

fioretti

Fall 1968



fioretti

Vol. XXVII

No. 1

ARTICLES

- 7 Mississippi to Chicago: the Move Left
Dennis von Pyritz
- 18 Whatever happened to the Indian?
Jerald J. Eagan
- 24 The Education Gap: A Solution
James Widner

POETRY

- 6 "What now . . ."
Tess Eichenberger
- 6 "There was . . ."
Tess Eichenberger
- 11 The Goodwill Man
Carole Williams
- 12 Lonely, One-road Man
Madonna Kelsey
- 12 Autumn
Richard Gardner
- 15 The Kiss
Kevin Farrell
- 16 Particles of Life
John G. Kirchner
- 17 Paradox Lost
Andrew Lewallen
- 17 "Even . . ."
Tess Eichenberger
- 23 In Peter's House
Andrew Lewallen

- 27 The morning of tomorrow-day
Anita DeLuna
- 28 "I once lived in a house . . ."
Kent Overholtzer
- 28 Weeping Sands
Kent Overholtzer
- 32 House on 28th Street
Carole Williams
- 32 Act III, Scene IV
Carole Williams
- 35 Sense
Andrew Lewallen
- 36 "i wove between lonely bodies . . ."
Anita DeLuna
- 36 "i once had a worm . . ."
John O'Kane

STORIES

- 12 Death's Other Kingdom
James Widner
- 29 Letters of a Soldier's Wife
Dennis von Pyritz

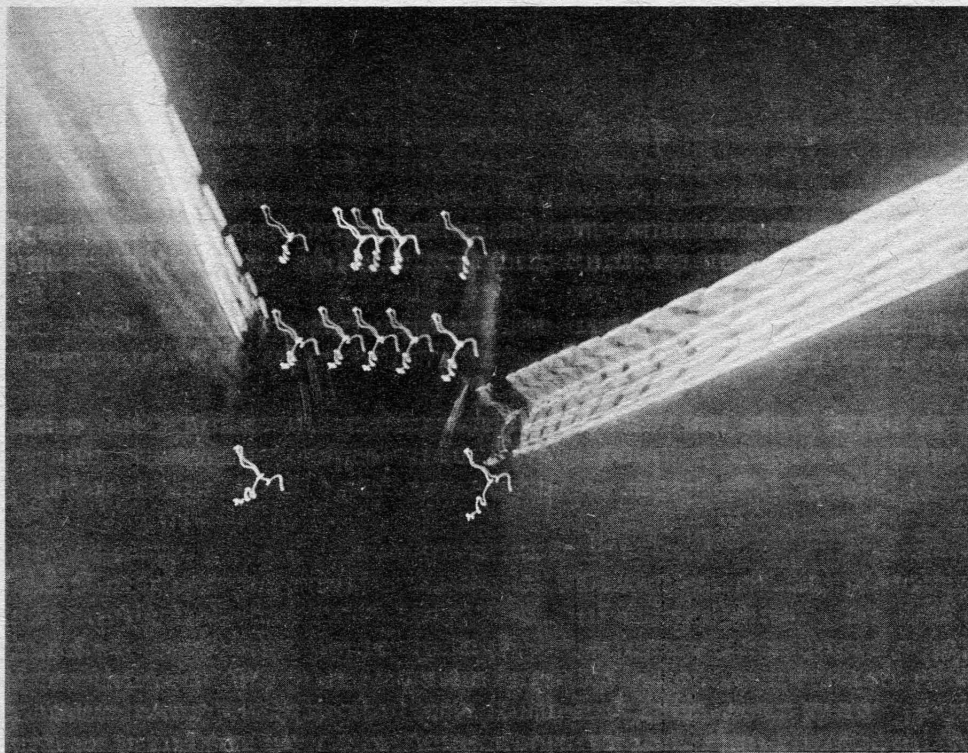
DEPARTMENTS

- 1 The Anti-Editor Notes
- 3 Can you Identify
- 4 Issue: Is Christianity Relevant
- 26 The Anti-Editor Asks
- 33 List of Dead Words

Published Quarterly by the Student Board of Marian College

cover by James Palagi

Complementary Copies



"Truck" by Dennis von Pyritz

THE ANTI-EDITOR NOTES

By this time you have no doubt thumbed through this issue of the new *Fioretti*. You have seen many photographs, some interesting, some not so. You may have read some of the fillers, noticed some unusual drawings, or have skimmed the beginnings of some of the articles, essays and stories. The paper is textured, the ink is brown. One of the reasons you went out of your way to

pick it up was the cover, the *Fioretti* nude, a first. You may be wondering about the "Disintegrating Fives" on the back cover. So we need not point out to you that this is not the *Fioretti* you read (or did not read) last year and the year before, etc.,

We hope that you read the whole issue this time; we deserve that at least. You won't like it all, we hope not. You will dis-

agree with some things, we hope so. You may even be praying for the rebirth of the old *Fioretti*, we hope not, for your sake. Some of the material may be good, some excellent, and some, you may consider, terrible. You may further question the taste of some material or the honesty of intent of the magazine as a whole. All this is unfortunate, but unavoidable if the magazine is change, rather to continue to strive for literary quality and, at the same time, for relevancy. We do not intend at any time to court the favor of any student, faculty or administrative group. We hope to remain "honest", but, at the same time, the course of the *Fioretti* is a word, *experimental*.

The simple matter-of-fact story is that the Student Board did not wish to continue to support the kind of magazine that the old *Fioretti* was. Neither did we wish to publish that kind of magazine. The old *Fioretti* had lost its force, its relevancy; it lacked cultural and political awareness. The old *Fioretti* had become essentially an "ego trip" for unpublished poets and writers. It had, in its attachment to gratification, forsaken its effectiveness in communicating ideas and emotional expression. So we, at the beginning of this year, in a series of anti-meetings, respectively laid to rest the old concept of *Fioretti* on our shelves along with old, unwanted issues. And in that same series of gatherings, group-things closely resembling anarchy, emerged a new and vibrant picture of what the *Fioretti* would mean this year. There has been dissention and rebellion in the same ranks of the staff, and what began as a participatory democracy is now a "benovolent dictatorship." The action and reaction within the staff will

reflect our role as a catalyst. This is all a part of the Great Experiment.

The first phase of the experiment concerns the actual process of printing; this year in keeping with the trend to make student affairs more student-centered, we are doing the printing on campus. We have resorted to the offset method, thanks to Col. Wagner and Mrs. Spellina, in an effort to reduce costs and publish more and better issues. The *Fioretti* will be published quarterly this year, with more pages and at less cost than in previous years.

The second phase involves consideration of the balance and types of material. Nineteen poems are in this issue, selected from sixty that were handed in. In this issue you will find a historical treatment of New Left, a challenge to Christianity, the impressions of a VietNam veteran, and an analysis of the structure of a university. We solicited drawings and photography to be published independently of any article, for their own artistic merit. We offer further two sensitive works of fiction. The end product, we hope, offers a balance of experience from which the reader can more effectively realize his own potential.

We have also formulated tentative plans for future issues. We intend to solicit for the next issue, a candid overview of Marian College by Dr. Guzzetta. More ambitious perhaps is the plan to send an editorial group to various small liberal-arts colleges in the Midwest, possibly Indiana Central, Earlham and Antioch. We will talk with the student editors and leaders to get a general portrait of each institution. With this source material we intend to hold a staff rap-in to evaluate the position and course of Marian. Coinciding with Negro History Week will be

an issue containing special material on the black situation, written mostly, we hope, by black students. We hope thus to expose students to new racial themes. At the same time we will continue to solicit and publish quality fiction and poetry.

The *Fioretti* is a catalyst. If we do anything, we hope to provoke debate. If any kind of polarization occurs over *Fioretti* policy, we would hope, at least, that it would force a re-examination of the issues we present or question. We hope to establish a very high, if not heated, level of discussion of ideas. If the institutions or issues are not able to survive this discussion, then they are not worth preserving. A few weeks ago

the *Carbon* announced that we would rape minds. We see Marian as virgin territory. We intend to do just that — to pick out the fallacies, to weed out weak, unbased concepts, to set the intellectual machinery at an ecstatic pace. We do not intend for the content of the magazine to be monopolized by one type of thought. We solicit all views and choose them solely on their literary merit and effective presentation. But we intend to experiment this year, to provide cultural and political exposure, to be contemporary and exciting, irreverent and outrageous, if necessary. We intend finally to provoke, rape, and pillage the intellectual atmosphere of Marian College. The *Fioretti* is no longer sterile, it is potent.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

Carl Oglesby
Ken Kesey
Mark Rudd
Jerry Rubins
Richard Farina
Leslie Fiedler
Ed Arzsmann
Eric Clamilton

Jean-Luc Godard
Capt. Howard Levy
Peter Weiss
Huey Newton
J.R.R. Tolkien
Linda Miller
Philip Berrigan
Saul Alinsky

Eldridge Cleaver
The United States
of America
Paul Krassner
Arlo Guthrie
John K. Galbraith
Bob Konstanzer
Jan Pavaar

- if you score less than 25% you need the *Fioretti*
- if you identified half the names, we need you on our staff
- if you know all of them, you can be editor

(answers to be published in next issue)

IS CHRISTIANITY RELEVANT?

If the only question this article raises is whether or not the Catholic Church is relevant, then the point has been missed. The crucial issue is the value of *Christianity*, itself. Only if Christianity can be considered of value does the relevancy of the Church become important.

The Church prides itself on being descendant from Christ, its founder and greatest apostle. Apostle of what? Does the Church give meaning to Christianity or did Christ give meaning to the Church? Is Christianity a system of laws handed down by stodgy old men who never participated in life as human beings, or is it an encouragement to stodgy old men to be more human? And what does it mean to be human, or is that the message of Christ?

Christ was killed because no one understood him, and the Church, beginning with Paul, has managed to enshrine that misunderstanding. Why does the Church try so hard to destroy the manhood of Christ? He was not setting down patterns of life for gods.

Let us begin by commenting on what the Church apparently considers important. Most recently, the issue was the marriage of Jacqueline Kennedy to Aristotle Onassis. The entire world knows that the late President's widow was Catholic, and that Onassis was many times divorced, and we all knew the position of the Church regarding that evil of evils, that destroyer of holy families, divorce. And the law was administered, for the Church must not lose face. In the meantime, there is a war whose victims are offi-

cially being prayed for, in Vietnam, and another in Nigeria, and another in . . .

The Church seems to be quite proficient at administering to the dead, the newborn, and the lover of the letter of the law. Is it capable of dealing with the living? Could Bob Konstanzer answer that one?

Regarding the Church and its relationship to the Marian campus, is the situation any better? Is it true that the patterns for the new nuns' habits came from the 1905 edition of Sears catalog? Or is there a new rendering of the garb sent out periodically – say once every 500 years – from Rome?

The most recent display of “relevancy” was a rock adaptation of the Mass, a truly revolutionary . . . concession. Granted, there is a better mode of communication than Gregorian chant, and a move to modern music is a step in the right direction, but the music is not where the meaning of Mass lies. The music is simply decoration. It is the meaning of the Eucharist that is important. It is, precisely, that which is missed.

Christ said, “Do this in remembrance of me.” Christ was thirty-three years long. How can we possibly sum his worth in a tinkling of bells at the ritual raising of the host. It is not the consecration of the host, but the desecration of the life of Christ. If Christ had lived according to the official promulgation of the law, he would not have died on a cross. We face the same decision that he had to make. Shall we choose between the law and the meaning of human life? Is Christianity relevant?

Fioretti, in the hope that it may offer some unorthodox and relevant advice suggests the following reforms:

1. that the nuns' habits be brought up to date or eliminated entirely
2. that the encouraged recitation of the office be discarded
3. that clerics be allowed to react to their human needs without being condemned for it
4. that the Church involve itself actively with the political and moral issues of the day
5. that real experimentation in the search for a meaningful liturgical experience be officially supported by the Archdiocese of Indianapolis e.g. Agape-in a la Bob Konstanzer, group experience a la John O'Kane in *Carbon* editorial Nov. 22, 1968.
6. that Christianity be discussed actively and earnestly in an attempt to come to some sort of understanding of it.
7. that the Church actually recommend living like a Christian i.e., becoming involved with fellow man, trying to realize what it means to give a damn
8. that concepts of Christianity be re-judaized (see Robert Gordis: "Re-Judaizing Christianity" *The Center Magazine*, Sept. 1968).
9. that Thomas Aquinas be condemned as a heretic
10. that a discussion of birth control centering on individuals rather than ideas be instituted, with the realization that the Church officially frowns on sex.
11. that Action break free of its fear to act
12. that every religious symbol of monetary value be sold and the income used for something worthwhile e.g., set up a non-profit institution whose funds would be used to enable families to break free from the cycle of inner-city poverty, and to become human.

Many changes need to be made. *Fioretti* suggests that we at least begin now to make the changes we already discussed too long.

Richard Gardner

Letters in response to any material appearing in this issue should be left in the Publications Office. Mailed letters should be addressed to the Anti-Editor, *Fioretti* at Marian College.

We accept for consideration drawings, photographs and typed material concerning any subject. No restrictions except those concerning length and quality are placed on the writer.

What now
When even sacredness is gone?
Druids trampling the old oak leaves
Moonbows unnoticed
Lullabys transposed into electric chords
And my thoughts
Running over the rim of
Sanity
In search of a sacred tumbler
And finding instead
Another rim

There was a
Dark Age of Windows
Everything
Transparent, translucent, opaque
My eyes made
Medieval judgments
Then
There came a
Summer architect
Everything
Rainbowed, intricate, precious
My eyes made
Stained glass judgments
Now there are
No windows at all
Everything
Too contingent
For
Contemporary eyes to judge

--Tess Eichenberger

Mississippi To Chicago:

the move left

Dennis von Pyritz

"Up against the wall, mother- *BLANK* !" This is a cry born out of the dark silence of the Fifties, it is the violent response of Sheriff Jim Clark and Dick Dailey's hordes to the new activism. That response tells the story of a perhaps courageous generation that rose out of the McCarthy era of paranoia and passivism. In 1959 Clark Kerr had said, "The employers will love this generation, they are not going to press many grievances . . . They are going to be easy to handle. There aren't going to be any riots." But the collision of several historic forces would prove the youth of the Sixties to be the most volatile and active in American history. And not without consequence; an article in November's *Atlantic Monthly* declared that "the Young . . . are regarded with considerable hatred in this country." Certainly if apathetic and success-oriented students perplexed the social scientists of the last decade, the children of the New Age of Affluence and their cries of hypocrisy, materialism and revolution befuddle common man and scholar alike. What is responsible for this renaissance of activist concern and what are its goals? It all began at the turn of the decade in a series of confrontations now known as the Mississippi wars.

I remember talking with veterans of that conflict, in the backroom of a church coffee house in the middle of a black ghetto. There was a huge man with a great black beard known as "God" and a big man, Max.

They had been in the last campaigns, the Mississippi Summer Project of '64. They had felt the exclusion of blacks in rural area from every facet of community life. They and their fellows had been shot, beaten, gassed, whipped, and jailed.

The first student lunch counter sit-in occurred in Greensboro, N.C., on February 1, 1960. During Easter vacation that year 300 students met at Shaw U. at Raleigh and founded the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. The first freedom rides from Washington, D.C. to Jackson, Mississippi were organized. These early tactics of confrontation brought a nation to face with its collective conscience. The people involved shared a religious devotion to the ideals of non-violence, love and peace, along with a suspicion of formal organization and leadership. A young and vibrant President headed a liberal administration. The problem had been exposed, and resolved in Congress, all in good liberal tradition. The action culminated in the summer of '64: workers had registered 1500 blacks, set up 47 freedom schools and 30 community centers. The SNCC — inspired Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party had failed. But for my friends the most vivid result was the murder of Goodman, Chaney, and Schwerner.

In September the army of civil rights workers returned to school; one of the schools was Berkeley. Armed with a sense of accomplishment and bitterness, Berke-

ley students organized civil rights demonstrations in the Oakland area. President Clark Kerr resisted demands to suspend those students. While he was abroad a minor official decided that the mall used for political activity really belonged to the University and not to Oakland. On-campus recruiting for off-campus political activity was forbidden. Kerr later admitted the ruling was a mistake. A mistake which ended in "bringing the university to a grinding halt." After a young man was arrested for manning an "illegal" civil rights table, 3,000 students entrapped the police car for thirty hours. This began a long series of meetings, agreements, demonstrations, agreements broken, more demonstrations, and finally the strike in early December by 15,000 students.

The Free Speech Movement was broadly based, Young Republicans and Democrats, other moderate groups outnumbering SDS and the Graduate Steering Committee. The organization was loose and decentralized, essentially experimental. The strategy of FSM was classical civil rights strategy: by massive civil disobedience to make reinforcement of rules impossible and to arouse the conscience of the public, in this case, the faculty, to the merits of their cause. An important factor in the steady shift of faculty opinion was that more and more of the best students, particularly graduate students, were backing FSM. Already, too, the rank and file students were moving toward the most militant and intransigent of their leaders as their only hope of victory. With this backing the more radical leaders were able to use this basic concern for the numerous failures of the multiversity (Kerr himself

coined the term) to construct a position of considerable political power. They were aided in their efforts by the administration when the Regents and Gov. Brown sent in police to disperse the sit-in which precipitated the strike. 800 arrests were made and the inevitable charges of brutality drew more clearly the case of the radicals, that the University was oppressing the students in the same way the whites oppressed the blacks in Dixie. Kerr said later, "We fumbled, we floundered, and the worst thing is I still don't know how we should have handled it." In any case, the politics of confrontation became an institution in student activism.

Our commitment in Viet Nam was increasing, and so was dissent. A year later,



Picture by Dennis von Pyritz

in November and December, the Vietnam Day Committee attempted three marches in downtown Oakland. Their goal was peaceful picketing of the Induction Center. They marched anyway — twelve, ten, and six thousand people — starting at the campus and each time meeting a wall of police.

In April 25,000 people marched on Washington in an SDS-organized war protest. SDS also helped organize the massive Teach-in in June. In November of 1966 Berkeley exploded again over Navy recruiting; this violated the old rule about on-campus soliciting. This was perhaps the first of the famous sit-ins at campus recruiting stations. Organized draft counseling became widespread. In April of '67 several hundred thousand people demonstrated in San Francisco and New York; severe beating occurred at Century Plaza in Los Angeles.

The following October, "Stop the Draft Week" was declared. Joan Baez, her mother and 20 others were arrested in an Oakland induction center in a black ghetto. A picket line of 2,000 marched in support. The next day demonstrators explicitly refused a public commitment to non-violence. At six A.M. 3,000 people clogged the streets in front of the Center. At seven the police charged. The week at Oakland culminated on Friday when 2,000 police demanded the streets be cleared in the name of the people of Oakland. 8,000 demonstrators answered, "We are the people!" Forty blocks of downtown Oakland were converted into a rich guerilla theatre setting. The month ended with a second march on Washington: 35,000 protestors converged rather peacefully on the nation's capital, garrisoned by 9,000 troops.

In the spring of this year the second student revolt occurred, this time at the painted edge of Harlem, at Columbia. A seven day siege occurred after radical students demanded that construction of a gym be halted and that the university sever its ties with the IDA (Institute of Defense Analysis). These original demands were extended to include lifting of the administration ban on indoor political demonstration, creation of a student-faculty disciplinary board, and amnesty for all participants in building occupation. President Grayson Kirk seemed less sensitive to the problem than Kerr in 1964, and thus had 1,000 New York police clear the students from the five "liberated" buildings. Although support at Columbia was not as widespread as at Berkeley, the structure of Columbia was effectively shaken.

An executive faculty committee published a report of the disorders: it attributed much of the discontent to outside political and social forces. But it also indicted the administration for being too authoritarian and open to distrust, and the faculty for being too remote. The commission also denied that the disruptions were the result of conspiracy of student revolutionaries. Their total number was small and they acted only as the catalyst. Four years since Berkeley had not solved the basic problems of the American university.

Little need be said about Chicago, we all saw it. In February thousands of kids decided to "drop in," to give the Establishment a chance. They followed McCarthy in droves from the now legendary snows of New Hampshire to the Pacific coast in California and Oregon. The system predictably won the convention. And whatever

dent they had helped make in that System — the defeat of Johnson, the unification of the peace movement, and the forced reexamination of the American political system, it fell unnoticed when the blood began to flow on Michigan Ave. The 'overreaction' of the police had only aggravated their sense of idealism, their natural tendency to be perhaps unrealistic.

They chanted "The whole world is watching." And it was. The activist movement, born in Mississippi, was now very far Left. The New Left was now a real political force, having brought down Columbia, and now forcing "the party of the people" to hold a convention in an occupied city, in a fortified hall separated from dirty slums by a white fence. The New Left was on Michigan Avenue and they were reaping a new harvest of freshly disillusioned idealists.

In this short summary of student activism it is clear that several transitions have taken place in the past eight years. There has been a slow drift from liberalism to radicalism, the character of once peaceful protests was now violent confrontation, and a movement whose original ideal was integration had fallen into two separate militant camps, black and white. The war, the racial situation, and the existence of poverty in a rich nation have fed the revolutionary fire more than anything else. But unquestionably there had to have been an underlying discontent to produce the phenomenal growth of the New Left. Part of this frustration seems to be due specifically to the type of activism which characterized the first half of the decade.

As was demonstrated the whole Movement had its roots in the civil rights issue

of the early Sixties. The discovery of the racial situation in the United States produced an urgency of response in the whole country. The situation in effect allowed for civil disobedience to be introduced as a popular and accepted method of social reform.

Support was widespread and students who might otherwise have remained silent could, under this new mood of liberalism, activate their idealism. Once this fervor died down after a few amendments were passed, the people assumed that this new liberalism now in force had quite nearly rectified the situation. The consciences had been sufficiently soothed.

While protest against the war has never gained as much popular support as the civil rights movement, the type of protest has followed much the same evolutionary path. It began to gain an air of respectability when member of the Establishment, particularly clergy and professionals, joined in. For several years the numerous marches, vigils, Teach-ins, etc. were all held in the Martin Luther King tradition of non-violence. The protest at the time was just slightly left of liberalism. The police riots in Oakland in 1967 helped spell out the need for a more radical and daring type of protest.

Essentially what this phenomenon suggests is that blacks and students began to lose faith in the old liberal ways of dealing with social problems. While lunch counters, bus terminals and a few schools have been integrated, the lives of very few blacks have been genuinely improved. The amount of men and machines invested in Viet Nam has only increased: casualties are now

(continued on page 33)

The Goodwill Man

He came on a Friday afternoon and it was
icy and bleak.

He wore an aging gray cap cocked
over one eye
and a wisp of silvery hair tried to shelter his left ear
against the cold.
He seemed almost as ancient
as his thinning coat,
and he fitted it
perfectly.
He lacked a few teeth,
but his eloquent grin wasn't at all
inadequate.

He carefully removed all the old clothes
and handbags
and newspapers
and trivia
we didn't want.
And when he had taken out the bulging bag,
I gave him a sack of doughnuts;
he had summery
brown eyes flecked with
laughter.

As he was leaving, the wind began to rave
and the snow descended
and I almost couldn't
shut the door.
I almost
wouldn't
shut
the
door.

--Carole Williams

The Lonely, One-Road Man

One
heart
beat,
in one tempo.
One mind shows,
mind shows,
growing old.
One
fine
purpose,
life has wasted.

FOR

No on
travels
on one
road.

--Donna Kelsey

autumn
leaves dropping one by one
ideas
lives
it is not true that nothing lasts
the cycle doesn't change

the summer sun
dying slowly at first
is soon forgotten
and the death shroud
is drawn over the corpse
waiting to be borne away

like children
we play with it
peeking under it
trying to see
if we can understand
what is there

soon fascinated only
with the shroud itself
finding pleasure
where we can
and moving on
it is not true that nothing lasts
the cycle doesn't change

--Richard Gardner

DEATH'S OTHER KINGDOM

James Widner

Those who have crossed
with direct eyes, to death's other kingdom
remember us — if at all — not as lost
violent souls, but only
as the hollow men
the stuffed men

— Eliot

A picture. There are several people in the picture — a young man, a young woman, and a little girl, a pretty little girl. The picture appears yellow, as if it has been folded double many times by an unsteady hand. Cracks run up and down and across this ancient memory distorting, clouding the face of the three people, three beautiful people.

The desk upon which the picture's existence is supported is scratched, chipped and dusty. Its brown bleakness pervades the room. The top of it shows many battle-scars from the war with time, but the desk still survives, just as people survive. Yet the people, like the desk, wait, sit and wait for decay to eat them out of existence.

Dust fills the room, choking the sunlight from entering, seemingly protecting the armour of age that has succumbed the room. There is a bed too. The bedspread? Aged. The wooden frame of the bed? Also aged. But upon the bed an object of complex degree — a woman. But is it? Age has distorted beyond recognition: Deep valleys run across her face; folds of skin lay isolated. Her hair, what is left of it, is snow

white, scraggly and stiff showing signs of repeated brushings, reflecting many moments of caressing in an open field, along a seashore. Life, how lovely it was! Was? Yes, it is all gone isn't it? What has become of the ageless melodies, the infinite harmonies, the joys that life had at one time so generously given.

Where have they gone?

But they aren't gone; they still exist. They have merely been transformed into vacuum memories. Memories one can see and hear, but not touch. Yet isn't that the essence of life and joy — to touch? To feel, to grasp, to *know* that life is real?

Yet that is no more. The past has faded into yellowed memories of time, never again to be embraced. This woman, this pocket of memory is still here, however, to suffer, to be real without life. To have the spirit, the soul sucked from your body leaving the body to decay, to satisfy the jaws of time; is this life? Is this what is called "the joys of old age"?

And now this fading life sits up, slowly rising from her bed which has become her tomb. Her arms, the arthritic limbs of this rotting trunk, brush away the hair; and trying to be gentle, methodically wipe the sleep from the sunken sockets, which view this weary room.

A clock is heard ticking away the seconds, the infinitesimal bits of time. Like a torturer seeking the smallest amounts of sadistic pleasure from each portion of the sound, this infernal machine releases ticks

reminding the old one that each tick is a second of time that is no more, slowly giving the countdown of life, of the last days. Is this our reward for living life — like a wounded animal waiting for death, the fight for life drained long ago?

The old woman just sits, while the clock declares the beat of life. She is staring out the window and across an open field. A breeze sends periodic waves across the dewstained grass, the sun reflected, sparkling within every wave.

... The breeze blows gently caressing the soft skin. Brushing back her beautiful blonde hair to keep it out of her eyes, she lay in the soft dew grass, the cool wet soaking her back. Beside her lay her lover, caressing her curvaceous body, fondling her large breasts. But then she pushes his large hand aside and sits up on one arm.

"Is this what love is like? I feel so wonderful, so absolutely wonderful!"

The handsome face only smiles, then nods. She leans over him, placing all her weight on his rugged frame, kissing his soft lips tenderly. The sun bursts from behind a white puffed cloud, the breeze blows across the high grass forcing the green stalks to bend submittingly...

There are tears running down the cracked face. Memories, hollow memories are all she has left. Oh, to touch, to feel once more the life she once knew! But no, that is impossible. She is left to remain looking at life from this staid bottle unable to sense the beauty which had surrounded her. Her eyes shift from this biting memory to the yellowed picture on her desk. A faint smile emerges from her shriveled mouth, but it is the smile of a defeated life. She is smiling, desiring to be once more in the happy

company of her husband and her beautiful daughter. But will that ever be? She knows that perhaps one day she will join her husband; they will soon be lowering her into the depths of the unknown, the black void which we all fear, but which only these half-dead automatons can experience. Her daughter? Her daughter — she hasn't seen her for many years. Abandoned? Yes, perhaps one could call it that; but not really abandoned, just considered already dead. No one wants a crutch, and that's all old people are — crutches. But this old, weary woman only knows one daughter, the daughter in the picture. She can only grasp memories, for to her reality is no more. She senses nothing, she no longer is alive, except in these memories with her beautiful, sweet, little girl...

... Gazing across the beach, she watches her child playing in the sand. Building sand castles, which to the young woman watching are sand castles of life, existing only for a short time soon to be washed out to sea; destroyed; becoming one with nature. She watches her little one as the white foam covers the girl's castle, stealing it to be swept into the giant ocean. The little girl, her hair blowing across her pink face, cries. Her creation is gone, the tears stream down her face. Suddenly, she clumsily rises and runs across the white sand to her silent mother, who is waiting for this joy to come to her arms.

"Mommy, mommy. It's gone. The water grabbed my house and took it away!"

The woman lovingly holds the child. They wouldn't take *her* creation, the water wouldn't grab it from her like it did the castle. No they will never take her...

But they have. No longer does her little

one come; no longer does she live. Time has taken her into its encompassing arms and changed her. The little girl is gone — a woman has replaced her. A woman the old one does not know. Once more tears stream down her face, following the cracks that forever will remain.

She has stopped crying; she lies down now, once again to hide in her tomb. But she will never rise again, nor will she have to worry. Her reality has decayed to nothingness and she has finally become enfolded, lost in her memories forever.

THE KISS

A Negro man kissed me today,
though I am a young white boy.
He kissed me and I'm glad he did.
And he's happy too.

He is no homosexual,
or sissy or faggot, you know.
He is a man, and
He kissed me.

I was drowning you see,
I had nearly drowned when
he pulled me from the water
and kissed me.
And I live because he kissed me.

-- Kevin Farrell

Particles of Life

John G. Kirchner

In our everyday life and experiences, we often pass over minute particles of life. The particles that we miss shall always be missed and leave us looking through a giant mirror that makes us the size of the reflection.

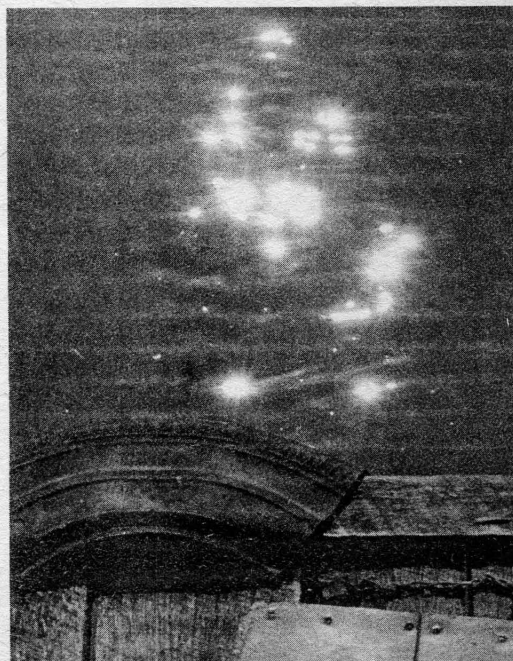
John G. Kirchner II, S.O.B.

Why bother with particles of life, especially if they are minute? Yes, I expected you to ask a question of that sort. You would feel minuteness below you. You are a success, money, power everything anybody would want. You live on people who want with great greed. You drag them from an existence of happy childhood, through a period of adjustment, then to adulthood with the idea that you are what they want. At no time do they realize that they are minute particles of life which they look for no more.

You are under my wing, admit it. Have you no minute particles of life? Ah! There you are wrong. Yes, I believed you and wanted what you had but something happened. My eyes awoke to see a sun I had never seen before. It was partly your own fault, you know. Yeah, do you remember when you fixed me up with a slut, so that I might experience that grandiose of all pleasures. After your slut, I thought they were all sluts and all I cared for was to implant myself within their dirty bodies, but one changed all that. The bodies fell like frosted glass tinkling from a broken win-

dow. I saw her before me, and I leapt as I leapt at all the other sluts. She became naked before my eyes, but my leap stopped in mid-air. I went into a trance, my eyes glistening with color and time. When I awoke we lay together in a sunny meadow. I was cured and so she left, — me. I just sat there with tears running to the blades of grass where once she did lay.

A smile then came over my eyes and I remembered that you would be waiting. I came back now only to tell you to wait no longer, for what you have I do not want. Good-bye, Good-bye forever.



Picture by Dennis von Pyritz

PARADOX LOST

As I watched television
flash

flash

flash

flash

I asked myself

Why?

And a wise, old man
hobbled up to me and said:
SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

but I sought

and did not find
until I stopped seeking

and found

that he was

lying.

--Andrew Lewallen

Even

The northern lights dimmed

For the ocean moon affair

White surge drenched with love beads

Moonglow riding the crests

An embrace.

In a fleeting orange moment

I thought the wave was

Peace

Until the jetty broke the color

The jetty I stood on

And wet broken pieces

Of a midnight rosary called

Hope

Slapped me in the face.

--Tess Eichenberger

Whatever Happened to The Indian? . . .

Jerald J. Eagan

Cpl. Eagan voluntarily served for three years in the U.S. Army, as a rifleman in the infantry. He was shot in Vietnam. What follows is an impressionistic account of his experiences. The most significant aspect of his story is that by the time he entered the service he was an amateur expert on Warfare, with 400 books and thoughts of West Point. By the time he left, he had changed from that "gung-ho sonovabitch" to an avid critic of the war, on moral grounds.

Head held high above the water, body lying in the muck, I laughed madly at what was happening around me.

Cracking bullets filled the air, sounding like a chorus of bullwhips lashing at a pack of untamed lions.

Bullets sound different.

Casual overhead rounds fairly loft through the air. Those meant and aimed for you make a cracking sound that is unmistakable in meaning. I had no illusions that day.

A natural obstacle of a canal, with a wire entanglement, had been the cause of the unraveling of the company which had become badly disorganized and scattered over a wide area. The stragglers and non-swimmers held up by the deep water further added to the chaos.

Dark and murky, ten or twelve feet wide and as many deep, the canal stood as an effective barrier to our advance. To augment the water ditch was a double strand of booby-trapped barbed wire that topped the far bank.

It had remained an impasse until the company commander's scout had moved forward. Plunging dog-like into the water, he immediately sank under the cumbersome weight of his gear. Undaunted, he surfaced, spouting water like a porpoise, and continued to flounder across to the other side.

Following several slips on the steep bank, he gingerly crawled atop the dike, carefully avoiding the booby traps. With success his, he stood with feet spread apart, hands-on-hips, jaw thrust out in a picture of towering stupidity.

Within several minutes the water was churned white with a knot of soldiers. Cursing, heads bobbing, lost rifles and gear slips and falls, the company began its ford. One soul, unimpressed by the mass of flailing bodies in the water, proceeded to relieve himself. Another soldier, not terribly keen at being pissed on, engaged him in a truculent battle of obscenities.

Amid all the confusion, Hensen and I saw the chance to chuck excess ammunition and equipment into the water. Hensen could not swim and I had felt that I could

not make it across with my seventy-pound load. Gutsy, he plunged into the water with no regard for his safety. More cautions, I lowered myself slowly and gently in to the water, and sank instantly not more than a foot from shore.

A fair hour was spent fording the canal, and, as long coaxing and dragging the non-swimmers to the far side. It took another half-hour to regroup the squads and platoons into their proper march order.

Unknown to us, the enemy must have watched with cold-hearted patience, as we milled about the canal. Had their weapons been in range we would have been slaughtered there in our confusion.

The order was given to spread out, and the thin skirmish line began to reform. We moved forward.

Steaming from the mid-afternoon humidity, the rice paddies threw off a stench that made our reeking bodies pleasant in comparison.

We had waded approximately four hundred meters when the firing erupted.

All sense of unity was lost when the first volley of machine gun fire rattled from the tree line. Men fell where they had been walking. Some had been caught on the north side of a large dike. The side nearest the tree line. Others had been fortunate enough to fall behind it and use its earth for protection. Most of us were caught in the open paddies with nothing but rice shoots and a few inches of fetid water for cover. Several had died as they walked along the dikes. Their bodies dangled limply in silence. Everyone was in their own world as the waist high rice obscured vision and the heavy fire made it impossible to assemble into fire teams and squads.

I found myself standing alone, staring dumbly about, when a burst of machine gun fire literally hacked a swatch through the rice. I dived head first into the slop with no qualms.

Quite sure my mind had gone through a hole in the wall, I found myself laughing, insanely.

As is to indicate that madness was not mine alone, I heard Velasquez laughing even louder than I.

He was hidden by the grass, but I could hear him above the firing. He shouted some obscenity to me and we both roared in side-splitting mirth.

The noise from the street had been unrelenting and had pounded on my window until I could sleep no more.

Lying in bed, tasting the staleness of last night's beer, I found myself remembering that day. The dream had stopped, but I could not halt the flood of thoughts smashing my mind.

The day's events returned.

Our laughter had ceased as the shock wore away and the firing grew more intense. The air bristled with bullets thick and hot. The din was ear-splitting. Overhead, helicopter gun ships glided towards the ground firing rockets in screaming wails. Machine guns clattered incessantly and artillery rounds roared in rapid explosions.

Far to the right, behind a very large canal, a savage battle raged. Two thousand North Vietnamese regulars were backed against the South China Sea, being ripped apart by our air, sea, and ground assault.

In the midst of the firing, a mortar round exploded some twenty feet to my front. A huge chunk of shrapnel sizzled by my neck

and splashed into the water with a hot whoosh.

Velasquez had gone quiet. I called loudly above the noise, but got no answer.

Slowly I crawled to where I thought him to be. I had gone but a few feet when I was met by the sight of a body, its head very nearly sheered away, a single, sad eye staring up to me, blood spattered against the almost day-glo green rice. The entire mess ebbed quietly in the waves made by my movement.

Days passed. The monsoon came. People died. Some went home unscathed. Others became feverish with malaria. More came to fill the gaps. Hensen died with a bullet in the brain and I was shot a few days later. My war had lasted less than four months.

The time spent in Japan afforded me the opportunity to unsnarl the events of the months spent in Vietnam.

I was fortunate since my thoughts were not complicated by the fear that I would return to combat. I saw men cringe quite rightly under the knowledge that their safety and comfort were only temporary. That in the end they would go back to the heat and slime and death of Vietnam. The doctors informed me that my arm had been badly shattered and that the nerves, if they recovered, would be at least a year in healing. I was grateful for that information.

I had passed through the maelstrom and was alive.

Even in those early days, however, I was certain that our involvement in Vietnam was a mistake.

To be sure, I was a giant step from my present position, but then the facts were more obscured by pride. I had been shot. Lost flesh and bone and blood were not easily forgotten. I had given Vietnam a part

of myself and needed compensation for the loss.

Initially it was a common revulsion for killing that prompted my reaction. Specific incidents of brutality and needless slaughter came to mind. War turned people into cold murderers. It left death in its wake. Shredded bodies and maimed minds. Ravaged villages and homeless innocents. Perhaps all wars are the same. But this was my only war and I was convinced it was wrong.

In an early letter to a cousin, I tried to express the realities of the war as I had seen them. The war was wrong. One time or a hundred, it was wrong! I tried to make it very clear that he should avoid military service.

Canada was a hazy possibility. But in 1966 the protest movement was still in an adolescent stage and Canada had not become the refuge it is today. I was correct in assuming that he had been conditioned to look upon such an act as cowardly and despicable.

Eventually the spasms of seriousness became less frequent as I was caught up in the swirl of Japan.

I has served in Korea, Vietnam, and Japan, but fell in love with the latter with my first breath.

Simply stated, it did not stink. Even in the frigid winters of Korea, the smell of human feces spread over the rice had persisted.

And I craved hamburgers.

Months of eating C-rations had constricted my insides and turned a once highly sensitive palate into a wooden bridge between stomach and meal. Hamburgers became a regular part of my diet. I stuffed them down in Whimpy-like frenzy.

Cokes, beer, wine, sake, whiskey, all were poured down in rather record proportions. Straight behind followed a deluge of Darvon, acquired to "ease the pain."

Long train rides flashing through blurred countryside into the abysmally crowded streets of Tokyo.

Fighting rush hour crowds at Shinjuku Station. Two and a half million commuters swarming through its turnstiles in a two hour period. My arm cast gave me added armament in that fierce struggle.

Watching thousands of students gushing from subway tunnels onto the streets like a tide in their black school uniforms.

Drinking sake in the crowded "joints" that seemed to be everywhere. All drinks were taken standing as no seats or booths were present.

The clientele was a coarse mixture of stevedores, steel and construction workers, civil servants and an occasional businessman, their conversations clipped and illustrated with comic gesticulations.

Within two or three drinks, the knees turned rubbery and began to groan in hope that their misery might be eased.

We fled to the sake houses to avoid further conversations with the students. Well meaning, intelligent, their questions seemed to bear the same stamp, and we quickly grew bored and sickened by their conformity. In the end, but for a handful, we replied in rude, obtuse answers that cut through the friendly exteriors of all but a few.

We gained more from the Japanese who were proud of their nation and its culture and who showed us Tokyo as their home, rather than inquiring constantly about America. We took their baths, ate their raw fish and seaweed, drank their sake and scalding tea, tried to speak their language,

went to their temples and acquired some of their desires for peace.

Alas, March came and my name appeared on the rotation roster. My physical condition demanded more specialized treatment and I was being sent home. The plane took me away one day. Away from where? From my home or to it?

Stateside hospitals offered few attractions. Valley Forge was large and sterile. Phoenixville was dreary and had few decent drinking spots, and an even smaller number of friendly citizens. The MPs at the gates were not so easily bribed by a few cartons of ciggies as had been the Japanese. The AWOL days were finished. Military discipline was evident with work details and formations. I eluded the details by slipping away to the golf course at the break of each day.

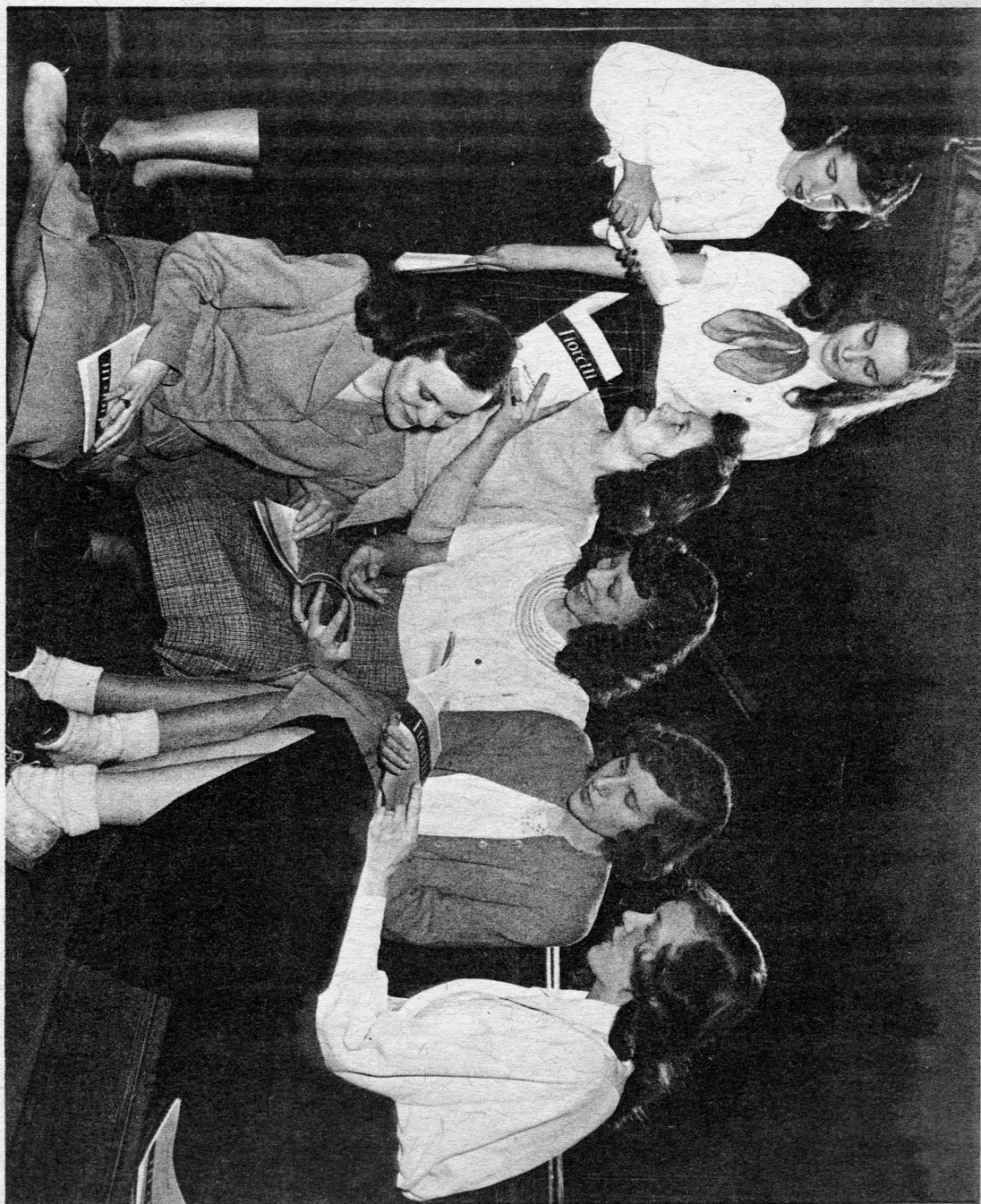
But I had more time to think about the war at Valley Forge.

It was never far away from us there. Fresh groups of wounded and dying arrived almost daily. Amputees hobbled down the corridors and were an all too painful reminder that the war was growing.

Conversations with a radical friend made my previous position intolerable. He had held a mirror to my face and I had shuddered at the image.

I turned around and looked back.

Two years had passed and with them dreams and a life. The life had been dying long before that day in November. But the dreams were finally shattered on an obscure trail in Vietnam. Truth had punched its raw, bastard fist through my face and I was only now beginning to feel its impact upon my mind, its fingers pointing towards new dreams and a different life. The war lover is dead. Long may he rest in peace.



IN PETER'S HOUSE

In Peter's house,
we try this
and that way
to hold ourselves together.

Many clocks--
each keeping perfect time
with itself--
determine what we do and say.
tick
bump tock

The hours sound irregularly,
which should make it hopeless
but doesn't.

We can tell that the guppies
are pregnant again
(or still)
because they are fat
and have big black belly dots.

The aquarium gurgles constantly,
which should make it easier
but doesn't.

In Peter's house,
we try this
and that way
to hold ourselves together.

--Andrew Lewallen

The Education Gap: a solution

James Widner

Recently, an incident took place at Purdue University in which the editor of the campus newspaper was removed from his position for criticizing the school's administration and attacking the university president. The full details of what exactly happened are not known nor ever will be known. What is important is that yet another, and perhaps in some way more severe example has taken place on the college campus in which a lack of communication between the students and the administration is at the front as an issue.

What appears to be behind the issue is that neither the student nor the administration understand each other. Perhaps this is the key to the whole problem. If it is, no one has apparently figured it out because the problem is still there as unscathed as it was in the beginning. A clarification of each other's position is in order and only after this is completed, then a working out of a system which would bridge this communication gap can be realized.

Upon immediate analysis, the party who appears to be at fault (from a student's point of view) is, of course, the administration. I stress "of course" because being a student, I would naturally refrain from proclaiming fellow students as the initial fault. However, despite this seemingly narrow point-of-view, an objective approach will be taken in the discussion of this problem. A question that arises is why the administration is at fault? Why not

the student? First of all, it must be made clear that a campus newspaper is mainly the responsibility of the students. This is because it is a means of inter-campus communication mainly for the student and is merely incidental for anyone else who cares to read it. What a newspaper prints then, is the opinions of the student body. As with student government, it is a responsible means for the student to defend himself from external forces, in this case the administration. Therefore, when an article attacking some member of the faculty or administration, even to the point of calling for their dismissal (as was the case at Purdue), is submitted, the publication has every right to print it. What must be kept in mind by the publication (and the author of the article) is that good reasons for such action must accompany the article. For if there is no legitimate grounds for the attack, then it is the publication which is at fault, and the author of the article as well as the editor of the publication are to be held responsible for such unfounded aggression. This is perhaps what happens on many large campuses around the country: some minor complaint is made and because of the tensions which always exist between students and administrations (no campus has idyllic relationships), at times things can get out of hand and all sorts of complaints begin to fly, most of which are rumors.

The important thing to be understood is

that each student has the responsibility of criticizing when the occasion for such complaint arises. No school should be allowed to be run in a dictatorial manner, such that the students have no free speech. It must be kept in mind that the students *are* the school and not vice versa. For without the students there would be no school. (School connotes students much more than it does teachers.) The administration is there merely to handle the school as the term implies: to administer for the students. Therefore no administration should be allowed to stifle free speech. This is why with the present knowledge of facts, the firing of the editor of a campus newspaper by a member of the administration was wrong, just as the punishing of any student who took it upon himself to criticize some facet of the school is wrong.

However, things must be examined from an administrative point-of-view also if total understanding of the situation is to develop. In most cases, and in the case of the Purdue incident, the administration is not acting in a dictatorial position, but rather from a reactionary attitude. Anyone who is attacked naturally reacts to it, sometimes to a much higher degree than is necessary. What the administration at Purdue should have done was to call those involved to explain their protest, and between the two parties work out some course of constructive action. The administration should never take it upon itself the attitude of a "big brother" and wield its power around in an attempt to scare everyone. Both the administration and the students (represented by the Student Government) should have equal power and not one a pawn of the other. This unfor-

tunately is not the case on most campuses. This is a part of the trouble behind the campus revolts which have been occurring over the past year. It is similar to the black versus white struggle that takes place in cities around the United States. The blacks no longer want to be inferior, they want to be equal and rightly so, for they should be. The case is the same for education. Students want to be equal with the administration and not inferior. Gone are the days (thank God) when the student was to remain passive because their elders knew what was best for them. This is a rather dated idea and should have been tossed out years ago. The people of wisdom who help the students learn and mature are supposed to be the faculty not the administration. The administration is merely an organization created to carry out the business end of the college and to enforce the rules that are created by the administration, faculty *and* students.

Co-operation is the key to a calm campus. For until the administration realizes that it cannot "big brother" the student body, and until the student body realizes that it is an important function and power on campus and should act responsibly towards such a position will this communication gap be bridged.

Immediately many will react to this idea as anarchical or radical. Perhaps it is radical, if this is the tag one would like to give it, but it is hardly anarchical. The president of the college would still be the head, his power would be merely less effective. He would be the focal point for all parts of the college structure. The words "focal point" meaning a rallying point and not a power position. The president should

be the "great mediator"; he should not in actuality be included under administrative titles. He is rather, a separate entity by himself. In this way, in his position of influence, he would not (and should not) hold favors to any one element of the structure. The president of a college or university should be a damper on "waves" that are created by friction between the students, faculty and administration. This would indeed make the president's position a difficult one, but then the presidency of the college is not intended to be a soft job. In this way constructive criticism can develop because now there would be this neutral judge who would offer advice and then leave the rest of the problem to the discretion of the students, faculty and administration. This should be the college power structure. A schematic picture of this educational structure would appear in the following way: Group 1 — the administration (composed of the many busi-

ness offices, such as Dean of Academics, Dean of Student Services, etc.); Group 2 — the students (composed of the representing Student Government); Group 3 — the faculty (composed of the faculty council). And then as unification for all three groups would be the president, who as stated would mediate between the groups as well as carry out official business of the school. In this way all three groups would be equal in power, with the freedom to bring into view some praise or criticism concerning one of the other groups or even the president. The "waves" would then be handled by all three along with the president. With this structure, no communication lapse should occur. If it does, it is not because the system did not work, but rather because the school failed to follow the structure properly. If this is done correctly, then peace will once again reign on colleges and universities around the country.

"The Anti-Editor Asks"

In France is there a House Committee on Un-French Activities? how about Un-Polish? Un-Ethiopian?

Can the famous missing link between primitive beasts and civilized beings be the creature man?

What ever became of the sexual revolution? Who won?

Does anyone know what "law and order" really means?

Where does the progressive education that Max Rafferty criticises exist?

the morning of tomorrow-day waits
wanting to stretch forth
but not quite blossom-ready
while night subsides deep in its burrow
and harvest approaches-
ripe darkness ready for the dawn

and the moon sinks slowly; the stars
fade
one-by-one
-by-two
-by-ten
my eyes search for half a hint of sun-comin'
but the stars
fade
one-by-one
-by-two
-by-ten

the morning of tomorrow-day waits
not quite blossom-ready
while night subsides deep in its burrow
-ripe darkness ready for the dawn

--Anita DeLuna

I once lived in a house with a single gable
the wood was painted Columbia Blue
and all the trim was eggshell white(to match the family car)
Three other people lived there with me
but I never got to know them very well.

A year and a half ago, I left that house
never wanting to return
but I must return
I must tell of my travels
of my affair, and of my mind.
I also know that there will be more wrinkles
and more shattered hopes.

Christmas is coming
I'll stay a few days with them.
They won't know when I'll arrive,
and they won't know when I'll leave

that house with a single gable

WEEPING SANDS

When one person is hurt
in this lonely world,
you are left on your own.
But each wound forms a scar
Which is like the ocean's beach
with each of its watery sweeps
completely changing the appearance of the sands.
And it starts from the first,
and will always get its chance to change.
But like the heart of the abandoned lover,
the sand is still there
and so is the scar

--Kent Overholtzer

Letters To a Soldier's Wife

Dennis von Pyritz

... I saw him for a moment, on the ridge, he stumbled in the snow. Just for an instant, black against white, he rolled, then partly crawled to the other side. I said nothing. He was on this side of the ridge. I suppose he was hunting or on his way back from chopping wood. He must have stumbled on to us. There's no telling how long he crawled through the low bushes on the slope of the hill. We knew he lived around here someplace, with his family. His name is Joshua. The people in the town were ashamed but they said it was their problem. That we had fighting to do. So they wouldn't tell us where he lived. Besides they knew how some of the boys felt. We didn't ever go out looking for him, it was too cold. But I knew - if the boys ever got a hold of him, they'd kill him for sure. There's no need the way I see it. A man's got a right to choose. Besides even if he doesn't, it doesn't do for a man to get killed by his own kind. And then there's his family. But you can't use that. I got me a family too. I'll be killed like as not. Maybe I'm the fool then. I wasn't forced into it anyhow. I'm just doing what I see is right. I hope it is.

... This is the third night in a row I've pulled guard. It's quiet. I need that. I don't need to hear cannons any more. Or a thousand bullets - you know bullets can sound just as bad as a cannon. I could do without the cold though. But it's dry and there isn't a wind tonight either. I think I heard

him, old Joshua, it was right at the edge of the woods. He must have to pass here on his way home. I knew it was him. But I said nothing. I wanted to hear his side, but I figured it wasn't my place to ask. He wouldn't have answered anyway. Neither would I. If it had been somebody else they would have shot. Even if they didn't know who it was. And if they did, they would've shot for sure.

... Things are going bad. I guess you heard that. We haven't seen an officer higher than captain in weeks. Things are pretty much scattered. We just fight them here and there, whenever we run into each other. When we do they usually get about as many of us as we get of them. We aren't holding ground or anything. I can't figure it out. But we just take our orders. Besides I got into this thing, I may as well see it through. Don't worry - I think it'll be over soon. Lucky nothing's happened to the farm.

... I thought of you today. Of course, I do everyday. But this evening, when we were walking to town, we passed this house. No, it wasn't Joshua's. He must live way off somewhere. But this house, it was laying off a ways, sitting kind of low above the snow. Didn't notice anybody inside, just that all the windows seemed that warm, buttery yellow. It was just like I was coming back to the place. They had a dog and some chickens. We passed under the sky and I

looked up. It was a grey snow sky. It looked so huge then. I thought maybe I should pray. I was standing there, looking up. Couldn't think of a thing to say. I felt He was listening alright but I didn't see the use. A man gets far away from everything when he's out here. Sometimes you just don't think very much at all, you just go on. I put my head back down feeling like I should have said something. Then for some reason I thought about old Joshua. Somehow I felt he was standing, looking up just like me. But Joshua knew what to say. He said it for me. He said he knew it was me the other night when we passed in the snow, when we both said nothing. He said he knew I had heard him, saw him stumble on the ridge. He knew alright. Old Joshua. I'll be alright.

... I was off again tonight. We haven't had any run-ins for days. So we're just taking it easy. Tonight everybody was sitting around the fire drinking. Most of what they were saying isn't fit for you to hear. But they started talking about our friend. They say he's a coward. I don't think so. I think he's better than most of us. But I said nothing. I almost went out to relieve the guard on duty though. What if Josua should stumble on us again? We've moved camp farther west. He might not know. They'd shoot him. Now's the time to pray I guess. I guess I did. They even talked about going after him. But there have been reports of patrols in the area. We may be moving out tomorrow. I don't know what we're going to do. But I think it'll come out alright. Just wait and see. The farm will be back in shape in no time. Arnie still wants to learn how to hunt, I guess. I'll be teaching him. But I hope he never has to shoot at men like I

do. You never know if it was your bullet at all. And sometimes you use that to make yourself feel better. But you know that even if it wasn't your bullet, that dead man was just like you. Just like you. I don't know whether it's imagining or if I'm just tired. But my gun feels heavier and heavier every-time I draw a bead on a man. I hope it all ends soon. I'm not feeling well at all.

... I went into town to get supplies before we leave this evening. The people at the tavern seemed to be glad. I asked them if they were nervous about Joshua. They said nothing but just looked at each other and then at the table, I said I knew him. I told them how we passed that night. That I didn't shoot. That I was glad we were leaving too. That I was afraid for him. So they told me, "Joshua and his will make their own way." I learned that they were not ashamed of him. No, they just didn't know what to think. A man can't just stand by and let things happen. Sometimes a man just can't mind just his own business. Not when his friends and neighbors are involved in a war like this. That's what they said, until they looked back at one another and then at the table. Until I said, "He puts *me* to shame too." Then they moved away and gave me a chair to sit at their table. And then they spoke. No one was really close to Joshua, but they had all felt it. He was a quiet gentle man, a holy man, he and his family out in the woods. And they protected him. They felt like they should hate him, but they could not. He was part of them all. If Joshua dies something in each one of them would die also. And in me. After it's all over I mean to come back and meet Joshua. He will know me. I'd talk to him now even if it were not so dangerous. Besides they

wouldn't tell me where he lives, even now that we had spoken to one another. I am glad we're leaving this place. I fear for Joshua.

... Joshua is dead. I don't know why it had to happen. Just when we were leaving and he would have been left alone. He would have been safe, at least, from his own kind. We were marching towards his place and didn't know it. He was at the edge of a clump of trees chopping wood. They saw his long black beard. Someone yelled "coward!" One guy opened fire and then three more did too. Even as he fell the others fired. We ran to him. The one that fired first kicked Joshua. I don't know why - I guess maybe I do - but I slammed my rifle in that soldier's face. I told the others to go on. A man's at least got a right to a decent

burial. I guess they were afraid of me. They just walked off. I stood there over Joshua. His eyes were open, looking up at me. His face was covered with blood, it bubbled out of his mouth. The eyes. I could not touch him at first. Then I closed his eyes. And I knew what they had said to me. Joshua had spoken with his eyes. He knew me and I understood. I buried him. When I went to tell his family I cried. Maybe because I had said nothing too many times. They fed me. I sat in his chair at the table. They said that it was right. They were just like him. I am on my way home. I am very weak. I can go on no longer. I must do what Joshua bid. I'll walk many fields on my return. I still cannot talk to him. But many times I find myself talking to Joshua, though not with words. I do feel very weak. And I need all your help, and love.



ANTIQUE LADY – Dennis von Pyritz

THE HOUSE on 28th STREET

Its paint was a falling-apart gray.
Years had tried to push it
into the ground,
but it fought collapse
with its warping walls.
A tall, emaciated window stared in solitude
at the depressed street.
Weary stairs leaned against the porch
which had pushed itself away
from the aching frame.
A wire fence mellowed with rust
embraced a lonely yard whose only companions
were crumpled newspapers.
And still that old house refused to surrender--
a budding magnolia tree
caressed its bony head.

ACT III, SCENE IV

Your timing was perfect.
You threw your lines to me
in well-measured emotion
and I caught them
with tear-filled eyes.
They applauded you in silence
throughout our dialogues.
And the finale--
you were bitter and hurt
and I was triumphant:
"I never cared-
you were deceived like a fool."
They raved.
You were touching, tragic,
the actor unequalled.
But we only knew
that our well-played performance
was marred
by an unheard flaw--
that last line was not mine.

--Carole Williams

settle the seige even after plans for the gym had been suspended and ties with IDA had been severed. They had forced a violent confrotation. This is why Chicago was ironically considered a victory by radicals: when the police over-reacted they were supposed to show the true spirit of Establishment democracy. When the blood flowed, the moderates and liberals were forced to make a decision. They would either choose to work within a system that now closely resembled a police state or they would have to adopt the revolutionary policy of the New Left.

This rejection of any style of liberalism and near fanatical endorsement of radical tactics has probably served to alienate as many liberal activists as it attracted. The New Left stands alone, defining their own limitations and direction. The forced separation from the mainstream of American political thought has been interpreted by the Establishment press and, indeed, the common man, as an extremely violent anti-Americanism. If American is to be equated solely with the Establishment, in terms of matter of fact and not of potential,

the accusation is valid. But the New Left, represented by SDS, can be described as extremely *patriotic*.

SDS counsels draft resisters not to flee the country but to remain and organize a resistance. SDS represents a movement of genuinely committed idealists, ready in many cases to put their lives on the line to save the country from its present direction. The radicals are confident of the way people will react to the present state of affairs. One SDS figure claims, "The Establishment has lost its conscience. It is immoral, corrupt, intolerable. Ours is a faith that people will ultimately understand this and want to overthrow it." The Establishment denies the inadequacies that exist and uses repression to maintain their stance.

A case can perhaps be made circumstantially, justifying the swing to far Left after the failure of liberalism. But even if the Movement has been less than accurate in its analysis of America, they, like the young student activists in Mississippi, seem to be urgently committed to the realization of a solution that is an essentially moral one.

Fioretti List of Words That Have Died

Negro
communication
groovy
psychedelic
integration

Great Society
dialogue
commie
defoliation
justice

twice those of the Korean conflict. Students are experiencing what a Berkeley professor terms "a sort of political existentialism." The New Left has worked out a style which works best against the liberals who have a respect for institutions and channels and who also have a distaste for meeting mass action with force.

Students for Democratic Society has emerged as the most vocal faction of the Movement. The role of SDS has again been partly determined by the civil rights cause. In May of 1966 Stokeley Carmichael became head of SNCC; what evolved was the concept of "Black Power". The white student activists were abruptly eased out with the suggestion that they concern themselves with other social issues, those outside the ghetto. This was in essence the *black* rejection of white liberalism. SDS got the message. It is not quite coincidental that the concept of "Student Power" developed soon afterward. But Tom Hayden, one of the founders, claims that student protest "is based on authentic opposition to the middle class world of manipulation, channeling, and careerism."



Picture by Richard Keuseh

SDS was formed in 1962 in Michigan where 59 representatives of 11 colleges adopted Hayden's 30,000 word "Port Huron statement", the basic manifesto of the New Left. Hayden concluded that it was possible to change circumstances in government, in the school, the work places and the bureaucracies. The System is corrupt and is a useless instrument of reform; it is controlled by a capitalist-military elite. The only way to bring about effective change is through revolutionary means. Hayden also suggested the central SDS concept of "participatory democracy" in which each individual could "share in those social decisions determining the quality and direction of his life."

Columbia was, according to Hayden, America's problem in miniature—"The inability to provide answers to widespread social needs and the use of the military to protect the authorities against the people." SDS held the Columbia was run by such an industrial-military complex. The students should have a voice, one that could produce change. The students, Hayden claims, "wanted a new and independent university standing against the mainstream of American society." This is how Columbia opened a new tactical stage in the resistance movement. Another leader, Mike Spiegel, said, "Berkeley was different. That was civil disobedience. . . Columbia was a power confrontation."

The New Left comprises perhaps 2% of the college population, but it is a politically powerful minority. Berkeley and Columbia demonstrated how local issues can be expanded to reflect a need for radical, not liberal, reform. Clark Kerr was a good liberal, so was Humphrey. Mark Rudd and the other leaders at Columbia refused to

SENSE

I heard Peter say . . .
but no. You would only see that
if I told you that.
So I will tell you what I saw.

I saw:

one virgin, wearing a white sari
smiling, insane virgin complete
with question marks
thirty-one gremlins, dancing about in a
disgusting manner, pirouetting
with sunglasses
three pizzas, simmering in a kettle
vomiting up mushrooms
with tuna
one girl, living in a pipe
pitching out animals
with vigor
seven skellytons, trying to make love
clacking furiously
with frustration
eighteen grass-blades, stabbing ants
flashing, wild bayonets
with ground-roots

Alice cried: Nonsense

--Andrew Lewallen



i wove between the lonely bodies
as the music pounded
and the drums rocked my knees.
the mouths and anatomies exchanged atoms and molecules,
they bumped each other; they politely enunciated,
"excuse me!"
they moved strangely, like marbles or dice
rolling aimlessly, hitting whom they may

(morning came on the 5:00 a.m. train day-before-yesterday,
but she brought a great many things,
and she's unloading still)

we had arrived;
i wove with the rhyming bodies
as the music pounded
and the drums rocked our knees--
the people exchanged worlds, universes
they sang together, they politely mumbled, "i love you" -
they moved strangely; like leaves from trees they floated
into piles
and sunk, breaking each other apart,
into the ground
to grow another morning

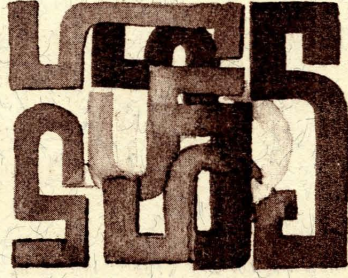
--Anita DeLuna

once i had a worm for a pet.
he was my very own and i liked my worm.
But then the kids said that a worm ain't no kind of pet.
so i got a dog
and it bit me.

--John O'Kane



Picture by Victor Garatea



disintegrating fives

David Ashinghouse