "I'll shift the bedroom south," the trapper said quickly. "I could never take those Canadian winters."

The story (with a little straining on my part) has some bearing on the theatre of Slawomir Mrozek. For a start his latest play is actually called **Home on the Border.**[1] It tells of a household that is suddenly bisected by an international frontier. But the theme of **Home on the Border** speaks incidentally about Mrozek's work as a whole. Like other outstanding comic dramatists of the past 20 years, Mrozek perches, at times uneasily, on the boundary between satire and allegory. Harold Pinter, for example, after stumbling into the bleak allegorical terrain of **The Dwarfs,** a radio play ill-adapted to the stage and television, recovered his balance magnificently with **The Homecoming** in which satire and allegory fortify each other. Pinter is lucky.

He has two gifts as a playwright — for comedy and for suspense. Mrozek has one, for intellectual farce, but it is so commanding when he is in form, so violently funny, that few writers since Shaw can touch him at this type of humor. His three best short plays, **The Police** (1958)[2], **The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey** (1959) and **Out at Sea** (1961), have lately appeared in Nicholas Bethell's lumpy English translations, together with **Charlie** (1961), **The Party** (1962), and **Enchanted Night** (1963) as a collection, **Six Plays by Slawomir Mrozek.** The expectations set up by the first trio are not quite met by the others, which seem to have fallen over into allegory (much as Ionesco's **Le Pièton de l'air** and **Le Roi se meurt** have done).

The Police, though, stands as a peak of comic invention. Its story takes place in a state whose only criminal, a political prisoner (and aren't all criminals political, in a manner of speaking?) declines to resist taking the oath of allegiance any longer. He now looks forward to "a joyful and calm conformity, an eager hope in the future, and the peace which flows from full submission to authority. . . . Today I sign the paper that you have been trying to persuade me to sign for ten years. I will then go out into the free world and support the government. What is more, I will send an open letter to our Infant King and his Uncle the Regent — the most humble letter that has ever been written, filled with the deepest devotion and love."

The Police Chief cannot induce the Prisoner to change his mind and undergo a little more torture, not even when he offers him official help with his stamp collection: "We've got secret agents in many interesting foreign countries who send us reports. We could soak the stamps off and give them to you for your album. Outside it's not so easy to get good stamps." But the Prisoner will not relent from becoming a model citizen. He signs the statement of unquestioning loyalty and departs, a free man, knowing only too well that the police now have no function left.

The second part of the play turns its attention to a police sergeant. We have already learned that the Sergeant is a full-time agent-provocateur whose duty is to wear civilian garb, mingle with the populace, and try to induce people to say something unpatriotic so that he can arrest them and keep the police in business. Despite his best efforts, he has had no success; in fact, when he shouted nasty things about the Infant King and his Uncle the Regent, the public-at-large beat him up. The Sergeant is a man of absolute, impersonal principle. As his wife observes, "He reported me to the secret police and I reported him. That's how we got to know each other." The Sergeant even dreams that he is divided into two men, "one in uniform and another in civilian clothes." The dream customarily ends when "the I that's in uniform arrests the me that's in civilian clothes." This is the man chosen by the Chief to save the police force from extinction. He will impersonate a criminal, "an act which is not without a certain poetry of its own." That is, as obedient provocateur, he provokes himself into crying out, "Our Regent, the Uncle of our Infant King, is a dirty swine." The Chief promptly draws his sword and arrests him.

By the beginning of the third part of the play the Sergeant has performed his role as a threat to the state so effectively that the police have "been granted funds for rebuilding the prison, recruiting new personnel and strengthening the patrols" to keep him incarcerated. At the same time, he is starting to believe in his new role. He has had plenty of time to ponder the slogans on the prison walls left by former inmates. He has looked out of his cell window and seen the newly-built crematorium which, he argues, is "a non-productive investment." The Chief indignantly comes back at him: "Would you deny atheists the right to dispose of their bodies as they like, with their own sort of funeral? If you are against religious tolerance how can you have the nerve to criticize the government's record in that respect?" But the Sergeant has already been corrupted by his role, it will eventually convert him into an all-out revolutionary who can yell, "Long live Freedom!"

The original Prisoner returns. He is now an aide to the General at whom he threw a bomb that failed to explode many years before — the act for which he was imprisoned. The General feels that "everybody some time has to throw some bomb at some general or other. . . . I have

complete confidence in my new assistant precisely because he has all this behind him." This concluding segment of the play goes into power maneuvers too intricate to summarize here. The upshot is a stalemate in which the Chief of police, the former Prisoner and the General place each other under arrest.

The pattern of the plotting is particularly interesting. By plotting I mean, not the action or story, but Mrozek's disposition of the characters by scenes. Of the four principals, two are representatives of authority in a closed society, the Chief and the General; they remain relatively fixed as personalities throughout. The other two, the Sergeant and the Prisoner, not merely alter, they virtually swap roles: the Sergeant was an associate of the Chief and he becomes a prisoner; the Prisoner was an enemy of the state and he becomes an associate of the General, a figure of authority. How do they do this? By accepting opposing parts that are given them, yes, but also by consenting to a vocabulary of thought and language that is innately alien to them. I stress this point because it recurs in most of Mrozek's other plays: men become slaves of a system because their initial subservience leads them ultimately into active consent: they talk in the terms proposed by their rulers. (The Sergeant subsequently discovers his own vocabulary and so discovers his freedom even as a prisoner.)

The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey concerns a humble paterfamilias who is informed that a tiger is hiding out in the bathroom of his house. He has to pay a tiger tax, to play host to a succession of officials who come to examine the imagined animal, and to accommodate a circus in his living room. Finally, when he begins to believe that the tiger exists (when he lets himself be persuaded into joining in the ludicrous situation and dialogue), he must act as the prey, to draw the tiger out from the water pipes where it is supposed to be hiding, so that a maharajah can hunt it. The hero is then shot in his own bathtub.

Out at Sea is ostensibly a variation on the old tale of three men on a raft without provisions. Two of them try to browbeat the third into suicide; he will become the provisions. At first he argues, then he pleads, but he is doomed as soon as he conforms with their logic. He ends by proudly sacrificing himself for the general welfare of the raft. Mrozek appears to say that there is no hope for him once he accepts the raft as a legitimate society, instead of an accidental community in the founding of which he has had no say.

The other three plays in the collection are also about people who talk themselves into strange or embarrassing situations. Mrozek evokes these situations with a grim terseness. Parody of a sort is still in evidence but it is less informed by humor and by Mrozek's meticulous dialectics. In consequence Mrozek loses a certain particularity in his portraits of the characters; he lapses into almost pure allegory and since this is not one of his talents the plays tend to be predictable and to lack edge. **Charlie** is about an oculist whose premises are invaded by two men looking for somebody called Charlie whom they wish to shoot; the oculist saves his skin by informing on his customers and letting these "Charlies" be shot in his place: Quislings are made, not born. **The Party** deals with three farmers who come to a hall expecting to take part in a celebration and find that they have to make their own; in the course of it they don masks, dress up as women and get involved in those voluntary games of sex and death so beloved by student playwrights. The allegory is also heavy in **Enchanted Night** in which two state functionaries who are staying overnight in a hotel unintentionally put their feeble imaginations together and begin to compete for the girl of their respective dreams. While they squabble over whether they are awake or asleep, or which of them has intruded on the other's dream, the girl vanishes.

Allegory always presents an author with difficulties. If the outward or realistic action behind which it is concealed is convincing, spectators and readers will not bother to look for the allegory or sustained metaphor), much less find it. If the outward action does not carry conviction, the allegory is liable to be even less convincing since it is a projection and suffers from projected distortion — its applicability to life then comes into question. When a play is really funny, nobody but a misanthrope will worry if it has flaws. When it is serious, the flaws in the realism and the allegory — attenuation of a

dramatic idea; labored writing; stichomythia; repetition; obviousness — become irritants. Besides, the contemporary theatre has conditioned us to read allegory right off, without any veneer of realism; our taste — mine at any rate — is for lean entertainment, not for prolonged strangeness of atmosphere.

Striptease (1963)[3] also seems to be spun out for its content, and to illustrate Mrozek's inclination to let abstraction fill the vacuum created when he forsakes comic devices. The antagonists in this play are a pair of gigantic hands, one of them wearing a red glove. The hands operate on two victims who are called simply Man A and Man B, rather as the farmers in **The Party** are lettered, not named, as B, N, and J, and the functionaries in **Enchanted Night** are known as Old Man and Old Boy. Mrozek is not a psychological playwright and it is unfair to pin him down to characterization; yet the less abstract early plays are richer; the characters, even as **roles,** are more cunningly exploited, as they are in the finest Expressionist plays whose characters are roles rather than people — Kaiser's **From Morn to Midnight,** for example. One can regard a search for increasing abstraction as a quest for pureness or simplicity, but the test is in the results, not in the intentions, and the result of Mrozek's abstractness is a certain dry, didactic tone. Yet even these (for Mrozek) inferior plays create stage images that are memorable and, like any other author, Mrozek is entitled to be judged by his best work. This is so dramatically effective that **Out at Sea,** which I recently saw in a poorly acted, poorly directed, poorly translated production off-off-Broadway, came through as a glorious farce.

When Mrozek is better known in this country critics will undoubtedly classify him with the "Absurdists." But as the drama critic Andrzej Wirth explained not long ago in a lecture in New York, the theatre of Mrozek and his contemporaries (among them, Stanislaw Grochowiak and Tadeusz Rosewicz) comes out of a modern Polish tradition of grotesquerie, rather than from a West European one — Lewis Carroll, Jarry, Chaplin and the Marx Brothers, the Surrealists. Dr. Wirth referred specifically to the work of Witold Gombrowicz, born in 1905 and now living in France, and of Stanislas Ignacy Witkiewicz (1885-1939), who signed himself Witkacy. I can claim no familiarity with Polish literature and drama but I would not hesitate to push the tradition of eerie fantasy in Poland back as far as **The Saragossa Manuscript** by Count Jan Potocki who died in 1815 and whose tales were known by Washington Irving. No plays by Gombrowicz are readily available in English, although some have been translated into French; **Yvonne Princesse de Bourgogne** was to have been presented during the first season of the short-lived Cultural Centre of Old Montreal. Witkacy, a multi-talented artist (poet, critic, philosopher, playwright, novelist) "wrote over thirty plays (nearly all of them between 1918-1926), of which just over twenty have been preserved."[5] The two I have read, **The Madman and the Nun,** or **There is Nothing Bad Which Could Not Turn into Something Worse**[6] and **The New Deliverance,**[7] show Witkacy to have been a poetic dramatist of hallucinatory power. Like the French Surrealists he seems to make the most of free-association techniques, but the free association serves only to release or conjure up from nightmares the raw material for his plays; on this material he consciously imposes dramatic form. "An art of this kind," he wrote, "could be envisioned where every single detail is, in its relation to life, wholly arbitrary but put together with the utmost logic and precision. . . . The essential theatre of Pure Form [Witkacy's name for his method of composition] is certainly a **thèâtre d'èvasion,** redolent of Freudian wish-fulfillment, in which, after all, dreams are an elementary medium."[8]

If André Breton, René Daumal, Roger Gilbert-Lecomte and other Surrealists are likeable children toying with firecrackers for the delectation of their friends, Witkacy is altogether a more skilled and dangerous figure — a revolutionary in absolute control of his high explosives. It is no wonder that his plays were banned in Poland for many years and revived only after the "thaw" set in in 1955. Like Apollinaire, Witkacy is a Surrealist only in finding the inspiration for his plays by means of "psychic automatism." His work has a clean, hard finish and a coherence that the Surrealists would have scorned, probably because they could never have matched it.

Mrozek is no Surrealist at all. To

detect Witkacy's influence on him one must look at something else in the latter's "theory of pure form in the drama." The theory is complicated but it involves, among other matters, the eschewing of a false emotional bond between characters and spectators: "The work of art must be wrung, **passe-moi l'expression grotesque,** from the innermost guts of the personality, but the end effect must be absolutely free of all 'tripes.' There is the formula: and how difficult a one it is to carry out."[8] The formula means in effect that the author must remain dispassionate while permitting his characters to unleash the wildest passions.

Mrozek's characters do not boil with passions, any more than his texts glitter with the frighteningly beautiful apothegms one encounters constantly in Witkacy.[9] He is more tight-lipped, more of a straight storyteller; he cannot command the **rhétorique maudite** that Witkacy seems able to turn on and off at will. He bears down hard — unnecessarily hard when he is forcing an allegory — on his line of action and so does not dispense Witkacy's prescription for a **thèâtre d'èvasion.** But Mrozek has certainly freed himself from "tripes."

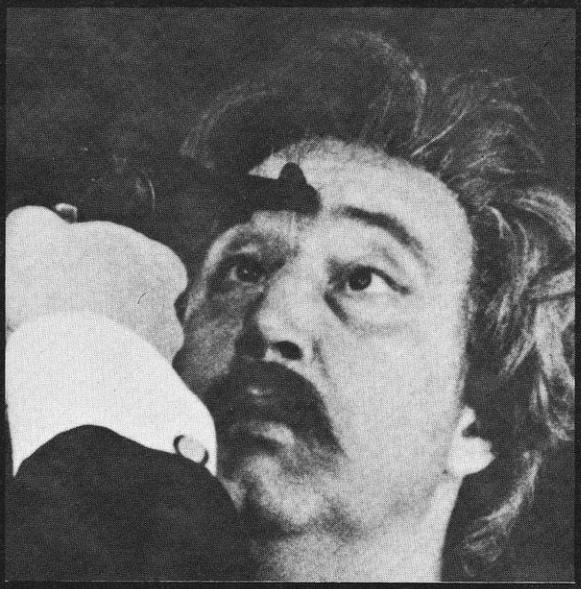
His full-length play, **Tango, or The Need for Order and Harmony** (1964), shares with the shorter plays this detached, almost chill, manner, this "tripelessness."[10] The "need for order and harmony" is affirmed by the hero Arthur, a 25-year old rebel. Mrozek turns the pooped-out old conflict between generations on its nose, for Arthur's parents are bohemians who long ago won the battles for free thought, free love, eccentric clothing and general permissiveness. By reaction, therefore, Arthur is a traditionalist. Mrozek never makes it clear what kind of a traditionalist, though, Burkean (principled) or pragmatic (a sort of William F. Buckley, Jr.; God, rather than man, at Yale, with delusions of oral superiority, and possibly anal) or a neo-Victorial clerk, with a rationalist's Polytechnic education like Enry Straker's.

Arthur wants to subvert his parents' comfortably disarrayed home. He will "set up new conventions or bring back the old ones . . . all the proper forms." His first step is to marry his girl friend. He will give her "an honest-to-goodness wedding with all the trimmings." He tries to urge his father into action by getting him to evict a fellow called Edek who hangs about the house and presumably sleeps with Arthur's mother. The father Stomil goes after Edek with a revolver, but somehow gets drawn into an amicable game of cards with him. Arthur then enlists his uncle, and the two of them carry out Arthur's revolution at gunpoint.

The second act of **Tango** shows the sort of order and harmony Arthur wished to bring about. He calls it "pure form," in a reference to Witkacy's theory. The characters have reverted to the fashions of 50 years before, the post-Edwardian era, say. It may be of significance that Edek the outsider has now become the butler and is sometimes addressed as Edward. Arthur is triumphant; he has discovered that "the one thing that can be made out of nothing is power . . . I am the act, the will, and the way. I am power. I am above, within and beside all things." What is this power that Arthur brags about? It is the "power over life and death," the life and death of his family. Arthur has found out, in short, that the strongest man can do as he likes.

Only, he is fooling himself. Edek is stronger than he is. Edek has been to bed with the girl who is now Arthur's wife. And when a showdown comes, Edek does not dispute with Arthur; he simply kills him and establishes **his** order and harmony. He tells the people in the family that nobody will get hurt who does not interfere with him. And they are quite happy about this. Edek is a tyrant, but with him they know where they are and who they are. When he orders Arthur's uncle, formerly Arthur's accomplice, to dance a tango with him no questions are asked. The tango is **La Cumparsita,** and Mrozek insists that "it must be this tango and no other." On this tableau of the two men dancing, with Edek leading the steps, and Arthur slain, the curtain falls and "as the light goes on in the theatre the tune issues from numerous loudspeakers distributed through the house."

As a play **Tango** is not so much a comedy, farce or satire as it is a "tango," a succession of weird motions executed by performers who are, so to speak, standing at an angle to the line of dance and



Power seeking Arthur (Robin Gammell) enlists his Grandfather Eugene's (Paul Ballantyne) aid in forcing his parents (Lee Richardson and Gale Sondergaard) to organize their lives in TANGO by Slawomir Mrozek. MINNESOTA THEATRE COMPANY PRODUCTION 1967 — CRAWFORD LIVINGSTON THEATRE, ST. PAUL.

progressing by erratic, exotic steps. Behind them stretches a wake of hints, clues and nudges. A fairly straightforward reading of the action suggests that it is about the tightening of discipline in Poland after seven or eight years of frantic experiment in the arts (1956-63). The avant-garde becomes mannered and complacent (Arthur's parents); the new generation of artists (Arthur) wants to find a solid footing in the "pure forms" of the past. It woos the general public (Arthur's girl friend), and wins the collaboration of the Academy (Arthur's uncle). But once again the word "intellectual" is equated with the word "ineffectual." The new intelligentsia has no firm power base. Russia, the authorities in Poland, or the Party (Edek) or what have you steps in and takes charge, reimposing Edwardian, pre-revolutionary socialist realism.

This interpretation is complicated by what one might describe as a Fortinbras hangup in modern Poland. Jan Kott has been instrumental in making Shakespeare appear to be our (or, more accurately, Beckett's) contemporary. Other critics and playwrights have followed his lead. So have many directors. The Royal Shakespeare Company has rebuilt **King Lear** and **Henry V;** in New York Joseph Papp has given a garbled, "shattered-focus" **Hamlet;** and in Poland itself there have been a number of plays that oppose a modern Hamlet, or spiritual man, to a modern Fortinbras, or man of action. I suppose this way of regarding the play comes initially from Brecht.[11] At any rate, Fortinbras, often omitted from English-language productions for the sake of brevity or a smaller cast, has become a critical figure in modern Polish drama.[12]

Claudius is no longer an important enough antagonist for Hamlet. He is indecisive, needing to pray for divine guidance, becoming terrified by the performance of **The Murder of Gonzago,** enlisting Laertes' aid in a plot that goes awry, and so on. He is a bungler: with his clumsy device of the poisoned foils he gets himself, Gertrude, and Laertes murdered, as well as Hamlet. Fortinbras, on the other hand is ruthless and efficient. He simply marches in at the end and takes over Denmark. And it may be that Fortinbras' objective in **Hamlet** — to launch a war against Poland — has made him the Poles' personification of an eternal enemy.[13] Thus, the scene in **Tango** in which Arthur tries to incite his father to shoot Edek is not, as it might superficially appear, a **Hamlet**-in-reverse as the Prince incites the Ghost of his father to reclaim Gertrude from a usurper but, conceivably, a scene in which Hamlet tries to egg **Claudius** into going on the offensive against the outsider, Fortinbras, the literally "strong in arm." At the end Fortinbras-Edek would be compelling official Polish art to dance to **his** tune, the tango. The tango, by the way, became popular in America, and subsequently in Europe, in 1911-12, that is, in the post-Edwardian era. It may resemble the **habanera** and seem to be Cuban or Spanish, but it probably derives from Africa. Whatever its origin, it is distinctly alien to Polish or any other European culture.

From the tango to **Tango.** Mrozek's play is even further removed from the generalized allegory of his earlier comedies. It is the parable or didactic allegory, the example or lesson, in which there is a stronger infusion of morality than in say **The Police** or **Out at Sea.** There is also less humor. Not that Mrozek has forsaken comedy. He has some very funny lines in the play and its premises are sardonic. But behind the political parable lies a second allegory which has to do with a large dilemma of the modern theatre, the one Witkacy put his finger on: what kind of dramatic form, if any, is appropriate and satisfactory in the 20th Century's artistic fluidity, not to say chaos? In Ionesco's **Victims of Duty** a poet named Nicolas d'Eu (a rough anagram of Eugene Ionesco) rather laboriously defends the need for new dramatic conceptions. And Tadeusz Rosewicz's **The Interrupted Act** (1964) is subtitled "a non-theatrical comedy in one act" and deals with the same difficulty of writing for the theatre today, although as Boleslaw Taborski remarks, "this ironically 'anti-theatrical' piece has proved quite effective on the stage."[14]

Tango may well be a play about another play, **Hamlet.** If so, the analogy is severely defective. Most modern plays with a self-conscious hero are unavoidably indebted to **Hamlet,** anyway. Arthur's girl friend may be a sort of Ophelia, and Arthur's mother a sort of Gertrude;

Arthur's father may be the Ghost (of his former self) plus a whiff of Claudius, but the situations and characters developed by Mrozek do not encourage one to press the analogy too far. **Tango** is more likely to be a play about itself. It is outwardly a domestic comedy. The opening scene and closing scene of the first act consist of card games, much like those card games that introduce the boulevard plays of Scribe, Labiche, Sardou, Feydeau, Courteline, and other authors of well-made scripts. And by taking us back, during its second act, to the period before World War I, before Surrealism and Expressionism had got under way, **Tango** depicts the theatre turning back its own clock. Tragedy is not possible today, Stomil tells Arthur; every attempt at it turns into farce. But nor is it possible to write a boulevard comedy today, not possible, that is, for Mrozek. So he works his variations on the old formulae, as Strindberg did in **Crime and Crime.** Arthur (the younger generation of artists?) is overwhelmed by Edek (edict? Edwardianism?). The theatre goes back to the simple power struggles of socialist realism based on their 19th-century formulae and ties an unhappy ending, a characteristically modern device, to them. The old, alien dance, the tango, which used to be a fashion, has become a regulation. Why **La Cumparsita?** I am not at all sure, except that **La Cumparsita** was perhaps the most popular of the tangos in Europe, the most directly recognizable **as a tango.** The family in the play accept it, as they bow to Edek's show of brute power, and they do so much more willingly than they accepted Arthur's display of power-based-on-logic.

If this is an explanation — I am not satisfied that it is the only one; "exploration" is a better word here than "explanation" — the theme and ending of **Tango** jibe with the themes and endings of **The Police, Out at Sea, Peter Ohey,** and **Charlie.** In all of these short plays the victim accepts the language, the form of dialectic. imposed by the victor. In **Charlie,** admittedly, the oculist is not so much the victim; by turning informer he saves his skin for the moment, but Mrozek implies that he will eventually be a target, a "Charlie," too. The language accepted by the family in **Tango** is symbolic, a dance. The symbol is an especially apt one, for in a stylized dance like the tango the weaker "female" partner has to follow accurately every step of the way, whereas in modern dances like the frug and watusi the partners are free to do just about any steps they like, independently of each other and even independently of the governing rhythms.

With **Home on the Border** Mrozek returns to the comedy and grotesqueries of his early short plays. The comic moments are, if anything, broader and more imaginatively exploited than before. The head of the divided household, simply named "I", and his in-laws find that they have to reach across the frontier at dinnertime to get another helping of french fries, while a customs official checks on the number of these french fries they consume, each one requiring a fresh visa or permission. The members of the family also have to pass a border barrier (with guards) when they want to go to the bathroom or the bedroom or to pick up a fork that has fallen under the table. In this script Mrozek has once again made himself securely at home on the border between satire and allegory. However, he tells us that **Home on the Border** is not, strictly speaking, a play but a screenplay for television or film. (It was adapted from his short story of the same name). The last shot, in fact, shows "I" scuttling away like one of those vanishing figures in silent movies who reach the horizon in about a second and a half. Unlike Mrozek's earlier heroes, "I" escapes by a prodigious feat of sprinting — but he escapes into a movie . One can only hope that Mrozek, now that he has so impressively regained his balance, will stay in the theatre.

FOOTNOTES

1. English translation in **Polish Perspectives,** Aug./Sept. 1967.
2. Dates mark the publication of the plays in the Polish theatre magazine **Dialog.**
3. English translation in **Polish Perspectives,** October 1965.
4. For some years Martin Esslin's word "absurd," borrowed from Camus, had some utility as a sort of waste-basket adjective for holding new plays, many of them written after World War II. Today the word is bandied about by critics who wish to

dismiss the contemporary theatre by not coming to grips with its variety. It is literally absurd to suggest that there is anything in common, other than approximate coincidence of dates, between say the refined classicism of Beckett and the slovenly romanticism of Genet. Most of Ionesco's early dramas, however, as well as those of Simpson, Tardieu, and some other French writers, are governed by deliberate absurdity.

5. According to Boleslaw Taborski's valuable **Polish Plays in English Translations: A Bibliography,** published by the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, Inc. (New York, 1968, $2.50). Mr. Taborski synopsizes eight plays by Witkiewicz that have appeared in English and provides the addresses of the translators.
6. English translation by C. S. Durer and Daniel C. Gerould in **First Stage,** Winter 1965.
7. English translation by Adam Turyn, **Polish Perspectives,** June 1963.
8. These quotations from Witkacy are borrowed from Konstanty Puzyna's "The Prism of the Absurd" in **Polish Perspectives,** June 1963. Among Mr. Puzyna's own critical comments on Witkacy, the following are especially interesting: "The dialogue in his dramas is pitched in invariably the same key, sounding like the table-talk of a set of bohemian aesthetes. . . . There are a number of stock types which reappear in the plays: the titanic leader, the tyrant, the artist or savant, the perverted society whore, the moppet with the ambiguously innocent expression."
9. Some examples from **The New Deliverance:** "You shine like a splendid black diamond mounted in a chunk of rotten pork." "How pleasant it is to crush people when one is young." And a line that seems peculiarly apposite to our policy-makers in Washington today: "A pragmatist is an ordinary beast except that he theorizes his beastliness and tries to make others believe that it is the only philosophy."
10. At this writing I have not seen a production of **Tango.** It has been given in English by the Royal Shakespeare Company (May 1966) and at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis (December 1967), but the New York producer who holds the option is trying to arrange for Erwin Axer, who directed the productions in Warsaw and West Germany, to come and stage the play in the U. S. It will be published later in 1968 by Grove Press. I am grateful to Grove for lending me an advance draft of Ralph Manheim's translation.
11. See, for example, section 68 of **A Short Organum for the Theatre,** (in **Playwrights on Playwriting),** translated by John Willett, and especially Eric Bentley's footnote to it which includes a letter Brecht wrote Bentley on his view of **Hamlet.**
12. Daniel C. Gerould deals with this matter at some length in "The Non-Euclidean Drama: Modern Theatre in Poland" **(First Stage,** Winter 1965).
13. In Stanislaw Grochowiak's **King IV** (1963) Fortinbras becomes the vacillator; he cannot make up his mind to invade a neighboring country in which there has been an abortive uprising.
14. **Polish Plays in English Translations,** p. 48.

notes and discuss
ions arts in society

ART EDUCATION FOR THE DISADVANTAGED CHILD: A Neglected Social Necessity

by William M. Bolman

The major goal of this essay is to indicate an important but poorly understood role for art education in contemporary United States. This role involves the provision of essential missing cultural nutriments for the disadvantaged child. I hope to demonstrate that the need for this role is so acute as to justfy a sizeable shift in the emphasis and distribution of personnel and funding in art education. The bases for my opinions stem from three sources: Clinical child psychiatric treatment of disadvantaged children; interest in the art and psycho-social development of preschool children[2]; and experience as a mental health planner, especially involving the prevention of biopsychosocial disorder[3,4].

Eisner, in a recent overview of the future of art education, stated, "Art education is inextricably tied to education at large. As society has altered its demands for and expectations of education, so too it has altered its conceptions of the functions that art education is to perform. The sources of these new expectations have been various. They have emanated from economic, social, intellectual, and political changes in the nation, and from the unique social evolution of individual communities."[7]

In the United States now and for at least several decades to come, one of our most pressing social facts of life is the presence of large and ever-increasing numbers of economically and socially disadvantaged people in dangerously overcrowded urban ghettos. Less visible, but equally deprived groups are those minority populations living in rural areas. Both groups, especially the former, have begun to achieve a rapidly increasing share of national attention as our cities begin to burn and social disorder becomes ever more contagious. When the present national priority for war abroad shifts to concern over wars at home, there will necessarily be a redirection of our resources toward finding ways of alleviating the social threat posed by the presence of so many undereducated, underemployed, and disadvantaged citizens. The most obvious needs for these disadvantaged groups (Negroes, whites, Spanish Americans, and American Indians) are the basic needs for survival — food, shelter, clothing. The means for achieving them involves jobs, education, and equal opportunity to obtain them. Over this there is little disagreement, and the major differences are those of tactics and not of values. Nevertheless, deprivation of these necessities, however basic they are, is only half the need. The other half are human social values of many kinds, the absence of which is broadly referred to as "cultural deprivation," although this is a weak term to convey a sense of hopelessness, the loss of dignity and the meaninglessness of existence that characterizes much of ghetto life. This is especially dangerous for children growing up in such environments, as the evidence is now overwhelming that these children grow up without intellectual and social abilities to manage good jobs or higher education even with equal opportunities to obtain them. Although the figures are unknown, we know that roughly 20-30 percent of all children in the United States under the age of 18 are growing up exposed to severe poverty and attendant cultural deprivation. As a matter of social strategy then, it makes sense to devote a considerable share of our cultural resources toward correcting deprivation in this group, containing some 15 million children. The major social institution with the greatest promise and capacity for alleviating some of the effects of this deprivation is the school system, and American education today is alive with changes in the curricula and methods of teaching as it attempts to cope with the challenges of urban education. Unfortunately, many school systems and art educators have not yet discovered the tremendous, and I think essential, contribution that art education can make specifically for deprived children. Here, however, there is disagreement over both values and tactics. We are not used to thinking of art education as "essential" in the school curriculum as, say, spelling is. In fact it may not be essential for advantaged children as will appear later, but I believe it is for the disadvantaged. Because it is so recent, it is worth presenting some of the evidence.

Rationale

First, let me be clear that I am using the term art education in its broadest sense. It includes learning to see the world in all its richness and complexity, learning to organize these perceptions into meaningful units, and to use these units as tools for play and work. The formation and use of these units or symbols is a primary characteristic of humans. A large part of our thinking occurs in visual or pictorial terms. A child who grows up in an environment which either lacks visual stimulation or offers disorganized visual stimulation (a decaying living room wall with peeling paint and blistered plaster) is apt to be impaired in his ability to handle symbols, in short, in his capacity to think in certain ways.

This visual or pictorial deprivation is described by all mental health professionals who have worked with children living in slums. For example, Martin Deutsch writes: "Visually, the urban slum in its overcrowded apartments offer the child a minimal range of stimuli. There are usually few, if any, pictures on the wall, and the objects in the household, be they toys, furniture, or utensils, tend to be sparse, repetitious, and lacking in form and color variations. The sparsity of objects and the lack of diversity of home artifacts which are available and meaningful to the child, in addition to the unavailability of individualized training, gives the child few opportunities to manipulate and organize the visual properties of his environment and thus perceptually to organize and discriminate the nuances of that environment."[5] Deutsch points out that this is an ideal situation to learn inattention as a positive way of coping with the world, a handicap that leaves the child less able to learn from subsequent experiences and schooling in comparison with the more advantaged children. In other words, the early socialization of the young slum child is such as to make him poor even before he enters school. As a result, he is rendered much more likely to perpetuate the cycle of intergenerational poverty and its train of underemployment, social, emotional, and urban disorder.

In response to this stark and increasing social danger, some schools, day care centers, and nursery schools, have begun to provide enculturating experiences to preschoolers. The most extensive and best known of these projects is Operation Head Start which provides "cultural enrichment" combined with health and social services for four, five, and six year olds. Most of these programs have some type of art experiences as a part of them, and the general goals of Head Start have much in common with those of art education. For example, Smith writes, "In fact, art teachers may receive something of a shock of recognition if they read over the material related to the philosophy of Head Start. Such phrases as 'sensory differentiation' or 'perceptual discrimination' or 'improving the self-image" are closely related to ideas that have become classical in art education thinking today."[13]

Some communities have now had two or three years experience with these programs, and some of their assets and drawbacks are becoming clearer. One of the unquestioned advantages has been the opportunity to help children according to their individual needs, whether they be medical, social, or educational. Although this is practically an unquestioned right for middle class children, it is seldom so with children who are poor, Negro, or hyphenated Americans (e.g. Spanish-Americans). One of the very real pleasures some art teachers have found in some Head Start programs has been the opportunity to work with disadvantaged children in small enough groups to get to know each child's special ways of seeing and organizing the world and developing the curriculum to fit. On the other hand, this points out obvious drawbacks — not all teachers are capable of this type of perceptual (or esthetic, one could say) teaching, and not all schools are capable of supporting it. Along the same vein, the need and potential for this role in art education is not always recognized, and funding is far from stable. This is simply a restatement of my earlier comment that there is disagreement over both tactics and values of art education. In the hope of clarifying this, I would suggest that art education is caught in the same bind that most of our other socially institutionalized patterns of providing services are struggling with. The more advantaged groups, whose need for a given service is less pressing, are those that have it available, while those whose need is much greater don't get it. Specifically,

the children who get sensitive art education come largely from upper-middle class professional families who recognize its value and seek it out. Yet, these are the children whose visual and cognitive experiences are already quite rich. This is clearly one reason why art education can be seen as a luxury. On the contrary, children for whom art education is essential, are those who live in under or inappropriately stimulating families who neither understand nor seek out such help. This is the challenge for art education, how to develop ways of reaching out to and involving these neediest groups.

Occasionally one finds reports of promising but isolated programs which are innovative but struggling to survive. Some involve just children, and some have found that it is both possible and exceptionally gratifying to involve parents as well[1, 10]. McFee has described the general directives in a recent and excellent overview of art programs for disadvantaged groups[8]. Those who wish a fuller description of the characteristics and life style of the disadvantaged children will find the following books by Deutsch[6], Pavenstedt[9], Riessman[11] and Schorr[12] valuable.

Summary

I have attempted to describe with some documentation an urgent and important role for art education that transcends the conventional view of art as a luxury. This role sees art education as an essential but largely unrecognized need specifically for disadvantaged pre-school children. The goal of such education is to stimulate the development of a capacity to use visual symbols in thought and action, a need that is on a par with that for learning to use language and other widely accepted social skills. The challenge this presents for art education is enormous, but is probably no greater than that facing many of our current institutionalized systems. It is clear that the challenge and changes indicated will not be met by art educators alone, as they require mutual and cooperative efforts among many professions. As our national policy shifts toward meeting our urban needs, and funds become more available, I would urge art educators to undertake the program and research changes that are here implied.

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starting with dance

STARTING WITH DANCE

by Marcia B. Siegel

The building wasn't hard to find. Its square, yellowbrick newness made it stand out from its dilapidated neighbors. Above the door was a red neon sign reading **FRATERNAL CENTER.** A church billboard announced services for Tingman's Esoteric Temple. And another sign on the front wall said: Brownsville Community Council, Inc. — Head Start Child Development Center.

This all-purpose community gathering place in the heart of the Brooklyn slums was chosen as one of ten locations for modern dance performances last spring by the Rod Rodgers Dance Company. The lecture-performances were directed primarily to preschool children in New York City's Head Start program, and were co-sponsored by the Harlem Cultural Council and the Parks Department Office of Cultural Affairs. Other performances were to take place in schools, housing projects and a church, in Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Queens and the Bronx. The project represented one aspect of New York's effort to coordinate the resources of government, private capital, professional talent, and community leadership in an attack on the massive problems of the ghetto.

Inside the Center, in a large basement room, several rows of chairs had been set up at the back for parents, and in front of them dozens of tiny children sat on mats facing the cleared portion of the room that would serve as the stage. The atmosphere was subdued, as it was everywhere in the city that day, because it was the day after the assassination of Martin Luther King. The local Head Start people had decided not to cancel the performance, and the room was filled to capacity with parents, older children, teachers, and some 75 four and five year olds in their best party clothes. Before the program started a white priest offered a prayer for reconciliation and forgiveness.

Then Rod Rodgers came forward to introduce the first dance, a Folk Suite which he describes as a modern version of festive men's and women's dances in

Afro-modern folk styles. Rodgers, a 30 year old native of Detroit who has three small boys of his own, spoke to the children simply but not condescendingly about why people all over the world dance, and how much he and his company enjoy dancing for others.

"When we decided to do this Head Start program," he explained later to an interviewer, "my idea was to present concert dance material, not kiddie-poo material. Even though these are very young children, there's no reason for them not to understand or to be bored and restless. They won't behave like adults, but they shouldn't. I take my work very seriously, but the audience should enjoy it in whatever way they can. If the kids want to talk during the performance, that's okay. They're so alive and responding all the time to what's happening. They'll take a little break to chatter about what they see, but when the high points in the dance happen, the faces come around and the eyes are riveted."

After the first dance Rodgers showed the children two long, thin sticks. He demonstrated how the sticks would be used by the dancers in the next piece, **Tangents,** to create designs in space, and to make sounds of tapping on the floor or swishing through the air.

Rodgers is interested in developing a set of concepts that can be used to relate dance to the experience of children at different ages from preschool through high school. "Anybody could do a lecture-demonstration using these points applied to his own material, even if the director isn't particularly education-oriented," he says. "Teachers can also take these ideas back to the classroom and use them in connection with other activities." For the age level of children in the Head Start program, Rodgers stresses the emotional and ritualistic aspects of dance, he explains some of the theatrical devices the choreographer employs, such as costumes, lights and music, and he shows that dance can either tell a story or merely make beautiful designs. The concluding dances were a narrative piece based on a traditional primitive theme and a Percussion Suite in which the dancers created their own accompaniment with bells, cymbals and other instruments.

The dances on the Head Start programs, although less elaborately produced, were the same choreography the Rod Rodgers company presents in concert performances on tour and in New York. "It's important for these kids to see things that represent a maximum artistic possibility, otherwise we can't even talk about developing discriminating taste," Rodgers says. "Most of what they see is done in a compromising way, like TV and grade B and minus C movies — things that are made to be sold to an audience that's ignorant. All kids need to rise above this TV mentality, but especially in the ghetto, where children have so little other stimulation."

Rodgers knows about commercial art first-hand. Before coming to New York in 1962 he choreographed musical shows for night clubs and resorts, and he was resigned to the idea that the only opportunity for a Negro in dance would have to be in the field of jazz. Now, however, he is evolving his own movement style of abstract modern dance, and, with growing confidence in himself as an artist, he refuses to rely on the stereotype of either the grinning tap dancer or the stridently black protestor.

"One of the worst things the contemporary black artist can do," he says, "is to confine himself to oversimplifying the black aesthetic image, to implying that Afro-American art is either primitive or jazz dance. I'm an Afro-American, and any dance I do is Afro-American. Each dance that I create has grown out of my personal experience as a black American. My function in the revolution will be to share my vital and growing experience, not to show only old stereotypes or create new ones. It's important for children to see me experimenting, to see that there are no limitations to what the black artist can do."

Ed Taylor, executive director of the Harlem Cultural Council, believes Rodgers is one of the most promising young black choreographers, and that modern dance, America's primary dance form, is also the form of black choreographers. The Council is a cultural umbrella for the black arts community, with the goal of providing employment for artists and making their work accessible to wider audiences. One of the Council's early

projects, the Jazz Mobile, has toured the city for the past two summers and is now an independent program. Last summer the Council sponsored a Dance Mobile, which is expected to be duplicated in other cities this year. An exhibit, The Evolution of the Afro-American Artist, at CCNY created a stir of interest in the art world.

"We aren't a producing outfit," Taylor explained, "but when we have to produce to get something going, we do. We want to let the arts develop in their own way, we only require that the work we sponsor be of the highest quality. If we had more money, there are a number of other projects we'd like to undertake, such as providing artists-in-residence at city schools."

The Head Start project was engineered by dancer Carole Johnson, who is the dance representative on the Harlem Cultural Council, and Liz Wiener, who administers arts programs in the ghettos for the New York City Office of Cultural Affairs. Miss Wiener, a former teacher, helped organize the first Central Park Happenings three summers ago under former Parks Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving.

"We work with different agencies in poverty areas," Miss Wiener said recently. "There are nine preschool centers that we visit every week with the Cinemobile, which was originally funded by the U. S. Office of Economic Opportunity. We show the kids experimental films, and then have classroom sessions with discussion, painting, music and so forth. These dance performances are being shown to all the children in the preschool groups, about 2,000, plus about 500 in Harlem who aren't part of the regular Head Start program. Rod's kind of dancing is great for kids of this age group. I think they can respond to its abstract quality more fully than to work that is pointedly all-Afro. This reaches them on a beautiful level, which is the kind of thing they don't normally get enough of."

The city's underlying philosophy in sponsoring arts programs was described by Doris Freedman, Director of the Office of Cultural Affairs. "We want to expose kids to the mainstream of art, to bring the most creative work to the places where

Rod Rodgers talks with young admirers after performance in a Head Start Center.

they're isolated and locked in. The universal quality of the arts speaks better to many of them than the structured experience of the classroom, where, if he can't respond, a kid will drop out or just sit there in apathy and anger. The non-verbal expression of the arts communicates like nothing else does. We had a tremendous success with our film-making program last year — kids really worked hard and produced their own films, which were later shown in other parts of the city on the movie bus. Every kid has a need for expression and the arts often make it possible. If you can make something, you have a feeling of accomplishment, you can say 'I am someone.'

"We're not a social agency," Mrs. Freedman continued, "but the arts as a social tool haven't been explored enough. We take the long-range view that people who are involved don't get in trouble. It's not our purpose to keep the city cool — there are other agencies that do that. But we can be a preventive agent if we're in there all along, getting people to participate in rich activity. In summer the city outdoors is a great place. There's a neutrality in the streets, people don't feel uncomfortable attending a concert or an opera in the park, as they might in an auditorium. This city is driving with the greatest creativity in the world, and fifty blocks away people are unaware of it!

"A great thing is that the artists are coming to us offering to help. Last summer a priest, Monsignor Fox, started a Summer in the City program, where he just turned artists loose in different neighborhoods and let them make contact and do their thing. There were block parties, mural painting projects, shows — people became involved in a most positive way.

"Of course, in a city like this, the arts aren't given a very high priority in the budget, but our office is able to supplement some of its programs with contributions from private funds. Rod Rodgers' dance performances for the Head Start children are part of what we call the Youth Opportunity Creative Workshop program. Along with the Dance Mobile, some school appearances by Merce Cunningham, and other dance events, it was partly financed by the proceeds — $25,000 — from a special benefit performance given last fall by the Harkness Ballet and run by our office. We'd love to encourage more participation of this kind from private sources."

It may be years before anyone can tell what impact programs like this are having on the ghetto, before audiences are built, identity is discovered, talent is revealed. But one response was immediate and gratifying that afternoon last spring, as the children in the Brownsville Head Start Center filed out past the dancers, staring up with eyes round in awe and shyly saying "Thank you."

Studio Watts Workshop's multi-purpose classroom serves one hundred art students. The studio is a converted laundry at 10311 Grandee Avenue, in the heart of the Los Angeles ghetto which burned during Watts riots of 1965.
Photo by John B. Prizer

studio watts workshop

STUDIO WATTS WORKSHOP

by Wanda Sue Parrott

Conceived in 1965 as a small studio where local artists could work, Studio Watts Workshop began its vital function in the Los Angeles ghetto of Watts several months before the notorious riots catapulted the California slum to fame, as Watts became an infamous newsmaking capitol.

After the rubble and debris were cleared from the ghetto, Studio Watts Workshop began a mass reorientation program. Today it is one of America's most unique educational institutions. More than one hundred high school dropouts are active participants in a multitude of studio-sponsored fine arts programs.

Studio Watts Workshop's president, James M. Woods, says, "Our boys and girls weren't born artists. Most of them cut their eye teeth in the back alleys of the slum. Now, through exposure to art, they have gained a medium through which to become acquainted with themselves. Art has formed an important bridge between these alienated students and the community-at-large."

According to James Harding, executive vice-president of the racially integrated workshop, "We help dropouts integrate into society through discovery of their own worth through art. The opportunity to create is more important than what is created."

Harding, who holds a B.A. in Liberal Arts, was a public relations representative before affiliating with Studio Watts Workshop.

Following the Watts riots in 1965, James M. Woods resigned from a high-paying accountant's position in Los Angeles to devote his full time to direction of the fine arts school. "It was necessary to bring changes into the ghetto," Wood says. "It is the artistic individuals of any community who have the potential to make changes happen. The artistic persons in Watts were sensitive to the problems and feelings of the people, and it was they who could help the Watts citizens learn to help themselves.

"We felt that if these artists were brought together in one organized institution that allowed a great deal of personal freedom and expression, the people could better inter-relate and cause constructive changes to take place."

The initiation of this program has reoriented many alienated high school dropouts. A seventeen year old boy admitted, "I never believed in myself. I dropped out of school during ninth grade. Now I've sold two paintings, and I know that every human has a lot of personal worth.

"Your own worth is something you've got to discover yourself, and when you do a new world opens up for you."

The one-room schoolhouse at 10311 Grandee Avenue, Los Angeles, offers a *potpourri de arte,* including dance, design, drama, music and writing. An Environment Study Group meets weekly to discuss social and civic problems, and experiments in solving individual problems are undertaken.

Studio Watts Workshop is a non-profit fine arts institution incorporated in the State of California. Most of the students were dropouts from public high schools. Studio Watts Workshop functions on a Master-Apprentice program. The faculty of professional Masters numbers seven, with approximately twenty Artists in Residence, or, professional artists who offer assistance where their talents are needed.

A dropout, now finishing his senior year of high school, said, "The Masters and Apprentices work together on a person-to-person basis." At no time during the week does one Master have more than ten Apprentices. "By learning to communicate on a one-to-one basis with my Master," the student continued, "I learned his form of art. I have applied his teachings to my own personal artistic expression."

James M. Woods says, "In this way, the Apprentice builds a bridge between himself and the community, as he discovers his own worth and communicates it through his art."

Once a dropout proves his eagerness to come into Studio Watts Workshop and work to develop himself, he becomes an Apprentice. At this time he is given a personal key to the art studio, and is free to come through the door any hour of the day or night. "I had no family," a young woman admitted, "and if it hadn't been for Studio Watts, I'd probably be in jail or wandering the streets. Instead, I'm making pottery, and I'm going back to school next semester."

Masters receive no salaries. Apprentices pay no tuition. All materials are donated at Studio Watts Workshop. Private benefactors have donated money and materials. Television actor, Bill Cosby, and Jazz Musician, Shelly Manne, have done a great deal in aiding the arts institution fulfill its need in Watts, a section of Los Angeles which has changed constructively in many ways since the 1965 riots.

James Woods believes, "Studio Watts Workshop has helped get the whole Watts community involved in constructive, artistic projects which form a bridge toward community upgrading and change." In April 1967 a "Chalk-In" was held. Cash prizes were awarded members of the community who created the best chalk drawings on the pavement outside Studio Watts Workshop. A second chalk-in took place in April 1968, with a turnout of several thousand people.

"Last year," Woods says, "we held a JAZZ FOR SCHOLARSHIPS program in Hollywood. It was a fund-raising event designed to get contributions to allow Studio Watts to sponsor young ambassadors to study abroad under the Experiment in International Living program."

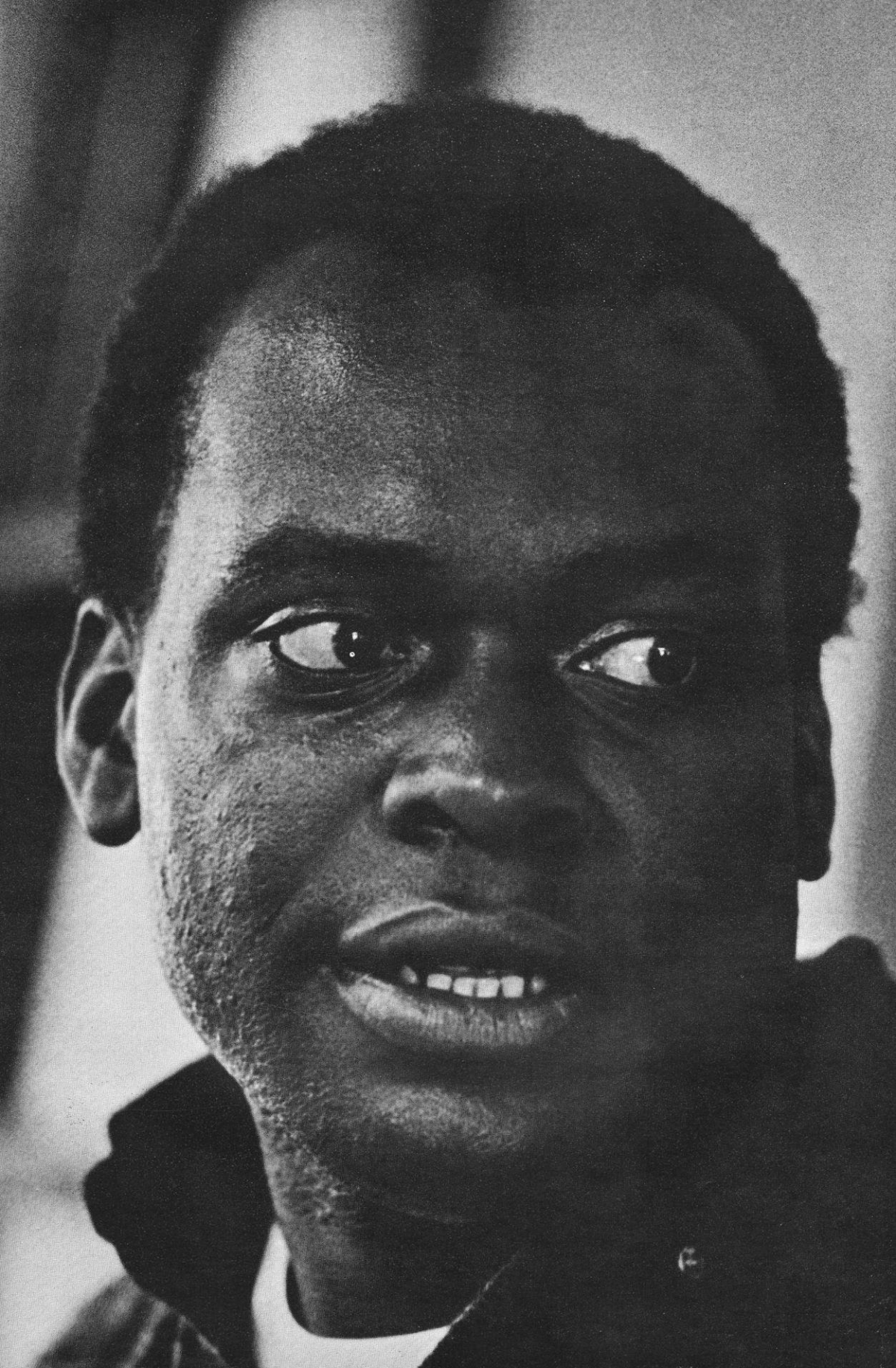
He also outlined another major civic project to which the total Los Angeles community was invited. "The February 1968 Festival of Performing Arts covered every aspect of creativity. Everything presented was original, including poetry reading, drama, music and dance."

James Harding, executive vice-president, added, "We don't just train students in art, then let them try to find a market for their products. We have an outlet which builds bridges between the artist and the public. We call it Studio W. Through this outlet, demand-items are marketed, put into production and sold. Public consumption of an individual's work is great for giving him a sense of personal worth."

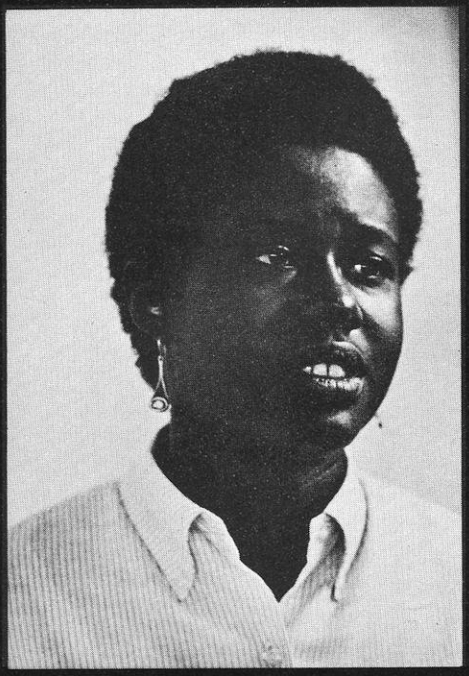
Studio-sponsored chalk-in in April 1967 drew several-hundred participants and spectators. Non-students participated in art contest. Rectangles on pavement were chalked in. Cash prizes were given.
Photo by John B. Prizer

Guy Miller, Master sculptor, demonstrates his technique to group. Bill Buller, Sculptor and Artist in Residence, is seen in background. Photo by John B. Prizer

James M. Woods, graduate of University of Southern California, gave up high-paying accountant position to direct fine arts institution for high school dropouts. "Discovery of one's own worth comes through expression through art," Woods tells a group of students. Photo by John B. Prizer



Cast of THE BLACKS by Jean Genet, during Studio Watts Workshop production in 1966. Costumes and sets were designed and made by students.
Photo by John B. Prizer



Romaine Harris plays Rosa in **Moon on a Rainbow Shawl** by Errol John. "I came to get something . . . it's time you let me in. Can I go inside and get it?" This line sums up questions asked before each interested high school dropout becomes an apprentice at Studio Watts Workshop.
Photo by John B. Prizer

Melvin Longmire designs wall plaques for Studio W, the commercial outlet through which student productions are marketed, produced and sold.
Photo by John B. Prizer

Romaine Harris, once a dropout, has now completed one semester at the University of Southern California. Miss Harris played Rosa in the workshop's 1967 production of Errol John's MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL. One of her lines was, "I came to get something . . . it's time you let me in. Can I go inside and get it?"

According to James M. Woods, "That's the motto of our workshop. Everyone's welcome to come inside. But when someone knows that he really wants what we have to offer, then he's allowed to go deeper inside by becoming an Apprentice, by affiliating with a Master, and by building a bridge over which he can climb as he discovers his personal worth."

According to Woods and Harding, "The principle upon which Studio Watts Workshop is founded is to make available to the artist the means through which he can express himself. By creative interaction, an environment is created where the artist feels he is an essential part of a total cultural milieu, and the degree of alienation between himself and society is lessened."

Emery Evans, workshop poet and actor, delivered one unforgettable line at the studio's JAZZ FOR SCHOLARSHIPS program last year. "Pay attention. I still have my kinky hair. I still have my thick lips, ain't got a dollar in my jeans and no job, but I don't shuffle." This means, I am what I am, and I'm going to strive to become **myself.** I don't shuffle.

Because Studio Watts Workshop has helped students establish a new personal image, a UCLA sociologist declared, "Out of the rubble of the past, a new image of Watts is being conceived. The ghetto is an embryonic cultural center in Los Angeles, where artists are active and productive . . ."

The premise upon which Studio Watts Workshop is built is:

> "The **man,** functioning as an **artist,** will develop **himself.** In doing this, man begins to change the reality of, and the image of, his community."

The changes which have come to the Watts ghetto are proof that Studio Watts Workshop's philosophy-in-action is effective.

harlem school of arts

HARLEM SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

The Harlem School of the Arts is a non-sectarian, integrated center for the training of children, teenagers, and adults, designed primarily for the enrichment of the lives of the underprivileged. The school was established in 1963 by Dorothy Maynor following an extensive survey of highly congested Central Harlem. With the cooperation of the Board of Education she found that there was a "vacuum" in Harlem as far as musical and other artistic training went. Harlem stands in this respect in stark contrast to other underprivileged sections of New York City, where schools offering instruction in the performing arts are fairly numerous. The Elders of St. James Presbyterian Church, made available the facilities of their Community House for the project of cultural education in a blighted neighborhood. The officers of the Church agreed to put the premises at the disposal of the school, consenting in addition, during the organizational period, to absorb the cost of utilities and custodial services, as well as helping with other budgetary difficulties. The school is not a part of the church but exists because of the church and its community center. The management of the school rests with its own Board of Directors, reporting to, but, in matters of policy, independent of the Elders of the church, who are nevertheless well represented on the board, retaining the right of a landlord in relation to a tenant.

With support and encouragement from such persons as Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky and Mrs. Arthur Rodzinski, Miss Maynor opened the school, teaching twenty children. Today there are approximately 300 youngsters and adults registered to study piano, stringed instruments, art, and modern dance at the school. Classes are given after school during the week and all day on Saturdays. Students pay fifty cents a lesson. Individual instruction is available at a slightly higher fee. There are also twenty-three part-time teachers, thirteen pianos — some very old, some very new when donated by enthusiastic supporters — fourteen clarinets and forty string instruments. Many more children would like to participate but cannot for lack of teachers. It should be noted that the staff is made up of professionally competent men and women of varied background and experience. Owing to the home surroundings of most of the participating boys and girls, affording neither musical instruments nor privacy, the school must provide practice periods under supervision, a circumstance which increases enormously the need for staff assistance. Miss Maynor states that "Experience with the school would thus far suggest that youthful talent may be unearthed in all fields of the performing arts — music, painting, dance and drama — and that a neighborhood center could conceivably be developed which could in time become, with reference to the occasional child at least, a feeder for the ranks of the professional. But everything depends upon finding the gifted child at the earliest possible moment, and then supplying the requisite motivation and guidance."

Although the stress has been and will continue to be primarily on working with the young, adults, too, are encouraged to participate both in instruction, and attendance at concerts, exhibitions and dramatic performances offered by the school. Attendance on a family basis is suggested and urged.

off off broadway:

OFF OFF BROADWAY: The Effort to Create a Contemporary Theatre

By Karen Malpede

Where in America is it possible to see a new play by a new writer for a cost of one dollar? Off Off Broadway. Where is Off Off Broadway? Everywhere on Manhattan Island, except on Broadway.

Off Off Broadway (OOB) is a theater movement created and still functioning without theater buildings, standard equipment, box office or financial backing. Its birthdate is arbitrarily given as 1958 when Joseph Cino presented an original play in his Greenwich Village coffee house. Today **The Village Voice,** the public chronicle of Off Off Broadway, notes about fourteen productions a week and is liable to review three or four of them. OOB is no longer a fringe curiosity; it is becoming a center of exploration in the American theater and a training ground for playwrights, actors, and directors. Produced in the lofts, basements and churches of some of New York's most run-down neighborhoods, this is underground theater. Spectators are often subjected to hard chairs, smoke filled rooms and bad plays. Yet to attend an OOB production is to feel that one is offering a silent protest against the depredations of the commercial theater.

The Caffe Cino (which closed in March due to charges and fines for "operating a coffee house without a license") and the La MaMa Experimental Theater Club (founded in 1961) have been the leaders of Off Off Broadway theaters. The Judson Poets' Theater (1961) and Theater Genesis (1964), both formed as part of church arts programs, are also prominent. The Playwrights' Workshop Club (1966) is one of the more stable of the many newer establishments. The Open Theater (1964), a workshop for actors, directors and playwrights, is OOB's most expert ensemble company. With none of the bricks, mortar and administration of usual theater establishments, Off Off Broadway has been created as a place to grow artistically free from the pressures and limitations of the commercial theater simply because there was no other place for young people to work. Not long after

its promising beginning with the presentation of the first plays of Albee, Gelber and Kopit, off-Broadway became merely an extension of the Broadway theater. Off-Broadway is today in financial trouble because the small size of its theaters cannot meet the rising cost of production. Hence, the original experimental aim has largely been forsaken.

Not through rational plan but out of commercial need, the founders of Off Off Broadway have established the only theater institution in this country largely dedicated to new plays and new talent.

Larry Kornfeld who has directed an average of six plays a year for the Judson Poets' Theater explains:

Off Off Broadway started with people needing a place to do things. All of us at Judson are involved in theater, and when we get work in the commercial theater we work there. We do not consider ourselves amateurs or professionals. We are artists.

Ralph Cook, artistic director of Theater Genesis at St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, shuns the idea of working in the Broadway theater system and says:

We want to do living theater instead of museum theater. I have nothing against museum theater, but ninety eight per cent of the theater in this country is museum theater, while two per cent, at best, is living theater. In New York City there are nine museums to show the work of old artists and about 325 art galleries for new artists. That is a healthy situation.

Off Off Broadway is in the hands of its artists: Al Carmines, assistant minister of Judson Memorial Church and director of the arts program, is a composer; Ralph Cook and Joseph Chaikin, chief spokesmen for the Open Theater, are directors, as was Joe Cino who ran the Caffe Cino until his death in 1967; 'Ntoni Bastiano, Playwrights' Workshop Club Founder, is a writer. A prime exception is Ellen Stewart, founder of La MaMa E.T.C., who is a patron: she pours her earnings as a clothing designer into her theater.

If Off Off Broadway is not the answer to the problems shrouding the commercial theater, it has managed to free itself of most of them. Financial considerations play little part in the selection of plays for production, and OOB plays do not close from lack of income. Only in the theaters operating with a grant are actors paid. Yet Equity members have banded together and won the right to be allowed to work Off Off Broadway and in many productions a number of cast members are likely to be cited as appearing "through the courtesy of Actors' Equity." Since admission to OOB is seldom more than a dollar there is virtually no one in New York City who would find the cost of attending an OOB play prohibitive.

The large number of new plays by new writers produced in OOB regions means in Ralph Cook's words, "there is an awful lot of junk." No one working OOB will deny the uneven quality of the offerings. After all, this is an experimental theater created to be free to experiment.

Finding plays to produce is seldom a problem, since apparently there are substantially more new plays around than even prolific OOB can handle. Ralph Cook says:

I get about twenty scripts a week. Decisions are rather subjective. A play has to somehow tear me apart. It has to take me somewhere I've never been before, and I've been a lot of places.

Ellen Stewart who receives at least five scripts a day characterizes the plays she presents at La MaMa as having a "subconscious appeal."

Anytime you come to La MaMa you will find a diversified audience. Our audience is as much suburban and middle aged as anything else. Yet 60 per cent of them have no concrete idea of what the play is about. They are interested in it because of its subliminal effect.

The Judson Poets' Theater, Theater Genesis

The two Off Off Broadway theaters affiliated with church arts programs are vital reminders of the now dead hope of community theater. Both Al Carmines and Ralph Cook are conscious of the community organization of their programs. Carmines says:

Arlene Rothlein and Al Calamines in *In Circles*.
The Judson Poets Theater at the Cherry Lane Theater.

Theater at Judson lets the playwrights, the modern equivalents of prophets, into us and it provides them with a community which will listen.

Cook says:

We never started out to have an arts program at St. Marks. However, the feeling of this church has always been one of service to the existing community. We had many artists in the area who had no place to work and the arts program grew out of their need.

One year after the arts program was formed, St. Marks Church faced a financial deficit of precisely the amount the program had cost. Rather than discontinue the work in theater, poetry and film (the film program was later stopped, but for different reasons), the congregation voted that all church activities should take equal budget cuts. Cook explains:

We have a pretty wild congregation. Many of them don't come to the theater, but they believe in its validity and support it financially.

For the past year, the arts program at St. Marks has occupied a unique OOB position; it operates with a subsidy large enough to cover production costs and salaries. The money from June 1967 to June 1968 came from the Office of Juvenile Delinquency, Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Cook who wrote the proposal for funds states:

My thesis was that the basic means of rebellion is withdrawal. We said we would give alienated young people the opportunity to channel their rebellion into artistic endeavors. This would probably not make them any less alienated, but it might make them better rebels.

Actors are now paid at Genesis according to an Equity agreement. They voted to receive less than the Equity minimum wage in order to present more plays during the year. The grant also made possible the formation of a resident experimental company, The Keystone Group, under the direction of Tony Barsha.

Cook feels that the significant playwrights who have emerged from the Genesis experience are: Tony Barsha, Leonard Melfi, Murray Mednick, Tom Sankey and Sam Shepard. He says: "These playwrights were not found, they were given a chance to grow."

To gain wider exposure for these writers, Theater Genesis is seeking a larger theater to be staffed by a permanent repertory company and the New York State Arts Council has provided them with a fund raiser for the project.

The Judson Poets' Theater opened its doors in 1961 with a production of Joel Oppenheimer's **The Great American Desert.** To begin its seventh season, **In Circles** by Gertrude Stein was presented first at the church and later moved for an extended run off-Broadway. With the production went the original actors, stage manager and homemade set.

Al Carmines, composer of the music, states:

The best theater is never done on Broadway. The fact that they have money stifles rather than is commensurate with their imagination.

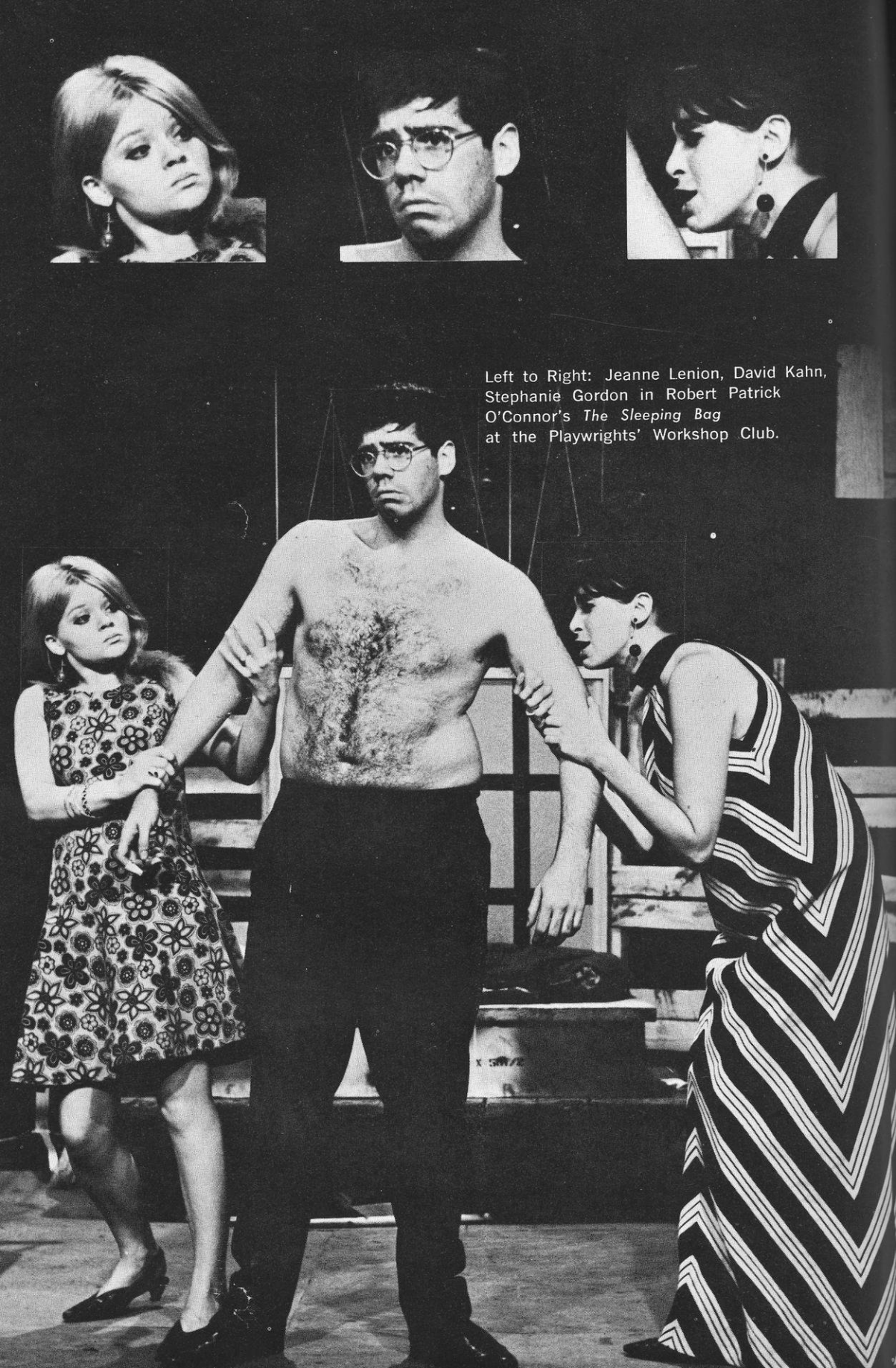
For most of the **In Circles** run, a different opening melody was composed each night for the line "Papa doses, Mama blows her noses." Carmines taught it to the cast on stage. Kornfeld, the director, wanted this improvisation for the spontaneity and freshness it imposed, but also for "the sheer waste of it." How many Broadway musicals could afford to throw away a production number a night?

Carmines believes:
Off Off Broadway is essential to the American theater. It is the one place of liveliness, a hotbed of vitality. Pinter could never have been done on Broadway without the atmosphere our theaters have created.

Kornfeld agrees:

Broadway producers probably feel threatened by Off Off Broadway although they would never admit it.

Still the search at Judson is for nothing more avant-garde than exciting theater. With a line in the Stein tradition, Kornfeld sums it up: "There is no avant-garde theater; there is only an avant-garde audience."



Left to Right: Jeanne Lenion, David Kahn, Stephanie Gordon in Robert Patrick O'Connor's *The Sleeping Bag* at the Playwrights' Workshop Club.

The Cafe Theaters

La Mama Experimental Theater Club is advertised and run as a private club. Patrons have membership cards which allow them to attend as many productions a week as they wish for one dollar. Each performance at La Mama E.T.C. begins with Ellen Stewart's reminder that the club is "dedicated to the playwright and to all aspects of the theater." If producer is the proper word for her, Ellen Stewart is the most prolific producer in New York: A new play nearly every two weeks for the past six years. Catalyst is a more apt description, however. In spite of having had no theater training, the theater she runs is in a constant state of activity.

La Mama E.T.C. exists solely as a workshop. For that reason, Miss Stewart has no plans of moving to a larger theater. "Seventy-five people with their hearts beating at the same time are enough for a playwright to get an idea of his play's success."

La Mama E.T.C. maintains three repertory troupes. The La Mama Repertory Troupe under the direction of Tom O'Horgan has toured Europe three times and will return again this year. Last season they performed at the Edinburgh Festival, London's West End and numerous small festivals. A new non-Equity company has recently been formed under the direction of Ed Setrakian. The Plexus Workshop, directed by Stanley Rosenberg, is based on the methods of Jerzy Grotowski and the Polish Laboratory Theater.

The La MaMa Repertory Troupe which boasts a large and loyal European audience recently presented Paul Foster's **Tom Paine** at an off-Broadway theater. Foster wrote the play especially for O'Horgan's troupe and in production form and content it reaches an exhilarating synthesis. Written in stark poetic-prose and employing costumes and lights, in startling ways, **Tom Paine** alternates comedy with drama, random improvisation with designed music and dance. The style of **Tom Paine** is that of the 1960's.

The Playwrights' Workshop Club was founded February 7, 1966, by 'Ntoni Bastiano. The club has produced over 50 plays by new writers. Faced with a dispossess order from the theater's second landlord, Bastiano is in the market for a building to house performances and rehearsals.

Bastiano is a playwright, director and producer; he has also been known to design lights and build settings. An ex-film editor for the American Broadcasting Co., he felt that "the affluent society was destroying me as a creative writer." With money from his ABC job, he opened the Playwrights' Workshop Club. The Club is now supported by an admission price of $1.50.

Like other OOB producers, Bastiano is often flooded with plays of little merit. Since his workshop is quite new, he is still looking for the promising writers who will validate his efforts:

There is a great deal of emotional satisfaction in seeing a play come to life. I have a long range hope that the Playwrights' Workshop Club will become an institution. I hope to find the playwrights who someday will be the new O'Neills, Williams and Millers.

The Open Theater

The Open Theater is more akin to the Living Theater than to any of the Off Off Broadway houses. Its search is for ways to create theater which involve the collective consciousness of all participants.

America Hurrah! is the product of Jean-Claude van Itallie's collaboration with the Open Theater. **Viet Rock** by Megan Terry was first presented by the Open Theater at La MaMa E.T.C. and then chosen by Robert Brustein for his first production as head of the Yale University Drama School. Part of the **Mysteries** presentation of the Living Theater in Europe was originally an Open Theater exercise. Joseph Chaikin, past member of the Living Theater, has toured Europe twice with Beck's group and has spent two summers working with English director Peter Brook. Chaikin explains the Open Theater's objectives:

Our main purpose is to make an ensemble and to present it. An ensemble is a way of playing together on stage. Sensitivity to one another is much more important than star actors.

We are working in the Open Theater to change our own lives. As we work to build a different context for ourselves, we learn and this learning is not secondary. There is no profit in demonstrating something on stage which you don't know yourself.

Disenchanted with the commercial structure of theater in this country, and still seeking an audience for their work, the Open Theater has been touring Europe this past summer, and Chaikin has at times contemplated moving there permanently. He says:

The off-Broadway audience is no broader than the Broadway audience. Off Off Broadway has a coterie audience. This is nice only to the extent that audience members sometimes make some valuable comments.

Theatre observers generally cite three reasons why the Open Theater must be regarded as a significant and creative voice in today's theater: It has found an intellectual approach to acting; its development of communal consciousness pulls the audience like an undertow through the surface of a work to its heart; the theater has selected and created the pieces of their repertory with an unerring sensitivity for those statements which harmonize with their social and artistic vision.

At its finest, Open Theater acting creates an intense ensemble.

The Playwrights

The abundance of writers is what makes the vitality of Off Off Broadway possible, and, by the same token, the existence of Off Off Broadway is what makes possible the increasing numbers of talented actors who decide to write plays. The published works of writers like Rosalyn Drexler, Maria Irene Fornes, Paul Foster, Leonard Melfi, Rochelle Owens, Sam Shepard, Megan Terry, Jean-Claude van Itallie and Lanford Wilson form the available texts of this new American theater.

Their techniques, styles and potential talents still remain to be adequately assessed. Very conscious of the tenor of their times, they all work in various ways to bring contemporary perceptions alive in the theater. Tom Eyen, a young writer, describes this drive:

The era of Williams, of quiet realism and twisted beauty has ended. In the 60's we no longer live at his pace. Not what a play says, but the moods a play brings on are what makes it important today.

Leonard Melfi says:

A playwright must constantly seek new ways to assault an audience, to make them realize they are in a theater. Audiences should not know what they are going to see. They can love a play or hate it, just as long as they didn't expect it. The theater must always think young, because the whole country is thinking young.

The Audience

Off Off Broadway makes peculiar demands on its audience, demands that are not at all unhealthy. It presupposes an audience willing to arrive at a theater with no real idea of what it is going to see and risking the possibility of viewing a theatrical disaster, but courageous enough to make up their own minds about the experience just witnessed. Because theaters are so small, assaults on the audience are prevalent. A production of "A Coffee Ground Among the Tea Leaves" by Donald Julian at the Cafe La MaMa began an intermission and turned the house lights up only long enough for the audience to stretch. Suddenly the action began again with actors not yet on stage, but mingling with the unseated audience. In Sam Shepard's "Forensic and Navigators" the entire theater room at Genesis is blanketed in smoke so the play ends in total "obscurity." Most people who go to see a play have no wish to commit themselves to becoming part of the action. Yet, risks like these are constantly demanded of an OOB audience.

The Future

At present most of OOB operates in a reasonably secure atmosphere (save for eviction notices and persistent lack of funds). The pressures, especially for the newer writers, are minimal. The audience and newspaper reviewers still possess a great tolerance. To randomly pick an OOB

play for viewing is most often to spend a dull evening in the theater. Yet, the best of OOB is continually finding its way to larger audiences here and abroad who are impressed by what they see. In **Circles, Tom Paine, Futz** and **The Indian Wants the Bronx** by La MaMa playwright Israel Horovitz, have been well received when transported to off-Broadway playhouses this past season. The Open Theater is recognized by many as one of the most creative groups in this country. The La MaMa Troupe is carving a new style based not on American method acting but on quick changes of emotion produced through external stimuli.

The majority of OOB plays are simply not very good. The best are building a new American theater. Evidence of the vitality of this theater is found in its courage to face sex, drugs, violence, and the hypocrisy of American life, and in the efforts of playwrights, directors and actors to achieve ensemble playing. Off Off Broadway is not only a reflection of but must be considered an integral part of the intellectual and social revolution happening in this country. Born out of rage against false commercial values, it is fully attuned to the spirit of this revolution.

If Off Off Broadway writers fail much more often than they succeed, if they often exploit rather than perfect their vision, they have at least faced the problem of reality in our time. That is why their theater will be heard.

Dear Editor:

What in men's sana
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Ugherrant Reader

an interview with vicho larrea

AN INTERVIEW WITH VICHO LARREA (SANTIAGO, CHILE)

by Hugh Fox

I had seen his posters all over Chile, always had stopped, looked, been impressed and finally had traced him down to the University of Chile's Extension Department in Santiago.

I knocked on the door, a young man at a drawing board (25? 26?) looked up, I introduced myself. I was obviously in the right place, the walls were filled with brilliant, striking posters. The man at the drawing board introduced himself — Vicho Larrea.

"So you want to interview me . . . ?" he laughed.

"Anything wrong with that?"

"No, on the contrary. It's just a bit unexpected. I'm on the periphery of the 'art world' here in Santiago. In fact I'm really the only genuine commercial artist in Chile."

"Anything wrong with that?"

"There shouldn't be, but there is. Of course it would be an American who'd be attracted by what I'm doing, not a Chilean. Chile's in its own time zone, and I'm in mine . . . you see the fact I'm here in Santiago is just accidental. I really live in an international time-zone all my own. Here, look!"

He reached up on a shelf beside his drawing board, took down a handful of magazines, spread them out in front of me: **Gebrauch Graphic** and **Graphic** from Germany, **Camera** from Switzerland, **Art Direction** and **Communication Arts** from the U. S.

I asked him where he had studied.

"Four years at the School of Applied Arts at the University of Chile, with a special concentration on interior decoration and graphic design . . ."

"But I thought that commercial art didn't exist," I objected.

"Will exist! Is **beginning** to exist! Have you been to any of the new university centers of the University of Chile?"

"Antofagasta, Talca, Osorno, I've been in some."

"And what do you think about the applied arts, ceramics, work in enamels, poster art, that kind of thing?"

"Impressive, but nothing like what you've been doing here . . ."

He smiled, got down off the stool where he'd been perched.

"Let me show you around. (We stopped in front of a poster with a large "face" on it, half sun, half water.) This was for a festival in Arica. You see I always try to pick the theme from the occasion. Arica's on the border with Peru, the **sol,** the sun, is the Peruvian national monetary unit, Arica itself is 'oriented' toward the sea, the whole area is coastal desert, so . . ."

"How about this one?" I asked pointing to a huge, multi-colored poster of a man (a giant) seated.

He reached over to another bookcase, pulled out a pamphlet that read: "Latin America, the Great Country," opened it to a quotation from Humboldt. "The people of Latin America are like beggars seated on a throne of gold."

"You see, the series of conferences I designed this booklet for revolved around the idea of Latin American economic unity. So I took the idea of Humboldt, combined it with the frontpiece idea of Hobbes' **Leviathan** — remember the giant made up of thousands of individuals? — and created my symbolic giant seated on his throne of gold . . ."

"So all the posters are 'thought out' thematically before you begin to work?"

"If you mean that I'm not spontaneous, I'm not. First I'm cerebral, then I descend into color and line, although I'll take a design like this (willow branches, bright, lively green) and improvise it, stick real branches in paint and spread them out on paper, start from that and then build on top of it. Like Picasso using the fish bone for a pottery design. Remember that?"

"The Duncan book wasn't it?"

"I think so. Or a movie. Lots of things come here to Santiago. It's one advantage working for the University. And I don't mind working for a 'patron,' nobody did before — or even during — the Renaissance. The idea of the artist expressing himself instead of expressing a predetermined theme or idea or what have you is, after all, very, very modern, and at times very confusing. Look at the line of my work. Order from chaos . . ."

I picked out another poster for commentary. A stocky female-figure, hat on head, mouth open, singing, playing a guitar.

"What about this one?"

"Ah yes, it was for the First Latin American Song Festival here in Santiago. Folklore . . . you know, that kind of thing. So I chose a traditional Chilean ceramic figure for the basic design, and then printed it in various colors — red, blue, yellow, pink. The folkart base, you see, that's the common denominator between the poster and the festival . . ."

"Any predictable future directions?"

"It's hard to say. I've been doing some work with some national film companies, but I like my work here. Michelangelo wouldn't have minded working for Julius II if he'd gotten paid — and I get paid, so why should I complain . . ."

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Outside the Patchen section will be new work by Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Enslin, Bukowski, Michael Hamburger, Russell Edson, Bartlett, Wantling, Eigner, Eshleman, Stanley Cooperman, Henry Miller, Major, Perchik, Al Greenberg, Keith Wilson, Hollo, Al Purdy, Thos. Merton, Robert Kelly, John Haines, Sorrentino, Steve Katz, Dick Higgins, Jay Wright, Marcus Grapes, Meltzer, Howard McCord, Locklin, and others not yet decided on.

And an Album of KELSIE Harder cartoons. Of the "fuck" one he writes: "It is quite naturally unprinted prior to your request to print it--this country where it's considered 'unprintable' is ironically one of the few countries where such an idea would be considered 'funny,' since change (except in nature) is not fluid unto itself-- paradox makes for change."

By the time you read this, the book should be ready. The first 3 issues of The OUTSIDER were long ago sold out, & are now expensive collector's pieces. Johnson Reprint Corporation is reprinting 1, 2 & 3--to sell for $27.50.

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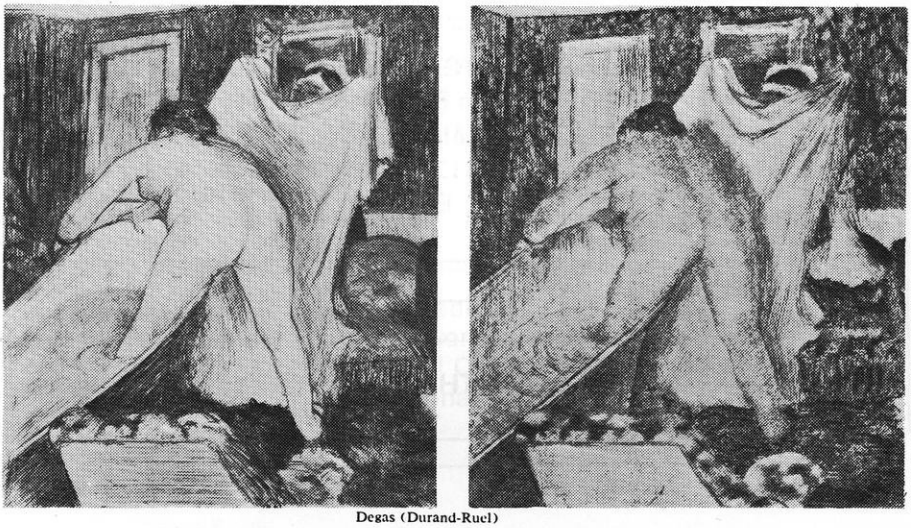

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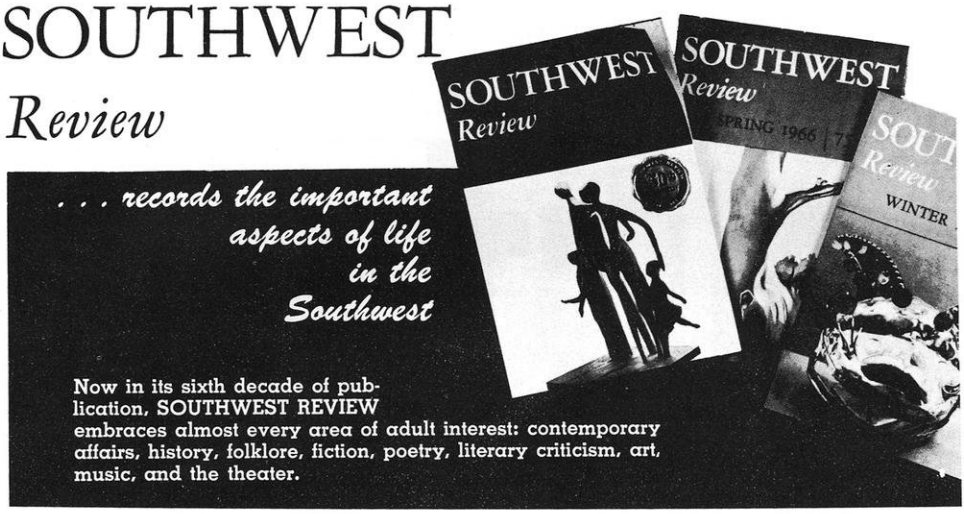

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