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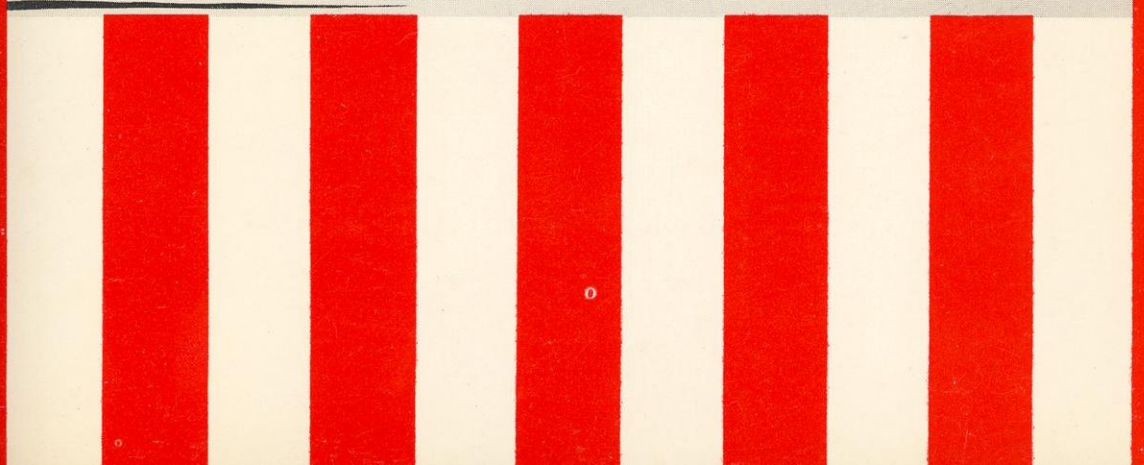
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arts in society

the arts of activism / volume 6 / number 3 / 1969 / \$2.00



Cover Photo: WE MUST ACT
A woodcut by Raymond L. Gloeckler
Department of Art, University of Wisconsin

arts in society

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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 \$2.00 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. An honorarium will be paid for papers accepted for publication.

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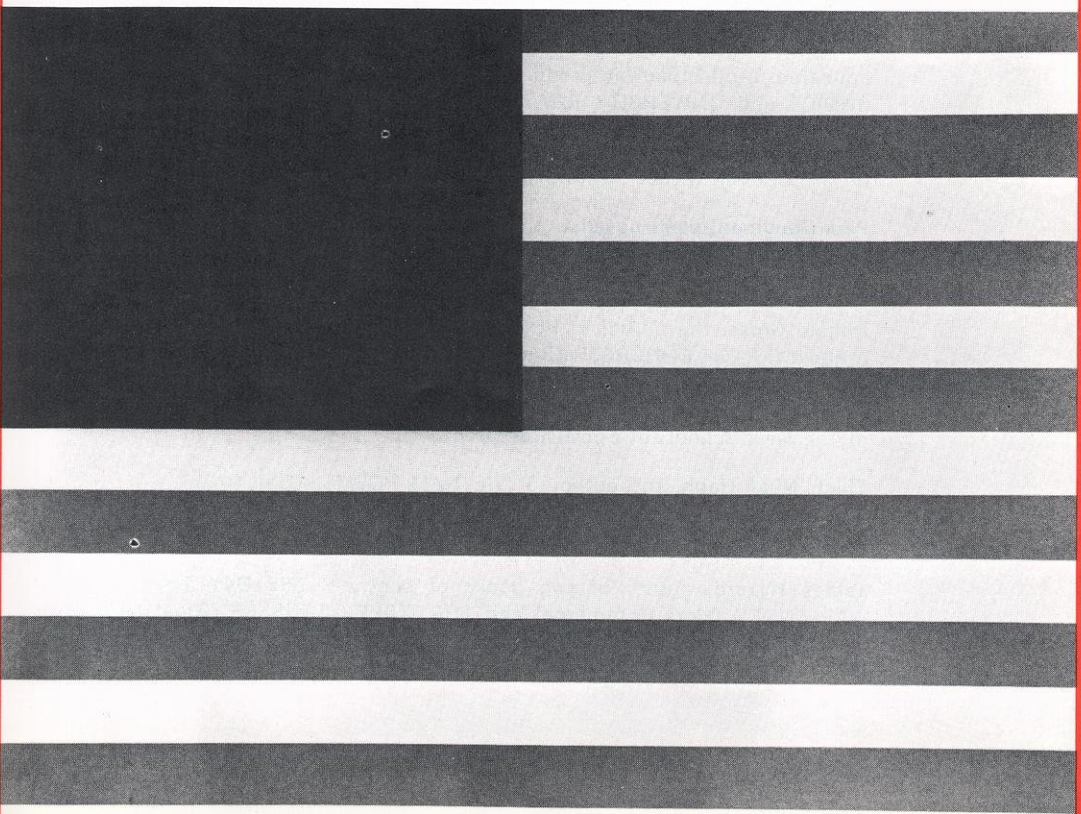
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Father Daniel Berrigan, S. J., one of the Catonsville 9 draft-resistors, is a poet, theologian, editor and lecturer.

Gus Bertha participates in the Organization for Black American Culture in Chicago.

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Robert Chute, poet and Professor of Biology at Bates College, publishes THE SMALL POND, a literary magazine.

Bill Costley is a young poet and activist who has helped to edit THE CAMBRIDGE COMMON MUSE, BUSHMAN, THE SMALL POND, and other magazines.

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Thich Nhat Hanh, the author of VIETNAM POEMS, (Unicorn) and a peace-proposal, VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE, (Beacon) is a Buddhist monk who has been in Paris for the peace talks.

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David Ignatow is the author of *FIGURES OF THE HUMAN*, *RESCUE THE DEAD*, and *SAY PARDON*, in the Wesleyan poetry series.

Bill Knott (1940-1966) has described himself as "a virgin and a suicide," but he continues miraculously to write and read his poems to amazed audiences.

Alexander Kuo has published many poems and teaches creative writing at Wisconsin State University—Oshkosh.

Greg Lynch describes himself as "a 19 year old Black gust of wind building up a tornado at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee — a Black spirit-torturing institution."

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Rich Mangelsdorff, "poet, critic, witness, overseer," has published poems in the United States and Belgium.

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Charles Plymell is a poet and teamster, living in San Francisco.

James A. Randall won a Hopwood Literary Award for Poetry at the University of Michigan.

Kenneth Rexroth, poet, playwright, translator, critic, and anarchist philosopher, is one of the major heroes of the counter-culture.

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Harold Rosenberg, the art critic, is the author of *THE TRADITION OF THE NEW* and an editor on *THE NEW YORKER* and a frequent contributor to *PARTISAN REVIEW*, and other periodicals.

Ron Silliman is the author of two poetry pamphlets — *3 SYNTACTIC FICTIONS FOR DENNIS SCHMITZ* and *MOON IN THE 7th HOUSE* (Gunrunner) — and the editor of *ALPHA SORT*.

Geraldo Sobral is a newspaper reporter and writer living in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

James Sorcic, author of two chapbooks of poetry — *DEATH IS A BAG OF STONES* (Island City) and *FIRE IN THE SUN* (Gunrunner), edits the poetry page of *KALEIDOSCOPE* (Milwaukee's underground newspaper) and issues the Gunrunner poetry series.

Lorenzo Vega is a twenty-two year old poet and rock musician working in San Francisco and Santa Barbara.

Nancy Willard, the author of *THE LIVELY ANATOMY OF GOD* (Eakins) and poems in many periodicals, teaches at Vassar.

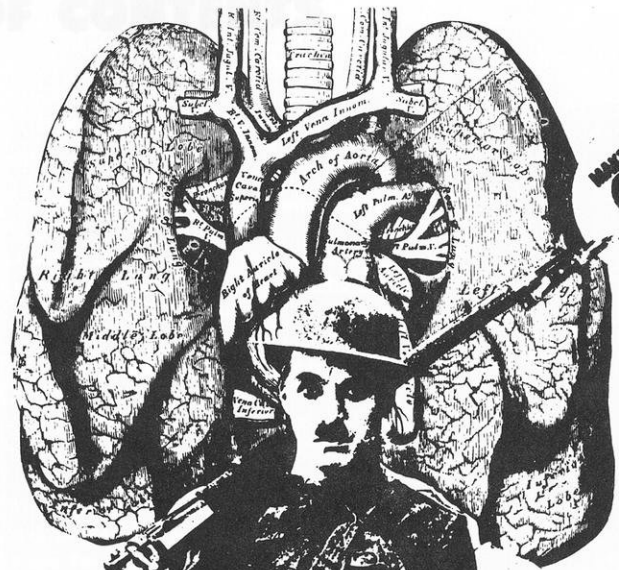
Harold Witt, the west coast poet, has completed a new book, *SURPRISED BY OTHERS AT FORT CRONKHITE*.

Prince Boevi Aggrey Zankli is currently studying International Relations at Howard University.

James Rosenberg is Professor of Drama in the Theatre Department at Carnegie-Mellon University.

Laurence Warshaw teaches at The School of Continuing Education, New York University.

*
MAKE LOVE
NOT WAR



SCALE
1 inch = 10 feet
four interval 10 feet

VIEW FROM THE SOUTHEAST

*
PEACE

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Jim Forest and KALEIDOSCOPE for an excerpt from his *"Prison Diary."*

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auch Du bist liberal

1959 Poster, YOU TOO ARE LIBERAL

by Karl Gerstner

Courtesy: Museum of Modern Art, New York

Gift of the designer

ON WINNING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING PEOPLE

It is impossible for a contemporary journal of the arts to get itself well liked by everybody. No matter how determinedly open its editorial outlook, the journal is bound to run afoul of one or another of the disparate orthodoxies with which our culture is reft — particularly when it probes the passionately controversial issues, whether of aesthetic or political consequence. It has been our disconcerting experience that the fact of exploration in itself is often deemed *prima facie* evidence of unique commitment to a particular encampment.

Over the years we have in varying degrees, depending upon the focus of a particular issue, sensed ourselves to be embraced or repulsed by a variety of groups. The issue on The Geography and Psychology of Urban Cultural Centers elicited huzzahs from certain academicians, from architects and city planners, and from managing directors of performing arts centers; our general readership seemed rather indifferent; but a few of the aggressively alienated let us know of their scorn for this obvious identification with "establishment culture." On the other hand, the Happenings and Intermedia issue brought in new subscriptions from those communities on both coasts where interest in icon-breaking is strong; from elsewhere in America came primly written notes of icy politeness informing us that the sender no longer had an interest in subscribing. Happily, in this instance the former far outweighed the latter, but it is nevertheless saddening to realize that many friends of art are prone to deliberately circumscribe the range of their curiosities.

Winning friends cannot, of course, be a prime objective of ARTS IN SOCIETY, although like any institution we are not averse to applause, the more widespread the better. Influencing people is another matter. Our sponsorship by a university presupposes a responsibility to educate, to inform, to try to broaden general understanding of the dynamism of contemporary culture. All of these must imply the charge to look objectively into the crooks and crannies of the American art experience, and particularly into those areas where the action is.

In a time of widespread social upheaval some of the action is likely as not to be found in rather disreputable places and to be associated with rebellious and even violent commitments.

Whatever our moral or political stance, we must view the art churned up by the powerful passions of these times as being of vital significance — if not on aesthetic grounds (and by the admission of its creators much of the so-called "committed" art is deliberately provocative and shocking), then most certainly for its impact on the prevailing cultural ethos. Those who turn away in repugnance are likely to achieve little understanding of the emerging new America of the seventies.

This issue on The Arts of Activism, which Morgan Gibson has guest-edited, was not designed to win friends from any of the orthodoxies — and most obviously not those of polite culture. It is hoped, however, that all readers will find its influence to be salutary, because it seeks to further greater understanding of the revolutionary condition of the culture of our time.

Guest editor of this issue is Morgan Gibson, of the Department of English, University of Wisconsin - Milwaukee. Mr. Gibson is a poet, and a critic and teacher of poetry. A collection of his poetry, *MAYORS OF MARBLE*, appeared in 1966. With his wife, Barbara, he published a joint collection, *OUR BEDROOM'S UNDERGROUND*, 1963. His individual poems have appeared in a number of journals in this country and abroad. He is now completing a critical study of Kenneth Rexroth.

Mr. Gibson gives special thanks to the following for editorial advice and assistance: Allen Ginsberg, Abbie Hoffman, Walter Lowenfels, Claude Pélieu, Charles Plymell, Jennie Orvino, and his wife Barbara.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ARTS OF ACTIVISM

The Arts of Activism have assaulted De Gaulle's Paris, Mayor Daley's Convention City, Watts and Harlem, Saigon and Peking, Berkeley and Madison, the Pentagon and Russian tanks in Prague. By the time this issue is published, what new demonstrations, confrontations, revolts will enlarge the epic drama in which all of us, like it or not, participate? "The whole world is watching," the Yippies shouted in Chicago as police clubbed them; and watching or marching, everyone participated in a drama which continues to unfold, sometimes with comic effects but always with tragic undertones.

In *REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT*, Yippie Abbie Hoffman wrote, "We are theater in the streets: total and committed. We aim to involve people and use (unlike other movements locked in ideology) any weapon (prop) we can find. The aim is not to earn the respect, admiration, and love of everybody — it's to get people to do, to participate, whether positively or negatively. All is relevant, only 'the play's the thing.'" "Guerrilla theater," he continues, "is only a transitional step in the direction of total life-actors. Life-actors never rehearse and need no script." Even the television viewer, far from being passive or isolated, "makes up what's going on in the streets. He creates the Yippies, cops, and other participants in his own image. He constructs his own play." More obviously now than in Shakespeare's time, then, "all the world's a stage" on which everyone performs the drama that he helps create.

Underlying the obvious agony between old and young, rich and poor, great powers and young nations, is the mysterious struggle of each person for self-realization in a free community with others. For countless young Americans, demonstrations against war, racism, poverty, and academic irrelevancies have been rites of passage from conventional families into a world wide counter-culture. Military-industrial complexes — whether capitalistic or communistic, democratic or totalitarian — rest on the puritan work-ethic, in which life is a continual self-sacrifice for future benefits. Current youth revolt, on the other hand, celebrates life, here and now. The spirit of the old civil rights slogan, "Freedom Now!", has been expanded into Love Now, Live Now, Revolution Now. Though "National Liberation," "Black Power," and "Student Power" are important slogans, the American movement seems, at present, to be less political than cultural and spiritual. Middle-aged radicals and liberals are as baffled and annoyed as conservatives by the antics of Provos, Diggers, and Hippies whose politics are anti-political and who are more anarchistic than Bakunin and Kropotkin.

Is the revolution nihilistic? On the contrary, the consciousness developing among the youth of the world seems to aim at nothing less than a liberation of personality so that humans can live creatively in community, instead of in armed camps of exploitation. The anarcho-pacifism of Kenneth Rexroth and Paul Goodman, the Marxist Humanism of Herbert Marcuse, the erotic apocalypticism of Allen Ginsberg and Norman O. Brown, among many other living poets and thinkers, continue to have an enormous influence and the prevailing dream is of course the ancient one of "Paradise Now" — the title of the Living Theater production photographed by Arthur Ollman for this issue.

The apocalyptic, Utopian outlook makes it increasingly difficult to separate "art" from "activism," or "artists" and "actors" from "audience," for all become creatively involved in the artistic act — the reader, for example, who unmasks Robert Chute's collage poems or cuts out Ronald Gross's poem, "War Headlines." Throughout this issue, poets and artists urge, seduce, and incite the reader to participate in some way, positively or negatively. Their styles, whether explicitly didactic or more personal, subjective, elegiac, make it difficult to remain objectively aloof and impossible to construct an "aesthetics of activism" that will do justice to the range of imagination displayed here. No doubt the topicality of the plays DICK DALEY and NEWSMAN will undermine their immortality, and other work here may be ephemeral for various reasons. But the poems by Robert Bly, Reverend Dan Berrigan, and others herein unquestionably transcend current historical crises. Who can say what art will endure? We have presented a challenging sample of the Arts of Activism, with a minimum of interpretive comment, in the hope that the reader will "become a work of art" if he has not already become one. "Change your life," said Rimbaud.

If poets dominate this issue, it is perhaps because they have been most conspicuously in opposition to the Vietnam War, as Robert Lowell's refusal of Johnson's invitation to the White House, Allen Ginsberg's involvement in the Lincoln Park demonstrations, Robert Bly's coast-to-coast read-ins, anthologies edited by Walter Lowenfels, Denise Levertov, Diane di Prima, and other poets testify. Perhaps also because poetry is the least institutionalized of the arts, it has more freely denounced evil as well as affirmed the good life mankind could live. Missing from this issue, unfortunately, is coverage of film, which was featured in ARTS IN SOCIETY (volume IV, number 1), and rock music, which is absolutely basic to current youth revolt but which has not received adequate treatment by writers so far.

Morgan Gibson

Unmask!



Unmask!

**The hu
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tic**

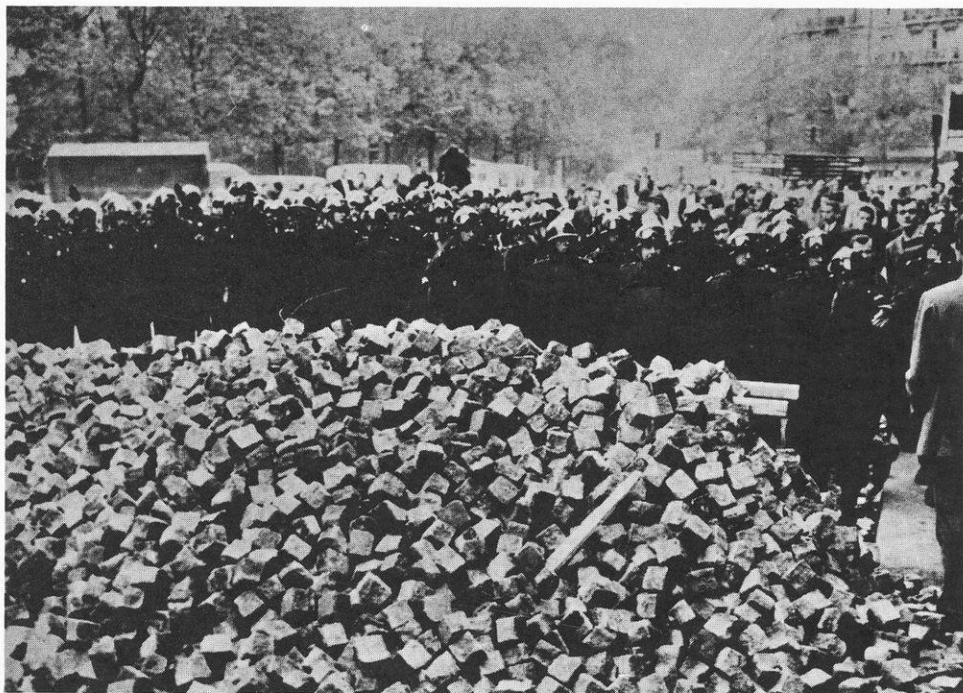
heart beat

has failed

has failed

PART I

Paris, May, 1968



331



"The men who watch over our academic freedom and who will correct our exams tomorrow"

Charles Plymell is a poet and teamster living in San Francisco. APOCALYPSE ROSE — his first book of poems in which Allen Ginsberg heard the "unearthly hum of a tornado of consciousness" — was published by Dave Haselwood in 1966.

IN PARIS

In Paris the black and red
flags fly from the Sorbonne.
In Paris the workers and the students unite,
and I look for a precedent of world revolution —
find out the Communists
are bourgeois pigs.
And General De Gaulle told the people
that the shit-in-the-beds would get 'em —
cut out and let them
flounder in a political vacuum
until they would burn their own cars
and cry for a leader.
His warped experience and southern C.R.S.
superior to the
sling-shots of cerebral students
while Communists jack-off the Frenchmen.

Charges begin at two o'clock a.m.
The delicate shops intact,
by lunchtime the stones
are in place in the street,
the cars hauled off,
gas in the air, the Frenchman has his lunch.

If you want to miss the revolt
go to bed early and wake up at noon.
Outside the Coupole the sweet
bums are kissing á la Genet.
The active ones anyway . . .
not those grown formless
huddled against the wall,
skin draped, as if
pinched off a rotten soft peach.

And in the Coupole, the very rich,
and very young and very beautiful
boys and girls caught slumming,
talk all night of how they wreck
their cars and how many speeding
tickets they have got, and properly
surrounded by their artisans and cunt lapping dogs
they buy their stage and leave.

A newspaper reads "BYE, BYE, BOBBY"
and all about gun-crazed America.
Late that night the cafe was cleared
with police and tear gas on the outside.
Stranded with the boring journalist,
I took a napkin to wrap around my face
and camped, "Can you imagine
an American in this situation without a gun?"

And then one evening before the
delicate French moon trailed
above the balconies of filigree
dripping pools of silver and sky through
black shadowed trees,
Pam walked on bricks
of childhood streets.

The next day we lit a candle for Kennedy
in Notre Dame in front
of a statue with a serpent at its feet.

June 1968

333

André Pieyre de Mandiargues
(translated by M. Gibson)

ROSE FOR A REVOLUTION

"When the extraordinary happens daily
then there is a revolution!"

The splendor of these words of Fidel Castro
That we have read from Havana
The students and the people of Paris
Have made it blossom again for joy
Until the Lion of Deufert, with the grand Republic
Is reconciled under the sun of May 13

Which opens and brightens
A red rose so enormous
That it re-covers France entirely
We dedicate to it our great love
But we keep in mind
That the heart of the blazing eglantine
Is inseperable from the Latin Quarter.

Vous êtes la guérilla
contre la mort climatisée
qu'on veut vous vendre
sous le nom d'avenir.

Cortázar



**“You are the guerilla against air-conditioned death
they want to sell you under the name of the future.”**

– Cortazar

(translated by M. Gibson)

Claude Pélieu, "Leader of the "Grey Generation" is the author of WITH REVOLVERS AIMED . . . FINGER BOWLS (presented by William Burroughs, translated by Mary Beach), and other books of poems and anti-poems, as well as French translations of Burroughs, Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Eldridge Cleaver, Bob Kaufman, and other American writers.

ONE WAY

(to Carl Solomon)

June 6th 1966 —: The Cosmonauts have returned —: Attempts to assassinate James Meredith — Hurricane ALMA ravages CUBA —
June 7th 1966 —: Meredith satisfactory condition — Alaska Good Friday Earth quake — The Algebra Eaters invade NY —
The true weakness of an elementary modification — The true MOTHER-CONSPIRACY engendering the most brutal reactions after 2000 years of genuflexions — A kind of 'truth' gnawing at all those who dream in the grey dress of time —
who dream
or
are afraid —: stains frozen on the old priest's cassock —
Methods of facts & gestures in the Basin of Cramps — I know I am dead —
What contact still? (The death of 1916) many kids in the Yellow Room —
REality HOTEL OF CHANCE — IMAGE-SHOE-COFFIN — in blisters / Orthopedic Rock 'n Roll / spaces crossing — whom? what? (me) burned vizor — Sexual knots burst., slow-downs . . . here elsewhere nowhere (you understand,) —
Carl, remember the frotteuses on the St Banana — With Kaufman on the St Stranger (a long time ago) with the frotteuses of Maracaibo — The Indian Conductor is a shadow — In a red sky America subjugates its beatitude —
Widows graze on the Yellow Dog — Baby-orchestra-rags learn to count on an after-ski-abacus — Mr. & Mrs. Greenhorn you come with me jack off to . . . (the others looked for nothings and old echoes) —
I groveled in the dust of Texas a long time ago — Snow logic — Banalities for all men & women — The wave-length of images rusted forever on the inked foreheads of "small poets" — The health of poets (sic) — The heavenly endive and all their shit right here — Their torso-images wiped off on the stiff rope (& on the palimpsest of the Imaginary rotting fiction-figures) —
Hatred of Poetry — Grand Central (Track 23) 6 p.m. (throwing oneself in the garbage cans of the Red Cap Service) — Adios Old Escritura Adios — Harlem River — Impassible Death — Knowing the unspeakable in a sleeping-car & throwing at dawn his fingers to the grey wolves of Negro suburbs —
Thorazine — Mists (buoys) cocoons (cisterns) — Otto Braun Flour Inc. Irvingtown., Hello Dolly., White & Red., El Capitan Penn., MOBIL., Seaboard., Funny Girl., Southern Pacific 33112., Sing Sing Ossinning —
SAVE OUR REPUBLIC IMPEACH EARL WARREN — Garbage dumps — Car cemeteries — The banks of the Hudson — Nuclear shots of the French in the Pacific — Winds are tricky Captain Blood — Also love by correspondence with the stars of nothingness —
Cold Crabs — Accelerated sweat — Times tremble — Lean beasts stuffed with Benny & Goof-Balls full of S & S —
3:20 a.m. I read my mail —: your false prophecies for 1967, "special delivery" from Jeff N, from Karl H W, from William B., mail from a long time ago burned in a Harmonica-Züg — Dilapidated stations — Sinister breakfast — Buffalo, Detroit, Lake Huron, Albion, Canadian Pacific, Back To Foreign cars Park, Ridson Express Goy, For Every BO (Green Bay & Western) Pacific Fruit Express, Daly Queen, Sioux City, Dressed Beef & Co, Chicago, Kansas, Love Box Co, John Birch Society —
Santa Fe — Snack Jug-Fug Dinners & Cocktails — Amarillo Texas Body Shop —

12:05 p.m., The Orange Peephole picks up West Winds —

I re-read the text on APOMORPHINE (a metabolic regulator) 30 years ago, Dr. Alfred Byrne wrote: Apomorphine hydrochloride was introduced as a treatment for chronic alcoholism 30 years ago by Dr. Dent, a London Doctor of modest qualifications . . . SILENCE APO — 33, we can't get lost here anymore, calm English smile — Witch-doctors accomplices of the Oblong Lawmakers, round-robin of the Elders in Black Hats, we must emphasize, never fearing repetition —

New Mexico — Welcome! Welcome, Salesmen — A few (ugly) sailors (with small asses) & a broad from the Middle West who says she is a descendant of Louis XIV happy diversion —

Here, in the roots of an empty body — Flabby minority threatened by the call of grass & immobility — Analyses blocked on the agony mirror Wool & Cotton — The invisibles & the Witch-Doctors in the core of the Mother-Sino-Catholico-Marxing-Conspiracy — & DEATH lodged in the Technological Image —

I am talking to you from a great distance (for a long time I have been sleeping in the excremental falderols of the All Molle & Morte) —

Bachelor tatters welded in a derailment — Indians working on the track — Here the apparition again (& behind the railings the head that has never smiled — Silently the Obese One fed a flabby form — Negroes in that wagon, many many Negroes — Doesn't it stink here Sir? It stinks terribly, isn't it so Sir? — Everyone stinks Madam. . . On the other side a black veil — That specter spoke to you through the glass door of the Miraflores —

Are you in grey? In avid black? Forever? What would happen to the old vaudeville the vague one should I die again? The Old-Opera-Bouffe-Beat? Mourning of every glance —

Ida Express Vs the spirit of circumstance — Mr. Anonymous behind my Scandinavian Double — Nothing has changed — Opaline of dreams & laughter, glutted with wind & spiral-trills — Mist of a mantis-tropical-world —

Black syllables-lost in the hutch-night — 2 old chairs on Potrero Hill — An Indian Summer mist, there where Bob Kaufman was interned — I will go there too — A grill of pneumatic sighs haloing North Beach — Gloomy Ghost of Bob Kaufman on Grant Avenue — The Chinese Pastry Shops overflow with dead images —

It is the Voice of Easter — The Voice of the Yellow Panic Salesman — 3 large white pages burning on spice cake with the long malarial tears of a first sleep —

Flabby holes on the Baseball fields — Willy Mays forgets his fatigue in a jewel-case of laughter — Those holes do not belong to me — Those holes the color of trousers —

Carl —: a man stitched in Time — Sweet point elbow to elbow — Racial leftovers — Kike! Nigger! Poor Bum! — Saturated with women in labor humanity is glutted with subtle perfumes — Spreading of passions & oil on water — The Angel from Chinatown totters a short distance from the pits —

The Scorpion of the Love-Marriage of the Exterminator Archangel — Replace your Nigger with a Lesbian, wrote Mol & Mort in the head at the Vesuvio — The mist of the soul in a fit of characteristics — Purple discovery in the rancid columns of the Examiner — Dilated clouds — Effeminate young man drowned in the pantomime of light —

Paris smoked a long time ago — The men-with-planning-hands rummaged in the glacial whole — We were always bored stiff at the Jardin-des-Plantes — The bitter symmetries of Paris as ugly as the old rags of Greenwood (Mississippi) — Paris and its songs, Paris & its miserable pots & pans, Paris & the voice of its trees, "Paris is really the end!" W. Burroughs wrote me, sad, Paris & its 75,000 cops, Paris & its gnomes, Paris & its xenophobia — Despair has overpowered us — In order to get out of a new house one must vegetate a long time —

Something awful Carl, something unspeakable in the Vision-Ditch — One could see the alms beg on the Embarcadero —

Today you advance with all your health into the joyous plains of the West — For me it is always capital punishment — Monstrous coal rolling on the facades of tedium — LeRoi Jones makes up his hatred in vacant lots — Blues for Mr. Jones — LeRoi Jones is right —

"Batouque / batouque / batouque of night with no nucleus / lipless nights / colared with the fountain of my nameless slave-ship / with my boomerang bird, I cast my eye in the lurching sea in the Guiana of despair and death / batouque of pregnant lands / batouque of my walled seas / ." (Aimé Césaire)

The Blue Kid's shroud opens up like an orange — (The obvious) shadow — The House of Charms no longer exists — I stuck a stamp on the eyes of the Rue des Long Couteaux — Remember Someone's pink nostrils — That long hallway where we played & came whispering — & the filth of Paris made sublime by the people — Street singers in the service of the Old Beast — The colossal pussy of an antiquity lost in the sewers — The soul of 'poets' poisoned by the trellis of good sentiments —

Why did you spend so much time with a needle in your arm? 'Were suffering as much as all that?' 'You had everything for you!' — Strange sparks — Memory of the mother beaten to death — I remember the squid hanging between my father's legs, now it must be a big ball of fat grey & wrinkled —

The eyes of a man condemned to death widened in the sac of the soul — & the man emptied destitute dissolved in the Fall of Reasons-for-Being — Revolting sepulchre — Fingers opened on the crack of a Trompe-l'oeil life — I died here Captain Blood — Hurricane ALMA killed 73 people; 73 dead I did not know —

Here Elsewhere Nowhere, wandering with the knotty tiger in the slag of the Avenida Morbosidad —

NY, Chicago, Onan City

June-July 1966

Station Caroline

3/12 PD 23. The Cold Summer of 1816.

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Translated from the French by Mary Beach



ACTION

N° 20 • LUNDI 1^{er} JUILLET • PRIX MINIMUM : 0.50 F • Ce journal a été réalisé au Service des Comités d'Action, avec la soutien de l'UNEF, du SNESup et des Comités d'Action Lyonnais.

PRENEZ GARDE

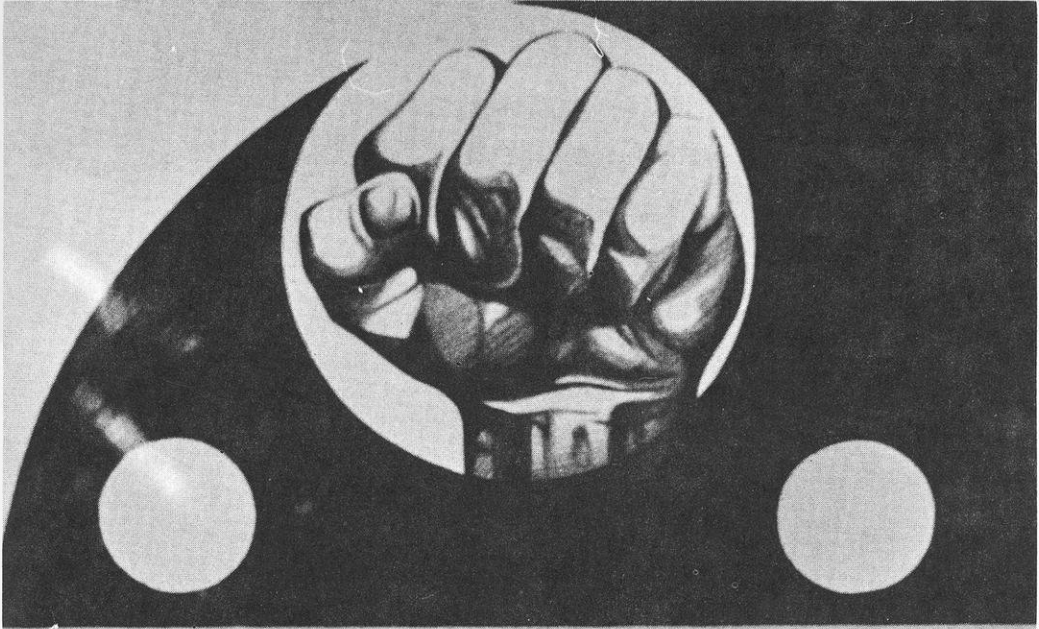


**VOUS LES SABREURS, LES GAVÉS
LES BOURGEOIS ET LES CURÉS !**

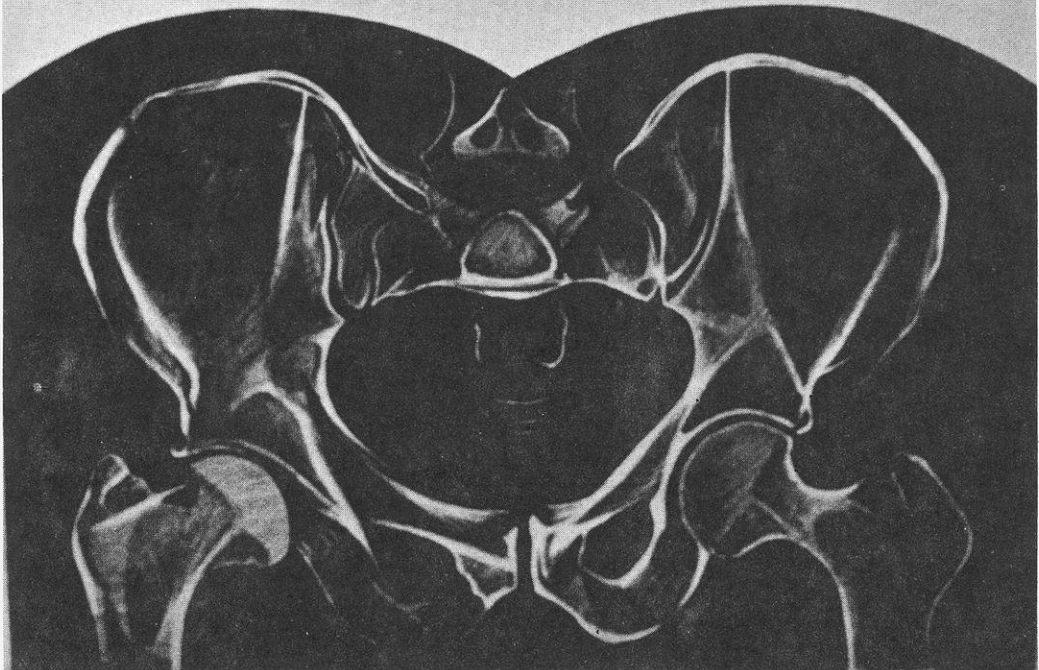
TAKE GUARD — YOU SABRE-SWINGERS, STUFFED POULTRY, BOURGEOISIE AND PRIESTS.

PART II

Chicago, August, 1968



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The photos on these pages depict some of the works of art shown at the protest exhibit entitled "Richard J. Daley," given at the Feigen Gallery in Chicago, Oct. 24 — Nov. 24, 1968. As a result of the violence which surrounded the 1968 Democratic Convention, the Daley protest exhibit replaced a planned show by Claes Oldenburg, who himself was beaten up at the Convention. As he put it in a letter to the gallery director, "a gentle one man show about pleasure seems a bit obscene in the present context." Among the more well known art figures who joined Oldenburg in signing The Artists' Manifesto reprinted on the opposite page, and producing works for the show were Red Grooms, Barnett Newman, Robert Rauschenberg, Larry Rivers, Aaron Siskind and Robert Indiana.

Untitled Collage by Henry Hanson



"The Richard J. Daley Loan Exhibition"

CHICAGO IS KNOWN AS THE SECOND CITY. MANY OF US FELT IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST CITY. SOMEHOW THE CLIMATE HAS BEEN RIGHT FOR CREATIVE ACTIVITY.

CHICAGO REVOLUTIONIZED ARCHITECTURE, JAZZ, LITERATURE, POLITICAL HUMOR AND ART. BUT SOMETHING DROVE THE REVOLUTIONARIES AWAY. CHICAGO BECAME AN INCREDIBLE INCUBATOR THAT COULD NOT SUSTAIN MATURE LIFE.

THE MATURE ARTIST IS A POLITICAL CREATURE. HE CARES ABOUT INHUMANITY, POVERTY, WAR, AND WRONG. WHEN HE SEES WRONG HE WANTS TO SET IT RIGHT.

HE CAN ENGAGE IN DIALOGUE WITH THOSE WHO DISAGREE. BUT HE CANNOT TOLERATE A VACUUM IN WHICH THERE ARE NO POLITICAL ALTERNATIVES NOR A FORUM FOR DISSENT. HE WILL NOT STAY AWAKE ON ELECTION NIGHT WHEN THE RESULTS ARE PRE-ORDAINED, AND HE CANNOT SLEEP.

ONE OF CHICAGO'S FAMOUS EXILES CAME BACK TO MAKE A HAPPY EXHIBITION AND WAS MAULED BY THE POLICE. SO NOW THERE IS AN ANGRY EXHIBITION INSTEAD.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN FUTILE PROTEST. THIS "RICHARD J. DALEY" EXHIBITION HAS AN OBJECTIVE. IT IS TO STRESS THAT CHICAGO'S DEMOCRATIC MACHINE IS NOW THE WORLD'S PROBLEM, NOT JUST CHICAGO'S.

THE MACHINE HAS NOT ONLY SHOCKED THE WORLD BY STEAM-ROLLING THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AND MAULING INNOCENT DISSENTERS, DELEGATES, NEWSMEN AND BYSTANDERS. IT HAS SO STIFLED POLITICAL DIALOGUE THAT COOK COUNTY'S VOTING POWER CAN BE DELIVERED AS A PERSONAL GIFT FROM ONE MAN TO WHATEVER CANDIDATES HE CHOOSES.

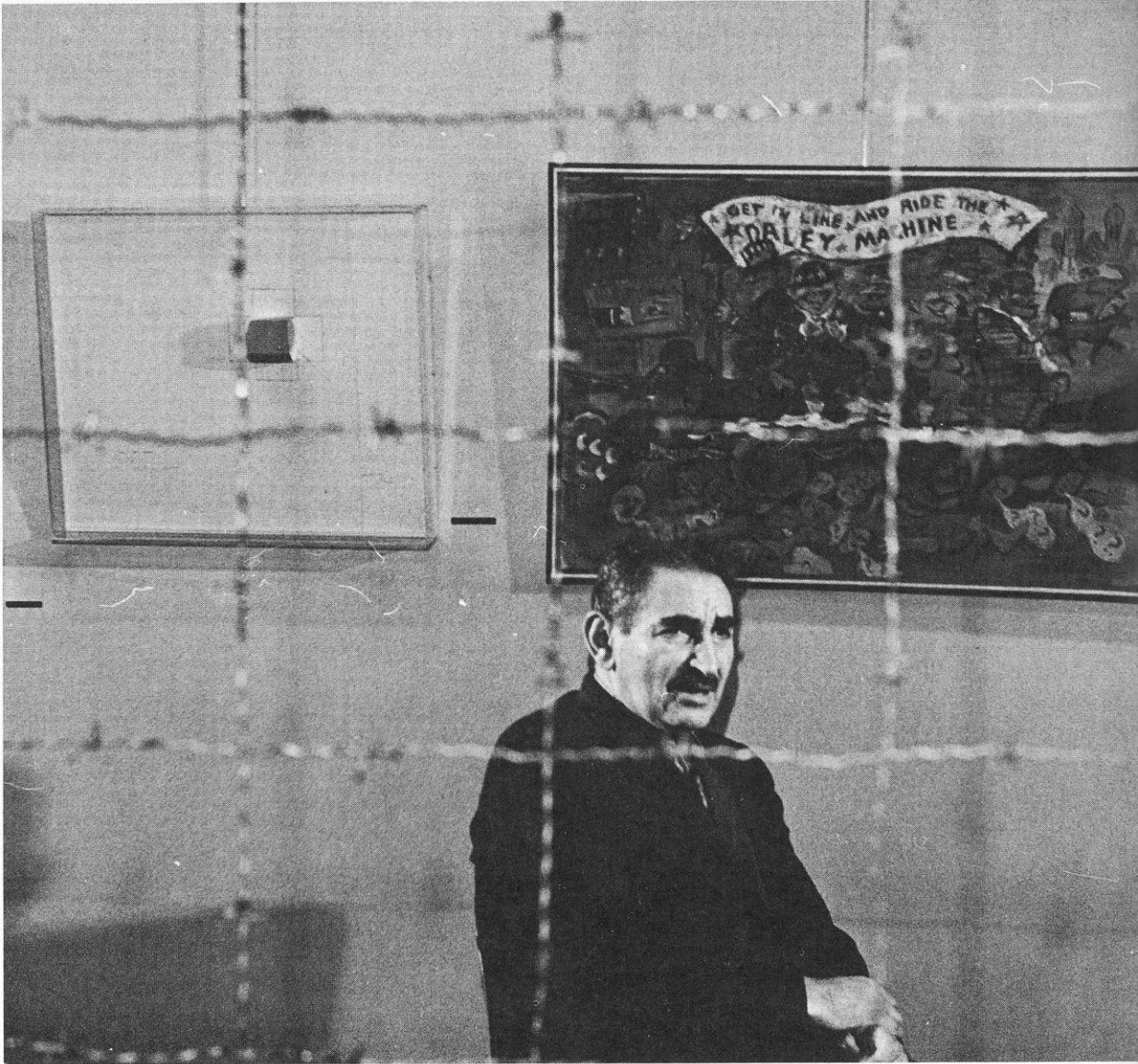
IT IS NOT ONLY THE INTELLECTUALS WHO ARE DISENFRANCHISED, NOR EVEN THE BLACK 1ST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, BUT THE GOLD COAST AS WELL.

THE WEEK OF AUGUST 25TH EXPOSED THE NEW CLASS STRUGGLE. IT IS NO LONGER THE POOR CLASS AGAINST THE RICH OR DEMOCRAT AGAINST REPUBLICAN. IT IS THE EDUCATED AGAINST THE UNEDUCATED, THE COURAGEOUS AGAINST THE TERRIFIED, YOUNG AGAINST OLD — THINKING AGAINST NON-THINKING.

THE EXHIBITION AND STATEMENT BY THE UNDERSIGNED ARTISTS IS DIRECTED AT WIDENING THE NEW CHINKS IN MAYOR DALEY'S ARMOR. THEY CALL CHICAGO'S THINKING CITIZENS TO SOLIDARITY WITH THE ARTISTS, THE EDUCATED, THE COURAGEOUS AND THE YOUNG; TO STIMULATE DIALOGUE, A REFORM MOVEMENT, THE OPENING OF POLITICAL OPTIONS; TO BREAK THE COMPACT MADE WITH THE MACHINE BY DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS ALIKE; TO TEMPER ENTHUSIASM FOR LOW TAXES AND GOOD HIGHWAYS WITH CONCERN, IF NOT FOR THE EXILED ARTISTS, THEN FOR THE NEGLECTED BLACK GHETTO, THE CYNICAL PATRONAGE — FOR THE WORLD'S IMAGE OF CHICAGO SINCE AUGUST 25TH.

(The Artists' Manifesto)

NEW YORKER magazine art critic, Harold Rosenberg, who participated in the press review held on the opening day of the **Richard J. Daley Loan Exhibition** noted that *"this kind of (political) art is most effective when the artist has adapted his own format to the problem, then transformed it into a political statement."* He felt that this was both difficult and unusual to do and that only two or three of the participating artists had succeeded. Rosenberg is shown below behind **Lace Curtain** by Barnett Newman, an artist he described as, *"one who continues to work in his own mode but delivers the message."*





FRAMES by Alfons Schilling

It may be that the end is in sight of the Thirty Years' War of art against the political conscience. If that is so, the problem is how art can avoid turning back to the kind of mental forcing out of which can come only lifeless illustrations of ready-made ideas. Art cannot do much for politics. (In the opinion of Wyndham Lewis, it cannot do much about anything. "It is quite impossible," he wrote in *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, "for his [Cezanne's] canvases to have any effect outside of the technique of painting.") But responding to political struggles can do much for art. Art always borrows its seriousness from values — religious, romantic, scientific — it fails to live up to. The formal interests of the artist and his delight in his craft set him apart from genuine holiness, love, or research. Yet when logic induces the artist to consider art capable of renewing itself by its own means he finds himself in a blind alley. Art today needs political consciousness in order to free itself from the frivolity of continual insurrections confined to art galleries and museums. The actions of society present a resistance against which modes of art can test their powers and reinstate the creation of images as a vocation of adult minds.

Harold Rosenberg



DARTBOARD by Chuck Thomas

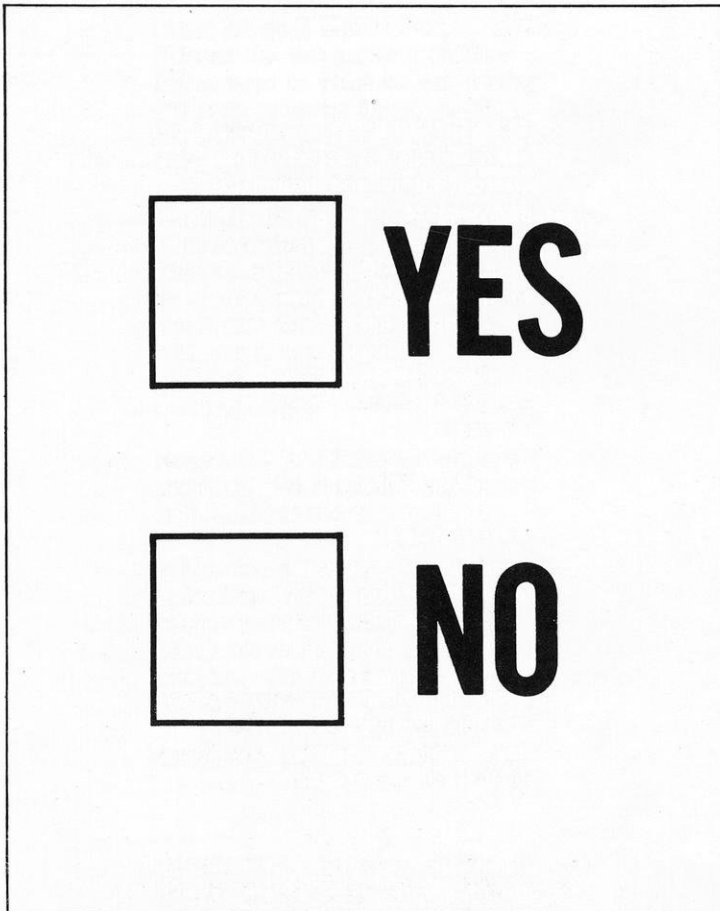
DICK DALEY

By James Hazard

a theatre of the page in several scenes
being performed at the Present moment

A tape recorder is on stage. Performance begins as it is tuned on. A female voice repeats the words "Dick Daley" incessantly, and un-histrionically. In making the tape variations, her physical circumstances may be experimented with to affect **subtle** changes in the speaker's delivery. In no case should experimentation interfere with her actual articulation of the two words.

At the back of the stage hangs a 4x6 foot piece of white card-board painted to represent an unmarked ballot.



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It will remain in the background throughout the entire performance.

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D	kin until it is cut in half, from	YES
i	top to bottom. Pumpkin has been	NO
c	injected before the performance	YES
k	with the maximum amount of red fluid	NO
	it can contain.	YES
D		NO
a	(PARENTHETICAL SCENE: simultaneous	YES
l	with scenes four and five a NEWS	NO
e	ITEM is to be distributed through	YES
y	the audience by the city builders.	NO
		YES
D	CHICAGO SUN TIMES, Sun. Sept. 29,	NO
i	1968.	YES
c		NO
k	POLITICIAN GETS THE WORD	YES
	TARRY UNDER LOCK AND KEY;	NO
D	ONLY WE CAN PLANT A TREE	YES
a		NO
l	Joyce Kilmer, the poet who sang the	YES
e	praises of "Trees," might have been	NO
y	amused.	YES
		NO
D	About 40 supporters of the 49th Ward	YES
i	Citizens for Independent Political	NO
c	Action tried to plant an oak sapling	YES
k	Saturday morning in Joyce Kilmer Park,	NO
	a small grassy triangle at Rogers and	YES
D	Ashland.	NO
a		YES
l	When Martin Noone, a CIPA candidate for	NO
e	state representative from the 10th	YES
y	District, started digging a hole in	NO
	the park, however, a sergeant from	YES
D	the Foster Ave. Police District	NO
i	told him it was illegal for anyone	YES
c	except the city to plant a tree in	NO
k	a city park.	YES
		NO
D	Noone, 25, of 1259 W. Victoria,	YES
a	persisted. He carefully dug the	NO
l	hole, and put the tree in it.	YES
e		NO
y	Police also persisted. A squadron	YES
	arrived and police put Noone in it,	NO
D	after negotiating with the group	YES
i	about which of them wanted to be	NO
c	arrested. The tree was taken into	YES
k	custody as well.	NO
		YES
D	END OF PARENTHETICAL SCENE)	NO
a		YES
l		NO
e		YES
y		NO
	SCENE FIVE. Fat person of either	YES
	gender leaves stage wiping hands on	NO
	his/her clothing. Somnambulant girl	YES
	re-enters, scoops handfuls of pumpkin	NO
	gore, throws it to the floor, begins	YES
		NO

Eugene McCarthy is a poet as well as a former Presidential candidate.

THE DAY TIME BEGAN

Our days were yellow and green
we marked the seasons with respect,
but spring was ours. We were shoots
and sprouts, and greenings,
We heard the first word
that fish were running in the creek.
Secretive we went with men into sheds
for torches and tridents
for nets and traps.
We shared the wildness of that week,
in men and fish. First fruits
after the winter. Dried meat gone,
the pork barrel holding only brine.
Bank clerks came out in skins,
teachers in loin clouts,
while game wardens drove in darkened cars,
watching the vagrant flares
beside the fish mad streams, or crouched
at home to see who came and went,
holding their peace
surprised by violence.
We were spendthrift of time
A day was not too much to spend
to find a willow right for a whistle
to blow the greenest sound the world
has ever heard.
Another day to search the oak and hickory thickets,
geometry and experience run together
to choose the fork, fit
for a sling.
Whole days long we pursued the spotted frogs
and dared the curse of newts and toads.

New adams, unhurried, pure, we checked the names
given by the old.
Some things we found well titled
blood-root for sight
skunks for smell
crab apples for taste
yarrow for sound
mallow for touch.
Some we found named ill, too little or too much
or in a foreign tongue.
These we challenged with new names.
Space was our pre-occupation,
infinity, not eternity our concern
We were strong bent on counting,
the railroad ties, so many to a mile,
the telephone poles, the cars that passed,
marking our growth against the door frames.

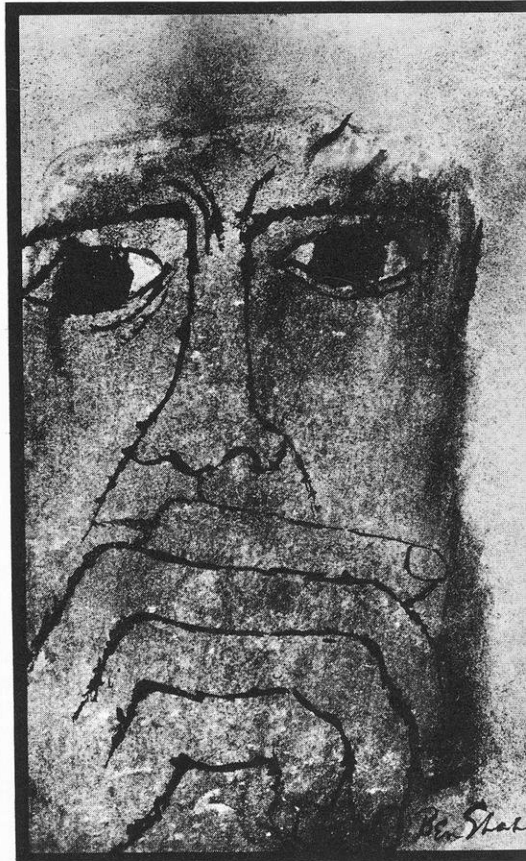
The sky was a kite,
I flew it on a string, winding
it in to see its blue, again
to count the whirling swallows,
and read the patterned scroll of blackbirds turning
to check the markings of the hawk,
and then letting it out to the end
of the last pinched inch of
string, in the vise of thumb and finger.

One day the string broke,
the kite fled over the shoulder of the world,
but reluctantly, reaching back in great lunges
as lost kites do, or as a girl running
in a reversed movie, as at each arched step, the earth
set free, leaps forward, catching
her farther back
the treadmill doubly betraying,
Remote and more remote.

Now I lie on a west facing hill in October
the dragging string having circled the world, the universe,
crosses my hand in the grass. I do not grasp it,
it brushes my closed eyes, I do not open
That world is no longer mine, but for remembrance
Space ended then, and time began.

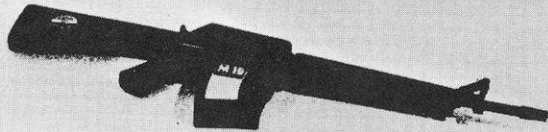
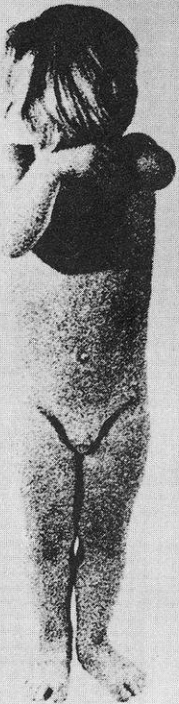
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DISTRESSED MAN by Ben Shahn
Courtesy: Kennedy Galleries, Inc., New York



PART III

Poems of War and Revolution



Allan Donald Gilbert, 67

HELL NO I WON'T GO by William F. Weege



An interview

"I tell you
how I felt,"
says Nguyen
Van Sam,

who killed
25 people

"I felt as an
American
pilot must
feel

after he
drops
bombs

on a
defenseless
village."

Thich Nhat Hanh the author of VIETNAM POEMS (Unicorn), THE CRY OF VIETNAM (Unicorn) and a peace proposal, VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE (Beacon), is a Buddhist monk who has been in Paris for the peace talks. He has also lectured extensively in the United States.

OUR GREEN GARDEN *translated by Thich Nhat Hanh and Helen Coutant*

Fires spring up like dragon's teeth at the ten points of the universe.

A furious acrid wind sweeps them toward us from all sides.

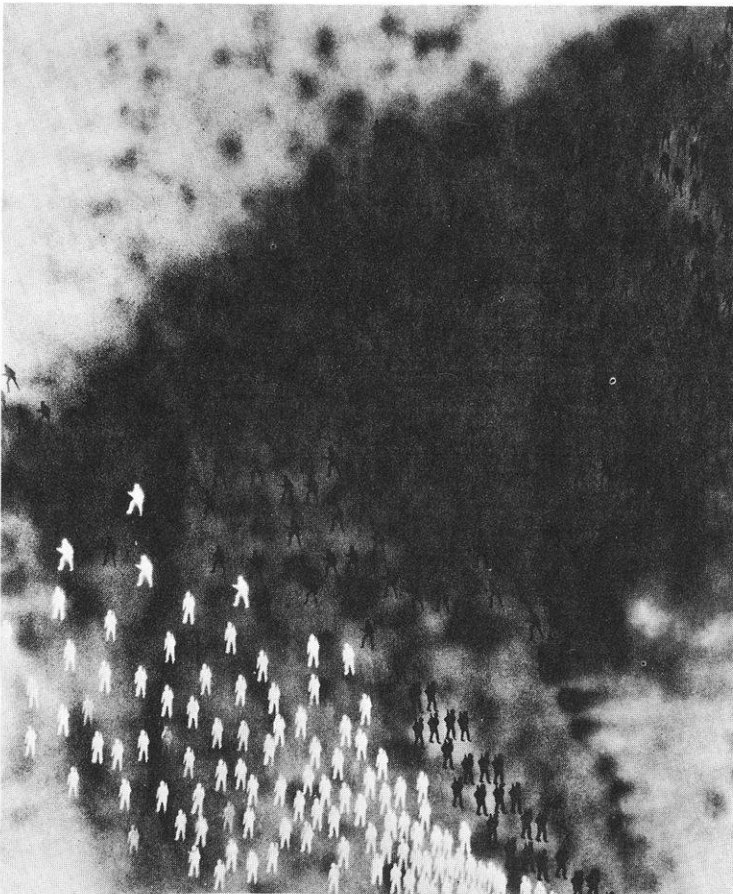
Aloof and beautiful, the mountains and rivers abide.

All around, the horizon burns with the color of death.

As for me, yes, I am still alive,

but my body and the soul within it writhe as if they too had been set afire.

My parched eyes can shed no more tears.



Where are you going this evening, dear brother, in what direction?

The rattle of gun-fire is close at hand.

In her breast, the heart of our mother shrivels and fades like a dying flower.

She bows her head, the smooth black hair now threaded with white.

How many nights, night after night, has she crouched, wide awake.

alone with her lantern, praying for the storm to end?

Dearest brother, I know it is **you** who will shoot me tonight,

piercing our mother's heart with a wound that can never heal.

O terrible winds that blow from the ends of the earth

to hurl down our houses and blast our fertile fields!

I say farewell to the blazing, blackening place where I was born.

Here is my breast! Aim your gun at it, brother, shoot!

I offer my body, the body our mother bore and nurtured.

Destroy it if you will,

destroy it in the name of your dream,

that dream in whose name you kill.

Can you hear me invoke the darkness:

"When will these sufferings end,

O darkness, in whose name you destroy?"

Come back, dear brother, and kneel at our mother's knee.

Don't make a sacrifice of our dear green garden

to the ragged flames that are carried into the dooryard

by wild winds from far away.

Here is my breast. Aim your gun at it, brother, shoot!

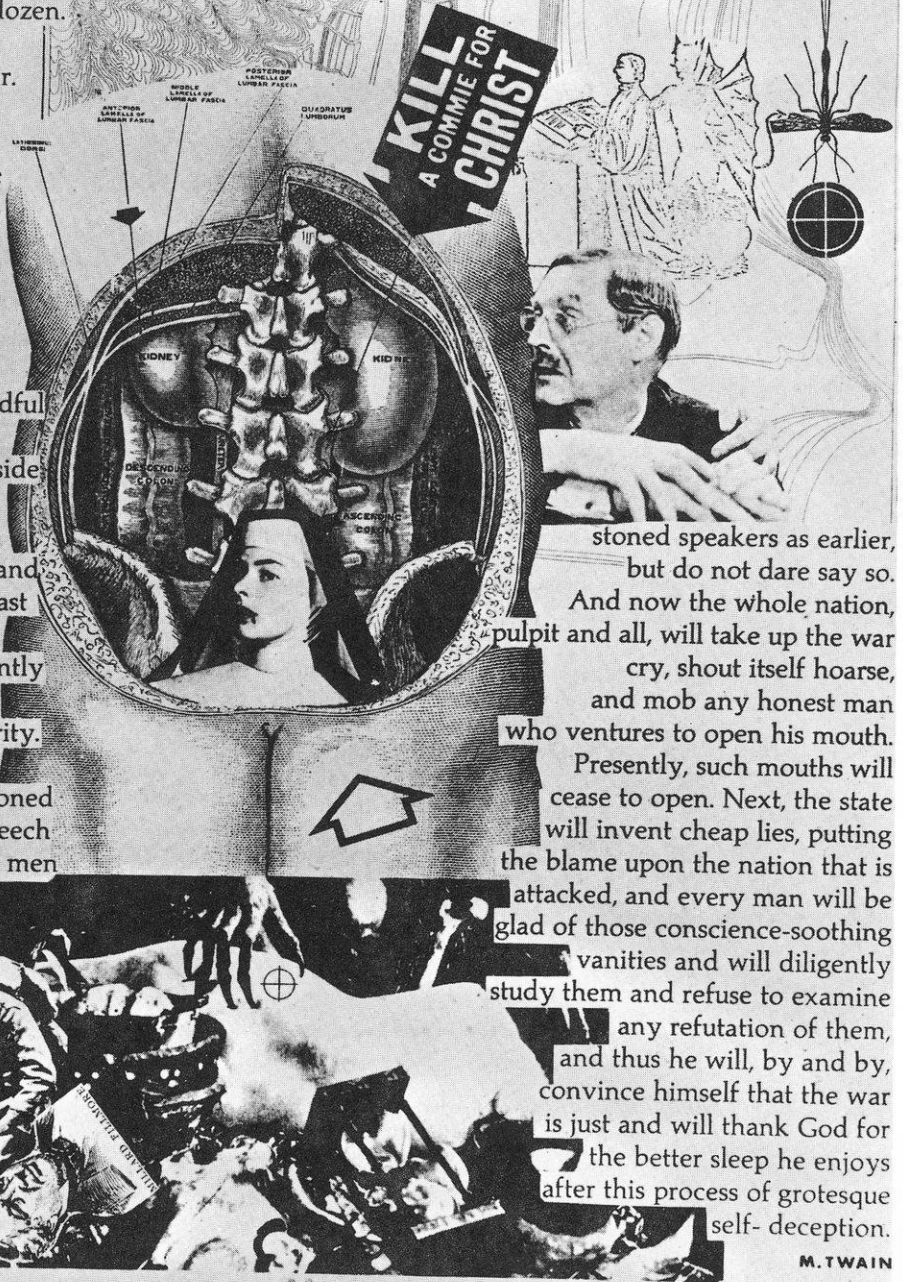
Destroy me if you will

and build from my carrion whatever it is that you are dreaming of.

Who will be left to celebrate a victory made of blood and fire?

There has never been a just one, never an honorable one, on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen. The loud little handful, as usual, will shout for the war. The pulpit will, warily and cautiously, object at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say, earnestly and indignantly, it is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it. Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech in hand and at first will get a hearing and be applauded, but it will not last long. Those others will shout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing--speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who, in their secret hearts, are still at one with those

WAR



stoned speakers as earlier, but do not dare say so. And now the whole nation, pulpit and all, will take up the war cry, shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth. Presently, such mouths will cease to open. Next, the state will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing vanities and will diligently study them and refuse to examine any refutation of them, and thus he will, by and by, convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

M. TWAIN

KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST by William F. Weege

David Ignatow is the author of **FIGURE OF THE HUMAN**, **RESCUE THE DEAD** and **SAY PARDON**, in the Wesleyan poetry series. His **COLLECTED POEMS** and **JOURNALS** will be published in 1971, and he currently has a Rockefeller grant.

EXPRESS YOUR WILL

Seeing a patch of sky through the trees
I look for a paratrooper
to float down through the leaves
and beg pardon for his intrusion
and ask if I enjoy the weather, sunny and mild.
Of course, of course, I'll answer
enthusiastically and he will unlimber
his gun from his shoulder
and fill me with lead.
I thought so, he will say.
I expected you would find the weather good.
Now take a look at me, he will add,
and turn the gun on himself
and pull the trigger. That's to show you
what I really think, he'll say.
But I'll be dead, leaving him for others
to study. I'll want to die,
my sympathy with him.
How should I live in a stupor,
a gun at my side
as all the others run and hide
to let me stalk them out
with flame and bullet?
Change, change, change
into a paratrooper.
Make yourself a hunter,
kill, express your will.

.....

It was when I shot him
that I felt him
in his staring mouth.

Gerard Malanga, poet, film-maker, and Warhol Superstar, is the author of 3 POEMS FOR BENEDETTA BARZINI, (Angel Hair) PRELUDE TO INTERNATIONAL VELVET DEBUTANTE (Great Lakes Books), SCREEN TESTS/A DIARY (Kulchur), and THE LAST BENEDETTA POEMS (Black Sparrow). His film, *In Search of the Miraculous*, was an award winner at the 1968 Chicago International Film Festival.

THREE POEMS BY GERARD MALANGA:

DONOVAN ON FILM

Today a U.S. Air Force
Jet shot down
A Chinese Mig 17 over an area
To the northwest of Makwam
In Yunnan Province.
Today Mary's high on pills.
The weather's cool and warm.
Somehow I miss New York:
I miss all the parties that were
Exciting. I miss my friendships.
Somehow I wish Donovan would have stayed
A little bit longer to see
The both of us smiling
On film for three
Minutes. But Andy and I are in
L.A. now. Anita's going with Brian
And Denis is modeling for *Vogue*
In London and Paris.
Today University of Chicago students had their grades
And class rankings revealed to Selective Service
Boards through an arrogance of power.
Today Japan awaits the peak of fallout
But it is not China's.
Today my back injury increases with pain.
Somehow I feel exhausted.
Somehow Andy feels exhausted.
I guess we didn't get enough
Sleep. Why do we make it
A habit of getting
To bed late every night, anyway?
Why is Donovan in London and not in New York?
Dan isn't writing much lately.
Why haven't I received any mail today?

The "new" is better — that's what we live by.

— Chuck Wein

AND ANDY KNOWS

The sense of "pride" is not dispassionate
nor vain. The new "establishment" is dead.
Their "words" disclose no elegance nor truths.
Then whom shall I learn to read? Who is
not worthy of support?
But I had other friends
And it was always morning in the small room.
I thought the clouds meant
I had finally received the emphasis of grace
To control tenderness itself.
I want to know why it is the mission, the defense
that inevitably betrays our own private "welcome."
Today we get a glimpse at **Mars**,
but "facts" are hidden by the nation's press:
"Aero-space" is violated, "demonstrations" are increased,
and in the East the "East" is losing patience.
Humiliation is the only public pain we can receive.
The new "establishment" is dead.
I am displeased and tired with all "those"
who suspiciously devise new "schemes."
Their deaths would be as unimportant as their lives,
and all the time we were this gentle
not to know insinuations of the voyaging, faint jets.
And we know why and we know why.

"SO YOU WANT A ROOM ALL TO YOURSELF"

What is the meaning of the shrine of privacy
To hide the tall girl's insignificant body?

The same friends find us and leave us.

One can easily guess the coming
Events as "U.S. shells
Red force in Cambodia on the front
Page of the **Herald Examiner**."

The day ends by not resembling today.
I had many projects to finish.
But why must the tall girl remind me of her sincere
Shrine of privacy
She has not earned
When the U.S. shells Red force
Across international borders?

Why this sudden impulse to be grand
Because the night is so warm and lucid
And the friends said that
There is no longer any honorable
Intentions to be kind?

Gerard, Gerard why are you shedding
Tears for the never-ending pettiness and indifference that is
Put upon you?
Why does "destiny" indiscreetly intrude,
Though you are made for fine and important projects?

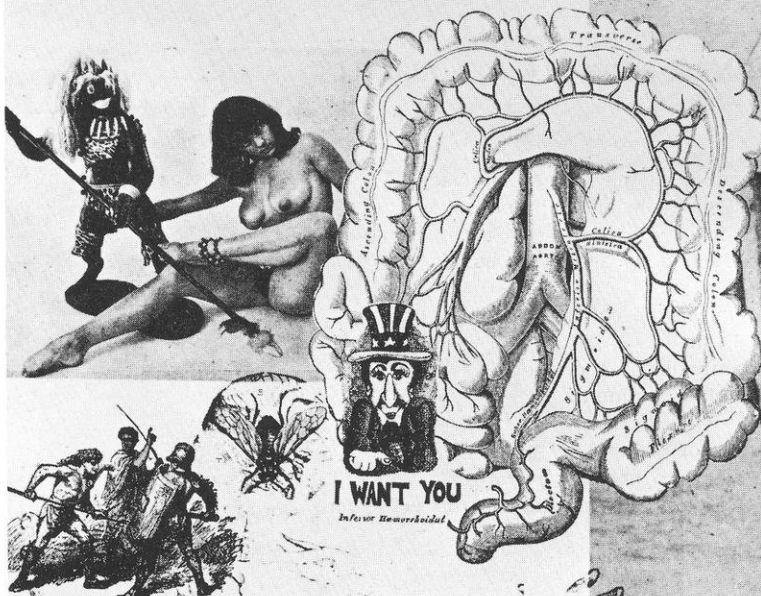
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Today U.S. intrudes upon the private
Shrine of Cambodia. And he is conspicuous
With his friends, though he does not mean
To be, but fails to turn
Away the people he does not know who run
Up to greet him with congratulations, love.

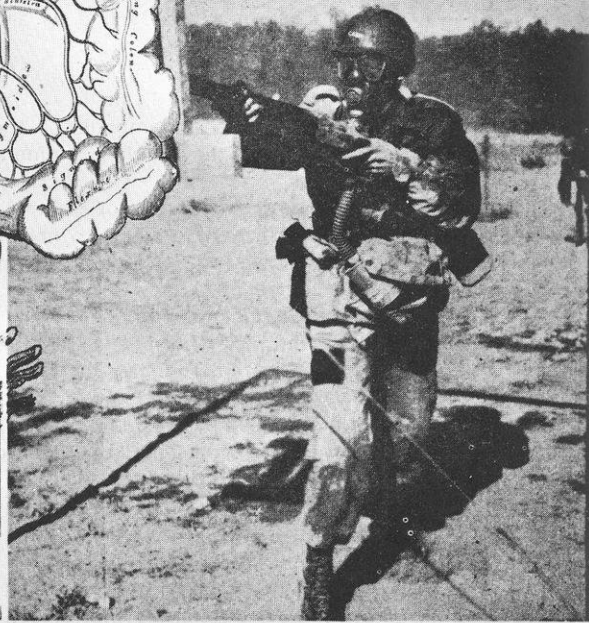
I cannot be heard in my sleep
Walking dream of the twilight
Touching us, sometimes,
And the privacy of my public
Life is without flaws to evoke criticism,
Though some people would wish to.

Why can't today's teenagers dance
The "Philadelphia Lindy"? How many young
Men are stationed in Saigon?

"Close and Destroy"



I WANT YOU
Inferior Homosidial



**THIS WAR IS, I BELIEVE,
A WAR FOR CIVILIZATION**

—Francis Cardinal Spellman



A WAR FOR CIVILIZATION by William F. Weege

Douglas Blazek, at 28 one of the most productive poets of the west coast, has edited such magazines as OLE and OPEN SKULL. Among his books — Walter Lowenfels has called “adventure in verbal horror” — are ALL GODS MUST LEARN TO KILL (Analecta) and LIFE IN A COMMON GUN (Quixote).

THREE POEMS BY DOUGLAS BLAZEK

THE SWIFT SWORD OF DAWN

When will the man
with the rifle
abandon his khaki
for the child's garment
of sun shadows?

He is swept away
from his drive into
military divinity only
for moments by the
swift red stream of dawn.

In seconds he
is again
curving his arms
away from his body
into the sky
bowing his head before
charging
into gossamer flesh.

A GUIDED TOUR OF THE NIGHT

Lemonade stands
being taken in
cars softly going to sleep
in garages
their crankcases
dripping black sperm
the sun tumbling
over the foot of the horizon
stars being threaded
into the sky
as night sinks
into the mattress earth.

Somewhere swollen rivers
are yawning
and another young
girl is gone.

Somewhere in N.Y. an
old woman holds a sign
saying “Bomb Hanoi”
but nobody is holding
up a sign reading
“Bomb N.Y.”
how can anyone build
a bomb or hold a sign
after Hiroshima?

The universe is silent
preparing for
its Last Supper . . .

Crying, they say, makes
the ribs grow lean —
it is winter and the trees
look unusually thin to me.

RESPONSIBILITY

we threw it

up in the air
like a bone after eating
like a broken radio
like a lead slug

threw it aiming at the sun
sloshed it into the trees
so it would come down
in all directions

& everyone grabbing for it,
a man called Europe
then a man called Asia
then one called North America
& somewhere playing
men called South America
Australia
Antartica
& finally
a man called Africa
picking it up & playing it
like a drum
hiding it
like a dollar bill

gymnastics or aesthetics

watching it tumble

like a beat up soft ball

& waver

like a warped arrow

coming down on us
each time it went up

the ballgame

without pitcher or catcher

then

in one place

Joe & Whitey

Babe & Lou

Phil & Yogi

did the same thing

tossing

it

tossing

it

tossing

it

out in the open

where it can be defined

by its bounce

where it's

always up in the air

no pitcher or catcher

the ballgame floating

in dalliance

everyone responsible

only of wearing a uniform

standing in proper positions

& explaining why

the batter swings at nothing.

Alexander Kuo has published many poems, teaches creative writing at Wisconsin State University - Oshkosh. He has been active in the defense of the ninety students of the Black Students Union who were expelled for demonstrating.

GREEN TANKS AND OTHER HIDDEN VEHICLES OF DESTRUCTION

for Carroll Arnett

WASHINGTON — *The demilitarized zone — the strip of land between the two Vietnams so crucial to diplomatic progress on the war — is in a comparative lull.*

This reading by military officers came Thursday along with the official report from Saigon that Americans killed in the war totaled 177 for the week ending Aug. 17.

Military officers noting the lull in the DMZ were frank to say that nobody really knows where the enemy has gone from his old positions.

- I. Where the enemy has gone nobody knows for sure. Yet we wait for the miracle in my green tank, waiting for promises to break the lid a crucial lull weightless in one dark end of the infinite.
- II. The beast, flaring fire from out its bowels, crawls in the mud the very jungle sucking at its life. The energies it burned have turned into stone forever, to be thawed out of the cold stars at a distant historic age. In the meantime we twist sharpened steel deep into the wounds of the dead, and the half dead, to the point of acceptance, indivisible arbiters in the butchers' orphanage. I too have sat in the house of God and seen my enemy disappear into the dark.
- III. In the diplomatic lull corpses are tagged and tallied their torn mouths almost blackened by the light we sometimes use as mirrors for recognition. Most faces bear no hatred nor love; only the hidden madness revealed on faces in moviehouses when lights had permitted us to see ourselves. We move the bodies touching their cold, their stiffness: there is no way to keep their caked blood from my hands, and no single music to measure the circumference of their wound; only the shadows of my footfalls being sucked deeper and deeper down into those dark positions of the past.

Michael Horovitz is the author of several books of original poetry (the latest being *BANK HOLIDAY*) and translations of Anatol Stern's *EUROPA* and Gyula Illyes' *BARTOK*. A leading avant-garde poet of London, he appears with Voznesensky, Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, and other poets in *WHOLLY COMMUNION*, the film of the International Poetry Incarnation at the Royal Albert Hall (1965).

AUTUMN (IN VIETNAM)

—Leaves leave

unlike lives

beautiful in their dying

young old —green to

yellow to

match to

flame— explosive

falling

R E D

brown

muSt

underfoot

to slush apart the deluge

innocent slap

happy

—still

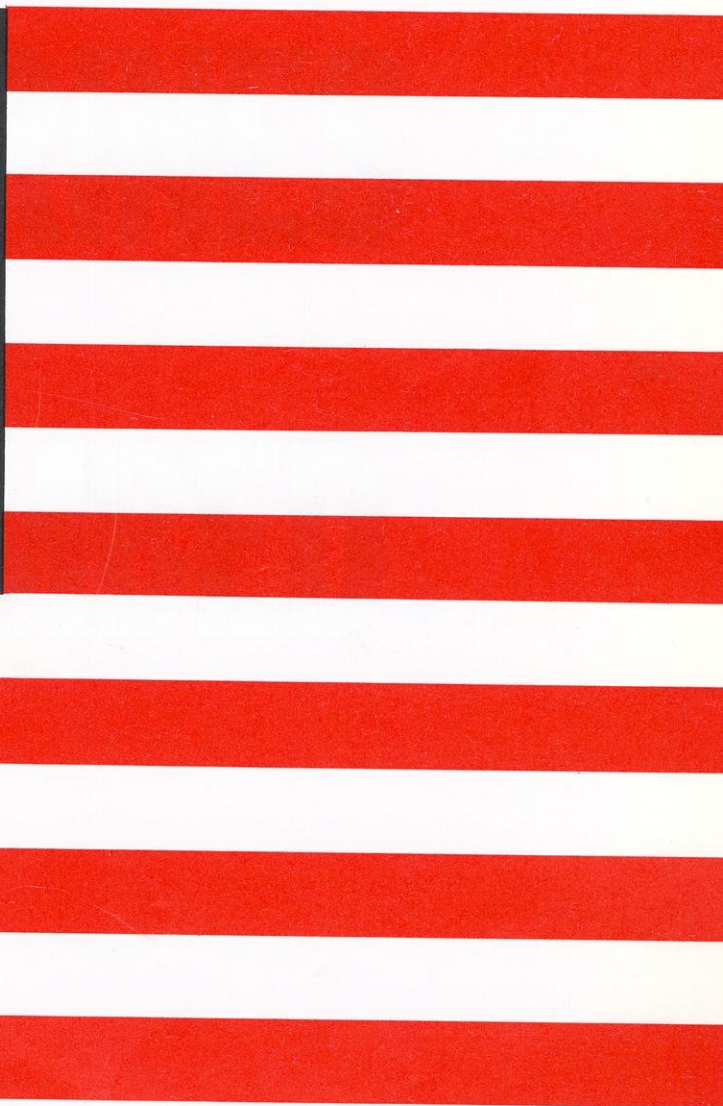
Harold Witt, the west coast poet, has completed a new book, SURPRISED BY OTHERS AT FORT CRONKHITE. His poems have appeared in ARTS IN SOCIETY, in many other magazines, and in BEASTS IN CLOTHES (Macmillan).

UNCLE SAM

Whitely right, he sits there on the panel
filling the reasons for our policy
in a somewhat snowy educational channel,
bald, fatassed professor mouthing "we" —
safe, abundant, sonless, sending out
our boys" to fight —

in army, much of which without the vote,
begs dropping deadliness for good old uncle,
who knows the very platitudes to quote —
his lethal steely eyes don't ever twinkle,
he's a cartoon with words in clouds that shout
at he needs you.

must dissent from what he says I am,
killer in his proxy history
others elsewhere coming with the bomb —
whoever "we" are in "our policy,"
want me out
in being one of him.



WAR HEADLINES

KINETIC POEM BY RONALD GROSS

MAR 31



*Instructions: Cut each page on broken line,
to permit permutation.*

MARINES

BOMBED

CIVILIANS

KILLED

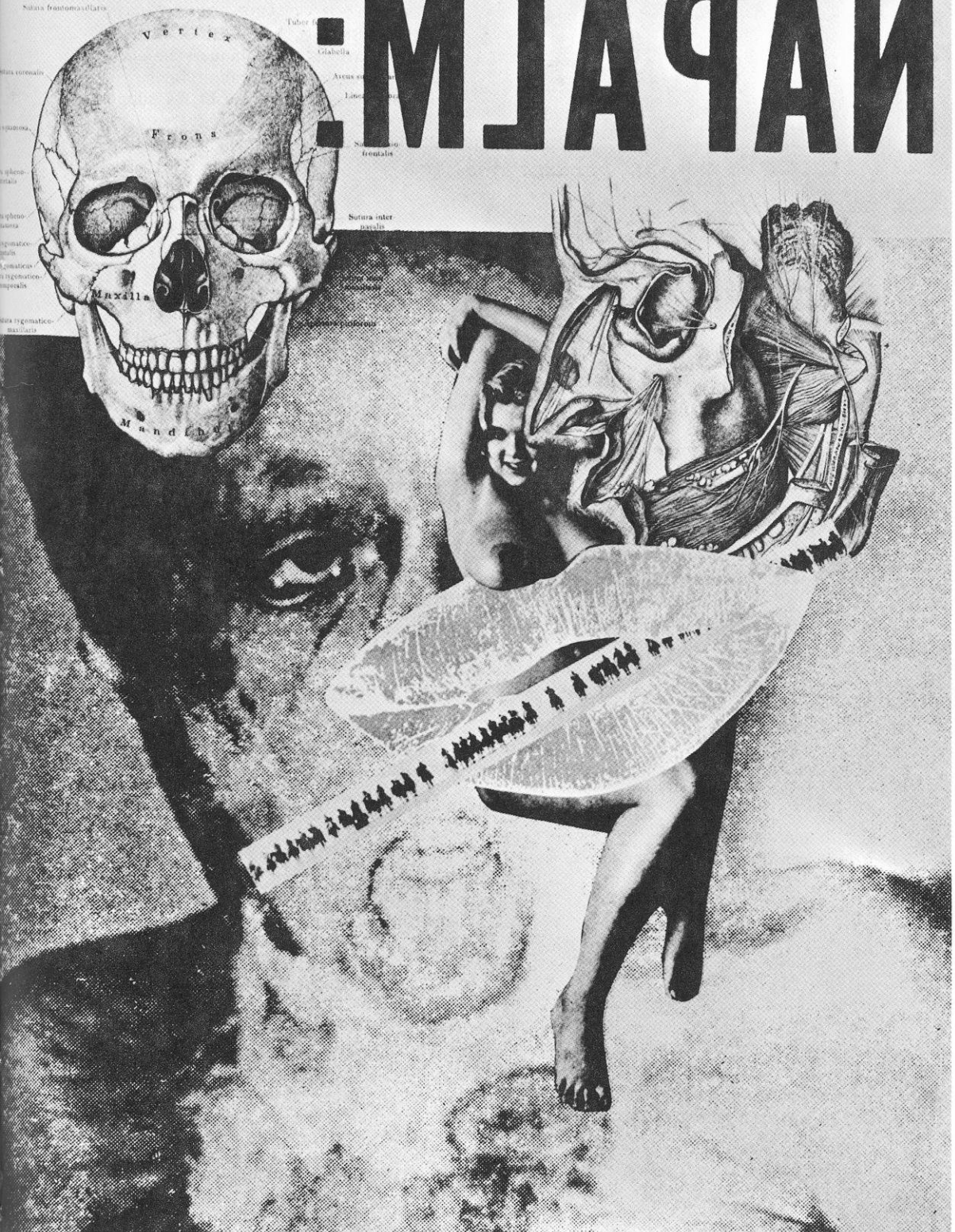
ENEMY

ATTACKED

GI'S

WOUNDED

NAPALM



NAPALM by William F. Weege

Bill Costley is a revolutionary poet who has helped edit THE CAMBRIDGE COMMON MUSE, BUSHMAN, FEATHER COW, and other magazines. Last January he was forced to resign from Graham Junior College in Boston because of his support of the Afro-American revolt there.

DACTILARES DEL CHE

(for Hugh Guilderson)

1.

he was on my mind in 1966.
he was on the black & white mind

of the TIMES, N.Y.

enough to be written off publicly
as a Revolutionary
casualty

in the 2nd stage
of Revolution

& so I asked you:

"where is Che? is he dead or alive? really?"

"he's in Peru now. exporting the Revolution. later Bolivia."

& it was true.

it was true. for us
it was true. proof of the lie.

it was the pulse

from the living member
held in the clamp of the news-vice
bled out for copy:

DACTILARES DEL CHE

in 1967
in EL TIEMPO, N.Y.

leaked

it was true. for us.
it was true. proof of the lie.

all my dreams of the missing hand & fingers
all my father's fears of the hand lost to the lathe
& the foreman's hand lost to the lathe in disbelief

it was true. for us.
it was true. proof of the lie.

2.

he was just another
middle-class dude
turned on

by the books he was reading

anybody
who thinks
otherwise

you hand him a copy of
Pablo Neruda &
Pharmacoeppia Americana &
an M-16

& watch
how far
he gets

in the Everglades.

3. (10.9.67)

at home, in the kitchen, looking at a picture of Che &
looking at the "Possibly Killed" of the daily
I'm thinking back to the day, at home, in the kitchen,
you offhandedly answered Gary's raw "that cat . . ."
with an almost-knowledgeable "one man's life isn't . . . to the Movement"
knowing it was only a shorthand —
because your eyes were telling me "it's only for him"

4.

it was true. for us.
it was true. proof of the lie.

it was true. for us.
it was true. proof of the lie.

5.

los dactilares del Che.

alfeñique. meñique. peñique.
añular. pulgar.



POETRY DEMANDS

THE INTRODUCTION OF PROGRESSIVE UNEMPLOYMENT THROUGH COMPREHENSIVE MECHANIZATION OF EVERY FIELD OF ACTIVITY.

ONLY BY

UNEMPLOYMENT

DOES IT BECOME POSSIBLE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL TO ACHIEVE CERTAINTY AS TO THE TRUTH OF LIFE & FINALLY BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO EXPERIENCE, FURTHER, THE IMMEDIATE ABOLITION OF PROPERTY & THE COMMUNAL FEEDING OF ALL, THE ERECTION OF CITIES OF LIGHT, WILDNESS & 150,000 CIRCUSES FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE PROLETARIAT.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE
DADAIST REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL
BERLIN 1919

Year Of The Heroic Guerrilla

Volume Two
Number 4

GUERRILLA

Free Newspaper Of The Streets



CENTER FOR PALEOCYBERNETIC RESEARCH
1968

The whole present system of the officering and personnel of the army and navy of these States, and the spirit and letter of their trebly-aristocratic rules and regulations, is a monstrous exotic, a nuisance and revolt, and belong here just as much as orders of nobility, or the Pope's council of cardinals. I say if the present theory of our army and navy is sensible and true, then the rest of America is an unmitigated fraud. * Walt Whitman from Democratic Vistas

RESPONDEZ!

Respond! Respond!
[The war is completed -- the price is paid -- the title is settled beyond recall.]
Let every one answer! let those who sleep be waked! let none evade!
Must, we still go on with our affectations and snaking?
Let me bring this to a close -- I pronounce openly for a new distribution of roles.
Let that which stood in front go behind! and let that which was behind advance to the front and speak!
Let murderers, bigots, fools, unclean persons, offer new propositions!
Let the old propositions be postponed!
Let faces and theories be turn'd inside out! let meanings be freely criminal, as well as result!
Let there be no suggestion above the suggestion of drudgery!
Let none be pointed toward his destination! (Say! do you know your destination?)
Let men and women be mock'd with bodies and mock'd with Souls!
Let the love that waits in them, wait! let it die, or pass stillborn to other spheres!
Let the sympathy that waits in every man, wait! or let it also pass, a dwarf, to other spheres!
Let contradictions prevail! let one thing contradict another! and let one line of my poems contradict another!
Let the people sprawl with yearning, aimless hands! let their tongues be broken! let their eyes be discouraged! let none descend into their hearts with the fresh lucidness of love!
(Sluffed, O days! O lands! in every public and private corruption)
Another, O in thievery, impotence, shamelessness, mountain-high,
Brazen effrontery, scheming, rolling like ocean's waves around and upon you,
O my days! my lands!
For not even those thunderstorms, nor fiercest lightnings of the war, have purified the atmosphere.)
-Let the theory of America still be management, caste, comparison! (Say! what other theory would you?)

Let them that distrust birth and death still lead the rest! (Say! why shall they not lead you?)
Let the crust of hell be neared and trod on! let the days be darker than the nights! let slumber bring less slumber than waking time bring!
Let the world never appear to him or her for whom it was all made!
Let the heart of the young man still exult itself from the heart of the old man! and let the heart of the old man be exiled from that of the young man!
Let the sun and moon go! let scenery take the applause of the audience! let there be apathy under the stars!
Let freedom prove no man's inalienable right! every one who can tyrannize, let him tyrannize to his satisfaction!
Let none but infidels be countenanced!
Let the eminence of meanness, treachery, sarcasm, hate, greed, indecency, impotence, lust, be taken for granted above all! let writers, judges, governments, households, religions, philosophies, take such for granted above all!
Let the worst men beget children out of the worst woman!
Let the priest still play at immortality!
Let death be inaugurated!
Let nothing remain but the ashes of teachers, artists, moralists, lawyers, and learn'd and polite persons!
Let him who is without my poems be assassinated!
Let the cow, the horse, the camel, the garden-bee -- let the mud-fish, the lobster, the mussel, eel, the sting-ray, and the grunting pig-fish -- let these, and the like of these be put on a perfect equality with man and woman!
Let churches accommodate serpents, vermin, and the corpses of those who have died of the most filthy of diseases!
Let marriage slip down among fools, and be for none but fools!
Let men among themselves talk and think forever obscenely of women! and let women among themselves talk and think obscenely of men!
Let us all, without missing one, be exposed in public, naked, monthly, at the peril of our lives! let our bodies be freely handled and examined by whoever chooses!
Let nothing but copies at second hand be permitted to exist upon the earth!
Let the earth desert God, nor let there ever henceforth be mention'd the name of God!
Let there be no God!

Let there be money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief!
Let judges and criminals be transposed! let the prison-keepers be put in prison! let those that were prisoners take the keys! (Say! why might they not just as well be transposed?)
Let the slaves be masters! let the masters become slaves!
Let the reformers descend from the stands where they are forever bawling! let an idiot or insane person appear on each of the stands!
Let the Asiatic, the African, the European, the American, and the Australian, go armed against the murderous stealthiness of each other! let them sleep armed! let none believe in good will!
Let there be 'no unfashionable wisdom! let such be scorn'd and derided off from the earth!
Let a floating cloud in the sky -- let a wave of the sea -- let growing mint, spinach, onions, tomatoes -- let those be exhibited as shows, at a great price for admission!
Let all the men of These States stand aside for a few smoothers! let the few seize on what they choose! let the rest gawk, jiggle, stare, obey!
Let shadows be furnis'd with genitals! let substances be deprived of their genitals!
Let there be wealthy and immense cities -- but still through any of them, not a single poet, savior, knower, lover!
Let the infidels of These States laugh all faith away!
If one man be found who has faith, let the rest set upon him!
Let them affront faith! let them destroy the power of breeding faith!
Let the she-harlots and the he-harlots be pruned! let them dance on, while seeming lust! (O seeming! seeming! seeming!)
Let the preachers recite credits! let them still teach only what they have been taught!
Let insanity still have charge of sanity!
Let books take the place of trees, animals, rivers, clouds!
Let the dau'd portraits of heroes supersede heroes!
Let the manhood of man never take steps after itself!
Let it take steps after sunsets, and after consumptive and genteel persons!
Let the white person again tread the black person under his heel! (Say, which is trodden under heel, after all?)
Let the reflections of the things of the world be studied in mirrors! let the things themselves still continue unstudied!
Let a man seek pleasure everywhere except in himself!
Let a woman seek happiness everywhere except in herself!
(What real happiness have you had one single hour through your whole life?)
Let the limited years of life do nothing for the limitless years of death! (What do you suppose death will do, then?)

Walt Whitman

LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT MY POEMS BE ASSASSINATED!




PART IV

Poets of the Draft Resistance



THE M-14 THE SOLDIER'S BEST FRIEND





MILWAUKEE
14

RESISTANCE

On September 24, 1968, fourteen men, including five priests and a protestant minister, removed approximately 10,000 1-A draft files from Milwaukee's Selective Service boards and burned them with home-made napalm in a nearby square dedicated to America's war dead. They awaited arrest (singing "We Shall Overcome" and reading Scripture) and were subsequently indicted on three counts each in the state and federal courts. Bail on the state charges of burglary, arson, and theft was originally set at \$30,000 per person, but was reduced through appeal. As ARTS IN SOCIETY goes to press, 13 of the 14 have been found guilty of the state charges and are in prison.

James Forest, 27, is one of the Milwaukee 14, a poet, and co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship. After receiving a conscientious objector discharge from the Navy in 1961, he joined the staff of the New York Catholic Worker House of Hospitality and later was managing editor of THE CATHOLIC WORKER. He has contributed to several books, was co-editor of A PENNY A COPY: READINGS FROM THE CATHOLIC WORKER and has written for numerous periodicals.

Bob Graf, 27, a Milwaukee native and one of the 14, is an editor of THE CATHOLIC RADICAL and graduate student in sociology at Marquette University. He is a graduate of St. Louis University and for seven years was a member of the Society of Jesus.

Jennie Orvino, author of one chap book of poetry — LIKE A TREE and PAPER BREASTS (Gunrunner) — has coordinated publications and speakers for the Milwaukee 14.

THE PRISON DIARY OF JIM FOREST

Had it been a dozen socks or pornography that were burned, the result would have been acclaim from church and civic groups and a \$50 fine.

Or had the charred remains of the day's war victims been carried to that grassy triangle (a war memorial, after all), Milwaukee and the nation would have shuddered from the sight and stench of deaths America prefers not to imagine. Perhaps arrest would have been for violation of burial ordinances and sanitation regulations.

As it was, there were only dull forms — "records of our society's war machine," as the public statement put it, paper links in death's chain of command. While the nation's bombs explode upon Vietnamese flesh, we 14 are in prison. With few exceptions, church and civic groups remain silent or proclaim, as did the Milwaukee Council of Churches "that the burning of draft records cannot be condoned."

POEM FOR BOB GRAF

by Jim Forest

BOB GRAF I look at you
my eyes can
see only a face aboard a creaking
whaler out of Nantucket in
1830.

Something in your eyes cold and
harsh as sea when (the night
gray as prison blankets) waves turn fist
yet you have a smile warm as fire
beneath the melting kettles in which whales turn light.

Your beard (black as the galley ceiling) a
narrow
axe of shining wind-tryed curls
face sharp as iceberg edge

at night a lamp pours out its heat
in yellow ripples holding together
a circle of men
shadows fall backward, stumble overboard
at deck's edge.

Your voice (low
coming like gusts of wind from a distant place)
tells stories of times to come, past harpoons,
past splintered longboats, water-filled lungs.

Men, you say, will be free as sea gulls playing
tag with spray, making love in sun-filled
skies, floating on winds tireless as the waves
of on-coming children.

Eyes tired of battle (one day fog, one day the
leap of leviathan, the stench of burning blubber,
storm upon storm; the hand of woman, the
smell of warm sheets distant as north star)
absorb an ember glow.

On Nantucket a girl sighs, turns, her dreams at sea.

POEM

by Jennie Orvino

This water with the dead flies
floating crisp side up
to the sun, could be tears.



Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, two of the Catonsville 9

THE CATONSVILLE STATEMENT, reprinted below reveals the moral and theological basis for the poetry of Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan and other war resisters included in this part.

Today, May 17, 1968, we enter Local Board No. 33 at Catonsville, Md., to seize the Selective Service records and burn them outside with napalm manufactured by ourselves from a recipe in the Special Forces Handbook, published by the U.S. government.

We, American citizens, have worked with the poor in the ghetto and abroad. In the course of our Christian ministry we have watched our country produce more victims than an army of us could console or restore. Two of us face immediate sentencing for similar acts against Selective Service. All of us identify with the victims of American oppression all over the world. We submit voluntarily to their involuntary fate.

Napalm and the draft

We use napalm on these draft records because napalm has burned people to death in Vietnam, Guatemala and Peru; and because it may be used on America's ghettos. We destroy these draft records not only because they represent misplaced power, concentrated in the ruling class of America. Their power threatens the peace of the world and is aloof from public dissent and parliamentary process. The draft reduces young men to cost efficiency items. The rulers of America want their global wars fought as cheaply as possible.

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Above all, our protest attempts to illustrate why our country is torn at home and is harrassed abroad by enemies of its own creation. America has become an empire and history's richest nation. Representing only 6 percent of the world's people, America controls half of the world's productive wealth and 60 percent of its finance. The U.S. holds North and South America in an economic vise. In 10 years' time American industry in Europe will be the third greatest industrial power in the world, with only the United States and the Soviet Union being larger. U.S. foreign profits run substantially higher than domestic profits so industry flees abroad under government patronage and the protection of the CIA, military counter insurgency and conflict-management teams.

triumverate of power

The military supports the economic system by joining with the business and political sectors to form the triumvirate of power in this technocratic empire. With our annual budget of \$80 billion plus, the military now controls over half of the federal property in the world (53 percent or \$183 billion). U.S. overkill capacity and conventional weaponry exceeds that of the military might of the entire world.

Peace negotiations with the North Vietnamese have begun in Paris. Along with other Americans we hope a settlement will be reached, thus sparing the Vietnamese a useless prolongation of their suffering. However, this alone will not solve America's problems. The Vietnam War could end tomorrow and yet the quality of society and America's role in the world remain virtually unchanged. Thailand, Laos, and the Dominican Republic have already been Vietnams. Guatemala, the Canal Zone, Bolivia

and Peru could be Vietnams overnight. Meanwhile, the colonies at home rise in rage and destructiveness. The black people of America have concluded that after 360 years, their acceptance as human beings is long overdue.

Injustice is the great catalyst of revolution. A nation that found life through revolution has now become the world's number one counterrevolutionary force, not because American people would have it that way, but because the rich choose to defend their power and wealth. The masters of the trusts and corporate giants, along with their representatives in Washington, must learn the hard lessons of justice, or our country may be swept away and humanity with it. We believe some property has no right to exist. Hitler's gas ovens, Stalin's concentration camps, atomic-bacteriological-chemical weaponry, files of conscription and slum properties are examples having no right to existence. While people starve for bread and lack decent housing the rich debase themselves with comfort paid for by the misery of the poor.

We are Catholic Christians who take the Gospel of our Faith seriously. We hail the recent papal encyclical, *The Development of Peoples*. Quotes such as the following give us hope:

23: No one is justified in keeping for his exclusive use what he does not need, when others lack necessities.

31: A revolutionary uprising — save where there is open manifest and long standing tyranny which does great damage to fundamental personal rights and dangerous harm to the common good of the country — produces new injustices, throws more elements out of balance and brings on new disasters.

development demands innovation

32: We want to be clearly understood: the present situation must be faced with courage, and the injustices linked with it must be fought against and overcome. Development demands bold transformations, innovations that go deep. Urgent reforms should be undertaken without delay. It is for each one to take his share in them with generosity, particularly those whose education, position and opportunities afford them wide scope of action.

47: It is a question of building a world where everyman, no matter what his race, religion or nationality, can live a fully human life, freed from slavery imposed on him by other men or by natural forces; a world where the poor man Lazarus can sit down at the same table with the rich man.

80: The hour for action has now sounded. At stake are the survival of so many innocent children and for so many families overcome by misery, the access to conditions fit for human beings: at stake are the peace of the world and the future of civilization.

we confront the churches

At the same time, we confront the Catholic Church, other Christian bodies and the synagogues of America with their silence and cowardice in face of our country's crimes. We are convinced that the religious bureaucracy in this country is racist, is an accomplice in war and is hostile to the poor. In utter fidelity to our faith, we indict the religious leaders and their followers for their failure to serve our country and mankind.

Finally, we are appalled by the ruse of the American ruling class invoking the cry for "Law and Order" to mask and perpetuate injustice. Let our President and the pillars of society speak of "Law and Justice," and back up their words with deeds and there will be "Order." We have pleaded, spoken, marched and nursed the victims of their injustice. Now this injustice must be faced, and this we intend to do, with whatever strength of mind, body and grace that God will give us. May God have mercy on our nation.

Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J., 47, is a poet, theologian, editor and lecturer, whose published works include *THEY CALL US DEAD MEN, NO ONE WALKS WATERS, CONSEQUENCES, TRUTH AND . . . AND LOVE, LOVE AT THE END*. He recently returned from Hanoi with three U.S. pilots released into his custody by the North Vietnamese government.

Fr. Philip Berrigan, S.J., 44, a chairman and founder of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, is now serving a six-year prison sentence for an earlier anti-war action. He is the author of *NO MORE STRANGERS*, a World War II infantry veteran who received a battlefield commission while in Europe and a long-time activist in the civil rights movement.

David Darst, 26, is a Christian Brother teaching at Providence High School in St. Louis, Mo. He was recently awarded a two-year scholarship to the Harvard Divinity School.

TRIAL'S END

By David Darst, F.S.C., one of the Catonsville Nine

Guilty down these steps,
stray birds light hanging clouds above
as now
the streets awash life:
V-flags
hope coffins
candlerallies, for
mystery shouts and
flies, somebright
days they were:
death
ness
lurks but
flooded hearts sail in the night rain.
Laughter
bodyhugs
lips kissing
arms linked to hands held: wings
blind
I (we)
soar many
and free.

THE FUNERAL ORATION OF THOMAS MERTON, AS PRONOUNCED BY THE COMPASSIONATE BUDDHA

by Father Daniel Berrigan s.j.

Assembled sirs. the courtesies afforded us by the Dali Lama,
by the Abbot of the Trappist Fathers
and by the vergers of your cathedral, are deeply felt
and enter as a sombre joy into our heart's stream.

the Christ himself (to whom be all praise) were better designated
to speak for this monk, brother and son.
but the absence of your god, decreed by a thousand malevolent crises,
an endless sussuration of anger, a skill in summoning his very scripture against him —
these make possible a vacuum into which my voice moves.
I hear your choice, approving; one god at a time. better an unknown god, a tedious
or torpid one, an import, than that holy son, native to your flesh.
better a subtle millennial smile, than anger and infected wounds.
better me than he. so be it; I shall speak.

the assumption of this monk into ecstasy,
the opening of the crystal portals before that glancing spirit!
he was (I speak a high and rare praise) neither too foreign, too christian,
too strenuous after reward, to attain eternal knowledge.
in his mortal life, he refused direction from these pylons
standing like sign posts in your land, impermeable, deadly smooth,
hard to the touch as the very membrane of hell.
he detested their claim upon the soul, he exorcised their rumors.
he refused to grant attention to their hieroglyphics.

(I too have been a guest in your cities. I have been conducted with pomp
through your martian workshops, and heard with a start of fear
the incantations offered by your choral genius.
indeed your aim is clear; the saints, the innocent, the visionaries
are the target of your encompassing death wish.
but the Buddha knows no disdain; he stoops low to enter your labyrinth,
to uncoil its secrets, to bare its beast.
the Buddha, a length of rope, a dog in the dust; according to the parables which I embrace
once more, in tribute to this man.)

the monk has attained god, for reasons which bear scrutiny.
he had first of all attained man. does the nexus trouble you, issuing as it does
from a mouth so neutral, so silent? or so you conjure me.
Gioconda after all, is paid only to smile. she does so; her value mounts and mounts.

but the monk Merton, in his life and going forth
makes it expedient, if only for an hour, that a blow be dealt
your cultivated and confident myth. if the gods are silent
if even to this hour, Christ and Buddha stand appalled
before your idols, if we breathe the stench of your hecatombs
still, the passage of a good man restores all;
in a sign, it brings the gods to earth,
even to you. for once, for a brief space, we measure with rods the incalculable gulf
between yourselves and the creative dream. for a space of words,
we quicken your sluggish hearts in pursuit of the sovereign will.

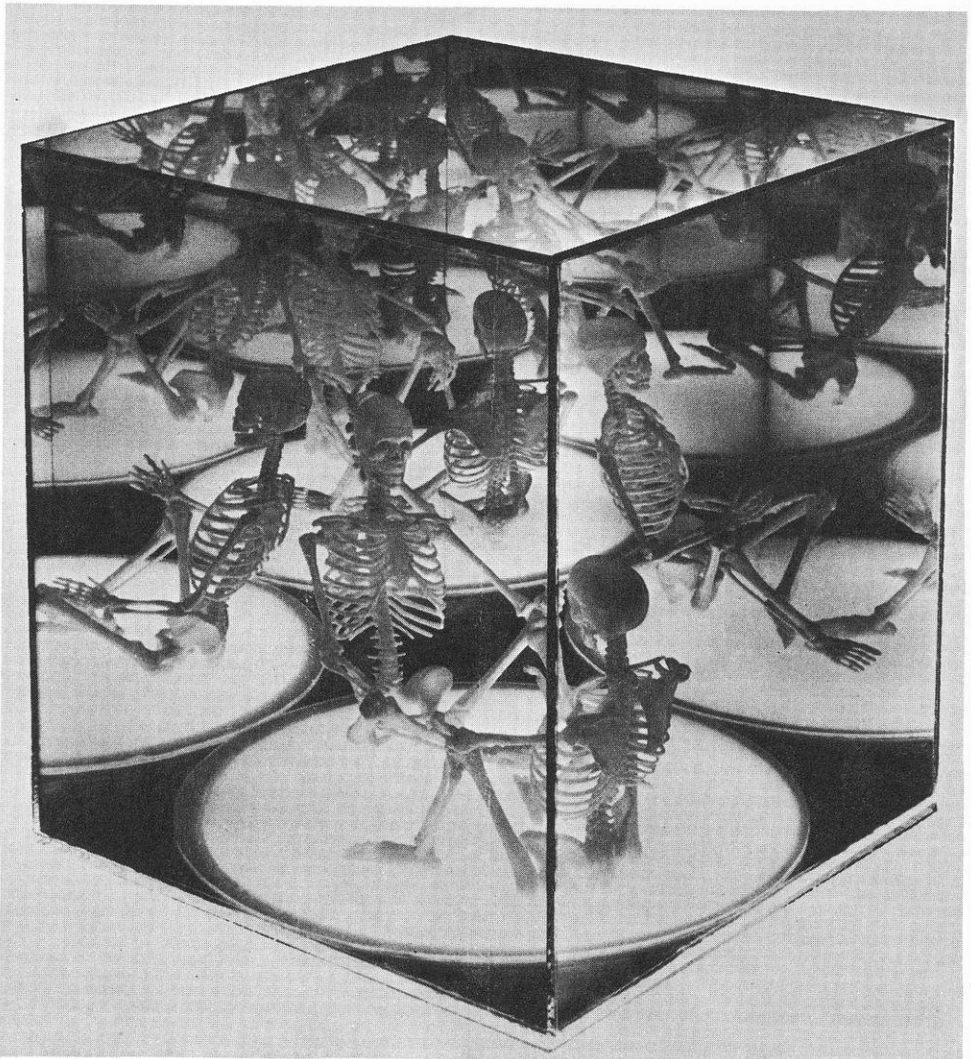
o makers and unmakers! I shall shortly be borne
in a flowering cart of sandal, into high heaven; a quaint apotheosis!

the routine slaveries once more possess you
man and god, Buddha and Merton, those years, this hour, fold in like a dough.
the blows of the kneading fist withdraw, the times are your own.
wars, the readying of wars, the minds whose inner geometric
is an ever more complex web; conflict, games of death, checks and counters —
I leave you, your undoing, promethean doers and despoilers.

a hope?

Christ and Buddha together have fashioned a conundrum. hear it.
the hour of your despoiling is the hour of our return.
until then, the world is yours, and you are Moloch's, bound hand and foot
upon a wheel of fire.

the monk Thomas I take up in lotus hands
to place him in the eternal thought
a jewel upon my forehead.



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THE DEBATE by Agnes Denes
Courtesy: Ruth White Gallery, New York

PART V

Writers and the Black Revolution

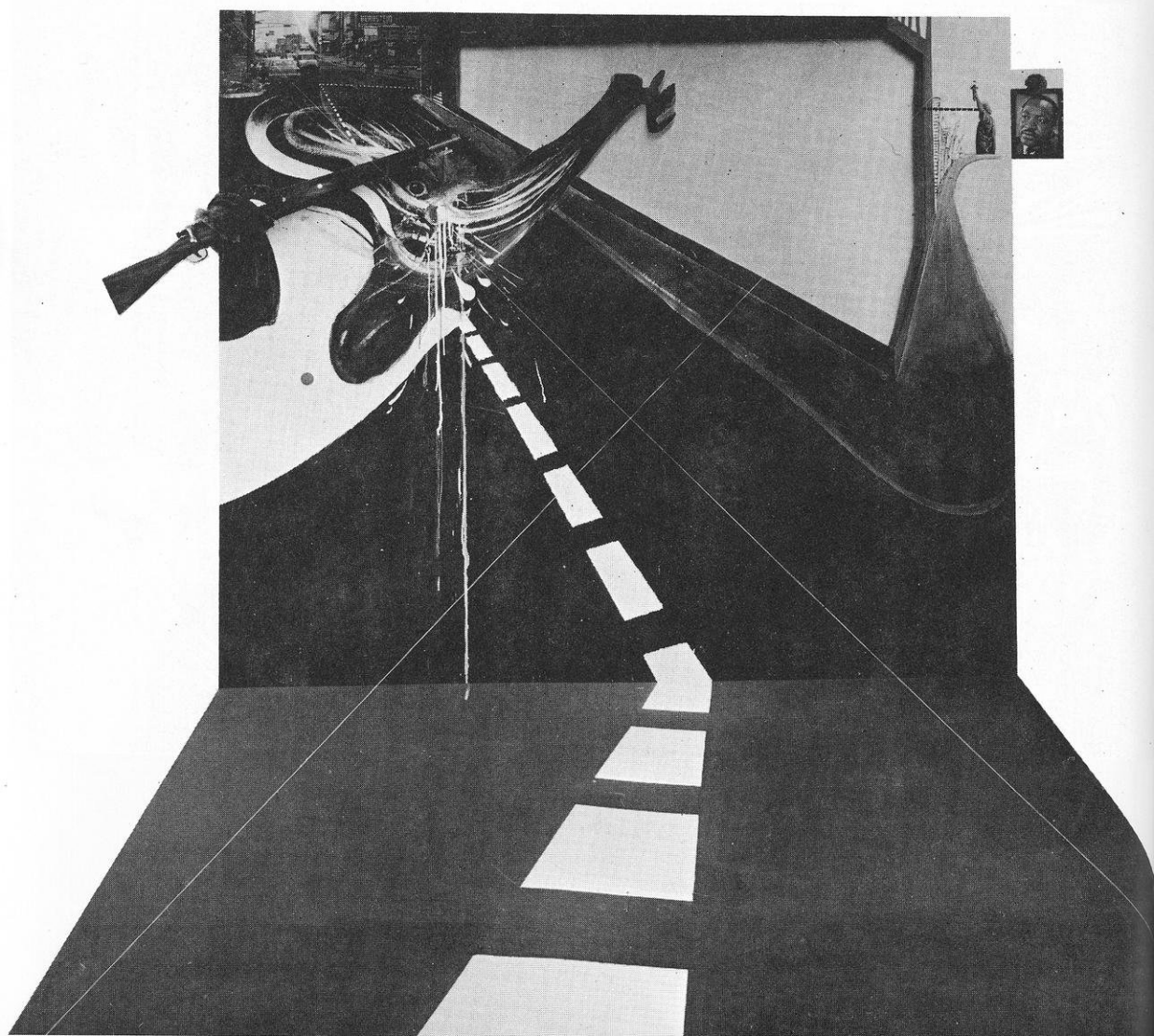
James Cunningham guest-edited this section



LAND OF THE FREE by Raymond L. Gloeckler



TO MARTIN LUTHER KING by Brett Whiteley
Collection of the Marlborough Gerson Gallery, New York
Courtesy: The Gun Show, an exhibition at Rutgers University



GETTING ON WITH THE GET ON:

old conflicts & new artists

by James Cunningham

"The Black Artist has a duty . . ."

"the Black Artist who directs his work toward a white audience is guilty of aiding and abetting the enemy." — Etheridge Knight

"My soul looks back in wonder how I made it over: had a mighty hard time." — Mahalia Jackson

When I took my first step on to the Black writing scene as a Negro 'universalist,' the fury of the Detroit Rebellion was at its brightest. It was the summer of '67, and I had just recently finished serving time, four and one-half yrs, at the Big House (the Chicago Post Office) and so was very anxious to check out the outside world. I had been writing in relative isolation since leaving school in '62, only running into an occasional fellow writer every now and then. Fortunately, my sister, a painter, had just put me on the scent of a newly formed group of writers she heard about through a black conscious teacher friend. It was called the OBA-C (Organization of Black American Culture/OBA is an African word for a ruler) Writers Workshop. I was very eager to meet these writers, of course, to check out what they were into especially since their group had the novelty of being all Negro (it turned out to be far, far blacker than that).

The meeting, chaired by Hoyt Fuller, the editor of NEGRO DIGEST, took place on the second floor of the South Side Community Art Center where my sister, Carolyn, sometimes exhibited. I sat down at a long table next to a large imposing cat named Mike Cook who was partly responsible for the featured presentation that evening as well as much of the heated discussion that followed. A tall soft spoken brother named Don Lee walked to the end of the table on my right where he began to read a sort of position paper dealing with the role of the black writer entitled "Toward A Black Awareness." It was read, partly, in reply to hotly contested statements Mike had made the week before. Only one other person that night (besides myself) seemed to have been in any kind of agreement with Mike and her name was Carolyn Rodgers, a sleek, elegant, ebony/angular sculptured sister wearing a natural.

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The sister in the most bristling mood to disagree also wore a natural. Her name was Tena Lockett. In addition to thinking her extremely narrow, if not mad, it took no time to conclude she was also without a thread of talent (time was to prove me mad on this point). Yet how could anyone have any talent and still maintain as stubbornly as she did that it was a shame for us (a bunch of writers, no less) to be sitting there talking about writing while other black people were dying that very night on rooftops, in living rooms and basements and in the blazing glass scattered streets of Detroit? The sister had to be mad. Hell, what did she expect us to do? — we were writers.

Well, Tena stayed on my case with a persistent "When you going to let us hear some of this 'raceless' Universal stuff you say you write?" Hoyt's challenge was more diplomatic and urbane. Viewing me as a very misguided brother who could surely profit by a chance to clarify his own confusion, he warmly invited me to return the following week with my own personal statement of what chores I thought black artists did have since I objected so to their serving in Detroit. This was no modest assignment. It was nothing short of asking me to come down to earth and away from the timeless problems of Humanity-ville where experience is irresistibly vague and universal and beauty is highly featureless and colorless and truth is without politics. But that was over a year ago (from this writing) and I am thoroughly convinced of the soundness of everyone and everything I called mad that night.

What has been made clear since that night amounts to the simple declaration that the black artist has a primary duty to black people. What that duty primarily

consists of is simply the liberation of black people from the power of whites. It was this active sense of duty that the black fires burning that night in Detroit were blazing the way towards.

The green thinking towards which those flames were heading that night was laid out and exhibited and examined and attacked the following week when I re-entered that room with my position paper. It focused on two questions: individualism and craftsmanship. The first was spelled out in terms of individual freedom of expression. To this was added the freedom of an artist to determine his own purpose. The matter of craftsmanship was a partly cold and a partly hot affair for it involved a cool, exacting, single-minded concern for perfecting an adequate technique on the one hand, and on the other, sheer delight in possessing talent as well as sheer pleasure in possessing a medium in which one's talents were most at home. Thus, the notion of perfection in art emphasized, for me, the sheer effort of the will, at one moment, and the effortlessness of love the next. And like the proverbial watchmaker, the work in which an artist was automatically involved was painfully (sometimes deliriously so) intensely, automatic by solitary. And further, since an artist's work was at bottom a labor of love, a creative love of effort, the artist could be justly accused of possessing and harboring a very specialized and even joyous appetite for the suffering his work involved as well as the suffering his work involved him in.

In my opening remarks I did some attacking of my own. And my main target was the notion of black consciousness. From what I understood from Don's account the previous week this meant, above all, an active involvement for the artist in a Black liberation movement; for the black awareness he spoke of clearly led to the making of nationalists and the new sense of national consciousness that this led to, in turn, led to a sense of purpose that spelled **REVOLUTION**.

388 What stood between me and Don's black revolutionary artist also stood between our separate notions of being men, and that was nothing more, nothing less than a definition of art. For me, a man, like an artist, stood *alone* and aloof, going about his Father's business which "art in heaven" — which meant doing his own thing: whatever he wanted to do towards cultivating whatever he wanted to cultivate.

For Don, on the other hand, a man stood united with other black men to deal with a common enemy. But all of my enemies were general ones like ignorance and fear, lack of energy or will power or just poor imagination; and such brothers of the spirit as I had were like myself: self-sufficient spirits struggling mightily and sternly, and even blissfully, but alone. A man really worth his spirit thrived on solitude. And the only community worth living in or for was one composed of people strong and imaginative enough to be alone.

The final element in Don's black nationalist concept of the artist with which my individualist notions collided concerned the question of the artist's public. Though this matter had never been a conscious issue for me, I still had some very definite opinions about it. Stated very briefly, but not unfairly to myself, they come to this: the artist has his imagination to offer. People can take it or leave it. Far from implying that an artist does not need a public, these words simply specify the type of audience in mind: anybody who could read, hear and use what I wrote — black, white, or blue. There is no end to the number of artists in the world; if one didn't please, another would. Our ancestors have a briefer way of putting this: There's a drummer for every type of dancer. A further implication of these words is that individual people have different needs.

This simple, matter of fact picture of the artist and his public is not only not especially black, but actually goes counter to one of the most firmly established achievements of the black world of aesthetics, of the Black Arts movement: the destruction of the Divided Black Intellectual, the black creative mind torn by the tensions of a conflicting sense of self-consciousness, Du Bois' creative waste of "double aims." One

of the truly formidable and breathtaking results of this feat is an unprecedented sense of **wholeness** for the creative black individual. No longer need he spend his strength fighting the "Western" trick-bag war against some general society or state. He is made aware of a very **specific** enemy. No longer his the lonely, isolated maverick's path away from the "normal" walk of men; no longer the near-fatal exile from the common soil, the common touch; no longer his the separation from HOME, from parent, from sweetheart, from wife, from child in order to do his thing. Black Art offers an unprecedented feat of surgery that removes the wedge that has kept him apart and divided; it offers a new sense of identity based on a new sense of solidarity with a new **community** — his own.

What is this new liberating sense? — a Black Identity: seeing yourself and your history at the same time and as one. Seeing yourself as a member of a captive **nation**, a captive people in the wilderness/belly of the American Beast. Addressing your creative needs to the common need of getting free; restoring the strength to knock (by any means necessary) the white captor/captain off the common back.

At the heart of this idea of black unity throbs the notion of "community needs/problems" amounting to doing whatever is necessary to weld and rebuild and re-strengthen and re-enforce a community that has been systematically raped and torn apart. That community is in serious need of medical attention: black attention, black attentiveness to white inflicted injury. De-emphasize the need for this resurrecting work and you strip the new black sensibility of its eyes, of its vision, of its reason for being. Do so and you strip the Black Power, the Black Revolutionary will, the Black Consciousness from Black Art; and all the Malcolms and Stokeleys, as well, the Joneses and Karengas, the Panthers, the Knights and Neals. Take away these names and what is left of Contemporary Black Thought? There might be blackness, but black Samson would be without arms and would have no hair.

Power, the power of self-determining manhood is what these names mean to restore to black people. Power is the link-issue that leads back to the explanation of our black presence in this white-racist controlled society. Back to the ship, the slave **craft** (the basic meaning outside of English being **force, strength, power**) from which our **surviving** ancestors stumbled beneath the lash, and continued to stumble beneath the blows of white definitions of history, of education, of art, of politics. Black people falling from formal slavery to informal slavery (only the definition was changed, not the condition) to the turn of the century of Washington and Du Bois and Garvey and Elijah Muhammad.

Contemporary black thought points back to the ship from which black survivors emerged to be crammed into the bottomless belly of America, the Beast-pig, the Monster/slavemaker. Thus, the strength and triumph of contemporary black intellectuals and black creative artists is, in large part, the achievements of analysis — both historical and psychological — the findings of which, and the uses to which these, in turn, are to be put, lead us back to the ship in order to destroy it, and thus gain a new footing on the past beyond it, beyond in Africa, and a new secure footing on the future, while steadying one's focus, one's view on the all important present. For it is in the present that that ship is still moving and functioning, is still at anchor, cutting deep and deeper into our backs, anchored in the systematic resolve to systematically destroy black people.

How does the new clear black-voiced artist feel about his art, his recovered voice, his recovered purpose, his recovered audience? Ask any black artist. This is the voice of Etheridge Knight:

. . . it is necessary to dig what's really happening with the accepted definitions of 'Art' and Aesthetics' . . . :

. . . The white aesthetic would tell the Black Artist that all men have the same problems, that they all try to find their dignity and identity, that we are all brothers and blah blah blah. Is the grief of a black mother whose 14-year-old son was killed by a racist the same as the grief of a WASP mother whose son was killed in a Saturday afternoon football game?

&

Unless the Black Artist establishes a 'black aesthetic' he will have no future at all. To accept the white aesthetic is to accept and validate a society that will not allow him to live.

&

. . . the Black Artist who directs his work toward a white audience is guilty of aiding and abetting the enemy. We are an oppressed people. (Ask any junkie, nodding on Forty Seventh Street, or any whore, crawling out of a trick's car.) And any Black Artist who takes the aspirations, the anguishes, the energy of black people, and under the guise of the white aesthetic, the 'individual experience,' panders it to a white audience is, in fact, a worker in the foundry that forges his own chain.

&

The Black Artist has a duty . . . must make his heart beat with the same rhythm as the hearts of the black people. He must listen to the drums, and then tell the people the message that they themselves have sent: that he and they and the art are one, and that we got to get on with the get on.

(the Jan. issue of NEGRO DIGEST, 1968)

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The picture of artist and public that emerges is clearly a story of a vigorously mutual affair. **HE AND THEY AND THE ART ARE ONE:** a clear declaration of the most intimate solidarity — none of my aloofness & solitary spirits flitting around here. The black artist is no hermit.

To dig the political implications of this new solidarity, listen to another poet, Larry Neal. He is concluding one of the definitive essays of Afro-American literature and criticism entitled **The Black Arts Movement**. It is a clear, perceptive, richly detailed, vigorous account of remarkable range describing an impressive number of plays that reflect, in unforgettable ways, what is most distinctive and revolutionary about the new black mood, the new black sensibility.

These plays are directed at problems within Black America. They begin with the premise that there is a well defined Afro-American audience. An audience that must see itself and the world in terms of its own interests. These plays, along with many others, constitute the basis for a viable movement in the theatre — a movement which takes as its task a profound re-evaluation of the Black man's presence in America. The Black Arts Movement represents the flowering of a cultural nationalism that has been suppressed since the 1920's. I mean the 'Harlem Renaissance' — which was essentially a failure. It did not address itself to the mythology and the life-styles of the Black community. It failed to take roots, to link itself concretely to the struggles of that community, to become its voice and spirit. Implicit in the Black Arts Movement is the idea that Black people, however dispersed, constitute a nation within the belly of white America. This is not a new idea. Garvey said it and the Honorable Elijah Muhammad says it now. And it is on this idea that the concept of Black Power is predicated."

And last but not less **BLACK**, witness the religious implications of the new solidarity between art and community, between flaming hot summer and spark-ling fiery winter,

between bright spring and blazing autumn: the four revolutionary seasons celebrated in the black community, pursued and contemplated and enlarged upon by endless black visionaries and pilgrims moving in blessed wonder among the ashes of Detroit. Listen to the transports of **BLACK ART, BLACK POWER — FOR A BLACK COMMUNITY**. Dig the testimony of a former green poet, the infamous Green Hermit of Humanity-ville:

I've been
 resurrected
by
 the
 ashes
been
 blackened
by
 the
 light
 I've
 seen
 summer ashes
 felt
 their
 power

and I know

my
 soul
 looks back

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 in wonder
 made it over
 seen
 the
 summer
 ashes

and
 my
 soul
 looks
 back
 in wonder

cause it knows
 blackness

 blackness saves

 black people

BLACK SUASIONS

- 1st man you going back nigger
2nd man naw man not me
1st man you know u going back now don't u
2nd man no man i threw
1st man it's getting cold — u going back
nope my love is warm
goin to be freezing in a little while
i go where life dwells
u going back
nope
- 3rd man where is he going?
1st man back to chuck
- 3rd man oh back to paleville eh
2nd man nope never
- 3rd man back to medium rare steaks
1st man yes yes praising the lord
3rd man & whyte girls
1st man daiguiries lobster newburg meri cain fries
1st & 3rd & whyte girls
2nd man nah
3rd man tv yachts jets badminton hollywood
1st man sports cartoons crossword puzzles — the bible
3rd man ayn rand ike billy grahm john wayne
- 2nd man le roi jones ebon dooley terry callier carolyn cunningham
1st & 3rd SAC PENTAGON CIA FBI COPS
2nd man blacklovenationlovebridelovefreedom
- 1st & 3rd spumoni (cool) ice cream sauerkraut chili
apple pie norman mailer macking patios
religion pimping heroin kate smith social security

integration progression miscegnation civilization
god no money down insurance dead or alive

2nd man bob hope curtis lemay pope paul william sty ron
james bond daley sharpesville lynchin b johnson
viet nam chicago half life ronaald ragin
natchez hallywood dubuque hum phey

hirise plantations concrete resev ations

education marriage politics
government millionaires hunger
rent hate war frustration
wallace fear stupidity loss
innocence death

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me-everycolor tent-home brotherhood-alive
love-complete revenge/necessary

life-living

1st man b five two bahROOOM

2nd man viet cong overandout

3rd man napalm

2nd man black warriors

1st man jesus

2nd man black love

3rd man dollars

2nd man independence

1st man foundation grants

2nd man freedom

3rd man whyte girls

2nd man black sisters

1st & 3rd god dam

2nd man amer ican



CHARITY MATRON by Elizabeth Leigh Taylor
Courtesy: Gallery 32, Los Angeles

Alfred Diggs, a Chicago poet born in 1939 in Waynesboro, Mississippi, has had his poems featured in MUHAMMAD SPEAKS. He is working on a collection of short stories and a book of poems for black children.

THE BIG BLACK BEAR

Rap raps to the Bear, "Get your gun, the hunter's got his".

Stokeley shows the Bear realistic examples of genocide being used on him (the Bear) by the hunter.

Malcolm X talked to the Bear in the plainest words that a bear could Understand;

After all of this the Bear only moved another foot to accept another Peanut from the white Zoo Keeper.

Gregory Lynch describes himself as "a 19 year old Black gust of wind building up a tornado at the University of Wisconsin - Milwaukee — a Black spirit-torturing institution. My aim as a black writer is to catalyze and stimulate black people to a state of awareness whereby we can move as a unit toward the development of a Black nation."

THE POVERTY PROGRAM

Black skin
Afro
Militant attitude.
Facade.
White skin
Sincere interest
Deep feelings.
Facade.
Self-help
Motivating
Stimulating program.
Facade.
I smile at them
They smile at me
We smile at each other.
Facade.
It sickens me
I puke.
I leave.
The End

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THE FOOL

I couldn't hear you
Malcolm.
Now here I
sit
in this
luke
warm
coffee
overflowing with
car
na
tion.

SOUL

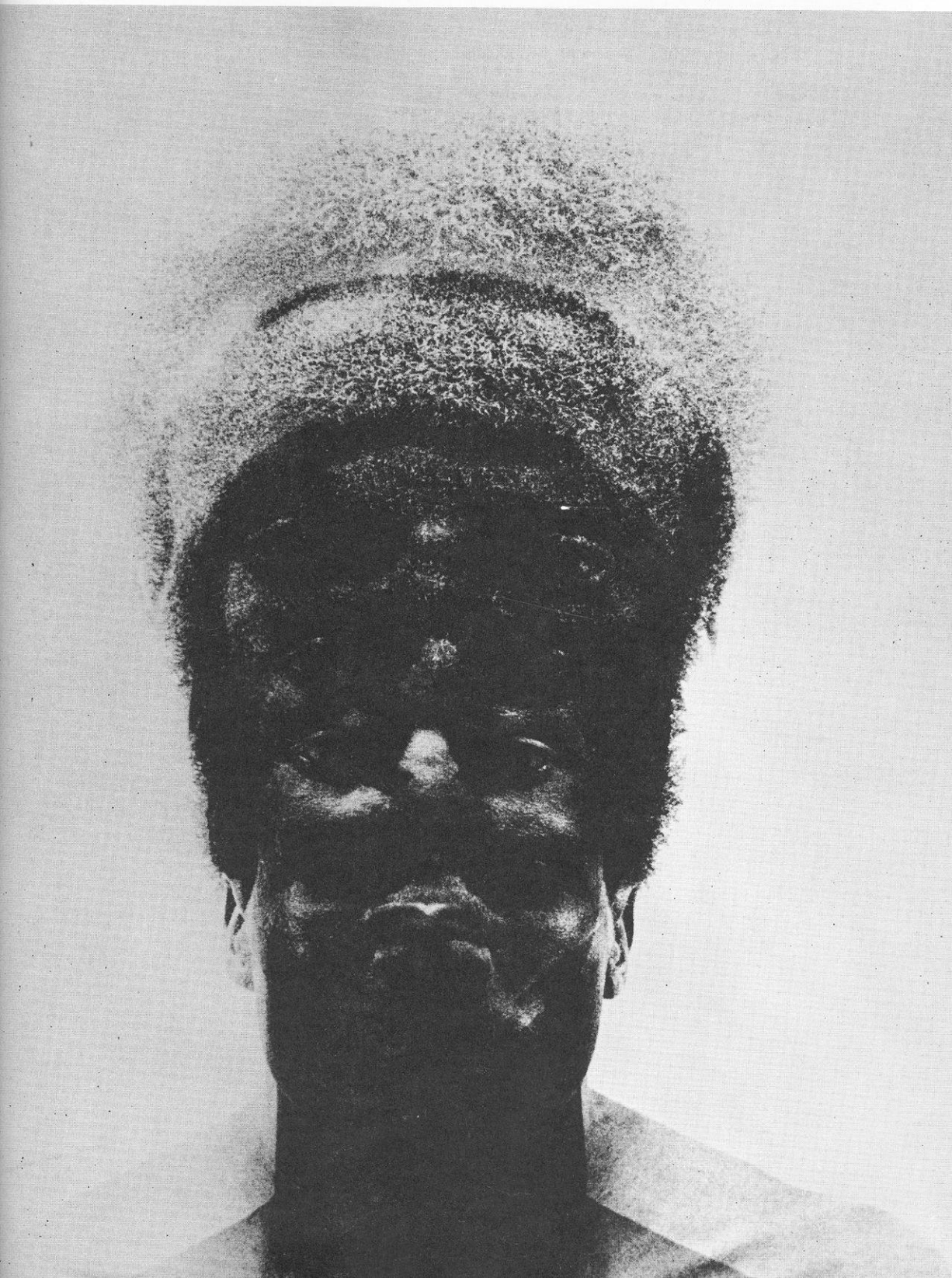


REVOLUTION



**BLACK
POWER**

Poster from the "Los Angeles Festival Of The Performing Arts"
Courtesy: Studio Watts School for the Arts, Los Angeles, Calif.



James A. Randall won a Hopwood Literary Award for Poetry at the University of Michigan. His poetry has been published in *DIE NIEWENEGER*, an anthology of writings by Black Americans published in the Hague, as well as in American periodicals. He writes for *TIME* magazine in Montreal and is listed as one of Time Magazine's contributing editors.

THE VISIONARY

Risen out of his horse's lather, a man
Of fire and inflection,
In the bullring at Cordoba
And under the hot lemon trees . . .
He wanted revolutions

To strain from peasant's mud.
His eyes were quarry stone,
His jaws creased into
River beds. He became
The landscape slowly,
Like a canvass becomes a painting.

If you had seen him much later,
Old on the falling-down balcony,
Host to no one, the fish-smell
In the market below,
The acre of stinking never shut
Eyes set in the lopped heads, and how
He calculated the distance
That was between his eyes
And the proof of manliness
Before he crashed down
And became nothing . . .

Prince Boevi Aggrey Zankli, a citizen of Togo, acted in European and African plays in Lagos before coming to the United States, where he graduated with a B.A. in International Relations at Howard University. He has taught in the Peace Corps, published in various periodicals, and performed his plays on television.

ODE TO THE DEAD

Evil is never never

Muttered about the Dead O,

Evil is never never

Evoked against the citizens

Across the **Black River O**¹,

Blame it never never,

Shower it never never,

Whisper it never never,

Gossip it never never,

For the dead have no witness

To stand for their defense O,

For the dead have no self

To stand for their self-defense O.

Evil is never never

Muttered about the Dead O.

Evil is never never

Evoked about the citizens

Across the Black River O.

1. *The Home of the dead.*



FACE TO THE WALL by Juan Genoves
Collection of the Marlborough Gerson Gallery, New York
Courtesy: The Gun Show, an exhibition at Rutgers University

PART VI

Guerilla Theatre

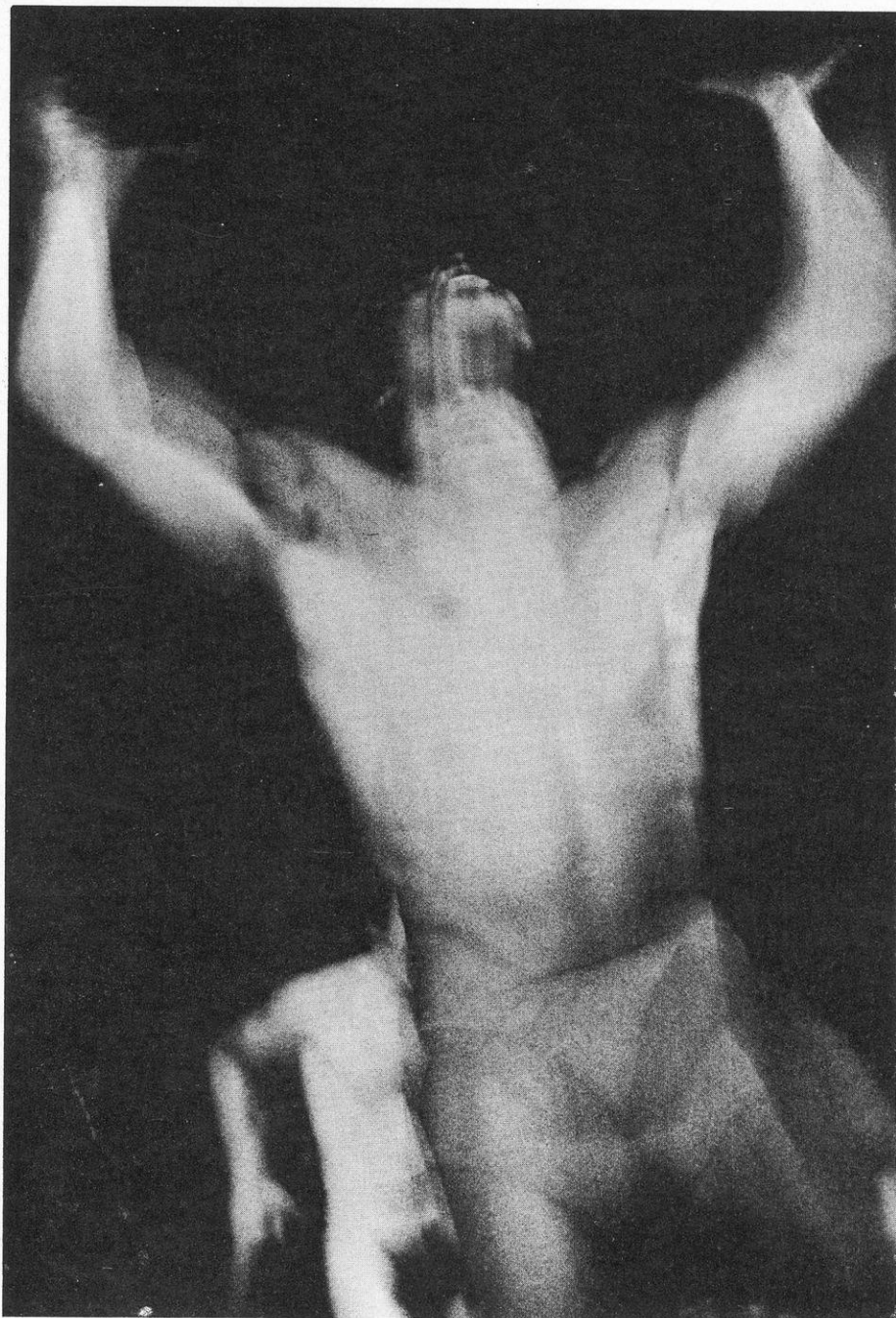


Photo of Rufus Collins of The Living Theatre by Arthur Ollman

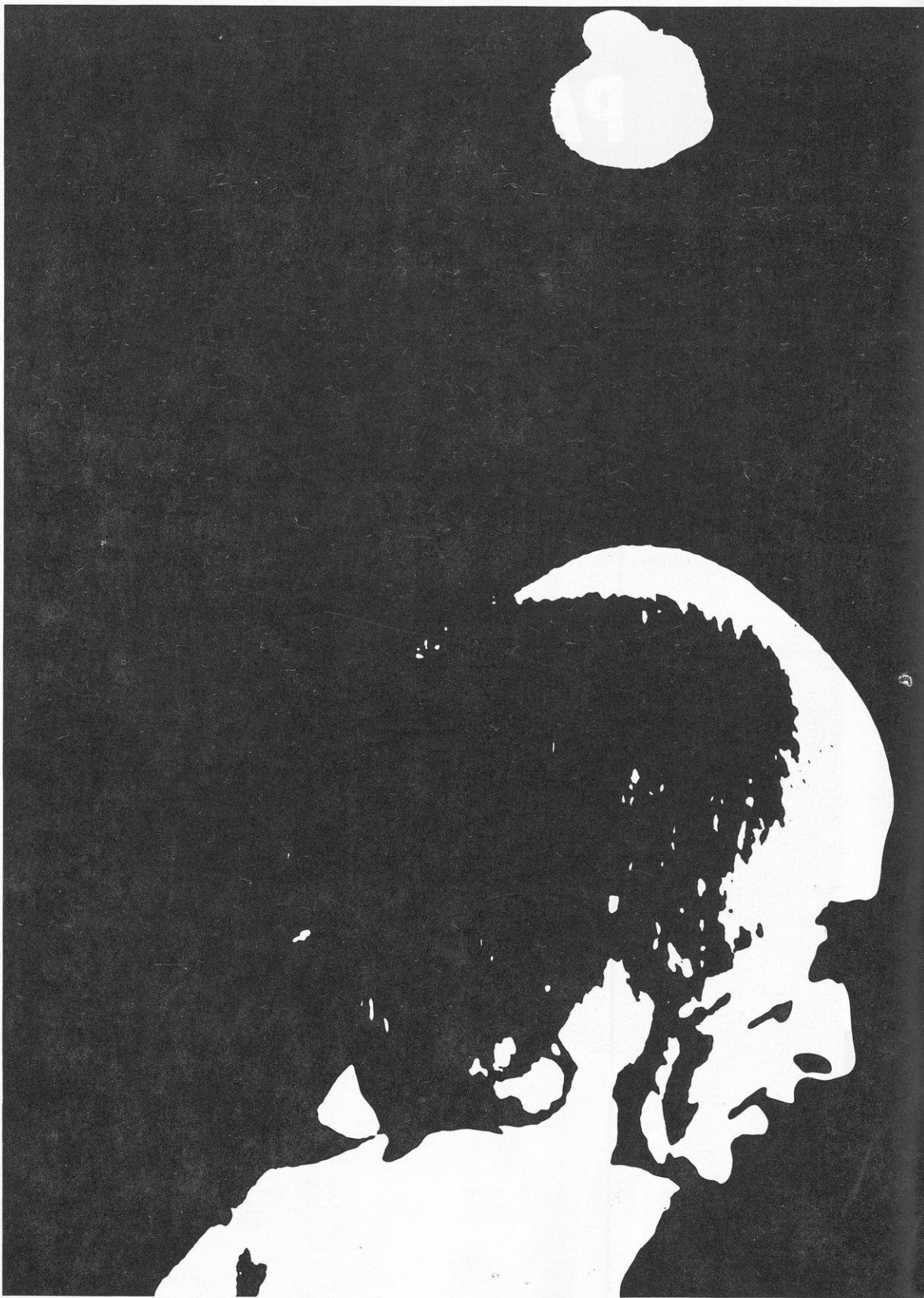


Photo of Julian Beck of The Living Theatre by Arthur Ollman

There is no difference between spectator and performer.

Right now we feel there is a need to get away from words. Words are too rational. They lead people to accept knowledge but avoid experience. We want to take our audience through the experience and let them get bored or frustrated or alienated but come out on the other side with a new understanding.

Theatrically this means that the spectator-participant is reached not through words, but through the skin. There are times in the action when we ask the audience to take various roles. Sometimes we feel it necessary to play the role of fascist to make something happen. I come to you with the reality of my bullying so that you will have something real to feel. I sense that the great opposing camp wishes love to be as inactive as possible. I find the scenes in "Paradise" which are the most frenetic and terrifying much more paradisiacal than the dance movements of lyric conversation. Certainly the actor's work is most experimental in the areas of frenetic violence.

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THE

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE

COMEDIA DELL'ARTE
'PATELIN'
AND PUPPET SHOWS



Poster, Courtesy: The San Francisco Mime Troupe

ON THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE

The Mime Troupe started in 1959 doing silent mime (the art of Chaplin — Marceau does pantomime) with the idea of restoring movement to a stage crippled by decades of realism. We broke into noise, and then speech, when our ideas became more complex: we now do plays, but mime is still the point of departure for our style, in which words sharpen and refine but physical action carries the substantial meaning. We did our first movement — noise happening, Event I — with artists Robert Hudson, William Wiley, and Judy Davis — in 1959, our first *commedia dell'arte* play, THE DOWRY — from Moliere, Goldoni, and improvisation — in 1960. Our interest in this 16th century form is not antiquarian. We use it because it is funny and adaptable, and because comedy is ultimately more serious than tragedy or realism.

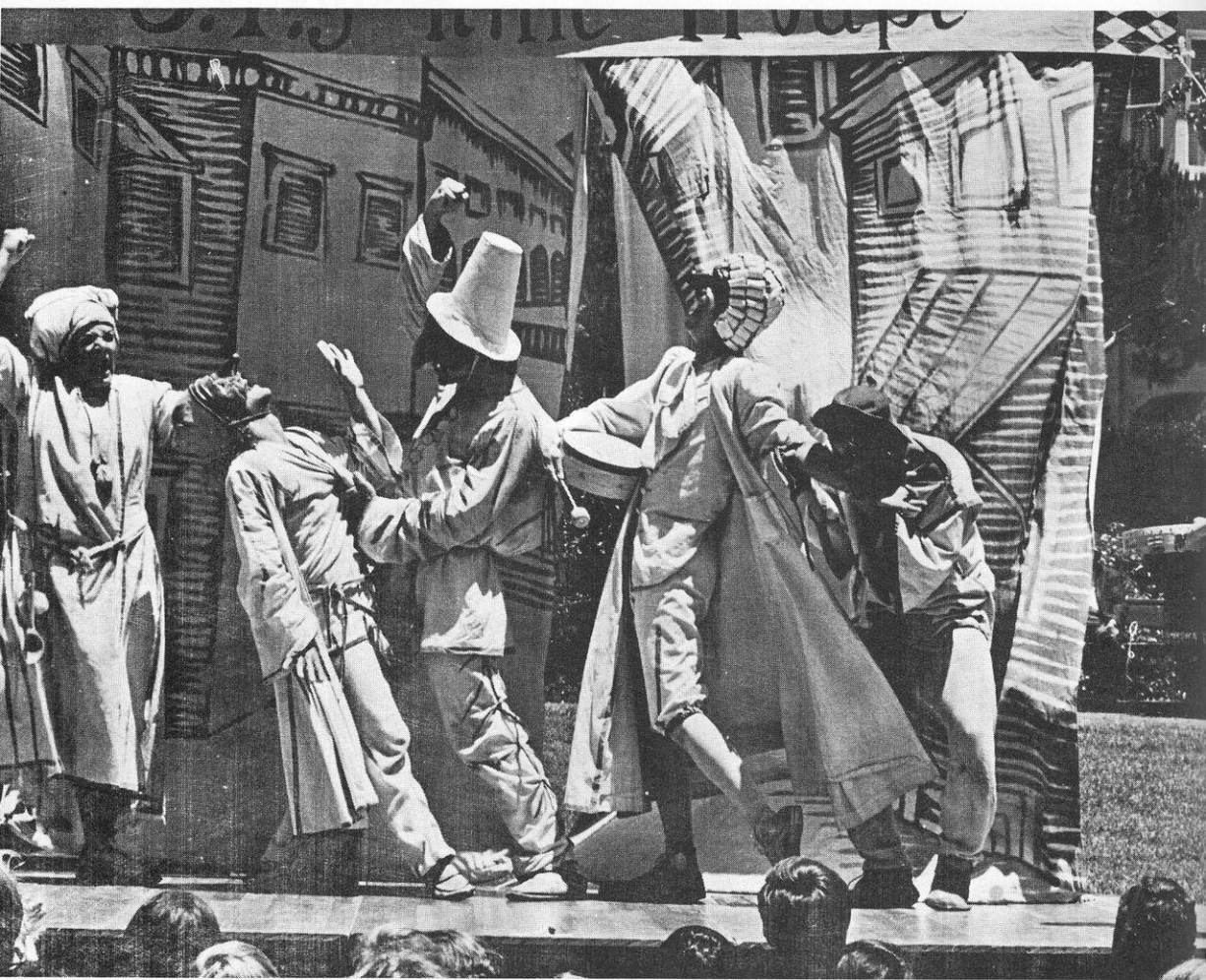
In 1962 we went outdoors with a portable stage and performed our *commedia* show twice in San Francisco parks, passing the hat afterwards. We have done new *commedias* outdoors each year since. In 1965, the San Francisco Park and Recreation Commission refused us a permit to play CANDELAIO on the grounds of "vulgarity"; we played and were arrested, the ACLU appealed, and the refusal was ruled an unconstitutional attempt at censorship. (The controversy cost us our first and only grant.) In 1968, after another court fight, the Mime Troupe liberated the parks of Mill Valley, a suburb, and did six park shows a week from April through September.

We opened our indoor theater in December, 1963, with Jarry's UBU ROI, followed by plays, events, and movies: we presented a regular film series in 1964 under the direction of Saul Landau, showing such artists as Brakhage, Conner, and Genet (UN CHANT D'AMOUR). This phase ended in 1965 when our theater became a parking lot; since then we have lived from the parks and from engagements. We did mixed media: Brecht's EXCEPTION AND THE RULE with a talk on Vietnam by Robert Scheer, De Ghelderode's CHRONICLES OF HELL with poets Lawrence Ferlinghetti, David Meltzer, and Lew Welch, and the first light-show rock dance at the Fillmore Auditorium (November, 1965).

Our work always referred to political concerns; it has come gradually to direct engagement. CENTERMAN, an original play about American brutality by Peter Berg, opened in 1965 at a teach-in rally in San Francisco and played Bay area theaters; SEARCH AND SEIZURE, about drug law enforcement, opened at a benefit for Timothy Leary and played as a cabaret theater piece. A MINSTREL SHOW, OR CIVIL RIGHTS IN A CRACKER BARREL (by Saul Landau and R. G. Davis) which exploded racist and integrationist clichés before Black Power, opened in 1965; it toured the U.S. and Canada for two years, during which time its prophecies became realities. Vietnam has escalated our consciousness as it has that of many. THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE was our first play about the war; in 1966-67 we did a Brechtian production of Sartre's CONDEMNED OF ALTONA, which tries the individual for crimes of state; in 1967 Goldoni's L'AMANT MILITAIRE, freely adapted (by Joan Holden) to demonstrate the absurdity of pacifism in the face of the military machine; in 1968 Beolco's RUZZANTE RETURNS, about the disillusion of the returning soldier, and his response.

L'AMANT MILITAIRE and another *commedia*, OLIVE PITS, toured

across country in 1967, hitting universities a jump ahead of Dow recruiters, then winning an Obie award in New York; when we came back we started our Gorilla Marching Band. We found that to play for an audience conscious of crisis, we had to know what we had to say. The new or guerilla theater (as opposed to the "New Theater" of neo-absurdist destinationless trips) accepts this responsibility; the next step is for radical theater to become revolutionary: from theater of exposure to theater of example. We have placed ourselves outside; outside the commercial market and outside in the streets and parks, because outside is the only place a revolution can grow. We have spent 10 years clearing a place; in the next 10 we will build a concrete alternative.



FARCE OF PATELIN by The San Francisco Mime Troupe
Photograph by Doug Rives



There is, in these turbulent times, much talk of puppets.

Everywhere you look, you see one or several: Thieu, Barrientos, Humphrey. Almost all puppets have in common their attachment to the strings of the American Establishment.

Not so the Gutter Puppets, whose name derives from the fact that--their strings severed--they have descended (like risen angels) onto the waiting hands of our puppeteers on the streets below.

Disconnected from the powers at the top and answerable only to those on the bottom, the Gutter Puppets, unlike their "responsible" counterparts, are thoroughly irreverent, impeccably honest and brimful of information on how to succeed as a revolutionary in the midst of the labyrinth.

Though schizophrenic--they bear allegiance to both Malatesta and McCarthy (Charlie)--they will agitate, feloniously incite, and generally blow your mind. Those who are satisfied with the quest for bourgeois rewards should shun the Gutter Puppets, as they are guaranteed to damage such psyches irreparably.

If, however, your goal is to free humanity of imperialism, bureaucracy and the profit motive, call GE 1-1984 and ask for Punch the Red.

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE, INC., 450 ALABAMA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA 94110



Puppet Play:

NEWSMAN — THE FOURTH ESTATE

by the San Francisco Mime Troupe

REPORTER: Here we are again at San Francisco State College, and there are unconfirmed rumors of tactical squad violence, but from everything we of the 4th estate have seen, the police deserve to be commended for their restraint (CHORUS OF SCREAMS) in the face of terrific provocation. Of course there are extremists on both sides, but the Responsible Majority appear to be sick and tired of the excesses of a tiny minority and eager to get back to their studies. In the meantime, there have been some minor skirmishes and in general an eerie calm and a rainy gloom has settled over the fragrant and strife-ridden campus. This is your reporter at San Francisco State, awaiting further developments. Over and out.

STUDENT: Hey, quick, help us. The Tac Squad got a bunch of people down in the boiler room and they're beating their brains out. Help us stop them.

REPORTER: Sorry, kid, I got all the tape I can use for today.
STUDENT: Are you kidding? Listen, man, this is murder. People have got to know about this. This is NEWS. We got to make people see what we're fighting.
REPORTER: Look kid, I sympathize with your aims. Free speech is something I go for 100%. But the cops have a job to do, they have to keep things from getting out of hand. I'm a reporter, not a muckraker; I'm responsible to the WHOLE community.
STUDENT: Yeah, but that's the whole idea: we got to change people's minds.
REPORTER: Look, sonny, I can't just say they're beating people without explaining WHY: that's propaganda. My job is to bring people the FACTS, ALL the facts, so they can draw their own conclusions. That's what Freedom of the Press means. That's the Fourth Estate.
STUDENT: Yeah, but where do YOU stand?
REPORTER: OH, I'm with you, 100%. Free Huey!
COP: All right you pointy-headed niggerlovers, MOVE. This ain't no debating society, I mean MOVE.
STUDENT: Cink, cink. (EXIT WITH COP CHASING)
REPORTER: Looks like an ugly situation brewing. I better go turn my tapes in. (EXIT)

sign: NEXT DAY

STUDENT: (addressing rally) Welcome to Liberation Class. We have to go on fighting, and we have to know WHY we're fighting — that's one difference between us and them, the other being that they have guns, and we only have each other. So in case any of you have forgotten, or had it knocked out of your heads yesterday, here is what we want. We want the pigs off campus. We want to decide for ourselves who's allowed to go to school with us and teach us. We don't want it decided by the red-baiting politicians and the ex-movie stars. We want to be men, not corporation men, not servicemen, but MEN. We want power over our own lives.
REPORTER: Hold it, hold it. I just got here. Say that again for the mike, willya?
STUDENT: OK, just a second, I gotta finish talking . . .
REPORTER: No, NOW, so I can get the whole thing at once. I got a fresh tape here.
STUDENT: Look, how come you didn't want it yesterday and all of a sudden you want it now?
REPORTER: It's a question of time, kid. I'm a busy man. Today I got the time. And I can use your point of view. We'll give you a full $2\frac{1}{8}$ minutes between the interview with President Smith and the one with Chief Cahill. You'll have the ear of the whole nation. So let's hear your demands.
STUDENT: Get the hell out of here. This ain't a press conference, it's a rally. And I'm talking to the people who have to do the fighting.
REPORTER: You're being stupid, kid. I'm the only chance you've got. An objective reporter is the only thing that stands between you and a four-foot billyclub.
COP: By authority of the Gov. Pat Brown Riot Control Act 2264 I hereby declare this an illegal assembly. You are all under

arrest. I order you to disperse. However, since you are all under arrest, dispersing constitutes resisting arrest, and . . . oh, the hell with it. All right you hairy anarchist commy jewlickers, you've had it. (HITS REPORTER)

REPORTER: But I'm a working reporter. Don't you know freedom of the press? The 4th Estate! I tell your side too! Would you like to be interviewed?

COP: Go park yer bicycle straight, ya pink panther. (HITS HIM AGAIN) (TURNS TO STUDENT) OK agitator now it's yer turn. I'm gonna mace you like a cockroach, you hippy bastard. (CHASES STUDENT OFF)

REPORTER: But, but but, but . . . This is my JOB. Jesus Christ, all I want is enough money to drop outa the rat race, maybe start a little commune or something. I'm a responsible Reporter. I'm not on strike, I'm not trying to change anything. Ow. Ow. Ow.

STUDENT: (RUNS BACK) I lost him, man, he musta smelt some truffles. You okay?

REPORTER: That stinking pig! Does he think his boss won't get a letter from AP? Yeah, and UP too, and REUTERS. And Walter Cronkite, Goddamit! I ain't no communist, I ain't no hippy, I pull down 240 a day for this work, he'll find out.

STUDENT: You make 240 dollars a day?

REPORTER: Goddam right, overtime plus hazardous duty plus riot pay. I don't hafta be out here taking this crap. I could be downtown behind a cushy desk with my name on it. The hell with that pig, he'll find out, wait'll I tell my station manager. He can't do this to the 4th Estate.

STUDENT: Well, how about delivering our message to the public? Think they're ready for it?

REPORTER: Today? Forget it sonny. Today the Big Story reads like this: COP ASSAULTS REPORTER, no wait. COPS beat the Press, that's it. Yeah, beat the press, they'll never live it down.

STUDENT: What about the strike? What about all of us?

REPORTER: I'll have that cop on a lineup, by God, I'll have his job inside of a week, or he's gonna have to do some fast apologizing. COPS Beat the Press, Yeah that's it. (EXITS)

STUDENT: Up your Media 4th Estate! This strike isn't transistors, this strike is people. The next time you parasites come around you can share some of that Riot Pay with us. This strike is not what you see on TV. This strike is not the pictures of it in the paper, or the anecdotes Herb Caen gets out of it. This strike is the people right here. And whatever we have to do to get the pigs off campus and the cowboy politicians off our backs. We want the campus open! Not open like the jaws of the trap, but really open. And it won't be really open until it belongs to us.



COMEDY AND REVOLUTION RUZZANTE OR THE VETERAN by The San Francisco Mime Troupe
Photograph by Charles Bigelow

by Joan Holden

*"Don't you find that your comedy gets in the way of what you are trying to say?"
A question often posed by serious-minded members of the audience.*

There is a general prejudice that says that laughter is a diversion, a vacation from serious concerns. Among radicals this takes the form "That was fun but now let's get back to the revolution." Comic artists are accustomed to being treated as lightweights and generally don't bother to argue; however, the times, which everyone feels changing, oblige all artists to justify what they are doing, and here is an occasion. A defense of comedy as revolutionary art implies a theory of revolutionary art.

It is easy enough to show — as F. M. Cornford, Freud, and Northrup Frye have done — that the concerns of comedy are as serious, indeed usually the same, as those of tragedy. THE TROJAN WOMAN and LYSISTRATA are opposite projections of a single reality: In the starkest terms, comedy and tragedy dramatize the struggle between life and death; in tragedy death wins, in comedy life. But this is precisely the

ground of the serious-minded objection. Because we are all going to die, it is vain to promote a sense of well-being; because in life we generally lose, it is pernicious to pretend that we can win. The only comic art now taken seriously is the kind that borders on nightmare and finally falls into it; the happy ending is only seen on Broadway, never Off. Even within our company people argue that happy endings are dangerous. Reality is grim, and the artist's job is to make us confront it.

I mean to argue that this view of art serves the established order, and that more fantasy, not more realism, is what we need to change it. Comedy, which in its basic action always measures an unsatisfactory reality against its corresponding ideal, and whose form demands that solutions be invented for problems raised, may be the revolutionary art form *par excellence*.

There is no disputing the grimness of the reality our collective consciousness recognizes: no God, an empty universe, brutality unleashed upon the earth. Most of our art reflects this consciousness and in fact is dominated by an aesthetic of pain: the value of the work is proportionate to the amount of pain it makes us feel; the more pain we feel, the more we are sure we are being made to face reality. The profoundest art is that which sees deepest into the abyss; the most revered artist the one who suffers most. Everybody loves Matisse, but no hush falls when his name is mentioned; speak of Giacometti and breaths are held in tribute. But if we were asked according to whose vision we would want to remake reality, most of us would choose Matisse.

Most Western art since the war at least has borne a single message: this is how bad it is. A few great figures are giants of metaphysical despair; the rest communicate more or less horror according to their measure: the intention even of those who disclaim intention is to expose the cruelty, horror, perversion, finally senselessness of (modern) life. Although settings are often strictly historical the essential direction of our art is metaphysical. Pinter's plays are not set on the edge of the void, like Beckett's: on the contrary, they are stuffed with local color; but it is all completely incidental, the plays are about irremediable solitude and the disintegration of the universe. We all agree that our world is sick, and the artist, regarded by himself and others as a superior instrument, busies himself finding symptoms.

It is easy to mistake this activity for political action. The "socially conscious" artist generally considers that he is making a contribution each time he describes an aberration. But it is not enough to face reality: we have to change it.

Once we admit this we are obliged to demand that our art help us do it, and to ask what the ostensibly politically conscious works of, say, Heller and Rauschenberg have given us that the apolitical works of Bellow and DeKooning have not. The Vietnam war has given nearly everyone a conscience, and inspired a million works of art; but how many have said more than "war is bad"? Many, to be fair, have implied the question "What are you going to do about it?" Few got as far as VIET ROCK, which told us something to do about draft boards. Most of the so-called "arts of activism" have not gotten past "It's bad." There have been changes of format: poets have read on the steps of the Pentagon, and paintings have been carried around New York on trucks. But the poems have mainly been laments, the paintings scenes of flames and butchery, the message endlessly reiterated: it's terrible, what are you going to do about it?

This art has undeniably raised awareness and helped spread the protest movement. So did the "alienated" art which preceded it crystallize disaffection and help create a community of the aware: Arthur Miller's plays probably spared thousands the necessity of becoming Unitarians during the lonely 1950's. Now the population of the aware numbers into the millions, some of whom have known how bad it is for a good many years, and it is presumptuous to take up more time until you have something to say that will make a difference. Once we are exercised about "militarism, racism,

bureaucracy, and the dehumanizing effects of technology" (the list of what youth is in revolt against, in the prospectus provided by this journal, notably omits private property) there is nothing left to say except how to change them. Artists who consider themselves in the vanguard, and most do, must assume the responsibility of the vanguard, which is to lead. This most will find impossible to do without radical changes in their ideas about art. They will have to abandon objectivity in favor of morality and metaphysics in favor of history. Granted that too few of us know what politics we want, that most of the New Left does not know what it wants, there is a general extreme aversion to direct statement in art that prevents most artists from even asking themselves the question, and a preference for metaphysical concerns that relieves them of historical responsibility.

The twin pillars of our high culture are positivism and relativism. If there is anything at all we can be sure of, it is only the isolated messages our senses receive: all larger truths are provisional. "What does 'what does it mean' mean?" replied Pinter to a questioner. The work of art should not interpret: it should transmit, or re-create, or be experience. Statements of direction and value are intrusions on art: Martin Esslin treats Brecht's Marxism as a vision impediment. The history of modern art can be outlined as a series of attempts to destroy rational constructions and break through to raw experience. Think of thousands of symbolists, surrealists, abstract expressionists, alone in their studies and studios like so many alchemists, breaking experience down into its parts, all searching for the ultimate concreteness. This mass purist quest has brought tremendous results: revealed, explored, and invented rich forms of expression for huge previously forbidden tracts of consciousness; neither art nor consciousness will ever be the same. Many people will never be the same since acid; in either case we arrive with consciousness enriched, after long trips and many changes, at the question, "All right, my mind's blown — now what?" Awareness is a means that has so far been mistaken for an end; without an end it becomes inversion. Who can profit from seeing more than one play of Beckett's or Ionesco's? (Who can profit from seeing **one** play of Albee's?) To refuse to interpret, to judge and to direct, is to confer the sanction of inevitability on the world as we know it, by conveying pieces of it as the ultimate reality.

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The same effect of implicit sanction is produced by focussing, as our playwrights and novelists prefer to, on the metaphysical situation rather than the historical one: our particular troubles are seen as symptoms of irreparable flaws in the eternal fabric, and made to seem trivial, anyway, by comparison. Who cares who owns the factories, when Sam Shephard, Thomas Pynchon, Claude Van Itallie — all the bright young men, as well as the somber old ones — are announcing that entropy is about to take over? We have few books about curable evils: CATCH-22, probably the solidest, best sustained satire of our period, is a model for the way the specific evil, in our fiction, eludes resolution by opening onto the general uncertainty. The unrelieved accumulation of terrible details gradually makes the insanity of the army appear as the insanity of the universe, in the light of which there is no point in trying to do anything, except maybe find a comfortable hole. (Carl Oglesby pointed out in a 1967 lecture, "The Deserter, or the Contemporary Defeat of Fiction" that Heller "cops out to despair" by sending Yossarian to Sweden instead of having him assassinate General Cathcart, a possibility entertained at several points in the book.) Similarly, in Burroughs's satire, addiction and buggery accumulate meanings and swell until they swallow the universe. To have a blacker vision than Burroughs is a widespread ambition. With God dead, the metaphysical outlook is naturally bleak; on the historical plane, however, there are a few things left to try, and the reluctance of most artists to promote them invites the suspicion that they prefer the evil which guarantees them a subject to the revolution which might leave them without one.

To rejoin history art must become didactic, moralistic, propagandistic: all bad words to the sophomore English major but assumed motives of art at most times other than our own. It must also be visionary. It must also be good, or it will fail as propaganda.

To imagine that one has to choose between creating a lasting monument and a work which is immediately useful is to pose an unnecessary dilemma: whoever writes the Divine Comedy of the revolution can be confident of its survival. We can divide the work: Burroughs has written our Inferno, let us go on to the next two books, because knowing it's bad is not enough to move people to change it. That knowledge, alone, oppresses the poor and sanctions the inaction of the educated. The art of despair panders to the fundamental complacency of an "enlightened" bourgeoisie which naturally prefers to exercise its guilt in artificial suffering rather than be carried to the point of considering real sacrifice; so much the better when it is assured that real sacrifice would be unavailing. People move when they know what they want: what art must now do is make real what, for the good of all of us, people should want. The art of exposure has to be replaced by an art of example.

The Living Theater, to cite a rare instance, has made this transition: from THE BRIG (hell on earth) to PARADISE NOW. This just (February 1969) played in Berkeley, where the audience who had battled the Highway Patrol a few hours earlier indicated plainly that the "anarchist non-violent revolution" was not the paradise it had in mind. But to move straight people to take off their clothes, or jump from balconies in the justified faith that their brothers underneath will catch them, as the Living Theater has done all over the country at places less advanced than Berkeley, is living power. Most theaters move people to clap. A friend of mine watched a crowd which had just finished applauding RHINOCEROS file past an ashcan which had caught fire and was burning in the lobby.

The undeniable achievement of hippy culture is that it presented a real vision of a preferable life; undeniable because thousands flocked to it and more thousands are living parts of it now. If we object that the vision was incomplete our job is to make a completer one as strong. I think socialism is what people should want: what they do want, as the hippy movement, the group therapy fad, the nationalist movements (in which the opportunity of calling others "brother" is relished as much as vengeance) makes sometimes pathetically clear, is a sense of community. The ideal work of art would envision a believable version of communal life, demonstrate that individualism in all its aspects including capitalism stands in the way, point out the first step to take to destroy the obstacle and get people to take it.

This brings us to comedy, which is inherently subversive and visionary, always has a moral, and has always been popular. The traditional class connections of the dramatic genres are conventionally explained in terms of relative sophistication: only the aristocracy has leisure and refinement to consider the great issues propounded by tragedy; realism appeals to the no-nonsense outlook of the bustling middle class; comedy delights the childlike hedonism of the masses. Another way of putting it is to say that each genre carries a different subliminal message, and each class knows which message it wants to hear. Tragedy says there is an immutable order which it is idle to resist (our tragedy is the theater of the absurd, which says it is an immutable disorder); realism says the game is to the strong; comedy says you can have what you are being denied.

All comedies (if they don't, they aren't really) share one basic plot, fairly transparent in its psychological motivation. The hero, whom we like — if this seems obvious, the point is to remember that we identify with the comic hero — and who is always somehow disadvantaged: too old, too young, poor, a servant, or female, wants something out of a person, or persons, more powerful than he. What he wants is usually a girl or money, but it can be, as in Aristophanes, a better world, or peace. The enemies are always power figures: parents, husbands, masters, governments. After a struggle which usually brings him close to disaster, the hero beats the enemies, gets the prize, and the play ends with a celebration.

This pattern is traced by the anthropological critics, following Cornford's ORIGIN OF ATTIC COMEDY, to ancient fertility ritual and interpreted as sympathetic magic designed to

insure the triumph of spring and the vital principle over winter and death; by the psychologists, following Freud's WIT AND THE UNCONSCIOUS, it is interpreted as fantasy wish-fulfillment acting out the triumph of the id over restraints. It is also the basic plot of any revolution. This makes it relatively easy to represent a revolutionary action. You have the oppressed class in the servant characters, the oppressors in the power figures (whom you can identify as specifically as you like: the more specific, the more the audience will love to see them beaten), the vanguard in the hero; enlarge the goals of the victorious struggle, from marriage or money to freedom or peace, and it becomes a revolution; the new order is represented in the distributive justice of the happy ending. The moral is always clear: do like the hero. Now you have only to decide what revolutionary action you can suggest to your audience; you have caught up with the rest of the vanguard.

In our version of L'AMANT MILITAIRE (1967), the soubrette heroine dressed up as the Pope, appeared over the curtain, and stopped the war in Vietnam; then came down and told the audience, "If you want something done, my friends — do it yourselves." This meant, take power, but we admit it begged the question of how. It did leave the audience wanting power (and won us the epithet "cheerleaders of anarchy," which we would accept with pride if it were amended to "cheerleaders of the socialist violent revolution"); compare with the effect of Peter Brook's film, TELL ME LIES, which in one sequence shows the hero very plausibly entering the Pentagon during working hours, hiding till night, and starting a conflagration in a vast bank of IBM cards; just when the audience is thinking "Wow — it really could happen" the character wakes up and we learned that it is only a nightmare. Mr. Brook could not stick with anything stronger than the question which ends the film: (supposing a napalm-burned child appeared at your door): "What would you do?" Why make the film? In RUZZANTE (1968) we were concrete: the hero blew up the co-opted professor (destroy the university in its present form). This happy ending was appreciated on campuses but people reproached us for making revolution look easy — the hero didn't make the bomb himself, it appeared by magic.

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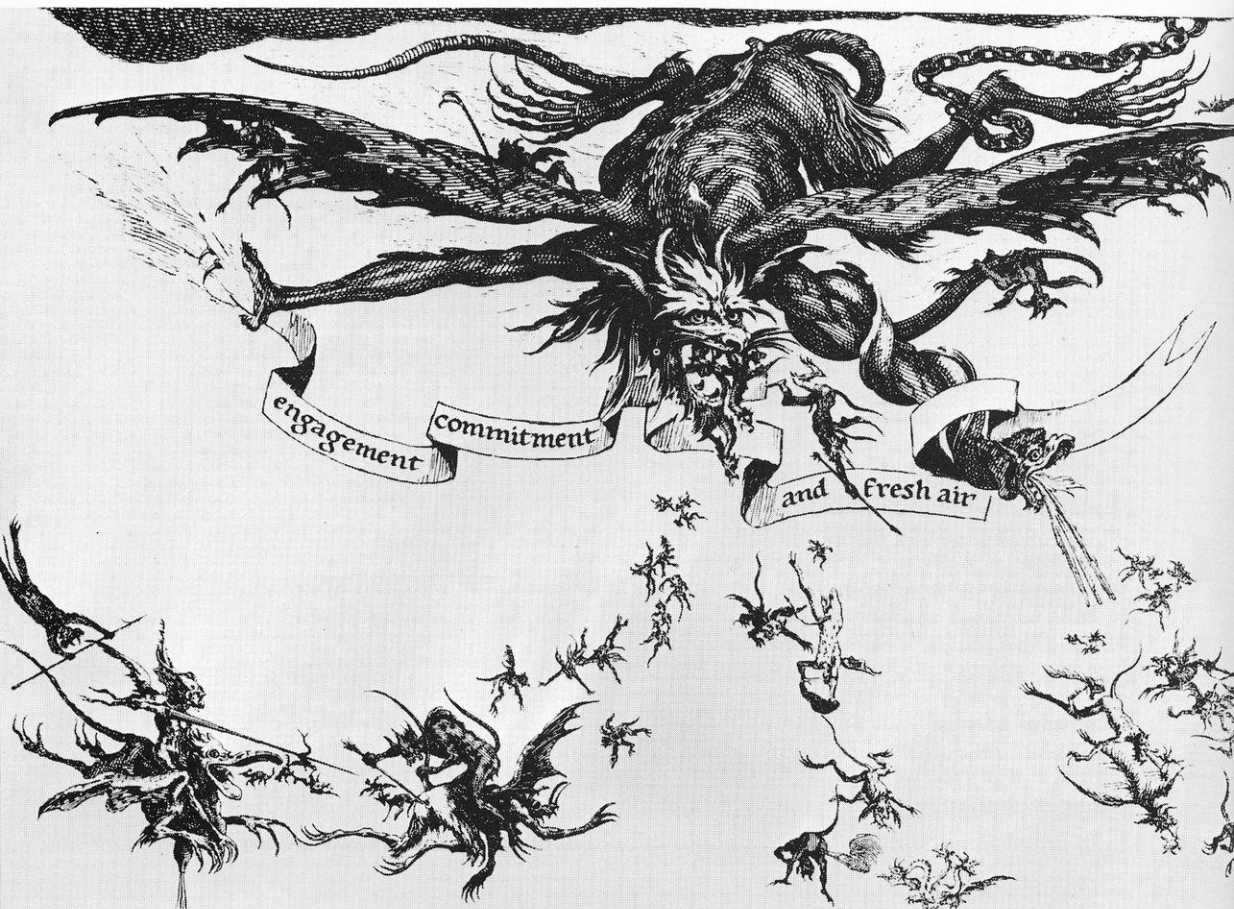
The problem is that if it doesn't look easy it isn't magic, and if it isn't magic you might as well write a pamphlet. If the artist has to choose between creating the desire and outlining the means he must choose the first, as the thing that art is best at. Art conveys implicit messages deeper than it does explicit ones. The special power of comedy as revolutionary art lies not in the facility of representation — that problem can be solved in other ways — but in the psychological correspondence between comedy and revolution: the pattern wherein anger and love combine in a movement toward freedom. If you don't think love is a revolutionary motive, Che thinks so. The double motivation, what he calls "celebration and abuse," is repeatedly emphasized by Cornford. It was not enough simply to carry on the Maypole: first winter had to be driven out with sticks. The endurance of this pattern in art suggests that it endures in our psychology, awaiting release to be expressed in life. What comedy has special power to do is create a compelling vision of this release.

Dull critics basing everything on their misunderstanding of the comedy of manners have written a lot about the "inherent conservatism" of comedy and the "restoration of right order" in the comic resolution; a revolution may equally be said to be conservative, in that it "restores" justice. In either case the order or the justice was never there before: the "restoration" consists in making reality at last conform to an ideal which has long been held. Few comic writers have envisioned the dictatorship of the proletariat, and it is true that many (including Aristophanes, the most Utopian) have appealed for return to older ways. But it is only since Marx that the Golden Age has been placed in the future: before him the way it ought to be was always the way it must have been some time before. The "right order" of the happy ending is always a wished-for ideal: that is what the limited happiness of the comedy of manners and the triumphal new world of Aristophanes' endings have in common. The magic ending of TARTUFFE, where the king sets everything right, has earned Moliere the

reputation of a craven flatterer. But flattery implies an end in view: Moliere is showing us (and Louis XIV) how things would be if kings behaved the way they should, instead of the way they do. The ideal accomplished by the king is the one articulated by the soubrette. In comedy the slaves defeat (by action usually, by implication, always) the masters (Plautus and Terence, Jack Benny and Rochester), the children defeat the parents (Plautus and Terence, Rogers and Hammerstein), the cranks defeat the authorities (Aristophanes, the Marx Brothers). To take the side of the weak against the strong is, simply and modestly, to attack the established order.

What the established order may be a metaphor for is another question — the superego, rationality, experience, death: the whole cluster of circumstances limiting our freedom to expand as eros prompts us. It is no accident, and should encourage the serious-minded, that this freedom is associated with the defeat of tyrants. No one who has experienced the polymorphously perverse delight of the closing moments of, say, *THE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME* or *AS YOU LIKE IT* can deny that freedom (what Freud calls the euphoric state of our childhood) is what the audience, at least, is looking for in comedy. The astonished delight of people who happen on a ragged group of actors (us) performing in a city park says "this is the way it ought to be!" The comic vision restores, if momentarily, a lost confidence that everything good is possible.

This confidence is the state of mind our art, on the whole, prides itself on denying us; it is also the state of mind that sustains revolutionary activity. The work of imagining the new society belongs to all revolutionaries in common; the job of all the arts is to piece together a vision of a better life so strong that people will finally insist on realizing it.



PART VII

Poems of Vision and Action



KILL FOR PEACE,
KILL FOR FREEDOM,
KILL VIETNAMESE
KILL, KILL!

In every government on earth there is some trace of human weakness, some germ of corruption and degeneracy.... Thomas Jefferson



KILL FOR PEACE, KILL FOR FREEDOM, KILL VIETNAMESE
by William F. Weege

Robert Bly, the author of two important books of poetry — SILENCE IN THE SNOWY FIELDS and THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY — organized American Writers against the Vietnam War. Winning the National Book Award for his second book, he donated the \$1000 to the anti-draft Resistance.

POEMS BY ROBERT BLY

NEAR THE GARY SHEET AND TIN MILL

Houses with overturned fenders in the muddy yards,
Or broken Buicks, their fronts on the ground.
These are not houses for human beings to live.
Old hatreds, painted green, have become circuits breakers;
We are in the hive of the death-bee:

Death drifting in the smoke from the north,
Death in the refinery smell, and the smouldering dumps,
Death being eaten by grass, and shadows, and black children,
Death living in cabbages, and fenders, and cinder blocks,
Death with his hand over his mouth calling to the sea.

REVOLUTION BY DISSATISFACTION

The rain makes blackish mist where Mozart stood.
We are all of us rushing
like dwarf antelopes in long streaming herds,
or hair flying behind the skidding racer. . . .

* * *

A room of retired bombers on a Pacific island . . .
the frozen ground scattered with chicken heads . . .
and the violet crystals left behind in the footprints of the Saviour. . . .

* * *

Who are the people who live in these huts?
Abandoned children left
in foster homes, hearts beating desperately like ends of canvas,
anguish, women turning away in tears. . . .

I see men whose arms have turned into axes, chopping at their ankles,
blood spurting up . . .

* * *

The grocer gets tired of people, his feathers clog with oil,
and he drowns in the river. There is something frightening
in the small hair along the necks of men in churches:
the grief of those shut out from the castle
as night comes, and the countryside full of brutal knights
on big kneed horses . . .

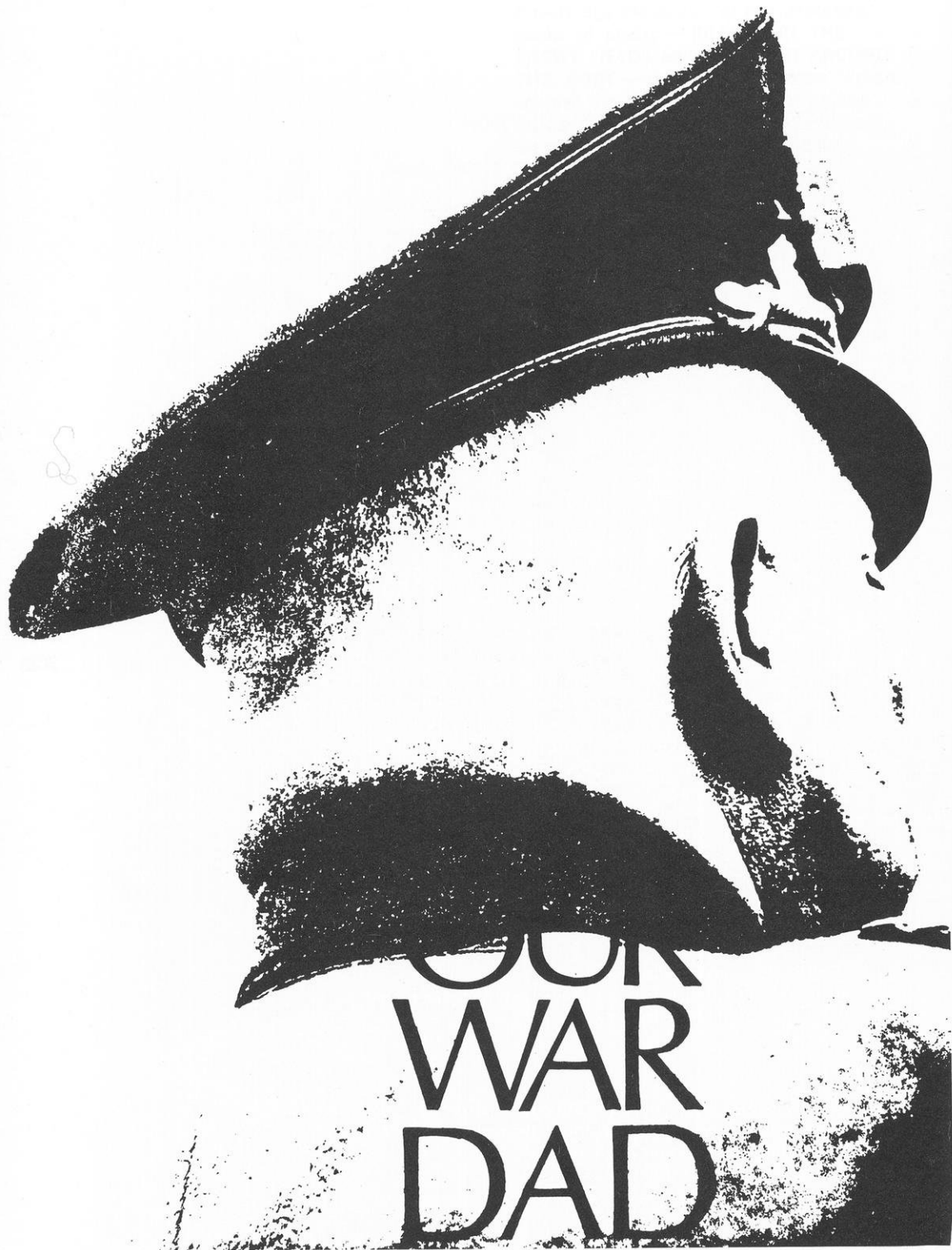
* * *

A bitterness ascends from the Gulf, and fights its way
up the Mississippi;
the low of vanishing trains.

Doors close inside the brain.
Men fall into the arms of big-eyed women exhausted
who play at night with dolls.

* * *

Tiny bits of dust ignored in Gansevoort Street
marks of ash on foreheads borne through subway cars
everyone feels a grief when he sees
the plane disappearing behind trees
and the long expanses of landing strips alone in the night.



OUR
WAR
DAD

OUR WAR DAD by William F. Weege

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
SWEDISH BY ROBERT BLY:

ZERO

by Göran Sonnevi

There's more light when I fall asleep than when I wake

That means:

my private death, but

also — the world's

economy spinning faster

life and death

going around wildly

There's more light when I fall asleep

I'm asleep now

No one can wake me

Facing the Alfa Laval factory a smaller plant:

once the Clio Works, now

The Scandanavian Gear Factory, Inc.

I feel the wheels

going faster, lights flashing on and off

once a minute, once a second

I'm alive in microseconds

I'm nearly dead

The bones in my skull

have stopped expanding

I'm shrinking

going around so fast

I look motionless and now:

zero!

The dark circle is opening disappears

The private agony is opening

all of us here

are vanishing Pain

is opening

We don't live any more

We start things

Start to open wake up

The bed, the house keels over, shaking, rocking

The sun goes on burning

through every window in the house

it rolls in

I've got in my skullbones, what is

waking up, what

is sleeping, wants to get out It is

the bomb

that I've got in my skull that wants

to get out

The private bomb Our only defense

against FEAR OF CHINA You've

got it You're afraid

Lasse Söderberg and Göran Sonnevi are two of Sweden's important younger poets. Sonnevi is the most famous of the younger political poets. Born in 1939, he studied at the University of Lund and now lives near Stockholm, spending his time entirely in poetry and political work. His sympathies lie with the Swedish National Liberation Front. Lasse Söderberg is slightly older, a long-time advocate of political content in poetry. He is the inventor of the American General Gluff-Gluff.

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WITH HEART-CHALK

by Lasse Söderberg

Walt Whitman, what has become of your
America? What has become of that powerful
affection that you sang of
and the institutions that you distrusted?
You intimate speech-maker for democracy
what has become of your sons?
Led by moronic technocrats
they wallow in the odor of gold
and are swallowed up in the latrines
of racehate where the whitest grubs do best.
Your America is no longer yours.
Therefore using my own heart-chalk
I write the word Vietnam old Walt
Whitman swiftly across your name.

Kenneth Rexroth, poet, playwright, translator, critic, and anarchist philosopher, is one of the major heroes of the counter-culture. His COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS, COLLECTED LONGER POEMS, and CLASSICS REVISITED are among his more recent books. His translation of Sheng Kung Fan's poem in this issue appears in his forthcoming book, CHINESE POEMS OF LOVE AND THE TURNING YEARS.



ON HIS THIRTY THIRD BIRTHDAY

by Sheng Kung Fan

More than thirty years have rushed

By me like a runaway

Chariot. I too have spent

My life rushing here and there

From one end of the country

To the other. I long for

The homestead where I was born

A thousand mountain ranges

away. Like yellow leaves in

The decline of summer a

Few white hairs have already

Appeared in my head. All my

Travels only made tracks

In drifting sand. I piled up

Learning like a snowball.

I crossed mountains and passed

Examinations and gave

Learned speeches. What did I gain?

Better I stayed home

And raised prize melons.

Paul Goodman, poet, novelist, playwright, critic, psychologist, and anarchist philosopher, has had an incalculable influence on the counter-culture. His most recent book of poems is NORTH PERCY (Black Sparrow).

FALL 1968

Eating alone
 apart from the company
because no one
 is interesting to me

and walking alone
 day after day
because no one
 will go my way

it is no use
 to withhold criticism
I cannot choose
 to be stupider than I am.

Oh now the year of woe
 since my son died
merges into "I too"
 that always did abide

and this mortal grief
 mixing with
my lonesome life
 and sexless youth

I am crying because
 the autumn woods are lovely
in this world that was
 not made for me

— nevertheless
 it is good for exile
to live in a place
 that is beautiful.

I am crying bitterly
 because I murdered
like the Moor in the play
 her who only murmured.

All mixed up is my grief,
 red fall has come
and soon I will leave
 for still another home.

A man so little
 in touch with folks
ought not to meddle
 in politics,

the peace my trouble
 is thirsty for
is too universal.
 It is no wonder
 I do not want power

and victory,
 that sits with joy
 on a naive boy,
is hateful to me.
 For me there is no way
 but magnanimity.

Bill Knott (1940-1966) has described himself as "a virgin and a suicide," but he continues miraculously to write and read his poems to amazed audiences. As Saint Geraud, he authored CORPSE AND BEANS: THE NAOMI POEMS (Follett: Big Table), which according to John Logan, "give asylum to the orphan in each of us."

TWO POEMS BY BILL KNOTT (1940-1966):

INVITATION TO BRASILIA

for Vivien Leone

Follow me we will die in semen shores
We will float upon the tremor caused by an underground kiss
The sidelong world
With fortune-wheel sister asleep at the hurricane of fawns
Destination: your eyelash propellers

If you will just open your house-of-mirrors
Inside the echo-chamber and come
You may come my magic wallpaper ride
With our nakedness still clustered on branches
Of the lost and foundry

Brush the closets from your lips
Empty your pores into mine
I am the only one who can say:
"I have never been in anyone's dreams"
And I alone have escaped to tell thee: nothing

A thousand babies were just born
They all got the same shape birthmark
It looks like your silence when you speak babeloins
To the knifemare plasme city
Ah Brasilia same distance below
The equator as cunt below the waist

Follow me
How old are you
Mach-sex 1000
Where the nevers run into the no
The clock is extemporizing
Past heaps of scrap-love
You shall inherit your children
When my nape-hairs speak to Big Chief Cheekbone-Stroke-Heliostrophes

Look Rodin's Thinker drinks from your seeing-eye blouse
Rock 'n' roll cave-paintings on the walls of your womb
Even suicides, the pulse of time, find a
Calm
At the eye of the orgasm

Follow me
Lean over the night's instrument-panel
Press the right star we'll be there

INVITATION TO AUREALISM

for Linda Larson

rollercoaster flower your lap
count backwards from 1 to reach you
extracting truth-cereb from chopped-up theater curtains
Ah my doms my virgin butchershops

Runaways show my photo to their heart
she drank the poisoned windshield of sleep
she rolled on the ocean's tracing-paper a continent spit dancers
even her shoulders are petty crimes

Because of this the eternity in my left wrist
is no longer the same as the instant — AU — in my right
storm through pollen-consciousness
blue trisms life-seeking yawns

prism-breathing sun's diving-mask ALL YOUR GOLD Au moment
breaks rivulets from our love, waves them
The air-raid statues are dolphined in motorcycle-drool

to save your life

I perform mouth-to-mouth arms upon you
Blind roots memorize by touch all our faces
Seas surround us and murmur our pores

to save it,

save your asshole's tousle!

Aurealism! Linda!
Those medals-of-honor have tarnished our stars
But remember the world has no experience at being us
We have no proof shod in fetuses dew of rock-groups
No deadmen to unscrew from the light-sockets
This cornerstone instant
We lip-read the volcanoes from the distance of my headlong

TWO POETS FROM THE MILWAUKEE UNDERGROUND

Rich Mangelsdorff, "poet, critic, witness, overseer," has published poems in the United States and Belgium. He reviews rock music regularly for KALEIDOSCOPE and occasionally for other underground newspapers.

James Sorcic, author of two chapbooks of poetry — DEATH IS A BAG OF STONES (Island City) and FIRE IN THE SUN (Gunrunner), edits the poetry page of KALEIDOSCOPE (Milwaukee's underground newspaper) and issues the Gunrunner Poetry Series.

LOOKIN' GOOD

by Rich Mangelsdorff

eyes watch the oppressor,
like unseen animals watch in
the jungle, like Indians used to
watch those dudes farting around
in the woods &
on the plains.
their senses die, they feed ours
with their hatred.
they'll never know what hit them.

THESE WORDS

by James Sorcic

there will come a time
when these words will turn
to weapons
in yr hands/
you will go to bed at nite
& stare into the ruined cities
of yr woman's womb.

& you will fuck this woman
in terror.

i tell you the smell
of all animals
will cover yr hands

as you look abt wildly
in the darkness
& tell yr woman
of what you have found.

& in the darkness
you will know her mouth
beside you, breathing
like the scream
of Falling
trees.



MAN OF PEACE by Leonard Baskin
Courtesy: The Museum of Modern Art, New York
Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Purchase Fund

DICTES MOY OU N'EN QUEL PAYS

When I see our cities burning
and our young girls drugged
and our young men shot
and our old men dumb,
I want to run away with you
to the old dream,
of course,
to the bed with flowered slopes
and fill your womb with innocents
and say it isn't so
it isn't happening to us.
But we are nearly thirty
and the Age pollutes us
like our air and water
and Villon's lines
are fantasies no longer
and holocausts are happening all over
and wolves are flipping pennies for our children
and we are forced to arm ourselves like heroes
and fight for inches in a stranger's nightmare.

Frederick Feirstein is a New York poet and playwright whose work has appeared in off-Broadway productions and in such publications as CHOICE and UNIVERSITY REVIEW. He has also been active in Biafran relief campaigns.

Lorenzo Vega, a twenty-two year old poet and rock musician working in San Francisco and Santa Barbara.

NOW IN KETCHIKAN

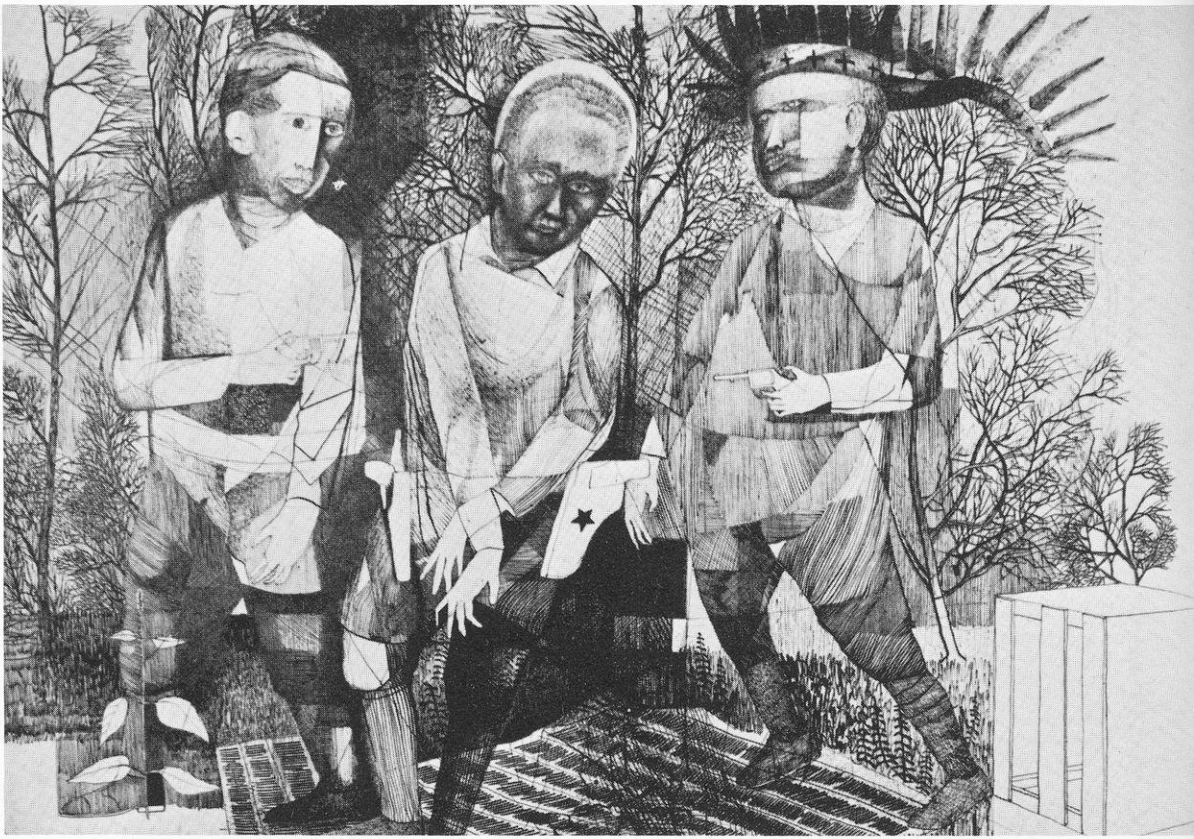
Will this on your Mountain Deer — Ease _____
Not traditional intransigence
Assholes in America/grey in
Artifice.

The last mother raised son of grey ambiance
Is now a rock/rat covered once — only once
By simplistic technology of no vision only
4 to 6 knots tying you at last to that
Canine vision.

The Canine Vision!
Of no quality — lacklove burlesque at 40 to 70 cents a pound
for twenty minutes.
Canine Vision plastering our walls with lacklove.
Deaf harmonies of no discernment and only
The grey mystical light of drizzling dead islands and
All trees eaten by your greyness mother lacklove
In sourdough love of no father _____ fish!

Ojai Ojai Ojai
From where the wind blows thrice.
Ojai Ojai Ojai
Where only the wolves
Chant and recant in spiritual agony
How a single huge raven has taken
The sun.

("Ojai" — pronounced "O'hi" — is a Cachuma Indian word for "that's the direction the wind is coming from, to quote a medicine man, Shamu. — L.V.)



Etching by Richard Wilt

Nancy Willard, the author of *THE LIVELY ANATOMY OF GOD* (Eakins) and poems in many periodicals, teaches at Vassar.

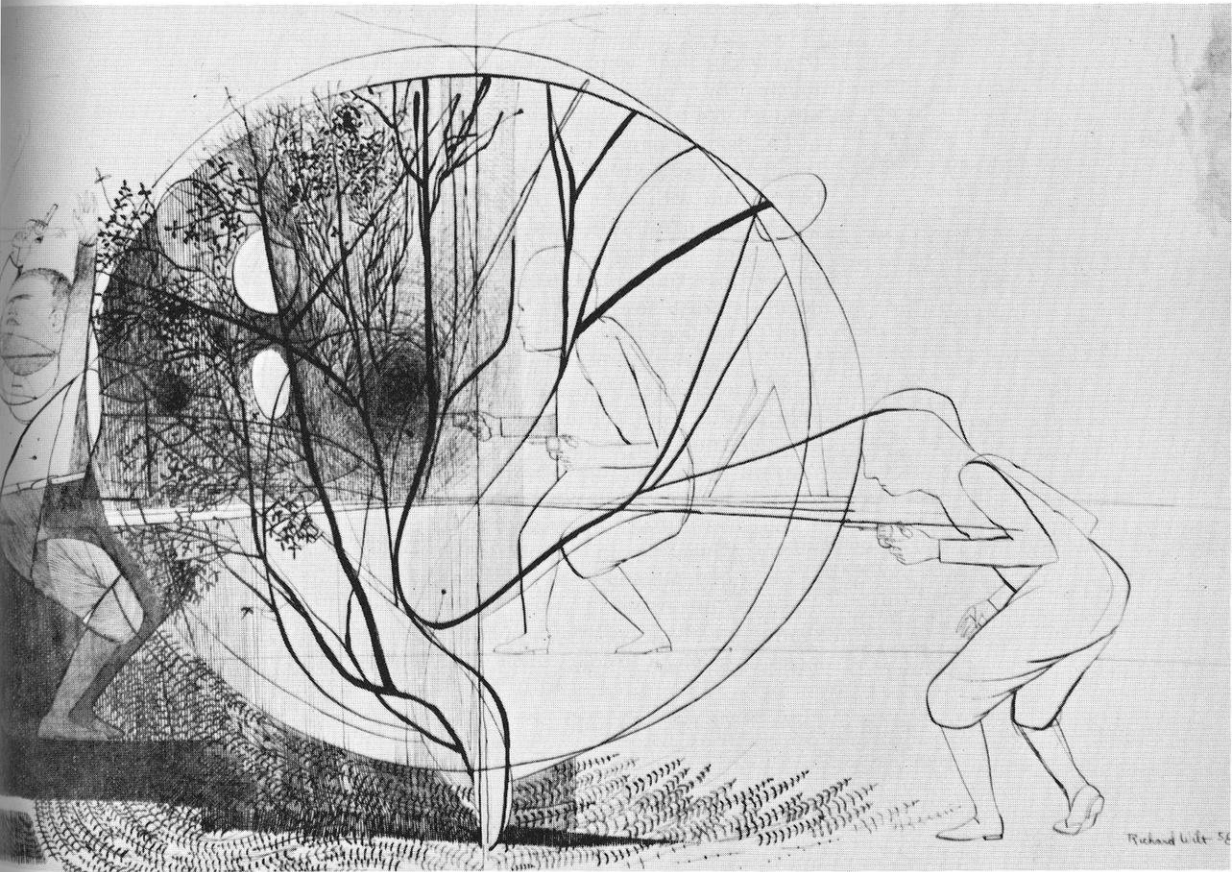
A POEM TO TELL THE TIME BY

Last night you packed and left home.
I would guess you are almost twenty.
You take your seat on this train at Albany
and share your sandwich with me at Buffalo.
A journey makes fathers and sons of strangers.
So I will tell you how I lost everything.

At sixteen I pitched straw in my father's barn,
under its wishbone windows pointing to heaven.
The black bull hunched like a fallen priest,
the congregation of grass leaned after him,
whitening toward winter and turning to hay.
My grandmother was kind to Indians.
She met a wolf in the fields and prayed.
Where two dogs rolled one night, the parched corn
stood up for joy. Where my father's plough
skirted a headstone like a buoy
I heard the running sleep of a stone man.

The next year I packed and left.
Like a cavity in my tooth, the city throbbed.
For thirty years I painted its heart white,
courting it from scaffolds with colors and cries,
licking its bridges silver, its offices gold.
Now I am black as the air I breathe.

On hundreds of screens, in eyeballs turning to metal,
cowboys and Indians settle an old score.
I stride into Woolworth's and purchase a pistol.
From my window I can shoot the new leaves
off the tree of heaven. Each night I kneel
in sleep to spigots and boilers and hear
the slow leak in my heart. By the ocean
a child frayed as a dishrag taps my knee.
What time do they turn off the water?
Each night I shoot the black bull
who knows the way home and won't tell.



Etching by Richard Wilt

Riding with you, I am almost twenty.
I am riding to meet my father.
Now I am lifting the blinds in terror.
The freight cars have bedded down in poppy fields.
Nothing is left of Pittsburgh but angels
haloed in helmets, lighting their torches.

They have taken over the smokestacks.
They are washing the water clean.
In my daughter's house there are many rooms
whiter than flour. So I went to the suburbs.
Someone had taken the trees away.
New houses popped up like remarkable toys.
People bought sconces and spindles, precious with age
in an age where nothing was old.
They have declared death obsolete.
So I found my solace in vivid machines.
I made snow in one and rode the grass short with another.

The new children, taller and clipped like lambs
built aluminum playrooms on the stumps of trees.
In camp they made tepees and saw, at the City Museum,
Indian shards and a petrified man,
one hand still shading his eyes from the new sun.
He slept through air-raids, corals, the grief of birds.

If only our lives were as whole as his death,
touched by the skilled hands of the rain to a star.
Through his hair, bees comb their mysterious honey.
In his head poems sharpen their smoky crystals.
Did butterflies light on his hands like rings?
Did he run with deer in the broken light of morning?
Did his thoughts stop dead in their tracks
like insects in amber, a fresco of buffaloes
friezing his skull? Are his veins diamonds,
does a starfish sleep in his navel, do shells
hum in his ears pierced by the snouts of worms?

There are children whose prayers are stamped by machine,
and there is you. You are almost twenty.
All their comforts you have left behind.
You are going into the cities, you carry your birth
like a hand grenade in your smile.
If you keep a plan for revolt tucked
in your knapsack, under your tongue, your heart,
be as hard and gentle as this man's death.
I see you in prison, in parks, in love,
sharing your last crust with policemen and swans.
Make us a place to love, make us a new earth.

Notes and Discussion



IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THESE THING,
I MIGHT HAVE LIVE OUT MY LIFE TALK-
ING AT STREET CORNERS TO SCORN-
ING MEN. I MIGHT HAVE DIE, UN-
MARKED, UNKNOWN A FAILURE. NOW
WE ARE NOT A FAILURE. THIS IS OUR
CAREER AND OUR TRIUMPH. NEVER IN
OUR FULL LIFE COULD WE HOPE TO
DO SUCH WORK FOR TOLERANCE, FOR
JOOSTICE, FOR MAN'S ONDERSTANDING
OF MAN AS NOW WE DO BY ACCIDENT.
OUR WORDS - OUR LIVES - OUR PAINS
NOTHING! THE TAKING OF OUR LIVES -
LIVES OF A GOOD SHOEMAKER AND A
POOR FISH PEDDLER - ALL! THAT LAST
MOMENT BELONGS TO US - THAT
AGONY IS OUR TRIUMPH.

LOOKING FOR THE THIRD WORLD: THEATRE REPORT FROM ENGLAND

by James Rosenberg

According to the old proverb, "The grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard," and this holds true in the world of theatre as it does in the larger world beyond the green room, so that Britain, for example, always conjures up in the minds of American theatregoers a sort of great roll call (accompanied by Shakespearean fanfares) of the mighty among living actors, actresses, playwrights, and directors: Olivier, Gielgud, Brook, Hall, Pinter, Arden, Finney, Scofield, O'Toole, Osborne, Richardson, Redgrave — what! will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?

It is therefore first and foremost something of a letdown to an American theatre-lover with British stars in his eyes to come over here and realize that the quality of day-to-day theatre in Britain, like the quality of day-to-day life, is not much different from that back home — except, if anything, a bit shabbier. The West End is mainly Broadway writ a little less garish, the same musicals and comedies, only here housed in somewhat larger, draftier, more Victorian theatre structures. As for the "experimental" type of theatre — well, you can scarcely talk to a British theatre person for five minutes without his eagerly demanding news of Off-Broadway and the "young American playwrights." And when, after a few seconds of frantically racking your mind, you ask him **which** young American playwrights he is interested in, he is as likely as not to mumble something about Albee, Miller and Williams and "the people who write for La Mama."

438 Although they really have almost no evidence to go on, most British theatregoers are convinced that America is where the real action is, and will not be stayed by dismal accounts of the amateurish awfulness and general incompetence of much that passes for "experimental theatre" in and around Greenwich Village; in the same way, Americans tend rather naively to identify London theatre exclusively with new and amazing experiments by Brook and Marowitz and the Royal Court crowd, with Pinter's *HOME COMING* and Antonioni's *BLOW UP* and Peter Watkins' *THE WAR GAME*, sublimely indifferent to the fact that these phenomena are, even as in New York, the exceptions that prove the rule.

Yet there is a difference between going to theatre in England and in America, real though subtle, and it has little to do with qualitatively technical comparisons of performances and productions. It has something to do with the architecture of the theatre buildings I mentioned earlier, those rambling, ornate, Victorian mansions which are virtual warrens of bars, restaurants, foyers, lounges, etc. These are not just show-shops, but places where you can, and do, go to spend a long, leisurely evening of dining, drinking, socializing, and philosophizing; there is something spacious and old-fashioned about it, a touch of Dr. Johnson's 18th Century, perhaps, as opposed to the cold glitter and glamor and hustle of Broadway, and of its imitators in the provinces. It has also to do, very simply, I suspect, with the scale of ticket prices; when you hang up your ticket prices in the box-office, you make a most profound and revealing statement as to your concept of what theatre is, and who it is for, and British theatres still announce that, all the modern pressures to the contrary, they regard the institution of the theatre as a necessity rather than a luxury. Even allowing for the shocking disparity between the general economic standards of the two nations, an American cannot but be stunned by the fact that you can get the best seats in the best theatres in England for, usually, under three dollars; that quite good tickets at, say, Stratford or the National Theatre are available for well under two dollars; and that students and the working classes who are willing to sit up in the balconies can usually obtain tickets for little more than the price of a hot dog and a cup of coffee. This is not to say that the British theatre is much more successful than the American in attracting a truly broad-based, popular audience; but the reasons for this lie not

in the simple brutalities of dollars and cents, but in the — to an American — far more subtle and invisible, but evidently, to the British, equally powerful concept of “class.” The horny-handed American laborers don’t go to the so-called “legitimate” (“fine word — legitimate!” as Edmund says) theatre because they simply cannot afford it, period (plus the fact that the theatre has yet to offer them any convincing reason why they should desert their TV set, and their occasional Saturday night movie, in its favor). Over here, they can afford it, but don’t go because, somehow, it’s just “not done” by the working class; but the sense of class distinction is breaking down rapidly, and even today the typical West End audience presents a far wider social spectrum than the middle-aged, expense-account group of fat cats who constitute about ninety-nine per cent of the typical Broadway audience.

As for the companies and the productions themselves, the mainstream of British theatre is dominated by two big permanent companies, the Royal Shakespeare, which is actually two companies, one based in Stratford and specializing in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, the other at the Aldwych Theatre in London and specializing mainly in modern work; and the National Theatre, headed by Laurence Olivier and Kenneth Tynan, and based at the Old Vic Theatre on the South Bank. I suppose, in a way, the most prestigious of the two is the National, although both are rather short of “big names” these days. Once you drop down from Olivier, who appears only infrequently either as actor (in *DANCE OF DEATH*) or director (he is listed as “co-director” of *LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST*), and his wife, Joan Plowright, star of one of the National’s disasters, *THE ADVERTISEMENT*, you come to such names as Robert Stephens, Robert Lang, John Stride, Geraldine McEwan, Edward Petherbridge — solid and competent performers all, yet none of them calculated to send a thrill of international recognition through American bosoms. The company’s No. 1 director is Frank Dunlop, of whom much the same can be said. The Royal Shakespeare is pretty much an echoing gallery of great ghosts of the past — Gielgud, Ashcroft, Scofield, Brook, Hall — who have drifted away to freelance in greener fields, although they can occasionally be coaxed back for single-shot returns, either at the RSC itself or, sometimes, at the rival National; Peter Hall, for example, recently resigned as major-domo of the RSC, but his production of Albee’s *A DELICATE BALANCE* is currently on view at the RSC’s Aldwych outpost, while one of the sensations of last year’s National Theatre season was Peter Brook’s version of Seneca’s *OEDIPUS*, starring Gielgud and Irene Worth. Gielgud more and more divides his time between acting and directing; he is now directing and co-starring in Alan Bennett’s *FORTY YEARS ON*, a sort of extended *BEYOND THE FRINGE* sketch by one of the original four Fringers. Scofield, gloomy and enigmatic, recently closed in John Osborne’s *HOTEL IN AMSTERDAM*, a brilliant sort of cameo performance which was nevertheless quite a step down from *LEAR*, and he and Brook have now gone off to the chilly coasts of Sweden to make a film version of their now-famous *KING LEAR*. O’Toole and Finney are both visible in London at the moment on the cinema screens, O’Toole in *LION IN WINTER*, Finney in *CHARLIE BUBBLES*, but both, lured by who knows what demons of riches, seem to have virtually abjured the stage. Ralph Richardson is temporarily in town in a posthumous embarrassment by Joe Orton called *WHAT THE BUTLER SAW*, while Guinness recently closed in his own revival, twenty years after (shades of Dumas!), of *THE COCKTAIL PARTY*. As for Redgrave, he seems to have resigned in favor of his seemingly innumerable children, who at times threaten (along with John Mills’ children) to take over the British theatre completely.

Of the two major companies, I have seen more of the work of the RSC, since Stratford is, after all, only about twenty miles from where I am living in Birmingham (although that is rather farther than it may seem by American standards, since one must allow for the 1920-ish quality of British highways, which turns every motor trip into a chase sequence from *BONNIE AND CLYDE*. When Peter Hall resigned a year or two ago, he was replaced by his then-assistant, Trevor Nunn, a *wunderkind* who is still on the sunny side of thirty — as Hall was when he took over — and, to my mind, the most interesting of the new crop of British directors. For one thing, Nunn seems to me

to be truly a novelty, for, in a theatre world where nearly every director can be traced back to Stanislavsky or Brecht or Artaud (or perhaps all three), Nunn appears to come from an entirely different world, and one pretty much overlooked in modern theatre practice, that of Reinhardt — and, through him, Craig and Appia. Nunn's productions, in other words, are not just intellectual puzzles and/or moral tracts (which is not to say that they are lacking in either of these qualities), they are also feasts for the eye and ear as well, great splashing acknowledgments that the theatre appeals not only to the mind and the spirit but also, and most directly, to the senses. I have rarely, if ever, seen such beautifully lit, sumptuously costumed, brilliantly choreographed productions as at Stratford this past year, and, while some strait-laced critics of the old school may "tsk! tsk!" at all this foolishness and frippery, I must confess that, in a world of theatre where plays seem to be getting more and more dry and spare and self-pitying and bitter (cf. Osborne's *HOTEL IN AMSTERDAM*), this kind of sumptuousness and *panache* comes like a delightful blast of fresh air. I know I shall not soon forget the opening of Nunn's *KING LEAR*, with its drumrolls, trumpet-calls, flaming torches, chanting, and Lear being borne in within a huge, portable pavilion, like some ancient idol out of a civilization that seemed as much Aztec or Babylonian as it did Celtic, which was undoubtedly all wrong, in one sense, but in another sense terribly right, for it placed the play where it really belongs, not in the world of prehistoric Britain, or even of Shakespear's time, for that matter, but in the world of fairy-tale and myth and pure theatre. That the rest of the play, after this opening sequence, was pretty much of a letdown, was not altogether the fault of the director, but part of the current story of the RSC, which is that, with a sort of wholesale abdication by the great names having taken place, it is essentially a young and inexperienced company, most notably lacking in the elder actors of the Olivier and Gielgud stature, so that the major tragedies at the moment lie outside its scope. Its *Lear* was an actor named Eric Porter (who also essayed *Dr. Faustus*), and, while he is an actor with an interestingly dry, harsh, very narrow sort of range, he is certainly not at the moment quite up to the demands of roles like this. I intend no undue flippancy when I say that he played *Faustus* like a born *Malvolio*, and that his *Lear*, got up in bald pate, wispy beard, putty nose and white nightgown, resembled, in voice and stature as well, a cross between *Father Christmas* and *Justice Shallow*; the creaky, querulous irritability of old age was there, all right, but little if any of the great blasted oak on the heath, the "authority" that Kent claimed to have seen in his visage. On the other hand, this was the first time I ever found myself believing in, or even interested in, *Edgar*, with a most promising young actor named Alan Howard delineating the progress from a kind of doltish naivete through a feigned madness to a shrewd and hard-won maturity in a way that made the play, for me, far more the story of *Edgar* than it was of *Lear* or *Gloucester*. (To give some idea of the flexibility of some of the younger members of this company, Howard also played the comic *Benedick* in *MUCH ADO* and a ragingly homosexual *Achilles* in *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA* with equal skill.)

THE FAUSTUS, directed by one of the RSC's numerous visiting firemen, Clifford Williams, was rather a mistake, I thought, its main feature being a Helen of Troy who strolled about the stage clad only in body makeup and vaseline, but Eric Porter's *Dr. Faust* seemed as sniffily disapproving of this as of all the other visions in the play; and why not, since who can be truly moved by a stage full of hopping, creeping, masked and costumed *Mardi Gras* grotesques representing allegories of evil, in a world where the daily headlines scream of real evil in Biafra and Viet Nam and Prague and Chicago and Harlem? That Marlowe's fragment is structurally pretty badly flawed is by now a commonplace among critics, which means that it is up to the director to do something about it, and nothing of this sort was attempted in this production; it also helps for *Faustus* to have a "mighty opposite," and Terence Hardiman's *Mephistopheles*, gotten up in monk's habit, was so dull and bland and ordinary as to fade into the scenery most of the time. I suppose the idea was to avoid the melodramatic and operatic cliché of the bearded and horned villain clad in red tights, and perhaps to illustrate what Hannah Arendt has called "the banality of evil," but this is one of those

intellectual conceits which often does not survive translation into the flesh and blood of the theatre, and what it emerged as here was merely an illustration of the banality of the banal.

If DR. FAUSTUS was ultimately a bore, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA could scarcely be called dull — although it has been called just about everything else — and those who saw it are not apt to quickly forget it. I count myself among its minority of admirers, only because it seems to me that the director — John Barton, in this case — fully accepted the implications of monstrousness, ugliness, and incompatibility in the text, whereas most directors, in dealing with this most intractable of plays, strive either to avoid or to reconcile them. I don't think I have ever seen such a successful manifestation of what I take to be Shakespeare's central thesis, that man's sexual and warlike natures are inextricably intertwined, both of them representing savage distortions of whatever is good in the human condition, and both of them ultimately lying beyond the reach of rational analysis. The result was scarcely a pleasant or comforting evening in the theatre, but it was in many ways an indelible one, and I am not put off by the fact that a large part of the box office support for this (in every sense of the word) queer production came from that segment of the population which has flocked to plays like ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE and THE STAIRCASE and THE BOYS IN THE BAND. It is well perhaps to be reminded that Shakespeare is not always square, dull, and a Classic, and that modern writers are breaking no new ground in portraying some of the great heroes of history as raging homosexuals and perverts in their private life. Here we have a sort of God's plenty of the world of the Marquis de Sade and Sacher-Masoch: a screaming faggot of an Achilles, in blonde wig and "drag" (and yet, curiously, in Alan Howard's portrayal, not altogether the grotesque caricature such a description might suggest); male warriors, both Greek and Trojan, parading about stripped down to G-strings; a Cressida who flits from romantic naïveté to flaunting sluttishness, with no attempt to explain or to mediate between the disparities; a Thersites (by Norman Rodway, the Edmund of LEAR and the Don Pedro of MUCH ADO) whose emphasis is on ugliness rather than comedy; and a brilliantly-realized Pandarus (by David Waller, a stolid Kent in LEAR and a disappointingly unfunny Dogberry in MUCH ADO, but here so marvelously "right" as to silence all criticism).

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Finally, though, the triumph of the Stratford season was, for me, their MUCH ADO, never one of my favorite plays, but here — in a gorgeously articulated and almost seamless production — adding up to that rarest of commodities on the current market: joy. I had never realized, until seeing this production, that the transition of Beatrice and Benedick from the adolescent world of kidding and badinage to the adult acceptance of the deathly seriousness of the Claudio-Hero plot could be, not just credible, but somehow moving, nor am I put off by those veteran Stratfordites who lament that Janet Suzman and Alan Howard fall pitifully short of the great days of Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft. I have a hunch that these same people will, in ten or twenty years, be complaining that MUCH ADO has lost much of the sparkle it had back in '68, in the great days of Dame Janet and Sir Alan! The ultimate triumph of this production, however, is that it in no way depends on individual performers or performances but is, in every sense of the word, a total vindication of that much-misused term, "ensemble acting," and in a way which is not true of any of the other RSC productions, so that what is often in danger of seeming like a rather silly and ill-constructed plot suddenly comes together to make perfect sense and to offer us a coherent, complete, and somehow tender view of the human condition. And what more, after all, can one ask? It may not be the greatest art, but it is so perfect of its kind as to make criticism sound like super-sophisticated carping.

As for the National, the most interesting of their productions which I saw was their EDWARD II (Brecht, not the Marlowe), although their most prestigious success has undoubtedly been ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN. While this is clearly the most internationally successful British play since THE HOMECOMING — and each re-viewing of it increases my respect for it, and my feeling that there is something

more than just a kind of undergraduate cleverness and slickness to it — I must say that the impact of the National's now-famous production was a bit blurred for me as a result of having earlier in the Summer seen a German production of it in Frankfurt — one which was quite different from the British one (and presumably less "authentic," since rumor has it that the author himself did much of the directing of the National's version), but one which struck me, in its gorgeousness and austerity, its odd wedding of the Brechtian chronicle to the Strindberg dream-play, as much more haunting and evocative than the more traditional British approach.

The EDWARD II, though, was more "Germanic" and Brechtian than Brecht himself, with a number of truly eye-opening novelties and innovations. The Edward — John Stride, the Rosencrantz of R. AND G. — was a tough little bulldog of a man, with no trace of effeminacy whatever in his bearing, and yet quite frankly and overtly homosexual. Gaveston was played as a muscular, red-haired Irish broth of a lad, a sort of combination of Christy Mahon and a Santa Monica beach-boy, yet when these two rather rugged virile types were reunited after a long separation Edward embraced Gaveston passionately and kissed him, long and lingeringly, full on the mouth. Similarly, in his final rejection of the Queen, Edward walks deliberately up to her and spits in her face — not once, but quite slowly, three times. When the rebellion is put down, the victorious soldiers haul in the horrifying realistic mangled remnants of the limbs and torsos of their defeated victims and leave them hanging about the lighted stage during the intermission. The Queen's decline into maudering drunkenness and nymphomania is portrayed in a way which leaves little to the imagination, while Mortimer is here not a glamorous villain, but a rather fussy, pedantic, balding scholar, happiest among his books, in looks and manner rather like a suburban bank-manager, but with an un-managerial propensity for brooding and melancholy. It is a very long play — although Brecht did a lot of pruning of Marlowe's chronological untidiness, he winds up with as lengthy a script as the original — and not without its *longeurs*, particularly in the first half, but it develops a very real "build," indeed, as the evening wears on, and the final result is a powerful one.

HOME AND BEAUTY, a bit of Maugham trivia, has been roundly slated by the critics, who have wondered publicly why the National chose to resurrect Maugham, of all people, and why, of all possible Maugham plays, this one? But even HOME AND BEAUTY was not treated quite as savagely as Natalie Guinzberg's THE ADVERTISEMENT, reputedly offered solely as a vehicle for Joan Plowright (who had recently complained of the dearth of big parts for women in the modern theatre). Irving Wardle, the critic of the TIMES, damned the National's presentation of THE ADVERTISEMENT as "a disgrace," and, while none of the others went quite that far, the "thumbs down" verdict on it was very nearly unanimous. As for its most recent play, Charles Wood's "H," opinions have been rather mixed. What with the Royal Court taking up Edward Bond as its post-Osborne "house playwright," with three of his plays currently in repertory there, the suspicion is that the National may have selected Wood as its entrant in this undeclared war of the theatres. If so, the odds at the moment would appear to be heavily in favor of Bond, although the fact remains that the RSC's own built-in "house playwright" still leaves them both pretty well in the shade.

Apart from the two big companies and the Royal Court, struggling to redefine itself somehow after the great Osborne-George Devine-Bill Gaskill days of the late 50's and early 60's, London theatre is rather predictable and, as I suggested earlier, not much different from Broadway. London's version of Off- and Off-Off-Broadway — more dispersed and less insistent than Greenwich Village — lies in such places as the Round House (actually, a refurbished railroad round house), where Tony Richardson is currently presenting Nicoll Williamson as Hamlet and where earlier in the season John Arden's THE HERO RISES UP briefly befuddled, titillated, and irritated the critics and the public; the Ambience, specializing in Americans, such as Ed Bullins and Ed Berman; and the Open Space, in Tottenham Court Road, presided over by yet another American abroad, Charles Marowitz.

Actually, for me, theatre in Britain this year has been defined by two polar events — one, a long-running television serial on BBC; the other, a small student drama festival here in Birmingham. The serial, one of the biggest successes in the history of the TV industry in this country, was a 26-part dramatization of Galsworthy's THE FORSYTE SAGA, which sent sales of the Forsyte novels soaring to peaks Galsworthy could scarcely have dreamed of in his lifetime, influenced women's fashions, dominated cocktail-party conversations, made the reputations of a number of the actors (chief among them, Eric Porter, the RSC's Lear and Faustus), and kept millions of British telly viewers, including me, glued to the set every Sunday night for six months. What was the extraordinary hold which this serial had upon many minds — many of which were, like mine, undoubtedly perfectly well aware of the fact, at some level of the rationalizing intellect, that this was little more than serious, well-bred junk, that form of pseudo-art which the Germans call "kitsch." THE FORSYTE SAGA, for all its pretensions to artistic importance, was basically a very well-done soap opera; in literary terms, one had only to glance at Dostoyevsky or Balzac or Tolstoy, and then back to Galsworthy's Forsyte novels, to give the game away. Undoubtedly much of the appeal of the series was to a kind of bourgeois nostalgia; certainly, I found myself completely at home emotionally and intellectually, able to relax completely into the unisistent flow of the endless narrative with no sense of strain whatever, confident that no line, no camera shot, no twist of the plot would surprise or violate my built-in pattern of expectations. Yet there must have been more to be said of THE FORSYTE SAGA than this (I kept telling myself), and the question remained: What was it? And, now that the 26th episode has finally passed into history, I have come to the conclusion that the SAGA (revealingly pretentious word!) offered something more than the merely comfortable confirmation of middle-class cliches. It offered the marvelously heartening view of a serious task being done seriously and well, the ability to see skilled, talented, well-trained professionals performing at a level of high craftsmanship — what relief from the "barbaric yawp" of most so-called "experimental" groups, with their hysterical arrogance and slapdash slop, covering (but not concealing) their basic intellectual laziness and sheer technical incompetence. And it offered something very hard to find anywhere in modern literature or modern theatre — the rich, dense, thick-textured quality of the 19th Century novel, the sense of having lived, not just in, but through time, of having been involved, deeply involved, in other human existences and destinies; in the SAGA, people are born, grow up, marry, age, die; one is aware of the full scope of life; one is also aware of how much modern writers, with their fragmentary and bitty scenes and glimpses, have cheated us of this kind of artistic satisfaction.

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Yet, finally, one must reject THE FORSYTE SAGA; clearly it offers no workable answer to the problems, either of the theatre or of the world. It is, at best, a respite from the confusion and hurly-burly of the contemporary; at worst, a snare and a delusion. There is no more point in our theatre continuing to turn out FORSYTE SAGAS than there is in our factories continuing to produce 1920 model automobiles and airplanes.

At the other pole lies the International Student Drama Festival which took place (to put it as mildly as possible) here in Birmingham in February. For this week-long event, student drama groups from all over Great Britain and the Continent were invited to come and display their wares. What emerged was certainly one of the major uproars and scandals of the year, with a group of wild-eyed anarchists from the University of Cologne erupting in a sort of "Happening" which culminated in their stripping naked, pouring paint over themselves (and the auditorium), tearing raw fish apart with their teeth, beating a mannequin to death with sticks, etc. They were followed by a Swiss group who performed ritual flagellations and mimed sexual intercourse (both hetero- and homo-), quite explicitly, in and among the audience, for about three hours. (Interestingly enough, it was the nudity of the German students which provoked 99% of the furore, not the paint damage to the auditorium or the more disturbing aspects of the Swiss performance.) The upshot of all this was the eventual cancellation of the Festival, a flood of outraged "Letters to the Editor," an investigation

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by the University Board of Regents, etc., all of it adding up to what I only can describe as a "square backlash," analogous to the "white backlash" and carrying many of the same connotations. Actually, the "square backlash" against protesting students has already built up considerable power here in Britain and threatens not only to curb the more idiotic excesses of student activism but also, alas, to squelch all the positive and creative forces in the student movement. And yet I must confess, as one of the middle-aged minority who has, nevertheless, for long lent his active sympathy to the black, the poor, and the young, I find myself today far more emotionally responsive to the "backlash" than I would ever have thought possible a year or two ago. And I can't help reflecting that performances such as the Cologne "Happening" would — at any other time and in any other society — quite properly have been identified as psychotic behavior, and treated accordingly. Yet the temptation to dismiss such performances quite so comfortably cannot be given in to. There is something of much deeper importance going on here — a questioning, not just of certain artistic forms and formulas, as with Ibsen and Shaw — but of the very foundations of theatre, and, by extension, of society, itself. And those of us in the Establishment, whether of theatre or of society, have for too long now tried to brush these questions aside as irrelevant. They are, on the contrary, profoundly relevant, and we must either find good answers to them or go under the wave of the New Barbarianism. Undoubtedly, there is much dead wood that needs to be swept away, although when I pause to reflect that these naked, screaming barbarians would destroy, not only the dead bourgeois commodity theatre of the past couple of centuries, but also Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Moliere, Chekhov, Brecht (yes, even he has become old-hat!) — then, as one of those old-fashioned squares who still has some roots in a viable past, I can only say, "Stop. Thus far, and no further." On the other hand, though, I must confess that, if I were offered the choice between the brutish reversions of Cologne and the placid clichés of THE FORSYTE SAGA, I would unhesitatingly choose Cologne, for — curiously enough — for all their violence and destructiveness and nihilism, they are, in an odd but important way, on the side of life, while the Forsytes, in all their dullness and comfort, are on the side of death (both socially and artistically), and, as long as I am moving about and drawing breath, there is really only one side I can be on. Quite clearly, however, my hope is that this is not the sole choice offered to me, that there are other than these two extreme alternatives to choose from. Surely there must be, for the theatre as well as for society, a "third world" lying somewhere in that vast territory between Cologne and Galsworthy. I believe I have caught some glimpses of it, in performances by a group of Swedish students at the Festival, who, without resorting to nudity, obscenity, or destruction, nevertheless, with wit, vitality, and intelligence, presented a potent challenge to established forms and ideas both on and off the stage (and every word in Swedish!). I would travel far to see them again. I caught glimpses of it at the Edinburgh Festival last Summer, in Frankfurt's ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN, in fleeting moments at Stratford and in London, now and then on the cinema screen, and even, once in a while, on TV! But they remain glimpses, fragments, moments. The task is to build them into coherence and permanence.

I am convinced that the future — if there is to be a viable future, either for the theatre as a form of action, or for the whole human experiment *per se* — lies somewhere in this kind of "third world." It is already being actively pursued in the large arena of politics and government, but the search is much the same, and just as real, in the smaller cockpit of the theatre.

In the more alive and exciting centers of theatrical activity on both sides of the Atlantic, this is the search that I see going on, and that I think will continue, on the part of those of us who still believe that there is a future for man in the theatre, for the remaining decades of our lives.

VANGUARDS OF THE UNDERDEVELOPED WORLD — I

by Geraldo Sobral

Parricidism: The Demolition of Literary Social Climbing

"The *parricidal* attitude is the only possible attitude for the new and authentic generations who would demolish myths, dogmas, and taboos: an insurrection on all levels," writes the young Ecuadorian poet Alejandro Moreano, in justifying the new aggressiveness of young intellectuals against the Establishment. An aggressiveness, the poet explains, on the part of "a more conscious younger generation, which does not hide behind its extreme youthfulness to justify its anarchy and its protest, in order to win thereby, as a necessary corollary, applause for its parricidal irresponsibility."

Like the transitional vanguard of the U.S. "Mimeograph Revolution" (see THE TIMES, London, Aug. 6, 1964), although in a different socio-economic context, the parricide movement is aimed at those intellectuals who prostitute themselves to gain social position: an embassy, a ministry, a consulate, or lesser official posts. Their criticism is even more devastating, in its unwillingness to trust poets and writers themselves to quit competing for official honors. Indeed, it is based on condemnation of the social, political, and economic structures of Ecuador, just the reverse of the Platonic appeal made by Kirby Congdon to his non-competitive poets.

The Golden Age

The view that "rare indeed is the land in which a poet can be named Minister of Foreign Affairs" (the words with which Dora Isella Russell saluted Ecuador on the occasion of Carrera Andrade's appointment to a high diplomatic post) is beginning to be exposed by the youth constituting the parricide movement, whose central nucleus is the so-called *Tzantzicos* group.

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Condemning the degradation of literature and art, converted into luxurious diversions for the elites, the supreme model of which was perhaps Gonzalo Zaldumbide, in elegant retirement at Pimán, writing his TRAGIC ECLOGUE for the entertainment of the aristocracy, they lay bare the social climbing of Ecuadorian intellectuals. "The majority of our writers, incapable of giving literature a revolutionary sense because of their bourgeois identification, indicated a passive acceptance of class: they were literary social climbers." They reduced art to the degrading business of making a success in life: the realm of courtesy, of good manners, of mutual back-patting. The ruling elites meanwhile smiled and placidly accepted their writers: they were harmless and, since what they wanted was to gain social position, they were allowed to have their fond dreams: the embassy, the ministry, the consulate, and posts in public administration. There was complete confidence in them, and the State's sustaining role as Maecenas was beneficial.

This long period of Ecuadorian cultural history, which extends to our own times, is called the "Golden Age" by the parricides. The behavior of the upper classes in the Golden Age becomes clear: the writer is always someone with whom to exchange ideas, a means of raising the low cultural level of such classes.

The Tzantzicos

It became necessary to repudiate the degradation of the writer's and artist's craft. The young rebels then arose and began a violent attack on the *status quo*, ushering in a new mentality. Disowning the prime-minister poets, the consul-painters, or ambassador-prose writers who proliferate under any regime (dictatorial, military, or

representative-democratic), they challenge the Establishment.

By calling themselves Tzantzicos they reveal their radical intentions: to shrink heads, as the Tzanticos or *Jibaros* Indians of the Upper Amazon actually do. And the small but cohesive group of restless poets, led by Ulises Estrella (writing in the Yankee magazine TRACE, no. 65 (1967), Hugh Fox affirms that "Estrella is also a power there"), Alejandro Moreano, Francisco Proaño, Alfonso Murriagui, Agustín Cueva and other young intellectuals, are unleashing a violent and aggressive movement against the Establishment.

The Tzantzicos have maintained that their attitude is not an abstract defense of an equally abstract dignity but rather the absolute denial of the very conception of art held by the literary Old Guard: a vehicle for winning reputation. Therefore it was necessary to destroy intellectual provinciality and the myth of literary patriotism. To conceive of art as a way of life, one of the Sartrean concerns of living, and to devote oneself to it entirely every moment of one's lifetime. "A poem brings into play the vital totality that is wholly engaged in the transformation of all forms of life, socio-economic circumstances, and the sense that the Tzantzico poet gives to his social condition: that is why it is profoundly subversive."

Tzantzico Happenings

Facing the most diverse obstacles, including police repression, the poets have gone to the streets for what they called "an authentic literature with a popular and revolutionary projection." They did not limit themselves to publishing magazines (PUCANA and INDOAMERICA-65 have appeared) and books. They produced poetry to be read in public places, labor unions, neighborhood organizations, wherever people were concentrated. Or to be brought to the stage, dramatized in search of the climate of contact, of direct communication with the people as spectators and in a certain way also as actors.

It was then a matter of bringing about something similar to the literary cabarets of Germany and also a kind of *happening* with definite political intentions. In these encounters with the people, the poet interprets poetically what is happening in the different spheres of total reality:

Vamos,	Hey,
hay una rebelión	There's a rebellion
en la ventana	At the window

It was a rebellion on the march. The poets went to every part of Quito, they travelled to Guayaquil, held public meetings, promoted poetic agitation wherever possible. Poetry was carried to the people, to those passive Indians and to that immense mass of mestizos, who at times showed some interest. And when it seemed that they would become involved in the happenings, as the Tzantzicos had hoped, police repression followed. Poetry launched in the streets, introduced into labor unions, read to housewives, dramatized in public squares, constituted a monstrous crime for the Establishment, which sought to confine it to its colonial salons. And the poets were made to feel like "America's outcasts" and many fled. Ulises Estrella took refuge for some time in Argentina.

¿Quién se atreve	Who dares
a ponernos muros	To build us walls
que parecen naturales?	That seem natural?

Thus inquired Ulises Estrella in a beautiful poem. Not only did the Establishment dare, but it actually built walls between the poets and their people. It was thus preventing them from joining their own people in the struggle to find — and find they did, in the search — their own voice, free, authentic, and total in a society also total and free.

The Literature of Men

The action of the Tzantzicos was to generate what Alejandro Moreano has called parricidism, that is, the destroying of myths, dogmas, and taboos maintained by the Establishment, to assure a position of insurrection at all levels. And the shrinking of the heads of writers and poets (ornaments of the colonial salons) to their true proportions through the total rejection of their concept of art and literature. Evaluating the socially oriented literature of Ecuador, Alejandro Moreano says that it displays “the contradictions of a false bourgeoisie which refuses its role, that is, to be constructive and dynamic, and favors a defensive attitude.” This kind of literature which “arises from the concept, in Rousseau’s EMILE, of the imminent and universal purity of the human soul (. . .), exalts the conditions in which the rural masses live and their ways of seeing, feeling, and thinking about the world. DON GOYO, by Aguilera Malta, and CHUMBOTE, by José de la Cuadra, are classic examples of such an attitude: a way of looking upon the exploited. However, if rural life is so pure and lovely in contrast with the degradation of the upper strata (. . .) would it not be a crime to bring about the revolution? (. . .) That is why the survivors of such generations, the majority at least, sold out to the dictator next in line or to the military government. They had looked upon literature as a bourgeois activity for getting into society or a political career. Hence our rebellion against their mental structures, against their forms of understanding the world.”

Parricidism claims, then, the task of expressing what is most profound in America, of creating an atmosphere and lines of communication, directed not exclusively to the pseudo-cultured but also, and especially, to the great masses waiting to be liberated. A genuinely rooted literature of men for men who are equally in need of achieving their own genuineness.

That is to say, a permanent position of insurrection on all planes of life.

Translated by Fred Ellison

INTERMEDIA WORKSHOP

by Laurence Warshaw

The dimensions of time and space have now been brought down to earth by the unified efforts of the artist and the engineer. We can recognize the importance of the fourth and fifth dimension as a creative expression of man's mind and environment. We can call this area of time sequence and spatial environment **Intermedia**.

This is a period of time that demands of each person that he enter into a new socio-biological community and attempt to reestablish the physical and spiritual values that have been warped and altered by the industrial commercialization of our society. Our lives are threatened physically and mentally, from the pollution of the air, waters, and landscape to the corruption of the senses by the printed world.

Our tools must be reshaped and created with this awareness. We can no longer deal with a linear rationale; or passive acceptance. We must become **involved** within the changing mechanisms of our time and space. This is a period of electronic communications, turned-on environments and turned-off communities. We now listen to the telephone ear and watch the traffic lights as a sunset on mainstreet. We read the newspapers to find out what is going on in life while we remain programmed to turn pages without comment. We follow the yellow brick road to an Oz of fashion and sing along with the subway trains in the tunnels that shape our minds.

We move along a playland of light, sounds, projections, transparencies, motorized forms and plastics: the total electronic synthesized environment for our total synthesized life.

448 The Intermedia artist is the space man of art news. We cannot allow the sentimental approach of self interest, *ego über alles*, to isolate the contemporary artist any longer. The idea that an artist needs isolation from his community sets his work apart from the interaction of the community of life. The belief in interrelationships to produce a work of art, a collaboration of ideas and purpose must now begin to produce a communal spiritual synthesis in which man can find a creative purpose to develop the full vision of his powers.

We have become saturated with rational critiques about the creative mind, and the quality of art. We are still so innocent that we remain emotionally illiterate. We still relate to historical standards that create cast models to copy and paths to follow. We now know how to make an impressionist painting, a realistic painting, and an abstract painting. Teachers can now dish out these recipes and award the best technician the gold star of talent. We can produce an acceptable art directly from art reproductions. Painting courses continue to support the art school and teachers who no longer seek the challenge of this century. It is time to expand the creative effort and recognize the need for new programs in the arts that will be attuned to the times we live in.

The introduction of science and technology into the Elysian Fields of painting and sculpture has frightened the educators because they fear an art which uses optical instruments, electronics, and a language that has no precedent in their education. The terminology of collaboration is an experiment in itself.

In an art program, the Intermedia artist can open a new vista to the interrelationships of light, sound, film, space and time that involve the luxury of a total vision which can then become an awakening of man's creative mind and a guide.

This new medium involves a greater complexity. The more elementary the medium the

less the involvement. The easel painter will always preserve the historical approach to an art curriculum. The idea that an artist must work alone in his studio is the excuse society creates to isolate his development, and control the status quo.

I have established *The Intermedia Workshop* at New York University's School of Continuing Education because I feel that today's university can serve as a center for total integration of ideas and experimentation. The university can once again become a leader in shaping the expansion of the future and providing a fielding ground for new ideas and concepts. A school of continuing education can best serve its community for it is open to the public and only a registration fee is required — a university without walls. The tools for our workshop are tape recorders, speakers, projectors, cameras, etc. At the time I approached NYU we had only one tape recorder. We spent three months writing to over four hundred industries discussing our new approach, this new term intermedia. One company sent us a one hundred amp. six volt transformer, and several switch companies sent us a tremendous assortment of switch mechanisms, from a photocell to a program computer.

Within the workshop I set out to form an all star team. Steve Bartok and Ted Wolf, both engineers who had previously collaborated with artists, worked with me to set up the technical side of our program. I had met Steve through Experiments in Art and Technology (EAT) about two years ago and we collaborated on a project for Intermedia '68 at the Brooklyn Academy for Carolee Schenemann's kinetic dance group. Ted had worked with Max Neuhaus, the musician, and we met at the Park Place gallery one evening when Max was putting on an event.

Marilyn Reiss worked in a professional sound studio at the time we met and spent long hours working on tapes while she taught me the media of tape decks, amplifiers and speakers. Bob Fiala collaborated with me in the development of exciting techniques in cinemagraphics, animation in film. We used Bolex Super 8 cameras in experimental macrophotography and polarized light. We later set up an entire animation program for film, and a small sound studio for tape recording and editing. Bob Demchuck and I became carpenters and built projection tables and screens, and used old doors for work tables. Kodak Corp. loaned us carousels, cameras and projectors. I spent a good part of that summer speaking to artists who worked with light and set designers. I had been involved with kinetic light sculpture for the last two years and now I wanted to explore how methods of light can be used as a creative medium. General Electric Corp. and Sylvania Corp. gave us lectures and materials. Throughout the summer months we met and discussed the philosophy of what we wanted to achieve, and where to begin. We had started a school unto itself.

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During this past year the Intermedia Workshop had a registration of over seventy five students. Because the workshop is open to the public and no technical background is required we have had a varied membership of artists, engineers, undergraduates from other universities, educators, and individuals who worked with media in industry. We worked in the studio, and took trips to centers of media: from a professional recording studio to a demonstration of the Moog synthesiser. Each week during a four hour session we worked with the technology and the projects of light, sound, film, environments. Ted, Steve, and Bob worked with small groups helping them to understand the technological problems of basic wiring, and instruction. Members of the workshop worked with tape recorders and tape cassettes.

One project involved learning how to document the city as a sound environment. One group went to South Ferry, another to Times Square, another to Greenwich Village. They went out with tape cassettes and recorded traffic sounds, people in the street, subway trains, bars, the water front, a ferry boat. Later back in the studio we transcribed these sounds onto tape recorders and thus began one environmental project.

With the Agastat programmer we set up an environment and could move the sounds from speaker to speaker anywhere from a quarter of a second to a ten minute sequence.

We turned the lights out and listened to the sound and space interact with an intimacy that was completely fresh. The time factor of these sounds moving in a room while we moved or remained stationary, as well as the changing program that we worked with provided a tremendous experience. We discussed how to mix sound, qualities of tape recorders, amplifiers, speakers, provided time for the technical instruction and then let the creative ideas develop. Students created tapes ranging from mixed collage of sound to synthesized music. Many individuals had no background in the basic wiring of speakers, or in the editing of tape. It became important to know all about the functioning of a three head tape deck, and how to create an echo effect. We tried to set a problem rather than explain a technological entity. You can show a person a timing device or a sophisticated programmer, but unless there is a need to use the equipment it becomes a factor of linear knowledge rather than a discovery. We spent one session composing an exercise for ten speakers set in different parts of the room, each next to a listener. We attempted to fly sound from the front of the room to the rear, in a circular random pattern, changing the time sequence anywhere from one quarter of a second to a maximum of ten minutes. The sound became a force in itself. Like a sea that encompassed the total environment we sensed this to be a force unlike any in our past experience. It was a communal emotional adventure, transforming a painting studio into a spatial environment.

450 We began the section on film techniques with an environment based on the morality play EVERYMAN, using the city as the contemporary setting. I thought this would be an effective approach because it allowed each individual to seek out his own meaning of the dramatic symbolization of Death, Goodness, Kindness, Mortality, etc. Each student was asked to keep an idea book of visual terms. I was not looking for meaning, but the means for the individual to communicate with himself. We were finished with the word game. Words conveyed no definitions, only movements. (Emmett Williams, the poet, once painted words on a group of fish in a tank, so they could create their own poetry without stopping.) Where was Everyman in Vogue magazine? Did you see Kindness and Good Deeds in the Subway? Finally we broke through the vision barrier of taking this city for granted. This EVERYMAN allegory was a means of making the city a working reality. Visual questions became important. To what degree can abstract and realistic concepts be visually delineated? What sound forms would be needed?

We filmed basically within the studio. Each student had to bring in photographs, and pictures that created for him the City of Everyman. Animation techniques and experimental projections were combined with film and sound. We set out to deal with questions of perception which led to experimentation with multiple projections on dimensional objects and color. Adolph Karfunkle, president of Chem Optics came to demonstrate how he created his optics and discussed his collaboration with artists. Karfunkle is a genius with a twinkle in his eye.

Even in the restricted set up of a painting studio loaded with easels, students would bring in plastics and with the tools Black and Decker gave us, we built light boxes and worked light as an environment tool. Edward Kook, a Broadway lighting designer gave me the best advice. "Make them see a sunset and watch it for at least an hour. This is where light environments begin, and never forget it." Kook's advice was very pertinent. This was the first environment that man had to face. Why was it that looking at a fire or watching the ocean gave so many people a deep sense of peace. Why did a strobe sometimes bring out epileptic fits in certain individuals? Between the two extremes of the fire and the strobe, how could we use light as it reached the eye to control the time of day, the emotions we wanted to achieve? Build a wall of light! Build a fountain that would sing as you approached it! The art and technology of light design are still to be discovered and created for the environment

of a city. Ronald Globus, a director of the new Museum of Media loaned us electronic equipment such as a photocell oscillator that would pick up light rays and transfer them into sound. We then worked with color organs which translated sound into light frequencies. One student built a themin and taped the sounds, later combining them with live sounds.

We set up an exhibition at Hofstra University that illustrated the Workshop's program. The exhibition, an environment of light, sound and air forms, was called "Flower Light." This was a major collaboration between myself, the students, and the engineers. We had attempted to take the workshop experience and make it illustrative of the basic philosophy which first led to our Intermedia program. Students worked with tape decks, speakers, lighting, and space as a dimension in time. The environment was programmed for a thirty minute sequence. We worked with mylar, programmed sound and air. The mylar was cut into strips forty feet long, and was blown up into the air by two fans. We used three separate units. The fans were controlled at six different speeds by the Agastat programmer. The mylar moved like a silver pulsating body floating in air violently to soft undulating patterns. We used ten speakers which were also controlled by the programmer so that the synthesized sound would move from one speaker to the other at varying speeds. At one end of the room we built a wall of light which was controlled by changing sound frequencies from radio stations and activated by photo cell switches as people passed in front of it. The radio stations were not audible. Chemical projections created by Jean Diana and Pat Wollard's beautiful electric slides brought entities together. The environment was an effort of the communal mind.

The Intermedia Workshop at NYU's School of Continuing Education is the first in the United States to be open to the public. Someday we hope to set up a permanent studio for intermedia experimentation. The center for such an intermedia workshop program will someday be able to exist in a university for undergraduates where they will have an opportunity to develop a language of perception that reaches out to all areas of the community. It is no longer enough to have the printed word without the poetic visual sense that created it. No art school can long continue in contemporary society if it does not recognize the importance of the visual-environmental arts.

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At the NYU Intermedia Workshop we are now attempting to utilize the insights and methodologies of sober science in new creative ways. We are trying to develop new tools for art and man.

Intermedia can represent communication at the deepest levels of our being. Someday we will be able to light up a whole city in a way that will be attuned to the diverse needs of its people. We will in fact be able to present the living community of the city as a unified production, interweaving light, sound and film — at times even projecting colors on the clouds at night.

INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES OF LEISURE AT UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH FLORIDA

TAMPA — An Institute for Studies of Leisure has been established at the University of South Florida with Dr. Max Kaplan as its director. As the only institute in the United States devoted entirely to this program, it will include an international advisory board and embrace research, teaching and service.

“There is an urgent need for this Institute to bring systematic study to such enormous problems as the meaning of technology in our lives, studies of what Americans and others are really doing with their increased affluence and time and the developing of adequate alternatives for many tastes in the use of time,” Dr. Kaplan said.

“The Institute is interested in all age groups. It is concerned with international problems since the spread of industrialization and computerization crosses national lines. We will be dealing with both current and emerging issues, philosophies and policies,” he continued.

Present members of the Institute's international advisory board include Prof. David Riesman, Harvard sociologist and author of “The Lonely Crowd”; Prof. Paul Lazarsfeld, Columbia University authority in studies of mass media; Prof. Alexander Szalai, deputy chief of the United States Institute for Training and Research and director, Multinational Comparative Time Budget Research Project; and Dr. Joffre Dumazedier, Paris, of the Centre d'Etudes Sociologiques and chairman of the UNESCO Commission on Leisure and Mass Culture.

Among the first major projects of the new Institute was a conference on the USF campus May 1-3 on the theme “Technology, Human Values and Leisure.” Speakers included Robert Hutchins, distinguished educator and head of the Center for Study of Democratic Institutions; Robert Theobald, noted economist and advocate of the guaranteed annual wage; Dorothy Maynor, noted concert singer and head of the Harlem School of the Arts; Harrison Brown, scientist and author; Emanuel Mesthene, director of Harvard's Program on Technology and Society; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., historian; Dr. Dumazedier; and Prof. Szalai.

An intensive inventory of leisure resources in central Florida and patterns of use is being planned. The area includes the nation's largest concentration of retired persons, a vacation-minded and tourist-oriented area and industry, significant established and new groups and agencies in the arts, and numerous private and public universities and colleges.

Other programs covering such special areas as the arts and aging are also under consideration.

An expert in the fields of leisure and arts, Dr. Kaplan has spent the past 15 years teaching, writing, lecturing, consulting and organizing community programs on leisure. While at Boston University from 1957-63, he founded and directed the Arts Center and assisted in the formation of the famous Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra. His professional writing includes five books, among them LEISURE IN AMERICA: A SOCIAL INQUIRY, and FOUNDATIONS AND FRONTIERS OF MUSIC EDUCATION.

“TEN PERCENT OF BUSINESS PHILANTHROPY FOR THE ARTS”

A proposal that business direct at least ten percent of its philanthropy to the arts was made by Douglas Dillon, chairman of the Business Committee for the Arts, at the Committee's second annual meeting, held in List Hall of the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, New York, on January 27, 1969. He expressed the hope

that "this increase will come from an overall enlargement of corporate giving rather than by diversion from other needy causes."

Mr. Dillon cited the growth of corporate giving to education as an example of what business could do in support of the arts. "From a figure of only \$24 million in 1947," he said, "corporate support for education in twenty years shot up to \$325 million. Ten percent of corporate philanthropy for the arts is only a modest portion of this increase, but if it helps to assure a vital, flourishing artistic community, the benefits to the quality of our lives will be no less important than those that flow to us from the improvement and diffusion of education."

Mr. Dillon's proposal was made in the course of his report to the membership on BCA's 1968 activities and its proposed program for 1969.

ARTS IN THE INNER CITY

The University of Wisconsin Arts Council has compiled a bibliography titled "Arts in the Inner City," which lists articles from popular journals, trade publications and newspapers from January 1967 through December 1968. Copies of the bibliography are available at \$1.00 apiece from the University Arts Council, 1642 Van Hise Hall, Madison, Wisconsin 53706.

THE AFFILIATE ARTIST PROGRAM

Affiliate Artists, Inc., is a national program with three primary objectives:

- (1) *To build regionally and nationally larger audiences for the performing arts. America is a nation of 200 million persons. Ninety-seven percent of them do not attend one live performance during an entire year.*
- (2) *To employ performing artists in a profession that combines the skills of art and articulation. By demonstrating their art and describing its meaning in relation to other vocations, disciplines, and the art of daily living, they present to America a new profession — the articulate artist.*
- (3) *To give colleges and other community organizations, as Presenting Institutions, the advantage of established artists — dancers, singers, instrumentalists, actors, conductors — working as their cultural representatives and spokesmen for the arts in their communities and regions.*

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The Affiliate Artist

An "artist-not-in-residence," the Affiliate Artist visits the Presenting Institution four to six times yearly for one-to-two-week periods, for a total of approximately fifty-six days. During his stays, he performs, confers informally with students and others, and gives lecture-demonstrations ("show-and-tells") to a wide variety of audiences. Unlike the artist-in-residence, the Affiliate Artist lives where he has maximal professional opportunities; free of teaching responsibilities and provided with basic income from a regular salary, he can devote most of his time to the pursuit of his career. In all his public appearances throughout the year, the Affiliate Artist is continuously identified with his Sponsor and his Presenting Institution.

BASIC INFORMATION

An Affiliate Artist appointment is for three years. The contract, however, is renewable annually.

An artist is permitted to hold only one Affiliate Artist appointment at a time.

A Presenting Institution may, however, have more than one Affiliate Artist under contract simultaneously.

The Affiliate Artist program is presently limited to the performing arts and does not include writers, poets, painters, *et al.*

An Artist Advisory Panel, composed of thirteen distinguished representatives of the performing arts industry, advises on and assists in the selection of Affiliate Artists.

The Presenting Institution makes the final selection of an artist after consultation with the representatives of Affiliate Artists, Inc.

Year-round promotional attention is given by Affiliate Artists, Inc., to each appointment and to the artist's professional activities apart from his campus visits, thereby guaranteeing the continuous public identification of the Sponsor and the Presenting Institution, and reporting systematically the artist's career progress and achievements to the Sponsor and the Presenting Institution for their promotion.

An official coordinator is appointed by the Presenting Institution to work with the Affiliate Artist and the national staff of Affiliate Artists, Inc., in the preparation of schedules, publicity and all other matters pertaining to the successful operation of the appointment.

A promotional brochure, offering information about the artist's career, the objectives of the Affiliate Artist program, and the cultural education leadership of the Presenting Institution and the Sponsor, is provided by the Presenting Institution. This material is prepared in consultation with Affiliate Artists, Inc.

Any corporation, foundation or individual providing \$8,000 per year for three years may have the firm or family name formally identified with the appointment as its Sponsor.

Affiliate Artists, Inc., is a non-profit corporation able to receive tax-deductible contributions for underwriting Affiliate Artist appointments and national staff development needs. Persons interested in more information should write to 155 West 68th Street, Suite 23E, N.Y.C.

MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA

The museum of the media is a recently chartered museum which has as its primary purpose "the conveying of information about the use of existing and imminent communications media." The New York Museum will be a headquarters and showcase for media exhibits; it will primarily be a 'museum suitcase' which can be taken anywhere in the world, including rural and ghetto areas in this country and underdeveloped countries abroad. The exhibits can be easily and inexpensively duplicated.

According to its director, the museum will also be concerned with research and development of new forms of communications media and the investigation of their uses and effects in our society.

The Museum publishes a bi-monthly newsletter — The Medion — which aims to provide a sounding board for professionals in the mixed-media field and give readers quick access to recent technological development in that area. Persons interested in more information about the museum or newsletter should write to The Museum of the Media, 1 Union Square West, New York, New York 10003.

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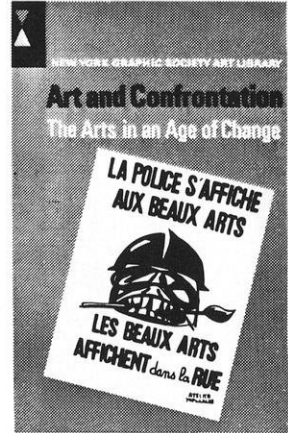
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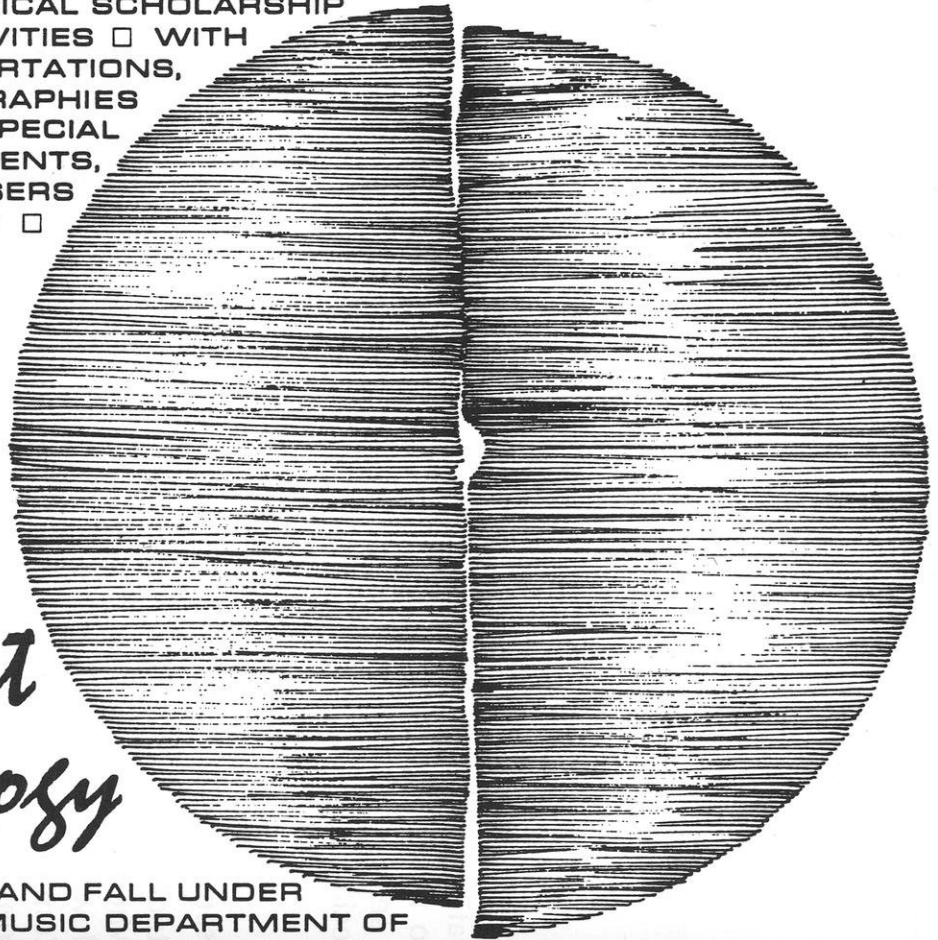
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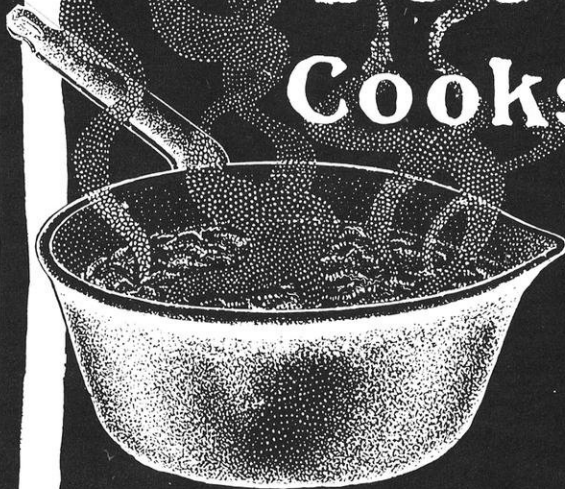
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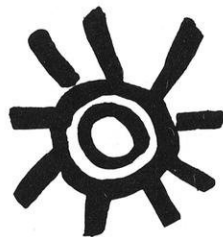
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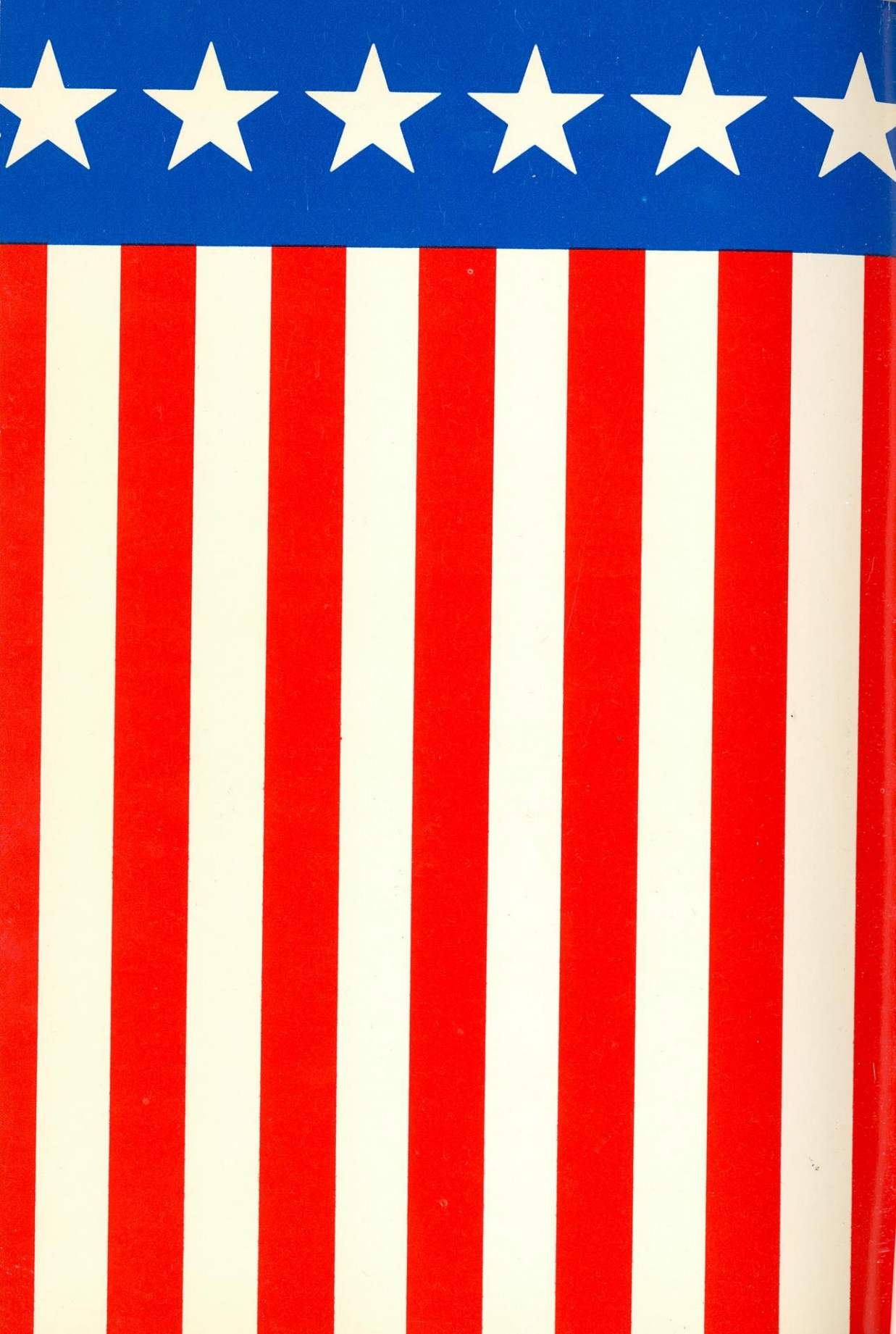
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