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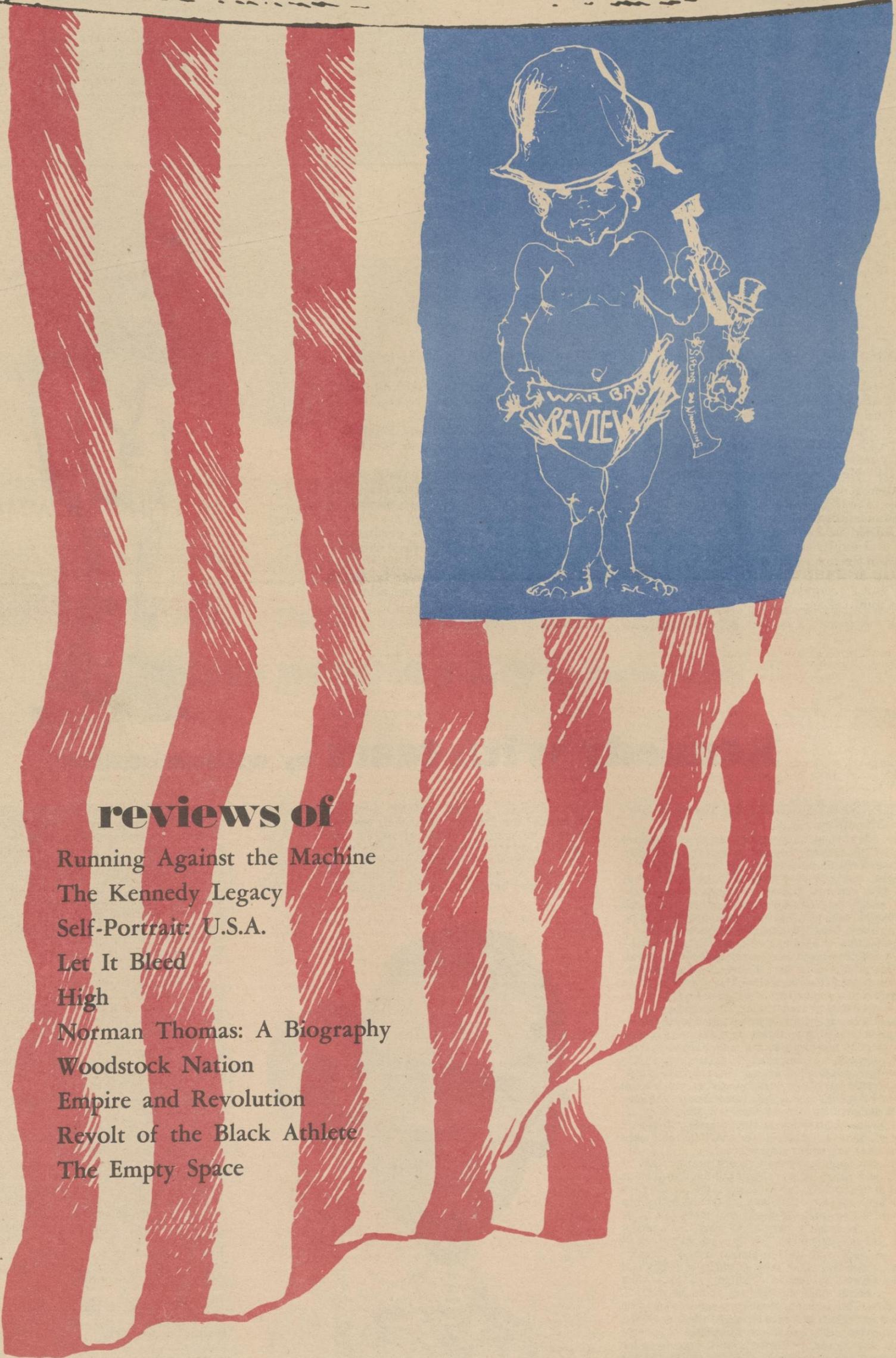
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THE WAR BABY REVIEW

gala christmas issue

Vol. II No. 2



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Self-Portrait: U.S.A.

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High

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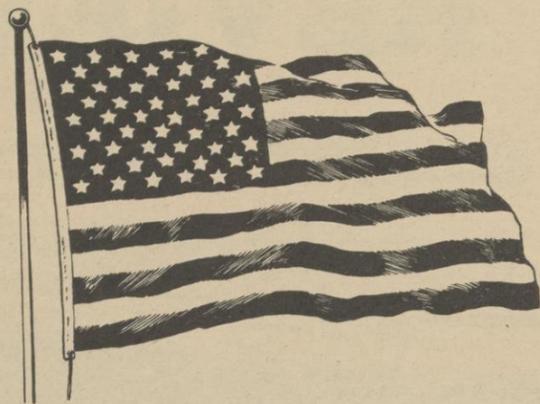
The Empty Space

THE WAR BABY REVIEW

Elliot Silberberg, editor

Allen Swerdlowe, managing editor

David Minard, graphics editor



The War Baby Review publishes articles relevant to contemporary affairs in politics, social criticism, and the arts. Although published under the auspices of The Daily Cardinal, we are an editorially independent magazine. We have no rigid point of view or ideology other than a respect for intellect as scholarly or imaginative endeavor.

In our opinion this month's issue has a better standard of writing than our first issue in November. It's a trend we hope will continue. Contributors are still needed, as are criticisms. We hope you can make this a better magazine.

contributors

GEORGE BOGDANICH is a comparative literature major interested in contemporary politics.

HOWARD GELMAN, a speech graduate student, writes theater reviews for the Cardinal.

STUART GORDON, a playwright, recently presented an adaptation of "Richard III." He is now working on a dramatization of Orwell's "Animal Farm."

DIAL HEWLETT, a senior, is co-captain of Wisconsin's track team.

WILLIAM LAZARUS is a senior in history and exults in Romanesque architecture and French gastronomy.

DAVID MINARD is a Bokonist lay minister and a frequent contributor to Cardinal publications.

FERNAN MONTERO, a senior in marketing-advertising, enjoys lurking in shadows when not penning black humor. **STEVEN REINER**, BMOC, is also editor-in-chief of the Cardinal.

RONALD ROSENBLATT, and English graduate student, has written for the Chicago Literary Review.

JAMES ROWEN is a contributing editor to the Cardinal. He has authored Profit Motive 101 and The Case Against ROTC.

ELLIOT SILBERBERG is a graduate student in English and fine arts editor of the Cardinal.

ALLEN SWERDLOWE, a senior in history, is currently producing an album of folk and rock.



kennedy with tears by william lazarus

THE KENNEDY LEGACY, by Theodore Sorenson. Macmillan. \$6.95.

Perhaps the kindest thing we can say about Theodore Sorenson's "The Kennedy Legacy" is that it is not really as ghastly as it seems at first reading. Contrary to all appearances, the book does have an organizing theme; it moves in a directed manner and does make certain points. Seeing the Kennedy legacy as "a unique and priceless set of concepts," Sorenson attempts to examine "whence it came, what it included and where it headed." The Chapter titles "Evolution," "Performance," "Retrospective," and "Prospective" clearly reflect the overall organization of the book as set forth in the prologue.

The crucial weakness of the book is not its purpose or its organization, but rather the way in which this organization is submerged, even buried, beneath page upon page of anecdote, speculation, justification, deification, and just plain miscellany. Great digressions permeate this book forcing the reader to make so many side trips as to lose sight of the main road. In talking of R.F.K.'s political development, there are unnecessarily long discussions of 1960 campaign strategy and of how the estrangement of R.F.K. and L.B.J. came about. The discussion of Robert Kennedy as Attorney General is interrupted by an explication of the Attorney General's participation in wire tapping. In short this 400 page magnum opus is extremely long winded.

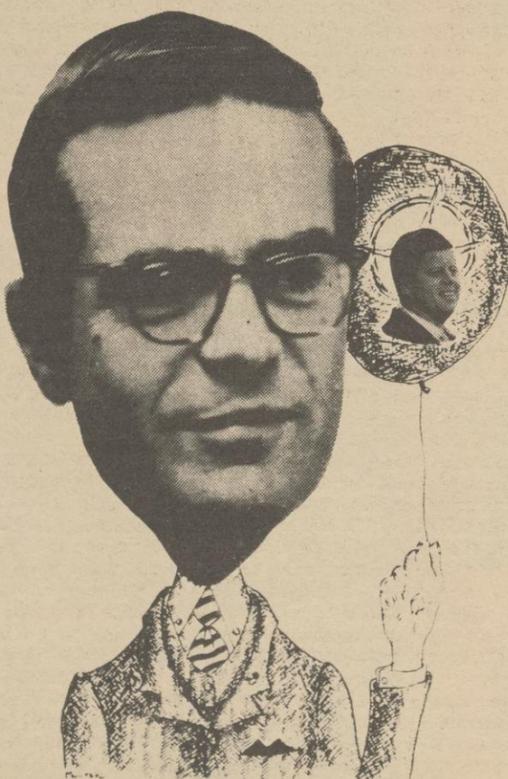
Some of the longwindedness—repetitiveness, lack of selectivity and relevancy in detail and the like—can be attributed to bad writing. But Sorenson in the main writes well, and the causes for the seeming irrelevancies are much more fundamental. It seems that there is a basic confusion on Sorenson's part as to what the Kennedy legacy is. He says that it is a "set of concepts" which he summarizes very well in his almost concise chapter called Retrospective. The first of these concepts is a belief in peaceful revolution, radical change without violence, a belief that "our system could be made to work," "could be revised, reshaped and used." The second is a belief in free choice for all political systems, for a third world nation and freedom of choice of housing for black Americans. Finally, says Sorenson, the Kennedys felt a pervasive sense of responsibility for the future of the world's children. Certain political penchants, for example the preference for the "politics of persuasion" as opposed to the "politics of confronta-

tion"—as well as many specific solutions to specific problems; for example, community control as a partial answer to America's urban crisis, emanate from or go hand in hand with the three basic concepts stated above to form what Sorenson regards as "the most important body of ideas of our time," that is, the Kennedy legacy. This body of ideas is rather well synthesized in "The

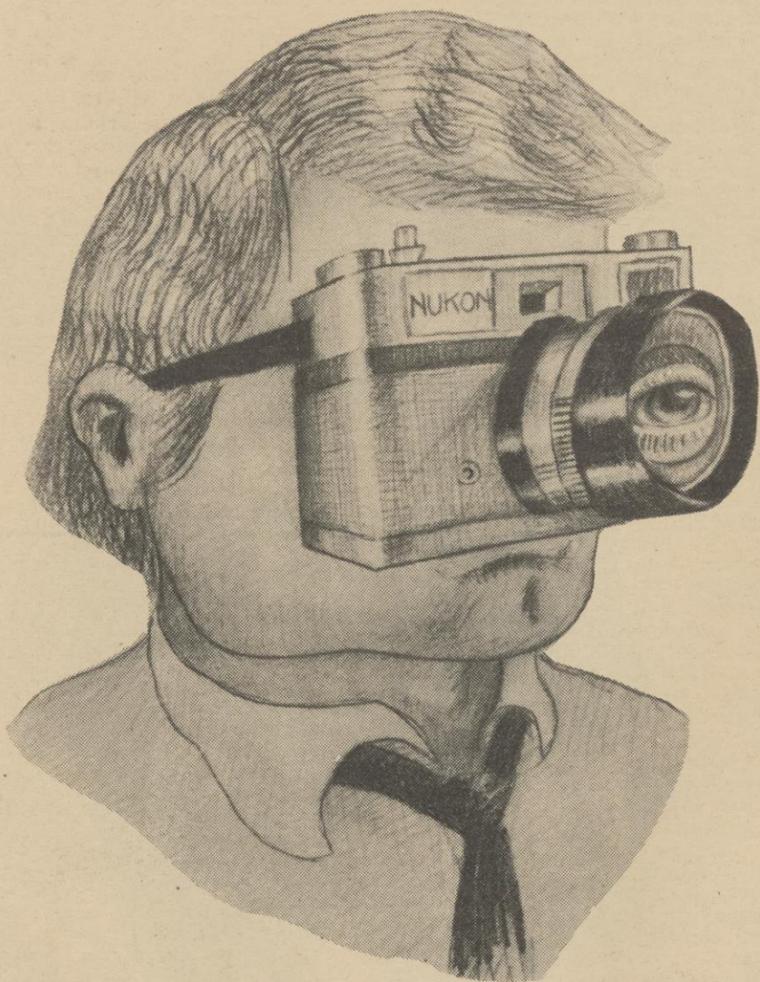
Kennedy Legacy." The Kennedy style and personality, the Kennedy Brain Trust, Teddy Kennedy, and certain concrete accomplishments such as the Test Ban Treaty, Sorenson assures us, are part of the Kennedy legacy but can certainly not be put under the rubric of ideas. Since Sorenson regards the Kennedy legacy as "a priceless set of concepts," he is at a loss as to how to include these essential, if miscellaneous aspects of the Kennedy legacy. A crucial weakness in the book is that he treats them haphazardly, throwing them in here and there as anecdotes or digressions. This is one of the things that gives rise to the long winded character of the book.

But there is an even more serious weakness to the book, a weakness that not only makes the book painfully long but also at times distasteful. I am referring to Sorenson's need not only to report but also to justify the actions of his two idols. He need not only to prove to us that John Kennedy was not ineffective; that Robert Kennedy wasn't an opportunist; and that Edward Kennedy really does matter—he needs to show how examples of J.F.K.'s obvious ineffectiveness, R.F.K.'s obvious opportunism, and E.M.K.'s obvious unimportance are really not what they seem to be. To see J.F.K.'s Bay of Pigs fiasco as basically a miscalculation based on inaccurate evidence supplied by bad subordinates rather than to see his whole morbid left-over-from-the-50's anti-communist posture toward Cuba as wrong is both misguided and distasteful. To gloss over J.F.K.'s pitiful record in Congress borders on intellectual dishonesty. To delve into and excuse R.F.K.'s participation in the Manchester "Death of a President" scandal is useless. To explain R.F.K.'s statement that he was considering entering the presidential race on the day of McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire as "poor timing" rather than "ruthless opportunism" is a laugh. To even talk about Edward Kennedy is a waste of time.

We are not saying that the Kennedys were ineffective or villainous. We are simply saying that they were human; that they were in fact fine men and great leaders and that to try to make them perfect, or even close to perfect is distortion and historical apology at its worst. Mr. Sorenson obviously doesn't agree for he spends many a boring page trying to make "The Kennedy Legacy" into an updated saint's life.



photos as pop-art by elliot silberberg



SELF PORTRAIT: U.S.A., by David Douglas Duncan. Harry Abrams. \$15.00.

It's a very very big, expensive, and impressive chunk of photojournalism David Douglas Duncan has collected in his SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A. Certain reservations forthcoming, it's a fine piece of work.

Duncan has photographed in depth and largely in close-up both the Miami and Chicago conventions of 1968. He had the good critical sense to understand that these conventions were larger than themselves, both a culmination

of the tensions of the sixties and an index to social change in the future. He really declines to specifically analyze these tensions, but shoots as though he knows they are there, with a decided flair for the dramatic and even melodramatic.

There's plenty of commentary, and it's the worst part of the book. One picture is worth all of Duncan's words. As a writer he plays too many roles, all poorly. Examples: naive Johnny-on-the-spot: "Holy smoke—the guy is revamping his acceptance speech right under my lens...like I'm not even here..." Or overblown propagandist for the young McCarthyites: "And the girl cru-

saders accompanied their bloodied young warriors into the night, bound for who-knew-where in the enemy citadel." A Norman Mailer this man is not.

The photography is a joy though. One is immediately impressed by the pace of the book, that is, Duncan's pace. He reveals almost every important aspect of both campaigns, from sneaky views of major candidates down to all of the side-show shenanigans, and he must have jumped around like a dervish to get it all. Given these problems and the immediateness of the occasions, it's surprising how few of the shots are clichés. We find the usual rush of photos delineating every turn of Nixon's mouth and twitch of hand, but for the most part Duncan's collection is free of such triviality.

Most exciting is the cumulative effect of one long viewing session. These photos absorb our attention in ways that are best called private, and they help remind us how special our awareness and understanding of these political figures can be.

The visual drift from Republicanism to Chicago is a movement toward a difference in sensibility. The deceptive continuity of these photos help infer what polarization means in this country. A certain traveling salesman grotesqueness pervades the face of Republicanism. Every one of them looks like an insurance agent you might have known.

Then there is the marvelous Americana of David Eisenhower's every move. One shot finds him with a hand on Julie's head. In his other hand the young Eisenhower holds a terrific hamburger. Could Andy Warhol do better?

Tricia especially intrigued me. Her whole bearing suggests the artificiality of her name. All frills and softness of flesh, there is nevertheless a viciousness in her eyes, a hardness of demeanor, that in its indifference terrified me. Other good elephants upset my expectations. Billy Graham, beneath the sharp crow-like features, seemed warm and even sexual. Even Nixon seemed genuinely calm, though I suppose he was at this point. Rockefeller was the saddest of all. Even his campaign posters smiled in the resignation of defeat.

The motley and sordid Democratic affair was at least breathing in its deceit. Duncan's shots of Daley portray a blob of facial flesh with all the features attending to little notched crevices of lies etched around the mouth. Pierre Salinger is there, hanging out, looking like a decadent exile from Camelot. Duncan also gives close attention to the angry delicacy of Humphrey's face, helping us understand how expedience has molded flashes of great false joy and false discontent into it. McCarthy looks like a honest, tired, and befuddled man, while his legions, in their genuine shock at what happens in the streets below, demonstrate how truly naive we all used to be.

These were some of my reactions to Duncan's book. I've discussed them as one way of demonstrating the subliminal effect these photos can have. Duncan only records what is, but everything his camera finds actually speaks to our own imaginations. For anyone who wants to test himself against the past two years in America, viewing this book can be a remarkable experience.

games people play by dial hewlett

REVOLT OF THE BLACK ATHLETE, by Harry Edwards. Dufour. \$5.95.

"It's beyond me why these people would allow themselves to be misled by fanatics like Harry Edwards and H. Rap Brown. These athletes are seen by millions of people on nation-wide and world-wide television, they have first-string starting assignments at white schools, and they are invited to all the big athletic events. Why our niggers right here at the University never had it so good."

This statement, made by the athletic director of a well known southwestern university, clearly reflects the racist feelings channeled towards Black Athletes in this country. Although many will deny it, the Black Athlete knows that these feelings are always surrounding him. This racism might appear as the trainer who sends you onto the field with a broken ankle, or the coach who kicks you off the team because you took part in a demonstration, or the athletic department that takes away your scholarship because you have a "bad attitude," or the AAU who banned you from amateur competition after you won four gold medals for your country.

This racism is described in full by Harry Edwards in his book, *The Revolt of the Black Athlete*. Edwards a former professor of sociology at San Jose State College, is now working on his Ph.D. at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. He has packed this book full of undisputable facts which will shock most readers. Upon completing this book, however, one should be able to better understand the problems faced by black athletes, be they amateur or professional, and why these men are beginning to rebel against the oppressors.

Harry Edwards is labeled by many as a trouble maker, an opportunist, a "two-headed monster" out only for himself. "That Edwards fellow," said one midwestern coach, "is just out to make himself a few bucks. I just hate to see someone like him be allowed to destroy a thing like the Olympics which has meant so much to the Negro people. Aside from this, we've got to realize that those universities he's dealing with are thousands of miles away. It's not really our problem now is it?" Yes, it is very much our problem. Anything in this country or in this world for that matter, which involves the oppression of Black People is our problem. This is a point that Harry Edwards tries to make clear. Slowly, Black Athletes are beginning to realize that WE do indeed have a severe problem. The above statement was made to the Black Athletes on one of Wisconsin's squads prior to their scheduled competition with one "white listed" school. It is typical of how coaches, athletic directors and other officials reacted to Harry Edwards. If Edwards was indeed out to make a few extra bucks, why did he turn down countless

bribes, (one for one hundred thousand dollars) which he could have received by just keeping quiet!

Many white coaches try to make their Black athletes feel that they are athletes first and Black second (or somewhere further down, preferably not even on the list). The coaches wish to make one feel that injustices against Blacks in other parts of the country, the campus, or even in other areas of the athletic department should not affect the players attitude or feelings towards athletics. An example of this was demonstrated last winter by a coach here at this university who, during the Black Strike, took his squad away from the campus three days prior to their scheduled competition.

Harry Edwards attempts to dispell these false notions however, by pointing out the cold facts. If it is true as coaches and other whites contend, that one is an athlete first and Black second, why was Muhammad Ali stripped of his title for practicing his constitutional right, freedom of religion? If it is true, that one is an athlete first and Black second, why was it that Muhammad Ali was refused service in a Louisville restaurant even though he was wearing his Olympic Gold Medal?

If it is true that one is an athlete first and Black second, why is it that each year Black athletes make the New York Athletic Club Track Meet a success while no Blacks are allowed, by formal clause, to even become members of this organization? If it is true, that one is an athlete first and Black second, why was Wilt Chamberlain promptly turned down when he attempted to purchase a house in cosmopolitan San Francisco? This list goes on and on just as racism goes on and on. The Black Athlete is not allowed to forget he is Black regardless of what coaches or others might tell him.

As most already know, Harry Edwards initiated the 1968 Olympic Boycott Movement. As this idea began to gain momentum in late 1967, Edwards and his followers were under heavy criticism not only from whites and their news media, but also from misinformed Blacks. Men such as Jesse Owens, who won four Olympic Gold medals for this country, objected severely to the proposed boycott. It would seem however, that Owens would be one of Edward's most solid supporters judging from the way this man was mistreated by this racist country.

Within twelve hours after he won the four Olympic Gold Medals in Berlin, Owens was sent on a tour of Europe. This was not a pleasure trip. The first ten days, Owens ran eight times and lost fourteen pounds. In this exhausted state, he was ordered to Sweden where he was to be required by his promoters, the AAU, to run again. (The AAU was getting a percentage of all gate receipts.) Owens refused to go to Sweden and was banned by the AAU from amateur sports forever.

California's Governor Reagan and Avery Bundage, the Olympic president, described Edwards and his followers as "self defeatists, led by a Black Hitler." These men and others like them also stated that it was illogical to attack an ancient, laurel-wreathed institution, nobly conceived in the principle of treating all comers alike.

It is to people like these, that "The Revolt of the Black Athlete" is directed. The sad part is however, that most whites, and far too many Blacks still fail to understand what Edwards is trying to do.

Harry Edwards is not so idealistic that he feels his book will change the deep feelings which most people in this country have. He is hoping, that this brief yet dynamic commentary, will serve to at least explain why Black Athletes are beginning to wake up from their mythological slumber and face reality. Edwards asks, "Why should we respect the flag of a country which allowed its Alabama National Guardsmen to dynamite a church in Birmingham killing four innocent children while they attended Sunday school?" "Why should we respect the flag of a country which allows children in its cities to starve, freeze and die from rat bites while it pays its farmers to burn up and plow under surplus food and spends millions on its moon rock collections?" "To those determined segments of the Black Liberation Movement, the Star Spangled Banner (focal point of the Olympic victory stand protests) is a monument to the hypocrisy of America." Edwards goes on to mention that, "for the Black Man in America, the National Anthem has not progressed far beyond what it was before Francis Scott Key put his words to it—an old English drinking song. For in America, a Black Man would have to be either drunk or insane, or both, not to recognize the hollowness of the anthem's phrases."

The Black struggle cannot and should not be forgotten by a black Man just because he happens to be an athlete. The Black Athlete is idolized by his little Brothers back home. We, as Black Athletes, must live up to this image by molding ourselves into men. If we cannot do this, then we had better find some new models for our people at home. The time has passed when a Black Man is considered a "credit to his people" only because he runs faster, catches more passes or makes more hook shots than anyone else.

Harry Edwards, unlike some authors, does not attempt to hide his innermost feelings from his readers. He does not let his readers forget his main theme, "Justice"—"Justice for the Black Man; justice for the Black Athlete—BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY."

If you disagree with Harry Edwards and his methods, then when you read this book you will probably be hurt. The truth does that sometimes.

rainmaking music by allen swerdlowe

LET IT BLEED, by the Rolling Stones. London (NPS4). \$3.98.

Mick Jagger: I kinda slither out, Like a snake, Without letting them know, taking them by an arm or a leg I bite real hard, I bite them into submission.

Slowly the curtain rises. The stage is cluttered with a commune of mixed types. They're dancing and chanting. Praying and laughing. Smiling and crying. Emotions are shared. The music, almost faintly heard, rhythmically fades in. The instantaneous spirit, like heat, can be seen rising from the hot pavements of New York City. Sweat gathers—the feeling is surprisingly warm and delicious. Two voices. First Mick Jagger, singing inconspicuously under the music. Then that of Mary Clayton, the Tracy Nelson of the album, complimenting Jagger on every vocal sweep. The words are hardly audible, but your body becomes numbed by the chant. Over and over and again. This first cut, "Gimme Shelter," on the Rolling Stones' new album "Let It Bleed," sets the scenery for this hauntingly beautiful and tribal album and for a new era of music, marked by simplicity, a return to basics and a new unfathomable spirit.

The remarkable aspect of this album is that its music is not basically played by the group. Rather it's shared. Jagger, Richards, Wyman, Taylor and Watts are not together on even one of the nine cuts. The music is a communal project involving not only the five but Nicky Hopkins, Al Kooper, Mary Clayton, Byron Berline, Ian Stewart and all of us. It can be loved, danced to and ritualized.

What impresses me most about the album is its closeness to the Jefferson Airplane. The lead in of "Gimme Shelter" and the fade out of Gracie Slick's "Hey Frederick" could be played together without much noticeable difference. Nicky Hopkins plays both cuts. In the new Airplane album and likewise in "Let It Bleed," each group develops not only rock numbers, heavily laced with rhythm and raunch, but also country and western songs. Politically, they are also on an equal plane. While Gracie tells us to get back to the arm and in essence to the simplicity and beauty of life, Jagger drags us back, almost attaching his music to our environment and momentarily changing our surroundings. Living rooms turn into campsites and beds into tents. The most spirited movement of Jagger's album is its lust for life, and its rejuvenation.

A remake of last summer top 40 hit "Honky Tonk Women," originally a dynamic hard rock number, is transformed here to a lazy, violin inspired country and western tune. The change is necessary to express the idea that no matter where you are the people are the same, even if the tune is different. This is the optimistic high point of "Let It Bleed." Essentially, Jagger is mending the schisms between people. Neither version is better: they are just seen and thus recorded from different angles. Similarly, "You Can't Always Get What You Want," another remake, is differentiated from its predecessor by a choir. The original was a flat, unspirited number. On this second try the group completes their tribal rock album by letting the people have a part in its production. And since Jagger is playing to the people he sees the necessity for those people to play an important part in the song. This is essentially the beauty of the nine songs: they are shared rather than exploitative. They are for us.

One of Jagger's main ploys while performing live is to turn on the lights and let the audience partake in the music.

His performances are, more than two-dimensional,



involvement oriented and emotionally draining. Though, "Let It Bleed" is not in line with the so-called "rock operas" that are being widely peddled nowadays, this album comes closer to duplicating a live performance than any other contemporary piece. In essence, through a careful matching of music and lyrics, the Rolling Stones succeed in getting the listener and the record closer together than ever before. The excitement ranges from emotion wrecking violence to near sexual orgasmic relief.

Jagger does slither out to grab and bite and kick the hell out of you. His music is electrifying. The lyrics are real, not the contemporary nonsense spouted by the non-hip hip mentors of today. The feelings are communal, tribal, loving and hating. An obsessively lovely specimen of crude awareness and richly textured tribal rock, the Rolling Stones' chant is rainmaking music.

decency in politics by george bogdanich

NORMAN THOMAS: A BIOGRAPHY 1884-1968, by Harry Fleischman. Norton. \$6.95.

Time magazine is bewildered as to why the young, especially young whites, have no American heroes. And it is true that Time magazine can no longer manufacture as they did in the days when life was easy and "I like Ike" buttons flourished on every campus of the nation. A short infatuation with the late John F. Kennedy has almost been forgotten by those who have become increasingly aware of his early role in the Vietnam bloodbath and his heavy reliance on the CIA in his foreign policies. Since that time, young people have been increasingly skeptical of any heroes Time or anyone else might want to foist upon them. Some heroes have been imported from Bolivia, Cuba, and China, but there are a great many young people who have just decided to live without heroes.

Actually, I imagine high school American history books have killed off more potential American heroes for today's generation than any other single factor. They go about this in two ways. Those American heroes with profoundly revolutionary stature are either omitted or relegated to criminal status. High school history books place people like Abolitionist John Brown or socialist Eugene V. Debs in unmarked graves while the likes of John D. Rockefeller and Samuel Gompers are sanctified.

The other potential group of heroes is made over by quoting them out of context, or distorting their influence by selecting only those ideas which have been incorporated into the present status quo. Thus, Thomas Paine's statements on patriotism are used to reinforce the pervading chauvinistic mentality, while Paine's revolutionary internationalist perspective ("The world is my village and all mankind my brethren") is largely ignored. President Lincoln likewise is well remembered as a successful war time president yet forgotten as a strong critic of this country's imperialist designs on Mexico.

Now that Norman Thomas is dead I wonder if he too will be made over by the history books into something he was not during his lifetime. Will he be remembered for his radical criticism of the American warfare welfare state, as the man who led the opposition to the major

twentieth century war involvements or will he be remembered only for his criticisms of the CP during the Stalinist era.

I wonder about this because I think there is a tendency to judge Norman Thomas on a purely ideological basis. That is, to take the tiny pieces of his program, those which have been adopted in this country, such as unemployment insurance, public housing, civil rights for minorities and then dismiss him as a sort of good-hearted reformist liberal social-democrat whose reforms have only strengthened the capitalist stranglehold on this country. Such a view, I think, would be unfair to Thomas, if only for the fact that Thomas denied that there was any real socialist progress in this country. Thomas, although a democratic socialist, was highly critical of the ill-fated social democrats in Weimar Germany and he was very disappointed with the British Labor Party for having "sold out" the real core of a socialist program for political expediency.

As for the label "liberal," Harry Fleischman points out in "Norman Thomas a Biography 1884-1968" (Norton \$6.95) that Thomas and the Socialist Party were more often working at cross purposes with the liberals who repeatedly joined with the pro-Stalinist CP in many a "united front" when it served the latter's expediency. Although Fleischman, a former Trotskyist and onetime campaign manager for Thomas, criticizes some of Thomas' politics on sectarian grounds, he details his reasons for deeply admiring him as a humanist who, unlike the selective humanists in Washington and Moscow intervened wherever human rights were being trampled.

The most interesting parts of the biography deal with the battles against Government repression of Conscientious objectors during the first world war and of radicals in general right after the war. Thomas had been a Presbyterian minister in the Hell's Kitchen area of Manhattan till his association with socialists and syndicalists in the anti-World War I movement brought him gradually into the sphere of a socialist perspective. Fleischman re-creates the tension of the post-war repression and the difficulties Thomas had in the campaign to free Eugene Debs from prison.

From that point on Thomas carried on as "a one man civil liberties agency," testing speakers' bans in strike areas where martial law had been imposed, organizing sharecroppers in the south, taking part in the defense campaigns for Sacco and Vanzetti, begging Roosevelt to open immigration to the Jews in Europe (to the anger of Communists and liberals who claimed that Thomas was "hampering the war effort"), organizing the Worker's Defense Fund against the McCarthy inquisition and the organization of the 1965 anti-Vietnam War march.

Fleischman's biography is well-balanced on the whole and he refrains from the tendency that campaign managers (such as Sorenson) who try to sell their candidate posthumously. Fleischman minimizes the campaign details in the many presidential attempts, preferring copious quotations from the speeches and the many magazine articles that Thomas wrote. Yet he criticizes Thomas' disdain for the ordinary practical aspects of building a socialist movement. Fleischman notes that he "was frequently bored by organizational details," preferring to discuss theory and specific issues.

In retrospect Fleischman wishes he had persuaded Thomas to give up electoral campaigning after 1936 and concentrate on the kind of mass-based alliance, the type of independent labor oriented platform that La-follette had run on in 1926. Maybe, but such a party would have required tremendous efforts in securing the organized labor support which had gone very strongly for Roosevelt. It would have required at least the type of grass-roots campaign that the Fabians had been promoting in England. In light of Thomas' acknowledged disdain for grass roots organizational detail, it does not seem that he would be the type of man to carry such a program out.

Fleischman noted that although there was nothing arrogantly self-righteous about Thomas, his urbane manner and Presbyterian moralist tinge lacked the kind of roughhewn appeal that Gene Debs had to the American worker. On the superficial basis of electoral appeal in a country of crooks and compromisers, one can see why Thomas was bound to lose time and time again as a man "who would rather be right than president."

WAR BABY REVIEW

death to necrophiles

by stuart gordon

THE EMPTY SPACE, by Peter Brook. Anthem. \$5.00.

The scene opens in a hospital room. Lying in a neat white bed is the body of a man. At first glance it would seem the man is motionless, but from time to time, he twitches spastically and gurgles. Two doctors regard the patient gravely. The first doctor reaches forward, takes the pulse of the bed-ridden figure, sighs, and slowly pulls the sheet over the man's face. The second doctor approaches the bed, takes the man's pulse, and smiling, draws back the sheet. The first doctor quickly recovers the patient's face. The second doctor rips off the sheet angrily, and a fist fight ensues, during which time the patient is totally motionless. I suppose that one could title this short playlet "Is Broadway Really Dead?" for I feel it accurately sums up my feelings about those who endlessly debate this question. If theater isn't dead, it's mortally wounded, and while we argue, the art form bleeds to death.

Thus it is quite proper that Peter Brook, the director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, begins his book, "The Empty Space," on the premise that if theater is to survive, nothing short of an artistic revolution will save it. And if Brook is talking revolution, then "The Empty Space" is his manifesto.

Brook divides his book and his concept of theater into four basic sections—The Deadly, The Holy, The Rough, and The Immediate. The Deadly Theater "is the form of theater we see most often," he says, and the truth of this statement is painfully obvious to any Madison theater-goer. This is the theater of boredom, of cliché, of thwarted expectation. "The theater has often been called a whore," Brook states, "meaning its art is impure, but today this is true in another sense—whores take the money and then go short on the pleasure." Deadly Theater is a vicious circle; it is perpetuated by a lack of imagination, a security in the status quo, and primarily by a blood-thirsty economic system. Today's theater can no longer support itself. After having been badly crippled by the maturation of motion pictures, and the birth of television, the theater is now less a living art form, and more of a relic, a museum piece. Today's theater cannot exist without government or commercial grants. This situation is driven home by the plights of The Negro Ensemble, The Guthrie Theater, and lately, (and perhaps saddest of all) Broom Street Theater. Theater as it exists today can no longer pull its own weight, and, like the 20 mule team, has become a cultural curiosity, to be kept alive as Williamsburg, Va. is kept alive. Of course, there is always Broadway theater. But here the situation is still more pathetic. Because of its incredibly high stakes, Broadway has become an enormous roulette wheel, where the David Merricks can make money only by backing sure things—the "Hello, Dolly"s—or by finding salable novelties—hippy musicals, Neil Simon comedies, and (gulp) nudity. And the economic games go on. Less and less people go to the theater, ticket prices increase to cover the huge costs. As Brook says, "As fewer and fewer people go through the doors, larger and larger sums cross the ticket office counter, until eventually one last millionaire will be paying a fortune for one private performance for himself alone."

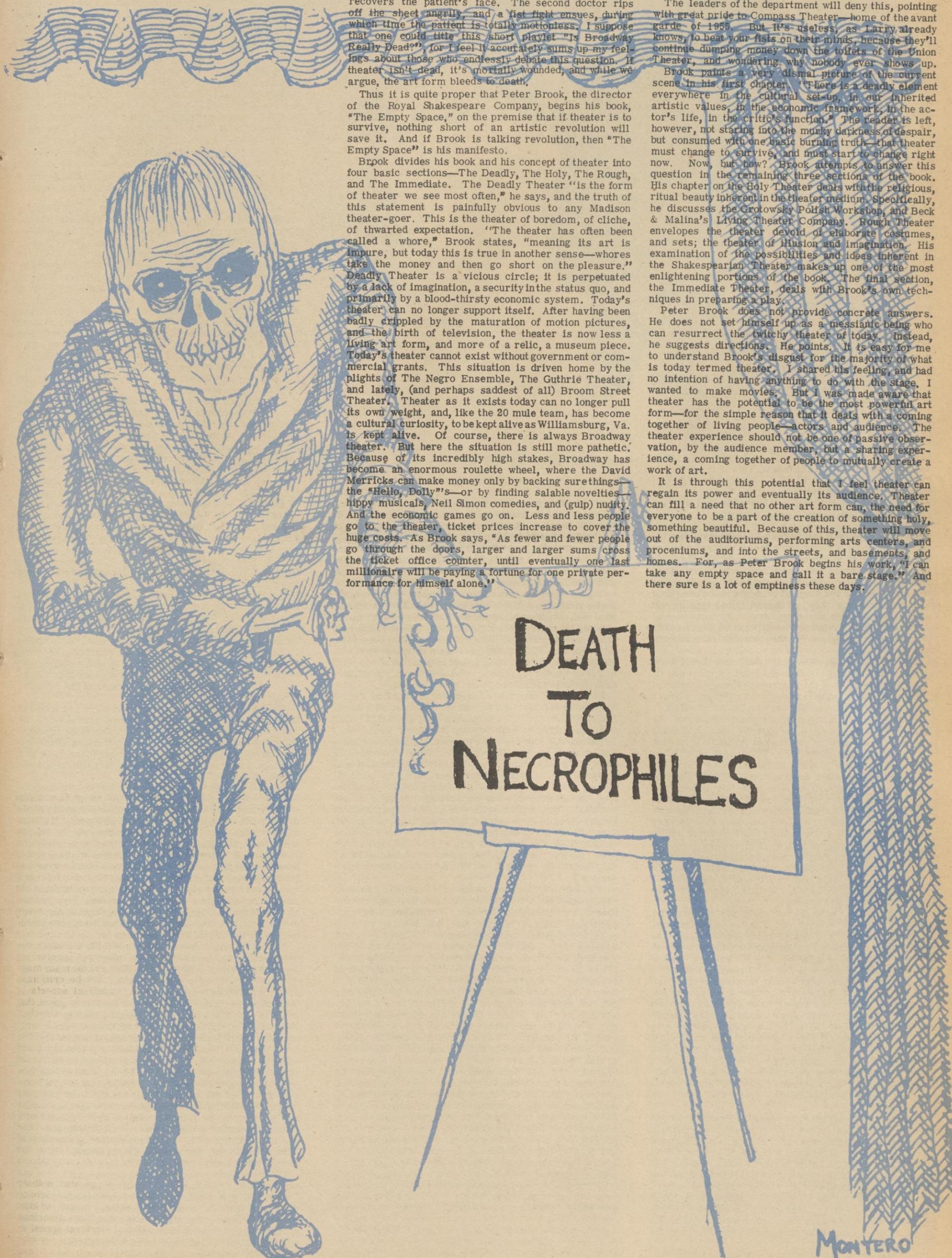
I should pause, here, in reverence to the ghost of Larry Cohen, to take a few swipes at the university speech department—a department which compounds the artistic crimes of Broadway by grooming a new crop of young people to be gnashed and broken in New York's economic machinery, or worse yet, successful in its hollow victories. Our speech department is training workers for a craft which is becoming a memory. It's training theatrical blacksmiths, you might say. Worse yet, it is shirking its duty to experiment in an effort to discover a new viable theater form, in an environment which could be free of economic pressure.

The leaders of the department will deny this, pointing with great pride to Compass Theater—home of the avant garde of 1955. But it's useless, as Larry already knows, to beat your fists on their minds, because they'll continue dumping money down the toilets of the Union Theater, and wondering why nobody ever shows up.

Brook paints a very dismal picture of the current scene in his first chapter. "There is a deadly element everywhere in the cultural set-up, in our inherited artistic values, in the economic framework, in the actor's life, in the critic's function." The reader is left, however, not staring into the murky darkness of despair, but consumed with one basic burning truth—that theater must change to survive, and must start to change right now. Now, but how? Brook attempts to answer this question in the remaining three sections of the book. His chapter on the Holy Theater deals with the religious, ritual beauty inherent in the theater medium. Specifically, he discusses the Grotowsky Polish Workshop, and Beck & Malina's Living Theater Company. Rough Theater envelops the theater devoid of elaborate costumes, and sets; the theater of illusion and imagination. His examination of the possibilities and ideas inherent in the Shakespearean Theater makes up one of the most enlightening portions of the book. The final section, the Immediate Theater, deals with Brook's own techniques in preparing a play.

Peter Brook does not provide concrete answers. He does not set himself up as a messianic being who can resurrect the twitchy theater of today. Instead, he suggests directions. He points. It is easy for me to understand Brook's disgust for the majority of what is today termed theater. I shared his feeling, and had no intention of having anything to do with the stage. I wanted to make movies. But I was made aware that theater has the potential to be the most powerful art form—for the simple reason that it deals with a coming together of living people—actors and audience. The theater experience should not be one of passive observation, by the audience member, but a sharing experience, a coming together of people to mutually create a work of art.

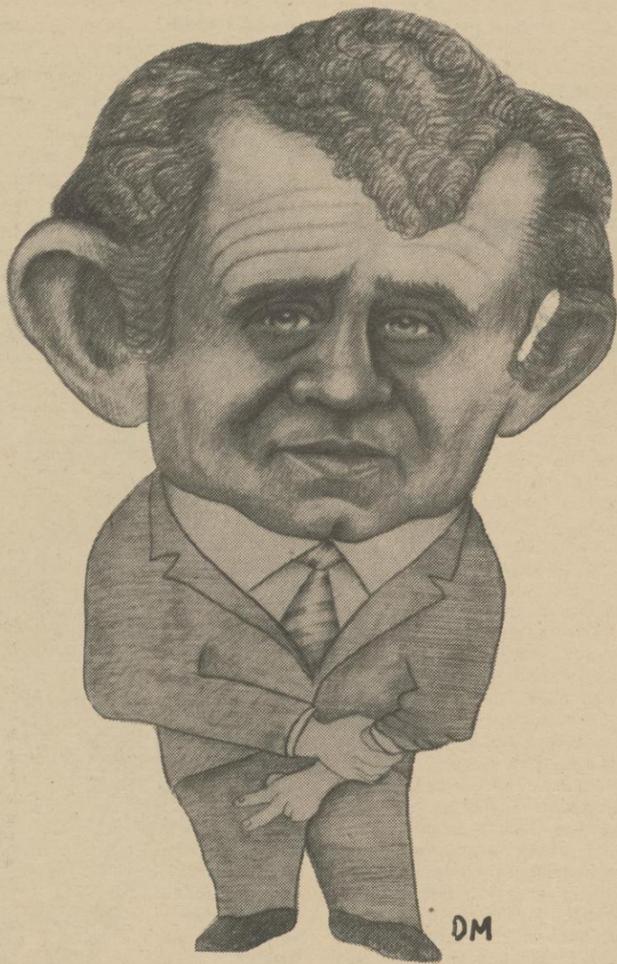
It is through this potential that I feel theater can regain its power and eventually its audience. Theater can fill a need that no other art form can, the need for everyone to be a part of the creation of something holy, something beautiful. Because of this, theater will move out of the auditoriums, performing arts centers, and proceniums, and into the streets, and basements, and homes. For, as Peter Brook begins his work, "I can take any empty space and call it a bare stage." And there sure is a lot of emptiness these days.



DEATH
TO
NECROPHILES

MONTERO

of egos and genius by ronald rosenblatt



RUNNING AGAINST THE MACHINE, ed. by Peter Manse. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Perhaps only in the United States is the entrance of artists or literary intellectuals into electoral politics regarded with such scorn and derision. France and England, for example, have long traditions of artists and intellectuals active in political affairs (or of politicians with a literary bent: Churchill is said to have been able to quote lengthy passages of Shakespeare verbatim and to have done so while attending plays, to the annoyance of the actors), but in America, the egghead, while he might get appointed to an advisory office by a President seeking some cerebral veneer for his administration, hasn't the slightest chance of being popularly elected. Or at least so the traditions of politics-as-usual would have it.

For this reason, and for numerous others, the attempt by Norman Mailer, enfant terrible of the New York literary world, to make an ostensibly serious bid for the mayoralty of New York aroused tremendous interest all over the nation. Once they had gotten past the issue of whether Mailer was engaged in yet another publicity-grabbing stunt, people looked at Mailer's "Fifty-first State" platform and shook their heads in dismay. New York City become a separate state, dealing directly with the Federal government? The City broken down into autonomous neighborhoods, with their own laws and police? "Sweet Sundays," when no traffic would roll or smokestacks pollute the precious air? It all seemed like a vast literary gimmick, something more appropriate to futurist fiction than the hard realities of New York City politics, than which there are no harder. The addition to the ticket of Jimmy Breslin, a newspaper columnist best known for hunting West Side bars and police courts, did little to add credibility to Mailer's bid for the mayoral nomination in the Democratic primary.

Now, of course, when the extraordinary drama of the New York election is over, and the smoke has cleared somewhat, we are in a considerably better situation to assess Mailer's unorthodox campaign and the factors that affected it. What happened, in fact, was that Mailer received some 40,000 votes in the Primary, not unimpressive, but nowhere near enough to secure the nomination, which went to the remarkable Mr. Proccacino, and causing much bitterness among the supporters of Herman Badillo, a liberal Puerto Rican candidate, who charged that Mailer siphoned off votes that should have gone to him. If this were all there were to it, the whole thing would be better forgotten, but in fact, Mailer's campaign injected a note of life and excitement into New York politics that will not soon be forgotten, and the ideas advanced by him for the solution of New York City's mortal ills deserve considerable thought. On the whole, they are pretty good ideas.

To make this reassessment possible, Peter Manse put together an off-beat collection of newspaper clippings, speeches, advertisements, and critical commentaries entitled "Running Against the Machine." The book contains Mailer-Breslin policy statements and, best of all, some trenchant observations, often highly critical, of men and women who worked on the Mailer team. What emerges is a picture of the undisciplined genius as political candidate, a man full of staggeringly good insights into the problems of New York City, but unable to stay sober enough of the time to present them very effectively to the voting public.

That Mailer is a man of great political potential was borne in upon this writer very strongly when I saw him for

the first time in Ann Arbor in 1968. Short, stocky Mailer radiated enough charisma to dominate an audience of several thousand students completely. He spoke in his peculiar assortment of accents—British, Brooklyn, Texan—and conveyed a sense of tremendous vitality and guts. When he told the radicals they should concentrate on becoming good at things they were currently bad at, that they should learn to play football if they despised football, he was listened to with serious attention. And the idea, if you were tuned in to the Mailer wave-length, was a good one. The problem of the left is too much talk, Mailer advised, so concentrate instead on being able to DO well things now beyond you, BECOME the superior people you claim to be. Mailer can generate a mystical fervor in his audience, and it occurred to this writer at the time that if he wanted to, Mailer could have gotten a few thousand students to follow him anywhere that night.

So it was not altogether surprising to hear that Mailer had announced his plan to run for Mayor of New York. Mailer knows New York damnably well, a feat that ranks with mastering modern physics for sheer complexity. To understand how the different ethnic and social groups that swarm through the streets of New York interact upon one another is no mean feat, shown by the fact that it took John Lindsay three years even to begin it. Indeed, considering Mailer's knowledgeability about the city, combined with his formidable intelligence and personal force, it does seem strange, as the partisans of Mailer-Breslin were quick to point out, that their candidacy should have been regarded as a sick joke. Yet the candidacy of the ludicrous Mr. Proccacino, who at one point appealed to a Harlem audience by telling them, "My heart is as black as yours," was actually taken seriously.

Part One of "Running Against the Machine" is called "The Candidates," and contains position papers and speeches by Mailer and Breslin. The speeches show insight and passion, Breslin (who was running for City Council President) concentrating on the need to return financial and political power over the city back to the people of the city itself and away from the upstate legislators (from rural districts) in Albany, whose lack of sensitivity to modern urban problems is comparable to that of legislators in other states, while Mailer elaborates a larger existential view of the meaning of New York City and how it should be run. Mailer's basic idea is that the city is dying because people have lost a sense of control over their own lives. City Hall is entrenched in so vast and insane a bureaucracy that the individual has no hope of making his wishes or needs known or felt. The result is the kind of horrifying apathy that enables people to sit helpless in numb terror in their apartments while crimes are committed on the street below. Mailer's idea, to make neighborhoods autonomous and thus force people to solve their own problems with assistance from the city might well cure this alienation. As Mailer never tires of pointing out, New York is a city rich in creative talent and ability, extravagantly so. If many of the people are cynical and brutalized, they are also resilient, tough, and imaginative. Given a chance, said Mailer, they might be able to work out their own problems, once freed from the crippling, corrupt hand of machine politics and City Hall, as represented by dull party hacks like Mailer's opponents.

Even a brief survey of some of Mailer's suggestions is impressive. He proposes neighborhood colleges in ghetto areas, built in renovated brownstone buildings by neighborhood labor, staffed by neighborhood teachers,

Such a local college, geared to the needs of local people, would encourage more people to finish high school by making college seem a realistic possibility. The idea of abolishing private cars from Manhattan and creating days when no factories could operate to decrease pollution is eminently sensible and probably will come to pass someday. Indeed, the only thing "crazy" about Mailer's platform is that it is ten or twenty years ahead of its time.

As a speech-maker, Breslin clearly has more popular appeal. One of his speeches, given to an audience of policemen, is charming, as much by its honesty as anything else. (It is worth noting that Mailer is about the only person in America one can think of who can address a group of radical college students or an audience of cops, be equally honest with each and get an enthusiastic reaction from each. His mind is large enough to encompass and view both realistically and sympathetically. And this too is no small achievement.) Breslin's speeches are full of fine, bitter quips like, "A certificate of attendance at Benjamin Franklin High School normally entitles a kid to push junk..." Some of the references in Breslin's speeches will escape those whom New Yorkers euphemistically refer to as "out-of-towners," though in fact they won't be missing all that much. Breslin is a considerably more limited person than Mailer, well acquainted with all the picturesque characters on East One Hundredth street, but a bit at a loss when it comes to confronting the Great Unknown west of the Hudson, something no one could say about Mailer.

One reason that the Mailer-Breslin ticket failed to capture more votes was the treatment it received in the New York papers. For the most part this was an attitude of ridicule—Mailer was good for a joke. The section of "Running Against the Machine" called "Some Choice Clippings" illustrates this. In articles by Murray Kempton, Mary McGrory, and Russell Baker, Mailer is made to seem a prize fool, playing at politics. And it seems, once one discounts some of the real handicaps to Mailer's holding the office, primarily a lack of experience in the field and, of course, his reputation as heavy drinker and brawler and some-time buffoon, that Mailer's real crime is that of being an intellectual and a writer, not a Serious Person, in other words. Perhaps Mailer's greatest offense was that he seems to have too much fun in living, and Americans prefer their politicians to be somber, dour, and dull.

Surprisingly, one of the most entertaining parts of the book is the transcript of a television debate between Mailer and the other candidates then running in the Democratic primary: Badillo, Wagner, Proccacino, Scheur, and someone named John Cedar. Seeing such a transcript is a striking illustration of how imbecilities which if spoken on television in an appropriately solemn tone can escape notice, reveal themselves in a written transcript. The difference in intellectual level between what Mailer says and what his opponents say is indeed a chasm. We see Wagner with his famous malapropisms and bad grammar, but Proccacino really steals the show, when in a concluding statement he says, "When you elect me mayor of New York City... we promise one thing, we will in this city, whether you're black, white, Jew, Gentile, rich or poor, I ask you just one question: Are you a good guy or a bad guy?"

The last section of the book contains essays by Gloria Steinem, Leticia Kent, Noel Parmentel, Jr. and others, who worked on the campaign. Much of the emphasis is on Mailer's attempt to be taken seriously, and his own sabotaging of this aim by turning up drunk at campaign rallies or refusing to co-operate with his own staff. (The writer is personally acquainted with a student who worked on Mailer's campaign team, and who gets furious when Mailer's name comes up, because of the difficulty of working with him.)

The essay by Parmentel, a right-winger and friend of William F. Buckley is perhaps most interesting. He regards Mailer as the one candidate who could successfully have united left and right wing factions in New York, and whose ideas about local control and New York as a separate state could have appealed to all political factions in the city.

"Running Against the Machine" is a fascinating mosaic picture of what can happen in New York politics when a man of genius and imagination enters, however briefly, into the political arena. Some parts of the book may already seem dated and over-detailed for people not deeply familiar with New York as a political and metaphysical entity, but there is much of general interest for anyone concerned with this kind of experiment. It is unlikely that in the last analysis Mailer could have won or ever really expected to. His aim, as is often the case with minority party candidates, was to inject his ideas into the political forum. I should not be surprised to see Mayor Lindsay proposing "Sweet Sundays" or local neighborhood control in the near future.

That Lindsay, however unpopular with the working-class, would win re-election over Proccacino and Marchi, was never really in doubt. New Yorkers have too much respect for style ever to have elected either of two such colossally dull and graceless men. Yet it is strange that Mailer, whose life is built around an obsession with style, and who was, incidentally, that rarest of birds, a Jewish candidate for Mayor in the world's largest Jewish city, was not taken seriously as an opponent to Lindsay, the arch-WASP. Yet this too is not mystifying, for if Lindsay represents to the middle-class Jewish voter, whose vote was decisive in the election, all the striped tie, Ivy League respectability he pushes his children through school to achieve, Mailer is the local Bad Boy, who runs around with loose women and drinks like one of the goyim. So for this too, Mailer never really had a chance, because he represents not the frozen-face chic of Park Avenue, but the adventurous, mad, irrepressible side of New York, that city, as Gloria Steinem says, "of infinite opportunity, infinite risk."

I prefer to see Mailer's campaign as neither a bad ego-trip nor a disastrous foray into politics. New York City is not just the most godawful and exciting place in the world, it is also a fever in the blood. Mailer has that fever, and running for Mayor is the ultimate expression of it. It had to come sooner or later. All of us who also share that fever (and those who want to see what it is like), will find "Running Against the Machine" an absorbing and exciting book.

WAR BABY REVIEW

flowers and violence by steven reiner



WOODSTOCK NATION, by Abbie Hoffman.
Random House (paper). \$5.95.

**An army without a culture is a dull-witted army
and a dull-witted army cannot defeat the enemy**
Mao Tse Tung

CULTURE, CULTURE, Who's got the CULTURE? Is it PIG NATION or is it WOODSTOCK NATION? Is it RCA or the Airplane? The Chase Manhattan Bank or Peter Max? I don't know and neither does Abbie Hoffman. But Hoffman knows enough to get busted 40 times in a year, and to take acid a lot, to urinate on the Pentagon, run a pig for President, and write books like Woodstock Nation.

Woodstock Nation is about the CULTURE game and what it all means, who lives and who dies by it, who gets rich and who goes poor. It's also about a revolution and armies and the battle between two nations for a certain abstract prize.

The half a million or more kids who came to the Woodstock Musical Festival late this summer were the troops and their ammunition of grass, drugs, free love, and liberation was gunning away hard at the surrounding enemy. And the Woodstock stake-out was only the latest and biggest—it had happened before in Berkeley and the East Village, in Big Sur and in Boston Common, in New Mexico and the Haight, But PIG NATION was strong, and they had recaptured much of the once liberated land and WOODSTOCK NATION would have to try some more and try harder.

It would be hard. You see WOODSTOCK NATION is worth a lot to PIG NATION. CBS and Columbia records make lots of money dealing to it. Life Magazine and Bennett Cerf dig the nation too. It makes good copy.

Abbie knows all this and it worries him. He knows how those half a million troops got on that land—through some smart rich entrepreneurs who were out to make some money and thought up the idea of a Woodstock festival. Through some guys who couldn't give a shit about the Black Panthers or the Chicago Conspiracy or Vietnam or liberation. Through the big record companies also—big corporate executives who bought and packaged the good music. And sadly through some of those rich rock bands who were nothing more than the willful employees of the CULTURE vultures on Madison Avenue. So what was Woodstock? "Were we pilgrims or lemmings. Was this really the beginning of a new civilization or the symptom of a dying one? Were we entering a liberated zone or entering a detention camp?"

Abbie had a rough time finding out. He was just released from jail and was still strung out on a 3 month battle with hepatitis. He had already dropped one acid cap and would soon do two others. Running for 72 hours through the nude mud bodies, and the scarlet and orange scarves and vests, through the injuries and the bad trips and Janis Joplin and garbage and the sweet smell of marijuana he found an answer—in a book written in five days—upside down—in an unused carpeted Random House office—on Fifth Avenue.

What he found was hope. Hope that the love, the drugs and the sex of Woodstock, of the new nation of the young, and of the young's music could break the shackles of the PIG CULTURE. Hope that the coming together and the struggle that was involved to do so, would signal other struggles together for change and that the CULTURE could become stronger than its keepers, break out of the plastic uptown, za-za PIG tentacles of the Rock Empire and all that it breeds.

Abbie Hoffman is far out, but he is serious. He has worked with SNCC in Mississippi, worked for voter rights in Georgia, worked with poor people in the slums of New York and seen what the PIG NATION did to the Haight. He has lived the political revolution and has become frustrated and sad. His cultural revolution is the way to come together. Why and how he doesn't say. He can't because he is not sure.

The culture is the style. The culture is the definition. It forms the politics. "When I appear in the Chicago courtroom I want to be tried not because I support the Nation Liberation Front—which I do—but because I have long hair. Not because I support the black liberation movement but because I smoke dope. Not because I am against a capitalist system, but because I think property eats shit."

The CULTURE needs guns as much as does politics, and for Abbie the "nation built on love out of the seeds of Woodstock must survive and to survive, it must fight. The flower children must grow thorns. Because, as Abbie tells us near the end, what happened at Woodstock was cool for AFTER the revolution. There were still those cats that ran the whole thing and those people at Columbia records. There was the real Woodstock also—that little town where cops belt you with a club if you sit down in the middle of town and shave your head if they arrest you. And the rest of PIG NATION too—where you can get busted for grass with a ten year prison sentence.

The revolution will work, the thorns will be grown if Woodstock was the post-revolutionary life, if WOODSTOCK NATION was the new nation. The hope says Abbie is that, "PIG NATION cannot endorse what happened up in WOODSTOCK NATION. The hope is that they can never figure out what happened until it is too late. The hope is that the people always will be stronger than the pig's technology. The hope is that the pig is too dumb to dig the scene. Can America absorb smoke-ins, screw-ins, liberated zones, what have you, inside its borders, I don't think so."

CULTURE, CULTURE, Who's got the CULTURE? I don't think that it's Abbie or the troops of WOODSTOCK NATION.

On the back jacket of Woodstock Nation Abbie tells you to steal the book. But on the front, in somewhat smaller type, Bennett Cerf says no, \$2.95. Who do you listen to?

writer on campus by howard gelman

HIGH, by Thomas Hinde. Walker & Co. \$5.95.

This is a book about a writer who is writing a book about a writer, who... No, actually, it is a book written by an English novelist who came to teach at the University of Illinois and wrote a book about an English novelist who came to teach in America, who is writing a book about an English novelist... You say you've heard it all before? Well, it does sound familiar, but, this time it takes place in the raw sexy world of the "big-time college campus" (straight off the jacket cover). The book is called High and that's where it's headed—a floating acid-methadrine finale that covers two novels and leaves everything upside down and inside out.

Thomas Hinde, the young English novelist, spent two years teaching creative writing classes at Illinois. In an article he wrote a short time after returning to England, Hinde extolled his American students for their willingness to experiment. Although they often couldn't handle the words, he felt their minds were leaping out miles in front of their typewriters, regrouping and restructuring the fictional forms. Their almost completely uninhibited view of tradition and form in creative writing was, as he related it, a mind-blowing experience. What interested him was that the final productions often did not measure up to the creative energy that went into the work. But Hinde didn't simply write it off as more American blustering, in fact, he wrote his fictional hero, visiting Professor Maurice Peterson, into that world of energy-bursting students. For example, Prof. Peterson's first meeting with a budding student writer:

"So you're a writer," Ric said.

"That's right."

"So am I," Ric said.

When he could think of nothing better Peterson said, "Oh fine."

"It sure is good to meet a genuine person among this bunch of layabouts," Ric said.

"Are they?"

"Oh come off it," Ric said, "You been here over a year and not found that out? Don't give me that crap."

"Some of them maybe."

Ric didn't answer but stared threateningly.

Professor Peterson is fascinated and overwhelmed by blunt and forceful American students—male and female. It is this that draws him to Jill Hern, a plump little co-ed who leads him in and out of beds for most of the novel. Jill meets the Prof. by answering his opening course questionnaire on "why did you sign for this class?" by saying, "Because I like novels and I like Englishmen."

For most of the book, Peterson bounces back and forth between his two students, never quite sure of his ability to understand them or enter their world. But, his main outlet is the novel he is writing. It is a fictional expansion of the insecure Professor's life. The hero of the novel within the novel is Professor Peter Morrison, lecturer in English at Bigg University; a robust, bearded Englishman who knocks people down before they knock him. How does Prof. Morrison handle budding young writers?

"Hi, You're Prof. Morrison. I'm Butch. Maybe you don't know me, I'm just a card in an IBM machine.."

"Too bad," Morrison said. "Can I help you?"

"Can you help me?" Butch said, as if it was some profound question, like what is truth? "You're a writer, aren't you. Let's say I've come to help you with your writing. Would that make sense?"

"It certainly would," Morrison said, "so what I suggest is you fuck off, because I'm busy."

Peterson's alter ego, Morrison, outdoes these students in bluntness and force; he even grabs the co-ed before she can get him.

The novel follows this schizophrenic path exploring the dual characters of a single personality. But, as the interweaving of life-fiction and fiction-fiction progress, the facts become muddled. By the end, we no longer know where we are. It is no longer clear whether Peterson is writing a book about Morrison or vice versa.

There are at least two other novels that get attention inside this larger novel. They are the creation of Dr. Ivan Heinz (alias Dr. Hans Ifitz) a sinister European professor of psychology, supplier of acid and speed, procurer of women, etc. The evil Doctor lurks on the fringes of the story dispensing pills and aesthetic ethics. When Peterson questions him on the truth of a book Heinz has given him to read, the Doctor replies: "Which book? The book a real person has written about an invented character, or the book you say I have written about a real character? You are seeing what an irresponsible act this writing of a novel can be if it is leading to such confusion."

Confusion is where High is moving, but it works in well with the final acid-trip fling of the dual heroes. There is some good writing, both satiric and serious, in this novel, but, what I object to is the inverted direction of its theme. The confusion at the end is the same confusion that was present at the start. Writing novels about writing novels is a kind of unsatisfying masturbation. It reminds me of a little boy who has urinated in his pants. The immediate pleasure of relief is negated by having done it in his pants. I don't object to the technique because it has been used before, but, because here it doesn't develop a new view of character or aesthetic principles. When you say that if you hold a mirror in front of a mirror you see an infinite trail of mirrors, it is interesting but not startling.

There is some clever parodying of the English Professor's approach to life: "When you're sure it's a tragedy in the low mimetic mode," Peterson was saying, "how will this help you to enjoy the book? Or find its connection with life, with your life?"

Or on faculty rebellions: "We the undersigned... the committee proposal to reduce the whole seventeenth century to one multiple sectioned course on Milton..." He read its phrases of understated desperation with growing alarm. By the end he was sweating heavily."

Or on literary discussions: "He came late, read Dylan Thomas in a Peter Sellers' Indian accent, invented a Significant New Young English Poet called Sinkington, read several invented extracts and stood damp-eyed with emotion. Clearing his throat from the sob he'd been choking back, he asked for questions.

"Mr. Morrison, would you say there was any intrinsic difference between prose and poetry?"

This combination of good writing and ideas that seem to move in circles and go nowhere, gives me dire feelings about the modern novel. There are other writers who have come to a blank wall in integrating old and new approaches to form and content. After reading High, I would say the author has to look for a new direction.

epoch of insurgency by james rowen



EMPIRE AND REVOLUTION, by David Horowitz. Random House. \$5.95.

While the Russian revolution was still unfolding, Lenin wrote of "the hundreds of millions of the peoples of Asia who are destined to come forward on the stage of history in the near future, following us."

It is this prophetic quality of the original Bolshevik perspective which enables David Horowitz to state "the shape of contemporary history is beginning to look more and more like the classical conception of the early Bolsheviks; an epoch of revolutionary insurgencies and counter-revolutionary interventions...between old capitalist powers and new revolutionary regimes."

"Empire and Revolution" traces the history of the international socialist revolution from the Russian experience through the Cuban revolution, and the parallel growth of American imperialism, showing the effects one had upon the other. It is a well documented, very expansive addition to the growing body of Marxist historical reinterpretation.

Horowitz's book comes at a very opportune time. The brutal contradictions of American imperialism are becoming so crystal clear that America's rulers are desperately trying to establish some fast and false historical distortion while mounting fierce domestic repression.

The press and the administration are trying to label the war in Vietnam and its terrifying results aberrations in the American experience. Horowitz offers enough facts to convince any skeptic that the war in Southeast Asia was the latest step in a foreign policy of global expansion and intervention, reminding his readers of the import of the 1947 Truman Doctrine, which laid down the premise that the world was already divided into two inherently hostile camps, and the United States would smash ANY movement anywhere with an ideology opposed to free enterprise capitalism.

The entire war, and the atrocity at My Lai must be viewed not as aberrations, but as the starkly bloody logic of counter-revolution.

Within the United States, Horowitz sees the emergence of the black revolt as the most significant indication that bourgeois rule in America is entering into an irreversible crisis leading to its collapse and replacement with socialism. It is the last step in the original schema of the Bolsheviks, who saw the revolution as global, and its end in the establishment of international socialism.

There are two trends within contemporary America, however, that I do not feel Horowitz deals with adequately, both of which detract from his basically optimistic feeling that capitalism and the world system which feeds it are beginning to crumble.

The first is the systematic, vengeful extermination of the vanguard of the black American socialist movement, the Black Panther Party. All Panthers are harassed; 40 have been murdered (the latest two in Chicago as they slept), and over 400 have been arrested and face centuries of prison terms on a variety of trumped up and unfair charges.

The Nixon administration and police departments are gearing towards domestic counter-insurgency, stocking and using M-16s, tanks, and other exotic gases and

equipment spawned in the war against those who challenge America in the rice paddies of Vietnam and the mountains of Bolivia.

This open-ended commitment to the destruction of the Panthers and other such groups has great public support, evidenced in numerous ways; the rapidity with which legislative bodies approve appropriations for new weaponry, the silence of liberals when Panthers are murdered, the election of policemen to the mayor's office in Minneapolis and Detroit, the openly right-wing activities of policemen's associations in most large cities, and the frighteningly enormous total vote for Nixon, Agnew, Wallace and Le May, just to point to a few examples.

Such repression, and the ease with which it is accepted by the public (this city has comfortably adjusted to two National Guard occupations within 9 months) makes it valid to say that the movement towards facism is growing faster than is the anti-imperialist movement towards a socialist alternative.

The second trend, which Horowitz does not discuss and asses at all, is the growth and appeal of 'counter' or 'youth culture.' These cultural alternatives reflect a rebellion in life style, and do not fundamentally confront the basic assumptions upon which capitalism rests. Much of 'youth culture' apes capitalism's most self-serving and competitive facets.

Furthermore, the managers of American capitalism are clever and flexible enough to co-opt much of counter culture. The result is the extension of the system's profit foundations, and the buying off of much revolutionary potential among youth. Capitalism can and does absorb much of new culture, for instance enabling the pages of the Wall Street Journal to be graced with Yellow Submarine type ads plugging the benefits of First National City Bank's international foreign investment programs, and national television commercials by the star of "Hair" to sing the praises of Salem cigarettes. Flowers sprout from Pepsi-Cola bottles, and Ford Mavericks come in psychedelic colors. But what is changed?

The five hundred thousand young people who went to the Woodstock Festival would not and could not turn out en masse for a demonstration protesting American Imperialism. Large rock festivals, like the rest of hip capitalism, are run by a new breed of profiteers as dedicated to making money as John D. Rockefeller.

While Woodstock specifically was a financial failure, the rest of the new youth market is extremely lucrative. Counter culture does not challenge the profit system, but instead co-exists and cooperates with it.

The greatest drain on effective movement participants is counter culture's ability to drain off alienated youth, and its failure to substitute an alternative POLITICAL program which is anti-capitalist.

Horowitz would agree that the revolution is going to have to be made by the American working class; yet it is that class which sees youth culture as a fantasy or a disease.

The revolution which the Bolsheviks began and which Horowitz traces can only be sustained by an understanding of the contemporary political system, of what challenges that system and what does not.

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