

Vietnam Protest

Michael Wilding

The war in Vietnam was the first television war, the media war, the media people said. Brought into the living room of the American people. Well, Graham didn't have a television and wasn't in America. Television programmed rubbish and offered no lures. Later it offered lures, though was no less rubbish. Later he adjusted to it, this the aim, the ambition, the pharmakon, the nepenthe, sitting in front of the beams hour after hour, wondering how to get in there, to be on the box. But that was after the war was over and there were no longer demonstrations and protests and readings and the alternative press to occupy the time. After the war was over television came into its own as the great domestic controller. And not only in the house, but in the pubs too, with its endless screening of horse racing and car racing and mud wrestling. And in the pubs where there wasn't television, and in some where there was, music was introduced so no one could talk protest and politics or anything else for that matter any more, the music was so loud.

But Vietnam: so easy to glide away from it, the topic too large, too violent, too present, too meaningful, how do you write about that, what has that got to do with literature, they would say in the university.

The Iliad?

But who reads *The Iliad* any more? Actually reads it? The *Odyssey*, yes: coming home from the war, sex and drugs and siren songs, adventure, movement, the voyage. And that was yet another sailing away from it.

There wasn't even an International Brigade. A literary death for communism. Too thirties. Was anybody actually volunteering to fight for communism?

You didn't need television to know about the war. The images spread. Images from news cameramen, moving or still. The Buddhist monk in flames, the gun to the head of the about to be shot, the women fleeing.

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There was an aesthetic ranking of the verité image. Wow, what a picture, imagine.

He couldn't bear to. Who would want to imagine Vietnam? Who would want to imagine napalm, summary execution, severed limbs, death, maiming.

He wanted no images of this, these were images not to be preserved, images that needed no preservation, images that could never be expunged.

When he was ten or eleven Graham was conscripted to sell poppies for the blind. He remembered having to stand at the entrance of the cinema. The manager let them in to watch the feature for free, but he could remember neither who he was with nor what the movie was. Now here he was again, outside a cinema, handing out anti-Vietnam war leaflets, and again the name of the movie is forgotten. It was all so obviously so traumatic an experience that anything that could be was repressed. Presumably they were opposing the movie. He didn't enjoy this sanctimonious role, holier than thou, collector of coins for the blind and dispenser of propaganda for peace. And the unknown quantity of the public's reaction always gave it that edge of fear. It was an experience he could well have done without. And other than to say he must have experienced it he recalled nothing of it. Except the soldier. Young, eighteen or nineteen, hair short back and sides, he came up to Graham, in the street outside the cinema.

'Keep it up, mate,' he said. 'Good on you. It's fucking terrible there, mate, I can fucking tell you. Keep it up, mate, I reckon you guys are doing the right thing.'

In the Forest Lodge. Appropriate place for hunters' yarns, though not quite what the name might suggest, it was the pub closest to the university. He was there one afternoon in the beer garden and an American joined them, on R&R from Vietnam. The feeling was not very friendly towards Americans, the war was perceived as their aggression, Australia dragged into it, an unjust war whether they'd been dragged into it or not, a brutal destruction of a foreign people. But he weathered the vibes, this determined American, sat down, was he looking for congenial company around campus instead of the whores laid on by the CIA associated operation that controlled and catered for

the R&R in Australia? Or was he another part of the CIA operation snooping around looking for dissidents. Operation Phoenix (Australia). Conversation was constrained. But he did concede, yes, there were chopper pilots who no doubt went out shooting villagers like they were deer, as off-duty recreation. It was a recent news story somewhere or other, and he conceded yes, he had heard of such things. Though it didn't seem to figure largely in his assessment of the situation, in the context of what was going on daily in Vietnam it was clearly hardly remarkable.

Readings against the war. Lunch-time readings on campus. He calculated it with an entrepreneurial eye: the potential audience for readings would be augmented by the political conscience audience, by those who wanted to register a protest against the war but wanted to do it relatively painlessly, and going to a reading offered an alternative to marching or rallying or shouting. It was capitalising on the mood of the moment and showing that fiction and poetry were part of that full world of the political, the contemporary, of life and death; not something contained in a syllabus or a gallery, not something quarantined off in a new critical nonsense of 'purely literary values'. They read in galleries, too. Anywhere. It was a way to build up an audience, to present what the syllabus controllers tried so hard to prevent. And you could have an audience with the lure of anti-war and a name that had some exposure. There were no big names. Big names were all foreign. Writers didn't get big names in Australia at this point.

When it came to doing an anthology of anti-war, that became the focus of battle. There was a scheme for a slim volume, elegant protest, chosen voices, the quivering few. Graham argued for something wider-reaching, getting as many writers as possible, as full a range as they could afford space for. This way some new names could be introduced and some elided and blacklisted ones restored. He heard someone had begun an anthology in Melbourne. That wasn't surprising. What was surprising was that it hadn't been done before. He went to Melbourne and found the project had fallen through; but he returned with what had been collected, a swag of avant-garde protest, another world of experiment and innovation and coteries. Together with the work already gathered it tipped the scales, swamped the elite selection. And the long search for a publisher began. So did the resentment of

the élite, the names poised soon to be big names under the appropriate foreign aegis.

Why attempt to capture the tone and mood of that time when it was a mood and tone of innocence, ignorance, unauthenticity and delusion? Who were these figures who emerged as leaders of protest, foci of dissent, and how can they properly be represented without their later roles as media personalities, lawyers, computer specialists, economic advisers? Could they ever have been authentic, or were they all government men and women all along, on the first threshold of their careers with the great multinationals, putting in their three years undercover? Once you started to ask that, of course, everyone began to look unauthentic.

He walked down in one of the demonstrations with Iggy Noble. A couple of uniformed senior police policing the march raised a hand in acknowledgement at Iggy who smiled back, waving, saluting. Old activists known to the police. The image hung there, the smiling cop, flat hat, raised hand.

‘That magazine Iggy ran,’ Graham said to Joe.

‘The one that folded with the first issue.’

‘Well, after the first few. That could have been a total fraud. It could have been a CIA operation, just to get the names and addresses of subscribers. They really pushed for subscribers. They collected mailing lists off every left wing group they could. Maybe that’s what he was doing those years he was overseas. Training at a secret CIA base.’

‘You shouldn’t go around saying these sort of things,’ said Joe.

‘Why not?’

‘Because you don’t know if they’re true. You’ve got no evidence, it’s all conjecture. You could harm someone’s career.’

He supposed so. He could be maligning and defaming an innocent person. But he was still surprised at the vigour of Joe’s attack, it made him uneasy, that he might have been defaming Iggy in the joy of creation, the excitement of the chase, following a narrative thread wherever it might lead, while Joe took the part of the censor, of responsibility, of care for the innocent. It hardly seemed a characteristic role. But there again Joe had had his own magazine that lasted only half a dozen issues

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and it was easy to forget that he might still be touchy about such forgotten moments.

Shelter a draft resister on the run. Show solidarity. Practical support, romantic gesture, complicity. Participation in the events of history. There weren't that many public draft resisters. A handful. The way to get out of the draft was to register and hope your number didn't come up. You had a good chance it wouldn't. If it did, you faked the medical. A code of convention emerged: bedwetting, asthma, anxiety. The army didn't want conscripts who didn't want to be there: not in a military situation: the Americans were losing too many officers to disaffected troops. If they figured you were trying to get out of it, you tended to get out of it. Pamphlets on how to fail your medical were readily available.

But there was also the campaign against registering for the draft in the first place. Here you recorded your heady defiance by not registering. In effect it was a loyalty oath for eighteen year old males and those who refused to register identified themselves immediately as subversives, unless they had the indemnity of provocateurs.

To have a leader of the Don't Register movement staying while the police had a warrant for his arrest was to endorse that ambiguous movement. Did Graham realise the ambiguities? Was this indeed the process through which he first began to recognise the advantages of passive evasion over head-on opposition? The resister and his wife stayed for a week, playing military marches on the record player. Occasionally they would phone up the Commonwealth Police to taunt them. Here we are, come and catch us.

'Get off the phone,' Graham would say, 'they'll trace it if you keep on talking.'

'Don't worry,' they waved, and brought the conversation to a leisurely end with all the civilised politenesses that ending a conversation required. They were well brought up law students. No unseemly curtailment.

Graham's publisher was down one time and encountered the draft resister, phoning away. He looked worried, the publisher, he was unhappy about all this involvement.

'You should stick to fiction,' he said. 'When's the novel coming along?'

But he was an American. Graham discounted the advice.

The worried look, though, hung there, a concern the full depths of which Graham never cared to plumb.

This was when he was living in what Joe used to refer to as the Gatsby house. If the police came the draft resister would have to escape by water, row out into the harbour. Romantic, dramatic, filmic.

The Commonwealth Police came round the University with photographs of wanted draft resisters. They came into the History Common Room, showed them to the staff, asking if anyone had seen them.

'Oh,' said Soumyen, 'all these white faces, they all look the same to me.'

'Of course they won't stop the war because a lot of kids and clergymen go around protesting. The only thing that will stop them is losing it.'

'So what's the point of the protest movement?'

'It annoys them. It gives them apoplexy and heart attacks and strokes and cancer.'

'Yes?'

'Permanent protest,' said Chris. 'What else is there to do?'

They sat with their feet on the table at the window and looked at the harbour. They had a flagon of wine between them and smoked some dope and looked out on the night.

'What are those flashing red lights in the water?' Chris asked.

'Ammunition barges.'

'I thought they were. Imagine if someone blew them up. Put a time fuse on them. Swam out there. What a blast! The gas tanks would all go up.'

On the water's edge were storage tanks for petroleum.

'Probably should wait till a tanker's in. Maximise the flammable materials. I wonder how much of the city it would take out. If all the barges detonated.... You'd only need to set off one or two, the others would set each other off. Though I guess it would be good to detonate the petrol storage places too. You'd have to plan it in detail.'

They sipped the wine and watched.

'You know, I should have gone in the army instead of dodging the draft.'

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‘Yes?’

‘Yes. Should have gone and learned about explosives and weapons. The left was real dumb not to enlist. You know, I’ve been thinking about a scheme to paralyse the city. Remember when that tanker spilled oil on the harbour bridge; the traffic was piled up till midnight. The whole city was immobilised. Immobilised. Think of that.’

The still night, the black harbour.

‘What you do is wait for a rainy night. You’ve got to have rain for the chaos, but not heavy rain that would wash the oil away. You could paralyse the place with strategic oil spills. Then you’d have to break into the control room of the television cameras that watch the traffic and demonstrations and everything. There’s someone up there taping it all, you know that? Just get up there at rush hour and hold them up. Take over the controls. You could create total chaos from that control room. And you could watch when the police started to come or anything. You could put out all the traffic lights. Imagine that.’

‘How would you get away with it?’

‘You’d have to work on it but I reckon it’s possible. Anyway, if it was a revolution you wouldn’t want to get away, you’d be there to take control.’

‘And what would you do then?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Chris. ‘It’s crazy, it would be so easy to take control but no one ever thinks they can really do it so they don’t even work out a scenario. They’ve got no real belief in revolution, any of them, any of those splinter groups. Three communist parties, four Trotskyite parties, all these workers’ parties and revolutionary parties. Why don’t they just seize control? Why don’t they work out what they’d do when they got control? It would be easy in a city like this. It would be easy to do the whole country. All you’ve got to do is work out a plan for six cities. Maybe we should do a book on it. Scenarios of the revolution. A scenario for every major city. Maps, plans, diagrams. You could give alternative strategies. You could list all the people you’d need to round up and so on. Work address, home address. You could show all the crucial offices and civil defence places and bomb shelters and police radio shelters and emergency services. Just imagine if you knocked out the central police transmitter, they wouldn’t be able to do anything. Or you could seize one of the FM stations

and transmit on the police frequency and jam it. What do you reckon?’

‘They gave me this ring in Hanoi,’ Germaine said. ‘They gave me two of them, actually. They’re made from shot down American fighters. I want to give it to somebody. To somebody who would appreciate it.’

The demonstrations on the university front lawn, rallies before demonstrations. Graham went to them but he preferred not to speak at them and there was never any shortage of people wanting to speak, address the crowds through a microphone. It held no attractions for Graham. Or did it, and was he repressing them? Or was the sense of power and exhilaration that hung there as a temptation readily balanced by a knowledge of the potential for disaster, derision, the crowd turning. He was suspicious of demagoguery, performance. He neither wanted to be good at it nor bad at it. It wasn’t something terribly difficult to do: a matter of morality and scruples as much as technique. But so was writing. He spoke at one or two meetings, introduced speakers. The last one ended in a mass onslaught on the lecture theatre where the attorney-general was speaking. Graham found himself with Chris against the doors. ‘Shall we smash them in?’ said Chris. It was a heady moment but it didn’t seem like a good idea. They edged aside to talk while the crowd pushed and was pushed forward. Graham watched one of the anarchists pushing solidly from behind. He had the build of a football player and the manner of a coach and later became a high-profile exponent of anti-state, free enterprise monetarism beloved by the right through the eighties. Graham didn’t enjoy being pushed from behind or from any other direction. He had never been fond of football players. And he didn’t see that breaking down doors would stop the war. Once you damaged property the wrath of the bourgeois state knew no end. There was a heady derring-do direct action spirit promoted by the anarchists, and what was always noticeable was they pushed from behind and theirs were never the dirty hands. Writing, you had a better chance to consider who was doing the pushing. Once you moved to the theatre of action you were in a different arena, even more duplicitous and treacherous.

How could you write about Vietnam? If you were there, perhaps you could record something. But why would you be there? What would

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you be doing if you were there and whose side would you be on? Yet if you weren't there, how could you write about it? And to write about it, what did that achieve? The critique of war through the portrayal of war. The argument for peace through the presentation of napalm burns, dead villagers, tortured communists. It wasn't the sort of thing he ever wanted to see or hear. The utter ambiguity of the exposé froze there for him. The loving rendering of murder and violence under the guise of protest, the sheer aesthetic perfection, craft and technique enlisted in the service of art, *verité* killings. So you turn your back on the war and what do you write then, maybe you explore the roots of the war in your own society, but how do you do that? That would be a big project, to substantiate it. Though to guess, to stab in there intuitively, that wasn't so hard. The other approach offered was to say although you didn't write about the war, your style, your critical attitude, the texture of your prose was its own critique, it was all a matter of form, not content, of the sufficiently honed prose, the polished perceptions. The war itself was an intrusion into this rarer world of form. He didn't want to be in that rare world any more than in Vietnam.

Lunch time readings against the war, though a welcome variant on talks by political scientists, were very ordered, restrained, contained. There was a move for something larger, total theatre, rock bands, jugglers. One of the draft resisters had a birthday and said to his parents, 'Don't give me gifts, just pay-roll a couple of rock bands for an all-night be in.'

So they ran leads out of the downstairs rooms in the quadrangle and set up lights so it could be filmed and a sound stage for the rock bands and the people reading stories and poems had a difficult time holding the audience, while round the edges prowled pro-war college boys and engineers. The lawns that were not to be walked on were walked on and then the lawn walkers wanted further excitement. They had broken the taboo and waited for something to open up. The consciousness battles ensued. There were those who were happy to sit round in a semi-circle and listen to rock, and their only arguments were with people in front of them who stood up instead of sitting down; but there were others who wanted to break into the vice-chancellor's office and liberate the files, and there were others who climbed around on the roofs like mountaineers, fulfilling some long felt need to conquer those heights,

and then in one corner a couple were dancing and the girl took off her top and this attracted a circle around them. This was a time when bare breasts were rare to public view, before topless beaches, before the introduction of colour television and the bare breasts that came to promote it. A ring of eager males stood around her cheering, more, more, they called, get it all off. But she didn't. It was after that that a fire was lit of all the underground papers brought along to give away, and the flames offered some phallic release for the frustrated watchers as burning pages of social analysis and anti-war propaganda and dope advocacy and comics and sexuality wafted upwards and danced around within the dark walls of the quadrangle and headed for the roof. Graham felt they'd unleashed forces he would rather not have unleashed. While down on the grass a sleeping bag totally zipped up and enclosed wriggled around like a jumping bean as a couple screwed inside it and the circle formed round about them.

Then they tried cleaning up the rubbish. The less lying around to set fire to the better. But Joe came by and kicked over the rubbish bins in the name of libertarianism. 'Don't be prefects,' he said prefectorially. 'Why should you clear up? Why recognise authorities? You wouldn't clear up after the vice-chancellor's tea-party, why should you clean up after this?' It was the sort of anarchism that appealed to the *jeunesse dorée*; leave it for the servants. Later it looked like deliberate provocation, at the time it was just annoying. But the place didn't burn down, they were greatly relieved nothing caught fire except the piles of newspapers, the half-naked girl illuminated in the flickering light.

In the midst of all this came the revelations about the CIA. How the Central Intelligence Agency had funded the Congress for Cultural Freedom and the magazines *Encounter*, *Partisan Review*, *Preuves*, *Quadrant*. Australia was part of the network. It was world encompassing. They had funded a similar network of international student organisations too. These were surprises and not surprises. Various editors expressed surprise and resigned their positions. Not in Australia. In Australia the editors said they didn't know, hadn't known, but weren't worried anyway, didn't feel uncomfortable, carried on as before.

The rumours had been around for years. To have them confirmed, to have the full specificity emerge, or something of it, was not something anyone needed to be surprised about. That was part of the horror of it,

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that it all fitted into place so predictably, at some level it must all have been known and repressed, preferred not to be known. But after the brief flurry of the revelation of what already had been suspected came the most interesting questions. What was the point? The global suborning of intellectual life. The conscription of literature to covert political ends. Was it as simple and as total as that? What about specifics? No doubt there were minor functions in the organisation or on the magazines that could have been used for cover; it let people have some ostensible work and income and put them in contact with all the visiting luminaries and all the resident luminaries they might ever want to meet or visit, making contact with people who might be useful contacts, arranging the invitations and funding for the spring seminars and summer schools. But what else? It was better to overestimate the intelligence of intelligence agencies than to accept the official media accounts of bumbling and incompetence. Stupidity was too uninteresting, anyway. Graham wanted a narrative of deeper complexity. He couldn't believe that the editors and advisory editors never knew the source of the funding. They knew the congress wasn't devoted to intellectual freedom except in a cold war, anti-communist, support American foreign policy and domestic policy way. They had to know that, everyone had to know that, otherwise the whole propaganda exercise was a disaster. The magazines might proclaim cultural freedom and run their token stories and poems but the real point was not the low high-culture pages but propagandising the American way. Of course it was possible that some of the editors had thought, here is a great source of finance, let us not inquire too closely but just get some of the funding, we will pretend our values are their values and we will run some of their token rubbish but our real purpose is something else. And who would ever know what their real purpose was or might have been? Finding a place for literature in the homes of diplomats and businessmen? Finding a source of patronage so they could invite their old friends to well paid seminars and publish their papers in well-produced journals, and get invited back in return? It was a nice theory that some of the editors were taking the CIA for a ride, but was it very likely that you could take an intelligence agency for a ride, unless they wanted you to.

Unless you had a CIA vision, unless you took the cold war seriously, unless you saw an imminent apocalyptic confrontation between capitalism and communism fought on every level including in the minds

and hearts of the intelligentsia, it was impossible to comprehend. Apart from that there weren't any other stakes. So back in the files some section chief could record, seventeen major articles in support of US policy objectives and castigating Soviet policy placed in a premier English language intellectual journal, and his quota had been to place fifteen. And the editors of all the funded magazines could write reciprocally for each other, a poem here, a travel diary there, a book review or a review article always on hand. It looked like the magazines had their elegant articles and their prestigious names; and the prestigious names kept up their prestige by keeping their names in print, though without having to write anything too demanding; and the section chiefs could keep up their propaganda war quota of heavy stuff; and nobody had to struggle to place articles in resistant papers; and then various writers not involved in the whole deal would offer work or would be solicited for work and they were too involved in their own writing and ambitions to examine the structure of the magazines too closely and anyway they wanted publication and so they were drawn in; and gave this air of independence and prestige and respectability and openness to the ramshackle project that it was. It gave the mediocre who were ready to be suborned the chance of free trips, expensive seminars, prestigious publications; it gave the once distinguished the chance to keep their name alive, to potter along without ever having to write the book they were going to write. And in the end it became the only game in town.

And then there was the darker sense that there was a deeper plan beneath it all, which would alter the definition of what was being got out of it. Why suddenly now was the truth, if it was the truth, revealed, when suspicions had been around for years? Graham couldn't imagine that they couldn't have stopped the stories had they wanted to, paying somebody off here, running over somebody in a laundry van somewhere else. Which made it look like they'd wanted the revelations, as if they had even set them up. Maybe they knew secrets couldn't be kept for ever, maybe the life of an operation like this was limited like American motor vehicles, so the operation was designed to capitalise on the inevitable ultimate exposure. An operation is set up to fund magazines and draw into them all the social democrat, left liberal intellectuals. There was no need to draw in communists, they had their own organisation, the FBI funded seventy-five per cent of the American communist party's subscriptions, the only thing that kept the party

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solvent, and that ensured that the FBI knew what was going on, ensured that nothing was going on. The communists could be left to the FBI, and this operation could concentrate on the left liberals. All the beautiful people who believed in intellectuals. Before intellectual became a dirty word. And the whole point was to make intellectual a dirty word. The whole point was for the ultimate exposure of the CIA funding, to show how cheap intellectuals were, to show how easily you could suborn writers and film reviewers and men of letters and cultural commentators and professors of literature and angry young novelists. Who was ever going to trust those social democrat leftists again, now that the source of their secret funding was revealed? Who was ever going to believe in the concept of impartial, dispassionate, disinterested criticism from the universities when their academics had leapt into the seminars and junkets and magazines that the CIA had funded? Who would ever believe in the integrity of any organisation any longer now the CIA rules on how to handle organisations had been made public? 'Use legitimate, existing organisations; disguise the extent of American interest; protect the integrity of the organisation by not requiring it to support every aspect of official American policy.' Now everyone would suspect everything of having been suborned. Revealing the secret guidelines was the ultimate stage in the operation, the clinching manoeuvre, now there could never be trust again.

But to get too preoccupied with the historicity of the revelations and fail to realise that more of the same things were still going on and would continue to go on, was a mistake. A lure. Exploring the past betrayals, indicting the complicit figures, was marvellous for the youth rhetoric of the movement. It meant that everything of the past could be repudiated as suborned. Never trust anybody over thirty. It allowed the belief that this was a new order coming, that the activists were involved in a generational struggle, and the young were pure and clean and uncorrupted by all those cold war deadlinesses. It diverted attention away from the manipulation of the movement. Obviously the same sort of operation had to be continuing, phoney protest, phoney radicalism, phoney publications.

Again, did anyone want to look too closely when they were having such a good time? Having vowed not to publish in *Quadrant*, Graham had no wish to go round checking on the credentials of every other publication. What would be left? Increasingly they all began to look

phoney, fronts and mind-control stations. But if the explicit revelations had never come, then this process of suspicion could never have developed. Suspicion was clearly part of the fail-safe design of the original operation; when the operation was ultimately revealed, it would continue to be effective in its very revelations, the paranoia generated could serve only to paralyse, evidence of manipulation leading to a mistrust of any co-operative activity for fear of the unauthenticity of the others.

The rhetoric of conspiracy, of course, had been unavailable for years; dismissed to the margins as sensational, silly, immature, fantastic, so that the range of expressible causality had become extraordinarily reduced. The revelations allowed the reintroduction of conspiracy to literature, the exploration of paranoia. Yet how did you write about it unless you were in it? How did you capture this narrative of bad faith, of the suborning and manipulation of a 'free' culture? Retrospectively you could see the signs of what had been done. It provided a stimulus to literary history; it provided some points for literary criticism, it gave a meaning and significance to that cultural stress on ambiguity and irony. 'Angleton boasted to me that he had recruited some of the best minds of the New Critics and poets into the OSS, where their facility at teasing out seven types of ambiguity from a text served them well in the interpretations of intelligence data.' (*Harpers*, October 1983) And if they were there in the OSS in the war, who could doubt that they were there in its successor organisation through the cold war, when Angleton was a deputy director of the CIA? Decoding the ambiguities of enemy intelligence soon led to the creation of ambiguity in their own literary production. Days spent in decoding and discovering what a targeted text meant were succeeded by nights of creating texts no-one should ever decode. And it was certainly safer to say nothing that could be decoded. American modernism.

It was a huge revelation, the CIA's intervention in cultural production. And from that you could assume that other agencies of other free world nations had similarly intervened. And conceive of other, infinite sorts of intervention. It brought into question the whole literary world. Well, that was a good thing. Over the years he tried to embody it in fictional form, tried to draw on the material for a novel, but he could never succeed. The material seemed recalcitrant, unrewarding. He could conceptualise it, intellectualise it, theorise it, and in the end he had to

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leave it at that. Why try to raise it to the status of art, why try to memorialise it in that way? It was an intrusion, an excrescence, a growth. It was a part of the picture, it should not be excluded, in any true picture it could not be excluded. But it remained the untransmutable dregs of anti-art, anti-life, anti-Christ.

Note

'Vietnam Protest' is an episode from a fictional memoir, or memorial fiction, with the working title *The Literary Pages*.

