

CAW!

STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC

THE WAR!

SOCIETY



50c

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SONG TO MAKE LOVE
 SLOWLY WITH ROCKING MOTION-BUILD TO END

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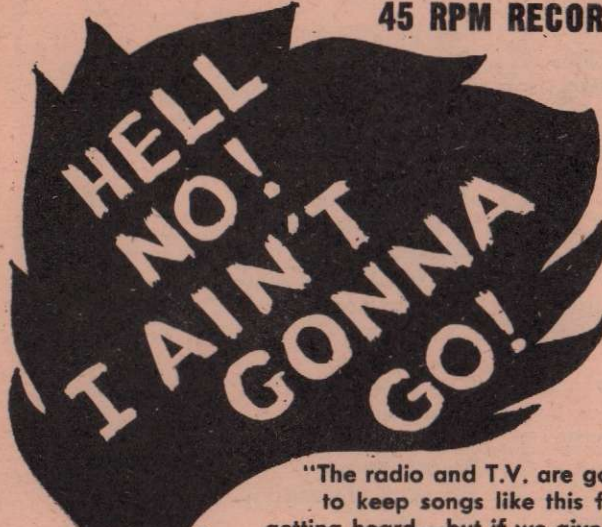
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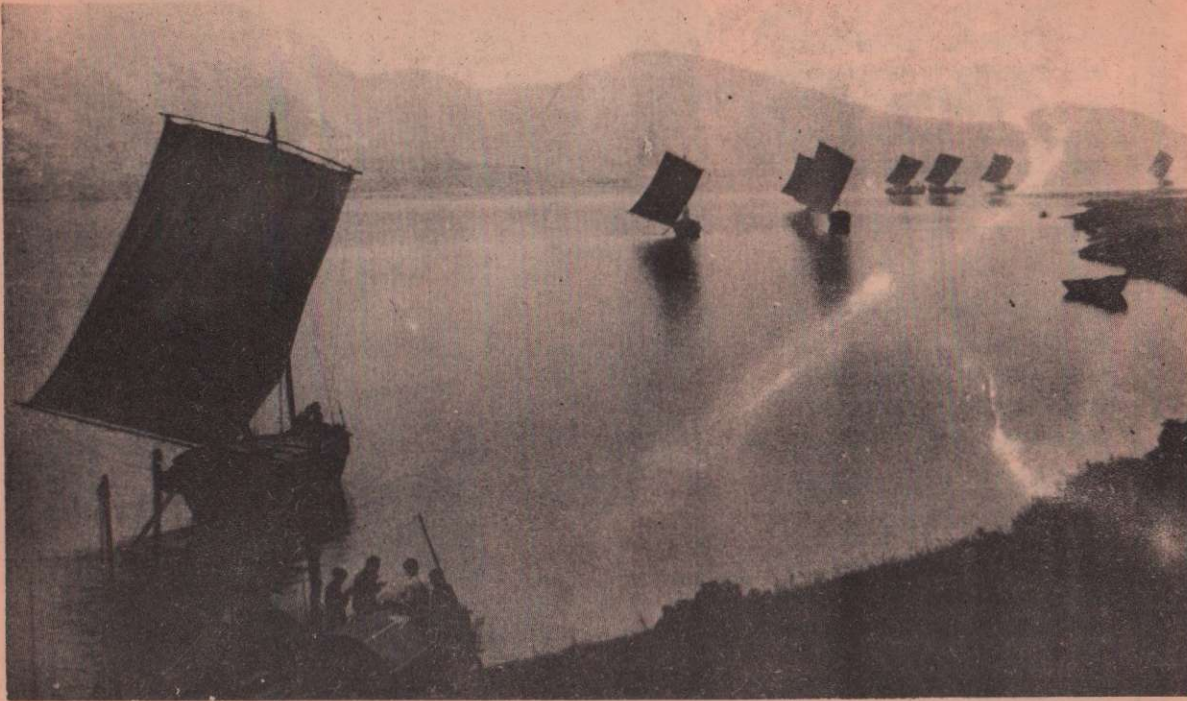
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Films for PEACE

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION:



50 years of successful imperialism

Work for the demonstration at the New York Hilton on November 14th started only 16 days before. This pamphlet was written in a day and a half to be distributed to chapters immediately. The purpose was to raise the political consciousness of SDS members about why we were confronting the Foreign Policy Association--who those men are and what they do and how they do it to us--so that there would be an anti-imperialist demonstration rather than one more anti-war demonstration. Dean Rusk was speaking and we did not want to focus on him, with his employers right there.

In 1900 everybody knew who owned the country. When the Plaza Hotel opened in 1907, a great crowd lined up to stare at Vanderbilt and Gould. Most of the same families own and control more today than they did then, but they have made themselves invisible. Created celebrities and TV personalities absorb public attention while the corporate dynasties swell in quiet splendor. The Foreign Policy Association is one point where the powerful surface, and we wanted to make them visible that night.

This pamphlet was written for the demonstration, so that we would know intensely and with a greater sense of reality why we

were on the streets that cold Tuesday night. If we knew who we were to confront and why, we would create tactics that kept those goals in mind. The pamphlet was a try at something new, and it failed.

First, there was simply not enough time. Those chapters in the region that are well-organized were able to use the pamphlet as a basis for discussion and perhaps behave more as mobile units at the demonstration. Most chapters had no time to assimilate the information. We were not able to get our own people to understand what we were fighting, in the FPA.

Second, on the spot we got involved in fighting the cops or disrupting midtown in ways that had little to do with why we had come. From the initial idea of greeting the limousines of the FPA invitees, we turned to stopping random taxis and cars, when we could not know who was inside.

Third, the other groups out there with us, like the Parade Committee, were on an anti-war demonstration to confront Dean Rusk; and, just as our militancy set the tone for the tactics, their leaflets and signs set the tone of the content. The mass media reported one more anti-war demonstration, no matter how often or at what ball-breaking length our spokesmen explained the SDS position.

Fourth, discussion started on tactics and ended there. We worried so much about the "how", that we failed to make the "why" clear, even to our own people.

The demonstration at the Hilton was important, however, because it was a radicalizing experience for a number of people who took part, brought some of them to SDS, and taught us something about street tactics.

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 50 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL PROPAGANDA:

DEAN AND CHARLIE HEAD THE BILL
AT THE HILTON
WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO EAT:

COME HAVE DINNER WITH THE REAL
WARMAKERS

The Foreign Policy Association is giving itself a black tie dinner at the New York Hilton on the night of November 14th to celebrate its 50th year of "leadership and innovation in world affairs education," a boast it would be hard to deny. Secretary of State Dean Rusk plans to make a speech over dinner, introduced by Charles W. Engelhard, a director of the FPA and Chairman of Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals, Englehard Hanovia, the American South African Investment Co., Ltd. and Rand Mines. He has a seat on the board of numerous South African corporations and also on that council that sets black wages in the mines at 70¢ a day. His wealth is based on platinum, gold, silver, diamonds and apartheid. Appropriately, he often represents the U.S. government in Africa on state occasions. He is a big contributor to the Democratic Party, and according to *Forbes*, the model for Ian Fleming's Goldfinger.

Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together...

The eight hundred names on the committee for the dinner represent a gathering of American Dynasties. What brings them together? The Foreign Policy Association bills itself as private, nonprofit, and nonpartisan. It says it is devoted to developing, through education, informed, thoughtful and articulate public opinion on the major issues of foreign policy facing the U.S. Sounds pious and dull. Everyone is in favor of education, no?

Let us look at a few of those invited to mingle in the Grand Ballroom.

Ellsworth Bunker: lately active in the Dominican Republic invasion, presently residing in Vietnam. At the time of the Dominican crisis he was a leading stockholder and a director for 38 years of the second largest East Coast cane sugar refinery, National Sugar Refining Corporation. As special ambassador to the OAS and special emissary to the Dominican Republic, his sugar interests doubtless helped him to an objective view.

J. M. Kaplan: had a monopoly on Dominican molasses sales during the late years of the Trujillo era of terror. A big contributor to the Democrats and ADA, a trustee of the New School, Kaplan's fund is a CIA pass-through, more particularly for the N.S.A. It has received money from at least eight identified CIA conduits and was important from 1960-64 as a CIA conduit for projects in Latin America to train social democratic leaders.

James Rogers: was formerly the deputy director of the OSS (predecessor of the CIA), past president of the Foreign Bond Holders Protector Council, and chairs the board of Operation Crossroads Africa, a paternalistic group that trains America's future leaders by sending them to Africa to do good.

Harold Linder: is a big donor to the Democratic Party and a former associate of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades and Co. and American Investors. Active in the State Department in the fifties, he is now chairman of the Export-Import bank which loans money to Latin American countries.

Roswell Gilpatric: is a partner in the biggest U.S. law firm specializing in representing military contractors. He was under-secretary of the Air Force and worked on the Rockefeller Brothers Special Study Project, which invented the missile gap in the late 50's. He chaired the board of the Aerospace Corporation. While Deputy Secretary of Defense in 1961-63, he was involved in the critical decision to give a 7.5 billion TFX contract to General Dynamics--whom his law firm represents. Gilpatric was a member of the Special Group, heart of the invisible government of intelligence operations. He has served on a special presidential committee to counter opposition to the Vietnamese War.

Grayson Kirk: is president of Columbia University and a director of Con Edison, the Greenwich Savings Bank, IBM, and Socony-Mobil. Columbia is a member of the Institute for Defense Analysis, does research on Chemical warfare and accepts contracts from the CIA.

Stanley Marcus: of Neiman-Marcus, superstore for Texas oil millionaires, is an important member of the Dallas Citizen's Council, the secret corporate junta that runs Dallas.

George R. Brown: of Brown and Root is a close business associate of L. B. J. and recipient of juicy contracts to build airbases in Vietnam and Thailand.

Nelson Aldrich: Rockefeller by marriage, of Chase Manhattan Bank. Chase Manhattan's involvement in South Africa has been heavy since 1959, including loans to the South African government and credit to the Industrial Development Corporation, and the \$40 million floating credit arrangement made with ten U.S. banks.

John Richardson, Jr.: is president of Radio Free Europe. In 1950 the National Committee for a Free Europe launched a "Crusade for Freedom" fund to raise money for Radio Free Europe, which works with Eastern European exile groups "engaged in the struggle for eventual freedom of their countries" and its directors have included Allen Dulles of the CIA, C. D. Jackson, Eisenhower's advisor on psychological warfare, and A. A. Berle, Jr., ideologist of the corporate liberalism, Kennedy contact man during the Bay of Pigs invasion, and long-time sugar executive.

Valdemar L. Nielson: is president of the Afro-American Institute, which promotes cultural exchange and has been funded by a number of known CIA conduits.

More briefly, what brings together people like those above, besides an opportunity to sample Hilton cuisine? The duPonts of high explosive munitions fame and heavy Republican donors; Amory Houghton of the Corning Glass Works, the Institute for International Education and Collaborator with the CIA in controlling the National Student Association; Christian Herter of Mobil Oil (successor to Dulles as Secretary of State); J. Paul Austin of Coca-Cola; Henry Ford II, Thomas E. Sunderland of United Fruit; Orin Lehman, John D. Harper of Alcoa; Gilbert E. Jones of IBM; H. I. Romnes of AT&T; Juan Trippe of Pan American Airways; all corporate elite, with representatives of the communications elite: Frederick Beebe of Newsweek, William Benton of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Randolph A. Hearst, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of the New York Times, Edward Weeks of the Atlantic Monthly, Syros P. Skouras of 20th Century Fox, Henry Luce III of Time, William Paley of CBS. Throw in some government types: Ralph Bunche; Allen W. Dulles, former director

of the CIA; Angier Biddle Duke, U.S. Ambassador to Franco's Spain, where he took a swim to prove that lost H-bombs are harmless; Arthur Goldberg. Add union brass: I. W. Abel of the Steelworkers, Walter Ruether, Joseph Beirne of the Communications Workers, Louis Stulberg, of the ILGWU. Cross with Worthies from the universities and the foundations: John Bowers of the Josiah Macy Foundation, Dean Courtney Brown of Columbia's Graduate School of Business, Edward Cushman of Wayne State University, Sidney Rabb of Boston, whose Rabb Charitable Foundation is another CIA conduit, Maurice Mitchell of the University of Denver, Joseph Johnson of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, R. Richard Rubottom of Southern Methodist in Dallas.

Add a good percentage of members from the local power structures across the nation like Arthur Ballantine of the Durango Herald in Colorado, or Roger Anderson of Continental Illinois Bank. Say the head of a brewery in St. Louis, a rabbi in Washington, some presidents of some smaller corporations and local banks, judges, professors, principals. What goes on here? Who's doing what to whom, and why?

The Establishment has very nearly unchallenged power in deciding what is and what is not respectable opinion in this country.

Richard Rovere, *The American Establishment*, 1962, p. 9.

What the business liberals represent is the outlook and the interests of the newer propertied class as a whole. They are 'sophisticated' because they are more flexible in adjusting to such political facts of life as The New Deal and big labor, because they have taken over and used the dominant liberal rhetoric for their own purposes, and because they have, in general, attempted to get on top of, or even slightly ahead of, the trend of these developments, rather than to fight it as practical conservatives are wont to do.

C. Wright Mills, *The Power Elite*, 1956, p. 122.

The business liberals, who usually come from the most internationally minded companies, speak through such organizations as the Council on Foreign Relations. (an organization interlocked with FPA)

F. William Domhoff, *Who Rules America?* p. 28.

Let us look at a typical man from the top of FPA, Emile Soubry, past chairman and now heading their 50th Anniversary Committee. He is a director of Standard Oil of New Jersey. The Rockefeller Foundation, of course, serves as a holding company for stock in Standard Oil and also has helped fund the FPA. Has Standard Oil a foreign policy?

While two thirds of Standard Oil of New Jersey's assets were located in North America, only one third of its profits were made at home by 1960. By now profit on its foreign investments are four times the domestic rate. In 1963 Standard Oil sold products in over 100 countries and owned 50% or more stock in 275 subsidiaries in 52 countries. (All facts from *Monopoly Capital*, Paul A. Baran and Paul B. Sweezy, 1966).

In industry after industry, U. S. companies found that their overseas earnings were soaring, and that their return on investment abroad was frequently much higher than in the U. S.

Business Week, April 20, 1963.

Indeed, American corporations today have five times the foreign investments that they had at the end of World War II. The higher the level of technology in an industry, the higher the fixed cost and therefore the harder they must push to expand markets. Though we consume enormously, we cannot consume enough.

"Wider still and wider may thy bounds be pressed: God who made them mighty make thee mightier yet!"

as we used to sing in grade school. We must export capital, but the existing economic structures of other countries must be altered to permit investment and development in the style and with the profit margin our corporations are accustomed to having.

The Foreign Policy Association is heavily interlocked with the Council on Foreign Relations. Both have tax exempt status as educational groups and are financed in part by the same tax exempt Foundations, especially Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie. Corporations contribute heavily. The Council is an elite-oriented organization which serves as an unofficial arm of the State Department. The FPA beams its wisdom downwards.

FPA is the parent of numerous World Affairs Councils in an increasing number of

cities. They include representatives of the local power structure and prestige mills. They arrange public discussion groups, businessmen's foreign policy luncheons, seminars in local schools and colleges, radio and television programs and lecture series. They distribute a lot of expensive educational material at little or no cost—material proclaimed as 'objective,' 'nonpartisan.' They bring experts to the lay people, but they also have the full set of liberal attitudes about citizen participation in carefully shaped decision-making.

To quote from an FPA brochure:

'Great Decisions' is a discussion program increasingly used by schools and adult groups in every section of the country. Requiring no formal leadership, inexpensive for the participant, and enriched by newspaper, radio and television support, the program occupies a unique place as an educational instrument.

Opinion formation on foreign policy is carried out by small discussion groups who meet once a week for eight weeks to discuss that year's 'Great Decisions.' "The only material required is the nonpartisan Fact Sheet Kit." Discussion is supplemented by eight weekly half-hour TV shows on National Educational TV. According to Richard Elman in the *Nation* (March 1, 1965), the president of NET is chiefly responsible to the Ford Foundation which subsidized and created NET, chooses the president, and reserves the right to inspect every NET program produced with Ford money.

We believe that the NET may be described as one of the many lines of communication between liberal members of the upper class and the intelligentsia of the upper-middle class.

G. William Domhoff, *Who Rules America?* p. 66.

Invitations to participate in the Great Decisions Program are sent out by universities, by civic and religious groups. In the annual report for 1965-1966, FPA stresses the effort they are pouring into reaching high school students because "for about half of our population the secondary school is the last formal educational opportunity to develop an understanding of the basic concepts that govern this country's relationship with the rest of the world." Both high school photographs show black kids in class-

rooms making 'Great Decisions.' Teachers are not neglected but offered conferences, meetings, a magazine and teacher training programs.

'Great Decisions'... lends itself to active student participation, and emphasizes the development of decision-making skills. In the past year over 150,000 students participated. The pros and cons of each alternative are stated so that the teacher can guide students in a discussion of the issue. The student is encouraged to arrive at his own decision and defend it to his peers.'

'Great Decisions' are like 'Great Books': pre-packaged fragments to be studied in a vacuum and consumed. At the end of each discussion everyone fills out a multiple choice questionnaire called an 'Opinion Ballot.' These are a choice means of monitoring the effectiveness of the propaganda. Results of adult balloting are forwarded to the State Department or members of Congress

The issues are defined, indeed. For instance, one 'Great Decision' of 1966, SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA: CAN STABILITY BE ACHIEVED? is a real winner: who wants stability in Africa, and why? What does stability mean in a colonial situation? Perhaps some notion of the assumptions and tone of FPA output can be gotten from a quote out of their 1967 'Great Decision' on THE NEW DEAL IN CHILE:

From its viewpoint, Washington, too, favors the principle of self-determination, and the Johnson Administration considers that its intervention in the Dominican Republic was designed to guarantee just that. If the Communists had seized control of the Dominican revolution, the U.S. argues, self-determination might never have been possible for the Dominican people again.... But, with Cuba serving as an example, Washington also doubts the ability of some Latin American nations to deal effectively with Communist subversion. Thus U.S. officials have suggested strengthening the peacekeeping machinery of the OAS through the creation of an inter-American force, made up of military contingents from each member state, which could act in future Dominican-type emergencies.

In much the same way, doubtless, as we have tried to get other nations to commit troops

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION: 50 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL IMPERIALISM

to Vietnam. The FPA are great explainers.

The FPA are so wondrously busy it is hard to give a notion of all the pies they are fingering at the moment. They are active in NBC's White Paper programs on foreign policy. They hold intensive sessions to brief newspapermen. They are going more and more into church groups. They run a corporate service program for executives, tailored to the needs of each corporation. They are starting American Leadership seminars to engage "small groups of opinion leaders from business, labor, the professions..." Their Community Leaders Program brings opinion leaders from around the country to FPA for briefings and discussion of US policies in the UN, working with the US Mission. They are building a staff of school service experts to work with administrators and teachers.

The mentality that prepares their documentation "to encourage informed, responsible and articulate discussion" would choke on this article which attacks the men and who they are and interprets the FPA output in terms of what they run and what they grow richer and richer on. You learn in school to discuss "issues", to interpret "objectively", to avoid dirty economic interpretation and *ad hominem* attack. You learn to "discuss the Text" and raise no extraneous issues. You make one Great Decision after another, fill out your multiple choice questionnaire and depart, having sharpened your decision-making skills—presumably to make a wiser choice between toothpastes and candidates and whether you will buy your facts from *Time* or *Newsweek*.

Indeed, those men meeting at the Hilton for cocktails at 6:30 and dinner at 7:30 on November 14th in the Grand Ballroom with Dean Rusk and Charlie Englehard are "responsible leaders." They are responsible for the plastic bread you eat and the filthy air you breathe, they own the buildings that line your streets and the means of production and the means of distribution and they rot your mind with wanting what they have to sell. They own your bodies to fight their wars. They sell you their brand of Playboy sex and their brand of nursery school and they run their rails through your brain and lay track all through the education mill. They are responsible and you should be articulate. Come to the Hilton on November 14th and meet the elite that are eating you. Come early, stick around and see if we can make their 50th anniversary dinner a gala celebration of 50 years of Imperialist Action and Liberal Rhetoric.

THE DAYS WE SEIZED THE STREETS IN OAKLAND

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THE MOVEMENT

Affiliated with SNCC and SDS

NOVEMBER 1967 VOL. 3 NO. 11



The Other Germany: 1943

Bertolt Brecht

In the days when the great powers were not yet fighting Hitler and not a few voices from abroad—some not silent even today—gave him encouragement, the world well knew that he was being fought from within and his enemies were called: the other Germany. Refugees, many of them known throughout the world, and foreign correspondents on furlough, reported that this other Germany really existed. At no time were even half the votes cast for the Hitler regime and the existence of the most frightful instruments of oppression and the most frightful police force which the world has ever known, proved that the opponents of the regime were not inactive. Hitler ravaged his own country before he ravaged other countries; and the plight of Poland, Greece, or Norway is scarcely worse than that of Germany. He made prisoners

of war in his own country; he kept whole armies in concentration camps. In 1939 these armies numbered 200,000—more Germans than the Russians took at Stalingrad. These 200,000 do not comprise the whole of the other Germany. They are only one detachment of its forces.

The other Germany could not stop Hitler, and in the present war which has brought the great powers into conflict with him, the other Germany has almost been forgotten. Many doubted if it really existed or at least denied that it had any significance. One factor was that the fighting democracies had to combat illusions about the striking-power of Hitler's armies. And there were powerful groups that regarded the other Germany

with mistrust; they feared it was socialist. But there was also a suspicion that confused the friends of the other Germany, even some who themselves belonged to the other Germany.

The terrible question was: had the war put an end to the civil war which smoldered in Germany all through the first six years of Nazi rule? It is well known, after all, that wars engender fierce nationalism and bind the peoples more securely to their rulers.

The exile's trade is: hoping. It affords no gilt-edged securities. Some forecast that the Nazi regime would not be able to abolish unemployment; and when it was abolished, they forecast that it would go bankrupt. Some

placed their hopes upon the Reichswehr, on the pride of caste of the Prussian Junkers, who would not want to go to war under the leadership of a corporal; or upon the Rhineland industrialists who in general must have feared a war. Even when war broke out, some said: "the regime can keep the war going while it remains a Blitzkrieg fought by boys of twenty and a mechanized army of experts; but no longer. The workers remain in the factories and at least thirty SS divisions are needed to guard them." The conquest of Poland and Norway, even the subjection of France seemed to be handled by this army of experts. But then came the Russian campaign, and with it an almost universal fear. Especially those who hated the Soviet Union were afraid. For this was no war of experts. The whole people would be drawn in. The higher age-groups "who still recalled with a shudder the First World War," hundreds of thousands of workers who regarded Russia as their fatherland were drafted. The workers, precisely that part of the people which the regime itself had always called its most unshakable enemy, entered the war precisely at the moment when it involved the country which they had viewed with special sympathy.

Even those who had hoped most invincibly were silenced. Did no other Germany exist?

A man sticks to his trade, and the exile's trade is: hoping. Very soon therefore all sorts of explanations were available, all more or less technical. The Hitler regime, it was said, had had to keep two countries in the dark about the invasion to the very last minute, the Russians and the Germans. That proves, does it not, that the regime was embarrassed by the whole affair? Investigations of Nazi labor policy during their five years of preparation for war were a more serious matter. Already in the last year of the Weimar Republic the situation of the working class was catastrophic. Rationalisation of industry had created unemployment; the world crisis, which struck Germany with particular force, turned unemployment into a national catastrophe. Competition among the workers themselves became a very war. The German working class was already divided into parties; the parties were now divided against themselves. This legacy was taken over by the great and, as many think, legitimate heir of

the Weimar Republic: the Third Reich. Unemployment was done away with in short order. Indeed the speed and scope of the abolition were so extraordinary that it seemed like a revolution. The factories had been taken over by force. The Fourth Estate stormed the Bastille...only to remain there in captivity. At the same time the political organisations of the working class were dissolved and decimated by the police. In this manner this class was transformed into an amorphous mob without will or political awareness. From now on the state did



not have to deal with organisations, only with individuals. Napoleon had maintained that one need only be stronger at a given point at a given time; Hitler put this strategy to brilliant use. His policies need no longer be approved by these "private persons." But that is not all. Peaceful industry, which produces commodities, does not require that the workers take pleasure in their work; modern mechanised war, which is simply the industry of destruction, does not require that the workers take pleasure in war. Destruction is the commodity they deal in. Such is the technical-economic side of a social system which degrades the common man to the status of a tool politically as well as economically.

Such explanations are more illuminating than those of philosophers of history who in foolish and demagogical resortment cry that the German people are by nature bellicose, that their desire to conquer is only equalled by their willingness to obey—and so forth. But these explanations are not the whole truth. They show how the working classes came to be slavishly dependent upon the ruling classes; they do not show how the workers have come to be dependent on the success of their rulers in war. (Emil Ludwig and Vansittart complain that the German people at least put up with Hit-

ler's war. The truth is that they had to put up with the war because they put up with a system that demands — among other things—wars.

To complain that the German people allows its government to wage a frightful war of aggression is actually to complain that the German people does not make a social revolution. In whose interest is the war being fought? Precisely in the interest of those who can only be removed from their high positions by a social revolution on a gigantic scale. The interests of the industrialists and the Junkers may sometimes diverge, but both need war. They may quarrel about the conduct of the war; but they are alike sure that it should be conducted. Important English journals have described how the Junkers in the Ministry of War whip up competition between the trusts and how effectively the trusts fight to get influence on the conduct of the war. No group that owns anything is against the war. If the war becomes hopeless the trusts may try to get rid of the Hitler gang or even of the generals for the sake of peace; but they will only make peace in order to make war later with all possible strength and as soon as possible. The important thing for them is naturally to keep what they own, namely, economic power, without which they could never hope to regain the political power which they need to make war. French ministers have described, and General de Gaulle has confirmed their descriptions, how the French industrialists were so afraid of their own people that they could not prostrate themselves before their German conquerors quickly enough. They thought the German bayonets necessary to the preservation of their property. One day the German industrialists will try to find bayonets (and any bayonets will do) in the hope that their loss of political power will only be temporary if their economic power can be salvaged. Is that clear?

But how is it with the rest of the German people, the ninety-nine per cent? Is the war in their interest too? Do they need war? Well-meaning people are too hasty by half when they confidently answer: No. A comforting reply, but not a true one. The truth is that the war is in their interest, so long as they cannot or will not shake off the system under which they live. When Hitler came to power, even million families, that is more than

a third of the population, faced starvation. The system could find no work for them, could not even keep them on relief. When work was found for them it was only in industrial preparations for war. Meanwhile the so-called middle-class was ruined and driven into the munitions' factories. Hundreds of thousands of shops and workshops were closed and closed for good: the cash-registers were melted down. The farmers also were ruined; they are now mere tenants acting under orders. They can cultivate their land only with the cheapest slave-labor, the labor of prisoners of war. Even the smallest factories are ruined for good and their owners have to look for administrative jobs which they can only find if the state is victorious and has occupied territories to dispose of. So they all have a stake in the war. All is that clear?

Somewhere there must be a terrible miscalculation, that is clear too, and will be clearer still as the war gets worse and worse. In the bombed cities men crouch in the cellars of burning houses shaken by animal fear and begin to learn. Presumably the retreating armies in the south and in the east are also beginning to learn. Where is the miscalculation? Somewhere near Smolensk a Silesian soldier points his gun at a Russian tank which will crush him if it is not stopped. There is hardly time to realize that what he is pointing his gun at is unemployment. And if he does realise, how little has been gained! An engineer is bent over an improvement in the construction of fast fighter-planes. He hardly has time to consider what he is going to do in a poverty-stricken Germany that has lost the war. But surely something in the back of his mind is, however mysteriously, stirred; perhaps he half-suspects there must be a miscalculation somewhere. Hamburg is burning and a crowd of people is trying to get out of the town; an SS man beats them back home. His parents owned a furniture store in Breslau. It is closed down now. What if the war is lost? What if it is won? He continues to club the crowd. There are many parents in it.

Only the individual can think. Only the group can go to war. It is easier for the individual to follow the group than to think for himself. Every individual in a crowd would perhaps do one thing, but the crowd does another

thing. The Russians and the Americans are further away than the sergeant; the RAF is further away than the police. And the war is a fact, whereas thinking is weak and unpractical, a dreamy affair. War demands everything but it provides everything too. It provides food, shelter, work. One can do nothing that is not for the war; to do something good means 'good for the war.' In war all vices and weaknesses are released. But the war also brings out all the virtues: diligence, inventiveness, perseverance, bravery, comradeship and even kindness. And yet there is an enormous miscalculation somewhere.

Where?

When the fate of so much and so many is involved, it is hard to think that only the leaders are responsible for the war. It is easier to assume that the leaders are only responsible for the war's being lost. Now it is very unlikely that the Nazi regime, vicious as it is, would go to war for fun. It has not done so. As far as war and peace are concerned, the regime probably had no choice. Whoever rulers are, they rule not only over bodies but also over minds; they command not only deeds but thoughts. The regime had to choose war because the whole people needed war; but the people needed war only under this regime and therefore have to look for another way of life. This is a colossal conclusion. And even when the hand on the reins becomes uncertain, the road to this conclusion is a long one. For it is the road to social revolution.

History shows that peoples do not lightly undertake radical changes in the economic system. The people are not gamblers. They do not speculate. They hate and fear the disorder which accompanies social change. Only when the order under which they have lived turns to an indubitable and intolerable disorder do the people dare, and even then nervously, uncertainly, again and again shrinking back in terror, to change the situation. A world which expects the German people to revolt and turn itself into a peaceful nation is expecting much. It is expecting of the German people courage, determination, and new sacrifice. If our other Germany is to win, it will have to have learned its lesson.

Ending in defeat, the last war freed the German people of their political fetters for a time. In the years after the war the whole peo-

ple were actively trying to create a government for the people and by the people. Gigantic labor parties and small bourgeois parties, partly under Catholic influence, condemned war and all policies that lead to war. It seemed that war would be discredited for generations. The arts, music, painting, literature, and theatre flourished.

It did not last long. The people had neglected to occupy the key-positions in the national economy. Those who had been used to giving the orders offered their services as specialists of order and their services were accepted. The boasted order which they kept was the order of attacking battalions; the much talked of chaos which they avoided was the occupation by the people of the key-positions in the economy. And after a year or two in which their economic positions had not been even challenged, they took back the political positions, and the preparation of the next war began.

Will all this happen again?

In order to answer this question in the negative one must be able to interpret favorably the very fact which at first seems to make nonsense of the query, namely, the much-reported "unshakable morale of Hitler Germany."

The fact that there has been no quick reaction to the privations and defeats of Nazi Germany is admittedly irritating. One must, however, be able to see that precisely this delay indicates how deep and broad the reaction will be. This time the imperialists have no parliaments to turn to when they want someone to end their war for them. Today there are no dynasties which can be sacrificed as scapegoats without in the least endangering the structure of the state. On the other hand if the masses try to fight their way out of the war they will have to confront hundreds of thousands of Hitlerites who can only be defeated in a tremendous civil war, a civil war which must be conducted with the improvised Commandos of a popular government. The people must rise against their torturers—the torturers of the whole world—and defeat them.

One thing is certain. If the German people cannot throw off their rulers, if on the contrary these rulers manage to play a "Frederickian variation," that is, manage to keep the war going until disagree-

ment among the allies presents an opportunity for a negotiated peace; or, alternatively, if the rulers of Germany are beaten militarily but left in power economically, a pacification of Europe is unthinkable. In the latter case military occupation by the allies would certainly not help. It is hard enough to control India in these days by violent colonization; it would be quite impossible to control Central Europe. Should the allies take up arms not only against the harrassed regime but also against the whole people,

they would need immense forces; the Nazis needed more than half a million SS men, the largest police force in history, and a fanatical block-warden in every block in every town; they also had to hold out a hope of a successful war of conquest without which both the police and the population would starve. The foreign soldier with a gun in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other would only be regarded as a friend worthy of the great democracies that sent him if the milk were for the people and the gun

for use against the regime.

The idea of forcibly educating a whole people is absurd. What the German people have not learned when this war is over from bloody defeats, bombings, impoverishment, and from the bestialities of its leaders inside and outside Germany, it will never learn from history books.

Peoples can only educate themselves; and they will establish popular government not when they grasp it with their minds but when they grasp it with their hands.

-Bertolt Brecht



Goon squads who brutalized New York Draft Resisters are not typical of all working long-shoremen as witness West Coast stevedores swinging along under union banners and baling hooks at the April 15th march in San Francisco. At the same time Aussie Wharfies gagged at loading Viet bound bombs and tied up the Woolloomooloo docks. Some man to man talk with the men who work on the waterfront may show that the goons were mostly pie/card hacks and fuzz out of uniform.

--Art Berger



"Let's say I'm a sheriff looking for a murderer," said Hershey slapping his knee. "I come along and deputize you my posse comitatus. You say 'I'm not a-goin.' I'm entitled to due process.' You go for your gun. Why, I may have to shoot you! What's become of our frontier values?"

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

General Hershey

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

Caw! Caw!

Caw! Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

Caw!

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CAW!

Individualism is the first to disappear. The native intellectual had learnt from his masters that the individual ought to express himself fully. The colonialist bourgeoisie hammered into the native's mind the idea of a society of individuals where each person shuts himself up in his own subjectivity, and whose only wealth is individual thought. Now the native who has the opportunity to return to the people during the struggle for freedom will discover the falseness of this theory. The very forms of organization of the struggle will suggest to him a different vocabulary. Brother, sister, friend--these are words outlawed by the colonialist bourgeoisie, because for them my brother is my purse, my friend is part of my scheme for getting on.

Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth

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THE POEM AND REVOLUTION

The raw material of poems can be found incubating today in the Campus Rebellion and the Negro Revolution. It is not dropping out for an activist to take up his pen. Dante was exiled for his politics, and Heine, another exile, said: "Lay a sword on my bier for I have been a good soldier in the wars of human liberation."

What about today?

A poem in our time creates out of the situation not as it is but as it is becoming.

Who sees the rainbow? Who detects the jonquil?

We have a right to demand that our poets shall be prophets and that, as in the old days, every politician shall be a poet and sing the glad news to come.

Once we recognize the great world wide poem, we find the whole affair—production, distribution, consumption, birth rebirth—is one grand song in a performance joined by everyone.

The revolution is to be human.

We move toward that action as poem which the poem as action transcribes. We move toward the human flow. There is a goal where the movement of people and of things—from the wheat in the fields to the grain in the mill and the bread we eat—all this gigantic producing the distributing of things takes place in a rhythm of action and belief incidental to the green of the world. This is the womb of things which the poem acts to disclose. It is this momentary glimpse of the world as poem that the little poems we actually write aim to unfold.

Sometimes I see them in my mind's eye—the people, all the races, all the bodies, all the people here and through time struggling like a lever to push up through the global surface of things, and being pushed down again and again by all the hells that hold us in. But always we start up again—we have to in order to live. Finally we rise through all the hunger and death we leave behind and reach halfway to the top when suddenly the whole globe swings around onto its proper base. So the world as poem proceeds to be just what it has to become for the people to live.

-Walter Lowenfels

A South Vietnamese poet wrote to me, "For one year now, I've got enough kerosene and paper to write at night, thanks to the enlargement of the liberated zone. However, morale plays the decisive role. In the daytime I am busy marching, counter-raiding, taking shelter from enemy air-raids, or sowing maize seeds and growing Cassava. At night I take up my pen to write when already exhausted. Sometimes, a fit of fever has assailed me after I've jotted down no more than a few lines."

--Che Lan Vien, Preface to
The Fire Blazes
Hanoi, 1965

But let us understand one another.
You may perform better than he
Whose stage is the street.
Still your achievement will be less
If your theatre is less
Meaningful than his,
If it touches less
Deeply the lives of those who look,
If its reasons
Are less,
Or its usefulness.

-- Bertolt Brecht

EDWARD BOTTS:

4 POEMS

A NEW BEGINNING

We are human
We cannot eat the flesh
Of the war news
We are immune to the war news
We are lovers
We are learning each other
We cannot listen to the war news
Repeat and repeat
We are guilty lovers
We are our father's shudder
Between our two flesh
We are two
Not unlike the tracks of animals we have not seen yet
Not unlike our mother who loved forever
Without her body
We cannot wake without confessing
Our distaste
And want only for ourself alone
We are not clever
We are alone, like selves
And then we hate
And sharpen against the whetstone walls
But lovely even the lice that live on us
Though you shudder my love
At the thought
We are not above them
But about at their level,
We are human
We are not immune
To the war news
We are loves, just as the lice are ours
We are life's insurrection against the wall
The winter flies against the flowery wallpaper
We are our lives lived out in a split second chance
We are the shadows that have died to find their bodies
We are the children that the world chloroforms
Under the snow rocks we listen to the spring waters
That wash us already

WHEN WILL YOU BE MY BROTHER AGAIN?

When will you be my brother again?
Things between us were strong if unspoken.
If life is simple, if weakness is forgotten,
Our feet went down in the wet earth,
And it moved when we walked hardly talking.
We knelt together to gather snailshells
For your little girl. I was full
Watching you two, her upon your belly
Peacefully. When will you be good to yourself?
My heart fills slowly to the brim,
But I have no place to spill it.
No one to visit those graves with again.
Somewhere amid small wars families dig their own graves.
If life were only that simple,
If death could be put in the ground and walked upon.

IF TOMORROW COMES

Tonight, like a night, like all the others
ever on earth, when we children ached
for what we did not know, morning seemed
only as far away as opening the door,
of standing quietly on the kitchen floor;
these things defy our saying, they are dumb
as our feet, their steps laid before them,
their fears a whole family gnawing at food
which is cold and dead before our noses...
I am surprised my blood is as red as blood.
If I seem strange to you, suddenly, and far away,
as far away as the country you have loved
and left, quietly as a slip of paper slips off a table.
I stab at what I know, forgive me, and all
of us, and you, the most difficult of all
the warm blooded creatures,
my love, I don't even know how to say it, all
at once those simple things stutter as if
they had never been before, and my imagination fails me
at last; I have no need for it, if tomorrow comes...

THE SUN SAD THE MINUTE OLD

The very word *defoliate*.
 The skin, the fire.
 The leaves that cover
 The body, the hand.
 The very trembling earth.
 The wound, the constellation,
 The dead. The very dead.
 They are none but mine.
 As these eyes are not mine
 Burning twice as bright.
 As my body leaps,
 As the terror migrates.
 Lives cannot repeat.
 How many lives can I?
 Can I be you, my love
 Are me? Is the pain
 Increased thereby?
 If you are three
 Short lives cheated,
 You are still hurt,
 They are still dying,
 Full of life. Of life
 We talk to death.
 We number the numberless.
 While we talk the pain
 Is full of pain,
 The horror of horror,
 The dead of dead, the
 Peace we talk is of the
 Dead, and tomorrow

Tomorrow. Where am I?
 To hold to except
 In dreams we hold to
 And sink with. Where am I
 Horrendously repeated?
 Myself, my nose, my lips
 My tongue thick in you
 Sweet mouth. Do they not
 Cry out of me, my dead sons
 Flock. How do they fly?
 With deathbombs too heavy
 For a man to lift. My brow,
 Upon your breast. A child
 At your breast who shall
 Walk again. All is not
 In me. The sun sad,
 The minute old.
 The silent silence.
 Still to be born.
 Hands and feet,
 The Achilles tendon,
 The way I laugh,
 The way you look.
 I take you awkwardly,
 Inwardly. Whole. The
 Very trembling earth
 I hold in you, heavy
 Painful earth.
 Where I was born.
 Where I am living
 Among other men.

—Edward Botts

Leon Golub: GIGANTOMACHY

1965 91/2' x 22'



Leon Golub: GIGANTOMACHY II

1967 9 1/2' x 18'

YIN YEARS

by David Henderson

New York City is a death festival
 voluminous men death carriages/
 cartels of internationally disposed people
 dodder with bloat of water and sugar/
 voluminous men

slow death ferment

Looking downtown/from Bowery roofs
 the location marks
 the balance of this city
 to which all structures
 of the city hall boys fan
 /East by North

the magnificence of the Woolworth Building
 will receive splendid disposition
 with the first wave of holocaust ---
 overland they will come
 from Atlantic waters
 across queens brooklyn the harlem river

strange men will come
howling tunes weirder than the Beatles

by bowery
the city cast voluminous light
on the caste of men
who patrol
upwards & downwards
their tree-lined corridor
to infinity

urban renewal
what will you do?
then when you are too late/
when your young planted saplings wither
& your fine printed reports
flutter in dusty empty corridors
& grow yellow
as the sun

by Bowery
bloated men
voices of the disemboweled
yell ditties to each other
in endless short jostling games
that grow dangerous
by darkness
& cold light

jittery limbs
wine pressing skin
both ways
these are the short trunked people
whose trouser ends sweep the ground
& by morning light or red sundown
often limp on barefeet
pitiful & sober
faces shrunk by racist sugar
of sweet fruit drinks

bodies bludgeoned by
the red cross
holy ghost USA
port or amber fluid
falling
broken bottle limbs
gangrene

of the corridor
men of epileptic gesture
& embrace

where to be knocked down
is death in the face
where blood jumps
like crack bottle port 35 cent
Lou's win Five Star Rhythm
North American Port sherry & muscatel
(leading hollywood stars testify
they drink Thunderbird wine during camera breaks)

II

I am visiting the family
of my middle eye
in cyclop sessions
the wooden door swings open
to the sunny kitchen
where the two cheerful maidens
open the book in their lap
flip the pages joyously
I scan the checker formations of the universe
the ooze of bricks and amoebas
the ebb of towers
the construction manual of trees
the tinkling music thunderous om
of the cosmos
under which merry men
work greatly
gesturing wanly by dawn forest
merging with trees
in slow motion
quicksand of the mind
i am talking to the one
who assists the wonderful fuel
of saliva in my mouth
running downward
lubricant to my limbs
mellow mendicant rod
the giggling man
with the precarious lantern
anomaly of the persistent hounds
barking nipping
my upper door
---flapping in the breeze

and then the terrible consequences
my friend has often said be careful of where
and with whom you open up your head

and by Bowery
cellular phenomena of mankind
millions of years old
is shown
plodding men bloody
paunchy as scarecrows
soft as sated leeches

the beginning
the end of the line America
the den of beggars and thieves
it furthers one to have somewhere to go

III

by Bowery
there are the police
florid men
angry family men
visionaries of rare steak

versus the natives of the land
the overfilled/overkill peoples
versus peoples who believe in their bodies
more than anything else
& who by necessity goes hungry
the europeans versus the indians
the yankees versus the brooklyn bums

V

there are the long-haired young of music
jazz rhythm n blues folk tunes & jug band
who dress strangely
and sing america
with chinese accentuations

they travel the land & beyond
from detroit to florida
cambridge to berkeley
singing fucking fasting / getting high

There are millionaires stockpiling LSD
Diplomats and executives taking hashish
instead of coffee breaks
young silver-spooned maidens
leaving school
to live like indians
on the Lower East Side of Manhattan/

there are boys and girls
who want to know more about
their sex organs
than that they should be
antiseptic clean
and unused---

there are those
working to crack the riddle
of Western white love
that has college coeds
brushing their teeth instead
of talking their minds
applying maximum safe deodorants
instead of making love
smelling themselves
instead of others

these are years of yin
from Korea to Vietnam
Yalta to Geneva

VI

by Bowery
my dress is among the bums
the police cannot tell us apart
until I open the door to my loft
and disappear

those who make friends
with those who roam low
in the streets
reap reward

and by Bowery

among bloated men
figurines of Western death
I feel my blood go hot & cold
as theirs
from my many windows
I see them stagger/ fall
stare pop bleary at the sun
their enemy
their goddess of love defiled

I know that feeling
my blood remembers the wine
my cells have in their seven years construction
memory
of siren days/ cartoon events
signifying a high kind of poison
a logical euthanasia/

by Bowery twilight falls
the caste of men
who by neon/fluorescence
are not unlike one another/
everyone in America

VII

I have raced through Cambridge
with a black bearded boy Bobby
Telling Harvard boys & Radcliffe maidens
we live on the Bowery
because it is a joke/ and it is true

these old loft buildings
belong to us
these vacant streets of
dying men and darkness...
for we have been shipped off by society
(Indians by reservation)
told to keep moving
or to lie in vacant places/ unseen
and like the Negro
the culture of the caste
is intact & underground/
men and women through centuries
to appear like hoboes gypsies the insane
to harangue & cause commotion
in the civilized streets/
the caste of men
weird and everlasting
perpetual reoccurrence
from Berkely to Babylon
Mexico to New York City

children of yin
through years of yin

unchanging/

Of Theater

A STREET THEATER IN CHINA: 1948

The following passage is an excerpt from William Hinton's book, Fanshen: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village, Monthly Review Press, N.Y., 1966, pp. 10-12, which describes a theatrical celebration in Changchih City as part of a mass demonstration of support for the Chinese Communist Party, the Draft Agrarian Law ("Land-to-the-tiller", abolishment of land ownership rights of all landlords, ancestral shrines, temples, monasteries, schools, institutions and organizations) and the leadership of Mao Tse-Tung in Communist China, 1948.

"When the group arrived at a likely spot - any place where large numbers of people stood around waiting for something to happen - the dancers started to form a big circle doing the yangko rock (three steps forward, one step back) the body swaying in time to the music, the arms swinging gracefully. The girls all carried wide scarves of silk that were tied to their waists with large red bows. They held the two free ends in their hands so that the silk waved and fluttered with each movement of the arms. Like shimmering butterflies they wove figure eights and clover leaves and other intricate patterns and finally formed a circle inside of which the actors assembled to perform the plays and skits which they themselves had written.

The most popular theme of these many plays was land reform. The two points which most of them hammered home were the need to depend on the poor-and-hired peasants and the importance of uniting with the middle peasants. Many groups portrayed a villainous landlord who tried to sabotage all land division, a rich peasant who schemed with him, a middle peasant who worried lest the new land law be used against him, and a village political worker who sold out the poor for favors from the rich. But a hired laborer with the help of a Communist Party member always won the confidence of the people in the end. The landlord and his running

STREET THEATER IN NEW YORK: 1967

The following is a brief excerpt from a taped interview with the Pageant Players, June 1967 in which they discuss their development and role as a radical "Street Theatre" group during the past 2 1/2 years. (As applied to their kind of theatre, "Street Theatre" is more a descriptive than a literal title as they perform in a variety of places and situations: parks, street corners, demonstrations, parties, lofts, marches,

dog cowered in disgrace, the poor peasant danced a merry jig with the middle peasant, while the boys and girls of the dancing brigade burst into joyous song and began their yangko all over again.

Other skits had to do with the national and international scene. Chiang Kai-shek came in for much buffeting about, as did the Soongs, the K'ungs and the Ch'ens - China's three other ruling families. These men were represented in typical fashion - Soong always with a Western-style hat, Ch'en in a black landlord's gown, Chiang in preposterous military regalia, and K'ung, the banker, always clutching a large briefcase stuffed with money.

The streets overflowed with yangko and stick dancers, each orchestra trying to play louder than the last, each group of dancers striving to step out more vigorously than the one in front of it, each actor attempting to outdo in gesture and voice the others in the cast. Add to this the thousands upon thousands of country people milling about; the peddlers vending hot mutton soup, candy, peanuts, and pears; the hundreds of carts going and coming; the red banners and the colored paper spinning and twirling in the air. It was a scene of immense vigor and public rejoicing such as that ancient country town had rarely if ever witnessed.

And, as if all this were not enough, the three great stages on the three main streets presented a continuous succession of plays, each to an enormous changing crowd. Farther on, at the fairgrounds on the east side of the town, a commercial circus displayed the talents of trained monkeys and trick riders, while, from the platform of an abandoned temple, a traditional opera troupe sang to an audience of thousands.

For two days and nights the festivities continued without letup."

churches, only occasionally on "stages" and, as the discussion below shows, in laundromats.) Briefly, the play performed in laundromats involves 2 actresses fighting over a bag of laundry being washed; it belonging to one (Vietnamese) and being seized upon by the other (American), who tries to convince the first to divide her clothes in half and being refused throws chlorine in her face. The realistic event

of theater

and dialogue are "backed up" by cardboard representations of an American and NLF soldier and song, making a jarring and effective event to watch while doing your laundry. Not everyone watches. The next issue of CAW! will contain the major portion of this tape along with photographs of the Pageant Players in action.

Matthew: We were doing the Laundry play in Brooklyn and there were kids hanging out in front of this laundromat and they dug that we were doing something. They didn't catch the play yet. We all had placards. We had the sign of the Vietnamese and the American and they went through the whole bit of "Heil Hitler," marching around and like "We're in the army now," and blah, blah, blah. I don't know why. I guess they were pubic or something. They were trying to bug us a little bit and they also were lapsing into friendliness for some reason. I guess they wanted to relate. So anyway we said, "Okay, we're going to do this play." I guess they were young and it freaked them out to do this play in a laundromat, and anyway they were interested in drumming and music. We took them in the car to the next stop and we hassled around, all crammed in the back like four in the back and we took them to the next performance. They drummed and Victor played and it sounded great.

Nancy: They drummed on the washing machines.

Matthew: Yes, and they sounded terrific, a nice rhythm section. It felt real cool, like relating to them and bringing them into the play. I don't know what effect it had on them, which way they'll fall, but anyway we nearly got busted for kidnapping later on, which was cool, had nothing to do with it.

Arlene: Well, tell it.

Matthew: That doesn't interest me. It's just the idea of having kids in the....

Arlene: Oh, that's what we're all waiting for—a kidnapping plot.

Matthew: I'm not interested in all of that. Vic can tell it because he got into the police station and he was driving the car that day. We had four children that day and shit, we were planning on fifteen.

Michael: That's what we do in the Pageant Players!

Eileen: Well, we had these kids in the car and when we had finished playing at that stop where they drummed on the washing machines we got them all back in the car again and we went back where we had picked them up. We were going to do another performance in that laundromat. We got there and had just pulled up when this cop car pulled up behind us. Was it one or two?

Matthew: Three.

Arlene: It turned out to be a few; they just kept coming.

Eileen: Well, one came and then more came and the cops got out on their two sides and were really mad saying, "Okay, where are those kids," and I don't remember what they said but they treated us like kidnapers. The kids' mothers and some people on the block had seen the kids get into the car with us who were suspect anyway. So all the mothers were alerted and they called the police that their children had been taken away in a car by some people they didn't know. The cops were waiting for us when we got back. They took us to the police station where we squared everything away because they really had thought we were kidnapers.

Michael: How old were the kids?

Eileen: They were boys about 12.

Shelly: 25, 30...

Eileen: It seemed so astounding because

of theater

- here we were. We just took the kids and it seemed a natural thing to do.
- Michael: We'll be smoother next time.
- Matthew: The cops were just as innocent.
- Shelly: Draft them.
- Matthew: We said, "We didn't even ask any money from them, man." What are you trying to give us such a hard time for?" And the cop said, "Well, maybe you wanted something more important."
- Liz: Perverts!
- Arlene: He said people kidnap kids for other reasons. They have "ulterior motives."
- Matthew: We took his mind out and had it on the windshield.
- Michael: His mind?
- Matthew: Yes.
- Arlene: Brainwash them to Communism.
- Matthew: Well, we did as a matter of fact. Cross that off the record.
- Michael: It's a little late.
- Shelly: What did the kids say. I wasn't there.
- Liz: "Viva socialistic..."
- Matthew: The kid was eating an ice-cream cone. Oh, by the way, P.S.
- Shelley: They didn't tell the cops they should eat shit?
- Matthew: At the end, right? We see this kid telling the cop. They find this one kid, probably one kid. There were three or four others already split with the mummies. The other cops don't know. Something like Oswald and the CIA, animated too, and anyway a cop said to the kid, "Where are your brothers?" Very seriously and the kid is very relaxed eating his ice cream cone and looking at the ground. And looking at the cop, I don't know, sort of lackadaisically and looking up, chocolate ice cream sugar cone and saying, "Oh, yah, they're all right. We just went into the car and..."
- Arlene: The cop asked him why they went with us.
- Matthew: It was a great finale. The kid was licking his cone and looking at the cop without any affectation in the world. So I think that we cleansed the system of all it's carbon dioxide. Yesterday—not today.

WORKING TOWARD A DEFINITION OF THEATER

Ron Davis of the San Francisco Mime Troop began to tell us about doing "Guerrilla" Theatre (opposed to dull-big-money-big-sets-big-lights-big-deal-actors memorizing somebody else's words theatre) some years back, a process which involves inventing your own kind of theatre, serving your own particular needs and purposes, a radical theatre bent on a very conscious operation of creating change in those with whom it makes contact.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHANGE, reestablishing basic human needs and values, reaffirming life, a process which involves necessarily a great deal of destruction, the stripping away of everything that gets in the way of real contact

and joining: the inside to the outside, the possible to the necessary, the individual to the world RIGHT NOW. Food for the hungry. AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF NON-LIFE. We do not want to be the severed appendages, yes-men, of a social structure that abhors life itself. BUT, to do radical theatre is not yet killing the man who will not let you live; it is not what Che was doing in the Bolivian hills. We have not yet occupied that stage where to perform the truth is to be met with an onslaught of bullets aimed at the actors' hearts. Guitars; no guns.

I. PREMISE: *Real innovations attack the roots.* - Brecht

of theater

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Any theatre which dares to incorporate the terms *guerrilla*, *revolutionary* or the like, must act upon this. By changing a form already established within the society, we question and attack the necessity and function of the old form. New forms work toward a new society. This doesn't mean you can't learn or even adopt an older theatrical form (Mime Troop), but its purpose has to serve now, working with eyes open.

II. PREMISE: Everything depends upon you and your working relationship with other people. What can you do best and how can you most effectively be part of a meaningful operation (play)?

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: Develop and train through improvisation exercises and workshops. Consider how you, the actors, can also "create" the set, objects and places, sound effects, masks, allowing greater flexibility and maneuverability in your attacks (plays). Allow the same materials to serve for many purposes, creating a variety of sets and costumes from the same props. Boxes for actors' podiums, can also carry your musical instruments and masks. *PAGEANT PLAYERS*. A rug can be quickly rolled down, the magic carpet stage, and rolled up before the police come. QUESTION: Do you need a stage at all if you have the presence born from purpose? The voice can create many sounds (noises as of grass, tones as of song). The face of one actor can be molded into an expression by another, making a mask. Learn to work within limitations to force a variety of possible actions and reactions (to hecklers at a demonstration, to children shooting beebees into the mouth of the War Monster—*Pageant Players*—to people who always want Shakespeare in the park). Let your play flow out from the stage into the audience for discussion, argument, fights, change... Don't wait. Use what you have. If only 2 people want to make a theatre, embrace and begin. Eleven people started a revolution. Soon others join. Each actor can be a "cast of thousands" under different masks. And sometimes one gesture tells a whole story, so be efficient. (Judas' kiss, Che's betrayal). Know the other actors. Know the audience. Who are they? How are you going to deal with them in particular? Are they the ones you should play to? What is their need? What is their hunger? Do they only want entertainment or do they need reinforcement and revitalizing for the struggle ahead.

Work with your own ideas and learn by your own failures. *For a revolutionary, failure*

is a springboard. As a source of theory it is richer than victory: it accumulates experience and knowledge. - Debray. The whole process of creating a play should revolutionize YOU. If you're not changed, who will be? Go beyond the limits of yesterday and you will begin to realize how we are much more than we had thought possible. Throw away yesterday's images for the new ones you will create.

III. PREMISE: The processes and rhythms of Life should beget the processes and rhythms of theatre.

EXTENSION OF PREMISE: How does man's progressive motion around a center, let us say simply the beating of his own heart, relate to the basic phenomena of the earth's revolution on its own axis and around the sun? Rhythms of life, growth, change, becoming. Creation. And how do suppressions, dominations, racisms (tolerances), capitalisms (money, power) individualisms, goodnesses based on guilts, dreams esteemed more than the man in front of you, specializations, ignorances, lies, alter, afflict and negate these rhythms—specifically as revealed in the movements of our own bodies. Have you seen the rhythms of fear, hate, hunger, pain, loss?

Every action has a movement, a rhythm by which we understand it. A man walks toward me on the street. He takes 2 steps forward and 3 back. He never looks at me and his hand waits in his pocket. Another man comes. He seems to be with me before he arrives. He smiles and listens when I speak. We learn from each other. He listens as well to his own voice and I listen to mine so that when we speak, we have something to say.

TEST OF PREMISE: Begin with a breathing exercise. Actors lie down on the floor, their heads touching at the center of the sphere they make. "Listen" with your hands to the breathing of the two beside you. All together you make a circle; if one leaves, the connection is broken. We are all connected as life is connected to life all over the world and to life of the past, present, and future. Now slowly begin to move in rhythm to the breathing you feel with your hands and body, a process not limited to minutes, hours, even years. Slowly, we begin to create a world based on our own movements and impulses. Yes, we are looking at each other and we are moving, changing and slowly creating a new man born from the breathing of our own bodies. It is even possible that we are beginning to love.

—Jerriann Hilderley

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BLACK ART

Leroi Jones, Marvin Jackmon and I did three, by now, 'famous' essays on the role of the black poet in America, as contributing editors to Joe Goncalves' *The Journal of Black Poetry*. Roi said: "I realize that the Black Poet ought also try to provide a 'post american form', even as simple vision, for his people." And: "We must, in the present, be missionaries of Blackness, of consciousness, actually." And Marvin Jackmon (or X) said: "THE BLACK REVOLUTIONARY POET MUST LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND LANGUAGE OF HIS PEOPLE." I said: "The black poet confronted with western culture and civilization must isolate and define himself in as bold a relief as he can. He must chop away at the white criterion and destroy its hold on his black mind because seeing the world through white eyes from a black soul causes death. The black poet must not attempt to create from a depth of black death. The true energy of black art must be brought fully into the possession of the black creator. The black poet must stretch his consciousness not only in the direction of other non-western people across the earth, but in terms of pure reason and expand the mind areas to the far reaches of creativity's endlessness to find new ways of seeing the world the black poet of the west is caught up in.

"If we black poets see ourselves and our relationships with the deeper elements of life and with all mankind perhaps we can also break thru the tangled ugly white energy of western fear and crime.

"We are in a position to know at first hand the social and political machinery that is threatening to destroy the earth and we can use a creative and intellectual black criteria on it." But now I wonder at this statement.

Anyway: "I believe the artist does owe something to the society in which he is involved; he should be *involved* fully. This is the measure of the poet, and the black

poet in his--from a white point of view--invisibility must hammer away at his own world of creative criticism of this society."

Creative criticism of this society? Yes. This summer I conducted a writer's workshop for the Harlem Education Program in Harlem. I was lucky to have had many dedicated students. One was especially noteworthy--seventeen year old Lloyd Corbin, who, near the end of the summer came into the workshop while we were putting together the anthology of works done throughout the session and announced: "My new name is Djangatolum." That *is* black art. An African had given him the name he was so proud of, and his supplement of poems to the anthology appeared under that name. How will the powers that be in Washington respond to Djangatolum this Fall when they flip through the pages of the anthology to see what we did with the anti-poverty money? But that's besides the point. An example of Corbin's energy:

BLACK BLACK

I want to be black
And not cream my beauty away
In a day, not from that jar
Nor from an Ice Cream bar
BLACK BLACK
I'm gonna stay black
Not cream myself away
Not fall in that jar or
Die in a bar

That is creative criticism of himself, and he is the society. Djangatolum asks:

What are riots?
Why do we riot?

....

Because racism is a tool of capitalism. Many adults have said to me after reading

this young man's poetry: "God! it's frightening and sad to think that a kid that young is so bitter!" But Lloyd knows where he is at. He is with the shit.

"A work of art," I wrote in 'A Black Criteria', "a poem, can be a complete 'thing'; it can be alone, not preaching, not trying to change men, and though it might change them, if the men are ready for it, the poem is not reduced in its artistic status. I mean we black poets can write poems of pure creative black energy right here in the white west and make them works of art without falling into the cheap market place of bullshit and propaganda. But it is a thin line to stand on." Recently an 'important' poet, who was a judge on a panel to a poetry contest I entered wrote to me after someone else had won, and said, in effect, that he felt that I should have won, and that perhaps the reason operating against me was that I sometimes wrote for black people only. This, he felt, was propaganda. When black eyes see from black eyes, white sensibility seems to become terribly jammed up. Roi said: "As a people we have no control of 20th century communications media among ourselves, to by and for each other." It becomes the responsibility of sensible white men to dig without reservation the black image in America. White America's reality depends on the success of this.

For four years now I have been working with the idea of black art as communication. When I wrote the Malcolm X article for *Negro Digest* I was talking not so much about white politics as about black art. I mean simply that I am not talking about hatred but about something very positive, like Marcus Garvey said, man: "There is no sense in hate." But a creative attack on the ritual and passion, the curse, the dark ages of this death, the original sin's impact on a people and their unjust projection of it upon us black people

....
I said to the black poets: "We must shake up not only our own black brothers but the superficial and shoddy people stumbling in the brainlessness of the western decline." This is almost like saying: Become responsible where whitey isn't, lead him out of his wilderness--but not quite. Art is a basic responsibility of simple humanity; one cannot help but be responsible.

That is all I am saying. Black art is therefore black life and black life is, though it seems strange to many whites, American life.

Black art has been in every sense of the phrase the black power of music, blues and its grandchild, jazz. A.B. Spellman and Leroi Jones in their books on black music are talking about this, and nothing else. This black energy in white America and what's happening to it, where it's going, where it came from. Roi said in a book he's working on now: the black artist must give "his life to communicating... the precise circumstance of contemporary universal consciousness... And this is the shaping of the future (BUILDINGS LIKE JOHN COLTRANE SOLOS) the task..." The black musician is talking about cultural revolution in America when he blows his horn, when he plays his piano, or beats his drums; and if anybody doubts it ask Max Roach.

On the cover of one issue of *The Journal of Black Poetry* is a photo of a little black girl holding a sniper. She is talking about *change*. Like my students in Harlem, she knows the score already. She knew it almost from the time she could walk, and her energy is the same energy Charlie Parker emoted. When I say black consciousness it should be clearly understood that I am talking about something very universal. Again, the little girl with the sniper means something positive, she does not mean hatred.

When James Baldwin and John A. Williams use the English language they are expressing creative discontentment with the same energy, black energy of summertime guerillas. Nothing I can think of is better for the sickness of the culture.

To come to terms with black culture is to know something very basic about all humanity. This should be *assignment 1* for mainstream America. Why? Because the whites have *the problem* of race, black people *know* they are not problems. But today art may *seem* futile while we are confronted with the growing possibility of a race war, right here, and concentration camps, the surplus unemployable poor. But it is not: it may be our main link, our undercurrent of hope. Because it is a silent river in human life.

—Clarence Major

3 POEMS

RESTING IN HARLEM

God is not dead
but resting in Harlem
He has not left man but man
has left him
So God went to Harlem
Why? Because God made man
in the likeness of himself
Why go to Harlem?
'Cause God was black
But he thought or you thought
he was white
That's why God came to Harlem

STREETS '65-'66

The horse, the horse
The evil white horse
Whose contents comes in grains
White sand of which I'm about to blow
To blow, to blow
To blow in my nose then into my veins
To unlatch my sub-conscious
To wash my convolutions bare
To rob my soul of the fiber
That was once there
Enslaving me to anger and despair
Freeing me of hope, happiness and
love's tender Kiss
For all it is to you, me, anyone
it is too much for one soul to bear
For all it is
For all it is to do
For all it is that I shall never do
For all it is to blow the white horse
That enters through my nose
And down my veins
To close my consciousness
To make cold the breast
that once warmed the rest

—Djangatolum

Ali
Is our prince
Regal and Black
A glass that could fall
but never break
A flower without rain
that never could die
Ali
Is our prince

SONGS OF THE GREEKS

These songs of the Greeks are songs of war, of exile, and of love; and they are mourning songs from Mani, and from those other provinces of Greece whose women know no joys, but only sing of sorrow. They are all songs of the folk: of the Turkish Occupation, of the ubiquity of war, and of that further usurpation,—death; our own, which is of utmost holiness to us; and of the hope of an attainment of a purer consciousness which battles, not for our meager selves alone, but for the brighter welfare of our sons, and for those myriad sons of all the sons of earth, devotedly, devoutly.

We love these works for what they were, for what they've meant to shepherds and to sailors,—for what they have become within the larger voyagings of those poets, who, writing now, remember always that they themselves have sprung from such beginnings, from such people that can sing such songs.

From this tradition of the folk, a warrior rose to be a father to the poets of our times. His name was Yiannis Makriyiannis (John Long-John) a guerrilla fighter risen to the rank of 'general' in the Revolutionary War of 1821. He was an illiterate; and learned to write, phonetically, after the wars were finished, that he might record the struggles of his determination to be free. And showed himself to be a brother to the greatest of the Greeks.

His battles with the Turks completed, he waged fierce struggles with Otto, the Bavarian Prince, brought down to rule the newly independent, "savage" Greeks, and fought his fellow Greeks that a constitution might be established for their rule, and fought his brothers who reviled and taunted his belief in freedom and in truth, because they hungered: after wealth, and for position, and for continuation of the status quo, which, in so short a time, had managed to produce the privileged ones within the newly founded kingdom, who rage yet throughout Greece.

Makriyiannis fought on the steps of the acropolis, and in the parthenon itself, and there was wounded grievously, as were the monumental glories, also, smithereened apart, and fought throughout southern Greece; and once, at Myloi, at an undefensible position, a French adviser had admonished him, "What kind of war will you wage against Ibrahim from here?"

And he had answered, "The positions are weak, and so are we. But the god who protects us is strong, and so our fate will be revealed through these weak positions. And if we are few before the might of Ibrahim, we are consoled by one thought,—that we Greeks have always been a few, that from the beginning to the end, from olden times unto the present, all the wild beasts have fought to eat us,—and they have failed. They eat of us, but always, there is something left. And those few even (the remaining ones) make up their minds to die. And when they thus decide, sometimes, they lose, but most often, they win. So is our position here, today. And here, we'll meet our fate,—we weak ones, ranged against the mighty."

What we have learned from Makriyiannis, his essence and his courage, what we have learned from the folk songs, beyond the linguistic debts that are acknowledged by all the poets who have written in the tongue of the modern Greeks, is: a striving towards freedom, and a determination to retain that status in our selves, and to be free forever.

As there has never been, there is no royal, nor, no certain road to poetry, so there can never be a surety to freedom; it is forever an upstruggling up from chaos and from death. But here, where dreams are nourished, where begins salvation from corruption and from death, we sing

Joy to the mountains
to the fragrant plains
to coolness of the clefted rocks
and to the moon-struck nights;
to you, my brave guerrillas
who know no strident terror
as you leap, lionlike, to war.

These songs have greatness in them because they are a truth, a haunting after a terror that is done now, but that upreaches once again in 1967, as it had stunned all Europe in Fascist Occupation from 1939 to 1945, the Greeks in Civil Strife from 1945 to 1949, as

WITH FEELING FOR WHAT WE LOSE GONE IS THE DREAM

WHO ARE YOU AND WHO ARE YOU SI-LENT FIG-URES,
FAC-ES OF MEL-O-DY, MU-TED IN-
SIDE OF ME CHORUS FA-CES I'M LEAV-ING
NOW? I KNOW THE EACH OF YOU, EACH
STEP THAT BRINGS ME CLO-SER TO, BLACKLIGHT THAT BURNS INSIDE OF YOU,
GONE IS THE DREAM.

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY YIANNIS MAKRIYIANNIS

1
Who are you and
Who are you
Silent figures,
Faces of melody,
Muted inside of me
Faces I'm leaving now?

2
You pass me and
You pass me.
What is the word
Living inside of you
Yearning inside of you
Boldly from day to day?

Chorus:
I know the each of you,
Each step that brings
me closer to,
Black light that burns
inside of you,
Gone is the dream.

3
I love you and
I love you
Whoever you are.
Though you are blind to me
You die inside of me
Erasing all that seemed.

4
Good by now and
Good by now
The sun is low.
A voice is calling me
To times recalling all
The terribleness
of your lives.

Repeat Chorus:

it rears up its head in Vietnam, in glories now far greater than what the Greeks endured against the Turks, the Persians or Themselves, and are precursors to those songs now being born, which one day, when the carnage shall be done, we'll sing as gleanings and remembrances of love.

One of our present fathers, and religiously, with fervor, has dared to say that what America is doing in Vietnam is what the Greeks had done at Salamis and at Thermopylae,—that she is holding to contain a barbarous horde. I shall not make such pieties, or point to say that what a paradox is here, and that, but simply, we Americans are, and shall forever be, the hordes, for we have come into a gentle land and utterly destroyed. I simply shall abide by what a conquered people sang, in Greece, a hundred fifty years ago, and further,—and what they told of struggles and of dreamings to be free; and wonder what the women and the babes and men of Vietnam are singing now beyond their individual dyings, or their nation's death.

Just as these songs can tell us how Achilles mourned his fallen friend, Patroclus, how Hecuba and Priam wept for their sons and daughters in great Troy,—so do they need no further pointings here, except to tell us that we must look not only, or exclusively, to the Greek soul (the world is grown too small for that, too great), but to the stunning, stalwart soul of Man: that war, these battles which were waged yesterday, and are waged now, are a sacred battle of the people whether they were yesterday: Greeks, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Americans, Russians, Chinese, or are today: the Greeks again, the Cubans, Guatemalans, the Bolivians, or those holiest of men and women, children, who die in Vietnam and have been dying now, not for a decade, or for decades, but for the longest of unending generations, and yes, for always, yes, and of the people.

—Konstantinos Lardas

In the embittered mourner's courtyard no sun strikes
only a clouded darkness reigns, only tumultuous storm.
The bitter rue springs up, that the embittered ones might eat:
the mothers of the tender tips, the sisters of the branches;
that wives of goodly men might tear it,— drag it down.

Unjust it is, most shameful,—
for such a youth to fall into the grave.
How could such a youth, such flower,
descend and fall to Hell?
How could he up from bed
to fall into a coffin?
How could these feeding worms,
how could these pebbles, lick?
Darksome and lampless now,
how could he fall to Hell?
Without mattress, without sheets,
how could he fall to earth?

That apple, that from the branches richly hangs,
rots not,— nor will the birds eat it.
Deer touch it and fall dead, bears taste it and are tamed,
black sheep that eat it, quick-forget their young.
Would that my mother had eaten of it too!
Would that she'd never given life to me!
And since she bore me, to what purpose go,—
and since she has me now, what does she want of me?
I walk in foreign lands; I eat, I drink in exile.
Strange women are my trusted sisters, my companions,—
strange women bring me bread, strange women wash my clothes.

My sleepless, exiled bird, my bird of far away,
the exiled world is shining in your presence, and I have only woe.
What can I send you, stranger, what can I give you first?
I send an apple and it rots; a quince,— it withers on the way;
and if I send the sweetest of the grapes, they come a shrivelled mass;
and if I send a tear, wrapped in a golden kerchief,
that tear is burning, and it burns the silk.

It's proper that the earth rejoice
that she be filled with pride,
it's proper that we plant her with
bright shoots of pearl
and rake her with gold rakes,—
for she has eaten of our eagles,
our virgins and their jewels;
and she has eaten of the babes of mothers,
our brothers and their brothers;
and eats the well-loved husband
and the wife.

Who was it set fire to the orchard and burned
enclosure of the vineyard, enclosure of the orchard
and burned those trees that stood together, joined?
The one tree burned and fell, the other burned and stood.
The one which burned and fell, has gone beyond all wants;
the one which burned and stands, has much yet to endure:
north winds shall whip it, south winds shall lash,
the coldest storms shall blast it, and shall burn its heart.

I heard the ark of Noah has departed,—
that held the golden jug, that held the manna, too.

Why are the mountains black? Why stand they filled with tears?
Fights now the wind with them? Strikes them, the rain?
Neither does the wind fight, nor lashes out, the rain;
but Charon passes by, in columns, with his dead.
Young men he prods before him; the old, he drags behind;
the tender ones, the children, arrayed on saddles, come.
Old men implore, the young men kneel before him:
O Charon, hasten to the village, hurry to the fountain
that we, the old, might drink; that we, the young, might stone it;
that these, your babes, might pluck, might eat the flowers.
Neither to village nor to fountain shall I go;
for come the mothers to the water, and recognize their brood,—
and come the couples, too, and never can be severed.

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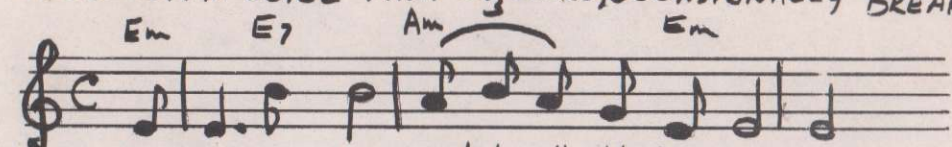
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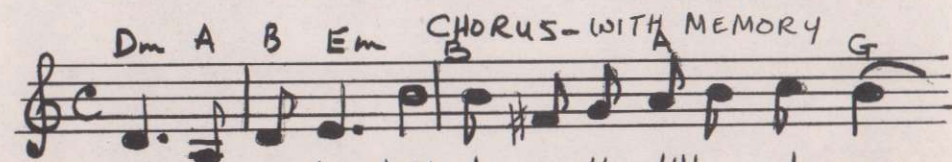
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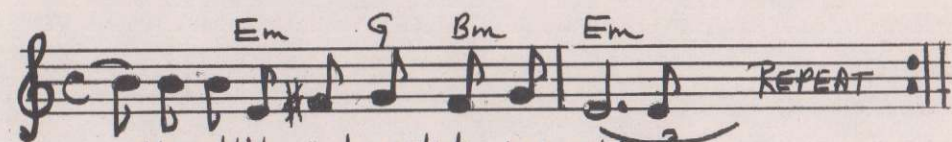
SLOW-WITH VOICE THAT SPEAKS, OCCASIONALLY BREAKS



You charred my flesh poked as the blackcrow caws caws



caws in my heart. Oh where are the children who ran



the children who sat by my side?

VERSES:

You charred my flesh
Poked as the blackcrow
Caws, caws, caws in my heart.

Chorus: O where are the children who ran
The children who sat by my side?

You burnt my eyes
You burnt my love
You burnt the wonder of life.
O where are the children who hid
The children who laughed in my heart?

And now I can kill
I can kill, I can kill.
I can kill without uttering a sigh.
O where are the children who cared
The children who cried in the dark?

A child is dying
Is bleeding and dying,
The child deep in my heart.
O where are the children I knew
The children who caught all the stars?

The child neither sits nor stands
The child waits to be led
The child waits to be led to its grave.
O where are the voices of children
The voices who sang of their loves?



READY TO FACE THE GUILLOTINE —Le van Luong

When nineteen I was a worker in Nha Be and one of the leaders of the workers' strike there. At that time, the strikers beat a foreman to death, seriously injured a cook and seized several guns from the troops who were rushed in to suppress the strike. I was arrested and arraigned at "The Trial of the Indochinese Communist Party".

Because of my refusal to plead guilty to anything, I was confined in a pitch dark basement for twenty-one days. I could not make out anything inside. On the fifth day of my confinement, however, I realized that at each meal two mess-tins of rice and other food were thrown in for me. Previously I thought that there was only one.

The court declared as "political prisoners" those who organized and edited revolutionary newspapers. As for those involved in strikes, seizures of paddy, beatings of soldiers,..... they were indiscriminately accused of "banditry and offences against public security", instead of political offences. We were not allowed to plead. I had only time to say, before being taken away, "You behead people who are allowed to say only 'Yes' or 'No'. Isn't that strange justice?"

Hung was able to finish his sentence, saying, "This is strange justice. I have one head which has been sentenced to be chopped off my shoulders, and now you pronounce a second death sentence against me. I don't know where you will find the other head."

Tu was even more stubborn in his statement. "You have slandered our Party. Therefore, I must be allowed to defend it first. As far as I am concerned, I will answer you later." And he persisted in his demand to defend his Party.

During the trial, the International Relief Association and the French Communist Party asked progressive barristers in Saigon to act as our defence counsels. A barrister said, "I ask the court to consider my client's youth and lack of mature thinking..."

One of the comrades stood up and intervened, "No, this is a faulty defence. I don't agree with it. Although we are young, we think over what we do. To free the nation and to free the working class how can people dare to call this a lack of mature thinking?"

Finally, the court pronounced the verdicts. On "political offenders", sentences of deportation for life, imprisonment ranging from fifteen

to twenty years, and confinement in Poulo Condore were imposed. On "offenders charged with murder and rebellion", like Le Quang Sung, six other persons and I, death sentences were imposed. For comrade Hung, in addition to the previous death penalty, a 20 years' sentence of hard labour was imposed on him.

* * *

One day, Sung and I entered the Saigon Central prison.

Upon arrival at the section for prisoners sentenced to death, I heard a very familiar voice calling, "Luong, Luong, here is your mate; we will share this cell together." The person calling me was Hung. He was enjoying sitting close to the door of the cell. At that period, prisoners in this section demanded that the door of the cell be opened a few times a day to let the light in

and to enable them to enjoy a look outside.

Thanh and Ro also greeted us, "Come here, the cell is rather narrow to hold all of us, but it doesn't matter."

We were in all seven souls living in one cell. Hung jokingly said, "We will order a banquet for tomorrow, and have a drink together."

In our prison, if we wanted to have drinks on Sundays, we would send for the orderly and say to him, "We have a bad cold, is there anything to drink?" The orderly would understand what we meant, and would bring in spirits from the dispensary.

Some days later, the French chief guard came in. He told Hung, "The appeal court agrees with the verdict of death passed against you, but as there has been a more recent trial, the decision from Paris has not yet arrived. I am telling you this because I know you are not afraid of death. I have bought some rum and cigars, one glass of rum and one cigar for each of you."

We had been told that the French gave rum and cigars to prisoners sentenced to death just before the execution to cheer them up.

Hung asked, "Why don't we have them now? The execution might happen at any time."

The chief guard brought us some rum and three cigars. Hung then asked, "We are seven people here and there are provisions for three only. It is not enough."

The additional shares were brought in. We all smoked our cigars and soon the cell was filled with smoke.

For some days, Hung appeared in court and was absent from "home". Thanh and Ro in the meantime resumed their old habit of cursing and beating the guards. The latter came to us and complained about this. After inquiry, we learnt that the guards were rude to them.

Nevertheless, that was not the root cause. Since Mot Dam had been executed, Thanh's and Ro's concern had increased. They guessed that their execution day was approaching and yielded to their violent tempers. We sought to appease them by our advice. We exposed the evils of society which had led them to crime. Thanh and Ro spoke of the days they had spent in Poulo Condore and of the bad treatment by the chief guard and other jailers there. In Poulo Condore the regime was extremely harsh. Many detainees committed suicide. Some of them, when a murder occurred, claimed to be the author in order to finish up with a "death sentence". I proceeded to explain, bit by bit each day and in a mild manner, until Thanh and Ro finally understood.

* * *

After a time, the prison guards asked us, "Do you want to lodge an appeal?"

"Yes," we replied, "all the more so, as we have committed no offence and death sentences have been imposed on us."

We subsequently signed applications for appeal.

Barrister Cancelleri, who had been sent by the International Relief Association to act as our defence counsel, often visited us. We were told that he had been a member of the French Communist Party and had left it. However, he remained a Party sympathizer. He came each time with gifts of food and cigars. One day, he handed us some money. We refused it.

"We have everything we need. You have been kind to us and have defended us."

"The money has been sent to you by the International Relief Association," Cancelleri replied.

"Has it? We will accept then. Please convey our thanks to the International Relief Association."

Cancelleri told us that the French Communist Party was waging a campaign demanding a reversal of the death sentences imposed on us. We had vaguely heard this information before, when we read French newspapers.

How had the French papers reached us? When we asked to borrow some to read, the chief guard dared not lend us Saigon papers, but he handed us copies of *L'Intransigeant*, the *Marseillais* and *Paris Soir*.

"These are the papers I have and as a special favour I will lend them to you," he said.

From then on, we read newspapers every day. We were particularly interested in the Leipzig trial of comrade Dimitrov by the Hitlerite fascists. The trial, which echoed throughout the world, was reported with abundant details by bourgeois papers. In our cell, we closely followed its development, even more closely than those living outside the prison. We read comrade Dimitrov's defence statements and learnt the way he based himself on existing reactionary legislation to defend his Party and to accuse imperialism. We learned many things, from the spirit and the attitude of the communist militant who defended the Communist International and the Bulgarian Communist Party and nation, who pointed a finger at the face of the Goerings and the Hitlers to accuse them, to the experience of struggle in court. French bourgeois papers described him as "Dimitrov, the brave man."

We took interest in reading these reports and felt very proud, and our maturity increased.

"Had we gained this experience before," we said among ourselves, "in court the other day we would have given the French the kind of answers they deserved."

During that period, we succeeded in establishing communication with political prisoners in the front prison building. We borrowed books

from the prison library and wrote invisibly in them using boiled rice liquid. We informed the comrades in the other building of the titles of the books concerned. They then borrowed them and painted on a page, previously agreed between us, with a solution of tincture of iodine to make the letters appear. By this method, we were informed of the situation outside. As we were awaiting the execution day, we did not give any information on our personal situation.

Behind our cell was a row of papaws. Sparrows often came there and cheered us with their twittering. One day, petty-offence prisoners came with long sticks and poles to chase them away. They said they had received the order from the chief guard to protect the papaws and to keep the ripe fruit for us. We invited them to come in, and told them, "If you chase the birds away we shall lose the pleasure of listening to their twittering. This doesn't matter, but you should keep the ripe papaws for the children in the women's cell. They are innocent yet are confined there."

One day, the jailers brought us a large quantity of good food. We did not know where the food came from. Later, we realized that they had taken it away from the parents and wives of petty-offence prisoners who had brought these gifts to their sons and husbands in prison. We then said to the jailers, "Those people are leading a harder life than we. We forbid you to take anything away from them."

The jailers admired us more and more with each passing day. Some of them were moved to the point of telling us of their repentance and apologizing.

We told them, "We are fighting the French and the imperialists, we feel no enmity towards you."

Their admiration for us grew.

Whole days were spent in entertainment and fun, playing games, singing songs and performing operas. When the cell door was open and people walked past, we always found something pleasant or funny to say to them.

At night when we heard street-vendors shouting their wares we jokingly repeated their calls. "Who will buy coconut juice with sugar?" We then felt as if we were actually walking along the pavement. Noises coming from outside revived memories of street and factory activities and we felt an unbearable nostalgia for them.

* * *

One day, Thanh and Ro fell ill, although not seriously. The prison warders came and told them to go to the prison hospital. This was a pretext to take the men to their execution. Before leaving, they spoke to us, "You said earlier that before we die we should keep our awareness

and shout slogans. Now tell us some of these."

They had guessed what would happen to them. We, too, shared their apprehension. If they had lived, they would have become honest men. ing, we heard slogans echoing from the distance—faint, but quite perceptible: "Down with French imperialism!" "Long live the Indochinese Communist Party!" The slogans were shouted calmly. We all heard them, and knew that Thanh and Ro were going to their death. Silently we glanced at each other.

The chief guard came in.

"Your friends have bid you farewell. Did you hear them?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There are two cigars left... will you smoke them?"

We took the two remaining cigars from the packet which had been given to Thanh and Ro that morning, held them in our fingers a long time, then lit them.

The chief guard broke the silence: "The two men are not of your group, why then did they shout slogans?"

"There is nothing strange in this. They have realized where good sense lies. Every thinking person will condemn you. Are you aware of that?"

With an uneasy smile he went away. For people like him it takes time to understand many things.

Six months elapsed. For thirteen months Hung had been in the condemned cell. It was my sixth month in prison. We discussed plans for everything—how to walk to the guillotine and how to face it, so that when death came, we should die in a fitting manner. We asked the guards for a description of the guillotine. They provided us with every detail, and asked me why we wanted to know.

"I want to know thoroughly," I said, "so that the execution can go through as smoothly as possible."

We asked them about the proceedings and the way they take prisoners to the execution. They explained everything.

Usually this question is put to the victim, "Do you have the last rites?" (A Catholic priest was present at executions).

Our answer would be: "What should I want them for?"

"Is there anything you want to say?", the French would ask, because they presumed that when the prisoner faced death, he might lose his self-control and confess, hoping that this confession would save his soul. The French were very shrewd indeed, but they should not have expected us to confess anything. They would ask this question, "Do you want to leave a message for your family?" Well, a question like this was welcome. According to imperialist regulations,

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But it is not only in the bulge where Brazilians die of hunger or disease. In Rio's favelas, the hillside slums where population runs to 1,000,000 (out of Rio's total of 3,000,000) and where the only running water is the rain that causes occasional landslides and the makeshift houses to come tumbling down, a pregnant woman told me:

"My first two babies died within a few months of their birth. Now I hope only that this one will be a boy and that he will grow up to be strong so he can avenge his dead brother and sister." I asked her who she thought was responsible. Her answer was blunt:

"You! ...and all the others like you who can afford those shoes and that suit. I think just the money you paid for that pen could have saved one of my children."

--John Gerassi, *The Great Fear In Latin America*

And there was to be trouble. It was already brewing. Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, who later became Guatemala's President, was in exile in El Salvador early in 1954. In his recent book, Ydigoras wrote:

"A former executive of the United Fruit Company, now retired, Mr. Walter Trumbull, came to see me with two gentlemen whom he introduced as agents of the CIA. They said that I was a popular figure in Guatemala and that they wanted to lend their assistance to overthrow Arbenz. When I asked their conditions for the assistance I found them unacceptable. Among other things, I was to promise to favor the United Fruit Company and the International Railways of Central America; to destroy the railroad workers labor union; ...to establish a strong-arm government, on the style of Ubico. Further, I was to pay back every cent that was invested in the undertaking."

By late 1953 Eisenhower had reached his decision: Arbenz must go. To implement this decision, he turned to the CIA and Allen Dulles. A plan was evolved.

The Invisible Government by David Wise and Thomas Ross

In June, 1954, a CIA coup overthrew the elected Guatemalan government of Jacob Arbenz which had nationalized some property holdings of the United Fruit Company. A minor official in the Arbenz government, the young Argentinian, Ernesto Guevara, was forced to take exile in Mexico where he subsequently met Fidel Castro and joined the revolutionary movement to liberate Cuba.



...The solidarity of the progressive world for the Vietnamese people has something of the bitter irony faced by the gladiator in the Roman circus when they won the applause of the plebians. To wish the victims success is not enough, the thing is to share their fate, to join them in death or victory.

-- Che Guevara

However hopeless it may seem, we have no other choice: we must go back to the beginning; it must all be done over; everything that is must be destroyed.

William Carlos Williams, from *In The American Grain*

CHE GUEVARA: FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS PARENTS

Dear Folks--

Once again I feel the ribs of Rocinante between my heels; once more I hit the road with my shield upon my arm.

Almost ten years ago today I wrote you another letter of farewell. As I remember, I lamented not being a better soldier and a better doctor. The latter no longer interests me; I'm not such a bad soldier.

Nothing has changed essentially, except that I am much more aware, my Marxism has taken root and become purified. I believe in armed struggle as the only solution for those peoples who fight to free themselves and I am consistent with my beliefs. Many will call me an adventurer, and that I am--only, one of a different sort: one who risks his skin to prove his platitudes.

It's possible that this may be the finish. I don't seek it, but it is within the realm of logical probabilities. If it should be so, I send you a last embrace.

I have loved you very much, only I haven't known how to express my fondness. I am extremely rigid in my actions and I think sometimes you didn't understand me. It hasn't been easy to understand me. Nevertheless, just have faith in me today.

Now a will which I have polished with delight is going to sustain some shaky legs and some weary lungs. I will do it.

Give a thought once in a while to this little 20th Century soldier-of-fortune. A kiss to Celia, to Roberto, Juan Martin and Pototin, to Beatrice, to everybody.

An *abrazo* you from your obstinate and prodigal son.

Ernesto

Written apparently in mid-1965

Translated by Lee Lockwood



the following 29 pages are
A TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF CHE GUEVARA

ODE TO THE AIR

Along a road
I came upon the air,
greeted him and said
respectfully:
"It pleases me
that for once
you leave off your transparency;
now we can talk."
Tireless,
he danced, rustled the leaves,
with his laughter
shook the dust off my feet,
and hoisting up
his blue masts and spars,
his crystal skeleton,
his airy eyelids,
he stood motionless as a mast
listening to me.
I kissed his cloak
fit for a heavenly king
wrapped myself in his banner
of celestial silk
and said to him:
"Monarch or comrade,
thread, corolla, or bird,
I know not what you be, yet
one thing I implore:
Don't sell yourself.
Water sold herself
and pipelines
in the desert
have I seen

run dry,
and poor folk, common people
reeling along the sand
enduring their thirst.
I saw the rationed light
of night,
resplendent in the houses
of the rich.
All is radiance in the
new hanging gardens,
all is gloom
in the terrible
darkness of the alley.
Thence, the night,
mother-stepmother,
issues forth,
a blade between
her owl-eyes;
and a cry, a crime
ring out and die
swallowed by darkness.
No, air,
don't sell yourself,
don't let them channel you,
don't let them pipe you,
don't let them box you in.
Be not rolled into tablets,
or imprisoned in bottles.
Beware!
If you need me,
call me.

I am the poet son
of common folk; father, uncle,
cousin, blood-brother
and brother-in-law
of the poor, of all,
of my country and all other countries,
of the poor who dwell at the river's edge,
and those who in the vertical
heights
hew rock,
nail boards,
mend clothes,
chop wood,
crush earth,
and therefore,
I want them to breathe;
you are their sole possession,
you are transparent
that they may see
what tomorrow will bring.
For this reason you are,
air;
let yourself be breathed,
don't chain yourself.
Trust no one
who comes in an automobile
to examine you;
shun them, laugh at them,
blow off their hats,
don't listen to
their deals.

Let us go off together
dancing through the world,
blowing blossoms off
apple trees,
entering windows,
whistling together,
whistling
melodies
of yesterday and tomorrow.
The day will come
when we will free
light and water,
earth and man,
and all for all
will be, even as you are.
For this reason,
beware!
And come with me,
we have still to do
much dancing and singing;
let's go
along the breadth of the sea
and the height of the hills;
let's go
wherever the new Spring
blooms and, in a gust of wind
and song,
let's distribute flowers,
fragrance, fruits,
the air
of tomorrow.

pablo neruda

FIDEL CASTRO: ON INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

Fidel with one of Che's daughters



The following is an excerpt from Fidel Castro's May Day 1967 speech to the scholarship students of the Guane-Mantua region of Cuba. In this address Fidel emphasized that the basis of the socialist conception of work is cooperation, as opposed to individual competition and gain in capitalist society. As part of the policy of cooperation, Fidel set forth his government's attitude toward copyright laws.

Radio, television, movies, the press, magazines, apparently we do not know how to use them as efficiently as we could, just as we previously didn't know how to utilize practically anything else as efficiently as we could.

But, fortunately, we have been learning in these years, and therefore we are beginning to understand how to do things better. And we also hope that in the area of providing information to the people we are also learning and are going to improve.

So many things! Speaking of any one of these deficiencies recalls something we were able to prove in the mountains of Oriente not long ago. That was that with all the publishing houses we have in this country, with all the workers who work in these publishing houses, with all the paper that they use, not one single book had been published in this country for the farmers. And you went into a store in the mountains and found books on philosophy. This does not in any way mean that philosophy is something to be underestimated, but those

farmers were not about to study matters of deep philosophy. They were interested in books on agriculture, books on mechanization, books on a whole series of subjects. One day I asked a man in charge of a store what kind of books he had and which ones were sold. The answer was: "Well, we have a lot of books by Marx and Angel." "Marx and Angel? Ah, I see, Marx and Engels."

So there were books on political philosophy, books of every kind, and we asked ourselves: "What are these books doing here?" And the problem was simply that no books were printed in this country for our farmers. Nor for our students either, for that matter.

Fortunately, this is now practically a thing of the past and for quite some time now all the books our students needed have been printed and a Book Institute has been organized that is doing a great deal of printing, taking full advantage of the abundant human resources and machinery we have at hand in the printing field. And perhaps we shall also learn to make better use of our paper.

At times, millions of copies of certain works were printed only to be submitted—as Marx would say—to the devastating criticism of moths and mice—since there was no demand for them and they were simply stored.

Should it surprise us then that many of the things accomplished by our people today are not publicized, when not even many of the great accomplishments of humanity were publicized, when even elementary matters of agricultural technology were not made available to our agricultural workers and farmers and technical matters were not brought before our students nor did our students have text books?

Of course, the solution was not an easy one. It became necessary to make a decision that we considered revolutionary. There exists a thing known as "intellectual property." In these matters of property we are increasingly less experienced. In the past, everything was "property, property and more property." No other concept was better known, more publicized or more sacred than that of private property. Everything was private. Possibly the ground

on which you are now sitting was once very "private". The houses, the land, the mountains, the sky, the sea, everything was private—even the sea, the seas surrounding Cuba, because every vessel that crossed those seas was a private vessel.

Well, these are all becoming things of the past. Our entire new generation is becoming more and more familiar with a different concept of property and is beginning to look upon all those things as goods of general use and as goods that belong to the whole of society. The air, it is true, could not be said to be private, for the simple reason that there was no way to get hold of all of it and enclose it in a carafe. Had it been feasible, the air would have been taken over in the same way that the landgrabbers took over the land. But better the air in their control than food. Air was available to everyone, because it could not be bottled up, but food was not available to all because the land that produced it was not in the hands of the people.

Among all of the other things that were appropriated, there was one, very "sui generis," called intellectual property. You will say: but that is abstract property. Yes, it is abstract property. And strangely enough, air could not be bottled up, yet, nevertheless, something as abstract as intellectual property could be shut up in a kind of bottle.

What do we mean by intellectual property? It is well enough understood. But, in case anyone is not familiar with it, it is, simply, the property of anything that emanates from the intelligence of individuals, of a group of individuals—a book, for example; any book of a technical nature or a novel.

I want to make it quite clear—because I do not want to earn the enmity of the intellectuals; in the first place, because it would be unjustified enmity—that this should by no means be taken as disregard for the merit, the value, even the right to survive of those who produce this type of spiritual goods. Very well. But, what happens? Those property rights over intellectual possessions—following custom, following a system that prevailed in the world until very recently, following the influence of the whole capitalist concept of society—those intellectual possessions were subject to purchase and sale.

And, naturally, some—and, in general, many—of the creative intellects were badly paid; many have gone hungry. Anyone who reads, for example, the biography of Balzac, who was one of the great novelists of the last century, must be moved by the poverty in which that good man lived. In general, many of the great creative geniuses have gone hungry because they had no backing. Many products of

the intellect have been highly valued years after the death of their authors. Many men whose works have gained fame and immortality later, were completely ignored while they lived.

Persons producing works of intellect have generally lived in poverty. They have lacked the support of society and have often had to sell their intellectual productions at any price.

And in what circumstances, in what conditions, did we find ourselves? We were an underdeveloped country, completely lacking in technical knowledge; a country lacking technology and technicians; a country that had to begin by taking on the task of teaching one million citizens to read and write; a country that had to begin establishing technical schools, technological institutes, schools of all kinds from primary to university level; a country that had to undertake the training of tens of thousands, of hundreds of thousands of skilled workers and technicians in order to emerge from poverty and underdevelopment; a country that had to make up the centuries of backwardness that burdened us. When a country like ours sets itself the task of recovering all that lost time, when it proposes to create better living conditions for the people, when it proposes to overcome poverty and underdevelopment, it must then invest every cent, a large part of its limited resources, in construction, in purchasing means of production, factories, equipment. At the same time that we had to make countless investments, we were faced with difficulties in educating the people.

Why? Because as our citizens learned to read and write, as all children began to attend school, as the number of sixth grade graduates topped the 50,000 mark and reached 60,000, 70,000 and 80,000, as more students entered the technological institutes and the universities, and as we aspired to defeat underdevelopment and ignorance, we needed an ever-increasing number of books. And books were—and are—very costly.

Because of the existing copyright concepts, we found that, in order to satisfy the demand for books, we had to spend tens of millions of pesos on their purchase, often paying for them most dearly. But in practice it is very difficult to determine exactly what is copyright; copyright belonged no longer to the authors but to those who had paid hard cash on the market for these products of the intellect, at any price, generally a low one. Those who exercised a monopoly over books had the right to sell them at the price they deemed suitable. We had to arrive at a decision, a defiant one, indeed, but a fair one. Our country, in fact, decided to disallow copyrights.

What does this mean? We feel that techni-

cal knowledge ought to be the patrimony of all mankind. To our way of thinking, whatever is created by man's intelligence ought to be the patrimony of all men.

Who pays royalties to Cervantes and to Shakespeare? Who pays the inventors of the alphabet; who pays the inventors of numbers, arithmetic, mathematics? In one way or another, all of mankind has benefited from, and made use of, those creations of the intellect that man has forged throughout history. When the first primitive man took a stick in his hands to knock down a piece of fruit from a tree, mankind began to benefit from a creation of the intelligence: when the first human being emitted a grunt that was the precursor of a future language, mankind began to make use of that product of man's intelligence.

That is, all, or rather the vast majority of man's creations have been amassed throughout thousands of years. And all mankind feels entitled to enjoy those creations of the intellect; everyone feels entitled to enjoy all that past generations have produced in other periods of history. How is it possible today to deny man, hundreds of thousands of human beings—no, not hundreds of thousands, but hundreds of millions and thousands of millions of human beings, who live in poverty, in underdevelopment, to deny the access to technology to those thousands of millions of human beings who need it for something as elemental as feeding themselves, something as elemental as living?

Naturally, to adopt such a decision generally involves incurring the enmity of those whose interests are affected. Often copyrights are ignored, and it is done secretly, surreptitiously, without admitting it. We are not going to adopt that procedure. We state that we consider all technical knowledge the heritage of all mankind and especially of those peoples that have been exploited. Because where is there hunger, underdevelopment, ignorance, a lack of technical knowledge? Right there, in all those regions of the world where men were criminally exploited for centuries by colonialism and imperialism.

Technical books are generally printed in developed countries. And then the poor countries, the countries that have been exploited for centuries, have virtually no access to that technical knowledge, when for centuries they have been stripped of many of the resources with which, equipped with modern technology, they could have been developed.

In the United States there are many thousands of technical books. We have begun by announcing an end to intellectual copyrights on all technical books from the United States. And we state our unequivocal right to reprint all U.S. technical books that we feel will be useful to us.

It is clear that we don't have to offer any

excuses to justify this. We feel justified in printing U.S. technical books, entitled to this, at least in compensation for the harm they have tried to do this country. Well, then, we will bypass copyright in relation to the United States; but we, independent of those circumstances, consider as a right of our people—of all the underdeveloped peoples—the use of all technical knowledge that is available throughout the world, and we therefore consider ourselves entitled to print any book of a technical nature that we need for our development, that we need in the training of our technicians.

And what will we give in exchange? We feel it a duty of society to help, to stimulate. We feel it a duty of society to protect all intellectual creators. I don't mean protect them; perhaps that is not the correct concept. We feel that our intellectual creators must take their place in society with all the rights of outstanding workers.

Cuba can and is willing to compensate all its intellectual creators; but, at the same time, it renounces—renounces internationally—all the copyrights that it is entitled to.

Not many technical books are published in this country, but, for example, we have produced a great deal of music that is enjoyed all over the world.

And in the future, in all intellectual fields, our people will produce more and more. As of now, we announce our renunciation of all copyrights relating to our intellectual property and, with Cuban intellectual producers protected by the Cuban government, our country renounces all its copyrights relating to intellectual property. That is, our books may be reprinted freely in any part of the world, while we, on the other hand, assume the right to do the same. If all countries did the same, humanity would be the beneficiary.

However, this is utopian. It is impossible to think that a capitalist country would do this. But if all countries did exactly the same, in exchange for the books that each country created, for the books published, or rather written in a given country, that country, by renouncing its copyrights to those books, could acquire the rights to the books written in every other country of the world.

Naturally, we cannot assume that this will happen. But, for our part, we can state that this will be our stand on the problem of copyrights. And we believe that it is correct to state this frankly, no matter who may be discomfited.

We can, naturally, come to mutually convenient agreements with any country, they sending us their books published in large editions, and we sending them our books published in

large editions. Any type of exchange of already published books, any type of agreement of this sort, we can do perfectly well, meeting the convenience of any country. But this will be the policy that we shall follow. We shall do the same with what are called "patents." We, for our part, it is true, have not yet invented great things or many things, and it is not a matter of our planning to become inventors, but any gadget that we do invent will be at the disposal of all humanity, as well as any success in the technical field, any success in the agricultural field.

And it should be said that we have high hopes in these fields. Yes, we expect to have considerable success. It will not be long before many people in many parts of the world will have to turn their eyes toward what we are doing here, to see how this country, situated in a tropical zone, solves many of the agricultural problems still unsolved in other tropical countries of the world. Because, above all, poverty has been mainly confined to the tropical countries; there are practically no tropical countries in the so-called developed areas of the world. And we, beyond any possibility of doubt, will be in the vanguard of agriculture among the tropical zones of the world and our solutions, our techniques, will be available to all who care to learn from them.

It is known, for example, that our Institute of Sugar Cane Investigations is carrying on research to obtain new and improved cane varieties. Very well: each time that we obtain a new variety of cane, we, a cane-producing country, will put this knowledge at the disposal of every other cane-producing country interested in that variety. We shall not stoop to weak and miserly egoism.

No! We shall not concern ourselves with questions of competition.

If in the poultry sector, for example, we develop a variety of fowl that lays more eggs than another or produces more meat than another, this knowledge will be placed at the disposal of all other peoples. If with the massive programs we are carrying out in livestock genetics, we obtain superior specimens, new breeds of animals or, within existing breeds varieties with singular characteristics, this knowledge will be placed at the disposal of all who need it, and even the means to acquire these specimens—by artificial insemination or by any other method. This holds true for any field of agriculture. We shall not concern ourselves with questions of competition.

Because the concept of competition belongs to a world of hunger, because competition belongs to an underdeveloped world, because competition belongs to a world where hunger and poverty have become institutions. Because,

what is competition, after all; it is that fight among producers of one same product for a limited market. When competition appears, the fight appears, too; it is not the fight to feed all the needy, but the fight to feed those who are able to buy. In our country there were surpluses of many products, because production was geared not to needs, but to the market. People without a penny in their pockets didn't count. There could be surpluses of coffee, milk, meat and citrus fruits: anything, because how were people without money going to buy?

And in the midst of the job scarcities, in the midst of chaos, anarchy and limitations of a capitalist economy, there could be surpluses of anything; because there was a greater surplus of unemployed than of goods, a surplus of those without either a penny in their pockets or the means to earn one, and who, consequently, didn't count. Hundreds of millions of people in this world live in poverty and suffer malnutrition.

This idea of competition will have to disappear in tomorrow's world. Because, just as our people produce today not for the market but for their needs—that is, domestically, we attempt to produce what is necessary and not what can be sold—in tomorrow's world all nations will have to work on that same basis.

This, of course, can only happen when colonialism and imperialism have disappeared from the face of the earth. And we know that there are needs to be filled in this world, that there will always be a need for whatever we produce, and that someone will always produce the things that we need. Therefore, the advantages from our agricultural development; therefore, our thrust towards mass application of technology in the gigantic development of our plans for different branches of production, so that our production may both fill our needs and meet demands abroad. We know that all we produce will always be useful to someone else, and that other countries can do likewise: produce things that are useful to us. But, beginning with the domestic market, we will produce everything we need, as much milk as we need, and the day that we have more than enough milk we will not begin to throw it away. What have many capitalist countries been doing in the last decades? There is a surplus of coffee, they burn coffee; they have a surplus of other products and they burn them and throw them away, and the restrictions... We do not suffer from these ills. If we have a surplus of milk one day we will ask ourselves what the average consumption is and we will either lower the price or we will give the milk away free.

FIDEL CASTRO: ON INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

What, then, constitutes the alienation of labour? First, the fact that labor is external to the worker, i.e., that it does not belong to his essential being; that in his work, therefore he does not affirm himself but denies himself, does not feel content but unhappy, does not develop freely his physical and mental energy but mortifies his body and ruins his mind... "Its alien character emerges clearly in the fact as soon as no physical or other compulsion exists, labor is shunned like the plague."

--Karl Marx

NAPALM INVENTOR DISCOUNTS 'GUILT'

Harvard Chemist Would 'Do
It Again' for the Country

Special to The New York Times

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 26 —Dr. Louis Frederick Fieser, who led a team of Harvard University scientists in the development of napalm during World War II, says he feels free of "any guilt."

Napalm, a jellied gasoline compound used in incendiary bombs and flamethrowers, has been denounced in some quarters as an immoral weapon that has caused suffering among civilians in Vietnam.

"You don't know what's coming," Dr. Fieser said in an interview. "That wasn't my business. That is for other people. I was working on a technical problem that was considered pressing."

"I distinguish between developing a munition of some kind and using it," he declared. "You can't blame the outfit that put out the rifle that killed the President. I'd do it again, if called upon, in defense of the country."

Dr. Fieser (pronounced Fee-ser), Sheldon Emery Professor of Organic Chemistry Emeritus of Harvard, retired from his teaching duties last June after more than 30 years in the chemistry department. He still

maintains to a regular work schedule at his office and adjoining laboratory in the University's Mallinckrodt Laboratories on Oxford Street.

Student Demonstration

Last October, a group of Harvard students staged a demonstration in the Mallinckrodt building against a recruiter from the Dow Chemical Company, which manufactures napalm for the Government.

Dr. Fieser said that he was "bystander" at the demonstration and that he had declined to see a student delegation that had come to his office.

"I don't think they [the Dow company] particularly wanted to get into this," he said, "but if the Government asked them to take a contract, and they're the best ones in a position to do so, then they're obliged to do it."

Dr. Fieser said he felt that napalm had become a symbol for persons opposing the war in Vietnam.

He said that he occasionally received letters raising questions about his involvement with napalm and about its use in Vietnam. He said some of the writers were saying in effect, "We thought you were a great guy, and now you're a bum."

Not My Business

"I don't know enough about the situation in Vietnam," he said. "It's not my business to deal with the political or moral questions."

"That is a very involved thing. Just because I played a role in the technological development of napalm doesn't mean I'm any more qualified to comment on the moral aspects of it."

The 68-year-old chemist has written eight books, including five in collaboration with his wife Mary who is also a chem-

ist. His research has included extensive work on the identification of chemical factors in cancer and on the development of antimalarial drugs.

Dr. Fieser said he was assigned originally in World War II to work on poison gas, "but I found there was a sore need for incendiary bomb development, and I got into that."

He recalled that he did have misgivings about working with gas "because gas is used entirely against personnel."

"With an incendiary," he said, you had the possibility of doing a tremendous amount of damage with a modest start. Our first concern was finding a way of testing incendiaries and to determine which was best."

Harvard Research Team

Dr. Fieser and five Harvard associates, working under a contract with the National Defense Research Committee, began work on napalm in the fall of 1941 and completed the major part of it by mid-1942.

The napalm was formed by stirring a powder into gasoline to form a jelly. The powder, an aluminum salt, was derived from two acids, one obtained from petroleum and the other from coconut oil. The jelly, which took its name from ingredients in the thickening agent, was characterized by intensive, prolonged burning.

Dr. Fieser helped develop a number of devices employing napalm. These included a delayed-action, pocket-size incendiary for use by saboteurs, a device to ignite oil slicks on water, an antitank grenade and an emergency fire source called a Harvard Candle.

The Air Force developed a new formula for napalm in 1965, incorporating polystyrene, a plastic raw material, as a principal ingredient.

JAVIER HERAUD

The poet JAVIER HERAUD was a guerrilla who fought to liberate his native Peru. He was killed in battle in May, 1963, at the age of 21. The poems which follow were selected from his last work. They were translated by Maureen Ahern and first appeared in the Peruvian magazine Haravec.

THE ART OF POESY

Actually, speaking straight out,
poetry's a hard job
that's won or lost
to the beat of autumn years.

(When you're young
and the flowers that fall aren't picked
you write and write away the nights
and at times you fill up hundreds and hundreds
of useless notebooks.
You can praise yourself and say
"I just write and I don't correct at all,
poems drop off my hands
like a springtime felled
by the old cypresses on my street").
But as time goes along
and the years are filtered through the temples
poetry starts to become
a potter's job
clay baked between the hands,
clay molded by quick fires.

And poetry is
a marvelous lightning bolt,
a rain of quiet words,
a forest of heartbeats and hopes,
the song of oppressed nations,
the new song of liberated nations.

And then poetry is
love, death,
the redemption of man.

1st Woman: "Tomorrow I become an American Citizen."

2nd Woman: "For the first time?"

1st Woman: "Yes."

3rd Woman: "Oh, how wonderful!"

1st Woman: "Yes, tomorrow I go down and sign the papers."

(Heard in the Ladies Restroom - J. Walter Thompson
Advertising Agency.)

SUMMER

Drumrolled gusts of love
shake my heart and eyes.
(It's the light of life and
days. It's the penalty
of death and night).
I reap and sow the seeds
of love: a
way between nights
darkened by
wine,
I question the earth
and the hills,
I tear up jungles
of hates and riots:
what are afternoons
aside of peace,
what are hills
aside of dreams,
what are rivers
aside of tears,
what's a smile,
a wail,
a shudder,
a
face,
a
hand,
if day by day
grasses
die
in the fields,
if day by day
the trees
of love
and silence
go crashing down
in their
nights?

THE KEYS OF DEATH

Now and forever in my face
I bear the matchless word,
the only word that will open the
untiring doors of life,
the inexhaustable doors
of death.
The only word in my face
I bear eternally, my
face which is nigh
to noontime,
which is susceptible facing
the eternal sun, which is the musical score
of weeping in the presence of death.
The word alone untiringly
holds back
my face. The matchless word
that is capable of opening the doors
of life, that can open
the doors of death.
My face and my word are
fused in the doors
of life,
are fused in the dawn
of death,
both of them,
face
and word,
like
one
key,
like
a
cluster
of keys,
like
keys
eternal
of
death.

A GUERRILLA'S WORD

Because my country is beautiful
like a sword in the air,
and bigger now and even
still more beautiful,
I speak out and defend it
with my life.
I don't care what traitors
say
we've blocked the way
with thick tears
of steel.
The sky is ours.
Ours our daily bread,
we've sown and harvested
the wheat and the land,
ours
and forever belong
to us
the sea,
the jungles,
and the birds.



A NEW JOURNEY

I must travel again
toward
the white jungles
that are waiting for me.

Toward the same winds
and toward the same orange groves
must my enormous feet
eat up the lands
and my eyes
caress the vines
in the fields.

Lone and total journey:
it's so hard to leave
everything behind!
It's so hard to live
between cities and cities
a street,
a trolley,
everything piles up
so the
eternal season
of disappointment can survive.

2

You can't stroll
through the sands
if there are oppressor snails
and submarine spiders.

And yet,
walking a little,
turning to the left,
you get to the jungles
and the rivers.
It's not that I want
to get away from life,
it's just that I have
to get closer to death.

3

It's not that I want
to protect my steps:
it's just that every little while
they spring an ambush on us,
every little while they steal
our letters,
every little while
they snare us.

4

It's better: I recommend it:
To get away for awhile
from the uproar
and get to know
the unknown jungles.

EARTH POEMS

3

I want two geraniums to
sprout out of my eyes,
two white roses from my forehead,
and from my mouth
(whence my
words spring)
a strong perennial cedar,
that'll shade me when
I burn inside and out,
that'll give me a breeze when the rain
drenches my bones.
Pour water on me every
morning, fresh from the
nearby river,
so I'll be fertilizer
for my own vegetables.

4

Everything's wood, the condors,
the masks, the rivers and the
dark honeysuckles.
The trees have roots in
the ground, in the pavement,
in the sidewalks, in frozen
bread, and even in the tree
itself.
Cement is a tree,
gold is tree,
tree pure iron
and wood the crystals.
Everything's a slender root, the
vine's foundations,
the neckties' buttons,
the buckles of my wrinkled
guts. Everything's wood, the
dawn of your sleepy eyes,
the fingers of my clenched
hands, the sun in its turbulent
setting.

5

Everything's the color of leaves,
green, sky-blue, bright
yellow.
Everything comes falling down
to the same rhythm
of the leaves.
No! don't look now for
green among the boots,
the green of the unreachable pastures
the green in your tangled eyes.
Everything will clear up later on.
Later on will be the time
for hanging leaves,
for leaves trodden in
into the ground,
for leaves in their bud
and in their burrow.

6

The sugar tastes like fresh
ants,
like spiders' webs in the ground,
like wet flowers between naked rivers
This is the sugar in my dulcified
flank,
ashtrays with burnt cigarettes,
the arms of
narrow chairs.
You can change the world,
sugar,
turn the most salty sweet,
turn sugar the furnished
urine,
turn sugary eyes
burning in pangs
of death.
You can enter the blood,
weaken the world,
squash it with its mouth full,
in its sweet burnt-out bottom.

- JAVIER HERAUD

ARTISTS PROTEST

Artists and writers protest

SUPPORT SPOCK GOODMAN
COFFIN FERBER RASKIN

PROTEST IMPRISONMENT OF

Le Roi Jones

Artists and writers protest

Prints and Poetry

Sixteen major contemporary artists and eighteen important and influential poets have gotten together and expressed their thoughts about the war in Vietnam.

PORTFOLIO AVAILABLE THROUGH

Caw!



THE ANSWER

I went there and expected to like it, dig it as you know how you'll *feel* something, what people have said, tracings, words dropped by those who have gone and come back, a certain evidence. But I didn't go decided as it were, for I went too with a life-load of pre-conception, learnt images - even at thirty the very good U.S. public school training, its residue cannot be entirely gone. And so I went expecting certain vague almost undefinable drawbacks to what otherwise would be a good thing, a great thing, a necessary thing. When I got back the shortest thing I could think of to say to people was "everything you've ever heard about Cuba is a lie, even the good things!" Several friends took offense at that, resented my thinking they only read the yellow press and nothing else. Of course I didn't mean exactly that; I was including myself in the accusation. But I don't know. I'd start to talk, look for the words and people who seemed involved at first would later look away. I myself trailed off. I began to find myself unable to finish phrases, complete any thoughts in description. It was impossible.

I worked on the poems - they said it better. There I said "create / a new language for this, we must, the old / is swollen / foreskin with no place to go" and again "these words have gone back / recovered original form / tense / place / the absolute center." That was the only way for it, really. I stayed with the articles, though, wrote six or eight of them feeling impelled to say it to more than could / would read the poems. At one point I wrote anything that came to me: experiences, conversations, even statistics. The formal articles I sent off to magazines that would have them. Notes, impressions culled from a journal I had kept, those I sent off to friends everywhere, typed endless copies and carbons.

A rabbi in Princeton, New Jersey wrote: "to visit... Cuba is not, as you well know, a 'privilege' readily granted those of us confined in this particular 'free world' corral, so we must depend on you to diminish our tragically self-binding, self-defeating and self-imposed cultural blockade." But I hadn't been telling it, I don't think. Not really. I'd been too involved in *how* to tell it.

Well, it's time to stop this ridiculous posture, attention to the craft, fear of not doing it justice, trying to find new words, etc. We're stuck with the old ones, the old reader too and the old writer. This time around I'd like to forget all that--and try to remember. Really remember. What is was/is like. Why I've half a head of grey hair creeping over the dark brown at thirty, blossomed in that death and being born again in Habana. What did it mean? Why I take refuge now, in Mexico City, in the Cuban embassy for hours of coffee and conversation, closing the doors temporarily on a world I feel I will never be able to get used to fully again. How to go beneath statistics, admirable journalism and all accepted practice. Tell it as it is.

So I won't spend time here on the first country in Latin America freed of illiteracy, the excellent medical program for all, an educational program in which almost every adult on the island has reached sixth grade, the food situation in face of the blockade (three quarters of a pound of meat a week for everyone, a quart of milk a day for every child under twelve, a chicken a week for adults and children alike, plentiful seafood free of rationing, etc.), - the progress in agriculture - the one greatly emphasized field -, new housing, fishing fleet, shipbuilding industry, the incredible cane fields, etc. Nor will I dwell on the material hardships: a raft of 1959 model American cars going to ruin without new parts, the lack of attractive merchandise in the shops, ration books, hard work. I'll talk instead about those things you *can't* talk about.

Oh, Fidel, a man who spends twelve hours even now with a sick cow in the Escambray, a man who made the transition from mountain to prime minister's office and lost neither his humility nor his skill in the process. A man who walks among his people unguarded—and *they're all* armed. A man who has forbidden the cult of his person to include statues or street names or institutions, yet the cult of his person is real and deserved and healthy; in what other country on earth do the people call their prime minister by his first name—and mean it?

Oh, the ease, the sense of real pleasure, the anguish lost and the full hole *that* leaves—when money ceases to be the goal and the reason for life! Haydee Santamaria, director of the Casa de las Americas and one who was with Fidel from the beginning: "Every day money loses its sentimental value a bit more in Cuba." And Sergio, walking through the streets: "For the first time in my life I feel *good* about spending five cents, a peso, ten pesos. Knowing the money is going *somewhere*, for the good of everyone, not just stopping short in some fat pocket!" And the real absence of the urgency, that monkey on the back of even the least of us—how to "make it", keep going, "make ends meet." It's a simple life when it's not hanging around your neck.

Walking around a housing project in the village of Baracoa in Oriente Province. The houses were "project" but pleasant, good materials, good space, individual gardens. Talking to the workmen and discovering that the humble farmers who would later occupy these houses were part of the crew putting in plumbing will know how to use and take care man who puts in his own plumbing will know how to use and take care of it. Simple as life.

Oh, the air, hot, wet, sensual in the extreme! The endless palm trees, the endless line of sea, the beaches that don't stop. The beaches filled with blacks and whites and never really filled, never crowded because they go on and on. And the people, on them together. Oh, the "son", that quick insistent rhythm, that music all the time in the hand, in the foot, in the face. "Son" even as the soft drink name—taking the place of coca-cola!

And *companero. Companera.* The greeting. Be it cabbie or minister of education. The woman selling deodorant in the corner drugstore. The director of the art school, Cubanacan. It's the common denominator that connects, that pulls you together, that equalizes. The very real salutation that has restored to every Cuban the human dignity with which he was born.

Dignity. That goes for women too. And why not? Don't try to pass that "U.S. competition" over on us now; that's no solution. Centuries of Spanish tradition, the virginity cult in all its suffocating horror hasn't been much bettered by the "women in business" north of the border. There it's an unnaturally forced solution that evens out the bedroom as well as the office. Too often, that great autonational progress has brought with it new

problems, not the least being the growing alienation of human beings. But there's always the analyst/psychiatrist/therapist/psychologist/marriage counselor/business advisor/minister/priest or divorce lawyer—the men we create to solve the problems we create—at prices to fit every pocket. Meanwhile, throughout Latin America (and in most "underdeveloped" countries) women believe in their inferiority from the moment of birth. It's no job to get them to accept as natural the terms of the contract in all stages of life. All this—both irrational sides of the coin—has disappeared or is disappearing in Cuba.

Your *companera* in the Sierra Maestra, the girl who held the rebel line next to you and used the same gun, took the same risks, held the same belief in the same ultimate triumph, perhaps died—she is seen, touched, understood for what she is. Neither the craving equal nor the timid inferior. When real life—and death—has been shared, there's not much room for an "arranged" woman's place. Women and men work together. Each according to his or her individual talents, needs, desires. The strong moral code of the Socialist Revolution—natural result of opposition to the previous regime of vice as prime export—has had its place. But everyone is young in Cuba.

In every direction: youth taking over. The average age of the nation's ambassadors: 35. The director of the Minas de Frio school—where six thousand study to be teachers in an isolated mountain retreat—is 23. Fidel himself is not yet 40. And Cuban youth is moving like young people all over the world towards stripping contrived social inhibitions from the real life energies. Soon Cuba will have come into its "generation": a nation of working leaders educated within the revolution. After eight years the profile can be seen. The *gusanos* (those who have left, who people Miami and New York) share a common trait: age. Either real or assumed. Is this clear? Am I saying it right? Can you see the nature of all human drives to capacity, including sex, love, being, man and woman moving in their true dimension, neither breaking under the weight of an IBM equalizer nor stagnating under the patched up double standard Latin code of "morality". The "macho": nowhere. Or, to put it another way, you won't get *your* ass pinched by a social coward on the streets of Habana!

World jargon overcomplicating the facts: in a book called *The Irrational Man*, popular with a friend—poet and professor—in the States, William Barret says "Marxist manuals of philosophy refer to all philosophies that deal with the human subject as forms of 'irrationalism.' *Their* rationalism, of course, consists in technical intelligence, in the power over things (and over men considered as things); and this exalting of the technical intelligence over every other human attribute becomes demonical in action..." This seems, at first, a sane philosophy to "hang on to", certainly many steps above the "KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST" banners waving along the sidelines at recent liberal marches. The truth is, it couldn't be further from the truth! Socialism (on its way towards Communism) as experienced in the new fronts—Cuba, the growing fight in other parts of Latin America—emphasizes all other human attributes: dignity, talent, need, beauty, the rights to eat, sleep, learn, keep healthy, in other words, and very surely, "the pursuit of happiness!"

All over the world men are fighting in this pursuit of happiness. And they are dying in it: VIETNAM: "On one occasion, two Viet Cong prisoners were being questioned aboard a plane headed for Saigon. When the first refused to answer, he was tossed out of the plane." VENEZUELA: "Another system commonly used to force prisoners to talk is that of pulling out finger nails or cutting off, in the prisoners' presence, the fingers, ears or sexual organs of another prisoner." GUATEMALA: "...As for Victor Manuel Gutierrez, reports say that he died as a result of the 'hood' torture, in which the victim dies of suffocation when a cork or rubber hood is placed over his head and tied tightly around his neck." COLOMBIA: "Razed villages, mass executions, indiscriminate bombing raids, the rape of women and girls, the 'adornment' of fences with heads of men and women who were beheaded for the crime of aspiring to live free of oppression." VIETNAM: "In a town in Kientuong Province, seven villagers were led to the public square. The troops cut their abdomens open, pulled out their livers and exhibited them. These victims were women and children. In another place a dozen mothers were beheaded in front of the other villagers. At another, government forces brought pregnant women together in the public square on the pretext of honoring them. Once there, they ripped open the women's abdomens and pulled out the unborn infants." BOLIVIA: "The fact that the Bolivian military goons have not yet yielded to the pressure of world public opinion for 45 days, which demands that Regis Debray and his companions be brought to trial, indicates that they may have been tortured." (All quotes from *Le Monde* of Paris, *Granma* of Habana and *The New York Herald Tribune*).

In Cuba the situation, the "scene," the truth is what I have tried to say, magnified by a thousand. Elsewhere people are fighting for that truth and they are dying for it, and their deaths are hard ones. But Cuban poet Felix Pita Rodriguez says:

BECAUSE WE LOVE LIFE

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
to be well understood, so that no one is mistaken
that these ten words circulate in our blood
and course through our bodies and into our hearts
where they are repeated day after day
in voices muffled and profound

Because we love life
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
we want everyone on earth to listen to us carefully
and know that every person here carries
these ten words written on his forehead, floating
in his pupils, sheltered
in the nests of his clenched fists

We want it to be known
that here no one is blind
here no one walks with his eyes closed
nobody stumbles around in the darkness
or calls himself Ulysses; there are no sirens
here we all know the way
and the price of the passage
here we all say

because we love life
everything we have caressed
that which has existed
for eternities (the alchemy of dreams)
and those things which are so close
so much our own, undiluted
in our blood, the jubilation
limited to a certain name
or a few family names
the cultivated manners
which are so mysteriously congruent
with the pulse of our own hearts,
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
to be well understood, so that no one is mistaken
that here we can all say

Because we love life
the light of the patio, the sun on the eaves
that twisted branch of the orange tree
beside the wall
the humble stones of a nameless street
so distant that it seems to enter
into the mythology of the soul,
we can fight to the death

We want it to be known
We want everyone on earth to listen
Here no one is blind
Here we all know

We know, yes we know
that it is possible to snap
the slender wire that strings together
life's small moments — unknowing
and banal, insignificant, alien
belonging to others — here
in this solitary universe
a nostalgic territory, our own.
All this, in a game
both fateful and cruel, can be
suddenly exposed and lost

We know
here no one walks with his eyes closed
here no one is blind
here we all have our ears tuned in
to the beating of our hearts.
That is the voice that orders and directs
and gives us our sentence

Because we love life
because we love
things that happy hands
create and build
without thinking that it is all
made for those who
have not yet been born

To death we will fight
to defend life

(trans. by Lionel Kearns)

This is an answer. It is the only answer and it is a conscious answer. And after all this rambling, it's still only a small part of what I found in Cuba.

—Margaret Randall

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GRANMA INTERVIEW WITH DR. ALBERT SABIN

HEALTH AND EDUCATION IN CUBA

The following interview with Dr. A. Sabin, inventor of the oral polio vaccine, was printed December 24, 1967, in La Granma, the Cuban international newswEEKLY. Dr. Sabin is presently Distinguished Service Professor of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati.

Dr. Sabin, what are your general impressions of your visit to Cuba?

This is my fourth visit to Cuba. I was here before in 1940, 1949 and 1951, and now again after approximately 17 years. Obviously, Cuba now is different from what it was before, but in the short time I've been here I've been most impressed by two things: one, the extraordinary efforts that have gone into providing education at all levels, beginning from early childhood to primary, secondary, pre-university and university.

I've been tremendously impressed, as I drove through Marianao, to see this former city of wealth transformed into a city of schools. One hundred and thirty-four thousand students who are now boarding in schools in different parts of Cuba is to me a most impressive achievement, and I regard it as a very important investment in the future.

Everyone has been very polite to me, and I have been smoking far too many cigars every day.

Dr. Sabin, what are your impressions of public health, medicine, education and technology programs in Cuba?

Well, this covers almost all the fields of my special interest and inquiry during this visit. First, on public health, I would say that the most impressive thing that I heard and also saw, to a considerable extent, is the provision of medical services in the rural areas and in areas that are very sparsely inhabited and usually difficult to reach.

It was interesting to me to find not only the large number of hospitals that have been built, particularly in the rural areas, not only the new dispensaries and clinics that have been established throughout the country, but also to find what has been done in providing doctors and other medical service people for these new institutions.

I was very curious to know what happened in Cuba, particularly in the light of the fact that somewhat more than 2000 Cuban physicians left the country since 1959. Now, in a country that did not have too many physicians, perhaps not enough physicians to begin with, the sudden loss of almost one third of the total number of physicians would represent a challenge and almost a catastrophe to any nation.

Accordingly, I think it is extremely interesting to find that not only have many doctors been trained during the past eight years to make up for those who have left the country but also many new ones have been created. Specifically, I remember some figures that show that while in 1958 there were close to 6300 doctors in Cuba—and remember that 2000 of those left—and there are now close to 6900.

Just this year almost 500 new ones have been graduated. There are many more in training, so that it is expected that in the next two years perhaps almost 800 to 1000 new doctors will be added each year. Now, this is not only a question of producing more doctors, but how to use them. There was always a problem in Havana, in Cuba: most of the doctors wanted to stay in Cuba; most of the doctors wanted to stay in Havana. That's where the life was better, that's where the universities were, that's where the possibilities for learning more about the developments of medicine were, and so almost 63 per cent of all the doctors used to be in Havana. And the majority of the rest of the population of Cuba had very few doctors.

Now it seems that the Government of Cuba does not force the doctors to leave Havana, and there are still a very disproportionate number of doctors in Havana; almost 53 percent of all the doctors now in Cuba are in the Havana area, but the students—medical students who receive complete support for their education, not only get their education free; they are also given allowances, and they are supported by the people to get their medical education—are required to spend the first two years after they have finished their six years of study and training to work in some rural area, and these new doctors actually provide a great deal of the important medical service in the rural areas. I understand, I don't know if that is correct, I haven't double-checked (I find I have to double-check everything) (laughs) but I was told the doctor who spends two years in the rural areas

actually fulfills his military service requirements. Is that generally right? (THEY REPLY: That will probably be true in the future.) That instead of spending two years entirely in that service in the rural areas is regarded as a service to the people comparable to, let's say, service in the army; but that isn't too important except in relation to other countries, where doctors have to spend two years of their life with the armed services.

Now, this provision of medical services has had an immeasurable impact on the health of the nation, and this can be measured in a variety of ways. The rate of mortality has gone down; fewer children die from infectious diseases in the first one or two years of life; certain diseases have been markedly reduced, and some have been eliminated; for example, malaria has been almost completely eliminated. There were only seven cases reported, of origin in Cuba, in this past year, and this has been confirmed by the Pan American health organizations. There has been a marked reduction from some thousands that have occurred before. There has been a marked reduction in tuberculosis, which is still a very important disease. There has been a marked reduction in diarrheal diseases of children. There has been a marked reduction in other infectious diseases, and to me, of course, of special interest is the almost complete elimination of poliomyelitis. I think I'll leave that for the moment and say something about the aspect of the development of science and technology and scientific research in Cuba. I had an opportunity to have some idea of what is going on not only by visiting the National Institute of Hygiene, but also by visiting the very remarkable new Center for Scientific Investigation, which is partly already completed and partly under construction, and also in my discussion with Dr. Nunez Jimenez of the Cuban Academy of Science.

Now, the future of any country, whether it is developing, mostly developed or highly developed, depends very largely on the level of scientific and technological development of a large portion of its people. Because not only agricultural and industrial development cannot make proper progress without the new knowledge from science and technology, but the creation of new industries, the development of new jobs, everything that has to go into the creation of a high standard of living at the present time, must be based on scientific and technological manpower. Scientific and technological manpower is an even more important resource of a country than minerals, or oil, or other natural resources that may be in the soil. Cuba has not had, in the past, a tradition of develop-

ing scientific or technological people to any great extent, because its industrial and agricultural development did not seem to call for that very much. In addition to that, just like a large number of doctors who left Cuba, there were also teachers, professors and engineers, who left the country. I don't know how many. I didn't look into that. Cuba was faced with the problems of finding teachers at all levels—for science and technology—finding teachers not only for the universities and institutes but also for secondary schools and pre-university schools, where you must prepare the students. And there's a great shortage of that in Cuba. But it is evident that there is now in operation a program for developing teachers, first of all, who are highly trained in science, and at the same time to develop people who can carry on research in various scientific and technological fields.

The Institute for Scientific Investigation which I visited this morning, that I said was partly completed and partly under construction, has impressed me tremendously with, first of all, the beauty of the place and the excellent laboratories that have already been built and with the very large amount of excellent scientific equipment. Now, I know that equipment like that does not grow on trees and isn't made in Cuba. We've been told that it takes a lot of sugar to buy that kind of equipment. Sugar means "money" also. Now, this is very important, because it means to me that someone had to make a decision: whether, for that money, to buy new tractors or to buy new machinery to make, let's say, more food for the people right away. They could've done that, or make more clothing or other things, or to invest in the future. This was an investment in the future. And I think this is a very good investment in the future. And just as the Cuban Government has made the decision to invest a great deal of its own energy in education, so I think it is very important that it has begun and will probably have to do more, to invest in scientific equipment, which, of course, is more difficult because that takes foreign exchange. That is a very good and impressive beginning, and from that Institute one can expect within a number of years to come the professors for the universities and teachers for the pre-universities and secondary schools, and, above all, the scientists, who will have to work in different fields.

Scientific research, in a developing country, is not just another cultural activity which contributes to the richness of human life, like music or art or literature, which are all important, but it contributes, it has another very important function, and that is to study in a scientific way

the special problems of importance in the economic development of the country. Whether in agriculture, mining or energy or industry, it is necessary to do research, to develop special solutions to problems in order to increase the production of the country, the general standard of living which ultimately should provide a better life for the people. I would say that many people are suffering now. There's not enough milk, not enough meat; there has to be rationing, and there is not enough to buy certain things, but it seems to me that this is the sacrifice that has to be made by all people in order first of all to make sure that some people don't have too much and others have nothing, and, secondly, that there will be an investment in the future so that the future life will be better for all. Cuba has a long way to go on that, because it started from almost nothing, but I think the efforts are promising, and one can only hope that the government will realize that this is a very wise investment. Just how much should be invested is difficult for any outsider to say. So these, in general, are my impressions on these particular fields, a very long answer to a very short question.

What is your opinion, Dr. Sabin, on the development of the program of antipoliomyelitis in Cuba and its results?

In the first place, I must say that Cuba is the only country that has eliminated poliomyelitis in Latin America, and I am very familiar with the problems of elimination of polio in many countries in the world, but particularly in Latin America. Cuba started, in 1962, with a mass campaign and very quickly diminished the number of cases. I believe that, since 1963—that is, 1963 and 1964—there was only one case each year, in persons who were not vaccinated. And since 1965, '66, and '67 there has not been a single case. I'm a very critical person, particularly in the field in which I have some competence and knowledge, and I wanted to make sure that this elimination of polio was not a statistical one, on paper, but it was a real one, and I spent a great deal of time discussing and looking into the question of the occurrence of patients with diseases that might be similar to poliomyelitis. And on the basis of the information that I have seen, one can rest assured that there has actually been a complete elimination of poliomyelitis in Cuba, which has persisted for all these years.

The mechanism by which this has been achieved is unique and special. Mass vaccination programs of one kind or another have taken place in many countries. We had wonderful mass

vaccination programs in the U.S., where, in about one year, 100 million people were vaccinated, and there have been a number of very good initial mass vaccination programs in other Latin American countries. The problem, however, has been of maintaining the immunization of the new children that are born each year. Cuba has developed a remarkable system based on its well-organized public health organization and system. Because there are divisions with certain responsibilities in various provinces and regions and areas of small population.

The people have the responsibility of public health in those regions. They have also been able to engage the various groups in cities and outside cities that are not organized for public health. For example, the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution have certain responsibilities in public health, and one person in each Committee has responsibility for a very small group of people and helps in carrying out the immunization of children.

And in rural areas, the organizations of small farmers are very well organized. It seems that each year, on a special day, there is Polio Vaccination Day. And it's organized like clockwork. Because of the tremendous and beautiful decentralization of the ultimate activity, only one person has responsibility for a very small group of children in his immediate neighborhood; and because the vaccine is distributed very nicely the night before, the whole country has the children vaccinated in a very short time. It can even be half an hour to one hour after six in the morning rings.

I couldn't believe how it is possible to achieve an immunization of 98 or 99 percent of all the children in the nation. Apparently, it is this extraordinary organization which works not only in a single year as a momentary, transitory effort, but is done year after year. And I think certainly that it would be worth the effort to work a little while this way to eliminate poliomyelitis completely. Poliomyelitis has been eliminated completely in many other countries with well-organized health services, but in tropical and subtropical areas this had been very difficult. As I said before, Cuba is the only country in Latin America in which poliomyelitis has been completely eliminated, and I think it is a very remarkable example of an extraordinarily efficient public health organization with the cooperation of the general public.

*



A VISIONARY NOTE ON CESAR VALLEJO

In the middle of the tremendous 91st Plate of Jerusalem, having overthrown everything outward in worship as a distraction from the human, Blake isolates the following line:

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping.

It is an image of terrible power and beauty: the artist as smith in unwavering fidelity to his task, hammering form out of matter that is loaded with midnight, in midnight, with only the sparks and the eternally evasive promise of becoming to light his way. The 20th century poet pretty much begins at this point or, one might say, realizes this point more clearly than those who could, in good faith, believe in God. Yet to be a poet in any way that the naming makes sense is to believe in God; to move other men in language

requires trust in the moment of creation-- without such trust, and the sustenance it gives, poetry is a shell, a parlor game, or simply a manifestation of modern man lost in the streets and cities of his desire. There is this Peruvian, Cesar Vallejo, who seems to drag out of the Andes and pass Blake at his anvil as Christ is being imported to South America; in the glances they exchange is the suffering of Neolithic man and the knowledge that poetry as art is dead. There is only the human to be expressed. But Vallejo is mired in Christ and there is a heaviness that seems congenital that he can only understand in Marx, or can believe Marx can lift. I am saying that after Vallejo, the jig is up: man must attend to his suffering as something prior to any meaningful utterance.

Clayton Eshelman

CESAR VALLEJO:

POEMAS HUMANOS

And if after so many words
the word doesn't survive!
If after the bird's wings
the bird standing doesn't survive!
Much better in fact
that they eat it all up, fuck it!

To have been born in order to live off our death!
To get up from sky towards earth
through one's own disasters
& glimpse the moment for putting out one's shadow with one's darkness!
Much better frankly
that they eat it all up, so what!...

And if after so much history we succumb
no longer from eternity
but from those simple things, like being
home or starting to think!
And then if we find
all at once that we live,
to judge by the height of the stars,
by the comb & handkerchief stains!
Much better in fact
that they eat it all up, of course!

It will be said that in one
of our eyes we have much sorrow
& likewise in the other, much sorrow
& in the two, when they look, much sorrow...
Then!... Of course!... Then... why bother!

THE MILLIONAIRE WALK NAKED

The millionaire walk naked, barebacked!
Disgrace to the one who builds his deathbed with treasures!
A world to the one who greets;
an armchair to the one who sows in the sky;
tears for the one who finishes what he does, keeping the beginnings;
spur-wearer walk!
won't last long wall on which another wall isn't growing;
give to the miserable all his misery,
bread to the one who laughs;
make triumphs lost & doctors die;
milk be in blood;
add a candle to the sun,

eight hundred to the twenty;
eternity pass under the bridges!
Scorn to the one who wears clothes,
crown the feet with hands, fit them in their size;
myself sit next to me!
To weep having fit in that belly,
blessings for the one who sees air in air,
many years of nail to the hammer-stroke;
strip the naked,
dress the cape in pants,
shine the copper at expense of its leaf,
royalty to the one who falls from clay to universe,
mouths weep, looks groan,
stop that steel from enduring,
thread to the portable horizons,
twelve cities to the stone path,
a sphere for the one who plays with his shadow;
a one hour day for the husband & wife;
a mother for the plow in praise of soil,
seal the liquids with two seals,
let the mouthful inspect,
the descendents be,
the quail be,
the race of the poplar be, the tree be;
counter to the circle the sea conquer its son
& weeping the grey hair;
release the asps, mister men,
harrow your blaze with the seven logs,
live,
the height raise,
the depth lower deeper,
the wave drive its impulsion walking,
the vault's truce succeed!
Let's die;
scrub your skeleton each day;
pay no attention to me,
a bird grab the despot & his soul;
a terrifying stain to the one who goes alone;
sparrows to the astronomer, to the sparrow, to the aviator!
rain, sun,
keep an eye on Jupiter, on the thief of your gold idols,
copy your letter in three notebooks,
learn from the married folks when they speak, &
from the lonely, when they're quiet;
give the sweethearts something to eat,
give the devil in your hands something to drink,
fight for justice with your nape,
equalize yourselves,
let the oak be done,
let the leopard between two oaks be done,
let us be,
let us be here,
feel how the water sails in the oceans,
nourish yourselves,
conceive the error, since I'm weeping,
accept it while goats & kids still clamber about the cliffs;
make God break the habit of being a man,
grow up...!
They're calling me. I'll be back.

FAREWELL REMEMBERING A GOODBYE

At the tip, in the end, terminal,
I turn, returned & finish up & moan to you, giving you
the key, my hat, this note for everyone.
At the tip of the key is the metal where we should have learned to
scratch off the gold, & there is, in the end
of my hat, this poor badly combed brain,
&, terminal glass of smoke, on its dramatic role
this practical dream of my soul rests.

Goodbye, brother san pedros,
heraclituses, erasmuses, spinozases!
Goodbye, sad bolshevik bishops!
Goodbye, disorderly governors!
Goodbye, wine that's in the water like wine!
Goodbye, alcohol that's in the rain!

Goodbye, likewise, I say to myself,
bye bye, formal flight of milligrams!
Likewise goodbye, likewise,
cold of the cold & cold of the heat!
At the tip, in the end, terminal, the logic,
the boundaries of the fire,
the farewell remembering that goodbye.

THE NINE MONSTERS

And, unfortunately,
pain grows in the world every moment,
grows thirty minutes a second, step by step,
& the nature of the pain is the pain twice
& the condition of the voracious carnivorous martyrdom
the pain, twice
& the function of the very pure grass, the pain
twice
& the good of being, to bend us double.

Never, human men,
was there so much pain in the chest, in the lapel, in the wallet,
in the glass, in the butcher's, in arithmetic!
Never so much painful tenderness,
never did what is far rush so close,
never did the fire ever
play better its role of dead cold!
Never, mister minister of health, was health
more mortal,
did the migraine extract so much forehead from the forehead!
did furniture have in its drawer, pain,
the heart in its drawer, pain,
the newt in its drawer, pain.

The wretchedness grows, man brothers,
sooner than the machine, than ten machines, & it grows
with the cattle-head of Rousseau, with our beards;
evil grows for reasons we know not
& is a flood with its own liquids,
its own clay, its own solid cloud!
Suffering inverts positions, stages shows
in which the watery humour is vertical
to the pavement,
the eye is seen & this ear heard,
& this ear strikes nine times at the hour
of lightning, nine funhouse roars
at the hour of wheat, nine female sounds
at the hour of weeping, nine canticles
at the hour of hunger, nine thunders
nine whips, minus a cry.

The pain grabs us, man brothers,
from behind, in profile,
& drives us crazy in the movies,
nails us up on the gramophones,
unnails us in bed, falls perpendicularly
to our tickets, to our letters;
& it is very serious to suffer, one can pray...
So because
of the pain there are some
who get born, others grow, others die,
& others that get born & don't die & others
who without having been born die & others
who neither get born nor die (The majority).
And likewise because
of the suffering I'm sad
to my head & sadder to my ankle
seeing bread crucified, the turnip
bloodsmear'd,
weeping, the onion,
cereal, in general, flour,
salt turned dust, water fleeing,
wine an Ecce-homo,
the snow so pallid, such a red red sun!

How, human brothers,
not to tell you that I can't stand anymore &
I can't stand anymore with so much drawer,
so much minute, so much
newt & so
much inversion, so much far, so much thirst for more thirst!
Mister Minister of Health: what to do?
Ah! unfortunately, human men,
brothers, there is much too much to do.

The multitude shouted:
--Let him show both hands at once.
And this was not possible.
--Let them measure his steps while he weeps.
And this was not possible.
--Let him think an identical thought in the time
it takes a zero to lie useless.
And this was not possible.
--Let him do something crazy.
And this was not possible.
--Let between him & another man similiar to him
a crowd of men like him intercede.
And this was not possible.
--Let them compare him with himself.
And this was not possible.
--Let them call him at last by his name.
And this was not possible.



*when people
are singing...*

for love or for fun, for their rights,
for a decent wage, for human
dignity, against needless war . . .

we hear about it.

and furthermore we print
the songs (with guitar chords)
and tell you the full story
in words and pictures.

sing out!

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There comes over me days a feeling so abundant, political,
for passion, for kissing tenderness on its two faces,
& comes over me from far away a demonstrative
passion, other passion to love, willingly or by force,
whoever hates me, whoever tears up the child's paper,
the woman who weeps for the man who was weeping,
the wine king, the water slave,
whoever hid in his wrath,
whoever sweats, whoever walks by, whoever shakes himself in my soul.
And I want, of course, to settle
the braid for whoever talks to me; the soldier's hair;
the light of the great; the greatness of the kid.
I want to iron right off
a handkerchief for whoever can't weep
& when I'm sad or happiness hurts me
to mend the children & the geniuses.

I want to help the good man be his little bad
& I need to be seated to
the right of the lefthanded & respond to the dumb,
trying to be useful to that man in
some way, & also I want very
much to wash the cripple's foot
& help my one-eyed neighbor sleep.

Ah to love this man, mine, this man, the
ancient interhuman parochial world's!
Wells up to my hair
from the foundation, from the public groin,
& coming from far away makes me feel like kissing
the singer's muffler,
whoever suffers, to kiss him in his frying-pan,
the deafman in his courageous cranial murmur;
whoever gives me what I forgot in my breast
in his Dante, in his Chaplin, in his shoulders.

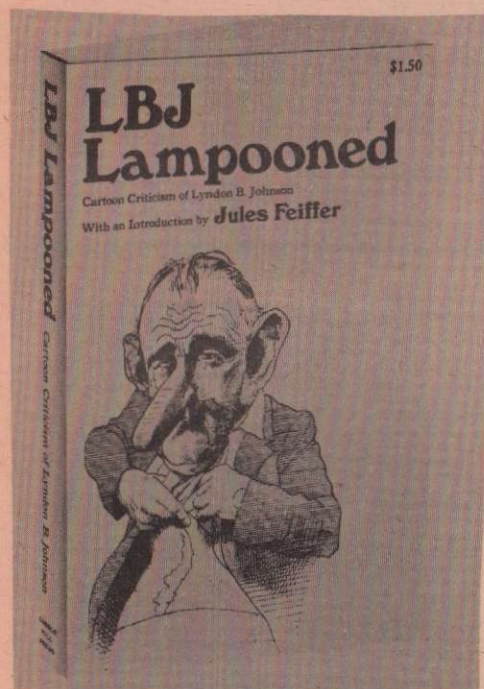
I want, in order to end,
when I'm at violence's celebrated edge
or my heart swollen size of my chest, I'd like
to help laugh whoever smiles,
to put a little bird smack on the bastard's neck,
to care for the sick exasperating them,
to buy from the salesman,
to help the killer kill--terrible thing--
& to have been in everything
straight with myself.

TRANSLATED BY CLAYTON ESHELMAN

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WORDS OF WISDOM

i'm not normally given to making
solemn statements
but in this case i'm going to make an exception

one becoz i've learned sumthing and i'm a slow learner
two becoz it needs saying

it's such an elementary thot
you'd think they'd hav
taught it us
in elementary school
but they don't

you can either learn it
the hard way
like eddie the roofer
rotting at fort polk
or the easy way
like me
by way of draft counseling

the drafted and those
about to be
cum running to me
at the last minit.
too late this time a year ago
you might hav been able to save yourself.
they are all everyone of them suffering from
a common delusion a chronic disease
they think that if they forget
abt the state the state will forget abt them
well it won't

if you hav / know / see / kiss / hav
any 17-year-old
children
please

giv them a message for me
psst! little children

i hav sumthing to tell you
DON'T FORGET ABT THE STATE BECOZ THE STATE WON'T FORGET ABT YOU

—Robert Head

2 POEMS BY MARGE PIERCY

CURSE OF THE EARTH MAGICIAN ON A METAL LAND

Marching, a dream of wind in our chests,
a dream of thunder in our legs
we tied up midtown Manhattan for half an hour,
the Revolutionary Contingent and Harlem,
but it did not happen
because it was not reported in any newspaper.
The riot squad was waiting at the bottom of 42nd Street
to disperse us into uncertain memory.
A buffalo said to me
I used to crop and ruminate on LaSalle Street in Chicago
and the grasses were sweet under the black tower of the Board of Trade.
Now I stand in the zoo next to the yaks.
Let the ghosts of those recently starved rise
and like piranhas in ten seconds flat chew down to public bones
the generals and the experts on anti-personnel weapons
and the senators and the oil men and the lobbyists
and the sleek smiling sharks who will dance at the Diamond Ball.
I am the earth magician about to disappear into the ground.
This is butterfly's war song about to disappear into the fire.
Put the eagle to sleep.
I see from the afternoon papers
that we have bought another country
and are cutting the natives down to build jet airstrips.
A common motif in monumental architecture in the United States
is an eagle with wings spread, beak open
and the globe grasped in his claws.
Put the eagle to sleep.
This is butterfly's war song addressed to the Congress of Sharks.
You are too fat, you eat bunches of small farmers like radishes for breakfast,
you are rotting our teeth with your sugar
refined from the skulls of Caribbean children. Thus far
we have only the power of earth magicians, dream and song and marching,
to dance the eagle to sleep.
We are about to disappear into the fire.
There is only time for a brief curse by a chorus of ghosts
of Indians murdered with smallpox and repeating rifles on the plains,
of Indians shot by the Marines in Guatemala, in Santo Domingo,
napalmed in the mountains of Bolivia last week.
There will be no more spring.
Your corn will sprout in rows and the leaves will lengthen
but there will be no more spring running like clean water through the bones,
no soft lime wind full of bees, no long prairie wind bearing feathers of geese.
It will be cold or hot. It will step on your necks.
A pool of oil will hang over your cities,
oil slick will scum your lakes and streams killing the trout and the ducklings,
concrete and plastic will seal the black earth and the red earth,
your rivers will hum with radioactivity and the salmon float belly up,
and your mountains be hollowed out to hold the files of great corporations
and shale oil sucked from under the Rockies till the continent buckles.
Look! children of the shark and the eagle
you have no more spring. You do not mind.
You turn on the sunlamp and the airconditioning
and sit at the television watching the soldiers dance.

COMMUNITY

Loving feels lonely in a violent world,
irrelevant to people burning like last year's weeds
with bellies distended, with fish throats agape
and flesh melting down to glue.
We can no longer shut out the screaming
that leaks through the ventilation systems,
the small bits of bone in the processed bread,
so we are trying to make a community
warm, loose as hair but shaped like a weapon.
Caring, we must use each other to death.
Love is arthritic. Mistrust swells like a prune.
Perhaps we gather so they may dig one big cheap grave.
From the roof of the Pentagon which is our Bastille
the generals armed like Martians watch through binoculars
the campfires of draftcards and barricades on the grass.
All summer the helicopters whine over the ghettos.
Casting up jetsam of charred fingers and torn constitutions
the only world breaks on the door of morning.
We have to build our city, our camp
from used razorblades and bumpers and aspirin boxes
in the shadow of the nuclear plant that kills the fish
with coke bottle lamps flickering
on the chemical night.

Serve Your Country Don't Go to Vietnam



If your government is waging a criminal war do you serve the country best by cooperating?

Who served Germany best under Hitler? Those who obeyed orders and helped kill the Jews? Or the handful of Germans who chose prison and even death rather than cooperate?

Who upheld Russian honor in 1956? Those who obeyed orders, marched into Hungary, and shot down students and workers—or those troops who refused to fire?

Who serves America best today?

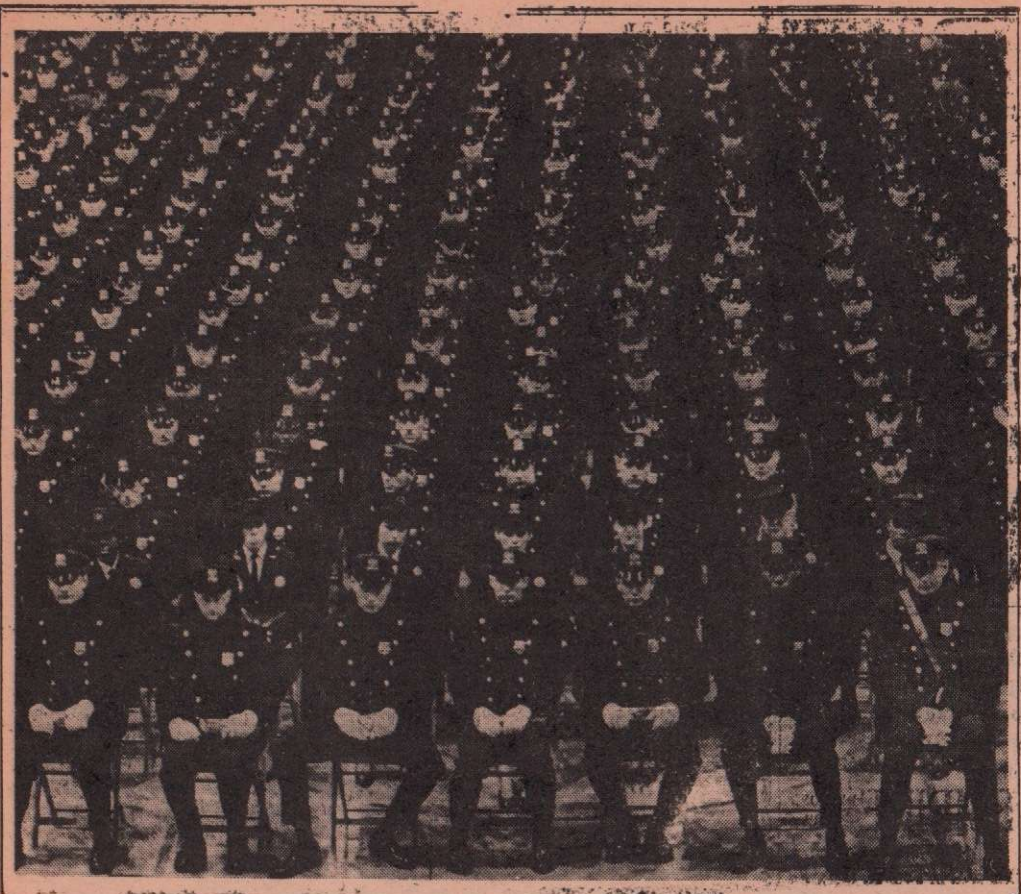
This nation wasn't built on "consensus" or "obedience" to the State. It was built by heretical Baptists, irresponsible Quakers, headstrong Puritans, freedom-loving slaves, stubborn abolitionists—by people who believed they should obey their conscience rather than the State.

Serve your country. Reaffirm the power of the individual conscience against the State. The war in Vietnam is a crime. Do not cooperate.

Send 10c for "Uptight With the Draft?" or \$1 for a large Peace Packet to:

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
Dept B2, 5 Beekman Street, New York 10038





The mob within the heart
 Police cannot suppress
 --Emily Dickenson

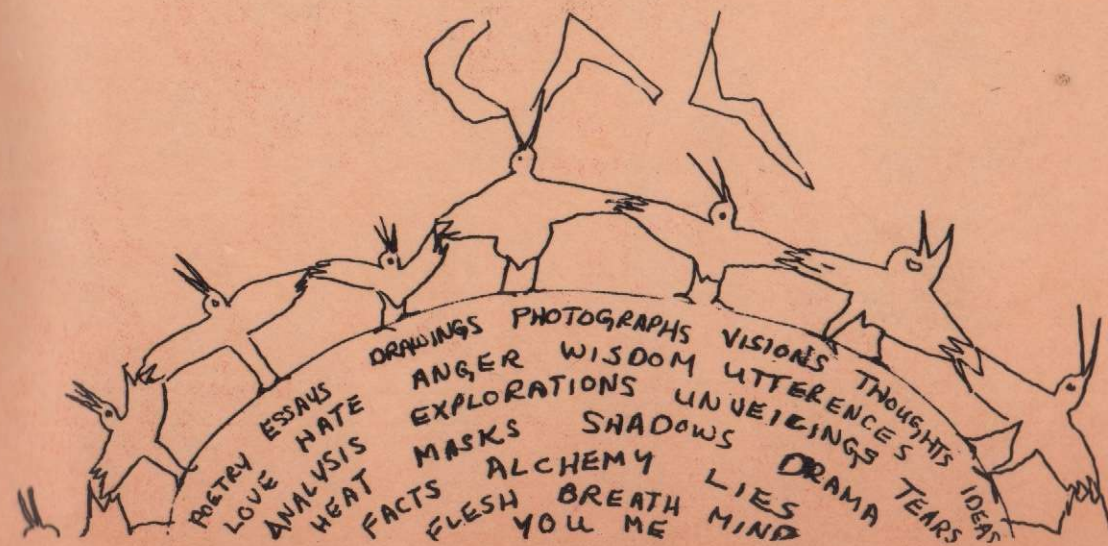
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factory smoke stacks disappear peacefully
 like a farmhouse
 disappearing
 each silent stream of smoke peaceful as the people
 inside their grey houses staring at the four walls
 each night hearing the trains pass
 each blast of sound a chill of liberation.
 And now the sky is black and clear
 I can see each star
 alone in the black sky
 shipments of napalm ease across America
 the young soldier guarding it
 is counting the stars
 clear Nebraska night

--Jerry Badanes

But in those places where this miserable peace which
 we endure has not been broken, what should our task be?
 To free ourselves at any price.

--Che Guevara



ANK... SWIN...



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Series

FEB 68