

AUTUMN, 1967

75c

AMERICAN DIALOG

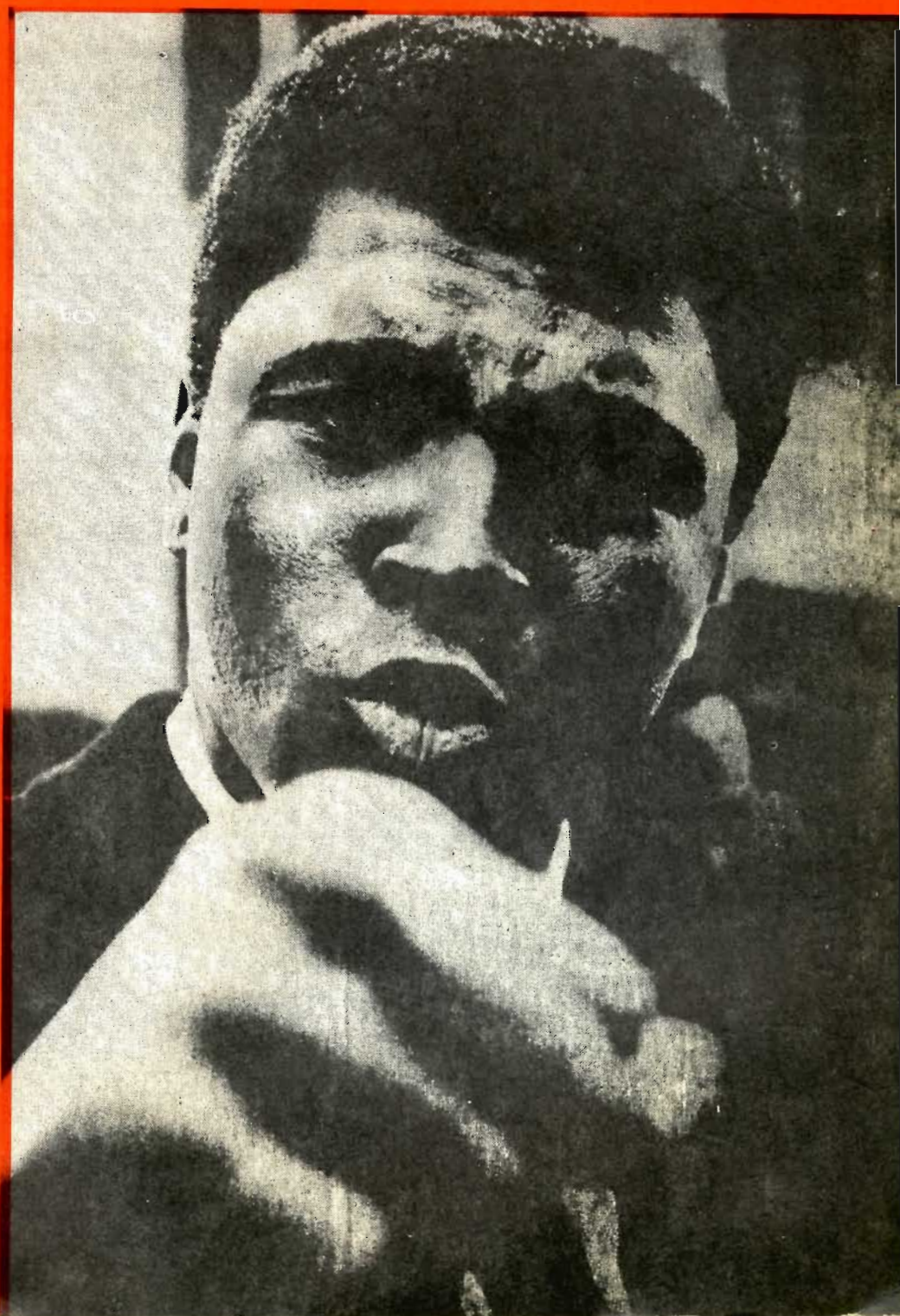
**JEW AND ARAB:
I LOVE THEM BOTH**
PETE SEEGER

**USSR: I SAW
THE NEW MAN**
JOSEPH NORTH

**McLUHAN:
GENIUS OR FAKIR**
SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

**MY FRIENDS,
THE HIPPIES**
CARL BLOICE

**SUCCESS STORY
(IN A WAY)**
AN EDITORIAL



the army. Arabs often are restricted to what is known as "black work," that is, construction jobs and other unskilled labor. They are allowed to vote but are not allowed to form their own political parties unless approved by the government.

The big new Hilton Hotel in Tel-Aviv, Achmed said, was built right on the site of the largest Moslem graveyard. Achmed had a job driving a bulldozer and protested when he found himself plowing up skulls and bones. But no attention was paid. He quit his job. In Tel-Aviv some 40,000 Arabs work but most of them take buses back to their village on weekends because it is so difficult for them to get housing back in the city. Some live in filthy shacks such as the United States depression "Hooverilles." The most damning indictment of all: hundreds of Arabs, perhaps more, have actually changed their name from an Arab sounding name to a Jewish sounding name, in order to avoid discrimination.

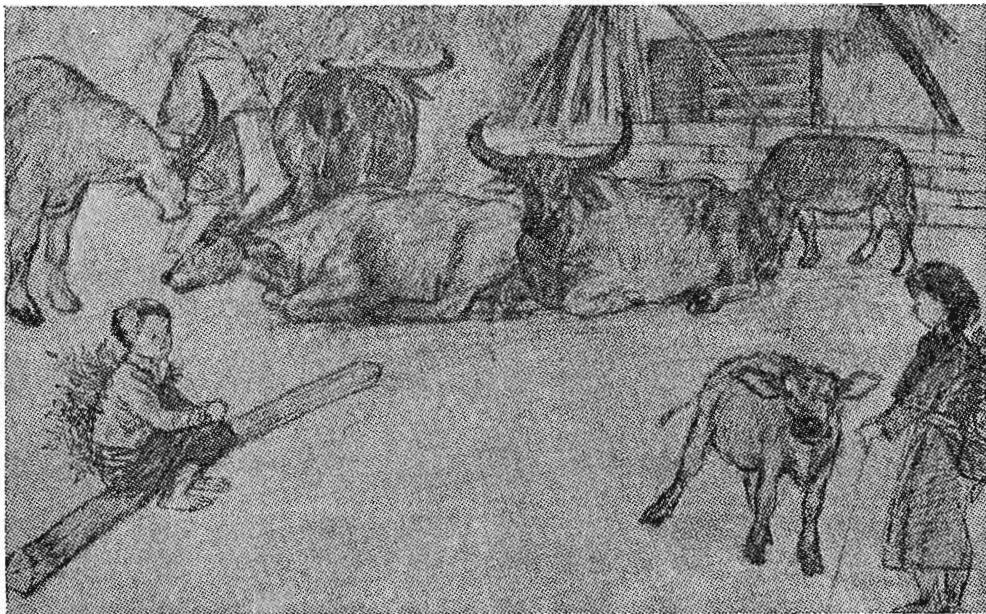
In some ways things have improved. Outright military control of the Arab population has been eased up in recent years. I don't believe that it is any longer necessary to carry passports wherever they go. However, we drove out to a small village in what is known as "the triangle," an area of Arab villages near the Jordan border. On a hillside was a picturesque cluster of square, stone buildings. Not a tree in sight. The roads were unpaved and

in this particular town, at least, there was no electricity. The children were carrying buckets of water on their heads because the town pump was on the blink. Children and women wore the most brilliantly colored costumes I have ever seen, outside of Africa. Men dressed more conservatively, in browns and greys and blacks. The women's dresses had long skirts in the traditional fashion but the men wore western clothes except that they would have a white cloth over their head and a black headband.

We drove on. In another village was a big new concrete water tower, put up, I was told, by the municipality. Here I had a long interview with a smiling sharp-eyed man who was considered a dangerous Arab nationalist by the Israeli government. He was a school-teacher but is now under house-arrest and is now only allowed to run a small store in his village to keep body and soul together.

"You see, there are not only refugees outside Israel but there are Arab refugees inside Israel. Land is still being taken away from us. Whole villages have been closed down and Arabs have had to move to other villages and have had to go to the city to try to get work. I am not allowed to protest against it because my organization, Al Ard, meaning 'The Earth' is outlawed. I am not allowed

(Please turn to page 34)



A Co-op's Herd of Buffaloes

Hanoi

I CROSSED THE LINE OF DEMARCATION

Than Hai

I crossed the line of demarcation
last night, trying to find him in the North,
We have been thinking of each other for so long—
and I walked fast, very fast.
I walked in the rice field,
in the green rice field.
I tramped the streets of the city:
—There, over there, isn't that he?

—My beloved, stop,
It is I, it is I, stop!

You stopped; you saw me,
You recognized me from afar,
Among a hundred thousand girls,
And, clasped in your arms,
I wept. Five years had gone by.
You pressed me against you.
There were so many things to say:

The news of the rice field
Of the town and the hamlet
All the bitter years . . .
How does one speak of the suffering?

You caress the curve of my arm
Where you just rested your head.
And suddenly you are horrified:
“Your arm—this long scar—what is it?
Who inflicted this wound?”

—“For five years I've been waiting for you.
I couldn't forget you while you were facing the
enemy.

I was faithful, my dear, I would not marry.”

Because I could not forget you
The enemy hounded me,
Because I couldn't forget you
The enemy arrested me.

The killers gave me this wound.
They gashed my arm,
This arm in whose crook
you rest your head. . . .

I am choked up, I can't talk,
I weep because that's all I know how to do;
As you press me in your arms,
On your breast where anger burns . . .

The rooster has just crowed,
I suddenly awake
And tremble at my dream,
in the grief of remembrance.

In the South, oh my beloved,
do you know it—I am torn with pain?
At night, trying to find you again,
Often and often my heart passes the line of
demarcation.

HANOI 1966

Te Hanh

The streets of Hanoi are cleared of people
The lights of Hanoi are dimmed

Hanoi takes off to the countryside
Hanoi goes up to the front lines

Hanoi dresses in green, in dark brown,
Hanoi carries a gun at its shoulder.

Hanoi keeps its loving heart,
Its firm step and its charming smile.

Hanoi rises high in the air
On the wings of its protective angels.

Hanoi watches over the flowing river
The red river of two thousand years.

Hanoi is everywhere in the universe
The conscience of the epoch.

Hanoi beats in every bosom
like an ardent heart.

At the cries of Hanoi bombarded,
All Quang Binh boils with anger.

A gun explodes in Hanoi
And all Saigon trembles.

Ah! the image of Uncle Ho
In the mirror of the Lake of the Sword!

Hanoi is our eternal capital
Hanoi is forever Hanoi.

Translated by Nan Braymer

WHEN DU PONT WAS HERE

Margaret Randall

Havana

at the level of arches, columns,
framed in mahogany, pieces of sky
a gull floats
moves his wide wings towards poets
we
are sitting with cut glass, the colors
of sea
these blues and greens invade, belong
to us
as once belonged to dupont or
(as i prefer to think)
never belonged but built by him
preparing for a change of colors he refused
could not have held in hand
or eye.
dupont built this fortress
of a house
a wide gull floats beside the cupola
dupont prepared the gold course
where egrets and wild hens nest
and poets walk. we sit, it is
different now

dupont was mason, paid the help, drank
daiquiris but
the gull turned, the change came

brute
and sure
dupont fled this peninsula and died
and poets sit, keep company
with this gull
stayed with revolution on his wing,
and the operation of wars. In the Vietnam war,
the eight year old profile
says
here, i will show you
and it's not even eight if you count

the invasion, cyclone in 63
having to invent, everything, subversion
and blockade.

the profile of eight years
shows articulate lips, eyes with music in them
strong teeth
settles over the island like
the words of a poem
catching up with themselves.

I WAIT FOR YOU

To the Women of South Vietnam

Te Hanh

I wait for you though I've lost track of time.
Two years, I thought, and we would be together.
And though our land today is still divided,
I wait for you with no thought of North or South.

I wait for you, not knowing if flowers have withered,
if the moon goes down, if the evening is misty
And if it's going to rain tonight.
I only know my grief and my torment.
I do not fear that my beauty will fade. I wait.

I wait without fear of the executioners,
Let them imprison me, torture me, kill me.
My love doesn't know the way to die.
I wait for you and my sorrow is my badge of pride.

I wait for you—I've lost track of time.

—
MARGARET RANDALL was in Cuba recently. She is
an editor of the bi-lingual *El Corno Emplumado*, published
in Mexico City.

PLATO'S CAVE

Karen Swenson

Blood is red. They say napalm
Snarls yellow and crimson
Through the buckram palm leaves,
But the fire is at my back.

I am watching shadows on a funneled tube,
War neat in a box, canned as concentrated juice.
The soldiers march newsprint faces through
Landscape indecisive between black and white.

Dots swarm the graph lines of the screen,
Pepper and salt clotting to grenades and rice
In a monochrome entertainment of death.

Could this ashed drama be wrenched out
To the dimension of my hand?
Listen. Someone is crying in the fire
A day behind my back.

THE TOUR

Marge Piercy

Ladies and gentlemen, stay on the concrete pathway,
please do not lean over the railings or throw rubbish
off the edge: think if everyone did!
Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to catch
your first breathtaking view of what we call
the Grand Canyon of the Orient: two thousand
feet deep
attaining a depth in places of half a mile,
called the Eighth Wonder of the Modern World!
We approach now Vista Point, from which the
entire
Liberated Sector of Free Vietnam is visible
on clear days. You may examine the crater

through telescopes. Color slides are available.
Ladies and gentlemen, the old man in the
wheelchair
is the sole surviving Vietnamese. He will be glad
to pose for pictures. His inspirational true life story
of how he was saved from Communism and found
Democracy
is on sale at the courtesy booth in the Empire
Room.
There you'll find a selection of necklaces, cufflinks,
souvenirs for folks back home from Free Vietnam.
We hope you tell the world, how we thank you
for coming.

EXAMINING CAPTURED COMMUNIST WEAPONS FROM VIETNAM AT TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

Jack Lindeman

Mostly there, odds and ends:
The terrible scavengers of Marathon.
Cannae, Agincourt, Waterloo,
Gettysburg, Flanders, Stalingrad
And the de-militarized zone in Vietnam;
The living contending with the fossils of surrender,
The scattered bones now more helpless
Than these once commanded instruments,
Which suddenly become the souvenirs
Of those proclaiming the purity of conquest.

Ten thousand miles they have come
After being boxed and greased
To preserve their metal's sinister shine.
Oh, how polished they look
On display beneath star-spangled bunting.
These are proof an enemy was there
And died; while we with our death's heads
Shaved and combed, perfectly safe
Behind the barricade of our smiles,
Nod to each other in curious procession
As we finger this trigger, that barrel
Discovering no warmth of battle remains
In instruments of peaceful persuasion.

KAREN SWENSON has appeared in American Dialog.
JACK LINDEMAN edits the magazine Whetstone.

MARGE PIERCY has appeared in many magazines.

Correspondence

LETTER FROM VIETNAM

May 30, 1967

Dear Mr. Joseph North:

When I was 12 I was already in love with the writings of Mark Twain. His Tom Sawyer accompanied me in my wanderings along the edge of the sea (I was born in South Vietnam, my home is about 200 yards from the water's edge.)

At 15, a book on the life of "Honest Abe" became my favorite.

Then I came to know and to love the great Whitman, all of whose works I read in French translations. The desire to read Whitman in his own language impelled me into the study of English. I developed an ardent wish to visit America and to speak with Americans.

Fate decreed that the first Americans that I would meet are the killers in the expeditionary corps of the United States in South Vietnam.

Twice they have wounded me; they have killed three cousins of mine, and they now occupy my birth-place.

The other Americans I have met are the prisoners of war whose numbers are rapidly growing in the camps of the FNL, South Vietnam.

I must use my English for other purposes now: to write anti-imperialist posters, to read documents taken from the enemy, to re-educate the Prisoners of War.

Still, I am not disillusioned. The flames enveloping Morrison, the massive demonstrations in New York, the

poems against "the dirty war," all have shown me that the true America persists and grows day by day.

You, Mr. Joseph North, are the first progressive American with whom I ever spoke. My faith in the American people is fortified after each encounter with you.

I have read, breathlessly, your autobiographical book, "No Men Are Strangers" which has brought me to understand the genuine American, who combats imperialism and racism.

Yes, you are right! No men are strangers. Despite the imperialist aggressors who sow death and destruction, who wish to wipe us out in genocidal war, the true Americans and the Vietnamese are not strangers to one another. More and more they are united in the common struggle against imperialist Americans and racists.

I thank you for enabling me to understand—through your book and your talks—the country and the compatriots of Lincoln, Whitman, Mark Twain.

I thank you for all that you do for Vietnam. Please transmit these thoughts to our American friends, our confidence and understanding of a brother-in-arms from South Vietnam. When Saigon is finally liberated by the maquis of South Vietnam, and you come to visit us, we shall not regard you as "strangers," but as "international friends" as is our custom. That term should please you, for certain, for "no men are strangers." To you, the salute of fighting solidarity.

Phan Tu, writer of
South Vietnam (F.N.L.)

Joseph North met Phan Tu at the Soviet Writers Congress in Moscow last May. Mr. North was an invited guest.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON ON MIKE GOLD

June 15, 1967

Dear Joe North, and Other Friends of Michael Gold:

I deeply regret being unable to join you in person in paying our respects to Mike Gold. I felt that we were good friends, although we saw each other only at rare intervals, many years apart, over a half-century; and, at various periods as Boswell once said of his relations with Dr. Johnson, "we agreed in everything saving opinions." I happened to meet him by chance in a Greenwich Village restaurant in the summer of 1917 (probably), and we spent the whole evening talking like long-lost brothers. I was a Columbia sophomore of eighteen, he was in his early twenties; we were both thin, wistful, aspiring and unpublished young writers. He had had little formal education, and spoke of having roughed it with the I.W.W.; I was very much the college sophomore; yet we were able to communicate with each other fully and freely about what we were going to write and how. For, whatever his opinions, Mike had what the Spanish call a heart

for friendship. In those days, long before he acquired the repute of a sort of "bulldog" of the left press forever engaged in polemical bouts, Mike's was actually a very gentle, sensitive and extremely winning personality, and he looked like a Russian violinist.

There was no Communist Party here in 1917. But America was at war then too. I heard afterward that Mike had gone abroad for a long period—his way of resisting the draft. I did not see him again until more than ten years had passed and he had become the redoubtable editor of *The Masses*. On that second meeting in 1928 I recall that John Dos Passes, who then felt a strong friendship for Mike, accompanied him. Indeed many persons of wholly different background from that of the boy from the East Side ghetto—including Edmund Wilson—found him an original, a man of wit, and irresistible. As a polemical journalist he struck hard blows but in private life his humor was kindly, his smile was warm, his gaiety was infectious.

One day, a good many years after it had first been published I read his book *JEWS WITHOUT MONEY*, feeling at first some resistance to it as a *Tendenzroman*. But I was carried away; it was a great autobiography and,