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flagellant. With us, the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

ONCE A NIGGER...

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can

only program them.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree of the poetry plantation. "Tote that iamb!" Lift that spondeel! Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, and IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 16 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy."

our country and in other countries.

INTIMIDATE OR KILL...

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold, and they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you

might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell: That is a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have the black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover the community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books of the catalogs and could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for

the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could, theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.



TURN TO THE LEFT ...

Image Play

*Where should this music be? in the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more; and, sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again in king my father's wreck
This music crept by me upon the waters.
Allying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
-Ferdinand in THE TEMPEST (1,ii)*

*"This music crept by me upon the waters"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon; where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.
-T.S. Eliot, THE WASTE LAND*

Television and movies have all but demolished ears. Audiences have become so damnably eye-trained that ears could fall off heads by the millions and go unmissed for days. When a play does come along that makes great demands on the ear—plays by Dylan Thomas, Eliot, Fry, Frost, Yeats, BEckett, Gertrude Stein, Robert Lowell, Auden or Archibald MacLeish—audiences assume that the plays must be radio plays. And everyone knows that radio is dead.

Perhaps you should test your ears, to see—hear—if you still have any. For such a test, I recommend the play now performing at the Image Playhouse, an Archibald MacLeish play of 1953, in which he refuses the "subordinating," as he himself has said, "the unseen to the seen." Challenge your ears with intricate rhythms, tricky aural textures, and the sustained imagistic patterns of THIS MUSIC CREEPT BY ME UPON THE WATERS.

The extraordinary achievement of this new production, directed by two people obviously acting as one, George Michael Evica, and Alycia Evica, is that they understand the sounds of poetry

and the meaning of poetry no less than dramatic physical movement.

A public discussion follows each performance of the play, wisely launched before people have collected their wits, coffee, excuses, inhibitions, or defenses. On the night I attended, one fellow asked whether the play had to take place on an island. I believe the answer is Yes. Four people, socially disunited yet usefully isolated from the world, discuss with elegance, irritation, pretention, and desperation the possibilities of happiness. All are American, except one, Oliver, who is English. (The role is astonished into vitality by T.C. Heffernan.) And who IS coming to dinner? Some dreadful Americans, including a loud, witty, hateful Colonel Keogh and his cheap wife. (I am assured that the triumph of Dwight Martin and Norma Smith as the Keoghs is one of acting rather than of casting.)

Waiting for the guests to arrive, the four sophisticates (Chuck and Elizabeth Stone, Alice Liam, Oliver Oren) establish the poetic images of the verse drama (moon, sea, paradise, food) and the basic theme of happiness (love, primitive passion, savagery, and nakedness):

*... laughing, splashing Indians
Naked as jays and beautiful as children.
But beneath a D.H. Lawrence or Rousseau sense of paradise are
... reefs
Or shark fins or the green volcanoes.*

Beneath the elegance, this production permits fierce primitive music, suggesting the thinness of the polite veneer of civilization, to urge a desperate appreciation of immediate pleasures. Somehow, though I may be wrong, an island seems best for such purposes. Jamaica, Haiti, Trinidad, Bermuda—they're not the same, are they, as Hoboken or Buffalo or Bloomfield?

*Your island!
It's Shakespeare's parable all over.
Enchanting music draws us through the sea,
We glimpse an inexpressible happiness.*

The dreadful guests arrive, drunk, boisterous. The Englishman says before the enter:

*How hideously run reveals
The insipidity of its origins!
Liquid sugar! Listen to them.*

Test your ears on that hunk of poetry (the clumsiest in the play); even when the lines are unspeakably bad, they are speakably handled (by Heffernan's casual understatement, not by peroration).

These guests, the Keoghs and the Halseys (played by Roberta Prescott and John Horton) are essentially anti-moon, anti-sea, anti-romance, anti-magic. I am sorry that MacLeish traces disenchantment back to Hyannisport, but how could he have know in Bali Hai days about Skorpious?

Two more guests arrive, Ann (Hermene Hersey) and her husband Peter (Peter Gaulton). Peter takes a fierce interest in Elizabeth, the hostess (played by Ellen Jones). He seizes upon her. And we in turn seize upon them, two attractive young people, as the last possibility for happiness

on earth—in sexual terms, too. They do more than talk about happiness; they make—if only for a moment—passionate attempts at happiness.

In a romantic burst of a climax, while we are teetering between ideas of earthly happiness and spiritual happiness, Ann disappears. Everyone thinks she jumped off a cliff to a spectacular death. She is discovered, however, peeling potatoes in the kitchen.

Is Peter too spiritual (Saint Peter?) to give the kind of

Here-and-Now passion required for earthly ecstasy? Is MacLeish urging greater spirituality upon us? Is happiness far away, like the moon? Has life nothing better than potatoes? Can we live by potatoes alone? What resignation, what disenchantment, what frustrations does society demand of us?

Clearly the questions, not the answers, are the meaning of the play. And clearly they must be asked intricately, in words of subtle and oblique postures. MacLeish is not one to assault the topic.

One must not go to the play visually greedy for rape, murder, riots, groups orgies. This is not BLOW-UP or LA DOLCE VITA or BONNIE AND CLYDE. Rather, take with you ear-and-mind demands of the highest calibre; the playwright, the directors, and the cast unite their probing intelligences to bring to life an experience as disturbing as your own identity.

Paul H. Stacy



Bruno Utley Pat Mauley Roberta Prescott R.M. Lewis T.C. Heffernan
Norma Smith Alycia Evica Ellen Jones
E.M. Evica Hermene Hersey

Cast Not Present: John Horton, Dwight Martin, Peter Gaulton
Crew Not Present: Ron Carr, Sally Carr