underground

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Our authorized sanities are so many nembutals. "Normal" citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddeningly sterile jobs are swallowed as therapy, love is scrubbed into a "functional interpersonal relationship" and whatever can be used as a pacifier is called art. Everyone is kept inside while the outside is shown through windows; advertising and manicured news.

AND WE ALL KNOW THIS!

How many TV specials would it take to establish one Guatemalan revolution? How many weeks would a top ad agency require to face-lift the image of the Viet Cong? Slowly, very slowly we are led nowhere. Consumer circuses are held in the ward daily. Critics are tolerated like exploding novelties. We will be told which burning Asians to take seriously. Slowly. Later.

But there is a real danger in suddenly waking a somnambulistic patient. And we all know this.

WHAT IF HE IS STARTLED RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW?

No one is sure of the single circuit-breaking moment that charges "games" with critical reality. If the glass is cut, if the cushioned distance of media is eliminated the inmates may never respond as "normals" again. They may become life-actors.

Theater is social territory. A stage defines a space for existing outside padded walls. Set down a stage anywhere and a universal pardon for imagination is immediately declared.

BUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT MUST MEAN MORE THAN SANCTUARY OR "PRESERVE".

How would real wardens react to life-actors on liberated ground? How do they react now, inside the walls? How can the intrinsic freedom of theater illuminate walls, and point to weak spots where a break-out could occur?

Guerrilla theater intends to bring defenders and supporters to liberated territory to create life-actors. It remains light, mobile and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks a public that is (CON'T ON PAGE 9)

GUERRILLA THEATER:

open theatre

BY

PETER BERG

POLITICS OF THE BOZART

Part One of two parts

BY

JOHN CARR

There is only one thing which has gotten to be more Mississippian in recent years than its broiling summers, and that is the political hegemony of the Barnett cult in that patchwork of orthodoxy, radicalism, revolution and segregation that is the state's hydra-headed Democratic party.

And it is probably all over before the shouting starts, for it seems both inevitable and irrevocable that Ross Barnett will be Mississippi's Governor in 1967.

Two recent trips by Ross into the Bible counties of the central red clay hills of Mississippi afford a chance to see a political phenomenon re-apotheosized, to see how the groundwork for his second victory is being laid.

Barnett the political messiah is a phenomenon bereft of charisma but shimmering with the identification with him of thousands and thousands of rural Mississippians to whom he embodies the unconsciously realized hopes for the revival of Bilbo populism.

He is a phenomenon because his popularity transmogrified from a stadium full of boos (at the nationally-televised half-time ceremonies during the LSU game at Ole Miss in 1960) to a stadium full of chilling, night-shredding Rebel yells (at the Kentucky-Ole Miss football game in Jackson on September 29, 1962, the night before the Ole Miss riot.) He is a phenomenon because in a state which prides itself on a rhythm of speech and a deftness in the craft of wordsmanship Barnett has never made a speech memorable for its content and sometimes in fact becomes befuddled in the midst of a thought. He is a phenomenon because in a trade which demands instant, total recall at the sites of previous visits, Barnett has been known to forget all names, including that of his campaign manager. He is a phenomenon not because of reactionary ideas about the destination of American culture and politics, but because he is oblivious to both: asked once in a corridor what he thought about Quemoy and Matsu he muttered that the Department of Agriculture was hiring anybody nowadays.

One of his most recent trips to the red hills was on July 4 to the Seventh Annual Calhoun County Foxhunters' Association Meeting and Stew Supper, an event engendered out of his last successful bid for the chair. As I drove along the highway from the small, sterotyped Southern hill town of Calhoun City and looked for the turnoff to the New Liberty Missionary Baptist Church, a drag race was in progress to the left of the road. It was a fine, clear day caught in the red heat of a two month's drought and the canted track looked like a red wound in a fading green pool table. Dragging souped-up cars is also an art-form, as Tom Wolfe has reminded us, as much a folk-art as all-day eatin's and singin's. And to get to the heart of another folk-art, the politics each Mississippian is born appreciating because it is merely an extension of good talk, you must realize that Barnett is to the game of politics and the ballet of demagogery what the red fifty-four Ford with Lakes plugs and a supercharger is to the thunder and flash of dragging.

My attendance had been required earlier that morning at a picnic lunch in a Natchez Trace park with a small, pleasant group of old people gathering to celebrate the annual re-union of Hogan's Chapel School, which has been closed since before World War I. Former Governor, now Appellate Judge, J. P. Coleman was there to ostensibly give a talk on its early history but really as a gesture of neighborliness. "There were a lot of Populists in Choctaw County," he'd said at dinner as he sat down

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(a review)

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POEM by Floyd L. Davis

VOL I : NO I

TWENTY CENTS

Eli Siegel

[NO RESTON NO HOWE]

Irving Howe and James Reston represent two ways of mind which can both be justly reprehended as not true to the best purpose of mind.

It is not inequitable to say that Irving Howe's purpose is to find fault in a manner more adept and literate than the way the ordinary person finds fault. This would be good if the main function of mind were to announce the imperfection of things and to stop there. Mind should not miss anything faulty for one purpose: to be just to what can truly be liked.

Mr Howe has had some difficulty with the New Left, because the New Left, with all that it may lack, does not advocate the carpingness rightly associated with the presence of the Fourth International in these states.

The way Irving Howe has found fault with countries, books, people, has something inaccurate about it, something ill-motivated. At the present time, the 30's and 40's, internationally speaking, are being reconsidered. And when the 30's and 40's are reconsidered, Irving Howe and his confreres on the Partisan Review and elsewhere, do not look immaculate in their evaluations.

Mr Howe's definiencies arise from an incomplete care for people. Wherever people are, they should be seen justly and the idea of concern and the idea even of love should not be absent. When people suffer, even as they are incorrect, and we do not know it, our own lives are that much incomplete.

There were suffering and controversy in the 1930's and 1940's and they should both have been understood.

As an example of Mr Howe's unkindness, let us take this sentence from a piece on F.O. Matthiessen in the October 1948 Partisan Review. It is called "The Sentimental Fellow-Traveling of F.O. Matthiessen." We shall not praise F.O. Matthiessen; yet there is his work for American literature, his organizing material related to Henry James, and what is most important, with all Matthiessen's unclearness, his concern with suffering in Europe and on the other continents. The heart of man still exists while manifestoes may come to be. This is the sentence we have in mind:

> In any case, these quotations should indicate that, no matter what he believes, or imagines himself saying, Matthiessen cares little for democratic values or the libertarian bias of democratic socialism.

For a person to say just like that, that someone else cares little for democratic values or for a "libertarian bias" — this uncouth English — is presumptuous. Matthiessen is now remembered as a person whose inner questions were so enveloping and powerful that, what with his not being able to answer them, he found life uninviting.

The same unkindness and carelessness can be seen in Howe's dealing with a person ever so different from Matthiessen, John O'Hara. Again we are no eulogistic agent of O'Hara and we're not inclined to be. O'Hara, however, amid a diverse display of well to do carnality, has presented the ethical questions that go with the employment of body as ecstatic surcease from this dull ordinary. Within O'Hara, as within Tolstoy, can be discerned the fact that man worries about how he uses his body. We surmise that no one thinks we have called O'Hara Tolstoian in quality. We are talking of a likeness of approach to subject.

It is permissible or was permissible for Howe to condemn O'Hara; but we submit that the following sentence is badly written, is insincere, and most importantly does not have good will. This is from the Partisan Review, October 1949:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Jim Young

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

We aver many FOOLISH things —
make erroneous evaluations
miscalculate.

Ofttimes we are certain
about time
or place
or situations
when in reality we are
wrong.

We speculate
and anticipate even expect
that which is not practical.

We lie, cheat, steal.
(We kill, usurp, antagonize.)

We even pray
erroneously.

But of all our shortcomings
miscalculations
usurpations
and pedantry
the most grave is the BELIEF,
the assertion that
GOD IS DEAD.

God is not dead, BABY.
HE just doesn't give an
OMNIPOTENT

damn.

Intermedia

BY DICK HIGGINS

Much of the best work being produced today seems to fall between media. This is no accident. The concept of the separation between media arose in the renaissance. The idea that a painting is made of paint on canvas or that a sculpture should not be painted seems characteristic of the kind of social thought—categorizing and dividing society into nobility with its various subdivisions, untitled gentry, artisans, serfs and landless workers—which we call the feudal conception of the Great Chain of Being. This essentially mechanistic approach continued to be relevant throughout the first two industrial revolutions, just concluded, and into the present era of automation, which constitutes, in fact, a third industrial revolution.

However, the social problems that characterize our time, as opposed to the political ones, no longer allow a compartmentalized approach. We are approaching the dawn of a classless society, to which separation into rigid categories is absolutely irrelevant. This shift does not relate more to East than West or vice-versa. Castro works in the cane fields. New York's Mayor Lindsay walks to work during the subway strike. The millionaires eat their lunches at Horn and Hardart's. This sort of populism is a growing tendency rather than a shrinking one.

We sense this in viewing art which seems to belong unnecessarily rigidly to one or another form. We view paintings. What are they, after all? Expensive, handmade objects, intended to ornament the walls of the rich or, through their (or their government's) munificence, to be shared with the large numbers of people and give them a sense of grandeur. But they do not allow of any sense of dialogue.

Pop art? How could it play a part in the art of the future? It is bland. It is pure. It uses elements of common life without comment, and so, by accepting the misery of this life and its aridity so mutely, it condones them. Pop and Op are both dead, however, because they confine themselves, through the media which they employ, to the older functions of art, of decorating and suggesting grandeur, whatever their detailed content or their artists' intentions. None of the ingenious theories of the Mr. Ivan Geldoway combine can prevent them from being colossally boring and irrelevant. Milord runs his Mad Avenue gallery, in which he displays his pretty wares. He is protected by a handful of rude footmen who seem to feel that this is the way Life will always be. At his beck and call is Sir Fretful Callous, a moderately well-informed high priest, who apparently despises the Flame he is supposed to tend and therefore prefers anything which titillates him. However, Milord needs his services, since he, poor thing, hasn't the time or the energy to contribute more than his name and perhaps his dollars; getting information and finding out what's going on are simply toooooo exhausting. So, well protected and advised, he goes blissfully through the streets in proper Louis XIV style.

This scene is not just characteristic of the painting world as an institution, however. It is absolutely natural to (and inevitable in) the concept of the pure medium, the painting or precious object of any kind. That is the way such objects are marketed since that is the world to which they belong and to which they relate. The sense of "I am the state," however, will shortly be replaced by "After me the deluge," and, in fact, if the High Art world were better informed, it would realize that the deluge has already begun.

Who knows when it began? There is no reason for us to go into history in any detail. Part of the reason that Duchamp's objects are fascinating while Picasso's voice is fading is that the Duchamp pieces are truly between media, between sculpture and something else, while Picasso is readily classifiable as a painted ornament. Similarly, by invading the land between collage and photography, the German John Heartfield produced what are probably the greatest graphics of our century, surely the most powerful political art that has been done to date.

The ready-made or found object, in a sense an intermedium since it was not intended to conform to the pure medium, usually suggests this, and therefore suggests a location in the field between the general area of art media and those of life media. However, at this time, the locations of this sort are relatively unexplored, as compared with media between the arts. I cannot, for example, name work which has consciously been placed in the intermedium between painting and shoes. The closest thing would seem to be the sculpture of Claes Oldenburg, which falls between sculpture and hamburgers or Eskimo Pies, yet it is not the sources of these images which his sculpture resembles so much as the images themselves. An Oldenburg Eskimo Pie may look something like an Eskimo Pie, yet it is neither edible nor cold. There is still a great deal to be done in this direction in the way of opening up aesthetically rewarding possibilities.

In the middle 1950's many painters began to realize the fundamental irrelevance of Abstract Expressionism, which was the dominant mode at the time. Such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Richard Goldstein

THE FUGS

It's a Greenwich Village Saturday night. The narrow neon-studded sidestreets are choking in carfumes and litter. The teenieboppers are out in full force, freaking freely in their bellbottomed jumpsuits and sparkling earrings. The long-haired hippies bop down the street in high boots and billowy Tom Jones shirts; they stop to oggle the display of surfer's crosses in tiny jewelry shops, nibble on their "authentic" Middle Eastern sandwiches sold along the street, browse among the stores that sell slogan buttons demanding: Turn on LBJ, If It Moves Fondle It and Psychedelicize Suburbia. Then they begin the nightly trek which leads them around the same crowded block.

The crowds are particularly thick around the Player's Theatre on MacDougal Street. Here — a starspangled marquee declares — the Fugs are appearing in an off-Broadway concert. Inside the tiny theatre, the curtain rises on an even tinier stage. Five musicians pick up their instruments and with one colossal twanging chord begin to belt.

It's a typical Village rock concert except for one thing — the ardent audience knows that the group it is listening to is something totally unique in rocknroll. The Fugs germinated in New York's underground but they are fast moving into positions of prominence on campuses across the continent. Their album is selling well without any radio and little fan magazine exposure. One local dj calls their music "immoral" and a fanmag editor admits: "Sure we try to be hippy but the Fugs are just too far out for us." The Fugs have suddenly found themselves "in."

Lead singer Ed Sanders opens up his throat and screams the lyrics to the opening number. His handlebar moustache stands erect. His curly hair stands out in all directions like an impenetrable forest.

Kill kill kill for peace
Kill kill kill for peace
The only Gook an American can trust
Is a Gook who's had his yellow head bust
Kill kill kill for peace

Tuli Kupferberg, the Fug who wrote that song, stands to Sander's right in an American armysurplus helmet and red-white-and-blue boxer shorts. He fires into the audience with a plastic submachine gun and smashes a pair of maraques to emphasize Sanders' words. His helmet slips off revealing hidden Nazi headgear.

Kill For Peace is one of the less offensive Fug creations. The group sings of what they call "goodtime sex" in vividly poetic images which are anything but indirect. Onstage they perform a dance called "the gobble" which is both erotic and laughingly reminiscent of the latest in discotheque dancing. They include long monologues about the pain of a frustrated puberty, they laugh over the inability to get high on a heady assortment of hallucigenic drugs, and the happiness of unregretted sex.

The Fugs also sing the poetry of Blake, Swinburne and Allen Ginsberg set to rock music. They have written a series of delicate, lyrical ballads in the spirit of the Lower East Side bohemia, songs such as Slum Goddess, or this one, which the group calls Supergirl:

I want a girl that can kiss like a cherry
Squeeze like a berry
Smell like an orchard
Talk like a songbird
Walk like a fountain
Touch like a flower
Sing like the leaves of grass
Supergirl, my supergirl

If their lyrics sound reminiscent of the poetry found in musky beat generation verse anthologies, it is no coincidence. Sanders describes writer Tuli Kupferberg as "a genuine relic from the old beatnik days." Of his own background, he says: "I came to New York to study Greek Civilization but there were too many things going on around me. The peace movement. All those hungup college students looking for something better for themselves — and all that poetry. It wasn't long before I was distracted."

Sanders came from Kansas City nine years ago, enrolled at New York University and promptly became distracted. He boarded submarines, manned picket lines and published Fuck You: A Magazine of The Arts. The latter project — which published poetry by Ginsberg, Leroi Jones and Gregory Corso among others — became the sole property of the New York Police Department recently and Sanders was charged with publishing obscene material. But another project, the Peace Eye Bookstore (the name comes from an Egyptian mythological concept which means self-discovery) still flourishes on the Lower East Side.

It was while operating the Peace Eye that Sanders hit upon the idea of assaulting the establishment through the rocknroll medium.

"Kupferberg and I got together and there was this guy named Ken Weaver living in the back of the store and we discovered he played drums in high school. So Weaver picked up these cans of Krasdale Peaches and we had a combo."

Today things have changed for the Fugs. Weaver plays a sparkling set of drums and cymbals. Sanders takes voice lessons and has learned to harmonize. The remaining Fugs —John Anderson and Vinny Leary are exceptional pop musicians. And the Fugs have a manager — Al Grossman — whose other pop properties include the leader of the pack himself, Bob Dylan.

Partisans from the Lower East Side are enraged by the evolution of their heroes. No longer are the Fugs rebel-poets, they insist. Sanders, Kupferberg and the rest have become just another pop group. Copout, sellout, wipeout are terms now used to describe them by former fans.

Sanders admits he's "heard some static on that score." But he insists they "have not coppedout. We don't compromise on ideology. The fourletter words are still in the act and so are the drug references. It was written into the Fug structure that we would grow and go up. We're gonna go around the world and reach millions of people and release records in all the world's markets. We can't help becoming slick."

Sanders waits the great pop explosion in a three-room flat on the Lower East Side where he lives with his wife and 20-month-old daughter, Deirdre. She scrambles over the floor, peeks behind the brick fireplace dug out of the living room wall and presents her father with a penny she has found. Sanders picks his daughter up, lets her fondle his voluminous moustache and muses over what he will do with his superstar loot.

"I want to be able to print avant garde works on a grand scale. I want to edit glorious eightcolor spreads. I have a lot of radical action projects I want to support. And, I want to provide for my daughter's future. That's what I'll do with the money."

The Fugs seem ready to move in any direction as long as it will insure them the ability to communicate with their audience. Sanders insists that "this is a rock generation" and that the Fugs are a beat group because they "wanted to investigate the possibility of presenting radical philosophical ideas to adolescents before they have rigidified and joined the establishment. This is the best way of doing it."

Somehow in the process of mass-communication, the Fugs have become pop idols in miniature. While devistating the establishment, they have joined it. And the establishment threatens to accept its prodigal sons with open arms.

But do they want to be accepted? Sanders shouts no in thunder. It's easy enough to shout those words from a window which overlooks an unbroken row of rusted fire escapes and a street peppered with garbage and graffiti. But can the avant garde sound survive success? Will the rigors of being superstars turn the Fugs into exhausted, bitter old men, as it has done to so many others?

Sanders sees this possibility. He wiggles in his creaking chair and raises his voice to a near shout as he considers it. "See man," he insists, "there's no grind to becoming a superstar. It's just gonna be a little more tiring. But the idea is not to change. Keep up on the news, keep writing. Don't deny your origins. Keep your respect for those who don't choose operation frenzy. But man, we have connections with artists, poets, creative people all over the world. We'll just plug into the avant garde movements wherever we go, man." ##

george maciunas' plastic prefab

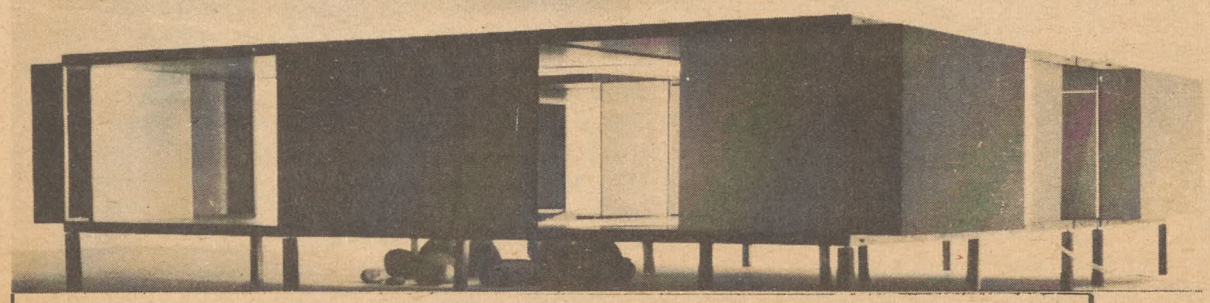
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DESCRIPTION OF NUMBERED COMPONENTS

1. METHOD OF DESIGN DEVELOPMENT

A. ESTABLISHING BASIC OBJECTIVES AFTER ANALYSIS OF EXISTING CONDITIONS

WORKABILITY	Enclosure from Structure Servicing	rain, vapor, wind, dust, heat & cold, sunlight, sound support of enclosure traffic and communication, temperature control, light and air control, storage, hygiene
ECONOMY	In material In manufacture In labor use In transport In erection In maintainance	minimum use of material use of abundantly available material minimum number of components simple method of fabrication and construction of components simple tooling requirements adaptability to automation minimum use of labor more productive & efficient use of labor in plants rather than site use of unskilled labor on site for erection light and well packaged speedy and simple erection requiring little labor and little skill no heavy equipment required (cranes, bulldozers etc.) permanency of materials, efficiency of insulation, washability of all interior and exterior surfaces
ADAPTABILITY	To function To plan To climate To dwellers To site	residential, institutional, industrial, agricultural etc. flexibility in shape and size of buildings climatic changes within same location (seasonal extremes) climatic variations in various geographic locations their special needs and habits topography and soil conditions
DURABILITY	Resist aging Resist disasters	due to rot, termites, discoloration and corrosion hurricanes, earthquakes, floods, vandalism

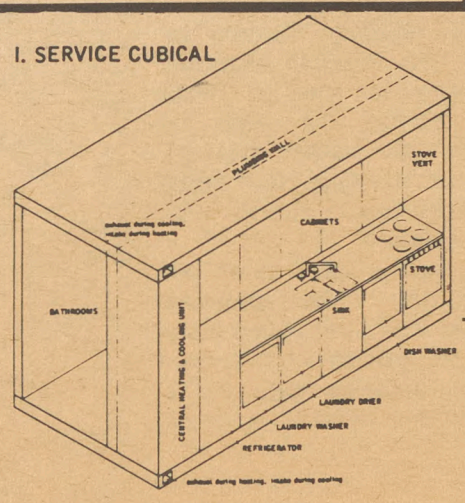


B. DESIGN SOLUTION AND ITS RELATION TO OBJECTIVES

basic solution	functions performed	
MULTIFUNCTIONAL COMPONENTS	building panels containing functions of structure, enclosure and service made of 4 basic parts: interior, exterior faces core and edge	Easely maintainable, inorganic and structurally strong surface materials are used. Light, low density, insulative and strong in compression core materials are used. Structural panel edges are used to make panel supportable at corners, thus permitting panels to be adapted to various plan requirements. Structural edges are made to function also as weather seal, tracks for movable panels (doors, windows etc.), air duct, electric conduit, meeting the double function requirements of service and structure. Storage cabinets are made to substitute for structural walls.
MINIMUM NUMBER OF COMPONENTS	all components with a single function to be eliminated	Windows and doors are made to be where wall is absent (which is void and therefore not manufactured), rather than a hole in wall, which would require its manufacture and wasted material (cut off from solid panel to make a hole). Window and door frames are likewise eliminated by employing structural panel edge of the adjacent panel for that purpose. Number of panel components are reduced by employing finished surfaces also as structural panel faces, thus eliminating the need for such nonstructural surfacing materials as floor tiles, ceiling tiles, plaster, paint, mouldings.
FLEXIBILITY	system to permit change in room layout, simple expansion or contraction, simple climate control.	All nonstructural panels (50% of all wall panels) are movable, without any addition of components, since sliding panel tracks are at every floor panel joint for structural necessity. Rooms can be therefore enlarged by opening dividing nonstructural walls. Climate control can be effected by using various materials for exterior sliding panels: transparent low-insulative material during mild climate, opaque high-insulative material (asbestos) during severe heat or cold, or any combinations of the two. Number and area of transparent and opaque panels can be varied by the simple sliding operation.
DURABILITY	use of inorganic & fire resistant materials, hard surfaces, water resistant & elastic-flexible joints	Enamel-asbestos, nonferrous metal and elastomers are used in the more critical exterior applications and various types of plastics for the less critical interior applications.

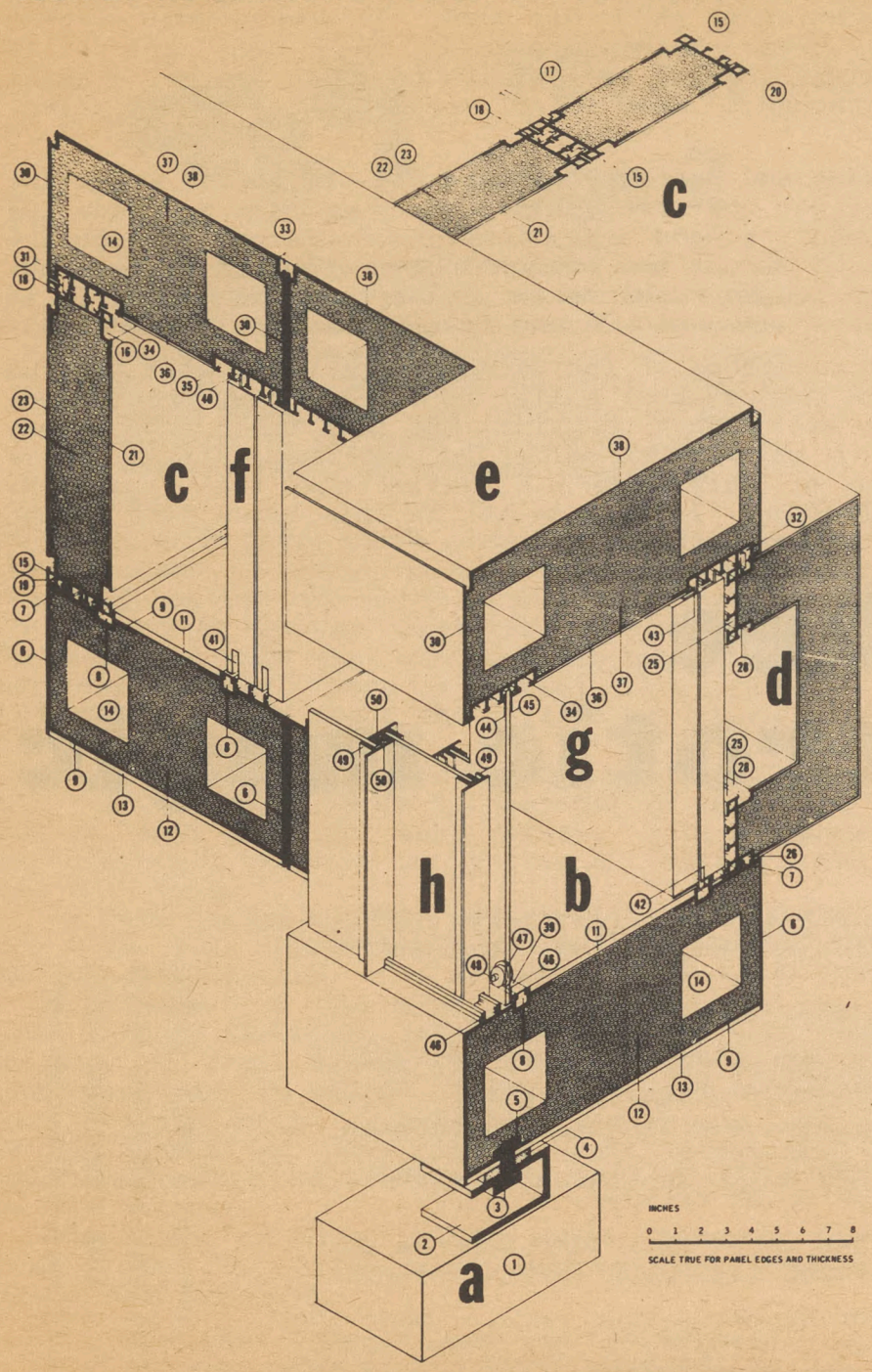
George Maciunas' prefab building system described on these pages is being considered for pilot production in the U.S.S.R. Due to lightness and compactibility of the materials used, a 300 square foot unit can be transported in a one-ton truck.

I. SERVICE CUBICAL



A. FOUNDATION PILE	1. precast concrete 2. channel anchor set into concrete 3. stainless steel bolt applied from outside with a wrench 4. shims for adjusting height of floor panel 5. aluminum nut, prewelded to the inside face of channel edge
B. FLOOR PANEL	6. aluminum extruded edge, indispensable as structural member and functioning also in the following areas: 7. projecting fin, part of extruded edge, functioning as track and weatherseal (containing wool pile) for the bottom edge of the movable nonstructural panel F or as weatherseal lock for bottom of structural panel C. 8. conduit for electrical wiring covered with small snap-on aluminum cover for access 9. structural stiffening leg providing a surface for bonding the outer face 10. snap-on cover over panel joint where no sliding walls, doors or structural panels are required (rarely used) 11. interior panel face (floor) made of vinyl, hard rubber or neoprene sheets, functioning as soft walking and maintainable surface and also as structural membrane 12. expanded polystyrene panel core, functioning as insulation and acoustical barrier and structural compression member. 13. exterior panel face made of cement-asbestos or plastic type of material, functioning as moisture barrier and structural tension member 14. air passage functioning at the time of panel construction and production as a passage for steam to enter the core and expand polystyrene beads, and afterwards for warm and cool air of the cooling-heating system (passages can be plugged where not required)
C. STRUCTURAL FIXED WALL PANEL	15. universal panel extruded aluminum edge, used for all sides of panels C and as edges for structural cabinets D, functioning as structural stiffening member and: 16. side notch functioning as support for hangers 17. side notch functioning as a container for extruded neoprene weather seal, receiving into itself the edge of sliding nonstructural exterior panel 18. front notch functioning as container of universal extruded neoprene weather seal in compression with another seal of an adjoining panel 19. bottom, front notch containing universal neoprene seal which overlaps and presses itself to the floor weatherseal-fin no. 7 20. conduit for electrical network (directly above floor conduit) 21. laminated thermosetting plastic sheet as interior face, functioning as structural tension member and maintainable (washable) surface 22. same as no. 12 23. asbestos reinforced calcium silicate sheet as maintainable face, functioning as moisture barrier, washable surface, hard surface against vandalism and structural tension membrane.
D. STRUCTURAL WALL CABINET	25. same as 15, also functioning as alternate track for cabinet doors 26. side notch functioning as notch no. 19 27. same as no. 17 28. side notch functioning as alternate track for cabinet doors 29. shelf brackets secured directly to interior cabinet face exterior cabinet face made of aluminum brake formed into box-like shape or fiberglass reinforced molded plastic
E. ROOF PANEL	30. same function as no. 6 functioning also in the following areas: 31. bottom front notch functioning as container of universal extruded neoprene weather seal in compression with the seal of adjoining top of structural wall panel 32. same as no. 31, but adjoining top of structural panel edge 33. elastic adhesive type sealant (polysulfide base) in seams between all roof panels 34. bottom notch functioning as track for curtains 35. same notch as no. 34, but functioning as track for interior sliding door-wall 36. interior face of roof panel made of perforated steam cured, asbestos reinforced calcium silicate or of laminated thermosetting plastic, functioning as acoustic absorbant surface and also as structural tension membrane 37. same as no. 12 38. exterior face of roof panel made of aluminum sheet press or brake formed into pan shape or welded in flat form to horizontal legs of edge, or made of rigid rubber or neoprene sheet and bonded to legs of edge extrusion. This face is functioning as water barrier and as structural membrane 39. snap-on cover over electrical conduit
F. SLIDING INTERIOR WALL PANEL	40. notch functioning as track for top guide of sliding panel 41. wheel bearings housed inside sliding interior panel and riding over floor fin no. 7
G. SLIDING CABINET DOOR	42. bottom door guides riding within floor notches 43. top door guides riding within ceiling notches
H. SLIDING EXTERIOR WALL PANEL	made of opaque material (steam cured, asbestos reinforced calcium silicate with enamel surface on both faces), translucent (thermosetting plastic) or transparent (thermosetting plastic or glass) in thicknesses between 1/4 and 1 inch 44. ceiling notch functioning as track and weatherseal (containing wool pile) for top of nonstructural sliding panel 45. spherical elastic ball functioning as bearing for sliding panel and applying pressure on sliding panel upon wool pile weatherseal 46. wool pile weatherseal inserted in floor fin no. 7 47. ball bearing wheel attached to sliding panel by a 48. bolt through the panel itself 49. interlocking meeting stiles with neoprene weatherseals (both extrusions are same) 50. neoprene weatherseals
I. SERVICE CUBICAL	constructed in its entirety in the plant, brought to the site on flat bed trailer truck and lowered over 4 piles 51. building plumbing system 52. central heating and cooling unit 53. main exhaust and intake to be connected to panel system 54. kitchen equipment and fixtures connected to common wall 55. bathroom equipment and fixtures connected to common wall

ISOMETRIC CROSS SECTIONS OF COMPONENTS

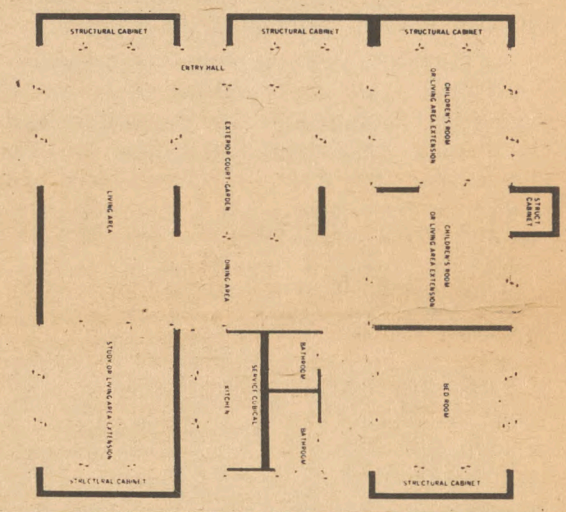


COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF PREFABRICATED BUILDING SYSTEMS

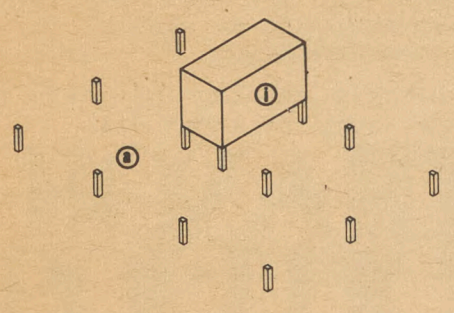
OBJECTIVES		tent	Levitt house	Fuller's Wichita house*	Fuller's geodesic dome	Soviet housing system	Maciunas system
WORKABILITY							
Enclosure and protection from:	rain	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	vapor	no	no	no	no	yes	yes
	dust	no	no	no	no	no	yes (filtering system)
	heat & cold	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	sunlight	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes
	sound	no	no	no	no	yes	yes
Servicing:	traffic & communication	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	temperature control	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	light & air control	no	no	no	no	no	yes
	storage facilities	no	yes	no	no	yes	yes
	hygiene	no	no	yes	yes	no (not washable)	yes
ECONOMY							
In material:	minimum use of material	yes	no	yes	yes	no	yes
	use of abundantly available material	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	yes (except alum.)
In manufacture:	minimum number of components	yes	no	no	yes	yes	yes
	simple method of fabrication	yes	no	no	yes	yes	yes
	simple tooling requirements	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	yes
	adaptability to automated fabrication	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	yes
In labor use:	minimum use of labor on site	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	yes
	more productive use of labor in plants	yes	no	no	yes	yes	yes
	use of unskilled labor on site	yes	no	no	yes	no	yes
In transport:	light and well packaged	yes	no	yes	yes	no	yes
	building weight per m^2 of floor area	.5 kg			8 kg	1,150 kg	30 kg
In erection:	speedy and simple erection	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	yes
	no heavy equipment required	yes	yes	yes	yes	no	yes
In maintainance:	permanency of materials	no	no	yes	yes	yes (except wood)	yes
	efficiency of insulation	no	no	no	no	no	yes
	washability of all surfaces	yes	no	yes	yes	no	yes
estimated cost	per square foot	$.50	$10	$30**		$6 to 7	$7.50
ADAPTABILITY							
To function:	residential	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes
	institutional	no	no	no	yes	yes	yes
	industrial	no	no	no	yes	yes	yes
	agricultural	yes	no	no	yes	no (heavy transport)	yes
To plan:	flexibility in shape & size of building	no	no	no	no	yes	yes
To climate:	climatic changes	no	no	no	no	no (fixed widows)	yes
To dwellers:	their special needs and habits	no	no	no	no	no (fixed plan)	yes
To site:	topography and soil conditions	yes	no	no	no	no (flat ground)	yes
DURABILITY							
Resist aging:	due to rot	no	no	yes	yes	yes (except wood)	yes
	termites	no	no	yes	yes	yes ,,	yes
	discoloration	no	no	yes	yes	no (concrete)	yes
	corrosion	no	no	no	yes	yes	yes
Resist disasters:	hurricanes	no	no	yes	yes	yes	yes
	earthquakes	yes	no	yes	yes	no (concrete)	yes
	floods	no	no	yes	yes	yes	yes
	vandalism	no	no	no	no	no (concrete)	yes

*also Monsanto house and Nelson-Chadwick house
**estimate only - exact figures not available

PLAN OF AN ATYPICAL 1900 SQ. FT. HOUSE

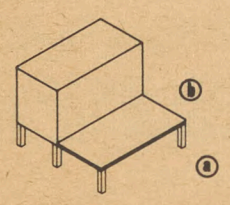


ERECTION PROCEDURE

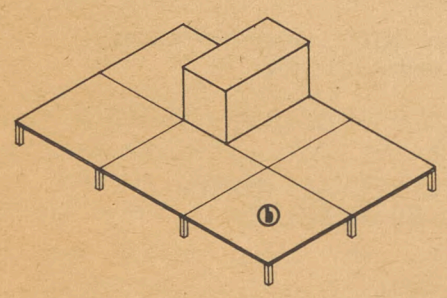


1. Precast concrete piles are inserted into predrilled holes.

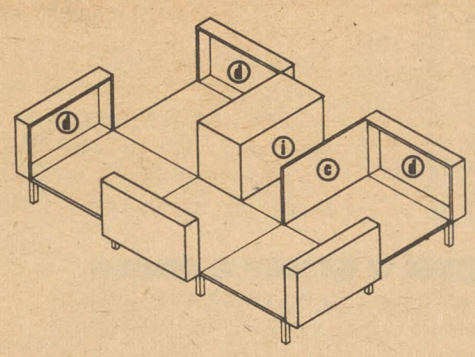
   14'x7'x8' prefabricated service cubical is brought by flat bed truck and lowered over 4 piles.



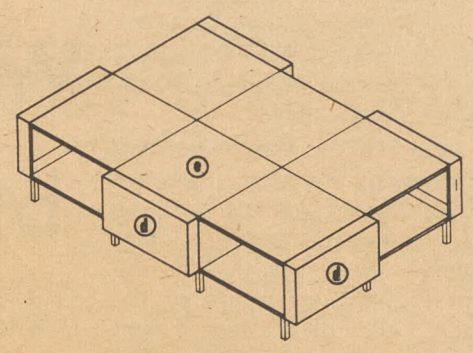
2. Kitchen floor, which is hinged to service cubical, is lowered over 2 additional piles.



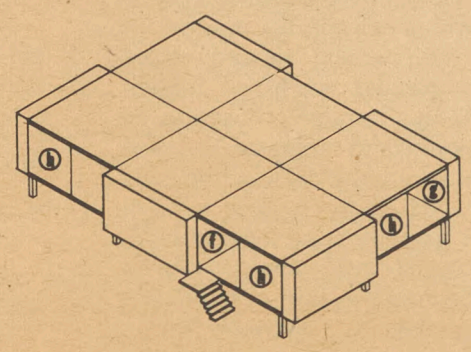
3. Floor panels are connected to piles and to themselves.



4. Structural panels and structural cabinets are connected to floor panels and kept temporarily erect by temporary braces (not shown).



5. Roof panels are connected to structural cabinets, structural walls and to each other.



6. Nonstructural exterior walls (transparent or opaque), interior walls, cabinet doors are installed into tracks of panel edges.
   Exterior stair is connected to floor panel.

underground

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October 5, 1966

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inter media

painters as Allan Kaprow and Robert Rauschenberg in the United States and Wolf Vostell in Germany turned to collage or, in the latter's case, dé-collage in the sense of making work by adding or removing, replacing and substituting or altering components of a visual work. They began to include increasingly incongruous objects in their work. Rauschenberg called his constructions "combines" and went so far as to place a stuffed goat—spattered with paint and with a rubber tire around its neck-onto one. Kaprow, more philosophical and restless, meditated on the relationship of the spectator and the work. He put mirrors into his things so the spectator could feel included in them. That wasn't physical enough, so he made enveloping collages which surrounded the spectator. These he called "environments." Finally, in the Spring of 1958, he began to include live people as part of the collage, and this he called a "happening."

The proscenium theater is the outgrowth of seventeenth century ideals of social order. Yet there is remarkably little structural difference between the dramas of D'Avenant and those of Edward Albee, certainly nothing comparable to the difference in pump construction or means of mass transportation. It would seem that the technological and social implications of the first two industrial revolutions have been evaded completely. The drama is still mechanistically divided: there are performers, production people, a separate audience and an explicit script. Once started, like Frankenstein's monster, the course of affairs is unalterable, perhaps damned by its inability to reflect its surroundings. With our populistic mentality today, it is difficult to attach importance—other than what we have been taught to attach—to this traditional theater. Nor do minor innovations do more than provide dinner conversation: this theater is round instead of square, in that one the stage revolves, here the play is relatively senseless and whimsical (Pinter is, after all, our modern J. M. Barrie—unless the honor belongs more properly to Beckett). Every year fewer attend the professional Broadway theaters. The shows get sillier and sillier, showing the producers' estimate of our mentality (or is it their own that is revealed?). Even the best of the traditional theater is no longer found on Broadway but at the Judson Memorial Church, some miles away. Yet our theater schools grind out thousands on thousands of performing and production personnel, for whom jobs will simply not exist in twenty years. Can we blame the unions? Or rents and real estate taxes? Of course not. The subsidized productions, sponsored at such museums as New York's Lincoln Center, are not building up a new audience so much as re-cultivating an old one, since the medium of such drama seems weird and artificial in our new social milieu. We need more portability and flexibility, and this the traditional theater cannot provide. It was made for Versailles and for the sedentary Milords, not for motorized life-demons, who travel six hundred miles a week. Versailles no longer speaks very loudly to us, since we think at eighty-five miles an hour.

In the other direction, starting from the idea of theater itself, others such as myself declared war on the script as a set of sequential events. Improvisation was no help: performers merely acted in imitation of a script. So I began to work as if time and sequence could be utterly suspended, not by ignoring them (which would simply be illogical) but by systematically replacing them as structural elements with change. Lack of change would cause my pieces to stop. In 1958 I wrote a piece, *Stacked Deck*, in which any event can take place at any time, as long as its cue appears. The cues are produced by colored lights. Since the colored lights could be used wherever they were put and audience reactions were also cuing situations, the performer-audience separation was removed and a happening situation was established, though less visually-oriented in its use of its environment and imagery. At the same time, Al Hansen moved into the area from graphic notation experiments, and Nam June Paik and Benjamin Patterson (both in Germany at the time) moved in from varieties of music in which specifically musical events were frequently replaced by non-musical actions.

Thus the happening developed as an intermedium, an uncharted land that lies between collage, music and the theater. It is not goverened by rules; each work determines its own medium and form according to its needs. The concept itself is better understood by what it is not, rather than what it is. Approaching it, we are pioneers again, and shall continue to be so as long as there's plenty of elbow room and no neighbors around for a few miles. Of course a concept like this is very disturbing to those whose mentality is compartmentalized. *Time, Life* and the High Priests have been announcing the death of happenings regularly since the movement gained momentum in the late fifties, but this says more about the accuracy of their information than about the liveliness of the movement.

We have noted the intermedia in the theater and in the visual arts, the happening and certain varieties of physical constructions. For reasons of space we cannot take up here the intermedia between other areas. However, I would like to suggest that the use of intermedia is more or less universal throughout the fine arts, since continuity rather than categorization is the hallmark of our new mentality. There are parallels to the happening in music, for example, in the work of such composers as Philip Corner and John Cage, who explore the intermedia between music and philosophy, or Joe Jones, whose self-playing musical instruments fall into the intermedium between music and sculpture. The constructed poems of Emmett Williams and Robert Filliou certainly constitute an intermedium between poetry and sculpture. Is it possible to speak of the use of intermedia as a huge and inclusive movement of which Dada, Futurism and Surrealism are early phases preceding the huge groundswell that is taking place now? Or is it more reasonable to regard the use of intermedia instead of traditional compartments as an inevitable and irreversible historical innovation, more comparable, for example, to the development of instrumental music than, for example, to the development of Romanticism?

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The modern world has tried to forget that poetry was in origin a working thing. It was magical, incantatory and it did work. It worked well. People relied on it to work for them. Technique, meter, chant were part of its magic and inseparable from the form of its spirit-body. It was not a thing of beauty or vehicle for thought. Men did not wonder at its complexities. They asked did it work.

Poetry and its magical chant and performance were not the active wrestling with the godhead but an actual and irrestible power over that godhead. The lonely wrestling with a man's solemn angry loneliness did not produce the poetry; it made man search it out for his comfort — and this we have not forgotten. Our poetry no longer works on an active communal basis. It is personal. It doesn't possess any magic beyond itself, any real invocation.

I doubt if these love incantations of the Oklahoma Cherokees will give us any real comfort. We lack the communal belief from which they originated. From our standpoint they are indeed beautiful but half their true beauty and importance is lost to us without belief in their magicality. It is then a kind of suspension of this modern disbelief that the Kilpatricks ask of us in WALK IN YOUR SOUL. It is a belief in this brown dirt redman reality that these incantations produce.

cherokee erotic magic

"The ancient Cherokees went to school to Nature with a spirit that can best be defined as scientific. Their poetry reflects the intensity with which they observed natural phenomena."

Now! Very quickly pillow your head
upon the Soul of the Dog, outside
where there is loneliness!

(Your name is _____.)

In the very middle of your two bodies
loneliness has just come to think.

You are to be broken in the Pathway.

Now! Where the joining is has just
come to be divided.

Your two souls have just come to be
divided somewhere in the Valley.

Without breaking your soul, I have just
come to stupefy you with the Smoke
of the Blue Tobacco.

I just consumed your soul!
I just consumed your flesh!
I just consumed your saliva!
Grasp what I possess!

Now! Listen!
Ha! Who are you?
The name, you woman!

Ha! Very quickly the Little White Dog
has just come to romp with
your soul.

Ha! He has just come to place my body
against it.

You can do nothing about it!

Walk in Your Soul

by Jack Frederick Kilpatrick
Anna Gritts Kilpatrick

Published by Southern Methodist
University Press: Dallas
$5

In the very middle of the Morning
Red I stand.
I am not lonely.
I am a man!

Ha! I have just sought quarry!
I am a Great Wizard!

The very Provider ever "remakes" me
daily.

In my beauty I go about.
I walk in my splendor.

segel FROM Page 2

> In his early novels loneliness became a domineering system: each of his characters went through glazed and fetichistic maneuvres determined by iron laws of fatality, and were thus mere bits of rigid data, the very contrary of those streams of changing qualities that the western novel has assumed character to be.

Let us ask what these words mean, "the very contrary of those streams of changing qualities that the western novel has assumed character to be." When did the western novel ever assume character to be anything? And how does Howe know what the western novel did assume character to be? There is no real information on the subject. And what about the English of "those streams of changing qualities."

The sentence is a sloppy mosaic arising from ill will. If a person wants to see what we mean, let him look at each word and each phrase. This sentence is characteristic of mind as seeker of faults. Mind is more than that.

We have quoted only two sentences, but we have taken care to see that these sentences are not undistinctive, not unrepresentative.

Different from the mind of Irving Howe is that of James Reston, Associate Editor of the New York Times. The mind of James Reston can be described as The Mind That Knows When To Stop. Again and again Reston has described evil in the process of power in our land, and one is tantalized into thinking that Reston will say something which he will continue to say and make stronger and clearer.

There was a piece in the Times recently called "Washington: The Evaded Moral Question in Vietnam." It begins very strongly:

> President Johnson has been confronted for some time with a moral question in Vietnam, but he keeps evading it.

Reston here goes so far as to say that President Johnson has a moral question which he evades. A moral question that is evaded is one that is not answered well. A moral question that is not answered well is on the side of Wrong, as Ruskin or Carlyle or Tolstoy might have said. At the present time, the American people wants to have a clear sense of what is right and wrong or at least have a clear sense that right and wrong are being discussed.

Reston in the present piece uses two other sentences later. If these sentences are true, all demonstrations against the administration are more than justified. Furthermore, more might be said, more might be asked for. There can well be more ethical agogness, more a tumult about justice and wrong.

These are the sentences:

> Our arms were provided to fight the aggressors, and not to start a civil war. Our promise was to help South Vietnam, not to destroy it.

The implication here is that American force was used to destroy a country. We are right in the midst of Wrong. If it is so, the American people should see it. And they won't see it if another tone is used in another essay or another piece.

In a more recent piece, Reston is in the midst of Washington politics and foreign policy palaver. We have forgot Wrong as we come to this first sentence:

> The Senate has been nibbling President Johnson's foreign-aid bill to pieces this week.

And instead of asking what is wrong and right, ugly and beautiful, unjust and just, we have this about "commitments," "trouble-spots," "an elaborate American policy of security," and such. The whole passage is as follows:

> There is a strong feeling in the Senate, mainly as a result of Vietnam, that the President has a way of stretching small commitments into very large commitments; that he is fascinated with the exercise of power; that he is determined to retain an American "presence" in the critical trouble-spots in the world, and is now talking more and more of an elaborate American policy of security for all non-Communist Asia.

When you compare the tone of the two articles, you will see that Reston thinks it is right to go from a quite intense moral condemnation and sentence to nibbling political talk. There ought to be, in the field of ethics, an honest and graceful follow-through.

There is that in mind which wants to follow through accurately and proportionately. There is that in mind which doesn't really want to decide about anything, except that its owner or self is safe. We are afraid that James Reston represents too much mind as voluntarily indecisive or safe. ##

BOZART POLITICS

across from me with a piece of lemon meringue pie and a glass of lemonade. "As a matter of fact, I remember when R.K. Pruitt over here ran for governor on the Populist ticket. He was defeated of course, but he ran a state-wide race. You know, he visited New Orleans, Mobile, and Memphis — this was in the days before television—on the theory that there were a lot of Mississippians over there who'd send the word back." It was not the Coleman I remembered from a speech my father had taken me to on the Greenwood courthouse lawn in 1954. He was slightly sunburned and graying at the temples, heavier, and wearing glasses in public. His blue seersucker suit was a bit rumpled and his blue long-sleeved shirt too properly buttoned to be comfortable, but he looked better for his removal from the internecine wars. And happier.

A few miles east of Calhoun City, there was a fox painted on a white sign and a road to the left. After having scouted out the place earlier and talking to both ex-state senator Raymond Bailey and Barnett on the phone, my impression was that it was at the church at the end of the blacktop road, a classic little white clapboard building.

But after riding for a quarter of a mile, there was a group of people spilling down from a deserted, unpainted wooden building on the high left bank and dozens of cars parked in the road.

There were about two hundred people sitting and standing in a bare, brown-earth clearing under four or five tall trees. At the far end was a flat-bed truck on which there was a gaudy hillbilly band tuning up and an ominously separate and empty black leather chair, at the end of the stage. On the left was a snow-ball stand with colored junk in old Jim Beam bottles, a Coke stand, and red tractor-trailer cab behind which there was a mastodonic silver vat on six sets of wheels — I was told it held water. On the right was the building, a school abandoned when consolidation became the mode, and in the upper left corner three black iron pots holding two hundred and sixty gallons of bubbling Brunswick stew, stirred with blonde boat paddles by two Negroes and a white man. Occasionally the men would dip up a plastic cup full of the stuff and drink it.

"There's an all-day harp singin' down the road at the church," the chairman, Bailey, said as he welcomed me. He had been briefing Raymond Himel, an old classmate, who is the Batesville, Miss. Commercial-Appeal bureau chief. Bailey had on a floppy straw hat, red shirt, and faded overalls. He appeared in Mississippi State Senate in the coveralls, probably new then, but Governor Barnett persuaded him they weren't apropos of the high place. It was debatable which man was on surer grounds in the argument about protocal and haberdashery. "And the drag racin' is drawin' some of them away, but they'll be here. Prentiss Walker is due any minute."

Walker is the Republican candidate for Jim Eastland's Senate seat and is presently serving as the lone GOP Congressman. Thomas Hal Phillips, brother of GOP hero and gubernatorial candidate Rubel Phillips (1964), had been slated for an appearance, but won't show due to family illness. Phillips, the first GOP candidate for Congress in the new First, has other problems, too: he is a successful life insurance executive, successful novelist, forty and unmarried, and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

from Page 7

screenwriter for the last Tarzan epic. He is also a short story writer who has been published in the prestigious Virginia Quarterly Review, among others. He will later withdraw from the race because the idea of running as a carpetbagger doesn't appeal to him. The morning after he announced, the state legislature reapportioned (some say gerrymandered) and he was left out of the district.

"I wish I had a copy of Barnett's speech," the C-A man said as I handed him my release from Walker's office. "I'd leave now."

The man next to us, middle-aged, dirty, sweating and drunk, looked hard at Himel as he took off his shades and went under a tree to read the speech. "I like to hear him speak," I laughed like an apologetic buffoon.

"By God, I do too," the man said. He has rummy eyes and a gray hat. "He's a staunch speaker."

Bailey came back and insisted we look at the stew. Alex Brownlee, a burly Negro in green work clothes, is stirring the muddy-looking mess and squinting in the woodsmoke and lighter threads of gray from his flaking cigar. The stew looks formidable as the three men stir it slowly, the grease spots dodging on the surface as it fulminates above the popping fire.

The heat is intense and the ground dips and sways in hard, pebbly curves. The dozens of straightbacked chairs are being arranged in rows as Walker's arrival is announced.

"I raised that nigger right there," Bailey says, pointing to a young man in a straw hat and neat red shirt three feet from us. Bailey looks like a tired, taller, drunk version of Walter Brennan. "His daddy got killed and I raised the five of them niggers, sent 'em to school and bought 'em clothes." He turned away, his teeth clenched, in the melancholy and rage of the half-tight, sullen stage of drunkeness, drawing a paper out of his pocket.

It is a letter sloppily mimeographed on a piece of white office paper which has been folded many times and is faded. It named and threatened those who had wives or daughters teaching in Head Start in the Negro Schools.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," it reads. "Named below are a number of Calhoun county white people Who are at present teaching in negro schools."

And continues: "We have tried cross-burning which has seemed to do no good. God has said sudden destruction will come, we fell feel that something has to be done regardless of how bad it might be, so take your wives and daughters out of the negro schools.

"After all this is the very thing our American boys are losing their lives fighting against in Vietnam, CO--UNIS-

"How many lives must be lost here at home?

"P.S. Arlis Harrelson is the organizer for the negors."

Raymond Bailey walked away and down a path into the shadow-blotched noon verdance of the woods. The string band started to play. Children on horses rode across the path in front of him a hundred yards down from us.

Representative Prentiss Walker arrived. I was at the snow-cone stand, trying to decide between a red and a blue one. The juice tastes uniformly like jazzedup branchwater with a dab of rancid absinthe in it.

Walker is a barrel-chested man with a palomino crewcut. He called me "Sir" which I found disconcerting. As I interviewed him, he leaned against the fender of the truck.

He is much friendlier than the blue-tinted mugshot on his letters would lead you to believe. I have a file of those glowering profiles (which are sent out he is quick to tell you, at his own expense). He is short and spoke haltingly, catching his breath between syllables. He was nervous and his most disconcerting habit was aiming his hazel eyes over the top of my head.

Walker is likable, but was unproductive of any juicy quotes, calling Stennis "a fine Christian gentleman" and Sonny Montgomery, the faintly loyalist Democratic state legislator after his House seat, "one of LBJ's boys who has voted for repeal of 14 B."

Bailey returned, wearing a red shirt and slacks and his hat. I wondered if he lived back in the trees, for I hadn't seen him go anywhere else. He hustled Walker away and the string band from Bruce, in the same county, scraped away.

Himel groaned and swore. A statuesque redhead in a white dress with red polka dots sings a while, and she wasn't bad at all. She finished and plopped down langorously in the still-empty black leather reclining chair. The bass, two fiddles, dobro guitar and two concert guitars started up. Still wondering about the chair, I took her picture as she said, "Hurry up and get it over with."

While Walker prepared, I went off the low rise and down to the road to get another roll of film. The little VW has a black and white Alabama tag. A man passing by grinned and said, "I wished I lived in Alabama. They're the only state that's got a governor that tells the truth." He walked off muttering to himself: "If I didn't have so much tied up in Mississippi and wasn't so old, that's where I'd go."

Walker took the platform. He grinned weakly and proceeded to look directly over the heads of the seated audience, his eyes flitting from tree to tree as he gathered his coat around him and twiddled the top button. His voice was earnest, if high-pitched.

"You know, we get our ideas of government from Thomas Jefferson," he said. I relaxed and loaded my camera as soon as I realized he was repeating verbatim what he'd just said in the interview. "Now he's the gran daddy of the Democratic party, but I believe if he were back here today, he'd be on our side of the House instead of with LBJ and Martin Luther King and the rest of the Great Society Crowd." This is the height of Walker's profundity and government philosophy.

The next two tales use the metaphor of the barnyard. It is, I suppose, quite natural for a chicken farmer.

"You know," he said in his curiously Chester-like voice and intonation, "I'm a Johnny-come-lately to the Republican party, and when I started campaigning, I was a newcomer to politics." I noticed that his eyes were still directed at the bottom branches, almost glazed, and flitting ever faster. "I went to a lady's house out in the country, asking for her vote for Congress. Well, she said, Make me a Republican speech. I've never heard a Republican speech. Well, we were outside and the only thing that looked like a platform was this pile of chicken manure, but I got up on it and made her a speech. Well, when I got through speaking, she applauded and said she was gonna vote for me. She said, You know, that's the first time I ever heard a Republican speech. And I said, Lady, that's the first time I ever spoke from a Democratic platform."

He next turned on Eastland, whom he has consistently referred to as "Election Eve Eastland" without ever explaining the term.

"You know," he said, "my Daddy once had a flock of geese headed by an older gander we'd had for many years. But after a long time and no addition to the goose population, he decided he'd get him a young gander. And you know, pretty soon there were some additions to the goose population. And that's the way I think of my opponent, ladies and gentlemen. Like the old gander, he's got seniority, but he just can't produce." The crowd laughs and applauds such remarks always, and they applauded that one.

He made his closing appeal and stepped down. Bailey mounted the platform, really drunk now and insisted on playing the lead in The Wabash Cannonball with his harmonica.

As Walker was milling through the crowd to get to his car, Barnett drove up in a new, navy-blue sedan.

Everybody crowded around as it parked in front of the delapidated ex-school. He looked vigorous, if not youthful. There was still the dreadful talcum pallor to his face and the hair cut that looked like a scalp put on a marble bust, making him look like a dead man resurrected for speeches. Walker stopped to say hello, but rushed on as cameras swung around.

Ross got out of the car with great grace and immediately started shaking hands, urging the cameramen to take pictures of him with some of his local henchmen. However, one of the men got too serious about the phrases of friendship and nostalgia.

"Governor," the small, bespectacled man started, putting his hands in his pockets, "we've got this—"

"Yes, yes, that's fine," our ex-governor boomed. "Nice to see you here. Mighty fine, mighty fine," he said, turning away as he spoke, sticking his hand out to one man while trying to look at another and at the camera at the same time.

In print, the utterances of Ross Barnett are mundane and banal to great degree. He is most unquotable.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

FROM PAGE ONE

created by issues, and builds a following of freed beings.

IT MAY BECOME A POLITICAL ISSUE ITSELF.

This is theater of a national underground that wants out. Its aims are to liberate "cultural" ground held by media and establish territory without walls. Its plays are designed as tools for performances that cut through "protective" windows.

Centerman (using the theme of a short story by Wolfgang Borchert) was developed at the San Francisco Mime Troupe as actional pieces for guerrilla theater. It was first used during the International Days of Protest rally sponsored by the Vietnam Day Committee at San Francisco State College. An actor wearing a U.S. Army MP's uniform drove a delivery truck loaded with the cast and set through campus roadblocks onto the lawn where the rally was going on. The cast of prisoners-of-war was put through calistenics for ten minutes while the set was laid out on a small speaker's platform.

—— Peter Berg

CENTERMAN

CHARACTERS

CAPTURED WORLD WAR II GERMAN SOLDIERS

CENTERMAN (432), 1ST FRONTMAN, 2ND FRONTMAN, BACKMAN

AMERICAN MP, THE DRUMMER

A hinged flat about ten feet tall stands as two walls and a corner of a prison cell at stage right. There is a thick white rope circle about three feet in diameter at center stage.
THE DRUMMER is a universal war-crier. He wears riding pants stuffed into army boots, motorcycle jacket, and round-top Thirty Years War cap — all black. A snare-drum hangs from a strap around his neck.
THE MP is a U.S. Army corporal with a white helmet liner, arm-band and riot-stick.
ALL PRISONERS have been issued green fatigues with POW painted in white across the back and wooden shower clogs.
The opening action is performed with absolute precision. The DRUMMER marches on stage-right, executes a crisp right-face and halts at the edge of the stage. The MP follows a PRISONER on at the opposite side of the stage and both half facing the cell. The DRUMMER sounds a long drum-roll and shouts, "CENTERMAN! A PLAY!" The PRISONER immediately begins trotting in place.
Throughout the play the DRUMMER strikes a beat at the end of a constant eight-count.

MP Move, motherfucker. MOVE! (Butts the PRISONER with his club and sends him sprawling to the cell.) HALT! (The PRISONER stops abruptly in front of an imagined cell door.)
You understand good, don't you Superman. (To the AUDIENCE.) I gotta hand it to these bastards, they are intelligent enough. (Speaking into the PRISONER'S ear.)
But you lost — FUCKED UP! And this is your new home 4-3-2. Well, SAY IT!

CENTERMAN
4-3-2.

MP (Pantomimes opening the lock and sliding back the door.) Get in! GET IN YOU DUMBASS MOTHERFUCKER! (Shoves him in and parades off stage left.)

CENTERMAN
(His back is turned from the AUDIENCE until the MP is off-stage.)
That one is a cowboy?
When you are thrown into a bottomless pit, you can only surrender to yourself,
and FALL!
For who will catch you? Who catches the spider? God!? (Laughing.) Is the good one here?
No, the spider catches himself — without knowing why — on a thread as fine as breath.
The wind has torn my web, nothing more, and I will catch my own one hundred and sixty-three pounds.
Just by holding my breath, with fear.
Yes, terrified as a spider, but I will not fall into myself.

The MP marches the 1ST FRONTMAN and the BACKMAN out for the daily exercise run.

MP MOVE! ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO....(Stopping in front of the cell door.)
4-3-2 UP! (Unlocking the door.)
OUT! (Shoving the CENTERMAN between the other two.)
MOVE! ONE-TWO, ONE....EINS-ZWEI, EINS-ZWIE....
(The MP stands stage left while the prisoners trot around the white circle.)

The CENTERMAN looks up at the sun, smiles and shields his eyes in order to continue looking.

MP 4-3-2 STRAIGHT AHEAD!

The CENTERMAN fixes his eyes in the middle of the FRONTMAN's back.
The FRONTMAN is heavy-set and maintains a rolling labored gait.
The CENTERMAN is medium-height and trots very correctly like an athlete.
The BACKMAN is tall and leans forward as he trots.
The CENTERMAN glances up and down the FRONTMAN's back and shakes his head from side to side.

MP 4-3-2.....straight AHEAD! EINS-ZWIE.....

The PRISONERS continue trotting.
Without moving his head, the CENTERMAN puts out one foot and steps on the FRONTMAN's heel.
The FRONTMAN doesn't respond.
The CENTERMAN stops on the FRONTMAN's other heel.
The FRONTMAN doesn't respond.
The CENTERMAN spits into the FRONTMAN's back.
The FRONTMAN starts to turn his head but checks himself.
The CENTERMAN puts his foot more squarely on the FRONTMAN's heel.
The FRONTMAN stumbles but shows no sign of replying.
The PRISONERS complete a few more turns before the GUARD joins them and stops to unlock the cell door.

MP HALT! 4-3-2 IN! (The CENTERMAN enters his cell briskly.) MOVE! ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO.....

The MP marches the remaining PRISONERS off.

CENTERMAN
My Frontman is dead!
Alright, he's only half dead, but if he's afraid to be completely alive he should be completely dead.
I should kill him, just because he's in front of me. A wax works dummy!
He was a newsdealer before the war or a circus clown.
Yes, is his face a preposterous bulb-nosed clown's!
If I smashed it all the air would PFFFF out smelling of moth balls.
(Laughing.) But if he is a clown he might play some atrocious trick on me—ooze strawberry goo like a jellyroll,
or on us all.
Can you see him...turning a somersault on the punch...
then leaping in the air/onto the wall/yes, bucking like a mule and sticking out a damp washcloth for a tongue...
then disappearing forever.
Gone!
It is unthinkable, what would happen, if everyone remembered what he actually is.

The MP follows the FRONTMAN and BACKMAN on stage exactly as before.

MP 4-3-2 OUT! MOVE! ONE-TWO, EINS-ZWIE....

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

From Page 8

On tape, the voice sounds like the soundtrack for that great white rooster who stars in some cartoons as Leghorn. It sounds like a caricature of someone auditioning for Senator Claghorn.

It is the total manner of the man that is the basis of his charisma as a politician. He has a deep, booming voice that could make the name of a dairy company sound like the most patriotic thing since the Alamo as he sticks out his arm and milks all the connotations and associations out of the most worn catchwords, dragging each syllable through the powerful larynx, inflecting so heavily that it seems as if each syllable has two tones. In a Southern accent not quite like any I have ever heard except in bad stage imitations of the kingfish-type Negro, he talks of nothing as he smiles poignantly at the people in front of him, looking him in the eye for only a second. Yet it is not a Crest-like smile that freezes the mouth muscles rigid, it is as if he has just been discovered doing something he has a vague recollection of, possibly something he is not certain is either naughty or nice, the beginnings of a "I did it and I'm glad" grin which floats over his mouth as he clumps through the crowd. During it all, he doesn't look very interested in anything and you keep getting the feeling that he's looking around for someone who will tell him where he is.

His wife is a charming, gracious, smiley, grandmotherish matron who is much shorter than he is. Her smile is forced and she refers to him as "the Governor" or "Governor Barnett" as she looks at the faces around her with an absent-minded kind of suppressed panic. She is very cordial and still seems to be in charge of shepherding him around, but the empathy-waves one seems to get from her are sour and bitter, as if she

THE BARNETT CHARISMA

is a frustrated grandmother, separated from telling stories and baking cookies.

"There's Garth," someone whispered, as if an eminence grise were present. The man's name doesn't matter, it may not have been the right name, but there is always someone like him around Barnett. This one was dressed in an irridenscent brown suit glimmering golden in the flat, white heat. He was wearing a black tie, shades, an oily tan, a grin which by now has sunburned his teeth and black shoes with white tops. He has black hair propped on top of his head by various flourishes. It was gleaming and you got the impression that he was a lost used-car salesman with a roll of twenties in his pocket.

Barnett's history up to now has been mentioned in several books, the most notable among them being Jim Silver's The Closed Society and Lord's The Past That Would Not Die. The basic plot is only slightly interesting. He was a prominent Jackson lawyer of some brilliance and animal cunning who made a great many contacts and friends throughout the state by being the plaintiffs' lawyer in suits against the power companies and other vested interests in the best Bilbo tradition. He became interested in politics — why is the most intriguing question of our decade—and began running. The Mississippi way is to run the first few times just for practice and to get your machine cranked up. He was elected on his third try, in 1959, on the strength of the rural hill vote, to which he had endeared himself by his work in damage suits and by hammering away at his simplistic view of Christianity's influence on the actions of public man, and by constantly injecting his autistic view of Mississippi as aloof from the general drift and direction of American history, culture and thought.

Ross Barnett is the embodiment of an empty stereotype. A neatly conservative dresser he never condescends to take his coat off. A distant, aloof man he never loses his temper in public although he tries to act as if he has at the appropriate places in his speeches. He is courteous to all and instantly assures you, no matter who you are or whether you're married or not, that you have a lovely wife and wonderful family. He treats even his opponents as if they have been swinging key beats for him for thirty years. He is graced with a charming way, dutiful son, and attractive family. But that is far as it goes.

He pushes his way through the crowd and just before the shuffling procession of reporters, hangers-on, proteges, and friends got to the big black pick-up we reporters had made our headquarters, he let somebody take his wife to a seat in the middle of the crowd.

A young, attractive sun-tanned blonde who was taking pictures for the Calhoun City Monitor-Herald swooned and slumped backwards onto the hood of a car. Her glazed eyes looked directly at us as June Murphree, her editor, grabbed her. It was viciously hot, but the people stood or sat stoically, listening to the band.

Bailey and Barnett took the stage and Himel and I leaned against the cab of the black pick-up. Bailey, still a little tight, got a chokehold on the mike as Barnett stood behind him, smiling patriarchically and shuffling the pages of his speech.

"Lemme tell yall something about Governor Barnett," he said. "You see that blacktop road out there? Well before Raymond Bailey went to the Senate and before Ross Barnett was Governor, it wasn't blacktopped. And before I went down there, did you know it wasn't against the law in the state of Mississippi to steal a dog? Well, I introduced a law making it against the law to steal a man's hound and Ross signed it. He's done a lot for us."

Barnett looks a little uncomfortable and finally Bailey surrenders the mike and shuffles off.

The Negro whom Bailey had pointed out as a foster son unobtrusively leaves. The pretty red-haired singer looks up at Ross with a smirk. The crowd, as I watched, looked like a collective child taking medicine it knows is good for it but for whom that knowledge does not ameliorate the taste.

Barnett peered around, then said: "Memories of im-por-tant events crowd mighty fast upon our mind as the circling weeks and months bring us again to this memorable anniversary." Whoever wrote the speech could also have been pecking out the stories of golden anniversaries and weddings for a fat, banal country newspaper. It reeks with superlatives and the quiet pusillanimity crashes and flows.

Barnett says, and the notes read, "Just as the Old Testiment is (the) basic foundation, of Christian living, so is the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States." The notes he has scribbled in with a shaky, spidery hand go on: "The reason that it is necessary that we all be loyal to the prin. in Declaration of Ind—it is basic requirement for government and human behavior."

The manuscript is typed in all caps and it is evidently the product of two drafts, for there are several pages with the same number but different contents. Barnett has scribbled on it, underlined sections and crossed out words. Some of the insertions are revealing, but only in a minor, ironic way. Where it says we should be men "who are imbued with the same courage and high principles and are possessed of the same high and unbending courage for justice, liberty, and the perpetuation of our freedom,"the words "for all people" are written at the end.

"If we don't hang together," Barnett thunders as the shade deepens and the girl correspondent is revived, "we'll hang together." There is a strange phenomenon that accompanies Barnett speeches at outdoor eatin' and speakin's: the hound dogs invariably fall silent. The several hounds here quieted and a friend, Henry Hurt, has a tape of Barnett speaking at the World's Chapmion Tobacco Spittin' Contest in Smith County, and as soon as Barnett begins, the hound music ceases.

"No matter how loud the liberal networks criticize the South, don't give up," he thunders to the silence. "The majority of the American people are on our side. I made as many as 60 speeches as Governor. When at Yale and Hah-vad and Utah and New York, most of the noise I heard was boos, but at the last 8 talks, Illinois State University, the University of North Dakota — all in the last 12 or 13 months — at Iowa, Iowa State, I haven't gotten the first boo, they have all been cheers and that is because they are tasting the same thing we have had all down the line."

He pauses, almost choleric in his glee, and continues: "We should not be so foolish as to sell our heritage and traditions for a mess of minorities and cliques."

Barnett next brags about "incarcerating" 32 Freedom Riders in the maximum security section of Parchman, the state prison farm in the Delta. On his manuscript page there are noted these items, designed to jog his store of denunciatory catchphrases: DID YOU SEE COFO WORKERS? SHORT TROUSERS: BOYS HAD LONG HAIR, ETC. TWO CAR LOADS OF MARSHALLS TWO CASES OF MISTER CLEAN FREEDOM RIDERS.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

CENTERMAN from page 9

The CENTERMAN takes his position briskly.
The PRISONERS all trot around the circle.
The CENTERMAN amuses himself by imitating the FRONTMAN.

MP ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO.....

The DRUMMER executes an about face, goes behind the cell, and brings out a white pole with a yellow flower fixed at the top. He sets it up at eye level several feet from the PRISONERS.
The CENTERMAN notices the flower as he comes into a turn.
The CENTERMAN steals another side-glance.
The CENTERMAN edges toward the flower.
The BACKMAN edges over to stay in line with the CENTERMAN.

The PRISONERS complete several more turns during which the CENTERMAN edges the group over within reach of the flower.
The CENTERMAN puts up his right hand a few inches toward the flower.
The CENTERMAN glances toward the MP.
The MP is staring at the AUDIENCE and keeping time.
The CENTERMAN reaches for the flower.
The FRONTMAN suddenly stops trotting and throws his arms in the air as though signalling the beginning of a tarantella.
The CENTERMAN stumbles on the FRONTMAN.
The BACKMAN stumbles on the CENTERMAN.
The FRONTMAN gasps and doubles up, staggering backward until he is facing the CENTERMAN.
The FRONTMAN suddenly laughs and mimics the gestures of a clown for the CENTERMAN's benefit. His mocking laughter is abrubtly interrupted by a second seizure and he falls limp with one arm on the white circle.
The CENTERMAN and BACKMAN exchange glances and gestures of astonishment.
The MP rushes over and kicks the FRONTMAN over on his back.
The two PRISONERS stare at the FRONTMAN's face.

MP He's dead. (Grabbing the BACKMAN.)
Move him out! OUT! (To the CENTERMAN.)
4-3-2 IN! (Unlocks the cell door, shoves the CENTERMAN in and follows the BACKMAN off kicking the dead FRONTMAN's feet.)

CENTERMAN
I didn't kill the Frontman!
No, but would he die just to keep me from my flower? He knew I hated him — had to hate him, because he was my Frontman.
Even if I am in the center, I was his Backman and he knew I hated him just as I know my Backman hates me.
All Backmen hate their Frontmen.
And why not?
They never turn to look at you, they can't!
You would deny your Backman a glance yourself.
(He pauses between two drum beats.)
It's like that everywhere!

The MP follows the 2ND FRONTMAN and the BACKMAN on, unlocks the cell door, and leads the PRISONERS to the circle before standing stage left.
The PRISONERS complete a turn of the circle.
The 2ND FRONTMAN performs a quick bow and shouts, "Gutt Morgen, Herr Wachtmeister!!!"
The MP is astonished.
The 2ND FRONTMAN does it again at the next turn facing the MP.
The MP is amused.
The 2ND FRONTMAN does it again.
The MP nods agreeably.
The CENTERMAN tilts his head forward to glimpse the 2ND FRONTMAN's face.

MP Straight a-HEAD 4-3-2!

The MP jabs the BACKMAN with his club.

MP Let me hear you say that. Gutt..Gutt..you know what I mean!

BACKMAN
Gutt Morgen, Herr Wachtmeister.

The MP strikes the CENTERMAN.

MP You too, 4-3-2. Let's hear it.

CENTERMAN
Gutt Morgen, Herr Wachtmeister.

All three PRISONERS are shouting consecutively as they continue the circle.
The CENTERMAN glances at the flower.
The 2ND FRONTMAN bows.
The CENTERMAN checks himself.
The CENTERMAN edges the group over a few feet between bows.
The MP suddenly joins the PRISONERS for a turn of the circle, stops in front of the cell door, shoves the CENTERMAN in and follows the PRISONERS off.

CENTERMAN
A new slat in our fence. A theologist or a bureaucrat, some kind of stooge.
Those obvious bows that puff up the guard so far that he MUST take them seriously.
I have to be careful just to get a peak at my flower because of this servile clerk.
Yes, it is mine by right of love.
It is so timid. I yearn to grasp it outright, you know.
But I know it is shy.
The only beautiful thing in this sewer HAS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

BARNETT

"There were 351 FBI men in Jackson," he says, drawing each syllable through the accentual strainer, "and on the very next day, Director of the FBI Hoover announced Mississippi had the lowest crime rate of any state."

Then he hit the pose: clenched fist extended at the end of a ghost-white wrist, mouth open to full bellow, he shouts, "I thank God I am an American, I thank God I am a Southerner and I thank God I am a Mississippian! I'm never going to forget what our forefathers died for. Ladies and gentlemen, the forces of evil are loose... The Communists and Liberals despise us because we have gotten a lot of industry. But like the poet says, just hang on and cling on no matter what the communists and left-wingers say!"

The crowd applauds and Bailey comes up, a little worse now. He points to the black leather chair which has been on the far corner of the stage like a bad omen all during the day.

"That's a chair made by an industry Ross got us over here at Calhoun City," he says. "And we want to give it to you, Governor. Mrs Barnett, you want to come on up here?"

More applause, and Mrs Barnett gets out of her seat, but just stands there, indecisively. Ross walks over and plops down in the full length reclining chair.

"This is the idea," he shouts to the crowd. "Let the men rest and the women do all the work!"

The crowd roars. ##

(To be concluded next issue)

DEFENSE DEPT-DENIES-RIOT STORY

A NEW YORK newspaper reported that 300 armed Negro servicemen stationed on the U.S. Naval Base at Da Nang revolted on August 13 because of "growing disillusionment among Negro troops for the Vietnamese war."

The Defense Department promptly denied the report.

The story, appearing in the September 1-15 issues of the East Village Other, stated that "shooting, screaming Negroes overwhelmed the Military Police garrison and rampaged unchecked across the defenseless base until order was restored by bayonet wielding reinforcements which arrived several hours later."

A Defense Department spokesman stated that the story was "checked out after it happened" and no evidence of the occurrence was found.

Censored from normal news channels EVO said, the account of the rioting which left over 100 casualties was contained in a letter to the newspaper from Da Nang post - marked August 18.

The Defense Department denied that there is any censorship of news coming from "out there." ##

the anonymous death-plague virus

came and killed the cats,
the kitten jack littleguy we had only three days
and priscilla the older tabby;

i cremated priscilla near the charred carcass of jack,
in the dusk the demonic flames leapt seven-feet-insane,
with lighter fluid i drenched her in the paperbag;
goddamn her hideous mask i cannot exorcise the image
of her hideous face;

the lethargy of the river pregnant with waste,
like the canal when drained,
stuck with whiskey wine bottles tires the wast of
a generation;

i walked the wall and talked to a negro fisherman
in the dusk brown graylight and wonder about men
made to use a dirty river;

i followed the creek back up into the clandestine
envelopment of the trees, but paranoid dared not
masturbate, going home stole stones for book ends
to give sharon,
who waited alone me to return afraid and reminded;
death-plague,
i wanted pussy from a stranger,
wanted to fuck, forget, nepenthe

from the hill ledge of the foundation empty
awaiting construction i saw the esthetic pale pyre
illuminating umber background and river and self
affected by my knowledge of drama and nausea of
reality.

:FLOYD L. DAVIS

from page 11

to be shy.
I will keep it on my wall...away from the door
and in the morning....

The MP follows the two PRISONERS out exactly as before unlocks the cell door, inserts the CENTERMAN into the group and waits at stage left.

2ND FRONTMAN
Gutt Morgen, Herr wachtmeister!
MP Shut up!

The PRISONERS complete a turn of the circle.

2ND FRONTMAN
Gutt Morg.....
MP (Slaps him.) I said shut up you little kraut!

The CENTERMAN times the 2ND FRONTMAN's bows and gauges his distance from the flower.
The CENTERMAN lifts his hand tentatively between bows of the 2ND FRONTMAN.
The CENTERMAN reaches for the flower.

MP 4-3-2 STRAIGHT AHEAD! THIS IS THE LAST TIME!

The CENTERMAN drops his hand and stares at the 2ND FRONTMAN's back.
The BACKMAN instantly shoots out his hand and plucks the flower. He stops, puts it to his nose, inhales deeply and smiles.
The 2ND FRONTMAN and the CENTERMAN turn and stare at him.
The MP pulls out his club, rushes behind them and strikes the BACKMAN on the neck from behind.
The BACKMAN collapses.
The MP strikes him twice more over the head.

MP (To 2ND FRONTMAN) PICK HIM UP!

The 2ND FRONTMAN is unable to set the BACKMAN on his feet.

MP 4-3-2 IN! (He unlocks the cell and shoves the stunned CENTERMAN inside.) MOVE! (To the 2ND FRONTMAN.) DRAG HIM. OUT! MOVE! (He follows the 2ND FRONTMAN off.)

The CENTERMAN walks aimlessly around the cell space as though he were still in the circle.

CENTERMAN
Gutt Morgen, Herr Wachmeister. Herr 4-3-2. ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO. (He begins to laugh.)
EINS-ZWEI, Herr 4-3-2.....

The CENTERMAN's laughter becomes more hysterical and builds to a scream. He falls to his knees in the center of the cell.
The DRUMMER executes a right-face to the AUDIENCE and sounds a final roll. He about-faces crisply and marches off stage. ##

The Text In ISSUE:

- John Carr continues his razor sharp dissection of Southern Politics in Part Two of POLITICS OF THE BOZART: THE BARNETT CHARISMA.
- BLACK POWER : FREEDOM NOW a special section including One Minute to Zero by Robert Williams, Causes Without Rebellions by Truman Nelson and Black Power: Help or Hindrance? by Charles Denby.
- Peter Blum reports on the N.Y. Film Festival

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