

# The Original READ-IN FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM

RECORDED AT TOWN HALL, NEW YORK

Produced by the Committee of the Professions

Chairman of the Evening: Stanley Kauffmann

Edited by Rosalind Wells and Louis Menashe

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 452

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9752

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1967  
MUS LP



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Dr. Oscar Sachs  
Stanley Kauffmann  
Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee  
Alan Dugan  
Alfred Kazin  
Susan Sontag  
Galway Kinnell  
Viveca Lindfors  
Denise Levertov  
William Gibson  
Jules Feiffer  
Louis Untermeyer  
William Styron  
Maureen Stapleton  
Tony Randall  
Hortense Calisher  
Robert Lowell  
Lenore Marshall  
Arthur Miller  
Joel Oppenheimer  
William Melvin Kelley  
Walter Lowenfels  
Norman Mailer  
Fritz Weaver  
Muriel Rukeyser  
Bernard Malamud  
Stanley Kunitz  
Lillian Hellman  
Harvey Swados

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET  
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## SIDE ONE

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3. Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee
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5. Alfred Kazin
6. Susan Sontag
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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By lending their names and voices to the Read-In for Peace a group of America's most distinguished writers and performing artists called on our Government to be as ardent in its pursuit of peace as it is relentless in its prosecution of the war in Vietnam. The Read-In for Peace was strikingly different from other meetings or rallies inspired by our growing military involvement in Asia. It was conceived as a cultural event, an occasion for bearing witness to the viability of the American conscience, no less than as a political demonstration. The organizers of the Read-In noted the many reports of President Johnson's acute distress at the growing signs of disaffection among members of the cultural community to the Administration's war policy. It was felt that in his search for a national consensus the President could not afford to ignore the dissent of those who are best equipped to make articulate the unspoken doubts and fears of the population.

Writers were invited to read any passage from their work which they felt had relevance to the current crisis. Performing artists were to pre-

sent scenes, monologues, or dialogues considered appropriate. A capacity audience at Town Hall, February 20, 1966 heard the moving selections they chose. Excerpts from those selections are heard here as they were read that evening. Considerations of time have forced us to keep the excerpts brief but we hope the essential mood or message has been retained in each case where cutting was necessary.

Like the teach-ins organized by scholars and students, the read-in provides artists and writers with a novel platform for expressing concern and protest in the language they know best. There have been scores of local read-ins in campuses and in theaters across the nation since the first presentation. Policy makers give no signs of heeding the pleas and the criticism; the War continues. But American intellectuals have had the courage to speak out; they have not responded with silence to policies which outrage moral sensibilities. Perhaps this will prove a more significant and more enduring development than the deafness of the policy makers.

-- The Editors

## SIDE ONE

### 1. Dr. Oscar Sachs

Tonight's call to the American conscience was sponsored by the Committee of the Professions to End the War in Vietnam. This ongoing committee, which you are supporting by your presence here tonight, is a spontaneous association of individuals of diverse occupations and politics, but united in their convictions against the war in Vietnam, and their conviction also that the resumption of the bombing and the continuous escalation of this war threatens to lead to a major land war in Asia and possibly to an extinction of mankind. We believe most deeply that this war should be, that it can be, and that it must be stopped.

### 2. Mr. Stanley Kauffmann

What we protest is not only the death, mutilation and suffering of American, Vietnamese, and others; we protest the corruption of this country, the lying, obfuscation, and distortion that are being foisted on us as American principle. The deaths are horrible, but the deceptions may outlive us. This country, many of us still think, still has the chance of being the place it was founded to be, a stronghold of certain principles. Therefore these writers and actors have come here to read from their works and the works of others, material directly or indirectly supporting this protest. Whatever the specifics of their offerings, their voices join in one common call, the American conscience. Our first two speakers are Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, who will read the Eighteenth Chapter of the Book of Revelation.

### 3. Miss Dee and Mr. Davis

Alas, Alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for no man buyeth their merchandise any more:

The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all scented wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble.

And cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men.

And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all.

The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing.

And saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, and wine and oil and flour and wheat and beasts and sheep and horses and chariots and slaves, and the souls of men.

For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off.

And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city!

And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee;

And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived.

And in her was found the blood of saints, of prophets, and of all that were slain upon the earth.

Thank you.

### 4. Alan Dugan. Next, Mr. Alan Dugan will read from his poetry.

What do a few crimes matter in a good life? Adultery is not so bad. You think yourself too old for loving, gone in the guts and charms, but a woman says, "I love you." A drunken lie, and down you go on the grass outside the party. You rejoin the wife delighted, renewed. She is grateful but goes out with a bruiser. Blood passions arise and die in lawyers' smiles. A few children suffer for life and that's all. But one memo from that MacNamara and his band can kill a city of lives and the lives of cities too, while L. B. Killer Johnson and his napalm boys are seen by their fire. So what do a few crimes matter in a normal life? They pay the insignificance of most neutral behavior.

I thank you.

### 5. Now Mr. Alfred Kazin will read from his book A Walker in The City. Mr. Kazin.

Across the way a girl lies in bed lazily scratching her legs as she reads the comics and the news. Her young brothers have been bedded in for the night on the fire escape, and wedged between the ladder and the railing they now crouch in on themselves, their heads bent and their knees up to the chin like children still in the womb. All along the block children are sleeping on the fire escapes. It is as hot



tonight as it was this morning. First scorched, then damp. The thickness of the summer night lays on us like wet wool. It is hard to breathe, to move. The old folks sit on their kitchen chairs in weary silence, cooling themselves with palmeto fans. The children on the fire escape giggle to each other as Negroes pass down the block on their way back to Lagonia Avenue singing aloud. One boy makes a feint at another in playful attack. Suddenly a scream bursts out on the street. "You crazy? You'll fall to your death! Go to sleep, or be put back into the house." It is near midnight but no one can bear to go to bed. The rooms smell like burning sulphur. The heat stored up inside all through the day now oozes from the walls and blows its gritty breath on the faces of the sleepless people on the pavement. Hour by hour the mound of discarded polly seeds at each chair grow higher. The street is smeared with the blotched edges of ice cream cones. Every time I run around the block the pavement clinks with empty coke bottles. By one o'clock, whole families have gone to bed together on the roof, but the older boys sit on the edge, their feet dangling in the air. On the fire escapes, the children huddle together for safety as they feel themselves falling asleep.

6. Now Miss Susan Sontag will read a statement that she has written for this meeting.

We tonight are not the makings of a new political movement. Neither are we going to immolate ourselves. We have not even come tonight to exchange information about the war or the reasons against it. So far as I can determine, we are here on the simplest terms, because we are choking with shame and anger, because we are afraid for ourselves and for our children, and because we are profoundly discouraged. Most of us have been deploring this wicked war in public and in private for at least a year, some of us for much longer. But things go from bad to worse, crime to greater crime, mistakes mount, the hypocrisy comes more gross and Orwellian, as when the President of this country declared the other day that Americans are in Vietnam to wage the battle for peace. We are all, I repeat, discouraged, and we are, or ought to be, afraid, afraid of the increasing likelihood of a much wider and more terrible war. We have come together to renew our capacity to feel and to help each other to go on feeling strongly, to go on protesting, to have the courage to go on being afraid, although clearly our feelings, already known to our rulers, can hardly halt this crime or count much in the forestalling of even greater ones. But if what we are doing tonight is not in a strict or gratifying sense a political act, that is, no tangible changes in the attitudes of our rulers will follow from our being here, it doesn't follow that what we do

here is of no use. We as American writers and actors have no special knowledge of the war in Vietnam, but most of us have made some special effort to inform ourselves, to distinguish truth from lies, to tell living voices from the humanoid computers of mega-deaths. As writers, guardians of language, and as actors, those who practice the art of speaking with a human voice, we may and should conceive ourselves to have a vocational connection with the life of truth, that is, of seriousness. Let's be serious. A small nation, a handsome people ravished by twenty years of civil war, is being brutally and self-righteously slaughtered in the name of freedom by the richest, most grotesquely over-armed, powerful country in the world. America has become a wicked, sinister country swollen with priggishness, numbed by affluence, bemused by the gigantic conceit that she has the mandate to dispose of the destiny of the world, of life itself, in terms of her own interest. Think of it. Fertile land is being drenched with poison. An honorable culture is being steam rolled with asphalt. At this moment firm bodied children are being charred by napalm bombs. Young men, Vietnamese and American, are falling like trees to lie forever with their faces in the mud. And we who are here, not there, at this moment alive, not poisoned or burned, are being injured morally in a way that is also very profound. In the endless registry of atrocities which have assaulted our hearts in the last 25 years, we here, now, have, I think rightly, singled this one out.

7. Next, Mr. Galway Kinnell will read from his poetry, "Vapor Trail Reflected in a Frog Pond."

And I hear, coming over the hills,  
America singing,  
Her varied carols I hear.

Crack of deputies' rifles practising their aim on stray dogs at night. Spot of cattle prod touching the flesh of a girl, landlord belching roast rat. General napkining his lips after downing his dinner of cloudy black flesh of the poor. And I hear the tv, between its little shows of killing, chanting disgust at the smells of the human body. And I hear a soldier, perhaps himself only a victim, cursing as he stands in Asia, poisoning, burning, grinding, stabbing, the eternal rice of the world. I know there are brave, live, passionate men and women who love their lives, care about and respect the lives of those who share with them this strange world. But now I hear this soldier machine-gunning the rice, cursing with open mouth, insane, body hating curses. Yes, somewhere on earth, bones wearing a few shadows walk on a road in the back country, smashed blood-suckers on their heels, knowing the flesh a man throws down in the sunshine dogs

shall eat, and the flesh he up-throws in the air shall be seized by birds.

8. Now, Miss Viveca Lindfors will read two poems, one by Brecht written after World War II.

You who live on in pounds that pass away,  
Now show yourself some mercy, I implore.  
Do not go marching into some new wars  
As if the old wars had not had their day,  
But show yourself some mercy, I implore.  
You men reach for the spade, and not the  
knife.

You'd have a roof right now above your heads,  
If you had seized the spade instead.  
And with a roof one has a better life.  
You men reach for the spade, and not the  
knife.

You children that you may all remain alive,  
Your mothers and your fathers you must  
awaken,

And if in ruins you would not survive,  
Tell them that you will not take what they  
have taken.

You children that you may all remain alive.  
You mothers from whom all men draw their  
breath,

A war is yours to give or not to give.  
I beg you mothers, let your children live.  
Let them owe you their birth and not their  
death.

I beg you mothers, let your children live.

9. Miss Denise Levertov will now read from her poetry, "We are the Humans."

We are the humans, men who can make,  
Beings so lovely we have believed one another  
The mere image of a god we felt as good, who  
do these acts, who convince ourselves it is  
necessary. These acts are done to our own  
flesh. Human flesh is smelling in Vietnam  
as I write. Yes, this is the knowledge that  
jostles for space in our bodies, along with  
all we go on knowing of joy, of love. Our  
nerve filaments twitch with its presence.  
Day and night nothing we say has not the  
husky phlegm of it in the saying, nothing we  
do has the quickness, the sureness, the deep  
intelligence living at peace would have.

10. Mr. William Gibson will now read from a book in progress.

This excerpt follows a narrative of the death when I was four of my father's brother Jim, a golden athlete in his mid-twenties who was killed in World War I. My father for twenty years kept near his bed a framed poem, "He is not dead, he is just away." Shortly after that death, my father, who had an uncontrollable temper -- he would smash dishes in the sink and wring bananas by the neck -- resolved not to become angry with us for a year, marked the day on the calendar, and thereafter marched about on the streets until

the steam was out of him. This section is titled "Love Have Mercy Upon Us," and in reading it here I have in mind, among many others, those many children who tonight are dead in Vietnam, north and south.

Exhuming my childhood among the family momentos I came upon a letter scribbled in a dug-out somewhere in France. It was a long letter which among its chit-chat of marching and combat said casually, "We didn't take many prisoners as it's easier to kill them. They certainly are a bunch of cowards. Just as soon as they see they are caught, they come running up to you with their hands in the air, yelling 'Kamarade.' You will hear one of our boys say, 'Here's your Kamarade.' Bang, a shot, and it would be all over." A letter written to his mother shortly before he died, it was signed "Your good boy Jim." Came running with their hands in the air yelling, "Have mercy upon us," and the murderer was my uncle. All that my father loved and admired in him was true, and insufficient. The war was not an accident, it was a failure of the human tissue. We learned it on a microscope slide in the letter of a hero. It is my uncle's shadow that falls upon my boys.

11. And now Jules Feiffer offers a contribution. Mr. Feiffer.

By attaching a canned credibility track to the speeches of the President and his Secretaries of Defense and State, we can at last remove all reason to doubt their truths when they're not telling them. Where the consensus on truth is established, the American people will, as always, go along. If, for example, Mr. MacNamara on his return from his next trip to Vietnam, announces that the war is going well for our side, how much easier it would be to believe him if recorded with his remarks was a canned credibility track consisting of low-key voices whispering off-screen comments like, "I believe him, I believe him, yes, I believe him." Or, "If he weren't telling the truth, the President would fire him." Or, "I understand he's a fanatic about facts." Then again, the next time Mr. Rusk goes on the air in his continuing series of peace feeler denials, who could question his credibility if we heard in the background subliminal whispers like, "He has access to information that we don't have." Or, "Is that the face of a man who wants confrontation with Red China." Or, "Rusk is a dove, Rusk is a dove, Rusk is a dove." And, finally, when the President returns to the home screens once again to explain we are in "Veetnam" as a matter of national honor, how much more convincing his point were it to be backed by a credibility track of such homespun homilies as, "Remember the Maine," or, "My country, right or wrong," or, "In your heart you know he's right," or simply, "Yes, lord."



12. Mr. Untermeyer.

"On the Birth of a Child"

Here, to the battleground of life,  
Come like a confident shout out of the  
struggle into strife, out of the darkness  
into doubt. Clad in the fragile trappings  
of youth, child, you will ride into endless  
wars with a sword of protest, a buttress of  
truth, and a banner of love to sweep the  
stars. About you the world in despair will  
surge, into defeat you will plunge and grope,  
be to the faltering an urge, be to the hopeless  
years the hope, be to the darkened world a  
flame, be to its unconcern a blow, for out of  
its pain and tumult you came, and into its  
pain and tumult you go.

13. Mr. William Styron will read from his short  
novel The Long March.

As he sat there with the hunger growing and  
blossoming within him, he felt he had hardly ever  
known a time in his life when he was not marching  
or sick with loneliness, or afraid. And so, he  
thought, they had all had it, in their various  
fashions. The colonel had had his march in  
history, and he was not able to say still why he  
was unable to hate him. Because it was only  
because he was a different kind of man, different  
enough so he was hardly a man at all, but just a  
quantity of attitudes so remote from Culver's  
world, that to hate him would be like hating a  
cannibal merely because he gobbled human flesh.  
At any rate, he had had it, and as for Maddox,  
well, he'd certainly had it, there was no doubt of  
that. Old Al, he thought tenderly, the man with  
the back unbreakable, the soul of pity. Where was  
he now, great unshatterable vessel of longing,  
lost in the night, a stray at mid-century in the  
never endingness of war. One thing was certain.  
They were in for a blow. Already there would be  
signals up and down the coast.

14. And now Miss Maureen Stapleton will read  
from Sean O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock.

I'd forgotten. That poor old selfish mother  
was only thinking of herself. No, he mustn't  
come. It wouldn't be good for you. You go  
out with your sisters and I'll face the ordeal  
myself. Maybe, maybe I didn't feel sorry  
enough for Mrs. Tancry when her poor son  
was found as Johnny's been found now because  
he was a die-hard. And why didn't I remem-  
ber then that he wasn't a die-hard or a stater,  
but only a poor dead son. It's well I remem-  
ber all that she said, for it's my turn to say  
it now. What was the pain I suffered Johnny  
to carry him into the cradle, to the pains  
I've suffered carrying you out of the world,  
to bring you to your grave? Mother God,  
Mother God have pity on us all. Blessed  
Virgin, where were you when the dying son  
was riddled with bullets? Sacred Heart of

Jesus, take away our hearts of stone and  
give us hearts of flesh. Take away this mur-  
der and hate and give us Thy own eternal  
love.

SIDE TWO

1. Mr. Tony Randall

Except for Jules Feiffer, it's been sort of a fun  
dirge this evening, hasn't it? They asked me  
what poetry I wanted to read and I suggested the  
Lament for the Maimed, and the Committee voted  
it down as a bit too frivolous, seeing how it was  
the Gilbert Murray translation. It's difficult to  
be funny about this situation. There's nothing  
funny in it. Vietnam is not funny. It's just not  
funny. Marshal Ky is not funny. Madame Nhu is  
funny. She was a real person, someone you could  
identify with. Dean Rusk is not funny. Joseph  
Alsop is not funny. He's ridiculous, but he's not  
funny. Senator Dirksen's funny, and ridiculous.  
Hubert Humphrey is in the tradition of the great  
clowns, funny and sad. Javits is a new comedy  
find. (Senator Jacob Javits of New York puzzled  
the Read-In participants and audience with a  
message of warm support for the meeting; he  
has not been known as an opponent of the Johnson  
Administration's war policies. - Eds.)

2. Miss Hortense Calisher will read from her  
novel False Entry.

Everyone I knew in the war emerged from  
it with something, their arms clasped around  
their wounds, their books, the gas station on  
disability pay in New Jersey, their livers and  
religions, their wives. Everybody bore away  
a piece of the prize. War, for the duration,  
took the place of providence. Nobody could  
be blamed. From late 1940 until 1946, then,  
I was a member of that enclosure, and wear-  
ing that vest of stripes I was almost invisible,  
like the rest. If any great confidante leaning  
down from his cloud had suddenly said, "Tell  
me," I could have answered at once without  
an ounce of self-recrimination. "Leading a  
normal life, sir, the normal life of our  
times. Nothing personal to confess." This  
was my reward, as it was for the man next  
to me. For six years, barring minor detail,  
he and I had the same single story, and knew  
it. Locked in that cradle together, we saw  
the world.

3. Mr. Robert Lowell

"Poem, 1961"

Back and forth, back and forth, goes the  
tock, tock, tock of the orange, bland, am-  
bassadorial face of the moon on the grand-  
father clock. Oh, autumn. The chafe and  
jar of nuclear war. We have talked our ex-  
tinction to death. I swim like a minnow  
behind my studio window. Our end drifts  
nearer. The moon lifts radiant with terror.

The state is a diver under a glass bell. A father's no shield for his child. We're like a lot of wild spiders crying together without tears. Nature holds up a mirror. One swallow makes the summer. It's easy to tick off the minutes, but the clock can stick. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. My one point of rest is the orange and black aureole's swinging nest.

4. Now we present Lenore Marshall, who will read from her poetry.

"Fragment: The Pride of Man"

That grew out of the settlement, not bad at all. That gang meant only fun when they began, it often goes that way. Nobody likes such things. They breed birds that fly north in winter, contraband beetles who lie and wait, feeding on an ashy wood, and astronauts who stay up, cannot come down. Oh, spew it out, the noble pride of man. His honors spew all excuses out. Sir Knight, kind at heart, slew only infidels who deserved their dead. The days are fleeing and the days are dead.

5. Here are excerpts from a speech by Arthur Miller. (Delivered earlier at the University of Michigan and recorded on tape. - Eds.)

We are being tested now. We are being tested with a remorseless sword held over us. Are the Vietnamese people expendable, or are we to feel intimately responsible for the destruction of their country? I think we do feel responsible or we wouldn't be here. That's a different ideology than saying we feel responsible through engineering through the C. I. A. one government or another which will supervise the stupid oxen in various countries who don't know how to govern themselves when we do. That's a different kind of brotherhood. . . . I hope in coming here I give you no false idea that anyone else but you can change the world. Nobody really listens to me, you know, any more than they do to you. But I'm responsible for myself, and you are responsible for yourself, and no president can ever reduce that responsibility by one ounce.

6. Mr. Joel Oppenheimer will read from his poetry.

"Reading-In"

My friends, for so we are in spite of all and have drunk together, my friends, I am sorry you have been put in this position, where the gooks can kill you, where the gooks can hide and kill you, where your generals and your people, most of them, believe that you are being cheated, where the whole military mind refuses to believe that men fight to defend

Bunker Hill with old shotguns and muskets, that men hide behind trees or up to neck in swamp to win a battle, that men fight and run firing two shots at the officers, men who could kill a squirrel at sixty yards. Which side are you on, bo; which side are you on? The men came out and surrounded the mountain at night, killing the good king's men passionately because they came too close to home. Pitt was damned, the people supported the troops reeling with Brown Besses, dying damned heroically to hold a feat not sworn. Men die, the kings keep marching, people back the wrong horse noisily, killing themselves the things which let them speak, and it is not the blind veteran but the old war horses who have never done their time but know what's good for us -- and gooks.

7. Now Mr. William Melvin Kelley will read from a work in progress.

I wanted The Search for Love to be about at least the following two aspects of American life: first, the inability of the majority of white Americans (and therefore their leaders) to distinguish between their fantasies and reality; and second, and more specific to the part I am going to read, the preoccupation of the majority of white Americans with dying and death, for isn't it death after all that white America exports to Vietnam? I will leave no doubt in your minds. The war in Vietnam is a white man's war. Since no black American is truly free, it is foolish and evil for anyone to say that black Americans are protecting their freedom by fighting in Vietnam.

"Do you care to know the time between when he picked up that splinter and the day we each dropped one last rose into his grave?" Mitchell answered truthfully. "Four years and nine months." The bartender shook his head as if even he found it impossible, that length of time. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, did that man die." Mitchell agreed. "He certainly could." At ten o'clock, five hours later, they were still talking about their friends, dying or dead. Besides Mitchell and the bartender, nine other men stood at the bar. "Once knew a snake bite victim. He was out hunting and one night a snake crawled into his boot. Try as he might, the undertaker couldn't cover up the black color the venom turned face. It looked so bad that even his own sweet mother couldn't kiss him. She just looked at him and shook her head. 'That nigger ain't none of mine,' she kept saying. 'Close the lid. He ain't none of mine.'"

Thank you.

8. Mr. Walter Lowenfels will read from his poetry.

What is more beautiful than the land which has no grave because there's no fear. Ours



doesn't bleed because there's no enemy. Where the warriors of the 101 nations uproot the tallest pine tree and drop their bombs and guns. Deep in the underneath throw all their weapons and plant again the trees. Then, when the great peace is won, we will find the land where truth is without a name, because there's no lie, where charity has no home because there's no hunger, where nobody is an unknown hero any more and no one is a seer, because the light of wisdom is everywhere, and love, love, also more love, putting ribbons on the strong, turning each body into a flower, looking, America, for you.

Thank you.

9. Mr. Norman Mailer will read from his work.

The truth is, maybe we need a war. It may be the last of the tonics. But if we do, let's do it right. Let's cease all serious war. Let's leave Asia to the Asians, let us instead have wars which are like happenings. Let us have them every summer. Let us buy a tract of land in the Amazon, two hundred million acres will do, and throw in Marines, and Seabees, and Air Force, scuba divers for the river bottom, motorcyclists for the motor races, invite them all, the Chinks and the Aussies, the Frogs and the Gooks and the Israelis, the Hindus, the Pakistanis. We'll have war games with real bullets and real flame throwers, real hot war correspondence on the spot, tv with phone-in audience participation, war movies for the soldiers, discotheques, Playboy clubs, pictures of the corpses for pay tv, you know, I mean, let's get the hair out of the toast for breakfast. So a write-in campaign, for all of us, to the king corporation exec, Mr. Pres, to tell Mr. Pres to get the boys back home by Easter, back from Vietnam and up the Amazon for summer. Yours until the next happening, except -- unless -- Vietnam is the happening. Could that be? Could that really be? Little old Vietnam, just a happening? 'Cause if it is, Daddy Warbucks, couldn't we have a happening just with Marines, and skip the roast tit and naked lunch, all those bombed out civilian ovaries, Mr. J, Mr. LBJ, boss-man of show biz? I salute you. I salute you in your White House hovel. America will shoot all over the shit house wall if this jazz goes on.

10. Mr. Fritz Weaver will read from Joseph Heller's Catch-22.

"I'm cold, I'm cold," Snowden moaned. "You're going to be all right, kid." Snowden shook his head. "I'm cold," he repeated, with eyes as dull and cold as stone. "I'm cold." "There, there, in a little while we'll be back on the ground and everything will be ok." But Snowden kept shaking his head, and pointed at last with the barest

movement of his chin down toward his arm pit. Yosarian bent forward and saw the strangely colored stain seeping through the coveralls above the armpit of Snowden's suit. Yosarian felt his heart stop, then pound so violently he found it difficult to breathe. Snowden was wounded inside the flack suit. Yosarian ripped open the snaps of Snowden's flack suit and heard himself scream wildly as Snowden's insides slithered down to the floor in a soggy pile and just kept dripping out. A shot more than three inches big had shot into his other side just underneath the arm and blasted all the way through, drawing whole mottled quarts of Snowden along with it through the gigantic hole in his ribs. Yosarian screamed a second time and squeezed both hands over his eyes. His teeth were chattering in horror. He forced himself to look again. "Here was God's plenty, all right," he said. Liver, lights, lungs, kidneys, ribs, stomachs, and bits of the stewed tomato Snowden had eaten that day for lunch. Yosarian hated stewed tomatoes and turned away dizzily and began to vomit. The tail gunner woke up, saw Yosarian, and fainted again. Yosarian was limp when he'd finished. He turned back weakly to Snowden, whose breath had grown softer and more rapid, and whose face had grown paler. All this while he had been treating Snowden for the wrong wound. He wondered how in the world to begin to save him now. "I'm cold," Snowden whimpered, "I'm cold." "There, there," Yosarian mumbled mechanically in a voice too low to be heard. Yosarian was cold too, and shivering uncontrollably. He felt goose-pimples all over him as he gazed down despondently at the grim secret Snowden had spilled on the floor. It was easy to read the message in Snowden's entrails. Man was matter. That was Snowden's secret. Drop him out a window and he'll fall. Set fire to him and he'll burn. Bury him and he'll rot like other kinds of garbage. The spirit gone, man was garbage. That was Snowden's secret. Ripeness was all. "I'm cold," Snowden said. "I'm cold." "There, there," said Yosarian. "There, there." He pulled the ripcord of Snowden's parachute and covered his body with the white nylon sheets. "I'm cold," Snowden said. "There, there."

11. Miss Muriel Rukeyser will read from her poetry.

Knowing again that nothing has yet been realized, not of now, of this lifetime, the broken singing of the war, of our bodies and lives. The end has not said the word of this moment. In the poem's speaking to us, the tearing open of this man, this child among the wars, a woman whose eyes across all the air of the world, in the poems, all voices. Now I will wither this moment,



saying the moment in my breath to you across the air.

12. Mr. Bernard Malamud will read from a work in progress. (Mr. Malamud read an excerpt from his recently published novel, *The Fixer*, then in progress. He preferred to be represented in this recording by his introductory remarks. - Eds.)

So far as we're concerned tonight, if one is holding onto the wrong thing, and thereby destroying his freedom of choice, obviously he has to let go. To achieve this may require an extraordinary imaginative act that so far we have been incapable of. For instance, we could withdraw from Vietnam and be victors in the eyes of all nations by giving the 12.3 billion dollars marked for the prosecution of the war in the coming year to a starving India. Or we can as a pragmatic act of good will and an attempt to face the reality of the world situation, sponsor China's admission to membership in the United Nations. The scene I am going to read you is set in a Russian prison at the time of Nicolas II, and for that reason I would like also to dedicate this reading to Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, writers languishing in prison in the Soviet Union for practising the art of fiction.

13. Stanley Kunitz will read from his poetry.

"The Daughters of the Horse Leech"

The daughters of the horse leech crying  
"Give, give," implore the young men for the  
blood of martyrs. How shall we keep the old  
senator alive unless we satisfy his thirst for  
cultures? Entreat the rat, the weasel and  
the fox to forage for a toothless master?  
Have mercy, boys, and the monkey in his  
box, dear Judas goat, lead out the sheep to  
slaughter. For if the warlock with the gilded  
claws withers away and of his bones are  
waters, who will transmute our foreheads  
into brass, and who will keep his two charm-  
ing daughters?

14. Miss Lillian Hellman will read from her work.

Two hours later we turned off the road and came suddenly into a clearing in the forest. The pine trees had been cut in a large oval opening. Soldiers were sitting on the tree stumps smoking and cleaning their guns. Horses were by the trees pushing their noses into the snow. I stood by the car thinking of a scene from another war, maybe from Tolstoi, and wondered what was so wrong, so wild, so frightening. But as we moved into the clearing I knew why. Our boots in the snow made the only sound for miles around. No soldier talked, no horse made a sound. I put my hand on Ziege's arm, although I didn't know why, and he turned and pointed. At one side of the clearing a long line of tents

had been set up, and in the distance there were trucks and ambulances. A solid line of wounded men were walking or being carried to the tents. The soldiers sitting on the stumps turned their backs to the tents and no horse faced them either, but we were walking toward the tents. A soldier in the center of the long line of wounded men and supported by three other soldiers, suddenly began to scream, and even at that distance I could see that most of his face was gone. Then a man who was being carried on a stretcher started to scream, and I must have made a terrible sound without knowing it, for Ziege put his hand over my mouth and said very softly, "Please don't do that, please don't do that, it's bad for them." We stood still now and watched a nurse come running from a tent toward the two men who were screaming. Then a stocky, powerful looking man with a great many medals on his chest came from the other side of the clearing. The stocky man said in space, "Whatever happens to me after this war, it's not going to be near a pine tree." Then his head went up and he saw us and he smiled the way we all do when we're caught talking to ourselves.

15. To conclude this meeting, Mr. Harvey Swados will read a statement which he wrote especially for this occasion. Mr. Swados.

I rejoice that now, as in every crisis, the people of the American democracy are not behind their leaders, but ahead of them. It is up to us to articulate to the point of demanding that our course can and must be changed, from one that holds no prospect except the violation of untold millions, to one which will accord to our own best aspirations, and the aspirations of those who will no longer weakly suffer imperialist rule and colonial domination no matter how it is sugared over. No great society, but an obscenity, can be built upon mountains of Asian corpses. No anti-poverty program, no public work can confirm with the day's count of the day's killed. The hour has come for a massive political effort to give the American people a choice, not between degrees of escalation, but between war and peace. We must call for a coalition of the affronted and the betrayed, of the conscience-stricken literate public and the unlettered young whites and blacks who are fighting in James Rustin's words "a poor man's war," a coalition in support of peace candidates pledged to grind the war machine to a halt. We must not despair, we must not equivocate, and we shall be heard.

Kauffmann: Just to say that this is only the end for tonight. Thanks from all of us to all of you. Good night.

Edited by Rosalind Wells and Louis Menashe.  
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