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THE WAR BABY REVIEW



reviews of:

Ada
The Band
Miles Davis
Abbey Road
Custer Died for Your Sins
The Strawberry Statement
The Whole World is Watching
The Making of a Counter Culture
The Selling of the President 1968

THE WAR BABY REVIEW

Elliot Silberberg, editor

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David Minard, graphics editor

The War Baby Review intends to publish 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.

Tentatively The War Baby Review will appear on a monthly basis through the school year. We welcome letters concerning the articles we publish, as well as suggestions as to how The War Baby Review might be improved. Potential contributors are invited to submit their work. We hope you enjoy this first issue.

contributors

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GREG WARNE, writes, "I am a post marxist doper, presently on loan to The War Baby, courtesy of the cosmos. I am also a college drop-out but it's OK because I'm from Wisconsin."

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hidden persuaders

By **ELLIOT SILBERBERG**
THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968,
by Joe McGinniss. Trident Press, \$5.95

Several years ago, it seems like decades for all that has happened to America since, I sat in front of a TV set watching Jack Kennedy debate Richard Nixon into a political grave. No contest. Kennedy was all teeth, grace, and manners, a new archetype of manliness, and after eight years of playing golf with Ike, America needed his flair. This knight seemed to speak of issues, but he really spoke to something inside women and to a man's sense of adventure. The New Frontier.

Nixon? He had no chance there on the air waves. He merely spoke of issues and got his lines confused at that. Here was a man of back rooms, side deals, five o'clock shadows. The close-up showed what he needed to hide. Kennedy humiliated him. After the third debate, Nixon looked like the coyote at the end of a Road-Runner cartoon.

So RN skulked away. Soon later we heard how he had vented his wrath on reporters, the closest human equivalents to a TV screen. He would show them all, in his own way. RN went underground to New York to make piles of money.

The Second Coming. This time around RN would be more careful and he would win. With a little help from his friends, RN would learn to conquer TV, to both hide his evil and express it in socially acceptable ways. In 1968 The New Nixon arrived.

In a brilliantly understated book, Joe McGinniss tells the whole story of Nixon's TV resurrection. McGinniss quit a job with the "Philadelphia Inquirer" and informally joined Nixon's public relations staff early in the campaign. He watched Nixon's ad men formulate concepts, tape TV shows, and select panels they saw fit to complement The New Nixon. Little of any Nixon, new or old, appears in the book, because the RN of the campaign was completely created by these men. Nixon appears as an actor, ready to lip-synch his part.

In blueprint form, here is how McGinniss saw a political image and a President created:

The cast of ad men: Harry Treleaven, William Gavin, Ray Price, Frank Shakespeare, Len Garment, Roger Ailes.

The raw material: Richard Milhous Nixon: plastic; do fold, bend, and spindle for a vote; a moral eunuch. The method: total control of RN, from speeches to camera angles, from selection of TV panels to taped replays throughout the country.

The metaphors:

(1) A man for all seasons (i. e. law and order, evasiveness, vague to the point of total confusion). RN (quoted by McGinniss): "As I've campaigned across America these past few days, I've found immense concern about the teachers' strike in New York City. Now, without getting into the merits of that controversy, I think that one point that should be emphasized that has not been emphasized enough is that the heart of the problem is law and order in our schools."

(2) A good man for Blacks to have around; Black capitalism. McGinniss: "Jim Howard was trying to get Wilt Chamberlain to appear on the Mike Douglas Show for free. The idea was for Chamberlain to explain why

Richard Nixon should be President. Chamberlain was the only Negro celebrity they had and they were trying to get him around. The problem was, the Douglas show did not pay. And Chamberlain wanted money."

McGinniss: "The TV studio was opened and the hundred and twenty-five girls who had volunteered to answer the phones were led in. Frank Shakespeare watched them take their places and an expression of horror came over his face. 'Oh my God!' he said. 'This is terrible! Where are the black faces? Where are the black faces?'"

(3) Nixonesque flair, or polka anyone? McGinniss on Nixon celebrity endorsements: "In fact, the day Charley Garment started, the only names on the celebrity list were Art Linkletter, Connie Francis, Pat Boone, John Wayne, and Lawrence Welk. And it turned out Welk didn't want his name used either."

(4) Spiro who? "We're doing all right," Roger Ailes said, "If we could only get someone to play Hide The

Greek."

(5) Jewish and Arab all rolled into one. McGinniss: "There was another reason, too, why Herb Needleman was unacceptable (for a panel show). 'Len says they want to go easy on Jews for a while. I guess Nixon's tired of saying 'balance of power' about the goddamn Middle East.'"

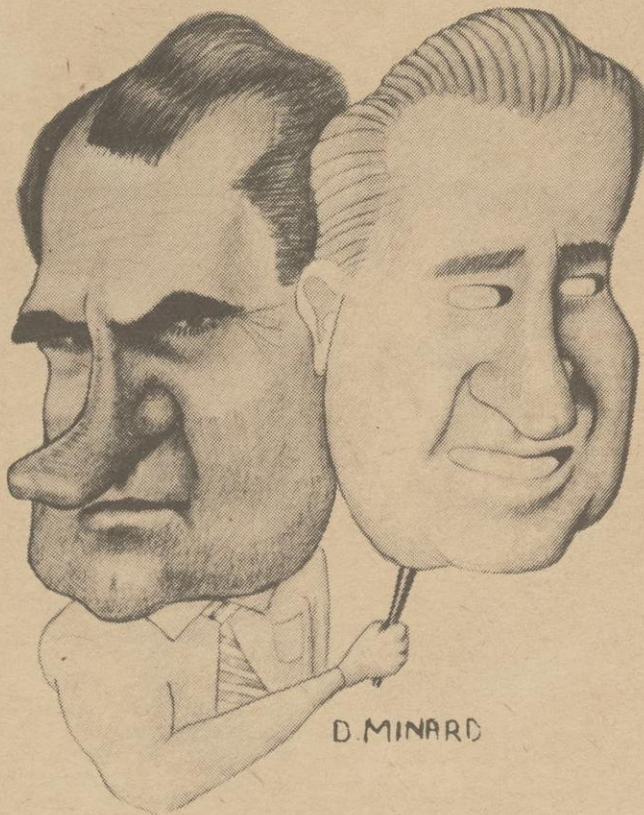
The list continues in this funny and pathetic way, and essentially is the book. McGinniss reveals aspects of The New Nixon sham along every stage of the campaign. After the humor settles, we are left wondering. McGinniss rests content to expose the mechanics of image creating, but he leaves speculation about why The New Nixon was appealing open for consideration.

It's unfair to accuse Nixon alone of dirty politicking, since image building efforts are by now a crux of almost every political campaign (watch Bill Dyke's double talk on the news some night). In campaigns, issues are almost irrelevant. Even straight-from-the-heart HHH was to say ruefully, "The biggest mistake in my political life was not to learn how to use television."

So given that politicians are crooks, can we understand why Nixon was to succeed as the biggest thief of all? The likely answer is that Nixon represented old, stable values among the great majority of Americans who felt threatened by what they had seen under LBJ. Most Americans could not think clearly about issues like the war, Black unrest, and student demonstrations, because to think straight would have meant recognizing that the prime tenets of Democracy in America were only rhetoric. To turn to Nixon was to turn to a gentle, mindless, but moral authoritarianism. He would set things right. He would prevent the scared from thinking things about The Other America that terrified them.

Essentially then, most Americans were probably looking for a sense of themselves in the candidates, and this had a lot to do with Nixon's new appeal. What about this whole notion of buying a loser, this used car of a man? McGinniss implies that the public was duped by Nixon's ad men. But I wonder. Might it not be that many Americans recognized a sense of their own anxiety and hypocrisy in Nixon? The New Nixon, the utter obviousness of the change in image, the sheer guile, all these qualities marked Nixon as a good business man. When you've got a lemon, make lemonade, says the businessman, and by gum, by gosh, cracker-barrel, yessir, Nixon sure was trying. Americans gave him credit for the simple attempt to trick them. It was the American way.

Humphrey may well have lost because he refused to be a salesman. HHH debunked those basic American mythologies. He appeared as a human being on TV, crawling down a bowling alley lane in short sleeves, wearing a ridiculous fisherman's hat, or admitting his daughter was mentally retarded. But Americans would have none of it. It was not a time for honesty. It was a day for tall tales, for Yankee Peddlers with convincing wares to sell, for Tom Sawyers looking to have their fences painted. The myths said "Cheat" and Nixon was there. So a New Nixon, with an imbecile second in command, sits in the White House, a product not just of the media, but also of the need for deception in the great majority of American people.



cowboys and indians

By JAMES ROWEN
CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS, by Vine Deloria Jr. Macmillan, \$5.95

In the public mind, the American Indian is a fictional caricature created by the white psyche; a 'civilized' savage motionlessly planted before tobacco shops, or a souvenir bead weaver who still can't hold his firewater. He lives, according to the mythology, on some undeveloped land the settlers kindly gave him, or like that good Indian, Tonto, "somewhere just outside of town."

Custer Died For Your Sins neatly destroys these stereotypes and exposes those flaws in the white mentality which formed them. Deloria's book is biting and expansive, ranging across four hundred years of American history, multiple Indian cultures, Black Power, Vietnam, Hippies, party politics, corporate life, and a dozen other current topics all from the Indian point of view. He skillfully blends topics which both entertain the reader and reinforce the book's central proposal for Indian separatism. "The current joke," writes Deloria, "is that a survey was taken and only 15 per cent of the Indians thought the United States should get out of Vietnam. Eighty-five per cent thought that they should get out of America." (155)

Vine Deloria, Jr., is, at 35, a national Indian leader, historian, sociologist, former seminarian, and humorist, currently beginning a law career to organize—along NAACP lines—a broad legal campaign to permanently insure the protection of original Indian treaty rights. It is the author's breadth of experience and obliteration of anti-Indian stereotyping that most recommend this book. But Custer Died For Your Sins does contain serious problems and contradictions because of the author's misconceptions of American economics and social institutions. In addition, Deloria offers solutions to minority group problems which would not begin to fundamentally redistribute income and power to those most oppressed under American free enterprise capitalism.

Often times, the holder of a particular idea or strategy mistakenly feels that it will be universally applicable. Objective reality is thus molded to meet the requirements of the theory, insuring a result that is inefficient or potentially disastrous. For example, conventional warfare has failed to defeat the guerilla movement in Vietnam. It is symptomatic of some intellectuals to want to apply pet theories to all situations and this causes Deloria's major errors in prescriptions for solving American social and economic problems.

The author believes that the major strategy for preservation and growth of Indian culture is a return to national tribalism. While such a solution unfortunately does take Indian tribes out of any broadly based political movement, it is an understandable plan for groups that were distinct cultural entities before the white man, his government and his churches declared war on them. However, Deloria feels that national tribalism is the correct prescription for black and white America. Despite these groups' lack of tribal heritage. This is a serious contradiction, because the author's chief, and most bitter complaint against the white man is that he has tried to impose an alien culture upon the red man.

Moreover, such a solution does not change the basic tenets and problems of the American economic system, which causes similar problems across racial and cul-

tural lines.

A Leave-Us-Alone-Law

Indians have suffered a three and a half century war upon their tribal institutions, which were most dependent upon free access to native lands and waters. The tribes made treaties with the government, bartering a certain portion of their lands in return for uninterfered Indian use of the remainder. What the government did was take the first part legally, and along with church and business, took the Indians' part illegally. Deloria wants an end to the Widow Watson-like 'civilizin' of hypocritical churches, conniving politicians, greedy entrepreneurs and vacationing anthropologists. He wants, in the words of the Cheyenne River Sioux Alex Chasing Horse "a leave-us-alone-law" from the Congress. "Most Indians are nationalists," states Deloria. "That is, they are primarily concerned with the development and continuance of the tribe. As nationalists, Indians could not, for the most part, care less what the rest of society does." (241)

The Red and The Black

Deloria deals at great length, in the chapter "The Red and the Black," with the historical contrasts between the white assaults upon red and black people. He stresses the differences, to explain why Indians have not adopted the tactics and joined the struggle of blacks in the 60's. Indians were forced into white society; blacks were excluded. Indians were given reservations; blacks were not. Indians had a legal status because of treaty rights; blacks had no legal status at all. Yet after emphasizing the differences, he states that reservations would have been a good idea for freed black slaves, and "it was an absolute disaster" that they were denied reservations. "Indian people have the possibility of total withdrawal from American society," which he feels is the condition which blacks need to truly solve their problems. (196)

This kind of program approaches the problem as totally racial, whereas groups like the Black Panther Party view blacks' problems as primarily class-based and related to the problems of other non-black groups with whom alliances can be formed. Deloria, although publishing this book in 1969, does not make one mention of the Black Panthers, continually attacking "militants" while praising "nationalists" such as Stokely Carmichael. "Hopefully," writes Deloria, "Black militancy will return to nationalistic philosophies," ruling out ideologies which urge solidarity with similarly victimized people.

Radical Retreat

Another inconsistency comes about when Deloria first notes, then demotes, then dismisses the significance of economic factors motivating the white man's first imperialist struggle on the American continent. Time and time again he says that the white man was after Indian lands and treasures.

"There never was a time when the white man said he was trying to help the Indian get into the mainstream of American life that he did not also demand that the Indian give up land, water, minerals, timber and other resources which would enrich the white man." (173) Again; "The white is after Indian land and resources. He always has been and he always will be." (174)

Indeed, the author is approaching very radical conclusions about white American history and culture when he denies that the whites even brought a culture from Europe.

but "only a three-hundred year orgy of exploitation.... the white had no culture other than one of continual exploitation." (175, 185)

Yet Deloria then backs away from what is sounding increasingly suggestive of Marxist analysis when he concludes that "the problems of Indians have always been ideological rather than social, political or economic." (198) The retreat becomes a surrender when he incredibly refuses to place a negative judgment on the economic system that systematically smashed or looted his entire culture. I had difficulty understanding why an American Indian with Deloria's experiences and travels throughout Indian lands would not attack American capitalism with the gusto and fire expected from one of its earliest victims.

He writes "There is basically nothing real about our economic system. It is neither good nor bad, but neutral. Only when we place connotations on it to manipulate people that it becomes a thing in itself." (189) What Deloria does not see is that the manipulative and destructive values of American capitalism are inherent and self-operating. I submit that there is something very "real" about our economic system, for Indians in the Dakotas or rice-farmers in Vietnam, California grapepickers or West Virginia coalminers, welfare mothers or burdened housewives; all are victims of a system so real it is painful.

There is a closing appeal in "Custer Died For Your Sins" for funds from "interested white people," presumably white liberals who would be turned off by a Marxist analysis or a negative judgment of the system which has been so beneficial to them. Money is always a necessity in funding a movement, but is an unfortunate excuse for an intellectual and political cop-out.

White Tribalism

Deloria has made serious cognitive errors in judging the effect of the American economic system, and the applicability of tribalism to black America. He makes another one in stating that white America is now partially tribalized and therefore on the road to an improved society.

He states, correctly enough, that the corporation is the major institution in white society, but falls flat when he says that the corporation is "the element of white society closest to the tribe." (239) Thus, he feels that there is a great degree of de facto tribalization here and now, especially since corporate mergers are "comparable to the great Indian coalitions such as the Iroquois and Greek confederacies." (228) Though corporations do claim to offer security, which others call boredom or ulceration, since when were tribes organized with profit margins and production quotas in mind?

Deloria's defense and admiration of corporate life would please J. Paul Getty, and thoroughly blow the categories of every young radical and liberal whom Fortune magazine reports are fleeing from corporate careers. According to the author, "Opportunity now exists within the corporate giants as a member of the tribe. The individual seeks fame only in bringing home the honors for his company... The life of the organization man is not simply one of allegiance to a cold unfeeling machine. Rather it becomes a path by which he can fulfill himself within certain limits. But going outside the limits is taboo." In seeking to extend his theories to white America, which has no roots in tribalism, Deloria is trying to discover roots where they couldn't possibly grow.

Tribes and the PTA

Not content to mislabel the corporation and stop there, Deloria moves recklessly to other American institutions and says these are tribal, too. Looking over the list, I wondered if this was satirical, but decided that the man is serious. Pointing to the American family, Deloria correctly says it is disintegrating as a stable institution. But he attributes the breakdown to the pull on the family by tribal-like organizations such as the PTA, the YMCA, and the country club which "offer a substitute experience." (231) What is more significant than this faulty analysis are the limitations of the marriage contract, eased divorce statutes and birth control, convincing fewer young people to seek marriage and fewer adults to remain married. None of these ideas is mentioned by Deloria.

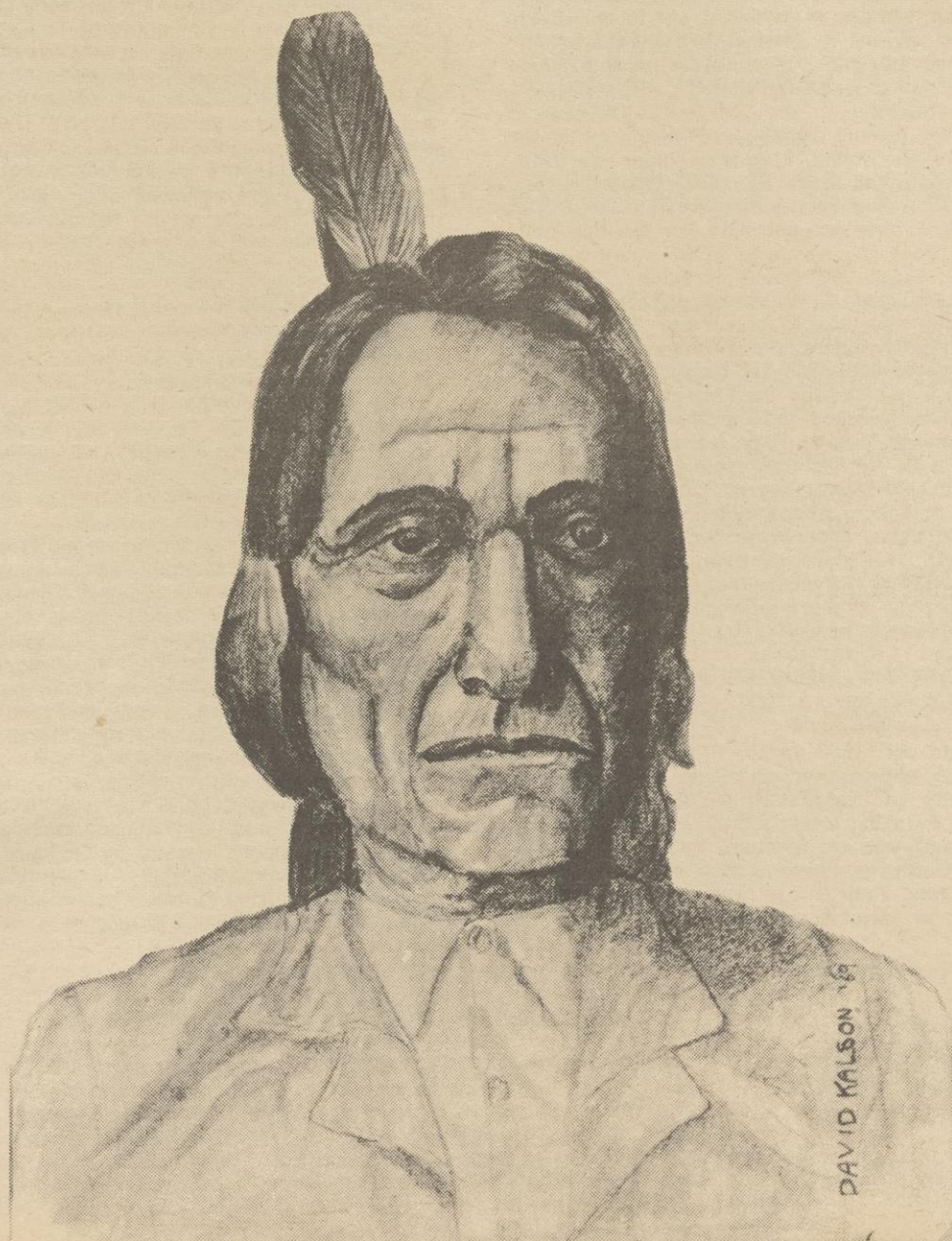
Hippies

Hippies are recognized by Deloria as a group who are seriously approaching and questioning a tribal existence. But again, there is a cognitive problem in the author's understanding of the group. He lapses into a sarcastic reference to hippies, "yippies and zippies," and makes a crack at the way they smell. In addition, Deloria says that Indian tribal life has status values built into the tribal structure, and the hippies he has spoken with will not institute status values and prestige within their tribes. Therefore, he will not recognize them as tribal groups. From what I understand about hippie tribes, one of the goals sought is elimination of prestige and status, allowing life on the experimental plane which Deloria attacks as non-tribal.

The author also confuses the hippies' inability and difficulties in buying land with what he says is their failure to recognize the need for land. Hippies desire and value land highly; it is unfortunately expensive, because the same speculators who stole land from the Indians now have relatives who don't care to sell their land, especially to hippies.

And Finally, Playboy

What Deloria has labeled tribal represents the worst features of American society—corporations, country clubs, PTA's—and so I wasn't too surprised when he finally pointed to Playboy magazine—perhaps the worst institution in America, as "the best example in intellectual circles of a tribal phenomenon," because it offers members "Identity." (231) Yes, it offers him identity, and we know all about "What Kind of Man Reads Playboy?" He spends \$400 on liquor at Christmas time and owns a \$3000 stereo, prefers Scotch and Bermuda weekends, XKE's sports coupes and Cardin shirts, and, as he would say it in Hefnerese, wants to score in his hutch with a silicone-breasted non-woman. If this is an identity, then we are alienated.



imagination is seizing power

By PAUL NOVAK
THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE,
by Theodore Roszak, Anchor Papers, \$1.95

The making of a Counter Culture is a fine book, and beyond some general remarks on the book, I shall concentrate on what Roszak was writing about—the counter culture. And rather than merely writing about what Roszak wrote, I will simulate my response to him: a flip-flop of quotes of his statements and my impressions, extensions, disagreements, all with the common concern of a counter culture. There is a certain lack of organization to this; however, it mirrors the counter culture where the unity is a lived coherence, a complexity too intricate and convoluted to be outlined in linear fashion on paper, unless it be in such letters as in the Book of Kells.

First, what Roszak's book is and is not. Roszak is an historian (he edited The Dissenting Academy) writing a book on youthful opposition with these assumptions: that this counter culture may help save America from its plight, that the older generation needs to understand this youth movement, and that he can aid this educative process by writing. "We must be willing, in a spirit of critical helpfulness, to sort out what seems valuable and promising in this dissenting culture, as if indeed it mattered to us whether the alienated young succeeded in their project." Roszak is outside this culture and does not validate it in its own terms, but rather as a hope for radical social change. This is not a comprehensive view of the counter culture: Roszak relies on the articulated (i.e. printed) statements of the mentors and leaders, his audience is outside but sympathetic, and he does not emphasize the non-language-centered aspects, such as music, drama, dance, choosing rather the rhetorical.

However, the value of the book is that it goes beyond descriptions of the counter culture's parameters (which could only be tentative with a culture still in the making; knowing the dictionary meaning of the term "counter culture," you still must be there to see the growth) into an analysis and criticism of its making-process. For criticism to be accepted, it must come from one sympathetic to the basic intent and premises of the endeavor, understanding its problems in the attempt to approach the ideal or to clarify the vision. Roszak is sympathetic, yet tough minded: his criticisms are valid. Though his is a different life style, he is not put off by the bizarreness, the faltering, the folly of some experiments, since he can see through to such as the "generous and gentle eroticism." However, others must follow Roszak and go further, into words on living the counter culture. The criticisms must be voiced in life, and manifestoes must be made (sung) and lived. "Do What You Like" of Blind Faith is that: a non-literary statement that is lived as it is sung, that is (and provokes) what it says. In a similar way I want to complement Roszak's view with a concern with the life-forms constituting the counter culture and the problems of living (making) it.

"But I am quite aware that this (cultural) constellation has much maturing to do before its priorities fall into place and before any well-developed social cohesiveness grows up around it." There it is: the counter culture has a long, hard way to go. It is not just a sub-culture or a collection of counter-institutions, e.g. underground radio and paper, various sorts of co-operatives (although a counter-institution can be the impetus for an emerging counter culture, as the postal service was in The Crying of Lot 49 by Thomas Pynchon). A counter culture is also not a utopian project (although it necessarily entails the importance of the vision of the ideal state) because there is that other powerful majority culture, evil, inescapable, subverting. When the majority culture ceases to be an obstacle for the emergence of the counter culture, then utopian schemes can be implemented. Until then, utopian (and dystopian) works can only serve as models for the ideal society. At the beginning the diverse life-styles comprising the counter culture will have to put much energy into fending off the majority culture; later, when the culture can define itself less by what it is against, it will be united by that "social cohesiveness" or a real sense of community. All this is superbly seen in the Foundation trilogy of Isaac Asimov, the making of a counter culture in a thousand years.

Roszak identifies as the enemy the technocracy, which "is not simply a power structure wielding vast material influence; it is the expression of a grand cultural imperative, a veritable mystique that is deeply endorsed by the populace." Thus, what is needed is not just radical dissent, but cultural innovation. And not a shift of power within the power structure, but a change in the patterning of that structure. Many welfare mothers want their share of the goods and have said of Fr. Groppi's demonstrations that "they spoiled it for the rest of us," while Fr. Groppi was concerned with the larger issue of their (his) share of the decision-process concerning the goods, of their control in the process that has been depriving them of goods.

This technocracy is a "trans-political phenomenon," though it is often the liberal who is the most faithful technocrat. This helps explain that paradoxical empathy that occurs when radicals and conservatives (excluding Al Capp and YAF) find themselves comrades in opposition against the technocrats. It is more likely to be the radicals and conservatives who see beyond the present system, who value human autonomy, and who are pro-life (to use A.S. Neill's term). Sex education is an example of this trans-political character of technocratic society: technocrats pro and non-technocrats con, with each group having radical, conservative, liberal, though not in like distribution. In a very real sense politics is only part of a broader imperative: "of altering the total cultural context within which our daily politics takes place."

Roszak denotes the technocracy as the "regime of experts." Here the authority is Kafka. The question in The Trial is "who controls K's life?" The existential interpretation of the book (Buber argues powerfully for it in The Knowledge of Man) has it that K's failure was not determined and that his impotent acts and his abdication to unseen powers are the problem but not the fate of technocratic man. This replaces the politics

of determinism with the politics of daily life; and it replaces the politics of classes with the politics of man where the assumption is that all people in a technocracy (America) are oppressed. Calling a cop a pig: does that help liberate the oppressor of HIS oppression? Unrealistic as some may see it, a worker-student alliance (as the Progressive Labor Party sees it) at least helps to educate the worker to articulate (remove?) his gripes.

Roszak emphasizes that the technocracy is not just something the "capitalist desperadoes" have, that "the profiteering could be eliminated; the technocracy would remain in force," that industrialism give priority to the expansion of its domain rather than to a scramble for profits (anyway, the former gets the profits).

In a way the heart of the book is the chapter "The Dialectics of Liberation" on Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse (one of the 4 best-selling authors on campuses, along with Hesse, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and the last and least P. Roth). The comparison is marred since Roszak did not use Marcuse's An Essay on Liberation or else he couldn't accuse Marcuse of not emphasizing transcendence enough. As it is Roszak favors Brown over Marcuse because Brown has more concern for (i.e. he talks about it more) transcendence, art, poetry, joy than Marcuse does (displays). But what if what Brown says about body and psychic liberation is inadequate and fuzzy? But Roszak is very concerned with the origins of repression and thinks Brown handles this adequately with his view that man has fled from death, that psychic liberation comes through integrating the death instinct with the life. (And Roszak's last two chapters deal with vision vs. the objective scientific mentality.) "In the realm of social criticism, the counter culture begins where Marcuse pulls up short, and where Brown, with no apologies, goes off the deep end": I would draw different implications from this than Roszak does. Brown goes over the deep end (where?) with his death instinct ploy, many would contend that man has no instincts, that the death instinct is too vague a concept. And Marcuse in the liberation essay proceeds where he had pulled up before.

An important difference between Marcuse and Brown is their conceptions of reality. Marcuse would not (one cannot) abolish the reality principle; Roszak sees Brown as envisioning the eliminating of all repression and thus finds Marcuse's distinction between surplus and basis repression as "tricky." Or another side of the problem is the question "which revolution is more real: the social or the psychic?" Roszak answers that Marcuse is still political in the old sense and he is fooled by Brown's art into thinking Brown has viably gone beyond those old style politics. Brown does give more attention to psychic liberation and goes beyond Marcuse in that sense; but his refusal to grant reality her inherent power means that Brown's politics are as inadequate as Marcuse's. It is hard to be free. And being real is dangerous. The rednecks in Easy Rider are part of the reality. Marcuse (who is in the utopian socialist tradition described by Buber in Paths in Utopia) knows reality is hard to confront: the town fool, drunk seer in Easy Rider did get his; freedom is not at the wrong end of a shotgun. It is necessary to go beyond the old conceptions of politics, but it is also necessary to recognize the domain of reality, of the reality principle as shotgun, which can so easily de-mystify the body that could live with death the idea, but not with death as a non-psychic reality. Brown, the body mystic, and his apolitics of joy would have to be reformulated even for a utopia. Some one needs to go beyond both Marcuse and Brown, some one to synthesize non-Freudian (psychoanalysis is too tied to the search for origins in instincts) psychotherapeutic theory and neo-Marxism, to extend this to psychic liberation, to "put an end to politics," as Brown says.

Roszak on violence: "I am bleakly aware that an ideological drift toward righteous violence is on the increase among the young, primarily under the influence of the extremist Black Powerites and a romanticized conception of guerrilla warfare." This question of violence is a problem not only for the New Left, but for all those who mean to build a new culture, not merely to change the power structure. The doctrinaire ideologues are disenchanted with utopian socialism, but after the revolution, What? The psychic revolution must accompany the social revolution and in a sense is more important for the future. A revolution is not La Chinoise with its rhetoric and plotting, but The Wild Bunch, blood and terror. Roszak is right about this romantic notion "The Revolution," but not on his comment on the Blacks: usually their guns are a defensive measure. Anyway, their's is a life not isolated from violence, where violence is part of the repertoire of behavior. Moreover, many other routes to accomplishment are closed, foreign. The white middle-class activist is different—there the rationale for violence is ideology or a low tolerance for frustration. The SDS-Weathermen haven't gotten many thanks for getting the cops off the backs of the blacks or for destroying and fighting. Whites can do violence to the system in a lot of way; a first step is putting their heads together, i.e. into place.

Roszak points out other perils: "the weakness of its (counter culture) cultural rapport with the disadvantaged; its vulnerability to exploitation as an amusing side show of the swinging society." Co-option; if Nixon endorses the anti-war moratorium, then who is on the other side? Meaning you have to keep one step ahead of them to be a good radical, i.e. reexamining everything on the basis of beauty, opportunity for communion

with others, not just a narrow efficiency. To stop playing society's game is hard for a lot of people. In clothing style society defines style as a norm, a prevailing fashion, rather than as an optional part of a life style (where style means a way of being). So are scarves for men any different from ties if they become a (the) style? And it is the reason why a woman goes braless ("to liberate sexuality would be to create a society in which technocratic discipline would be impossible") that is important, not just that she does. The problem of language, especially as used by the mass media, complicates the attempt to stop the infiltration and "denatured permissiveness" of the mass society. "Free love" is a media term; it is like the Playboy image (of which Roszak has a vicious attack), the sale of Playboys supporting the propagation of the ideal of woman-as-object. Roszak is a bit bothered by pornography, but he is right that much of the power of obscenity and porno comes from the vestiges of a Puritan morality. However, he doesn't envision an innocent, lusty, healthy pornography. The media and common usage brand terms onto people and institutions: a longhair is a hippy and evil (so their drugs must be too; Roszak notes that Victorian society accepted dope as a private vice), anarchy means chaos, a school is where learning is to take place. Their words, their meanings, their application of them haphazardly, while hip lingo turns to cliches when it is read in Time. It is necessary to use imagination to make language work for us, and it best does when it comes out of a community of shared experiences and rich meanings. Mainly there is a need for purging of the influences of the affluent society; there follows from this a danger of being defined merely by what is rejected, of destruction not also being creation.

What makes this harder is the lack of adequate adult culture to serve as a model, a start, something to be initiated into. Roszak notes the permissive upbringing of the middle class youth raised on Spock and Mad (though he doesn't realize that Mad has lost its vision and now mocks everyone indiscriminately), the generation gap turned into a push for social change, and he feels the task is too big for youth without adult muscle to aid. Nonetheless, what is needed is the willingness to experiment. Not guide books on how to live underground in the head section (better are the manuals for ghetto residents on how to get what they want from the agencies of the bureaucracy), but experiments in living.

"What makes the youthful disaffiliation of our time a cultural phenomenon rather than merely a political movement, is the fact that it strikes beyond ideology to the level of consciousness, seeking to transform our deepest sense of the self, the other, the environment." Which doesn't mean that the revolution is in your head (only). Roszak sees importance for this psychic revolution in orientalia, occultism, and mysticism (a la Ginsburg and Watts) and in drug use and abuse (he blames Leary for associating dope with religion; and he correctly assigns the dangers of drugs to their becoming ends, not means, especially in the very young or unsteady or the technocrats (soma)); he doesn't emphasize enough the importance of community (in his chapter on Paul Goodman, he rather neglects Goodman the communitarian), where community is the result of people coming together liberating themselves: "only a social order built to the human scale permits the free play and variety out of which the unpredictable beauties of men emerge." Making this community is the real task: "you make up a community of those you love and respect, where there can be enduring friendships, children and, by mutual aid, three meals a day scraped together by honorable and enjoyable labor. Nobody quite knows how it is to be done." What is this community, what is the place of privacy in it, etc? The adult culture, with its life style of objectivity, except for some intellectuals and mis-fits, cannot help with this remaking of the way people live with each other, which is where it all comes together, the social, the psychic, the political. Consciousness consciousness that's not just psychic.

Life styles still have room for expansion, for shaping. Hippies litter like everyone else. Youth consumes in a consuming society where not consuming hurts the system. Even without money, we are not poor people. There are possibilities of work where the product is not judged solely on selling power: weaving cloth, making guitars, making bread ("get together break some bread" sing Blind Faith). Store bread has vitamins, bleached flour sans nutrients, no taste: make bread. America enriches with vitamins when an excess is useless and can be harmful, while bleaching lily white its flour and rice (try brown rice, it's better). Consumer co-ops are fine, but better when linked to ecology-minded produce co-ops, farm and city united. I see these as possibilities in an emerging life style, one at once socially involved, psychically liberated, intrinsically political ("a way of life the young need to grow into, a maturity which may include political activity (activism), but also embraces more fundamental needs: love, family, subsistence, companionship."), and joyful. And at the same time struggling against the oppression of the unfree and against its own immaturity.

The paperback edition of Roszak's book has a beautiful cover that in a way pictures what the counter culture is all about: the battle of the visionary imagination against the "psychic monopoly" (myth) of the objective consciousness, the attempt to find a way ("I have finally found a way to live" sings Blind Faith) to live without alienation from experience and without degradation of the spirit.

reflexive fiction and "ada"

By ANDY SPATHIS

ADA, by Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill, \$8.95.

My first reading of *Ada* brought to mind an old issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* which contained an article by John Barth on the "literature of exhausted possibilities." In the article, he was concerned primarily with the 'Novel form' as, hypothetically, an intellectual dead end. If other literary genres were essentially time-bound, the arrangements of possibilities finite, then it is not inconceivable that the 'modern' and 'super-modern' novel have in nearly all their stylistic permutations exhausted themselves and lost, what might be described as their 'formal' appropriateness to the mood of the age.

Contrary to Norman Mailer in his contention that the novel or any work of art can have purely physical indeed scatological, sources, I believe the novel to be a product of the intellect, and as such subject to a certain categorical construction, involving very basic intuitions of space, time and logic. We have seen the linear plot structure perish, with its easy characterizations and familiar values. We have seen, and for it indebted to Joyce, a sense of exquisite difficulty develop in the novel and in the artistic act in general. An intellectual and physical difficulty which serve to keep one from forgetting, from passing too easily from one uncertain point in space-time to the next, to force on into a greater awareness of his own reality as it relates to the artistic work or process in which he is participating. The emphasis is on madness and insight, and the ontological difficulties involved in revelation. There is an assessment of realities in the 'super-modern' novel (Ulysses) as evidenced in the denial of a straightforward plot and a linearly progressive time. And the characters suffer a similar fragmentation or disorientation, they are one might say more complex (in an almost mystical way), and yet simpler. They are simpler through having reduced or condensed the realms of struggle into two fundamental ones, time and death. (This is not an attempt on my part to construct some vast ontology.) The conditions that most profoundly characterize the human predicament are, I think, time and death. The concern with death and time is one that is easily and often psychologically rechanneled, but nevertheless, the hideous realities persist. The complexity arises when the characters attempt to transcend these basic existential modalities, rebel against time, space, reason. Stripped of the standard intellectual equipment through which a chaotic existence is jiggled about and made to fit a limited framework, the individual is blasted out, torn from a ground of order and sanity.

The novelists most deeply engaged with what I call 'reflexive fiction' (reflexive because the reality presented through fiction is there only against the reader's sense of reality and is thus reflexive in the direction of the reader) are, I think, Beckett, Barth, Borges, Robbe-Grillet and Nabokov.

To reconsider for a moment my original point, Barth in his essay described the demise of the Novel as an exhaustion of structural and contentual possibilities. Even complete silence has been exploited. Indeed Beckett has come near it in his 'Three Novels' (the Malone Series) which have powerfully suggested the absurdity and futility of reason and hope. He has presented us (as Robbe-Grillet has in 'Marienbad') an incoherent, disjointed, maniacal creation whose ultimate direction seems to be the rejection of reason and the affirmation of individual estrangement and the silence which it entails. How then do we respond to this hypothetical deadend? The only response left us is to take exhausted work and employ it against itself with the intention of causing a kind of mutual self-annihilation which in itself would breed new possibilities. What this means essentially is parody. To set the novel up against itself, its contents against its structure, one definition of reality against another, and exploit the ensuing confusion. Thus in *Lolita* and, more especially, *Pale Fire* Nabokov has provided us with several levels of reality, all rooted in a character's insanity, each level a creation of the other. Thus Kinbote is a creation of Shade and Shade of Nabokov, whose reality is in some strange way contingent on our own. Similarly in *Floating Opera*, Barth has constructed characters whose life-styles are livid parodies of some of our own to the extent that they are parodies of parodies and so on. In each case the reader is brought to reflect on the skin of his own reality. And on the composite layers

of that skin.

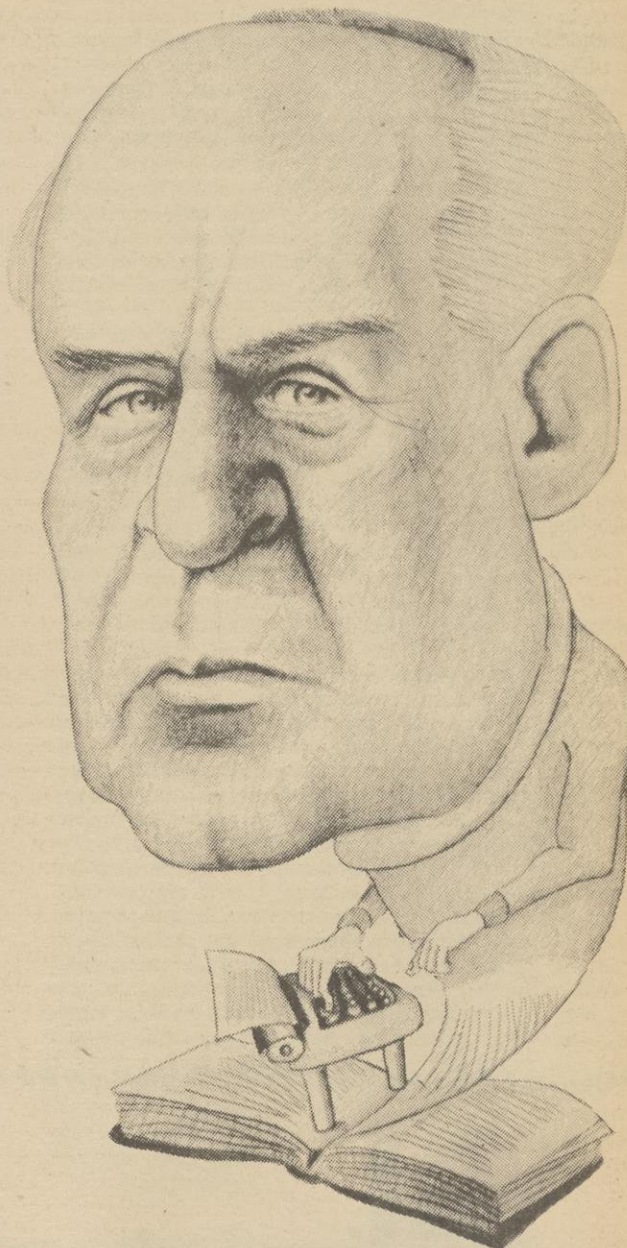
Time and space before 'reflexive fiction' were considered coordinates with which we could locate the occurrence of a particular experience past or present. The great relativists, Proust and more recently Lawrence Durrell attempted to demonstrate that the discontinuity between the 'subjective' and 'objective' flows of time is psychologically analogous to the physical impossibility of the exact simultaneity of two unrelated events. The analogy is a weak one since too many terms remain undefined (and is, at best, only obvious) but it can be useful if we explore it from another unrecognized angle.

One of the results of Relativity theory is the space-time—mass metric, a formulation that supplies us with an approximate determinant of the curve of any given part of space-time from the mass configuration in that area. Space curves about its contents according to the density of the mass. Space and time are found to be more intimately connected with their contents than was originally thought. In the same way, Proust's efforts have revealed the extent to which space-time has influenced our existence and conversely, how our thoughts and actions have in fact moulded in us, highly personal space-time orientations. The point being of course that maintaining the traditional separation of structure and content has become increasingly difficult in 'Super-Modern' fiction (time and space are no longer simply objective criteria for determining valid perception and existence but integral parts of each). And the blending of the two (content and structure) has facilitated the notion of conflict and parody put forth by Barth. Metaphorically, it is as though two mirrors have been placed opposite each other, each reflecting the other into infinity out. Something is destroyed while fresh possibilities are created. This is how Barth proposes to deal with the apocalyptic tendencies of the 'Super-Modern' Novel.

One might regard it all as intentional intellectual harassment or confusion since the object in Beckett's and Borges' sense is to frustrate the intellect, creating new modes of comprehension. This is incidentally a theme to be encountered in a great many Zen writings. Existential liberation, ontological unity, are to be had only after the complete exhaustion of the intellect. Through the Zen paradoxes the intellect is shattered and the deeper ontological impulses are released.

One of the more successful efforts at this sort of fiction which plays with some very puzzling propositions, although considerably more subtle than Beckett or Robbe-Grillet is, I think, Nabokov's "Ada: Or Ardor a Family Chronicle." The novel is largely biographical according to Mathew Hodgart (*The New York Review of Books*, May 22, 1969) and one can view the two main characters Van and Ada as alternate versions of Nabokov. They are, quite appropriately, cousins and it is as though, given that there is a theme of related opposites in the book, each character is, in dialogue, "courting" himself. Which is, I suspect, what happens when one writes an autobiography; there is a certain imposed schizophrenia necessary to undertake the project. This theme of "duplicité" is further manifested in the two worlds of Terra and anti-Terra and in the mothers of Van and Ada, two twin sisters, one of which has died after a prolonged period of insanity. There is in Nabokov more than a taste for the fantastic, and within this duplicity the world of art is contrasted to the "real" world in and out of the novel. Thus Anti-Terra is where our characters live and Terra some dream-like counterpart akin to our notion of Heaven. Aqua, Van's mother, has been driven insane through, what Nabokov hints to be, a kind of revelation comparable perhaps to the state of mind found in the creative artist, and is now in Terra. While Marina, Ada's mother, an aging actress, is immersed in illusion and pretense on Anti-Terra.

Now neither "side" is distinct since it would appear to us as readers that both Terra and Anti-Terra share the same reality (or fiction) and that both Aqua and Marina are to some extent artists, although it would seem Aqua is, through her derangement, more obsessed with fantasy than Marina. But then Terra would be associated more with the realm of the unreal through Aqua, which on first impression seems to be the case, but then our characters who are fictional beings are on Anti-Terra. The shifting of realities is subtle but thoroughly undermining. Ada speaks of "real things," "things," and "ghosts"



each possessing a different ontological meaning. Natural history, we are told at one point, is synonymous with reality. Later it is pain that is synonymous with life.

Our characters' identities are at the same time well-defined and ambiguous. Ada is Van's "lover," "cousin," and "sister." The book itself, written mostly in the third person is marked with occasional shifting to the first person when Van assumes his identity as author of the chronicle. There are also, interspersed throughout, comments by Ada and responses from Van.

As a professor writing his greatest work "The Texture of Time," Van concludes toward the end of it (and of Nabokov's book) that the past is merely a collection of images and indeed that is what he has given us. Each page is a description in the third person of a scene, almost a painting. But most important in his obsession with time, in his profound efforts to directly analyze its "essence" (the chronicle traces the various difficulties Ada and Van encounter in their love affair from its beginnings when they were children, through middle life, up to old age wherein time is of the utmost significance), Van is ultimately successful. For all the images, all the past frozen as it were in the artistic moment, endure outside of time. In the "Textures of Time" Van constructs obscure theories on the "essence" of time which are really quite unsatisfactory (intellectual masturbation). The impression here, although on the surface rather naive, is one of a concern for transcendence; only through artistic work does one truly resist time and death. An ageing Van has little use for sophisticated analytics and within Van is I think an ageing Nabokov who has begun ever so slightly to itch....

There are of course puns and anagrams. There is for instance a certain Spanish writer mentioned, an Osberg (the reference is to Borges) whose short stories are disliked by Van. Nabokov is constantly creating his own realities (fictions) within the realities (fictions) of the novel, building complex parodies that function in innumerable directions with varying intensities. Inevitably, the reader is devoured by "Ada," brought to the wildest thresholds of enchantment, and the, frantic with a terrorized logic, abruptly spit up, "afloat in infinite non-thingness."

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Next to Rennebohms

the arrogance of talent

By RANDOLF GREENE

MILES IN THE SKY, by Miles Davis. Columbia (CS 9628).

I recently asked a friend of mine with rather orthodox be-bop taste what he thought of Miles Davis' album "Filles de Kilimanjaro." He replied snidely that it was the best rock and roll album he had ever heard. His comment at first impressed me as an utter absurdity. How could Miles Davis, whose playing is characterized by brooding, eloquent understatement and complex polyrhythms, be compared to the amplified excesses of Led Zeppelin or the superficial quasi jazz of Blood, Sweat and Tears.

After listening to "Filles de Kilimanjaro," however, and to his subsequent album, "In A Silent Way," I realized that my friend's sarcasm had, probably unintentionally, characterized the innovative excitement of Miles Davis most recent work. It is, I don't think, unfair to say that he is the best rock musician around. (Davis hates the word jazz anyway, as do most contemporary "jazz" musicians, because of its Uncle Tom connotations.) Supposedly it is the rock musicians who are making the radical contributions to contemporary popular music, and certainly a lot of rock is exciting and new, but it is more often jazz musicians who have transformed rock techniques into significantly new musical forms.

Miles Davis is a part of the rock world, and like most rock musicians, his public personality, his mannerisms, his dress, and so forth, are integral if non-musical aspects of his artistic ethos. Most outstanding rock musicians—Eric Clapton, Stevie Winwood, Mike Jagger, Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper, for example—are known for their egoism. I suspect this is the reason why most of them are out of favor. (Consider Blind Faith, a really extraordinary band, has been panned everywhere, from "Life" magazine to "Rolling Stone.") The rock world, despite the hip attire, still has, for the most part, a Ricky Nelson sensibility, expecting the rock and roll performer to act out their wish fulfillment fantasies. However, Clapton, Bloomfield, etc. are primarily artists, not libido substitutes, and it is the force of their egos which has galvanized their music. What makes

them great musicians is that their arrogance, which is another way of saying their imaginative isolation from the everyday world, has been transmuted into a dynamic if not always an easily accessible artistic creation. Their McLuheneque audience, expecting instant input, hardly knows how to deal with music that is arresting in its emotional depth and complexity.

Miles Davis' ego has been offending audiences for a long time. He is known for turning his back while he plays, never announcing titles of songs (much less discussing how they were composed, what they mean, and so forth), and walking off stage after solos. There are, of course, reasonable explanations for his behavior. He turns his back so he won't be distracted by a half attentive audience, and he walks off stage so his presence won't detract from the other musicians. But most important, Miles Davis is arrogant, and his arrogance represents his commitment to his art, to his belief that the world he creates in his music is superior to the world in which his listeners live.

Miles Davis' arrogance is indirectly connected with a more specifically musical quality, what is generally referred to as his coldness, his lack of technique, or his impersonality. Jazz by its nature is a romantically self-expressive art form, and most jazz solos are rhetorical, to borrow a term from literature, and attempt to impress the audience with technical virtuosity. Davis does not dazzle, at least in the obvious sense, but is rather concerned with a controlled, precise statement. In this regard he is much closer to contemporary developments in other arts than are most of his fellow jazz musicians. While their music seems to be premised on nineteenth century ideals of self-expression (of course, not self-consciously), his playing like the poetry of Yeats and Eliot, the novels of Nabokov and Joyce, the paintings of Motherwell and Rothko, the films of Godard and Antonioni, is impersonal and detached. Miles Davis, like his counterparts in other arts, is more concerned with creating art than expressing personality. His audience, a slightly more adult version of the rock crowd, is disappointed when the musician does not entertain.

So far I have been talking primarily about the *zeigist* in which Miles Davis plays, and it would be foolish to

deny that, although these are peripheral matters, they do not play a significant part in our appreciation of an artist's work. But the music is the important thing, and it is on this we must focus. Miles Davis is a contemporary personality, in the sense that Eric Clapton or Jean Luc Godard are contemporary personalities, and like them his art is based upon an assimilation of popular artistic modes, and their transformation into a carefully controlled aesthetic form. And since rock is the music which is defining the contemporary world, aesthetically, politically, socially, it is understandable that Davis' work will show its influence.

Most obviously, on his last three albums, Miles Davis has been using amplified instruments. The electric piano, played by Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea, has been especially prominent. Both pianists have been exploring the unique resources of this instrument, especially its ability to distort notes in various ways, without sacrificing their extraordinary technical ability. Both play with lyricism and subtlety, not common attributes in the rock world, but never sound like anachronisms in their highpowered musical environment.

On "Miles in the Sky" and "In A Silent Way" Miles uses an electric guitar. On the first album, guitarist George Benson works primarily with the rhythm section, and his one short solo is not untypical modern jazz guitar playing. However, guitarist John McLaughlin, a young Britisher, is a major voice throughout "In A Silent Way," and it is immediately apparent that he has been listening to Clapton and Peter Townsend, as well as Charlie Christian and Kenny Burrell. Along with Larry Coryell and Gerry Hahn, McLaughlin I believe is going to be responsible for revitalizing the jazz guitar, which for the most part has been pallid in contrast to blues and rock guitar playing.

Finally, on "Filles de Kilimanjaro," Ron Carter plays an amplified bass. Although he cannot do as much technically with the instrument as he can with an acoustic, nevertheless its presence significantly modifies the overall sound of the band. And on the last three albums Miles has been considerably more concerned with the sound of the band. Whereas most jazz groups emphasize the soloist, Miles has been concerned, as are most rock bands, with texture, the various sounds possible when the musicians play altogether.

Actually, in jazz too over the past few years there has been a lot of experimentation with group jazz, in which all the musicians improvise simultaneously. Ornette Coleman's "Free Jazz" and John Coltrane's "Ascension" are the most notable examples of this experiment, but I think that they differ qualitatively from what Davis and rock musicians are doing. Whereas Coleman and Coltrane were attempting to escape all formal limitations, it seems to me that Miles Davis or the Who are striving for a unique type of formalism, which as yet is difficult to define (I suppose it could be labelled eclectic contextualism attempting to unify disparate musical modes within a distinct context, but this description probably doesn't help a lot).

Of the three albums, "Miles in the Sky," "Filles de Kilimanjaro," and "In A Silent Way," the first and earliest released represents a transition. The second side is in the mode of Davis' earlier work, with the emphasis on short thematic statements or unison melodic introductions, long solos, and complex polyrhythms. Special note should be taken of drummer Tony Williams and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter, who have both played with Davis since the early sixties. Williams is one of the most remarkable drummers around. He is unrelentingly dynamic, yet plays the drums with unusual lyricism. He is capable of developing melodic lines on the drums, and his cymbal work is perhaps more varied than any other drummer. He is a major and every-present voice in the group.

Wayne Shorter has emerged as one of the most important tenor saxophonists of this decade. He first came into prominence with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, and he played primarily hard bop with Coltrane influence. When he joined Davis he softened his tone considerably, almost at times sounding like a 'cool' saxophonist of the early fifties, and concentrated on melodic invention and harmonic innovation. He also developed into one of the most skilled composers writing, and much of the quintets repertoire is Shorter's work.

"Country Son" is an especially exciting piece, which culminates the musical style Davis has been working on for the last decade. The song begins with a short, muted, frantic thematic statement by Miles, with Tony Williams pounding away. The bridge, however, is slow and almost arhythmic, with Williams playing long cymbal lines. Each soloist develops his solo then around the rhythm changes, which are probably more important than either the harmony or the melody. Furthermore, many rhythms are played simultaneously. Williams, himself, never really emphasizes the beat, and the piano, bass and horns work around the beat. The result is a good bit of rhythmic flexibility, which allows for the same innovative freedom that modal harmony permits. It is no accident that Davis has been constantly experimenting with polyrhythms and modality.

The first side of "Miles in the Sky" is Davis' first experiment with rock sounds. "Stuff," like his earlier song "Nefertiti," begins with a long modal unison melody played by the horns, and repeated quite a few times (for about five minutes), with variation provided primarily by Tony Williams and Herbie Hancock on electric piano. The effect is a more subtle variation of the Cream's "Politician" or Blind Faith's "Had to Cry Today" which also rely on the repetition of single riff. The effect is hypnotic, and the structure contextual, that is a structure which seems to surround, figuratively speaking, the various disparate elements. It is Herbie Hancock's electric piano, however, which is responsible for the new texture, the rock texture of the band, and suggests the potential of amplification which Davis explores on his following albums.

"Filles de Kilimanjaro" extends the experimentation on "Stuff." In the first place the rhythm is less complex, not so much because Williams' drumming is less complex, but because Ron Carter on electric bass relies more on repeated figures than melodic lines, and because of the amplification, the bass is more prominent than in the past. The result is the kind of propulsive

(continued on page 7)

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take a sad song and make it better

By ALLEN SWERDLOWE
ABBEY ROAD, by The Beatles. Apple.
 (SO-383).

With the electronically made airplane descent that opens the last Beatles album, the group, as if coming down from a high, tries to return to its musical roots. Though they did not succeed in this abortive effort, the Beatles make a second attempt to regain simplicity in the simply packaged "Abbey Road." To understand the motivation for this return, a short history of the group's music follows. Solistentothis.

According to the legend that has recently been furthered in this country by a number of top 40 radio stations, Paul McCartney has been dead for at least two years. Since the issuance of "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," thousands of clues have appeared in both album sleeves and songs to allegedly prove his death. The clues are real and ingenious. Nevertheless, the end result of these clues was, instead of pointing to Paul's death, aimed at submerging the Beatles in a veil of mystique, a substitute offering that could replace the group's genius at producing new musical horizons. McCartney's supposed death was one of many fantasies the Beatles built around themselves including absurdities such as John Lennon being Jesus Christ. Notwithstanding the hoax, one thing is definite: the Beatles are THE cultural phenomenon of the 1960's. Their music and lyrics were born into an era when American and British war babies had plenty of leisure, money and energy to lavish on a cultural preoccupation greater than any in the past.

Musically, the group began simply in the fall of 1962 with the cutting of "Love Me Do." Lyrics are the key to understanding their early and later successes. Sexually starved teenagers of the mid-60's easily identified with the very poetic and repetitive structures of the early records. These efforts were rarely thought out and according to John Lennon "the most philosophical."

With the cutting of "Yesterday" in 1965 and the recording of the group's most coherent album, "Rubber Soul," the Beatles' style became tighter and thoroughly planned, usually following one central theme and musical idea. The scope of their philosophy broadened to include drug themes as well as the usual love themes. "Rubber Soul" contained simple, poetic and masterful lyrics, sung overpoweringly over excellent music.

Their next album, "Revolver," again pursuing the idea of coherence, displayed the individualistic nature the Beatles' music had taken: Harrison's Indian influence, McCartney's writing and overpowering bass, and Lennon's flavor for electronics. Seven months later the Beatles issued "Sgt. Peppers" their last successful venture.

"Peppers" was the innovative high and, surprisingly, the turning point of their ingenious musical careers. Released in the spring of 1967, it came at the crest of a revolution that was to affect many of the people who for five years considered the Beatles to be at the paramount of the rock scene.

This revolution saw war babies grow from adolescence to maturity in a relatively short time, changed the attitudes of this generation from the frivolities of the early sixties to serious inner meditations and drugs. The album ironically concludes with Lennon softly singing, "I'd like to turn you on." However, he personally never accomplished his wish, for the maniacs of this generation had now come of age.

As the war babies grew up so did their music. Jimi Hendrix, the Jefferson Airplane and the Doors all appeared in the summer of 1967. Various rock subcultures surfaced all over the country. Politics and a w acid sound were now on center stage while Lennon and company were being turned off. A change of image was necessary.

The Beatles responded to this challenge almost a year later with the release of "The Beatles" (the one with the white cover). It was a joke that, at first glance, contained everything the Beatles had previously missed. If you wanted politics, there was politics. If you wanted Jimi Hendrix, there was Jimi Hendrix. If you wanted Mantovani, and you didn't, there was Mantovani. As a result, the album, when considered as a whole, was a disastrous combination of a little of everything and a lot of nothing. Even the politics of the Beatles, who were beginning to show signs of their age, were sour. Lennon ended his message: "And when you talk about destruction/ Don't you know that you can count me out/ Don't you know that it's gonna be alright... alright...alright." However, for the Beatles it wasn't alright.

It was time for the group to get back where they once belonged. In early 1969 the group saw a need for a solid reorganization of talents. The idea was to utilize, as they had done earlier, just three guitars and drums, and generate a whole new concept of music, minus horns, violins and sitars that were refreshing in "Peppers," but boring thereafter. In March the first two cuts of the still not marketed album were released: "Get Back," the theme of the reorganization, and "Don't Let Me Down." With these numbers the Beatles recorded 25 other songs and edited the eleven best into an album that will prove as innovative as "Sgt. Peppers" and as dynamic as "Rubber Soul." Called "Get Back," the album will be released by Apple Records Jan. 1. The remaining sixteen songs were released earlier this month under the guise of "Abbey Road." While the latter effort basically contains the rejects of the upcoming masterpiece, superb editing techniques are employed to produce a pleasant combination of dynamic music and empty lyrics, resulting in a mixture of weird emotions demanded of the listener.

Abbey Road is nothing more than a street. It is appropriate as the title of the new Beatles album because the work is nothing more than an album—a collection of songs that takes the listener on a short trip, somewhat like a street. The Beatles return to Abbey Road where they recorded much of their earlier material because they also try to return to a simple style of recording.

The album succeeds dramatically at points, but fails miserably at other times. All of side one and the first two songs on side two should be taken together as one movement.

This is the worst segment, mainly because it is marked with three numbers that are embarrassing to

hear. "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," the low point of the album, hurts to listen to. The music and lyrics complement each other perfectly: both are sterile. McCartney sounds as though he is singing out of a tin bullhorn. Again, "Oh Darling," in midfifties style, lacks the era's emotions and reeks of colorless perfection. "Octopus Garden" is performed by Ringo in the same vein as "Yellow Submarine." However, this tune was also written by the drummer. Enough said.

The opening cut of the album, "Come Together," a restatement of the get back theme, deserves some attention. This piece musically is rather interesting. McCartney fills the song with a heavy bass riff, while Harrison and Lennon superbly complement each other on moog synthesizer and electric guitar. Surprisingly, the drumming is excellent. The lyrics, on the other hand, sung by Lennon, are something else. Setting a trend for much of the later cuts, they reflect Lennon's preoccupation with the walrus and McCartney's death. They are bad and, while almost ruining the pleasant song, defeat the Beatles' return to simplicity in writing.

The final song on side one, "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" is so dynamic that it makes the first side, in expectation, exciting to be heard. A juxtaposition of superb blues and Jefferson Airplane acid rock, this piece would have been the finest effort ever by the group if it weren't for empty lyrics. Lennon wrote the tune, sings lead and plays lead guitar. He is joined by McCartney on bass, and the combination is as good as Paul Katner and Jack Cassidy at their best in the Airplane's "Won't You Try." It is unusual for Lennon to concentrate on musical excellence rather than the complicated lyrics he is best known for. Nevertheless, the song, as a single effort, is the best on the album. The sudden ending is, of course, a silly symbolic death.

Harrison contributes two numbers. Both are simple and for the guitarist a return to his roots. "Something," also the group's new single, is smooth and "Here Comes the Sun," written with Eric Clapton, repeats the "If I Needed Someone" riff. This is good, because Harrison's best music was made in 1965.

The second number on side two, "Because," is typical overkill that ruined some of the efforts on the first side. The harmony, complex and perfect, creates a plastic feeling.

The album really begins with a McCartney song called "You Never Give Me Your Money." What appears after this is truly phenomenal and will definitely set a trend for future albums. Lennon and McCartney sing ten short

tunes alternately and produce an engineering orgasm worth experiencing many times. The cuts themselves, if listened to individually, are not very exciting. Together, however, they prove to be more emotional than "A Day in the Life," and probably better produced than any contemporary rock album to date.

The major feat in this segment is the upbeat transitions created between a number of songs. "Sun King," a quiet Lennon composition that relaxes the listener to almost a yawn, deftly changes gears, engaging another Lennon vocal called "Mean Mr. Mustard." This shift is the best change into upbeat music and lyrics the Beatles have ever displayed. The transition requires adrenalin from the listener who is then fed an almost hoarse-throated effort by Lennon that is the best vocal of the sixteen cuts, and maybe of the Beatles' career. Two more songs complete this segment, "Polythene Pam," and "She Came Through the Bathroom Window." Both are excellent and display fine transitions between songs. The first effort is a rave-up imitation of the Who's musical style in "Tommy," with Lennon shining on lead acoustical guitar and lead vocal. The latter matches Harrison on lead, McCartney on Jack Bruce-like bass and McCartney's best vocal on the album. While the lyrics are incomprehensible, the song is beautifully catchy.

A short but necessary pause brings us to more music which is highlighted by a sixteen second drum solo a la Ginger Baker and some more upbeat transitional work. In "The End," the final tune, the Beatles, for the first time in the album, come alive philosophically. At the end of the tune, in a drastic reduction of speed, almost a crashing sensation, violins and other things fade in while Lennon and McCartney sing, "And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make." Together the Beatles are musically superior and poetically almost incompetent.

Ironically, this is not the end—20 seconds of musical silence, and yet another song, or part song. Accompanied by acoustical guitar and bass, McCartney sings something about "Her Majesty." Here the Beatles sadly enough, after their fine effort, feel compelled to perpetuate the mystique that started with "Sgt. Peppers" and in this album ruined some of the better songs. However, if you insist on finding meanings and inner meanings in their songs and albums, look closely into the cover of "Abbey Road," for you with the imaginative minds might see a myriad of tiny faces embedded in the pavement.

"Googoojoojoo."

americana through music

By RIK LARSON
THE BAND, by The Band. Capitol (STAO-132).

Jaime Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko, Levon Helm, Richard Manuel, Garth Hudson—I really love those names. They're real-on-real. Put them all together (very together), and you've got The Band. Not Ronnie Hawkins' band or Dylan's band or even the Band from Big Pink, just The Band. And you've got some real-on-real rock & roll music.

Their first album was a bath. You could get into it, let it get into you, and come out feeling clean and relaxed. The second album is a shower with a friend. It excites more, it demands more, and, if you do it right, you'll come out feeling more than clean and relaxed.

Anyway, dubious metaphors aside, the Band is back, singing in those rough-and-dusty, tired-and-joyful voices and playing their instruments better than just about everybody. All kinds of instruments this time around. Besides the usual guitar-bass-drums-organ-piano, they use accordion, fiddle, mouth-harp, mandolin, and horns. And it all goes together so nicely that maybe about the fifth time you hear the album you'll say, hey, what is that? is that an accordion?

There is a Great Line in "Jawbone": "I'm a thief and I dig it!" They are a band of thieves, stealing bits and

pieces from dozens of rock & roll songs you can just barely or can't-quite remember. Track One, "Across the Great Divide" has a "Stagerlee" lead-in and goes on to sound kind of like the early Lovin' Spoonful, bouncy and happy. And that Jerry Lee Lewis-like piano in "Look Out Cleveland." And the harmonies in "Whispering Pines"—don't they sound like the Platters? And there's the old Procol Harum rhythm on "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." And... anyway, it's all like that, echoes of everybody, everywhere. But this isn't "revival-rock" or "getting back." It sounds familiar, but it never comes out quite like you expect it to, there's always a funny chord change or an extra beat or something.

The lyrics. As Jaime Robertson said, they could have called the album "America." The constant themes are dirt and dreams and people—people like Virgil Kane ("is the name and I served on the Danville train") and Bessie ("a drunkard's dream if I ever did see one"). Real people from Cripple Creek and Cleveland and all the places in between. People in war and in love and in trouble. Yes, they could have called the album "America." (The Band offered to do the entire soundtrack for "Easy Rider." Fonda should have let them. It might have helped.)

So anyway, get into the Band. You'll feel better.

the arrogance of talent

(continued from page 6)

energy associated with rock. Again, Herbie Hancock on electric piano alters the texture of the group with the varied electronic effects the instrument is capable of. Especially interesting is "Tout de Suite," a medium tempo blues, which, like the blues played by most rock bands, manipulates cliches, and as a result is a kind of archetypal music.

It should be noted that in the midst of all this experimentation, Davis' trumpet playing is still eloquent and understated, although he now seems to scatter his notes in short staccato lines, rather than the long melodic lines and bent notes which has characterized his playing in the past. Every musician in the band, especially the rhythm instruments, plays around his staccato lines, and the effect is a continuous dynamic interrelation between the various musicians. The most interesting example of this, although the most untypical, is "Mademoiselle Mabry." The song is a piece of musical wit; the theme is short, playfully simple, and almost child-like, but it is so fragmented that we only get bits of it at a time. The result is very sophisticated humor.

"In a Silent Way" suggests what is in store for us if Davis continues in the same direction. The album, however, although very provocative, is a bit disappointing. Not because it is too restrained (after all, "Kind of Blue," one of the great jazz albums, is also quiet), but because it never climaxes. I suspect this is primarily

the fault of producer Teo Macero. The record, each side of which is one continuous song, sound like it is a number of cuts spliced together. In fact, Wayne Shorter's soprano saxophone solo on the first side, is cut in the middle, an inexcusable bit of production. More to the point, Tony Williams has been relegated to time-keeping, for some unknown reason, and the group lacks his unusual dynamics.

However, it is apparent that Davis is more interested here in tonal colors than rhythmic invention. I have already discussed John McLaughlin's guitar. In addition the group is further augmented by Josef Zawinul on organ, and the continual interrelation of the three electric instruments, piano, organ, guitar, creates sound textures like I have never heard before. Davis' trumpet and Shorter's soprano sax, the first time I have heard him play this instrument, weave in and out of these background textures, and the effect is constantly stunning. Unlike most rock, however, there is a strong sense of form which makes coherent the complex sound structure.

Jazz is supposed to be dead, or so the people who never listen to jazz tell us. However, after listening to the recent achievements of Miles Davis and his co-musicians (Herbie Hancock and Tony Williams have recently left the band to form their own unusual groups), it becomes obvious that they are in the vanguard of the musical experimentation which is receiving so much publicity these days.

students on students

By GREG WARNE
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT, by
 James Kunen. Random House. \$4.95

"The Strawberry Statement," written by James Simon Kunen, a Columbia sophomore, during and after the student uprising of the spring of 1968, moves blithely through a series of vignettes about student life sandwiched between raps that occasionally approach overtly political matters but never seem obliged to take this direction. It is a very difficult book to criticize. Kunen announces at the outset: "Don't spend too much time reading (this) because I didn't spend too much time writing it." This is the sort of stance he takes throughout the entire book. He dismisses the concept of "youth culture" as distinctly new and revolutionary, in and of itself, and many of the happenings at Columbia with the same degree of flippancy. He can be maligned for many things, but if he is to be given credit for anything it is his naked honesty. He unashamedly admits that he left a building occupation for crew practice, that he was concurrently working for McCarthy, and that: "You can have your cars and hi-fi's...I'd like to pawn them off and use the money for schools and houses for the poor. I'd like to do this so I'd feel good. So I'd feel good." He is fully aware that none of this will make him very popular with many of the activist leaders. But then he often seems to be as alienated from the leadership as he is from the Administration. His descriptions of Mark Rudd as a well-intentioned bumbler seem tragically funny in the face of where he has gone in a year. Kunen describes Jerry Rubin as little more than a pompous ideologue.

Kunen's description of his own motives for even being in a building occupation are only hazily attached to principle and totally lack any hint of a coherent understanding of immediate tactical imperatives. He professes frustration, an ignorance of the issues, and an absence of any sense of purpose. In the building occupations he finds himself desperately seeking any small task because (by his own admission) it makes him feel needed. He describes these things without realizing that he does not measure up to the mythical standards for what a campus radical must be. He merely describes himself as another revolutionary digit who cannot get along with his supposed leaders. It is a sort of voluntary form of victimization. He is afraid to believe in anything (himself included) and directs most of his energy into rapping with individuals. He discovers in himself a growing abhorrence for the lumping of individuals into ideological categories. The clarity of this last perception on his part does not arise so much from any conscious insight by the author but rather from his tedious talent for saying anything that comes into his head.

The question is, how could someone under the strain of so many ambivalent motives and contradictory assumptions and with so little clarity for action on any level have considered himself to be a member of the movement? It is easy to wonder about this in retrospect and just as difficult to judge him when you begin to think back to where we were at in the spring of 1968 and how many things have gone down since. As we can well remember, the energies of everyone within the diverse spectrum of anti-war people in this country were projected at that time largely to the upcoming presidential election and more specifically the Democratic convention. There was hope for everyone. The McCarthy people looked to Mr. Clean as the only alternative to Johnson's war machine, and militants looked at the McCarthy people as a source of prospective radicals. It was generally assumed that violent repression, should it occur, would pull the people together. The attempted McCarthy nomination, as expected by most, proved to be an exercise in calculated futility. The Convention demonstrations did strip the pig politicians and their head-bashing cohorts naked, even on the tube. But this "infusion of consciousness" through an undeniable display of pig-rioting worked in more than the linear fashion in which it was first conceived. The ground beneath our feet in fact was shifting. At the Convention and in later actions the illusion that liberalism formed a powerful bloc within the Establishment was shattered. Critics of the police went unheeded and the Daley machine went unscathed. The concept of a liberal buffer was breaking down in the face of violence and instead of just massive polarization the Left was also experiencing a new sense of isolation. Mr. and Mrs. America demanded law and order and Tricky Dicky rose to the occasion. The shootings in Berkeley, the systematic extermination of the Panther Party, the division of SDS, the Conspiracy trial, and the continuation of the war into the present are all symptoms of how steady and successful the escalation and isolation process has been. The cops have used guns in Berkeley and Chicago and the stakes are getting higher for everyone. Repression did not even bring the hoped for solidarity on the Left. The various ideological and emotional stances that had once been encompassed by common rhetoric shattered into a multitude of different trips. The political people, faced with mounting frustration and isolation, sought to defend the ideological corners they had backed themselves into or live out whatever image they had of themselves—absurd or otherwise. Any illusion of that old unspoken solidarity that could put Mark Rudd and James Kunen in the same demonstration has faded to such an extent that even the straight press is hip (i.e. distinguishing between RYM I and II in the most recent Chicago action). You can't walk into an occupied building with that old liberal daze in your eyes anymore because the pigs might blast them out of your head.

Kunen really ought to write another book because "The Strawberry Statement" is almost history already.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING, by
 Mark Gerzon. Viking. \$6.95

Mark Gerzon (presently a senior at Harvard) in "The Whole World Is Watching" has produced a far more massive attempt at portraying the position of college students in the flow of contemporary events. He has sacrificed the possibility of an open first person narrative for an attempt at sociological analysis. His book is more current than "The Strawberry Statement" and it is perhaps due to the way things have changed that someone operating from his point of view has found it necessary to assume such a serious and didactic tone.

At first glance his book looks like the longest college term paper ever written. He is often forced to assume a weighty academic rhetoric to obscure the spaces in his knowledge. (When was the last time YOU had to lay down a rap about alienation designed to hide the fact that you never got past the Introduction to "One-Dimensional Man"?). Gerzon spends a lot of time quoting and paraphrasing songs which he ties into a scan course on McLuhan, Galbraith, Keniston, Reisman, Fromm, and others, in an orgy of youthful eclecticism. He has divided the book into six areas of consciousness which are supposed to have some sort of dialectic connection which he never really gets together anyway. His project is insanely ambitious. Unlike Kunen, he takes the idea of a new youth culture very seriously and uses a lot of McLuhanesque arguments to validate it. He also takes the notion of a powerful contingent of liberals active in the Establishment as a serious group to appeal to. He is blind to the impotency and intellectual apologetics that they have been guilty of in the past. The natural corollary of this premise is that all should jockey for positions in the Establishment from which they too can wield the same coherent sway over American politics. This leads him to make a few nasty vendettas against the drop-out as he conceives of him while still rapping continuously about the new alternative society which is supposed to arise somehow from youth culture. His biggest source of difficulty is the commitment to intellectual ideals which he demonstrates in the tone and direction of his rhetoric. It leads him to support what seems to be a surprisingly linear view of how this alternative society is to come about. He has apparently not yet felt the emotional need to finally and decisively leave the womb of the old society.

Yet when he got around to drugs he had to ease his hard line somewhat. He admits that drugs are an intensely personal experience in a society where the

admit that school was and still is the center of his life, that he never really TRIED dropping out, and that he has never been hungry enough to know what a damned important thing an alternative society really is. All he admits to emotionally is that he likes dope.

There is nothing formally contradictory about what he says. The contradictions arise in application. For example: he lays into the Establishment for deferring all opinion to the experts and yet when faced with a question that falls outside the range of his sociology, he bows to the political scientists or psychologists without further speculation. He criticizes society for its fragmenting role and yet outside of drugs can point to no other contemporary alternative that offers total participation.

The insights Gerzon offers about media seem to indicate that of all the theorists he mentions, McLuhan was one he most fully integrated into his own ideas. In spite of the book's many faults, he has managed to make some connections that were new to me and I admire the ambitiousness of what he tried to do. "The Whole World Is Watching," by and large, is something to read for yourself.

In many respects, Gerzon and Kunen represent different poles of outlook. Where Kunen is flippant and backhanded, Gerzon is systematic and self-serious. Ideas do not mean all that much to Kunen, whereas they are of great importance to Gerzon. Gerzon gets behind a lot of ideas and really risks himself on an intellectual level with some success. Kunen lays down every card he can find, risking himself personally and painting a fairly accurate picture of his own confusion. Gerzon cannot afford any confessions of his own limitations or confusion because he takes such an omniscient view. Any comparison of these two must be made with the fact in mind, once again, that they occupy positions



gap between individual and mass consciousness is ever narrowing and political and social discourse depends upon self-supporting premises. He shows that drugs are one of the few ways by which a person can mark his passage into manhood in a society which demands emotional passivity within the existing institutions. Drugs offer a total experience for the media-children in a society with only the most fragmented and fragmenting image of itself. It is the intensity of the last few chapters, in the discussion of drugs, that curiously collapse the rigidity of the rest.

Gerzon's style flows from great intellectual coherence but the application of the content of his ideas betrays his inability to turn his concepts inward. He is rapping through his ego and not his heart. Perhaps he had to take a real ego-trip to write the book. It might otherwise have ended up a mass of notes which would have lacked Kunen's flippancy because there was nothing whimsical about his intentions.

Gerzon's biggest mistake is his belief in his own centrality. His analysis flows from an undisturbed certainty that he represents his culture and that his representation flows through the wave to the future. He generalizes a picture of youth culture purely from the experience of a white—upper-middle class male college student. The whole focus is on "manhood." Never once is mention made of the problems women have of becoming WOMEN in mass society. The implication behind this omission is that they are merely an extension of a youth culture based upon male supremacy (and as we all know that isn't where the revolution is at). In fact, the whole book is a very readable head-trip that once broken down is really a series of projections made from one position along a spectrum that is becoming increasingly more diverse. He comes to conclusions that simply should not be made without the preface of where he is at. The sad thing is that he has been in school so long that his head reads like a textbook. Before he could ever transcend his own experience and really get into the nitty-gritty of alternative societies he would first have to

in contemporary history separated by a year and a half of really heavy changes for everybody.

An important question at this point is whether either author has succeeded in creating through the medium of his words, an audience. Both have attempted to address a general audience on where youth is at; Kunen through the voice of diary notebook and Gerzon through a textbook analysis. And yet I doubt that either book will reach a significant number who are not already familiar with most of what is being said. It is amusing to look at yourself in these mirrors and see how you measure up to the way in which each author approximates your culture. But how many straight people will get into these books?

The dynamic of Kunen's book depends largely upon how you relate your experiences to his. If you have no experience of campus revolt then he is likely to come across like a confused adolescent. Gerzon on the other hand writes in a style familiar to college students and refers to works that are standard reading for college students. The dynamic of his book operates upon your ability to relate your own conclusions from this material to his. Except for the drug chapters, it is difficult to say that the rest of the book really speaks for itself. On the other hand, if there really were a large contingent of basically honest, rational liberals in the Establishment who had a reasonably well-developed and well-informed program for consistent reform then his book might be a huge success. He can only be blamed for trying to appeal to an audience that is more mythical than real.

Thus both books are self-validating experiences for a limited audience who share the same intellectual and emotional experiences as the authors. Neither one says anything that is all that new to us and yet it is doubtful that they will inform the people who most need to know these things except in the most jumbled manner. Which I guess is just another way of saying that the gaps between people in this country can be closed only by experience itself and not by books.