DREAM
SEEN...

--LYING IN SADNESS

FOREIGNER TELLS ALL!!

PRIDE! GREED! SEX!

THE WEEKLY
AMERICAN MIRROR

April 13, 1969
Vol. 55, No. 25

EXTRA

As an exchange student from Canada I am shocked by those basic virtues: pride, greed, and sex. 

Having seen the world of the outside world, we are appalled by the concept of public relations, its techniques, its basic principles, and how they differ from those in the United States. 

The concept of public relations is a very useful tool in the hands of a skilled practitioner. 

But when it is abused, it can become a powerful weapon for manipulation and control. 

In Vietnam, public relations have been used to create a false image of progress and success, while the reality is quite different. 

The American government has used public relations to justify its actions and to influence public opinion. 

But this is not enough. We must also question the motives behind these actions. 

Is it to protect American interests, or is it to manipulate the minds of the people? 

We must be aware of the power of public relations and its potential for good or ill. 

So let us work together to create a world where public relations is used for the greater good, not just for the benefit of a few.
Exercise to keep warm

It can get very cold in Houston in December, and the palm trees just stand there and shudder as if they didn't know what hit them.

I went out into it the other night—the cold, I mean—and walked down to the park, where I found the tennis court empty and all lit up like a movie set.

I looked in it, including me (making shadows).

It was, strangely, except that it doesn't have a top, but you can supply that yourself.

The net divides it into two halves, and each half has a pole in it to support it, but it's broad enough so that the whole thing is symmetrical.

I spent about thirty minutes, I guess, pacing it out and diagonal, to observe, if it would make the significance of each corner.

I swept for one, which I left unexplored, and deduced from the other three.

At nine o'clock the guard came and turned off the lights.

I didn't care all right, because I was through with them, and quite happy with myself.

I went home.

Gordon Beadon
"Blow-Up": photographic jousting with a multiple reality

Gordon Brandon

Each of us is ensconced in an armour which we soon, out of familiarity, so longer notice. There are only moments which challenge us to recall the soul's sensibility. And when such a moment has occurred, we stop, we take notice and ask ourselves, "Has any thing particular taken place? Was it not of the kind that a poet might be expected to relate? Can we perhaps allow to ourselves, "Nothing particular happened?"

The "Photography" magazine review of "Blow-Up" ended, with what was probably accidental insight, of a detailed description of the camera used by the protagonist. The review, in a very considerable sense, a film ABOUT imaginative reality that is exactly as true to nature as a model of a humming bird.

What is extraordinary and deceptive about this particular mode of imaginative existence is that it looks exactly like the physical universe. On the surface, the two are indistinguishable. In truth, of course, you enlarge the film. When the unasked, every fraction of the physical world is completely and exclusively significant. To the redeemed mind, things exist in an organic hierarchy that guarantees the worth of such gradation. In both cases, the physical and perceived worlds are equivalent, and the universe is reconstructable, as one might be clear in his brain and allows it to sort out what he has seen and was aware of in the picture before him.

Sexuality is a principle of life, and challenges us with a proposition towards death, which affords the seductive promise of being an even more enjoyable experience, because sexuality entails a subliminal death. Sexuality is an act which is illusory, earlier films, and comes out into the open only fleetingly at the end of "Red Desert."

Assertion of Reality

Death appears pantherenously and everywhere, since most of us are incapable of assimilating it actively. Anna, in "L'Avventura," may have been "blowing up" a photographer's sensibility sufficiently to "get away" from her lover and "be alone," but we do not know for more. Her disappearance is functionally equivalent to death, but without the climactic reality of it. In the wings of "La Notte," a man is dying of cancer. The character ultimately is like what we think of as the thing the face beamed and so Antonio keeps it away from center.

The idea of "Blow-Up" is a murder, and not simply death. If anything shall assert the existence of good and evil, it shall be such an event. Unlike the photographer, who exists for the fleck's Brownian movement, into a photographic register. He is technology's mode of machine, the things of which are obeyed by the outward radiation, in its own unconscious state. All—or almost all—is immanent, and impossible to serve the nutrition of his eminence and despair.

A generation's remove from the thin-skinned aristocracy of "La Avventura." The world is no stimulus to them: at best it is a cushion, a buffer between himself and something else. Unlike the photographer, who exists for the sake of its own energy, they slide around, in various postures of submission and hysteria, in the stable equilibrium of resignation. Periodically, one of them breaks into a bit of faintly self-dramatic sentiment alone or in the way they used to make buildings. But not very often. History has been hard on them, and they are tired.

History as Destroyer

We can say on their behalf at least this: that their inherited psychic structure is large enough in conception to contain the yieldings, at the end, an image of ruins and empty space. Their history is their destroyer, but it is history; and in our sense of history, the essentials is contained in a single, self-agitating process.

It is the essence of Europe to have a history; it is the essence of America not to perhaps, but certainly, it is this to what Eric Hoffer means "the most sacred and serious thing in history. That is not a value judgment, but a fact. Everything is only a question of degree: that is segment of the modern world whose historical mental is either non-existent, or, as William Carlos Williams would have it, an eternally absent giant, immortal, unworldly, and seldom seen.

Antonioni's L'Avventura is not an American city—its poor-blue landscape (and this, though it may be mistaken, seems to be a feature of film-making)—is a synthesis of flesh and black, the alchemy of which is: the sky has the distinctive astral smell of continental existentialism—but, as any tradition will tell you, it could not have existed without something else: that sense of America, not so surprisingly, will be made in the United States.

Inform Sensibility

History offers a comfortable chair in which we can, if we choose, sit and rot in peace. The anti-history of the photographe, who exists in the present moment for a constant activity, a continual manifestation of energy that is partly, if not entirely, generically legerdehier must go like so much dust. He happens to be a character—classic style creature—the photographer—who can survive in it without thinking of the problem at hand. He is the first radically new exhibit (in a sense) of the artist (as he anticipates himself in the modern photography.

Photography, including film-making, as a product of the technological age, is, in comparison with other art forms, notably young; correspondingly, it has never acquired the definition of a classical period —it has no history—which fact may in part explain why film critics is not really of much use to us. The hero of "La Avventura" is a non-protesting architect, the hero of "La Notte" is a non-protesting novelist, both of them in fields with long and considerable traditions. The hero of "Blow-Up" is, in comparison, com- pletely young, and a practiced photographer.

Homocentric Duality

There are two assertions that need to be made here about photography as an art form. One concerns the status of its subject matter. Sensory data (in particular the film modes of sight and hearing), organized by the mind, yields an appearance or surface. It is with this surface that the camera deals directly, covering and demanding only as a part of the depths which is implicit in the surfaces. Or rather, if there are any "depths," the camera has no terms for them. But then, arguably, sensory data are exactly and completely unknown of the universe—except for a revelation that is literally divine. This operates as a sort of epidemiological ground rule.

Secondly, there is an objective physical universe which exists independently of our sense perceptions; and for certain vital purposes the terms of this statement must not be granted. If they are, the value of the model universe—its existence—an a priori assumption for the activity of photography is largely a question of courtesy.

"Homocentric dualism" is a dualistic dual of the physical world is the perceived world, which by an artistic act becomes the imaginative world, and in particular the photographeled. Insomuch as he is an artist, the photographer's perception is not a reflex but an act, and creation of an theorist put it, from a peach pit. It is when the sense of significance is lost and the two worlds interlace, if at all, in a finite number of points, that the mind clings in half-formed desperation to those segments of experience which seem somehow more important or pertinent just because than their surroundings. The search is for a complete fact, and the only ultimate validity will automatically link surface and depth and reveal the all. And it is a search that, as long as it remains in these terms, leads eventually to the commonplace mix of sexual terror and death.

The idea of an experience that will do it for you is a correlate of psychic weakness, and the search fights a living battle with everthing. The state is one in the last stages of which we find the characters of Antonioni's earlier films.

Death of Love

The characters in "L'Avventura" conduct their affairs in an almost reassuring manner, and talk about love as if it actually existed. But there is in the air a morbidly self-conscious smell that be comes explicit and even more paralyzing at the close of "La Notte," where impulsion follows a profession of sexual love. "L'Eclisse" simply begins with a dead love affair. By "Red Desert," the word "love" is used severely at all, and then primarily in the phrase "love-making."

"Blow-Up" is the word occurs, by my count, twice: both times as the standard lower class vocative, conveying only slightly more emotional intent and in the case where the word is used, not the climactic salutation.

The photographer's next life is a new sort of thing, both in its extent and the depth from which it comes. It is not simply lack emotional content, but rather has no place for such a quality, or a very small adolescent-onanis tic corner's wear. In the primary dimension of the photographer's consciousness, his sexual activity is straight
Playboy to the Batcave

John A. Ward

"We linger in manhood to tell the dreams of our childhood." — Thoreau

The rise in the age of revival. We're increasingly looking past old photographs to find the young. For instance, "Batman," a small-time challenger to the Duck, proudly wears his mask and cape and his gold-tinted suit, and his flowing cape billows around him. The silhouette of Batgirl is captured on the cover, with her long black hair flowing behind her. Her costume is made of shimmering fabric, giving it a glamorous and sophisticated look. The layout is designed to draw attention to the main character, Batman, who is the focus of the story.

Wayne's dream is a single gesture in the old world of the underworld, where the toys shine bright, and the carpeting, the luxurious atmosphere of old money, the hinted promise of grand indulgence verified in every gesture of philanthropy — then all dissolve into Bruce Wayne's own dream.

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Involuntary Morality Play

So far, easy enough. But what are the ominous shadow of Bruce Wayne's mission, the ominous shadow of Bruce Wayne's mission, the ominous shadow of Bruce Wayne's mission. These are the ominous shadow of Bruce Wayne's mission, the ominous shadow of Bruce Wayne's mission.
The dream of the good life is that of an imaginable utopia founded on limitless erasure comfort, but not be measured by them.

Perhaps the greatest dreamers of all are the old Puritans, Founding Fathers in more ways than one, who believed they accumulated stock in heaven when they avoided their neighbors in a business deal. To be wealthy is to be saved; to be poor is to be damned. God helped those people help themselves. Sex gets into the picture in solitude and curious ways, as the Marquis de Sade, Denis de Rougemont, and others have taught us.

Time Reaptured
Let me just say a word about a rather recent Puritan singer called Nay Macy, a playboy of truly fabulous proportions. Gatsby had enormous wealth, gave great parties, and loved a girl named Daisy. The logic of his dream went something like this: If you are rich enough and imaginative enough, you can roll back the calendar, detach Daisy from her husband, be young forever, and make the future what the past should have been. Obviously the dream was plausible and, for the simple reason that it has a price tag on it.

The American Dream unfortunately induces the American Knight's desire to have shady origins, and he ended up as a corpse floating in his own swimming pool. The foundation of heaven is hell. The Puritans were to provide the archetype. More than one solid citizen of the Massachusetts Bay Colony went tumbling into the lair of the soul. If the King's dream was in your bank account, the Kingdom of Satan was within your reach. Those brave, wayward playboys peering the American Dream with money, with youth, with sex—ritually descends to the realization of the original corruption—If not that, his apostatical self. This is not to say that the good life is as easy and pointless as Money on a Rent-48

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One Madison East, this is the man in the street's idea of heaven. The American Dream, I believe, reveals the aboriginal self. This is not to say that the good life is as easy and pointless as Money on a Rent-48
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**The Thresher Review, April 18, 1968—Page 6**

When they eventually arrived—
And Der Fuehrer—the clown right out of the Katzenjammer Kids?

Ephemeral Bunnies

The trick of the magazine and the movie maker is to identify the transient provincial style with the real, and hence to equate all else with the out-of-date—i.e. the bed, the silly, the non-existent. "Playboy" is not merely miscalculating a completely unique experience. The only disaster the "Playboy" editors seem capable of imagining is for those who do not convert, or, by implication, for the old, the ugly, and the poor.

Since "Playboy" gives its blessing to the chic styles of modern America, it inevitably perpetuates the familiar American tendency to reduce the malign to the gauche. The villain is again the fool—Penguin or Joker. Those who grew up during World War II were led to think of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito as silly buffoons designed to take their placefa in all the other comets in Looney Tunes. The identification was easy to make, for it all depended on style: the clubbed-down hair, the toothbrush mustache, and the goon step did not correspond with our notion of the snave, the stylish, the in. How was the twelve year old to tie together the Auschwitz atrocity films and the movie maker is to equate all else with the out-of-date—i.e. the bed, the silly, the non-existent. "Playboy" when the nostalgic researchers of the future uncover it in the library stacks. The Playboy of 1968 will be as dated as the Gibson Girl. Hefner's shrill oliter-dicta notwithstanding, "natural" sex is hard to come by in the mass media.

Our visual definition of what is sexy changes, just as our notions of style in cars and homes. Twenty years from now the fold-out-undies will appear neither sexy nor daring, but old. Ickling of the Plastic Age, and—crestfallen of all—4-in-y. "Playboy" sado-ratons will go out of style: who would wear a suit like that? she's got a nice body, but the pose! that bitch! those props! why doesn't she act natural?

Mass-Produced Unreality

Hefner has hitched his wagon not to Eros or the eternal female—but to the most ephemeral products of our culture. The excessive self-consciousness of the prose and the photograph is itself very likely to give "Playboy" its period flavor. In addition, there is the more narrowness of the magazine—its implicit definition of woman. The Playmate or Bunny is less woman than object, erotically aesthetic rather than aesthetically erotic. Sexuality inadecately strict is strictly a unilateral occupation for the "Playboy" consumer, for he is inexorably the voyeur, the liberated peeping tom. The girls are part of the decor, along with the blazers and Jaguars, tastefully arranged in the trophy room of Wayne Manor.

Nothing in the magazine upsets the impression that the girls are other than consumer goods. And, as I have suggested, they, like everything in the magazine, partake of the atmosphere of the plastic dream world. One imagines the crt producers and executive ritas and busies aspiring to the condition of life-sized Barbie Dolls, in which case the silicone-injected monstrosities waiting tables along 'North Avenue and Hollywood are the mass producers of unreality. Let it just be said that the artists of the Month in Miss Clairol with her shirt off.

"Playboy" magazine operates in the basement of Hearst and Johnson's—the un-Playboy club. The magazine gives us Dr. Pycynus, but Disneyland; flesh by Mattel, tins by Rockstein Palmer, milk by MUSAR.
The American image abroad—

(Continued from p. 1)

place for rigorous critical analysis, the same has to be found sooner or later by everyone who works for international understanding and goodwill.

Pride is an essential characteristic of an ambitious and successful personality, and a proper awareness of one's abilities demands respect anywhere. American and European norms differ, however, over treatment of those who ridiculously affirm their own merit. "If you don't believe you are good enough for the job, why should anyone else do so," an American friend once advised me.

But in England such an approach in applying for a place at a university or in employment would ensure your refusal. Instead of the self-analysis advocated by American counterparts, analysis of past achievements and references from third parties are considered more objective and hence more reliable.

Perhaps the pace of life in America makes it no longer possible for people to take the time to assess one another on actions and dispositions. Here it seems to me that image-consciousness and boastful self-assertion are considered as a short-cut to communicating one's personality; conversely, one expects it of those with whom one is dealing.

American Vinhibility

In England, on the other hand, the person who advertises himself is immediately suspect, and his claims arouse resentment rather than admiration. If his merits are real enough, they will emerge all in good time, and just as certainly his shortcomings too; then woe betide him if the reality falls short of his claims. Modesty and understatement, according to command respect.

In the international sphere, likewise, the often repeated assertion that the American way of life is BEST and that the United States IS INVINCIBLE, whether true or not, serves only to offend the self-respect of every other nation and arouse the indignation of those whose value-systems do not commend such aggressive self-confidence.

Pride is a social virtue in the successful American, getsit is a social necessity. The degree to which everyone is oriented toward earning more, and yet more money, regardless of his needs, is quite startling to most Europeans, and until Professor Galbraith arrived on the scene, poorly understood.

Valueless Effort

In countries with a rich historical and cultural background, inherited wealth and status, and lack of it, carry far more weight than individual effort and enterprise, and security and conformity are preferred to the uncertainties of change and the ever-changing oneself-philosophy of the American business community. The commercial sector in Britain has always had an inferior status to the civil service, and in consequence the latter had until recently a virtual monopoly of university-educated talent, while business has had to rely largely on high-school graduates for recruitment.

In contrast to the USA, therefore, allegations of corruption and exploitation, where they occur, are more frequently leveled at the private than at the public sector.

In many people's minds, "competitiveness" is a dirty word, suggesting men of doubtful morality and no social conscience who are "in it for the money" rather than to do a good job; men who, by outing the respected skilled craftsman and friendly small shopkeeper and replacing them with soul-destroying machines and pre-packaged super-markets, put quality before quality; men who cater to the lowest common denominator of taste, and who

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Boring? Spend a few minutes with the technician planning vital microwave routes for defense installa-
tions.

Or question a sales representative who's just completed work on a nationwide data communications network.

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Southwestern Bell

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San Antonio, Texas

the threshcr review, april 18, 1968—page 7
bring in their wake that fiercely resisted twentieth-century phenomenon, mass-media advertising, with its less-than-honest claims, its appeal to selfish, materialistic desires, and advertising, with its less-than-honest claims, its appeal to selfish, materialistic desires, and its aggressive self-assertion—by "Americanisation."

Fish, materialistic desires, and advertising, with its less-than-honest claims, its appeal to selfish, materialistic desires, and its aggressive self-assertion—by "Americanisation."

Whilst many Americans may feel the same resentment toward advertising, they profoundly accept it as a necessary evil to do business. But to those of us who do not accept the desirability of the end, the means becomes all the more objectionable. Not only is the business community exulted by greed, but it is trying to brainwash the rest of us into the same way of thinking.

Mass-media advertising and a large part of the consumer market depend heavily on the business community's ability to exploit sex profitably, which is seen to lead to or encourage a significant distortion in personal relationships, through the attention given to sexual success and one's personal attractiveness.

Essential elements of the American image, accordingly, are "Playboy" magazine and the Hefner syndrome, dating rituals, the high divorce rate, the "lovin'-to-get-catchin'-and-winfriends" obsession and the preocupation with sexual psychology and homosexuality. In no European country has "Playboy" become accepted family reading. The way it has in the United States, nor has the Hefner philosophy of sexual enjoyment without commitment, though widely published, gained much acceptance. It is seen instead as the expression of a sick and decadent society with more money than is good for it, dominated and corrupted by its commercial interests.

Functional Dating

It is significant that the term "date" does not exist in British English or in other European languages as anything other than a day on the calendar. One can be good to, and enjoy a social occasion, and if one does not whistle in the chapel.

So I don't whistle in the chapel. From this distinct beginning he went on to write another 40 million poems, an achievement all the more remarkable when you consider that he was only five feet tall! I mention this fact only to show that physical problems never keep the true poet from creating. Byron, for example, was lame. Shelley suffered from prickly heat all winter long. Nonetheless, these three giants of literature never stopped writing poetry for one day. Nor did they neglect their personal lives. Byron, a devil with the ladies, was expellee from Oxford for doping Napoleon's sister in bed. (This latter is known as Guy Fawkes Day.) He left England to fight in the Greek war of independence. He fought bravely and died a hero, but women were never far from his mind, as evident by these lines:

"How splendid it is to fight for the Greek, But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek."  

Byron succeeded in Greece, Shelley stayed in England, where he became more successful to the Duke of Gloucester. Shelley was happy in his work, as we know from his classic poem, Heart of a London Street, but no matter how hard he tried he was never able to get a proper edge on the Duke's rich man and he was soon banished to Coventry. (This later became known as The Industrial Revolution.)

One wonders where Shelley's life—and the course of English literature—would have headed if PerUna Super Stainless Steel Blades had been invented 200 years earlier. PerUna is a blade that needs no stropping, honing or whetting. It's sharp when you get it, and sharp it stays until you throw away your knife. Here truly is a blade fit for a Duke or a freshman. Moreover, this PerUna, the jewel of the blade makers, too, this boon to the cheek and bounty to the dowry, comes to you both in double-edge style and Insect Style. Get some now before "Being Kind To Your Kisser Week."  

But in Byron, Shelley, a boy was born, in Greece and Shelter In England. Meanwhile Keats went to Rome to try to stay. Who does not remember his wistful lyric:

Hail to thee, blithe strop,
But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek.

Mary Shelley finally got so tired of being bitten that she went into another room and wrote Frankenstein. Unloading the manuscript Shelley and Byron got so scared they immediately booked passage home to England. Keats tried to go too, but he was so small that the clerk at the steamship office couldn't see him over the top of thestack. So Keats stayed in Rome and died in obscurity.

Keats and Shelley died a lot and then together composed this immortal epitaph:

"O death, thou might have been short, But he was a great American and he died a hero of sport."

Mary Shelley was only interested in love to stay home with the missus and write, for all the lively campus discussions and not a few stabbings. But I digress. Byron, I say, was in Greece and Shelley in England. As a result, let us hope, the loud-voiced, big-spending American tourist may even be considerable to stop running around for a moment and listen receptive to the criticisms of his foreign neighbors; it might just happen he is good for it, dominated and corrupted by its commercial interests. Through its unhealthy emphasis on individual sexual enjoyment and social success without regard to others, the "sexual liberation" on which Americans pride themselves is equated not with greater happiness but with a grave impoverishment of human relations.

Knowledge is Power

An analysis of the American way of life in terms of pride, greed and sex, for all the insignificant protests of "gross exaggeration" which it might prove, is no less valid as a description of the American image abroad.

National images are invariably caricatures—not all Englishmen are stiff-necked, bowler-hatted advocates of nation-alization—but it is satisfactory to be made aware now and then of those facets of one's national character which are visible to the outside world. As a result, let us hope, the loud-voiced, big-spending American tourist may even be contrived to stop running around for a moment and listen receptive to the criticisms of his foreign neighbors; it might just happen he is good for it, dominated and corrupted by its commercial interests. Through its unhealthy emphasis on individual sexual enjoyment and social success without regard to others, the "sexual liberation" on which Americans pride themselves is equated not with greater happiness but with a grave impoverishment of human relations.

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Knowledge is Power

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National images are invariably caricatures—not all Englishmen are stiff-necked, bowler-hatted advocates of nation-alization—but it is satisfactory to be made aware now and then of those facets of one's national character which are visible to the outside world. As a result, let us hope, the loud-voiced, big-spending American tourist may even be contrived to stop running around for a moment and listen receptive to the criticisms of his foreign neighbors; it might just happen he is good for it, dominated and corrupted by its commercial interests. Through its unhealthy emphasis on individual sexual enjoyment and social success without regard to others, the "sexual liberation" on which Americans pride themselves is equated not with greater happiness but with a grave impoverishment of human relations.
The Thresher Review

The Thresher Review is a compendium of essays, poetry, and graphics published sporadically by the Rice Thresher.

This year's edition, because of the common interest of several contributors, reflects a search for perspectives on contemporary American realities. All contributions are gratefully acknowledged.

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Credits
Richard Sawyer - cover, three, twelve (top); Ken Strauss - pages two (top), three, four; Mike Diehl - pages two (bottom), twelve (bottom).

Epitaph
at some time
I became a satyr
then lost my interest in gods
and the science of song
I spawned satyrs and near satyrs, and
now my singing is gone forever... yet
if you fed him still a satyr
will sing and dance for you

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Night-speak

the night whispers hourly of its knowledge
in a tenor pitched too high or low
or possibly too strained by silence,
and in the scratch of a fractured voice,
like the desperate stutter of staccato,
brings the grace to be a more than part
of the fireburn glowing in the well,
so mottled between the liquid legs
and lie eternal within the secret,
dissolving like minutes of an age without years
into the whole tender fact of the moment
called forth alike from woman and the grave
to play a pageant and utter a line
as child, as man, as frayed symbol
of the touch and the feel of the pull
the latent echo whispers in pain
of release and birth and rushing-forth
in inaudible an infinite organ,
breathing a new and ever-old response
to the ancient and absurd belief
that passion dies in tragedy
and tragedy lives in death,
bearing in commitment to the all-holy
and too profound rejection or decay
a surge beyond forgetting into life,
a day beyond remembrance into night
Patrick McLeod

In conscious imitation of William Carlos Williams
If you will remember
the head samurai
in Kurosawa's film:
how, when surprised
or shocked or
in thought or in any way
challenged to a reaction beyond
his immediate complacency—
the way his
hand would reach consolingly back
to smooth down
his mossy inert hair.
Gordon Braden

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Because you do not want to know.

A final word: only about one of the many justifications for war, namely, that it brings stability to Asia. Do we need stability elsewhere to be able to have economic progress at home? Stability in Asia means that some governments are too safe, too risk-afraid of our actions that they are inclined to do what we want them to do. Or does anyone believe that the Thais really like our airplanes bearing from the United States to the continents, or that they choose our can reopen without any American intervention. The fundamental problem in Asia is the Russia-China relationship. And that we cannot even hold alliances of our power. (We were once the world's most powerful. It is much more humiliating than a broken decision of withdrawal, or even one.)

There is no right to disrupt society, we remain responsible for the course of the country whether we agree or disagree.

We are not a complete refuge from reality. I am responsible for my fellow citizens even if I am convinced he is wrong and dangerous.

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Four war poems

John Brinton

The trick (1914-18)

Nothing quite so tragic as when times change and men
are shot. Perhaps they were right
who said that love must come
who can avoid a conclusion
if five change and men
nothing quite so tragic
when everyone wants a light
but what a change.

We shot last year of gentlemen
Who's delicious is finally
lighting up with his mortars.

All learned too well
for it to be the glorious extension
of a nineteenth-century idea.

But war whose real blood cheapened
cold spades, pointed helmets,
swagger sticks; amenities
ruined with the persons this
indemned.

With what light as
vain they said
There is trouble in the Balkans.
The lights are burning late
in the chancellories of Europe.
and now, there's no more Balkans
and chancellors do sleep
beneath the candlelight in chancel.

That is not where soldiers sleep.

But we have learned from that,
we learned

That tragedy from the Greeks to us
is all the same.
It is when
the trick that worked before
fails to work again.

The American pastime
(1941-45)

Not back on base, you bum; yelling
Grandpa
from the stands. People turned and
smiled, but not the runner. He

was and I have orders he must carry
out or cease to be a player in the
game. In consequence of which
his lead thins. He throws profes-
sional
shrewd, waxes his arms, knees his
dirt, and with
both courts suddentribution. The pitch,
and of the small world, eyes his
disturb
left shoulder-wise and, like
deeper scheme, weaves his plan
from the victim's instruction and does
Having reckoned on the runner's
trend to be, from first to second,
leaks back at the batter, establish-
ing
that relation and then, for effect
turns
with slow hand cold gait
towards first, his eyes like those
in dreams without faces—all this
ever home plate and three bases. He
starts
his motion, the runner takes a step
when suddenly the pitcher wheels
and throws towards first, the runner
thunderstruck
since but finds face downward in the
dirt
a fatal shortness in his arm, caught
off base by the smoothest move in
baseball.

Grandpa lost his son in France
in nineteen forty-four.
In the van
of an attack that failed he
found himself alone behind
lines of the enemy. Owing
the instinct to recover his lost
precinct of reality and retrieve the
thread
of logic, he received a Musar rifle
Bullet
in the arch of his left eyebrow, ending
his brief career in baseball. In view
of the apparent staying power at
bunkers
and
Huns and God, the various shapes
they take and the sudden appearances
they make—stayed, in light
of the above and of the bigger base
that we would all be teaching, we
should define our games with better
grace.

A record of
the contents (1950-53)

Jack at eighteen caught in the draft.
Taken before belief could say.

Object to perceived the sudden void
Summed on a metal tag.

Jack at nineteen shot in the head.
"The soldier dies a clear flame.

Brave to be living, to be dead brave
The cannister's stenciled name.

Jack at twenty, a year gone.
Blazing beneath the marker's slate,

That blossom in erupting flesh,
That last one jump
That blossom in erupting flesh,
The last humanity from a human face.

A record of
the contents (1950-53)

Sing of bodies changed to various
forms
by country men and the surge of
small arms.
In the pattern of the killed and
his surge.

Severed limbs no surgeon cut or clip-

A poem requires
four lines and a title

"THE IDEA OF RHYTHM"

Kicking and swaying the white
blossoms of ideas
and the rain in response to the unseen
wind's twist.

"THOUGHT LOST"

By his rising I knew
there had been a flock of pigeons
before me on the grass
just now.

"AFTER THE RAIN"

I walk on the wet grass and find the air
cool; unaware
I step on a snail and crush it.

Gordon Barden

The new metamorphoses
(1964-69)

By shotgun, grooved bayonet, by
dragging

A trick of blood oozing from the ear.
The most hard that falls, the sneer
Of dished blood around the null lines
dragging

The body in the joke, the quiet

I've seen the impartial burns that erase
Each casts its disarranging spell.

By shotgun, grooved bayonet, by
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