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“Good morning sweet companion,
pardon me if I’ve forgotten your name.”

—R. F. died, 1966

COMING

COMING

CLOSED





THERE IS SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND

OR

DR. BENWAY'S SECRET JOURNAL

ALTOGETHER, ANOTHER THING, ENTIRELY

by

THE HILARIOUS BOOKBINDER

Translated by

THE INHABITANTS OF
DUKE UNIVERSITY

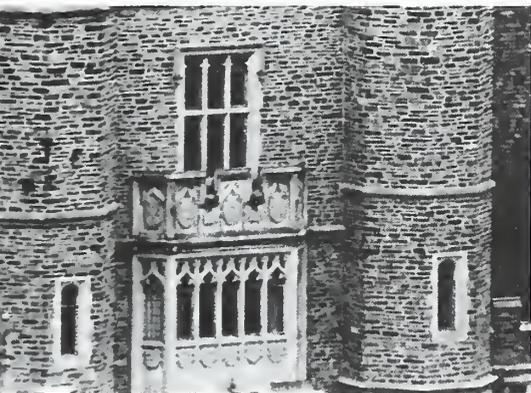
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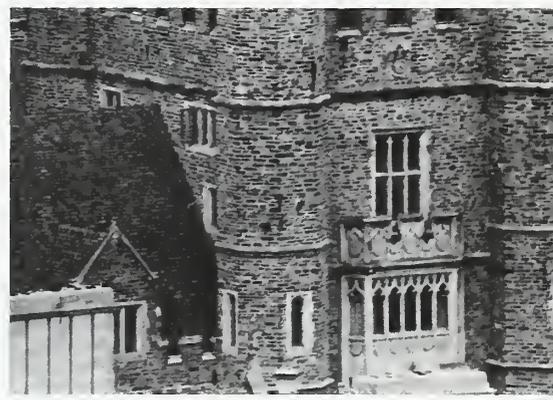
THE WHOLE SICK CREW



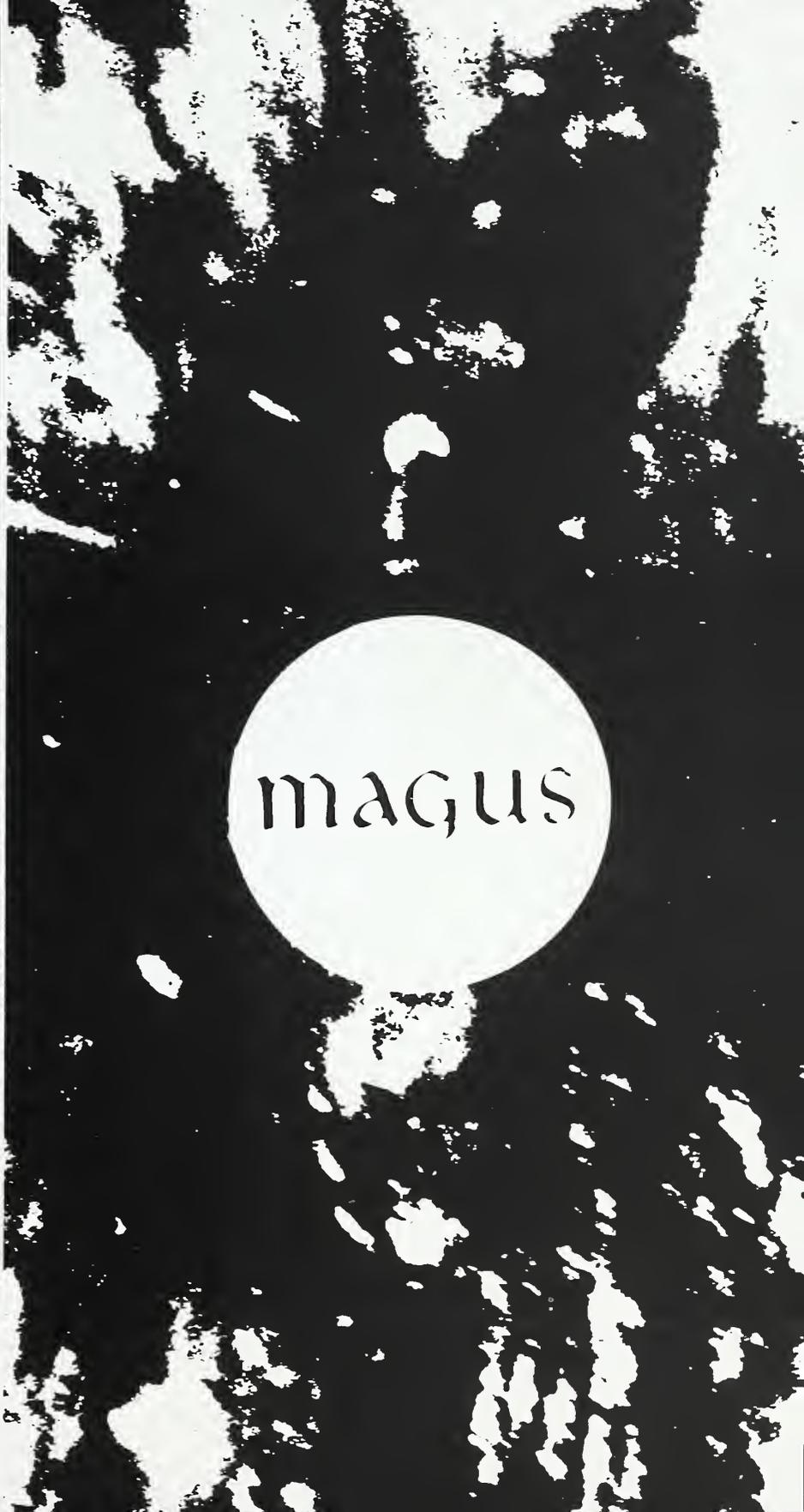
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PHONE PLAYING XAVIER, FOX IN HAND VEX—



EDWARD J. MILCHO

June 13, 1943

June 13, 1943

Dear Rose,

Life on the post has been dull. I've been waiting for my orders for five weeks. I'm sorry I haven't written sooner but I've been extremely busy learning to fly the plane I will have to pilot.

Please don't worry about anything just because I'm not allowed to tell you anything. Give my love to the kids and tally-ho.

Affectionately,

Ed

My beloved Lily,

Well, my dear, I leave tomorrow for Mexico on a very secret mission. My squadron will attempt to destroy secret, hidden Japanese and Nazi installations near a Mexican volcano. Wish me luck. I shall always be thinking of you. Dying over not being with you. Crying over you and wanting to touch your body again.

Your suspicions are wrong, sweetie, Rose has no idea what has been going on. I wrote her today and calmed all her fears. She is too busy with the kids to ever suspect where my heart really lies.

I'm sorry I didn't write to you this morning, but my four letters yesterday should have made up for the slack. You know I love only you, my dearest, and every time I hear "Stardust" my heart cries for you.

By the way, I met a most unusual man the other afternoon, a Greek named Conchis. He was very pleasant and invited you and I to his island after the war. He mentioned something about raising "the new crop for the new world" but I don't know what the hell he meant.

More good news, Benway is going to be my flight physician. I like Benway even if he won't stop talking about his "mind expansion" theory. He seems to be very excited about going to Mexico.

I shall write you this evening, my love, and tell you everything I did today.

You are my soul,

Ed





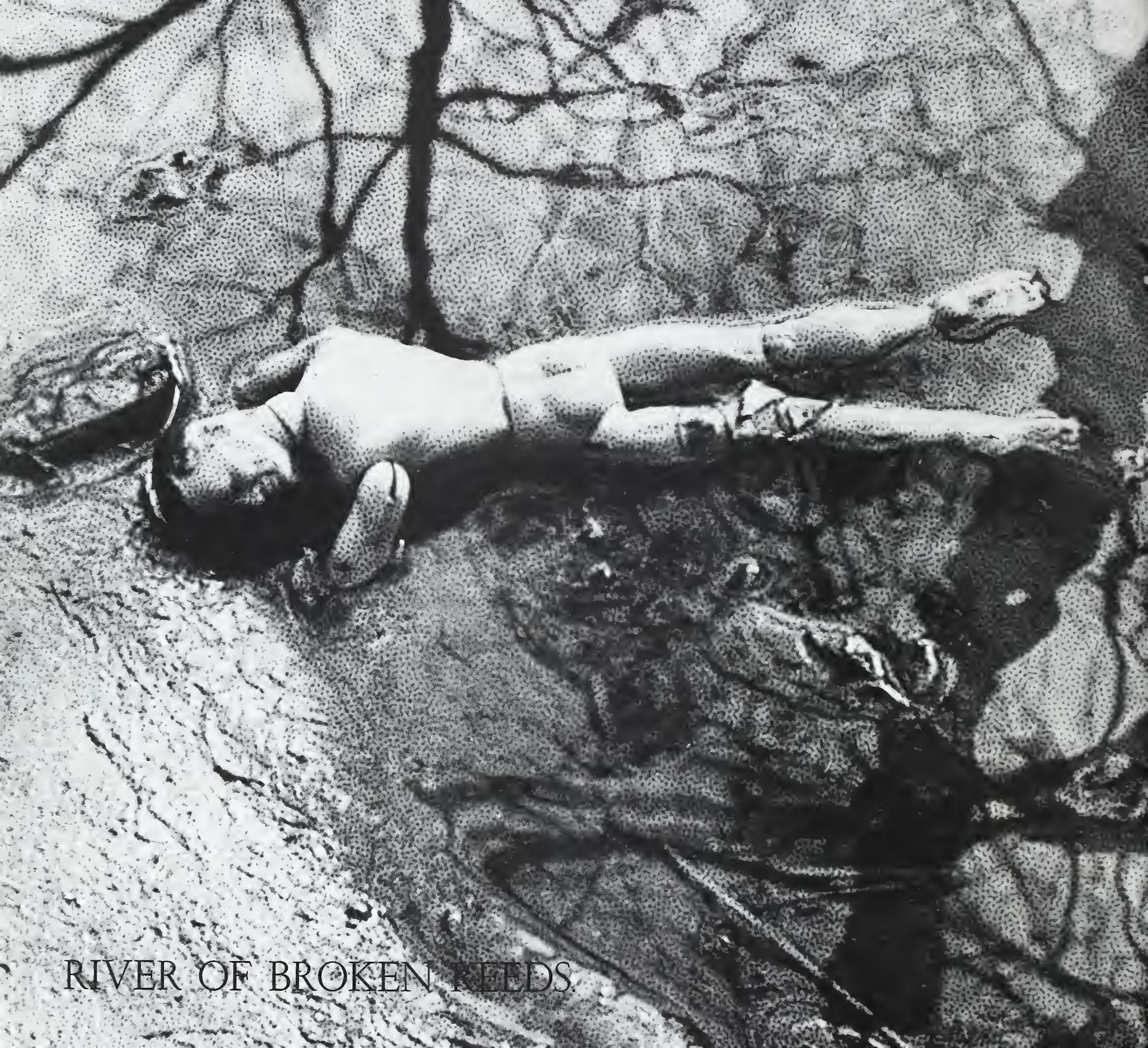
Dr. Benway had been called in as advisor to the Freeland Republic, a place given over to free love and continual bathing. The citizens are well adjusted, cooperative, honest, tolerant and above all clean. But the invoking of Benway indicates all is not well behind that hygienic facade: Benway is a manipulator and coordinator of symbol systems, an expert on all phases of interrogation, brainwashing and control. I have not seen Benway since his precipitate departure from Annexia, where his assignment had been T.D.—Total Demoralization. Benway's first act was to abolish concentration camps, mass arrest and, except under certain limited and special circumstances, the use of torture.





... NOW STAVES SURPRISE, SITTING

IN SOLACE AMONG THE WATER LILIES BY A



RIVER OF BROKEN NEEDS





THE CROSS OF ST. ANDREW

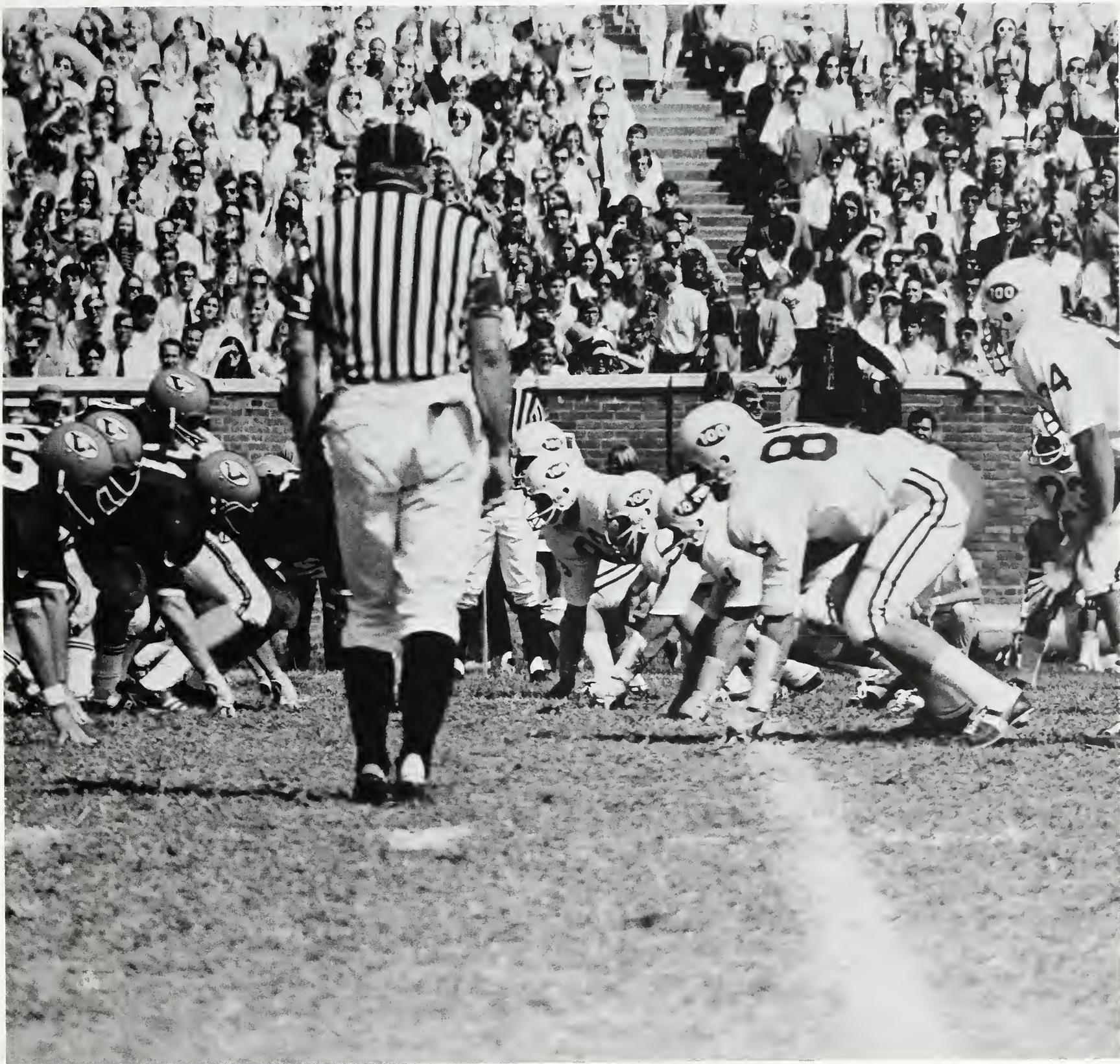


THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE





DUCK







When I was in high school my coach got up in front of us the first day of practice and told us that the real name of this game we were playing wasn't football but "Hit" and you know ever since then that's all I've been doing. But I wouldn't change it for the world. I've gotten more out of this crazy game than anyone could imagine. I don't mean publicity like Leo and the rest of the running backs get, mainly because I never got any until I got injured and people started wondering whether or not I'd play. But I mean a sort of lineman's pride. You have to understand that a lineman doesn't have a throng of people cheering him and waiting for him after the game, especially if we lose, its usually just his family and a girlfriend waiting to console him. Anyway these things—pride, respect, a sense of accomplishment, and personal satisfaction—are without a doubt important to me. Why in the world would I play hurt, like a lot of the other guys, if it wasn't for this inner satisfaction. I've proven myself to myself—I know that no one really knows what I've put myself through and how I've pushed myself—and no one ever will—except me.

Next I've met a bunch of the greatest guys I'll ever know. They're men who are hard nose sometimes and tough to understand, but they're guys you just can't help but respect. Unless you've gone to war with someone like we did every pre-season practice and Saturday afternoon, you can't understand. And that's why it's so hard to explain this Football fraternity.

What do I think of the radicals on campus? In a word—very little—not that I'm for them or against. Then, I suppose we each just do our thing. I've had very little contact with these semi-hippies and protestors and there's a distinct possibility that my looks have given me away as a jock.

Be it as it may in the four years I've been at Duke we've had little support from the student body. How many times have we left from the Chapel steps without **anyone** there to send us off? Certain groups have made themselves known at times and to these people—I salute you. If only there were more!

* * *

Click ka-lick whiz click ka-lick whizz Click ka-lick
Whizzzzz Click Ka-lick WHIZZZZ Click whiz KA-LICK!
Click click ka-LICK!!!

My camera had worked itself up to an obscenely loud hysteria, and several faces glared at me angrily. Each face a specimen of American Manhood: a Duke Football Player, suitable for framing, pickling, or putting on display at the County Fair in a formaldehyde jar—an entire collegiate football team of wrinkled fetuses, winking cheerfully at all the paying customers. But now they were staring with a gray malevolence, resentful of the hot afternoon and stifling air, and idiot team managers, and the cocky bastard UVa fans, and especially of my presence, the damnfool intruding photog. I began to feel that perhaps I had spent just a little too much time in the locker room, and looked around for temporary shelter; I might head for the head, as it were. Although my camera probably would not be exceptionally welcome there. I mean, can you visualize for a moment the varsity guard flipping the pages of the yearbook and coming to the football section, only to find himself bestowing his blessings upon the yellowed stainless steel automatic-flush stands-ten-in-a-row piss stall? Personally, I could really dig it. But society wants me to conduct my search in different directions, so, practically, the the choice is either the trainer's room or the outside door. I chose the former.

The trainer's room is where they wrap tape upon various areas of the players' integument, such as ankles, knees, shoulders, and other sundry. The actual wrapping is highly ritualistic, having a special section of the morning set aside for it alone. The players file in the trainer's room in a hierarchal order, backs taking precedence over linemen (always). But now it was almost gametime, the only wrapping left to do was for a few special injuries that needed special attention. It should have been relatively deserted, in short, a highly desirable place to be.

Edging into the room, muttering, "Excuse me, let me through please," to all the blue and white jerseys. Shit I feel so ridiculous; these guys are so BIG—the scene reminds me of the time when I saw my grandmother off in the Queen Mary. The boat as it glided out of its stall

dwarfing we who watched to such an extent that it seemed that **we** were moving, and the Queen was still in her place. I can see Pier Nineteen sailing off through New York and Pennsylvania towards the heart of American Virtue, Big Ten Football. But these are thoughts now. Then, I thought only of the difference in size as with slow deliberation I parted the masses of flowing jerseys, bearing myself out of the range of the resentful locker room.

Ye Olde Wrapping Room! Yep, baby, this is where football is **really** played; an almost surgical arena. Did you know that on any given Sunday afternoon, most of the players on a Pro Football field are playing with injuries disabling in almost any other profession? You didn't? Well, then, it may not be true; I might have just made it up right now, but the point still stands, yes it does: this sport is brutal. It hurts and disables. It turns knees into oatmeal, tendons and ligaments into rubber bands, bones into brittle plastic. Here in the locker room abound piles and piles of tape, mountains of the stuff, tape that with some skill and luck might hold together the disintegrating bodies and knees and ankles of these nineteen-year-old men, these old breaking men. I slip further into the room, depositing myself with the tape in a corner, among the gray cylinders.

The night before, Friday night it was, I had been talking heavily to a couple of the cats on the team, about various subjects, kind of like **rapping**, you know. I have strategically forgotten their names, but a friend later told me that one of them was a "boy incredibly strong for his size, really amazing; one of the strongest boys they've got. A fine boy." And I believe it. I mean, in an earlier age they probably would have been known as "charming conversationalists." Well, we rapped first on some of the standard bullshit that flies when heads and jocks get together; back and forth it went. I would ask a question about the life of a football player, and they would ask about the amount of dope on campus. It was a lot like a Summit Conference between two superpowers: the one surrendering this bit of information concerning troop readiness, in return for that bit about germ warfare. Quite interesting, actually, and I found myself really en-

joying the game. The two cats I was talking to were adept with word, and seemed genuinely interested in communicating.

Communication! Like, Wow! Communication through words in the only way that the two life-styles, freak and frat, jock and head, will ever get together. Communication is the Key, as my Mad Cousin might say, and here I was experiencing it first hand. I was bowled over by the cosmic implications, the whole grokked scene. We must have rapped for hours about every subject in the universe! And we congratulated ourselves more and more with each newfound area of agreement, until at the end of the evening we were practically making plans for organized meetings between hippies and football players. In the midst someplace of all this ego tripping, the quieter of the two cats slipped in this serpent of a thought, "You know, most people are wrong when they think that we jocks are real bloodthirsty types. Why, if it wasn't for the scholarship money, more than half the guys wouldn't be out there Saturdays. They'd even rather be studying, I'll bet!" But what he had said didn't register in my mind until some time later.

I hadn't escaped the nervousness; the trainers' hands were shaking just the slightest amount, I could see the same tight eyes and red salty rims. Coach Harp's face was squeezed toward the center. "Maybe he has blocked sinuses, and the pain makes him look that way," I thought, "and anyway, what is he doing down on the floor like that?" On the floor he certainly was, his quick red hands gesturing over the cement, as he talked earnestly to the three referees: "Now look here. We've been watching that old UVa center there on our filmstrips an' he's doing this thing that goes like **this** (the coach jerks his hands a couple inches into the air) just before he hikes the long one there, y'know, on the punt; and we've been coaching our defensive man all week there who's over the center there to knock that ol' ball like **this**, which I remind you all is perfectly okay, because the other center there has already started his motion, what I mean is, he's already in motion; y'get what I mean?" Oh, they get what he means, all right, but they just don't

think it'll work. The coach hurries in with reiteration and further explanation. The refs say that, sure, they'll be looking for the move, and won't call Duke on it, provided its done accordin' to the book. There is a short pause. Harp looks up at the referees from his position on the rough cement, "Hell, d'you get what I mean?" To whom the Ref: "Yeh. Sure."

But, the hell with the refs and their cynicism. We're a'gonna win this **game!** Here is something more than a ray of hope, here is a damn **beacon** in the **wilderness!** We're gonna win the game! Duke is better, dammit, and besides the center there on the UVa team there does this strange thing with his long hikes and OUR MAN will pick it right up, he's been trained for an entire friggin' week, an' we'll win this one because **that man** there has practiced, and I know we've all put in a great amount of work boys, and I'm placing my trust in you all, and in you all only, and let's get out there and eat 'em up there, and we can always get their center there on that long hike there, but even if we have to pull it out of our ass there, boys, we're going to **win** this game, so let's get out there and **there** and THERE AND THERE, **THERE THERE!!!!**

Excitement is building up, flanks are slapped, voices shout. I'm getting excited myself, it's contagious, I really want them to win that game! I can't be an impartial observer all the time: the heck with objectivity: I'm digging this scene, I'm **into** it! Snapping pictures like a mother, oh, yeah, we'll power dem offa dat turf, the smell of the Deep-Heet is spinning my brain completely out, no hassle, take those pictures, we'll win it no sweat man, and get up how you feelin' babee no sweat man, no sweat.

Although I know the whole time that I was not really interested in who won or lost; once out of the contagious atmosphere, I (and some unknown number of the players) would settle down to the job at hand, whether pushing a shutter or an opposing linesman, all prosaic. My role was the student, they the subject studied, and only this brief excitement could confuse the roles. The first difference is size. Simply put, jocks are bigger, and get bigger as time goes on. In junior high they are bigger than in elementary

school, in high school bigger than in junior high, and in college they are bigger than everyone else. Now oftimes whilst in high school we would see these, how-you-say, football players, and know them and smile and even say hi thusly: "Hi!", though at Duke, the situation, senior, she is deferent. Frosh are often wont to nudge their fellow neighbor, direct his attention to a new and even more frightening jock than the last and whisper, "Motha! Will you look at the size of that motherin' jock!" And in short, we are afraid.

I asked a friendly enough jock on the bus as we were riding towards the stadium whether he thought that jocks were not inherently bigger than everyone else, but possibly got that way through prodigious amounts of exercise, clean living and beefsteak. I think that I was subconsciously hoping that if a jock had been small once, perhaps with training and proper mental conditioning he might be induced to again attain that state. But not so. My friend the jock allowed as how he was blasted if he didn't think that he reckoned that p'raps jocks were picked out early to be jocks later, as they were bigger than every one else from the beginning, kinder natural-like, y'know. And if that isn't the sense of what he said, it's darned close.

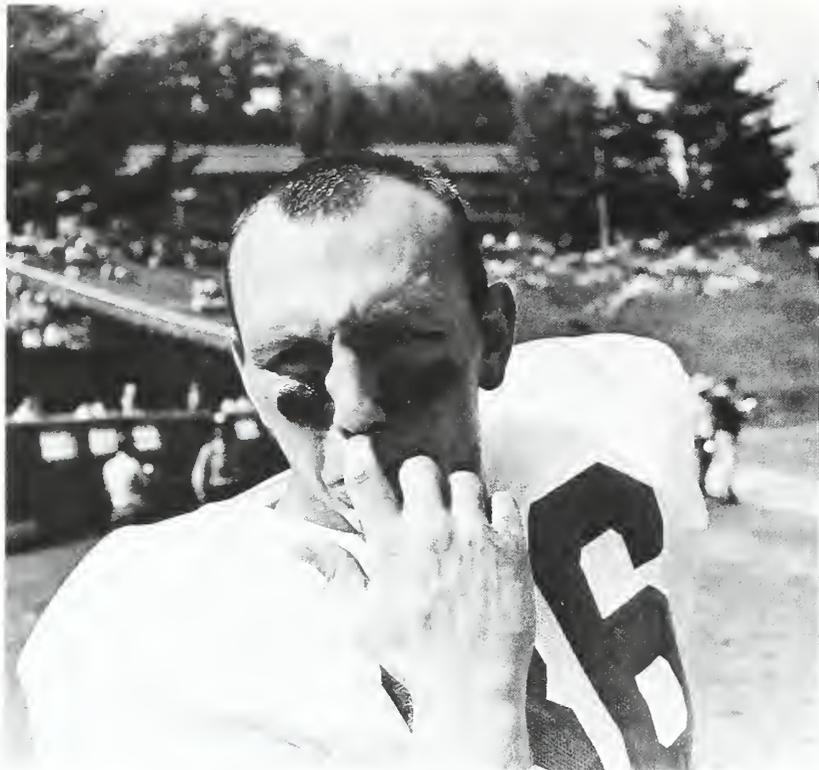
But I do know a token jock or two, and feel them to be fine fellows, the very salt of the earth and all that. But towards a mass of them assembled I normally feel only fear and occasionally awe. Why this attitude of mind? And why is it shared by many at Duke? These were decreed to be the subject of an Article on Sports in the 1970 Yearbook. The first step in studying the jocks is to obtain permission to observe them in a native habitat, divorced as much as possible from the scientifically undesirable influence of Duke. Hence my accompaniment with the team to UVa, and hence the first visit to Eddie Cameron, Athletic Director, and First of the Permission-Givers. Eddie Cameron! Now **there's** a subject for an article! A broad capable man, with traditional hanging cigars and sagging jowls. Lounging Eddie Cameron, soft into his chair, doesn't work out much any more, but still a real shrewd dealer, a real sharpie, yep, in the ways of boys

and men. He doesn't really look much like an Athletic Director, if you want to know the truth. A little too soft, maybe. I could see him easier as the warden in a zoo, or as the Curator of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. But he **is** the man who granted us permission, and I have to grant him that. He shore did. Good Ol' Eddie, nice, capable Eddie. Most of the older men I've met in sports have been carbons of Duke's Eddie Cameron' all seeming misfits and all the least bit bewildered by "their boys."

The training room vomits its contents into the main locker room, and we are all quiet for the pep talk by the Coach. "Now boys, I want you to go out there and play the game for all its worth, and the way you know it ought to be played, and above all, play fair. I don't want any of my boys to be known as dirty players. I want you to show that other team, that team that trounced us so bad last year, just where we're from; that place called 'Duke,' boys." Clenched fists, somewhat; excitement in moderation. This is a pep talk? It sounds more like a benediction or something. When is he going to pull out the distilled water and the plastic cross? He finishes with a prayer for no injuries, and looks worried. Actually, once I thought about it, the situation seems quite ironical. Here is a man who gets paid for brutalizing nineteen-year-

old boys, for teaching them to hurt others and like it (if they don't already), to look for blood, really; I mean here is a man who practically has a vested interest in violence looking up to God for a clean game. And God answers in the expected fashion, perhaps the only way He knows how: several players are injured badly in the course of the game. Like everyone comes back on their shields, almost, the scene is particularly worse than Hamlet, even Hart the QB gets hurt real bad, and my God! they're dropping like flies, dammit!

I remember the plane ride, the buses and the motel: all steel and plastics, malleable, shaped especially to hold numbers of jocks. At the Raleigh-Durham airport, the jet held up her saucy skirts to let the black line of sports-coated jocks walk up and into her gleaming backside. The boys quiet and solemn, hands crossed with funeral air. They filed slowly into her broad open waiting belly, her tin-can-kiss-me-quick coffin, and they didn't smile. One of the stewardesses was evidently horny, but none of the players would stop to dally. My companion said that they were getting "up for the game." He informed me that football "is a serious business with these boys." Not knowing the correct response, exactly, I said nothing.





From the locker room we burst onto the field, the jocks waving their helmets, their bodies, their courage, virility and manliness, and me trotting alongside with my impotent little Sidelines Pass. As I had predicted, there was little euphoria left. Quick, ritualistic warmups. The cheerleaders seemed more banal from the sidelines than I had remembered them. One asked me how much the equipment I was carrying cost. I told her I had had to lay a homo pawnbroker to get it, but she had already danced out of range. I took three or four rolls of pictures, about 100 shots, and could not force myself to pay much attention to the progress of the game. Once I noticed that the Offense and Defense called each other the "D's" and "O" thus: "Come on, you Dees, get the damn ball!" But it seemed an uninteresting quirk. Another time I looked up at the scoreboard and saw that only four minutes remained, and Duke was behind by seven. I was not surprised, neither happy nor unhappy, and went back to taking pictures. Coach Harp betrayed little emotion—no swearing, no excessive grimaces. It was soon evident that his elaborate explanations to the refs earlier about the special move of "the man over the center there" had been useless; our man, at every long hike, would spasmodically jerk his hand in desperation, and would always miss. But our man kept it up; he was the dog trained to salivate and jerk when the light came on. It was embarrassing to watch but the Coach did not tell him to stop. All was calm, foreordained. All this excitement, and I was not excited, all the drama failed to reach me, and all the sorrow was lost on my cloddish sensibilities. I had my work to do, I was not like they who bawled their lungs

out with nodule-popping force; and if some of those who did bawl were not sincere, as the quiet cat the night before had said, it did not show. We finally lost the game by ten points, 10-0. None of the pictures of the game came out very well—they were all blurred.

The bus ride back to the Colosseum was dismal. It was dead silent; no little kids had crowded around the Duke players asking for their autographs. No emotion, no tears that I could see. Back at the colosseum, while the players were changing into their street clothes, one of the coaches, the backfield coach it was, kicked over a trash can. I saw him do it, and put my camera to my eye. Another coach saw me with the camera, and gently closed the door, cutting me off from the only real emotion I had seen, the coaches' tears of rage and frustration, the reason for the injuries and the rationale behind the tremendous DUAA subsidy. For that coach would never stop driving himself and his team. Football games are played for that particular coach who slew that particular inanimate trash can, not for the players with their cherished false hopes, but for the raw emotion of losing and picking up and losing again until the tears ball up into an angry lump in the throat, and you kick a trash can over, because **goddammit**, you're NOT going to cry, and you should have won it, you should have won it. From that coach and his particular reason I was cut off; I couldn't even see the battered green trash can where it lay, so I packed up my camera and prepared for the uneventful trip home.

* * *





A chance to go to Duke on a basketball scholarship—that seemed like the greatest thing in the world when I was a senior in high school—because, I was told, Duke is a basketball school; and Duke students just love the basketball team.

When I got to Duke, everything changed. The rah-rah aspect of high school basketball was gone, replaced by a sophisticated determination—sometimes distracted by other multiple interests, especially academic pressure of a variety totally unknown in high school.

The result was a temporary disorientation. You couldn't spend all day in the gym to improve your skills, so if you had a bad day in practice you just took that back to your books with you, and it carried over—you couldn't study effectively.

Freshman year—that was it. Try to find yourself. Try to adapt. When it was over, I could only say one good thing about the year—it was over.

Sophomore year come—and wow—what a difference. Now I was varsity. Now I mattered. Now mistakes made me a heel, and good plays—a hero. There was something to play for (and studies were no longer so difficult—I had caught on, learned how to make good grades).

When you're a 5 foot 10 inch sophomore and you run out onto that court for the first time—you know you're fully alive. The pep band's music and your own adrenalin are rushing through your blood stream—and you know you've realized a dream that you created before you were old enough to put tennis shoes on by yourself.

Running out under that spotlight with "Duke" on your chest is the greatest feeling anyone could ever experience. It must be like what "getting high" is like for the guys who are back in the dorm—unaware that there is even a game that night.

That makes you wonder. People talk about athletics—what good are they? Aren't they too expensive? What do they contribute to the university community?

And you lose a few games—and begin to agree with those questions. You add "What am I bustin' my tail for? Nobody really cares about me. If we win, I get a few pats on the back; if we lose, people look down on me. It's not worth it."

You feel like that as you walk to the gym—while your team is on a losing streak. Then you get on the court, and you get the ball in your hands. Twenty-thousand eyes are watching everything you do. Your concentration is total. You don't think of anything else during the entire two hours—and it isn't even forced concentration. It's a part of you.

In the heat of the action—your mind knows what it's all about. The conscientious objectors, the racists, the radicals, the athlete-haters, the book worms could all be answered now—you sense the worth of athletics. When you learn to be unselfish, to really pull your teammate, to dive on the floor to get your Negro teammate a basket—then you know you've really learned something about life; and you know it's worth it.

When you first go to pre-season practice, you are 15 guys, all having different likes, dislikes, tastes, preferences, idiosyncrasies.

Then comes practice. The coach runs you 'til you're sure your sides are going to cave in. Then practice is over, and you all eat together in the cafeteria. You all feel like martyrs, but you all feel the same thing, the same misery, the same sense of pride and accomplishment. And suddenly, as if from nowhere, it emerges: the team is one, and it's unified. You all share the same dread of practice, and the same hopes of future victories.

When you talk freely, after practice, to a guy who irritated you just two days before, you know that you have something. You walk out of the cafeteria and your legs ache, but so do Rick's and Randy's and Brad's. You walk slowly to your room—and the pain feels good. For in it is sealed your unity, and your pride.

You know it's not for nothing. Athletics has made a man out of you. It has given you pride, and made you feel worthwhile.

* * *

The experience of being a college student-athlete can be very demanding of an individual. The experience can also be influential and rewarding. Both the pressures and the pleasures of this experience are distinctively reflected in the environment of Duke University.

The academic tradition of this school is outstanding.

The athletic tradition is also a proud one. The social and intellectual atmosphere presents a stimulating challenge to the development and the maturity of the individual.

One can pursue a variety of opportunities on this campus. Athletics are big-time at Duke, and the student who participates in a sport at the major college level has limits on his free time. Consequently, a student-athlete is somewhat restricted in his ability to explore the many varied aspects of the total university experience, and he must substitute some degree of discipline for the more independent pattern of life that most students are in a position to follow.

Obviously, an athlete must sacrifice a considerable degree of time in order to physically and mentally prepare himself for the rigors of competition. For some individuals, this sacrifice may neither be worthwhile nor justifiable.

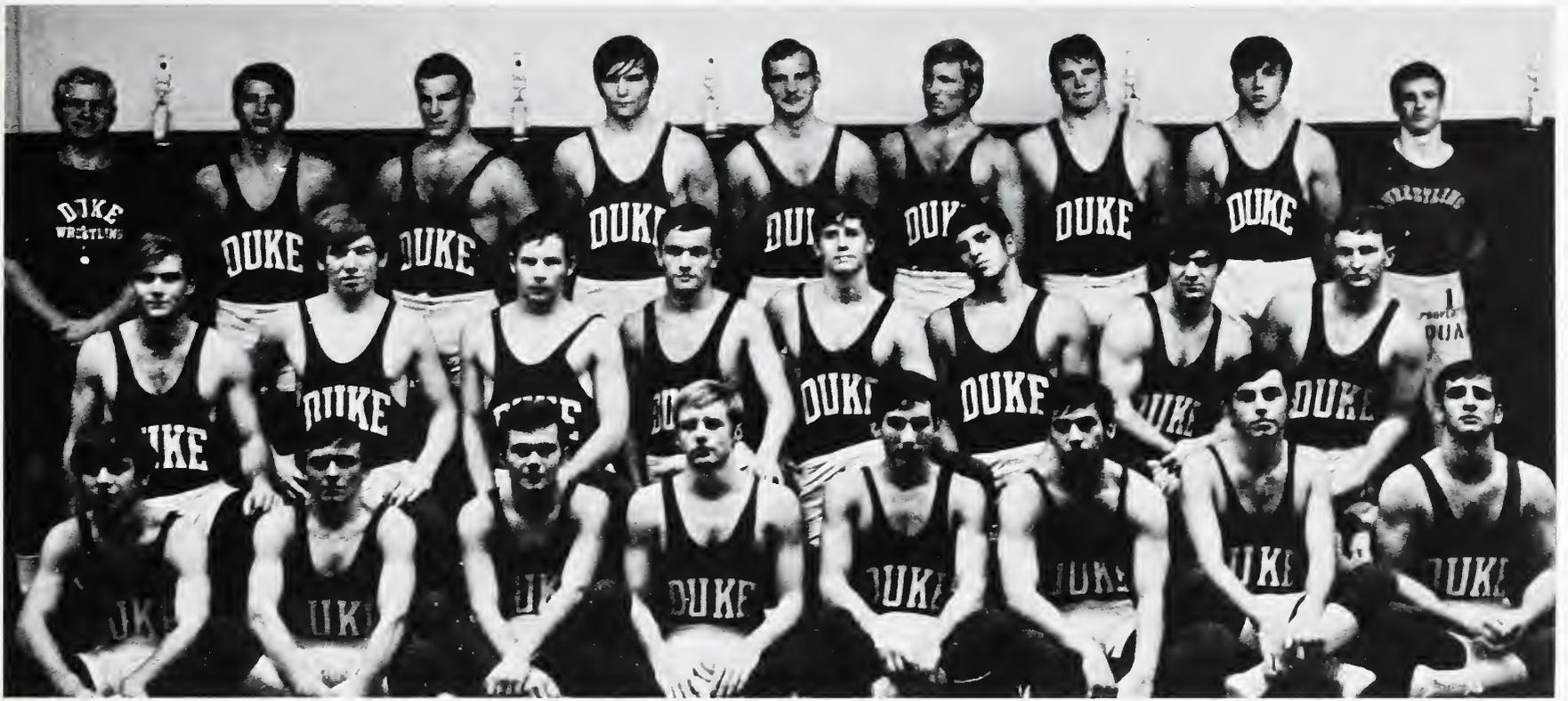
The opportunity to participate in the basketball program at Duke, no matter what degree of personal success one achieves, is definitely a highly beneficial experience for an individual. Every aspect of the basketball program at Duke is first-class, from the coaches, players, and managers right on down to the enthusiastic fans.

Although the experience of participating in this program is more than just winning games, it is winning that, more than anything else, makes the sacrifice worthwhile. The infectious spirit that Blue Devil fans regularly display personifies the desire to succeed.

It's a thrill to play for Duke.

That may sound trite to some, but perhaps you have to really understand athletics to know how meaningful the experience can be.

A winning tradition and a great spirit prevails here.
I hope it always stays that way.



CAN YOU FIND THE MAGUS?





PLUM PUDDING

a spectacular and
anti-play by the
whole sick crew

STARRING

(in order of appearance)

Dr. Barnes Woodhall	Chancellor of the University
An Anonymous Employee	An Anonymous Employee
Dr. James Price	Dean of Undergraduate Education
Dr. George Pearsall	Dean of The School of Engineering
Mr. J. L. Alexander	Custodian, Art Building
Dr. Alan Jenks	Dean of Freshmen
Mrs. Elsie Mae Bullock	Housekeeping, New Dorms
Mrs. Mary Sneed	Housekeeping, New Dorms
Mrs. Iva Mae Greene	Housekeeping, New Dorms

act one

—How do you feel about your job? Do you find it to be a fulfilling and enjoyable experience?

—Chancellor Woodhall: In answer to your question, I would say that I am Chancellor Pro Tem for perhaps two reasons, perhaps three reasons. One is that I've been here

since September 1937 and the University has done a good deal for me. It's brought me up in my own field of neurosurgery. It's given me an opportunity to live my own way and do my own thing. The second reason is that I was asked to do this in the time in which the Board of Trustees had some problems after the resignation of a president; I'd had some administrative experience in the medical center, and I'd been working with President Knight reasonably closely for three months, and so I accepted the appointment. And the third reason is that I do like it—it's a fresh experience for me. I once ran twenty-two hospitals in World War II with 123 different neurosurgeons. Neurosurgeons are just as temperamental and different as faculty members are, as students are also. It wasn't really a fresh experience for me. I didn't do it to make money, I don't believe—although with four grandchildren I need to save a little money.

—**Anonymous employee:** I find my job quite interesting. I cover a very wide spectrum of things. Mechanical, electrical, optical problems. I'm called upon to use all of these fields to cope with breakdowns. I don't consider myself an eight-to-fiver. That would bore me to hell. I'm a little chagrined at the lack of supply sources in this particular area. It isn't New York.

I don't believe in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. The amateurs have ruined the Virgin Mary business. Her name is really Mary McDillon, she's an Irish bitch who lured Christ up into the hills and took his manhood. And she never had it so good. She received God by osmosis. A very successful method. This is going to look very strange in print.

—**Dean Price:** It depends on a number of psychological factors . . . on balance, yes. Of course, my job is a new one, and I have to find ways to most effectively harness my energies and budget my time. I love to teach and will continue to do so, though in the first semester I find my teaching is suffering because of the preoccupation with my new post. I consider myself a teacher-administrator, and if I find I cannot do both I will go back to full-time teaching. I've been in undergraduate education for over a quarter of a century and obviously I love this focus of life and hope I can be reasonably effective in making

more effective the programs in the instruction of the undergraduates. I am perhaps finding it increasingly difficult to assess their real needs.

—**Dean Pearsall:** So far, the job has been very fulfilling and very rewarding, but you have to realize that I've only been in the job for about two months and I'm not really sure that I want to remain an "administrator" for the rest of my life.

—**Mr. Alexander:** I wouldn't do it if I didn't like it. It means a whole lot to me, but it's responsibilities, too, to know that you got a job, and people trust you enough for you to take over and do the work and nobody has to stay on your heels all the time, is what's important. It's important to me, as a janitor. I think a heck of a lot about it. I think it's important to everybody, I mean I think all jobs, I mean I think each person should take a little more time to think, that their job is their livelihood, and that it's important to them to do the best job they can; when you're overloaded you can't do but so much.

—**Dean Jenks:** I do find my job fulfilling, a rewarding experience. Obviously, it's also something I do to make money and pass time, as anybody's job. It's something, a kind of work in which I put myself, energies, thought, and feel that something at least is being gained or done, has some meaning.

—**Elsie Bullock;** Well . . . I tell you the reason I'm working is to make money, that's why I'm working. Is that why you all are working? I enjoy it very much, actually.

—**In general, do you find you like other people?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** I must admit I'm pretty much an island. I was born of a very bad disposition, for one thing, and I'm not fundamentally a friendly, extrovert, although I can put a good face on at times and simulate this type of feeling. I think I like students, although I couldn't expand that remark to undergraduates because, as you know, I'm an amateur in this field and haven't had too much experience with them; but having been in medicine with students since 1931, I get a kick out of coming through and doing nicely. There was an old professor named Watkins at the University of Michigan who was an atheist and once said a man is only immortal with his

children and his students. I'm not an atheist, but I agree with his last two points.

—**Anonymous employee:** I like to go around and titillate their cerebral cortex. I've developed a special technique to make direct contact with the mind. Cause most people think on the wrong end. It's called a rectal probe. I enjoy people. I find only about two out of a thousand that are able to adjust their preconceived ideas of anything in order to relate to new things. The educational process is a very non-nutritious pap designed primarily to fit you into convenient grooves. They don't teach you to think. It's all predigestive. Don't throw molotov cocktails, drink 'em. Conform. The development of the pill is primarily the stimulating factor for the sex revolution, if you want to call it that. For those that can't take it, Anheuser-Busch is developing a beer can with a nipple on it. You'll lose fewer cavities. Don't be a nipple-knocker. Try it.

—**Dean Price:** I like other people. I don't like everything they do, all the attitudes they take. I find the most satisfying thing in life is interpersonal relations.

—**Dean Pearsall:** Now I find that I like other people very much. I think as I grow older, I learn to deal with them more as individuals and less as some mass of humanity. I think sometimes that I sympathize with Linus in the Peanuts cartoon who says that he likes people, but he can't stand 'humanity'. I derive a great deal of satisfaction from relationships with other people. I suppose that's the main reason why I'm teaching as opposed to being an engineer in practice someplace. Engineers are fortunate in that they have this choice to make voluntarily because all of us could be employed probably, for more money someplace else. The University provides two things that industry characteristically doesn't provide. One is a certain amount of freedom to do the kind of thing you want to do, probably at an earlier age than you could in a highly structured industry, but the other one is a rather close and rather satisfying relationship with undergraduates, because in general I find that they are more exciting, more interesting people than the faculty at large or the administration at large.

—**Mr. Alexander:** It's the only way you learn. You

learn from the other fellow. Yes, I do; I love people, period. There's nobody I hate. There's plenty of people I dislike, but I don't hate them. You would say, there's a guy out there and I hate him. I don't see how you could say that, you might not like his ways. You are human, just like he is, and you're not responsible for being here. I get a lot of kick out of working with the other fellow. I love everybody. Some people don't see what I mean; they wonder, how can you love everybody. But racially, I mean, most people want you to call them black men now; well, it's all right if they want to call me black man, they want to call me nigger, whatever they want to call me, but I'm Alexander, right on. I'm just me, I don't want to nobody else. I try to do the job that I can do; I don't try to do the other fellow's job. I don't want to do the other fellow's job because I don't think I'm capable of it. I try to do my job the best I can. As you know, right now people's minds are confused, we got a lot of confused minds. They don't stop to think. It took me a long time not to hate. But I wasn't raised to hate. My people, my mother and my father, were Christians; we worked hard. And as far as this discrimination between white and colored, this color barrier never bothered me, never bothered me. Now things that you might think I would get offended at, they don't faze me. I like the person, I might not like his ways, but I respect him.

—**Dean Jenks:** I do like other people, which is why I like this work. I meet many different kinds of people. I also deal with parents and brothers and sisters but the individuals I deal with are each unique problems—I encounter fantastically new things every day, or I can. But every time I think I'm beginning to get bored something new happens.

—**Elsie Bullock:** Yes I do.

—**How do you feel about Duke as a place to be? How do you think it treats people?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** Well, personally I've been very happy here and so has my whole family. I've had two kids born here and a couple of grandchildren. As I've said before it has given me the opportunity to be myself and to develop my personal strengths and weaknesses.

To be very exact about it, all professors live and have lived in a supply and demand environment. I doubt very much if I would have stayed here and liked it as much as I did for any other reason than the simple fact that I enjoyed living here. It's very easy to move and I've had many offers to go elsewhere, but the place develops a smell and I like the smell and I like a very successful medical center. I think this is important and we've been able to achieve that, and so it's for me—for four-and-a-half more years. At that time I'm going down to the beach and open an office on Boat Bank to practice marine environmental medicine.

—**Anonymous employee:** It's a fine, medieval institution, warping the mind. Look at the buildings, my God. They have a fine powerhouse: the Divinity School and that church, or whatever it is. The most valuable thing on the Duke property is what's inside the heads of the people there. The whole profession of teaching is based on getting stuff published. There was a whole issue of this put out by John Hopkins University: the whole flood of information and how fast it is obsolete. A slight variation on an old thing, that's all, with a bibliography that big in the smallest type imaginable. The printing press is too slow. A memory bank maybe. We can't do that because we have too much invested in the corporate structure. We have to keep dragging this stuff along, until it's so obsolete it can be dumped . . . Duke is a very strong corporate enterprise. It's not supported by public demand, but by corporations. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, they're all involved in the corporate structure. They're all in trouble. Look what's happened to the big grants. They're having a hell of a time. There isn't a medical school in the country that isn't weeping and gnashing its teeth, rumbling of gas noises in the transverse colon, if you want to be precise. Good is a nasty four letter word. This is the kind of verbal garbage that we always get when we listen to politicians. There are no verified units we can measure. We're merely throwing the garbage back and forth; of course if it's in a plastic bag it's all right. It's of no significance whether it's printed or not. It won't change anything that's really important.

—**Dean Price:** I have difficulty with that question be-

cause I don't conceive of Duke University as any sort of corporate entity; it's really a group of people in various human relationships. I'm sure in certain areas we fail. Any big enterprise does. But I'm always impressed, when I get to know people and the particular kinds of responsibilities they have, that in and through it all they care tremendously for the people with whom they work. I think anybody who is committed to working in a university must have a genuine interest in people, because if that is not the case he wouldn't stick with it. In any kind of complex organization things get in the way to obscure that fact—misunderstandings, differences as to how one should organize or proceed to get something done. Once you cut through that you can see there is real mutual concern of people in the university community for one another.

—**Dean Pearsall:** Duke is great, Durham is terrible. Duke is an absolutely fascinating campus. It's more cosmopolitan now than Harvard is. It has a lot more going for it than a lot of the big name northeastern universities with which I'm pretty familiar, partly because of the student body mix. It seems to me that almost any undergraduate that comes here winds up having his most sacred beliefs challenged by his peers, probably within his first couple of weeks on campus. I think this is good educationally. The other aspect of it is that a lot of people don't realize that by not being in an urban center, Duke isn't influenced with the kind of city hangers-on that continually plague a school like Harvard or Yale or some of the New York schools. Unfortunately, what this means is that we have to trade Durham for New York or Boston. Maybe that's the only way.

—**Mr. Alexander:** Duke's a wonderful place to work. And anybody that works at Duke, they can grasp more from just watching the kids going and coming. I enjoy talking to them, to get their point of view, and how they feel. I mean, that's the way you learn. If we just try to live our own lives, as individuals, and help the other fellow. That's the thing that bothers me. Somebody wants to tromp the other fellow to death. 'I want what I want, but I don't want you to have anything.' It's not been that way in my case. I mean, I usually get some of the things I

want. I don't get everything I want, because I don't make that kind of money. But I believe that if the other fellow can buy it, I can too. But it might take me longer to get it. There's always somebody trying to hit Duke for something. But, you take it all together, maybe we haven't been getting all we should have, I don't know, but they're might good, to me. Sure I'd like to have more money, but they're paying a heck of a lot of people. They don't have any more money coming in that the students and the donations that people give. They make a little money, but good gracious alive, look at the expenses. I know things need to be better, but I think they ought to be talked out and talked out, and you pound on the Man's door long enough, and something will give. But I've tried since I came to Duke to never give them any trouble. These people that are grumbling all the time, they didn't want to work in the first place; they want a whole lot of something for nothing. They're having a strike downtown about something, I don't know what it is, I haven't paid too much attention. People are staying out on account of one or two guys. Buddy, I wouldn't lose a day on account of nobody over here. If he's right, keep pounding on the door and he'll get an answer some kind of way. But if he's wrong, keep pressing and pressing, and they'll find a way to get rid of you. You ask me do I like Duke. Sure I like Duke, Duke's been my livelihood and they've never given me any trouble. They all say, you get here, you can make it the day or night. It hasn't been a whole lot of money, but there's a whole lot of folks in the same shoes I'm in. Some of them aren't making as much money as I am.

—**Dean Jenks:** I've been happy at Duke. I think I can make that general statement. I'm not too sure to what extent that happiness has been a function of my job, although I've liked the job and the particular people. My experience here has been good. I teach in the religion department and it's a good department to be a part of, both in terms of my colleagues and the response of the students to department, which is generally good; so that part's happy. I've also enjoyed the staff and students. I have no complaints in that respect. I imagine I could possibly find work somewhere else. I can't tell whether I like

this or just this kind of work. The University seems to me like a more or less neutral place. It doesn't seem positively evil to me or positively good. There is a possibility of much happiness and enjoyment and there's also possibility of much pain and isolation. Duke is simply a microcosm of the world. I haven't been able to sense any tremendously clear uniqueness to Duke as compared to other schools or situations in life. And in a way I'm not sure Duke has any special character. It has a fairly neutral character that's open to a lot of development and interpretation.

—**Elsie Bullock:** I think it's a fine place.

—**What makes you happy?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** I don't have too much trouble being happy—although not many people have been able to define that word too well. I'm happy just being alive and doing what I think are exciting things. I must confess I'd like to loaf a little bit at the moment; and if the students stay quiet until December 20, I'm going to go down to the Florida Cayes and sit in the sun and look at my navel and other people's navels and be sure to be back here before the students arrive on January 1st.

—**Anonymous employee:** That is another one. It's like love, truth, freedom, democracy, all this garbage again. I don't want to be happy. I want to be alive. That means I'm reacting. It's a temporary state.

—**Dean Price:** What makes me happiest? Oh, there are many things—like seeing something I have attempted to do for another come to fruition, turn out to be a real benefit to them. Since I feel interests in other people I find my greatest happiness in the sort of rapport I have with my family and congenial friends. I do find a great deal of excitement in the discovery of some new idea or field of scholarship. Perhaps the greatest failing of an administrative job is that there is not time for the sort of true and creative reflection that is productive of creative thought and activity . . . especially in that area where you feel some competence, when after reading and research you see something that you feel is worth telling others about.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I've thought about this a lot. I think probably I am happiest when I'm experiencing something with somebody else who means a lot to me. For example

I can be very happy in a museum, and yet not particularly happy if I'm alone there. On a recent trip to New York, I visited the Cloisters, which is a marvelous place, and yet I was alone and somehow or other it didn't seem to be a very happy experience. It might be exciting, but it's not really happy. So I guess I have to say that sharing something pleasant with someone else is what makes me happy.

—**Mr. Alexander:** I'm happy right now, young man. I try not to carry a chip on my shoulder. It took me a long time to get over some things. Say, for instance, you smash a cigarette on the floor, you know it's going to make a black mark. Why don't they step to the door and throw it out, or put it in an ashtray. But now you're the janitor, and you have to clean it up. But you learn from it.

—**Dean Jenks:** What makes me happy is the sense of involvement with people and their involvement with me and with the community whose goals I believe in. I care about the process of education as a whole, which still attracts and excites me. Personal and intellectual reasons make me convinced that this is a stage in a person's life which is meaningful and profitable, by making one aware. I am involved in all that to me is a particularly happy experience.

—**Elsie Bullock:** Working and enjoying it and getting along with different people. I tell you, it's all right, the job.

—**Iva Green:** I just enjoy meeting different people. One thing I dislike about it, the work load is heavy.

—**Elsie Bullock:** The load is very heavy, sure.

—**What do you do when you feel down?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** I can't remember when I was really badly depressed for quite a long time. I think that occasionally about four o'clock in the morning, when an old man has to get up for the first time, I occasionally worry about getting caught in the nursing home before I can take a large amount of dolls to get away from such a bad fortune. It would probably be something related to aging and the inability to recognize these things. When I think about that I get mildly depressed; and I get depressed ordinarily over bad life misfortunes, like losing a

grandchild or something like that; but fundamentally, I don't get depressed. I don't get very on top of the world either. In other words, I'm a very mild maniac depressive, not an excessive one . . . I usually go back to bed when I get depressed; and I've also noticed a common thing—that even my mild depressions usually occur when I'm fatigued, so the bed is my solace at that time. I don't do anything else that I can recall.

—**Anonymous employee:** I go over and press the up button. It's wonderful. It's my belly button. What else? . . . I have so many things to crab about, it keeps me constantly on the go.

—**Dean Price:** By nature, I am one who reacts to his place, his environment, and there are two places I like to go when I'm down. The first is out-of-doors. We have a mountain home and a trip to the mountains for the weekend is a real cure for depression for me. I love to hike and get out-of-doors. The other place is a church, especially churches where I have memories associated with my family, experiences that are meaningful to me. The experience of corporate worship is, for me, a great restorative.

—**Dean Pearsall:** Drink Scotch.

—**Mr. Alexander:** Frankly speaking, I very seldom get down. I got so damn many good things that I like. I work with children. Or those guys at the radio station, they're all nice guys. I just like to think everybody's all right, until he jumps the gun.

—**Dean Jenks:** When I feel down sometimes I try to write poetry. Almost all attempts at this have been done during depression. I love music—I listen to most any variety of music, depending on my mood, or I play piano or cello. When I am mad at the world I can bang or play minor keys. Or, I lie down and go to sleep, which I understand is a common means of escaping depression or a sense of futility.

—**Elsie Bullock:** What do I do . . . let me see . . . Oh, I don't know.

—**Iva Green:** I say a little prayer and hum a song, just to get through the day.

—**Elsie Bullock:** I guess we all agree, that's just as good as any.

—**Iva Green:** That's right, I don't think you can beat it.

—**Elsie Bullock:** It's many times we walk into this place, especially Monday morning, nothing we can do but look up and say "Lord, help us."

—**What is your idea of a university?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** My first reaction to that question is "Oh, God." When a young man theoretically getting a good liberal education at a good university has the affrontery to ask that question, my only response could be the one I just mentioned—**period** . . . I actually don't know what a university is, and when you start to explain it you run into a whole group of platitudes and things that have been said a thousand times before that sound silly to me. The only platitude that I like is "a community of scholars and an opportunity to do a little thinking without being bugged too much by the world or its outside affairs." And more recently, I think the bug in from the outside has helped this university complex, but I don't have any firm ideas about it. I've only lived in two since 1926.

—**Anonymous employee:** I suppose the word "university" is extrapolated somehow out of universe. The cosmos. A university should be a place where individuals impart their information about the cosmos to those who are interested. The sum total is a lot more than the parts. Very excellent parts. But they don't fit together.

—**Dean Price:** I don't think that we can any longer define a university by externals. The fact that the term has been applied to the greatest variety of types of schools in the state of North Carolina is indicative that this way of determining the true nature of a university is no longer helpful. I would define it in terms of the quality of life where there is a community of scholars, young and old, with mutual respect, and where there's insatiable curiosity for new knowledge and new experience to learn through teaching and research.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I'm always tempted to answer that with the cliché that it's a community of scholars. I agree, that's what it is, but that no longer says anything, really. I think it's primarily now a unique institution, simply because it's governed primarily by this amorphous group of

people called 'faculty'. That is, people professionally dedicated to teaching who somehow through the years have managed to share in the governing of a body dedicated to the searching for knowledge and applying knowledge. I realize a lot of my colleagues would probably stop at 'searching for knowledge' and say that the university has no business in applying knowledge or searching for ways to apply knowledge. But it seems to me that it has to be a very integral part of the university, and I think students now who are searching for relevance between their studies and their life and society in general point up this need that the university has. I think another aspect of the university that probably becomes very significant is that it functions by in part cutting itself off from the rest of the world. There's a certain emphasis on cloistering one's self so that you can concentrate, hopefully, on the big problems of the world without being dragged down by the little time-consuming details that plague so many people in other walks of life. I'm not sure that this is valid anymore, but I think it's still part of the philosophy of the university.

—**Mr. Alexander:** Well, a university is one of the greatest things; any university is cultivating people's minds, to go out there and live in this world. If they're not prepared to come to college, I think it's just as well not to send them. That's why I'm working so hard now—if we can get just one or two kids to work hard enough and be educated enough to go to college and amount to something, I'll just think all the pains and disappointments will be paid off. If we can get somebody in the Community Center to go to college. It just makes you feel good.

—**Dean Jenks:** A student does gain a certain practical expertise in dealing with the world, which he can later turn to some advantage in trying to find a job or making a place for himself in a profession. Sometimes the expertise is gained in a peculiar manner and not exactly in the planned way. In addition to pre-law, pre-medical, pre-theological, pre-anthropological, and other types of study that people undertake that lead directly into a career, the students do learn also to play a certain number of games which prepare them to play analogous games later on in their jobs and their relations politically to the state and

so forth. The university is a microcosm of society and we've got the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'. We have rules and regulations which have to be either obeyed or evaded, and so forth. Not all of that is intentionally built-in, but it's just there. I can actually see students arguing a case with me to get them off the hook or something for some disciplinary violation; and I can see them later as a lawyer doing this in all seriousness—maybe with more success and maybe for more money. So partly we're just living here and participating in a society which has the same sort of structure that a larger society has. More important, there is the growth in the depth of life and the possibilities of human existence. These things would be opened up to the student in his studies and relationships in the university. Finally, the university is a place for discovering one's self—which is really going on in all these other pursuits; that is, as we discover how to deal with the world and its structures and discover the past and humanities and music and fields of science and all the rest, we are maybe most importantly engaged in the discovery of our own identity.

—**Elsie Bullock:** Well, I'll tell you, it should be nice for everybody. That's what I think. I guess we all feel sometimes it's not nice—but, well, people are very nice. I think everybody should get along as best they could.

—**How does Duke fit into this definition?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** The other frailty that Duke has is it's still a little bit young. I think it's forty-five years old, and that's not quite long enough to become mature, to have a lot of successive ups and downs that really prove a place out; but with those two exceptions, I think Duke fits into most any reasonably wide definition of a good place.

—**Anonymous employee:** To me it's such an ancient medieval institution that I don't take it very seriously. It has every mechanism to perpetuate itself. And it's obsolete. This is true of every university in the U.S. The tendency of every part of the establishment to perpetuate itself **ad nauseum** . . . But please tell them I'm for motherhood and the sanctity of the American home, and peace and freedom. I believe in the power of prayer.

—**Dean Price:** Duke, like many universities, is undergoing a crisis in identity. Certainly, much emphasis has been placed in recent years on the diversity of interests held by students, faculty and members of the administration. When we tend to think of the community in terms of its polarity, the sense of the university is lost. I would hope that in the days ahead we will rediscover the secret of a true community of scholars and recover a sense of excitement in the place.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I think Duke is still trying to fight its way out of adolescence as a University. I think it's a very young university historically and sociologically. I think there's a tendency during this particular time in Duke's history to get carried away with the burdens of administering the community, probably because Duke fifteen years ago didn't need many codes and many rules and many regulations because it was operated as a rather small community. But now that it has become a 'big' university, there's a great temptation to codify everything to put more power in the hands of the business office to make sure we don't send ourselves into financial ruin. And I think that Duke is probably not going to be able to realize its full potential until it gets over this particular aspect of adolescence.

—**Mr. Alexander:** I haven't given it much thought, to tell you the truth. From my point of view, Duke's the greatest. You come through the mill like I have, and see it start and grow, you'd see the way I feel about it. But it has grown, and done a heck of a lot of good for a lot of people. It's gonna continue to grow. Of course, a lot of changes have been made—everything we have nowadays will have to change—but it's putting out some good material, I think. There are some good professors and some mighty fine teachers, and a pretty good staff of workers. Take it all the way around, if I had to pick a job I'd still stay at Duke.

—**Dean Jenks:** Duke strikes me as a university in which all these things I've been talking about are possible, but yet a kind of neutral place in the sense that the university doesn't know very clearly who it is or what it is or where it's going. In this sense again, I think it is a microcosm of our whole society. I don't think we can any longer simply

live on the sense of identity and purpose as a nation that we once had. I think we're all aware to what extent we've lost that, but I don't think we achieved anything new to replace it. As I think of the old image of Duke, as I understand it, as a kind of playboy country club environment for rich kids which it was maybe twenty or thirty years ago, or what people thought of it, I don't think that's true any longer. Although there are remnants of that here, there'd be pretty strong remnants on any college campus of this sort—yet what replaces that rather unappealing image, I'm not sure. That a religious orientation was at least technically part of the picture at one time doesn't mean much to most people here; even though the chapel dominates the campus visibly and geographically, the real heart of things here isn't Christian. It isn't pagan either; I must say, I haven't discovered what the heart of Duke is, and for that reason I do question whether we know exactly who we are, why we're here, and where we're going. But in that respect we are no worse off than other universities.

—**Elsie Bullock:** Oh, it's a fine place, it's good to everybody.

—**How does your job fit into this idea of a university?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** I took this present job on an interim basis. I'm not a born Chancellor or anything like that, but it had some depth to it and it was a little strange. We'd had this experience at Duke ten years ago and Dr. Edens had his throat cut; and I think it's always fun to test anything, and this gave me the opportunity to see whether Duke wasn't a fairly normal and good type of university . . . I'm leaving to become an old, tenured, full-time professor, and this is the refuge for most decadent characters in the University.

—**Anonymous employee:** My job has nothing to do with a university in the general term. A university is a disembodied spirit. It has no personal desires. It doesn't even have a mistress. It's an invention of the legal mind. No bowels. It has no social responsibilities.

—**Dean Price:** This job is so recent I can only speak of an ideal that I would hope to realize, and that is that this

office can become a focal point for drawing together members of the faculty primarily interested in undergraduate education, experience, leadership, and those of us in the administration whose primary concern is the quality of undergraduate life. Since my main interest is in undergraduate education, I am challenged by this opportunity, although with such short experience I can only speak of hopes for the future.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I view my job primarily as a means of developing liaison and rapport between the world of applied knowledge and problem-solving, and the world of knowledge-seeking or curiosity-satisfying that perhaps represent the rest of the University. I think particularly in this day and age one can make a very good case for not only exposing engineering students to a liberal arts environment, but for exposing liberal arts students to a technological environment, doing it in such a way that the students do not feel alienated by technology, doing it in such a way that non-engineering, non-science students do not feel defensive towards the world that they're going to be moving into.

—**Mr. Alexander:** Well, maybe my thoughts are way out, and if so they'll just have to be way out. But a university is for the cultivating of minds; that's why the students are here and that's why you have a faculty, a group of men who are qualified to teach and to cultivate their minds so they can go out there in the world and help to build and make this world. And if we didn't have that, what would we have? We'd have a different sort of place. And that's the reason I like Duke, it's sending boys and girls out there to help put this world together, to keep it together. But the change is coming; it's gonna take time—you can't do it overnight, bake the cake and eat it all at the same time. The changes I've seen made recently, just last year, will let you know that the time is coming. The young men, the younger group of people, the younger, well-thought young people, those are the people that are important to us. The guy out here that don't care what happens, he's just breezin' along, he's a human being and you have to treat him as a human being, to respect him; but he's not doing anything. They're making a lot of fuss, but they'er not doing anything. Now that bothers me a

little, simply because he's always got a bad taste for everybody, but he's not doing anything himself. You do get disturbed that a person **can** do things, and help, but he **won't** do anything. It's pitiful. There are a lot of those, too. I'll help myself, but I won't help the other fellow. When you come to be narrow-minded, you close yourself in. You asked me about people. You don't cultivate a man's mind, he can't do anything. That's why we have college, that's why we have schools, that's why we have people fighting—but I don't believe in violence. I don't believe in taking people's lives, I don't believe in putting people in jail; but they have to go to jail sometimes. You say he ought to be dead. You can't give a life, so why you want to take a life? But the thing that's important, stop and think, is that he's a human being, just like you. "Do I have enough education? Am I well-trained to help that other guy?" If he wasn't nothing but ignorant, if he didn't know nothing, if he didn't even know how to sweep a floor, but if he had enough guts to help that other fellow, to pull him out of that ditch if he can, I think he should do it.

—**Dean Jenks:** I think I'm involved in the process of education as I've tried to describe it earlier—both through my teaching and my work in the dean's office. I don't really separate in my mind between the two kinds of work because they are two different things. I try to participate with my students in the process of discovering the meaning of history, and we raise questions regarding the existence of human destiny; and all this is education in the University as I've described it. Here in the dean's office I am engaged more in a search for the self and identity, because it seems to me the most important thing I can do is help a person who's got a problem or question, or just wants to talk; the most important thing I can do is to help him define himself in relation to the problem, the question, the reality, or whatever it is that he has to face. A good bit of the work here is, of course, routine and the answers can be kind of stock, but many times one has the opportunity of raising in one way or another the questions of meaning and identity which are all part of what I think education is all about.

—**Elsie Bullock:** It's all right so far, I guess.

—**Iva Green:** I feel like a big part of the University, because if they didn't have maids you couldn't get in this place. I think the maid plays just as big a part as the professor. The little man fits in as well as the big man when you do your job and do it well. I can only speak for myself. Everywhere I work I get along real well with people, I don't think of people looking down on me. That's how I stay happy. I feel there's got to be a little man, little woman as well as big ones. I feel just as proud as the next man, next woman, coming to work. It's honest.

—**Mary Sneed:** I try to make the best of what I can do. If they can better it, then I'd like that too. If they can pay more . . . everything is higher now, but we are maids . . . We have to go out and buy things. We have responsibilities.

—**Elsie Bullock:** I think probably I could have a better job, but I guess it would call for a lot more responsibility in a way. I'm grateful for the job.

—**What do you think is the relationship of a university to its society, like Duke to Durham?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** Well, my answer to this last question began with an expletive, and I'll erase that on the tape. I think one of the beauties of this question is the fact that it's changed over the centuries and it changes in inexplicable ways. You take the Spanish universities and their relation to a society which was mostly Catholic at the time, or take the German universities reacting to the far right—maybe the universities shouldn't be forced into reacting to these things by people outside the university. This is probably the major reason that many people in universities, having a little better liberal education than most of the students, recognize some of the inherent dangers in this type of movement. On the other hand, one can use some of the talents in the university in these areas; but unfortunately we haven't arrived at a common feeling on what talents to use and how to use them. My guess would be a good university and a good student body would never arrive at a mutual understanding on such an issue; and this is good because it allows the far right to be defeated, the far left to be defeated and the middle ground to be defeated, and lets the University

surge around its innate energy to solve these problems. And I'll end this answer with the same expletive. Check.

—**Anonymous employee:** It's pure and nothing will come of it, as long as the University takes the pill.

—**Dean Price:** There is a tendency to pose this problem in terms of opposites. On the one hand there is the view of the University as the ivory tower. On the other hand, the University is conceived of as an extension of Main Street. It seems to me that neither of these views does justice to the genius of a university best able to influence the life of its times. I would like to see a balance struck between detachment and objectivity and intelligent involvement in contemporary social problems.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I think it's in the process of transition, now. Let me say first what I think it is or what it has been. I think in the past it was responsible for putting into society an intellectual elite of rather creative people who, because they were bright, because they had this intellectually expanding experience in a university, could be tolerated by society and could actually help lead it. The situation now, simply because such a high fraction of the population goes through the university experience, is becoming muddled for a couple of reasons: I'm not sure that society is able to accommodate any longer this many bright farseeing young minds; it's a little bit like telling a sergeant in the army that he should be looking for bright creative privates. Somehow the sergeants of the world don't want creative privates. I think this means that the university is emerging in a new role; that is, to some degree it is going to have to accept some responsibility for determining where society is and for educating people who can deal with society on its present terms and lead it in the directions which hopefully are pointed towards a better life without the emphasis that we've had in the past on violence, on conflict, and on the kind of poverty culture existence that says to people "Thou shalt live only for tomorrow" and not really think very much beyond that.

—**Mr. Alexander:** It has a big part to play in Durham. I'm glad you asked me that question, because I've heard a lot of people in my years abuse the University. But they turn right around and send their children to the Univer-

sity. I think Duke is a great thing for Durham, as a whole. You take Duke University away from Durham, there would be nothing. Half of the stores in the city, most everything in the city profits by it. Go through in the summer and you'll find out. They're all standing around. I'm glad it's here and I'm glad I'm a part of it. I think the University is growing every day. In twenty-five years you'll think "Boy, I was talking to Alexander at Duke University and he was right." It's growing, growing every day. It's gonna learn. You learn by experience, by trying things. The man that made this tape recorder, it probably took him God knows how long to do it, but he did do it. You take a guy on the radio, and you think, "He's got talent. Who is this guy?" He's got talent and he's putting it to use. What are you going to do? . . . Teach French? Well, good. You're going to take your knowledge and teach it, and it's going to keep spreading. So if you ever be a teacher, do it well. You take a lot of things that are going on now, these people aren't thinking clearly. They're not giving the benefit of the doubt. We need photographers, too. All the schools are growing, the kids are getting wiser and wiser.

—**Dean Jenks:** The university stands in a complex if somewhat contradictory relation to society. I think that those who claim that the university stands as a critic of the values and patterns are right. Some say that the university should detach itself from current social problems and pressures and view things in a long perspective from the ivory tower; I think there's something there, too, especially when they exclude the other possibility—those who would turn the university into a social agency pure and simple would see it as having no other aim or purpose than to attach society and society's problems. I think they're wrong in that such total involvement in society and in its problems would lead to the demise of the university, but I think that those who want it to pull off and just be an academy for speculating about pure science or whatever are wrong, too. The reason for the pain of the university in our days is that we're just becoming aware that we're both these things—that we're part of society and its values and yet we can see beyond the current society and its values and criticize them and yet we

have to—if we criticize them too much, we lose our support and die that way; If we criticize too little we alienate the students who are maybe alienated from society and they destroy the university. So we're in a complex and inescapably frustrating position, for we can do a lot of good and a lot of evil. We can't escape by trying to formulate a simple answer to that question.

—**Elsie Bullock:** Well, I think it fit into America fine.

—**What do you think is Duke's relation to 1970 America?**

—**Chancellor Woodhall:** I think Duke University is becoming rapidly a little bit more a part of America of 1970. We've participated in the only reform movement—very clear in the country—and that is the student reform movement. One doesn't see too many movements among faculty or administrators and trustees until recently. At the moment our Board of Trustees is leading almost everyone except students and in my own opinion they're running neck and neck with students at the moment. With that exception, I think, on the undergraduate areas, I think that in some of the technical areas or the graduate areas perhaps it's a little closer to America; but these are pretty useful areas, though not necessarily the type that will initiate any type wide-spread reform. I expect us to go gradually downhill in our social conscience over the next thirty years. The influence of the thirty percent rise in population, a fifty percent rise in service demands, admiration for technology, admiration for the concept of destroying rivers and streams and the air—you name it. Just sitting in front of me, you won't believe all this, but when they go to their integrated country club in the year 2000 they'll go in enclosed steam cars with oxygen tanks on their side. Perhaps the university can change this; but it's a terrible job, a terribly difficult job. Perhaps one way the university can change it is by continuing to emphasize the social issue of using the ballot box in a reasonably successful manner . . . Our student government is a good example of people at the voting booth. If there is going to be a change for the better it will come only from the democratic process, and this is being moved off into a great many divergent ways. Most of the university community has forgotten this rather simple effective process

set up years ago in the Constitution. Amen.

—**Anonymous employee:** Do you think I have crystal balls. No, they're normal gonads. You ought to send this list to that Dixon bitch. She predicted that Kennedy would be shot, a long time after he was shot. Pretty clever . . . You and I could sit here for a thousand years and banter words and nothing in the physical world would change. We constantly collect information of no importance . . . You could put the whole goddamn Congress in a boat in the middle of the Ocean and turn on the sea valve. The electricity would still work. They're of no importance. We don't have enough wet nurses to keep it all straight . . . If you had some questions dealing with the real problems of the North American continent, I wouldn't just be titillating. We're God's prime miscarriage. Imagine what the condition would be if it were a legitimate birth.

—**Dean Price:** There are those who hold that America at the turn of this decade is in deep trouble. The university is in a position to help constructively in enabling this community and others near it to adjust to the rapid social changes that are taking place, but for the present our way of meeting the challenge of the time is not clear—there is confusion as to the role of the university in ameliorating social crises. One can only hope that the individuals who are now working in this area can pool their resources and various programs . . . well, let's cut it (the tape recorder) off. Correction on this: the individuals who are knowledgeable and who are working in isolation now on local and regional problems will pool their resources and the university can mount more coherent programs to help Durham and the region face up to opportunities that are now present.

—**Dean Pearsall:** I'm afraid to a large extent that Duke is in the process of trying to catch up with 1970 America. I think almost in spite of ourselves we are educating people who are going to have a real impact on society and on the world, but I can not honestly say it's because we're intending to do it; I think we're almost doing it by default. I think our students are gaining at least as much education from their living environment, from the people with whom they come in contact at Duke, as they are

from what we're doing in the classroom and in the formal educational part of the university.

—**Mr. Alexander:** Duke can keep growing, and getting more wiser men to teach the kids. It can't stand still, it's certainly got to go forward or backwards, and we don't want it to go backwards. It's gonna take all of us, the Negro and the white man, to work together—none of this who's better than the other. That's gonna die out one of these days, but it'll be in your generation, not mine. The majority of people think it's one-sided. They just don't stop to think. You can make a thing worse by taking the wrong attitude, the wrong point of view about it. They'll maybe say, "I don't like that guy over there, because he's smart." He's just using his mind to the best of his ability. You see things happening, you think, "Why'd that guy do that?" He just didn't stop to think. He got carried away. You have to respect the other fellow. You might not believe this, but a good old concentrated prayer, right by yourself, and it'll come through. He's never missed a battle in his lifetime. I don't know if you're Christian or not, or if you know anything about God, but one thing I do know, I believe in Him.

—**Dean Jenks:** I see the University, all universities, as being bound up in the life of the society that they serve; they're bound up in a peculiar way in that they contribute to society and in a positive and lucrative and productive fashion and criticize that society and point beyond it. Duke isn't different—Duke is part of America in a thousand different ways, some good, some bad. Students with B.A.'s turn into privates in Vietnam; that's one thing they

do which is a kind of contradictory contribution to society. We're engaged in research, some of which provides healing and help for people, because our research facilities range from one end of the scale to the other—social sciences, natural sciences, medicine, and so forth. There are some definite contributions that have been and are to be made through research at Duke. But at the same time we take part in research that has to do with chemical warfare or the development of other kinds of weapons; and that's a peculiar kind of contribution. So I guess we've been wrapped in the dilemma of being in American these days, caught up in the "irony of American history," to use Reinhold Niebhur's phrase—the irony of the tremendous contrast between our ideals and what we actually come up with or produce, the irony of filling a continent with people and subduing the forces of nature: technological advances which have been our greatest achievements are also there as potential elements of our own destruction.

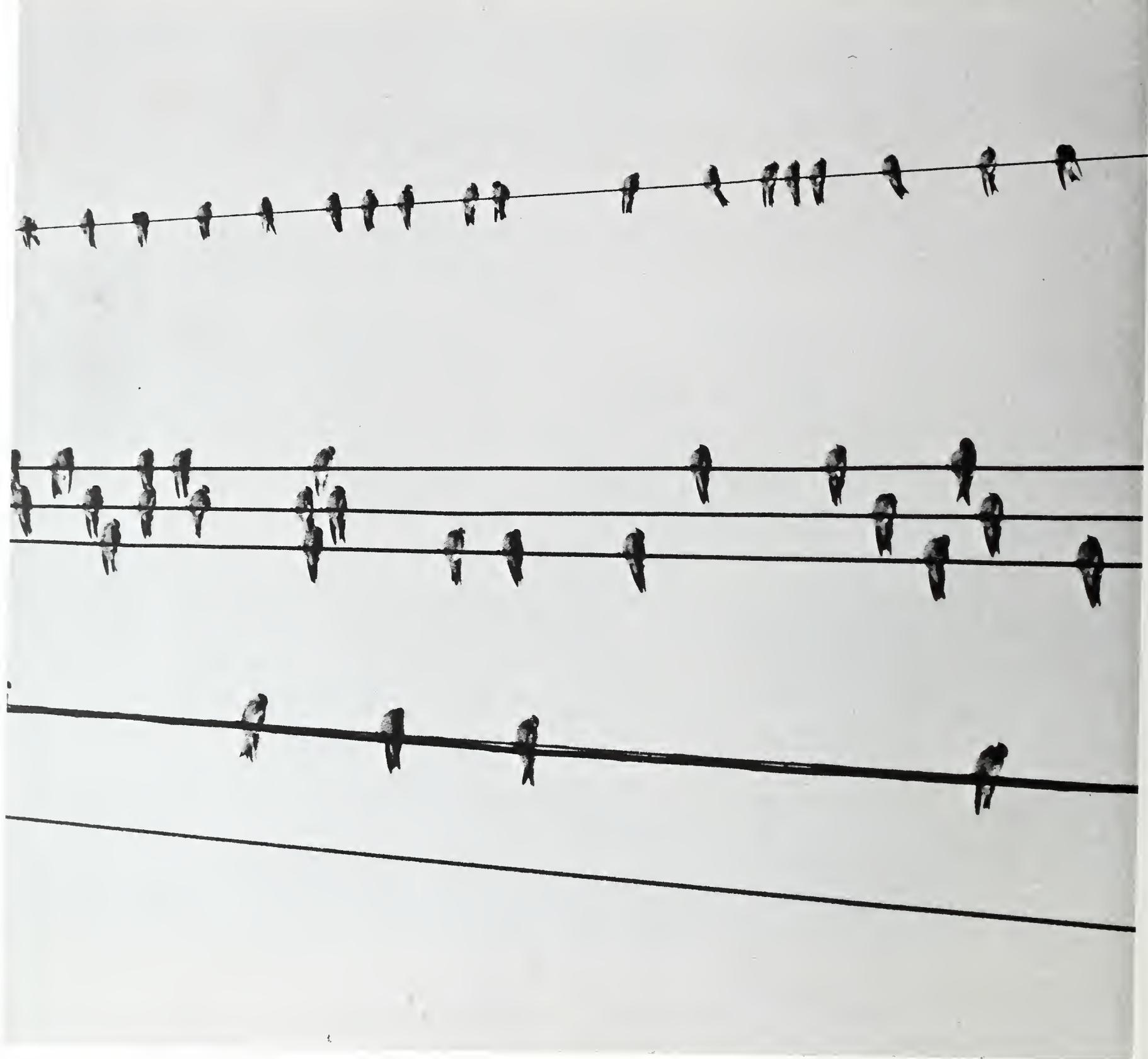
—**Elsie Bullock:** I think Duke is a fine place.

—**Mary Sneed:** We know Duke is a private institution, you know; they do what they want. But still they're trying to give in to help people. Duke hires quite a lot of people in Durham, Duke helps a lot of people. It's a lot better than it used to be. So far as my work, I'll try to do the job. Regardless of what job I have, I like people to show appreciation.

—**Iva Greene:** Oh, they appreciate us. The boys are all cooperative.

—Curtain—









LILLY

ROSE

this is how it was: I was sitting in Jim's office.
his chair was too big for me because Jim is a big boy and
he had the chair made special to fit him.
it is a special buttock-fitted chair with no arms.
I was staring at a book in the way of reading when Jim
came in.
"I have just seen 'The Rose Tatoo,' " he said. (This was
in 1954.)
"What was it about?" I asked.
"This lady has a rose tatooed on her breasts. Between her
breasts."
"Did they show it?"
"No."
"What happens?"
"She rips her blouse open and shows it to Burt Lancaster,
but you can only see her face."
"Who did you go with?"
"My mother took us."

big Jim sits down at the desk when I stand up to open the
window. he fits right into the chair. he became a real king
when he sat there.
"go get some coffee, will you?" he told me.
"guess again, Sam," I said, heading for the door.

all this was in 1954, twelve years before I came to Duke.
I was six years old.

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RATS

The effects of the fraternity system on its members and the rest of the University community have been under attack for the past few years and it is unlikely that a reiteration of these faults would prove to be of much value. Even the most ardent defender of the Duke system would concede faults, but it is rare that the bulk of those who attack the system would be equally willing to acknowledge the positive aspects and progressive nature of some of the elements within the system.

The Duke fraternity system is unique when compared with most other collegiate systems. It has never been able to procure the power which is evident at most universities. The elitism and separation so prevalent in many colleges does not exist at Duke to the same degree. There are several factors which dictate this more egalitarian system, one being the percentage of campus represented and the other being dormitory living. By including almost half of the upperclassmen, fraternities are forced to come

closer to representing the desires of a larger portion of the student body. An additional benefit of the numbers involved has been the "mutual selection" of the freshmen and the fraternity. At Duke the two agents of Rush come closer to seeking each other than is true at many other schools where the freshman is the only side forced to prove himself. By forcing fraternities to live in dormitories, the inherent separation is reduced. Some live not in a separate "fraternity row" but rather surrounded by independents. This forces more communication with other elements of Campus. In addition, dorm living has been a factor in the high percentage of the campus incorporated into Greeks. These overlapping factors have worked to keep Duke's fraternity system more in touch with the rest of the University.

Though Duke's system fosters fewer of the problems of many other fraternity systems, it still has many faults. There are aspects which make it a negative influence on

the development of the individual and the University. These factors must be removed from without if the system refuses to change from within.

I entered this University in September of 1967 full of excitement and anticipation as to what wonderful happenings were ahead for me. Being fortunate enough to be placed into a cross-sectional dorm, I immediately began to savor the "University Experience". I participated in table rush and then formal rush with the intention of meeting new people and going to some good parties. The thought of joining a fraternity was not even a remote possibility until the end of Rush. I was offered the opportunity to "associate" with a fraternity with the option of pledging at a later time or dropping out. Since this offer would give me the social benefits of two good groups without obligation to either and the opportunity to compare the fraternity and independent systems from within, I accepted.

During the second semester I got to know this fraternity and much about the fraternity system in general. Getting to know people under the more real atmosphere of post-Rush, I discovered a disturbing paradox about a particular fraternity and the entire Greek system. The members of this fraternity had great talent and individualism which evidently had been forced or at least allowed to fall into dormancy. Thus, this group which should have been viable and exciting was dull and shallow. I marveled at the great potential that would have come from the united strength of its individual elements, but distressed at the tepid existence which prevailed.

This was the year that the house course and colloquium became fashionable. In an effort to show the Administration that fraternities could be as intellectual as Independents, many Greeks hopped on the co-curricular bandwagon, waving the flag of true education. Infact, the Fraternity colloquium was most often as abberation of that which could be a positive step toward a living-learning process. Groups had their token colloquium midway through the semester complete with sorority and keg. It was too much to ask for learning outside the classroom without booze and broads. When the Interfraternity Council was asked for funds to help with the House G

experimental project for freshmen living, it showed unbelievable absences of concern and ties to reality by scorning the person requesting the funds. Later, when the ramifications of what they had done became clear, they relented and offered \$200 as a contribution to the proposed library. This pledge was never totally fulfilled.

Both the individual fraternity and the overall body refused to acknowledge reality. To the system nothing of importance was tolerated other than a social existence. After seeing the narrowmindedness of the organization, the paradox of talented students within a talentless system became clear.

Despite the negative nature of the system, it was inevitable that change would come. The intelligent, progressive members of the system could not tolerate the continuation of the status quo. The pressure exerted by the talented student would force the system to change. The situation was demanding radical change and there were sufficient elements attacking the system from the inside as well as the outside which would initiate the change.

Change was coming. It was coming slowly, but it was in sufficient evidence for the first time. Fraternities were suffering agony and occasional regression in the movement. Progression to new concepts and ideas was coming slowly but definitely.

Different fraternities have led in different aspects of the Change. In the area of selection reform, Phi Gamma Tau, Zeta Beta Tau, Sigma Nu, and Pi Kappa Phi led the way. Sigma Nu, Theta Chi, and Delta Sigma Phi have copied the good programs of some of the Independents and surpassed most. Fraternities are realizing the need for something better than that which is here.

The subject of residential reform has received much publicity in the past few years. Though many still dispute the view of the Stroebel Report which is against the continuance of Freshmen Houses, the Reform element within the fraternities has gathered adherents. Different fraternities have studied different aspects of reform with different goals in mind.

There have been many who claimed that totally non-selective cross-sectional houses are the answer to the problems of the Residential System. Earlier this year Phi

Gamma Tau voted to become such a living group. According to fraternity president Roy Mauer, the members feel that the fraternity system is a system of "non-worth-while values", and must be changed. Included in the step of going non-selective, the group joined a federation with House P, Windsor, and Southgate. The hope is that eventually the four will occupy one quad and will be able to act as a residential college.

The transition of Phi Gamma Tau has been very hard. The strength that once characterized the group has been shattered. As could be expected, many within the group did not want non-selectivity and thus unity within the new organization has been difficult. As of now, Phi Gamma Tau is nothing more than a noble dream. It no longer exists as a viable living group but rather as a very uncohesive group with only the name as a unifying influence. Its ability to provide for the members has been severely sapped. The experiment has been noble and idealistic but the possibilities for success must be viewed with skepticism.

Zeta Beta Tau also attempted an experiment with non-selectivity. After about a month of directionless pleas for a coed fraternity and open-minded freshmen, the group split into those who wanted mild reform and those who wanted the more radical reform. The latter have been unsuccessful and the cause of non-selectivity has been defeated.

The failures of Zeta Beta Tau and Phi Gamma Tau cast doubts that the fraternity system can undergo complete non-selectivity at this time. It appears to be undertaken without resulting in the destruction of the living group. If the living group is too divided to be of value to its members, it can hardly be of value to the Community. Perhaps Phi Gamma Tau will succeed, but the success probably could have come without so much agony had a different approach been used.

This is not to imply that no reform should be undertaken. After reading the text of the Strobel Report, the importance of the abolishment of Freshmen Houses is clear. As fraternities have no freshmen, they definitely will be the elements most affected by this change. The Strobel Committee proposed that the fraternities accept a

"quota of randomly assigned freshmen into their living group". At the end of the semester the freshmen would have the option of either obtaining full membership or moving to another living group.

This idea was designated as no more than a proposal, not the final decision. It will be at least several years before a final decision is reached. Until that time, living groups have been encouraged to experiment with different solutions. Several fraternities have responded. Other than the futile attempts for federations, the most promising experiments should come from Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Phi, and Zeta Beta Tau. These three groups have agreed to try the Strobel proposals for one year. Pi Kappa Phi plans to fill the vacant spaces in the section with freshmen instead of independent-independents. These freshmen will be offered full membership second semester if five brothers submit their names. There is no "ball" system. This elimination of the blackball will extend to freshmen taken in regular Rush. Zeta Beta Tau will take freshmen and guarantee them a membership if they so desire. The fraternities are hoping to switch the emphasis of selection so as to give the freshman the choice rather than the fraternity. In keeping with this concept, ZBT is abolishing its "ball" system and going to a somewhat undefinable system of encouraging a freshman to see that the fraternity will not be best for him if such is the case. In the words of President Rick Carro, the fraternity system "impedes progress and development" and thus must be changed. He feels that this modified change will be much more effective than the earlier attempt at non-selectivity. Sigma Nu has agreed to accept freshmen living in the section as social members first semester with full membership second semester unless two-thirds of the fraternity petition to ask that a freshman not be considered for full membership.

These three fraternities feel that they will gain as much from the enthusiasm of the freshmen as the freshmen will gain from the benefits of cross-sectional living. All freshmen will be encouraged to participate in activities of the fraternity, the fraternity system, and the University. There is a sincerity in the motives of these groups to help improve the weaknesses of the Residential system. If

these experiments are successful, it is inevitable that before these groups are forced to become nationally-affiliated cross-section houses they will have already done so.

It is in this area of residential reform that fraternities have received the most criticism. However, some groups are showing an appreciation of the problems and are acting to rectify them. Even the IFC has shown improvement over its actions in the past with its desire to reform Rush. President John Sacha has worked to reverse the elitism of former Councils. Though the reforms of the fraternities are not anywhere near enough, they are coming and eventually will prevail.

In the area of academic experimentation fraternities have started to grasp the values of a living-learning education. As one President stated: "People come to Duke for more than drinking beer and dating seven nights a week." The flag-waving programs of several years ago have evolved into sincere efforts at expanded and relevant education. Several groups have far surpassed the programs of the Independents, who initiated the concepts. Various types of colloquia, courses, and faculty advisor programs have become common to the system. Some are even converting recreational areas into libraries with extensive magazine and newspaper subscriptions, reference books, and study furniture. This financial as well as academic commitment is something new and exciting within the fraternity system.

Various groups have shown great imagination with their experimentation in the academic arena. Sigma Nu has developed a program which has been of value to the University as well as to its individual members. Individual colloquia have ranged within the political, cultural, athletic, educational, and entertainment areas. The first semester course, "Semester in Personality and Social Development in the College Years", led by Dr. John Altrocchi with Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority has proven to be a success from the intellectual and the personal involvement viewpoint. A series of practical discussions relating to investment, stocks, and insurance showed that all worthwhile colloquia need not be strictly academic. Sigma Nu has shown that with a varied, imaginative co-curricular program, students take active roles in helping

themselves.

The movement of fraternities to become educational rather than merely social organizations is hardly confined to Sigma Nu. Delta Sigma Phi has had success with a resident fellow experiment and a dynamic co-curricular program. It has made a definite commitment in converting one of its social rooms into a library at the cost of \$1500, to be paid by the fraternity. This is definitely a promise to education. Theta Chi has continued its recent tradition of academic experimentation. Its commitment has included the purchase of books and an extensive scholarship program incorporating year-long non-credit seminars. Another very active fraternity has been Pi Kappa Phi with a course dealing with current political problems. The program of Phi Kappa Sigma refutes the popular misconception that all athletes at Duke must be "dumb jocks" with concern for nothing other than a bottle of beer. The commitment of fraternities to the educational part of Duke has become impressive.

In addition to the organized move toward more complete education, fraternities have always enjoyed closeness and in many cases a diversity which lead to deep discussions. It is unlikely that any group on campus can boast the diversity present in Tau Epsilon Phi. The combination of diversity with tolerance within an informal atmosphere can lead to many fruitful bull-sessions. Though fraternities generally are not known for diversity, the closer ties are conducive to more interaction among the members. The incorporation of the informal discussion with the more structured colloquium can provide an excellent opportunity for a thorough education.

The commitment of fraternities to community social action has not been as great as that to the residential and educational reforms. Though the efforts by fraternity men are often viewed as nothing more than white paternalism, some projects show a deep sincerity and concern. Almost all progressive groups provide tutors for Edgemont and ACT, aides at Murdock, and people committed to the overhaul of the entire social system. A few fraternities have organized projects. Sigma Chi has conducted a raffle to obtain funds for brain damaged children and has tried to initiate a "big brother" system with welfare children in

Edgemont. They do not feel that they are being merely paternalistic in their efforts and are defensive when attacked by the "close-minded left". Kappa Sigma has provided labor necessary for physical plant improvements in Durham nursery schools. Glen Gallaher, fraternity president, refutes charges of paternalism by citing the gratitude of the townspeople and the good spirit of his group. Sigma Phi Epsilon has started conducting an annual drive for the Heart Fund as its principal organized project. The fraternity system is perhaps not as far along in this area as it could be, but it is starting to show a sincere concern which has never before been shown.

Fraternities have started to respond to the demands of the large proportion of the campus they represent. They are beginning to discover that talent which has been dormant for so long. Fraternities are beginning to become aware of a greater education than that of the party and the classroom. This is a slow transformation and in many cases there still is a social lag between the sentiments of

the student body and that of the System. Some fraternities have refused to change at all; these groups must change or be eliminated. There is no room on this campus for the fraternity which is stagnant and likes being so. Most fraternities are transforming, and while some are less developed than others, all should be encouraged and/or forced to proceed toward the valuable institutions they have the potential of being. The basic unity and cohesiveness of fraternities can be used to develop organizations viable for members and those on the outside. The basic advantages that the Duke fraternity system has over other systems can be united with the generally greater abilities of the Duke student to form a very dynamic system. This goal might not ever be reached but the fraternities are finally making some efforts to go in that direction. The stagnation of the past is breaking up into a drive for something better in the future. There is hope for the fraternity system at Duke.

* * *



REAKS

American life style. And anomalies, whatever their nature, always pose a threat.

This life style factor is the dominant one in the creation of the anomaly. But many others exist. In many ways, at least in the eyes of society, freaks live in anomaly. Long hair for males and pants for females blur the sexual categories. They are seen as living in the midst of dirt and excrement, but this is primarily a projection of society to make it easier to deal with the anomaly. They fail to conform to basic order and structure posited by society. They make use of various anomalous drugs. Drugs are anomalous because, like liquor, they are an exterior force used to create inner states of mind, although the very relationship between liquor and drugs is the primary cause of the anomaly. Society has not really defined what drugs are, because they have been items of taboo. Are they just some form of escape, like liquor, or are they a legitimate mind-expanding force heightening creative powers? Marijuana is probably the most anomalous of the drugs. No one is really quite sure what marijuana does. Is it like LSD or is it a kick like alcohol? Is it a stimulant or a depressant? The answers are not defined in the mind of society. Marijuana is illegal, but its use is rampant, again bringing up the comparison with alcohol, this time with the bathtub gin era. There is no consensus of opinion as to whether or not it is harmful. It is perhaps a good metaphor for the anomaly which freaks pose.

"Where, humanly speaking, the outrage is likely to go unpunished, pollution beliefs tend to be called in to supplement the lack of other sanction." (Mary Douglas, **Purity and Danger.**) This is exactly what American society does with freaks. They are treated as pollution, the handiest way of dealing with anomalies. Hence the term "dirty hippie". "Hippies (Niggers) smell bad." Other attitudes result from that anomaly as well. Freaks are often equated with animals, as in cartoons showing apes and exaggeratedly primitive looking freaks. This is an easy way to deal with the anomaly because it dismisses them from the entire human world. The same sort of attitudes have always been predominant towards blacks on the part of whites in America. And of course, as with all minority groups (always anomalous), the sexuality is emphasized.

"Freaks" live out the back door of society and the university.

This thought originally occurred to me as I walked through the archway at the back of East Campus, a kind of back door. And when I walk home through that door, I walk into a colony of freaks.

It is out the back door that all garbage is placed. It is the receptacle for articles which blur categories, for anomalies. And freaks in general, and especially student freaks at Duke University, are anomalies which are often treated as pollution.

Garbage blurs categories because it is a thing which has been part of one, but is no longer of any use and must be gotten rid of, like excrement. Freaks blur categories because they are people who subsist ostensibly quite well in a life style and with an image quite different from those of modern America. In this way they pose a threat, both by the anomaly which the alternative life style represents and by the success of this life style, one which is molded as a response rejecting conventional

Part of the common stereotype of the drug-using, long-haired freak is that "he fucks a lot". Hence the further blurring of the categories created by the simultaneous dismissal of male freaks as "faggots" and the obvious sexual threat they, like blacks, seem to pose for the majority group. (The "niggers are more potent", and "they'll rape our women" myths readily come to mind.)

Sartre's example of treacle as the ultimate anomaly is another apt metaphor for freaks. The desire to kill the freaks and their anomaly has been largely suppressed. This psychological desire to end anomaly and to right the social system is perhaps another explanation of police riots and uncontrolled clubbing of young demonstrators. But, for the most part, the majority group does not try to kill freaks. This is perhaps because, like treacle, they are too "sticky". They are too caught up in the intellectual affairs of the country to be done away with. And, at this point, to kill all the freaks would be to kill half a generation. Nonetheless, people such as J. Edgar Hoover seem to be ignorant of the sticky qualities involved and are quite willing to kill all the threats to the sanctity of America. Freaks are much stickier, since they are much more involved in the affairs of the power structure, than "niggers" were when lynchings were rampant.

But despite all the anomaly, the hard core freaks, those who have most withdrawn from society, do not pose a substantial threat, largely because they are not around to "make a mess". The most hard core freaks can be seen as an anomaly which has been accepted and dealt with. Excrement is a threat only when it is not in the toilet. Much more anomalous are the student freaks—people who are involved in the university, attend classes like anyone else, and as a result are all the more anomalous. These are the stickiest of all. At Duke, for example, they are inextricable caught up in the student power structure. (ADSU, YMCA, Union, **Chronicle**, yearbook—N.B. political radicals are not necessarily freaks nor vice-versa.) This stickiness easily explains the infrequency of "busts" and the obvious but suppressed hostility on the part of the administration toward the freaks.

But for the most part, the very fact that most of the freaks at Duke live out the back door is enough to handle

the situation. Both parties (the in-group and the out-group) are content that the freaks live out the back door, for neither wants much to do with the other. The garbage is much safer out the back door than in the middle of the kitchen/classroom. The anomaly is largely present in the form of on-campus freaks, who in some ways deny their freak qualities by living on campus, and in the presence in the classroom and at cultural affairs of off-campus freaks. It is then that the proverbial "get a haircut", "dirty hippy", and "faggot" remarks arise.

Like most other manners of treating pollution, there are hygienic benefits for those whose garbage is disposed of. Out the back door, in the dump that is the freak colony, the ideas of the freaks are not likely to dirty the minds of the majority group. And the contentment of the freaks to live out the back door prevents any possibility of the proverbial yet always feared revolution.

Mack the finger said to Louis the King,
"I got forty-eight red white and blue shoe
strings,
and a thousand telephones that don't
ring.
Do you know where I can get rid of these
things?"
And Louis the King said, "Let me think
for a minute, son."
And he said, "Yes, I think it can be
easily done,
just take everything down to Highway 61."

* * *

Can't get no relief none at all this place is full of faces
and all are too strange to have any coherency nothing but
a dense confusion.

Can't get no relief none at all this place is a labyrinth
of faces, it looses you no change, that it is too much con-
fusion.

Came to Duke, spent four years sitting on the quad and
digging all those others . . . into incredible things, aca-
demic interests, social consciousness, political conscious-
ness . . . outlooks in general and wonder just what they

think they're up to and wonder just how they do it and everyone has his own opinion about what Duke is all about.

You build the world you live in, create by consciously participating therein and your ability to **shape** it varies with wealth and other devices . . . no, it is not easy to shape the stage . . . but all the responses you make affect even determine the stage's meaning for you.

We come here and live differently . . . some of us have real bad times . . . down so long . . . so low and, Man, some cats come and really have a good time of it all . . . and some really study etc. some dig racking up points on the career-board, some really enjoy those ole football games . . . damn if I could.

When I was coming up through grade school it was a real drag and I never knew why I was doing any of it . . . for there's no reason to learn arithmetic or none that I could see but they had me learning it so I figured that there was some reason . . . had to be . . . and so if I learned arithmetic, then my mind (and how I got that abstraction I'll never know) would be trained enough to learn something about the world and what to do with it . . . but when I learned arithmetic, they gave me algebra and I did it, and then geometry but I thought that if I did that I'd know somethin' about living in the world but all I got was trig . . . and I never did figure it out until just lately that a lot of this education stuff is misdirected.

Q: How did you enjoy your four years at Duke?

A: Precious little.

Q: Why did you come here then?

A: Are you jivin' me . . . I came because that's what I was trained to do and trained to want to do.

Q: Why did you stay?

A: Why the hell not!

Q: What do you want?

A: I don't know and I'm just not thirsty—I don't want food. I only know that there is something I need and I have this feeling that I've never been fed and things don't always seem happy . . .

There **is** a lot to know . . . after all . . . like how to **know** when your chick has had a good day and when to ask so and when it's better to do something silently and

to be nice that way . . . or how to **know** that a path is only a way where someone has already passed and that all paths really **do** go somewhere but nowhere . . . like the stoned-out Indian said.

And so maybe Duke was a wasted thing for me because I wasted a lot of people and could not find better ways to get to know them . . . I've been too busy . . . and . . . kept it to myself . . . Fine! so how do I want to rap down Duke . . .

It's a nice place but if you take it that seriously then you're taking yourself too seriously. This may not be too cutting to Duke the sacred institution . . . but get rid of the people and the climate and hell it isn't so bad and that's a **sacred** institution! Duke isn't so bad . . . if you forget it really eats it.

What **is** going on anyway?

* * *

ONE WAY TO GET THROUGH DUKE: get a ten-gallon barrel, dissolve seven pounds of sugar, a three pound can of malt syrup, and whatever else is lying around in a few gallons of hot water and then fill up to the ten-gallon mark with sufficiently cool water that the temperature when full is around 80° and then dump in some yeast and cover. Wait until the bubbles stop surfacing and otherwise quit and then bottle your home-brew in quart-soda bottles along with about one quarter teaspoon of sugar per bottle. After a week of aging (carbonation and settling of the yeast), this stuff is out of sight and for about 6¢ a bottle. Check around biology, physiology etc. for good brewer's yeast, like German, or even **African**. American is really inferior.

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS . . . (marijuana is a reality kick, reality, as we see it . . . as you see the reality that is you, that you create through you . . .) I do not wish to condone the use of "mary-jane", but I only wish to recognize that legislation should not be brought against practices committed between consenting adult plants and animals.

* * *

I will not rewrite Time Magazine's stories, I will not rewrite radical complaints, I will not rewrite the pseudo-

mystical gibberish of Leary and his kind, I will not rewrite the self justifying "please mom, I'm only trying to be good" shit that lies beneath the words of some of Duke's young writers (native genius, is the term they use to describe themselves), I will not rewrite the poor oppressed saint in the world of the mean oppressive ESTABLISHMENT, by all means I will not rewrite the sick straight paranoid "Take L.S.D. and see monsters" that's becoming fashionable among the passionless pansy clowns who control the media.

Which does not leave a whole world of possible approaches. I might write for the Future Corpses of America, the straight Joe College who needs it so bad he can taste it and dreams through the damp night of the golden straight "A" average mother got when she went to the University. I can't do that, I can't write little case histories following the paths of little boys as they go to college and become strange. If I write stories about people they will eventually become so maimed and spiritually weird that the credibility rating will drop to 794, giving me only a "D". If I wrote "How we are really good and true and seek nothing more than a just society through violence and marijuana" somebody would accuse me of plagiarism and I'd have to See The Dean.

My Uncle Bob once had a traveling carnival which toured the nation's campuses back in the good old days of School Spirit and Rah Rah. The most popular exhibit was the "See The Dean" sideshow. A dark van wherein only one patron was permitted to go at a time. In the dark, after he entered, he spied a small sign reading "See The Dean" under which was a small hole the size of a quarter. He peered down to see the dean and a tremendous suction grabbed his eyeball and pulled it out. Cost a dollar. Uncle Bob made so much money he could afford to send all his children to Duke. They are now living happily in suburban America gainfully employed in the manufacture of pollution, armaments and capital gains. Their children have become freaks and refuse to come home for Easter. Alas.

The boys and girls here at Duke who are weird do not like to go to school. They would rather play in the sunshine, and have babies, and read books of poetry and

other communist things, and travel around, and not make very much more money than they need, but if they leave the University a government will enslave them and make them slaughter people. The government is allowed, by the Constitution, to do this. The Constitution is not allowed to do this, but nobody cares except the boys and girls who have to endure it. The Constitution, somebody once said, is the only thing separating our free civilized nation from chaos and despair. I said it, I'll confess, but I didn't mean it.

The thought processes of the pothead, the hippy and the horrible filthy pinko are similar. One trait they all have in common is the tendency to consider themselves sapient, intelligent and spiritually significant beings. Another trait is that of acceptance of logically consistent statements, drawn from the available knowledge and philosophy of this era, as being true. An example of such a statement might be "Killing is bad, I ought not to kill". "Art is good, creation is good, therefore I shall attempt to create art". But . . . I am becoming a bit too "pure and true", hippies are nasty, I know. To preserve credibility I'd best discuss something else.

Let us discuss the reader. The reader of this paper exists, the paper cannot be known to exist. Therefore . . . There goes the credibility. Alas.

I shall lead up to my contention.

The essence of the freaks and weirds is that they strive constantly to be free and real. They seek value in the world, not some horseshitty value that Mr. Meek D.D. groans at them during Sunday School, but the hard cold truth which man can obtain. If he cannot obtain this truth, this value, then there is no point in obtaining anything else. Any freak in the world will assert this as true, will assert the value of great art over money, poetry over presidential proclamations and freedom over security.

So, you say, will everyone else.

The weirdo would rather, and proves this through the way he spends his hairy time, write a poem than strive to be President, create art then make money, seek freedom rather than suck for security. Faith is proven by works, if you are a freak you cannot get Good Grades and you will be incapable of kissing enough ass and listening to

enough crap to Move Up in Politics, governmental or corporate.

Once, when I was very small, I decided to become a freak. I worked very hard and grew long hair and read many many books of very filthy language. When I became old and tired I threw up fifty, sixty times a day and sooner than soon I passed away.

Why are there radicals and freaks and weirds and free-lovers who pervert American Life? I can hear you asking yourself that, in your dark corner where you suck the bones of lambs. Better I should add dignity; "Whence come the longhaired freaks who gavotte about the institutions of higher education and squeal sadly in the streets when cops beat them?"

There has been dissent as to whether I should write for the half of you who are drug using commie perverts, or the other half of good clean college boys and girls. Presumably it would be a bit strange to write in the format "you're so weird because of this and that", and more normal to write "they're poor children who've strayed from the good and narrow for the following reasons".

You're so weird because you have been educated to be critical, because you apprehend the fall of mythology, because you see the country falling upon evil times, because The American Way of Life is qualitatively different than The Sapient Way of Life, because you smoke L.S.D. and inject marijuana in your veins. The trouble with explaining freaks to freaks is that most freaks have a pretty good idea of why they're freaks; but feel nobody else has any idea at all of what they are or why they are. And the straight upright square Americans, don't care. If you care, you're a freak.

* * *

I lived for years down in Monkey Bottom, between Swift Avenue and Erwin Field. I trudged through the wet woods to Campus Drive and caught rides to class sometimes. For the first year it was easy, but later on people wouldn't pick up hitch hikers. I wouldn't either, when I was driving and felt bad.

We bought groceries from Mrs. Jackson, a dignified Christian lady of seventy-five who sold a few things in

one room of her three-room house. Some of us would try new items when her welfare checks got screwed up, or when the rent went up on her, or when the wholesale house quit selling half-cases and only sold whole cases of things. Or when it was cold. She makes home-made butter, and buttermilk, and she gave us collard greens and turnips from her garden. She used a crutch and had bad arthritis; and she always hugged us, even when we were really hairy.

I remember how hard it was for her when the city tore down a fourth of the houses in Monkey Bottom. They had to move the route of the new highway so a nursing home for rich but homeless old people could be built. The houses got removed, the La Vernes and the others moved away out of Durham, and the lots waited two years, empty. They are empty now.

Some students bought a Monkey Bottom house and fixed it up very creatively. When they moved, they sold it to Duke. Duke decided not to rent it to anybody. A friend of mine stayed there for a while, but Duke found out and tore the place down, to save taxes and "prevent vandalism". Duke gets all the houses it can, unless it runs out of money. The neighborhood was re-zoned "commercial" last summer. I forget why.

I remember I was talking to Mrs. Jackson when I heard that Jimmy Mann had been killed, back in October. If we off-campus people had such a groovy community, then why did he do that, I wondered. What about all the together talks, all the sharing and laughs? What about the good times we smoked and tripped with each other? I decided drugs were a drag, a waste of spirits and energies. The "reality" pushed by the government and other anti-drug forces was a big drag too, but perhaps there could be a real alternative. "Don't worry. Be happy," said Meher Baba.

Senior undergraduates will teach courses; independent study will be more rigid than dependent study; the tuition will peak and the enrollment will double, though the faculty will shrink, mostly from the bottom; the best will drift away, the worst will enroll directly in big corporation training schools; ROTC will become embarrassing for all concerned; the UCM will exhaust its possibilities, Col-

lege Life will try a lot of experimenting; deans will begin to shirk at the most crucial moments, forgetting names and dropping lines; the oddest books will be checked out of the library. College support funds will continue to dwindle. The faculty will try unbelievably hard to improve the situation, drawing upon departmental experiences.

It's not apathy at the root, it's commitment. Each segment realizes what it really must stand on, and stands firm. Each segment withdraws its belief in what once bred commitment to the whole, in order to solidify its commitment to itself. No one is to blame.

And what of us? We'll be around. Where else should we be? This is home now, and we're getting to be a family. We won't be too great a bother—why should we disturb you, Alma Mater? Rest, rest now.

We will strive to form the new life that has been cracking through your cement. For us it's been a long, cold winter: we shall dance for the coming of Spring. If only you could dance.

We can have our community. We can grow things by working and growing ourselves. Who shall baptize us?

We shall make a place for those who left the area, weary of struggles with you. The best of them are already back, and others are waiting for word.

We are pro-life. We will find some and offer it to those who come to you seeking it. The children who would have struggled with you before will come to us, hear what we promise, share what we grow.

We will try to grow good things. Only rest, dear Alma Mater. Peace.

* * *



Cousin

Algérie



We were out hunting, see, with the dogs and guns. Pop, Uncle Rucks, Cousin Algie, and myself. Uncle Rucks and I got into the back of the car with the dogs and Pop and Algie in front. We drove out to the field and parked and loaded. Amid jokes and stories we started out across a plowed field and jumped the first covey about fifteen minutes later. Algie got one and Rucks got one and Pop and I missed. Robbie, the lead dog, held one covey until we got almost on top of it and when they got up they split in two groups. Algie got two and I got one and Pop couldn't get a shot off because he forgot to pump his gun, but he nearly broke the trigger off trying. We crossed the road through a briar thicket and I nearly tore my pants off and scratched my hands and ankles. The birds had gotten into the cudzu and we couldn't get them out and the dogs lost them. We got back to the car with the dogs wet and panting and headed back to the farm.









My Duke years are positive/negative time sequences which now exist only in my head.

Year 1: Thesis—To be happy at Duke is to be unhappy at Duke . . .

And I came knowing that college was the place where one was to be judged for oneself until I discovered during the first week that I had been mistaken for a boy. Actually I swore I was leaving from my first step and snapshot—Duke could gestate and deliver me after these nine months—and you swore that once I got in I could never get out. So we exchanged vows; and knowing that this was all a mere blink, I could afford to wear silver stars on my cheek and lower anonymous baskets and balloons from my window. Besides I was spirited by a Jesse love of the first sort (. . . and he's probably married now). My life that first year was a lovin' spoonful of Dylan and delicious grievances despite observations of a frustrated genius and my own premature delivery.

Year 2: Antithesis—To be happy not at Duke is to be happy at Duke.

Art school was that very year in negative, honey turned to bitter sap. I was gone but all the more **with** Duke in an Indian-giving way. And I glimpsed you such as I could never have caught you from within your confines. In my white room and lone year, I studied the inevitable with little desire to belong. I heard Spring rumors of an eventual return to the womb, but it wasn't all truly conceived until summertime (and the livin' wasn't at all easy). My return was to something to be completed: not the Duke experience but rather the duke Experience.

Year 3: Synthesis—To be unhappy at Duke is to be happy at Duke.

Back by a twist of the deans, I thrived in West Twilight Zone, that Lethe-like compromise of other times and places. With "no direction" my aimless ramblings frightened a few and disintegrated me even more, and I spent hours on top of the Chapel watching you just as I had the year before—from afar. Even the riots were a newsreel; and huddling in hedges; I pierced my ears in retort. Once there was a way to get back home but once again I wasn't so sure I could come back.

Year 4: Photosynthesis—Nothing really matters at all.

So I almost didn't; but completion still mattered—for though nothing really matters, puzzles are at least ordered time killers. Dylan and wine diluted my memory or at most developed it into overexposed prints. So I returned to contemplate my lovely loss of all sorts of things besides my watch; and Munch, my melancholy punchline, asked me to lose a few things for him, too. While I returned to Jasper Savage in the bear brambles, a painted devil taught me that I would never return to knowing a person's genesis, but rather from now on it would be contexts revealed only through anecdotes . . . would that it **were** a circle game. So rolling my life away, I expected all strings to tie up neatly in conclusion. The whole time I was trying to answer that question—until I realized that first one had to translate the mysticrypticisms in which those promptings were broadcast. Majoring in diletanterie, I've been impressed for four years . . . any day now I shall be released.

* * *

I met a girl here in the Spring of my Freshman year. She was thirteen at the time—in ninth grade—but she was physically mature and I took her at first to be my age. She was really the first one for me—she was the one with the eyes. I went over to her house a lot those days; her mother wouldn't let her out of the house with me 'cause I was too old. She fell in love with me—I was the first "intellectual" she had met—and I guess I was in love with her, though I remember feeling vaguely embarrassed about seeing so much of this young girl. But I was desperate those days, and she was just starting to break through. I hitched around the country that summer, and she told me goodbye in a letter which I received in L.A.

I saw her again yesterday. She graduated from Durham High last June, and she's not going to college. She tried to make it for a while with a band in Greensboro, but it fell through and now she's back living at home, trying to find a job. She's bleached all the beauty out of her hair now, and her face is all painted on. If it wasn't for the eyes I'd call her dead.

I mention all this because between the time I first met her and now, she's developed quite a reputation at Duke. She was well known on West for a while as the campus

whore. When I was in the Navy, out in San Diego, California, I mentioned her name to a fellow from Durham, and he just laughed. Apparently all this happened after I broke up with her that summer—I swear she was a virgin when I was seeing her.

Now this girl has always been very precious to me. There are no limits to her giving. So you can see, maybe, that it grieved me to hear all these words spoken up on campus. It forced me into the awareness that even among the people I consider allies in one sense or another—who listen to Dylan and the rest—even among them, if you're different in some basic way—I mean really different—then you lose.

I'm not sure what this has to do with Duke. One thing I do know is that I've always had a hard time isolating Duke from the rest of my experience—saying, well, at Duke it's this way, whereas **up North** . . . It's all the same, as far as I can tell, from one coast to the other, and it's all dead, or dying. I can only say this now that I sense that I'm alive—and it's been a long road home. But now that I'm in the general area I want to be, I find that I really want my experience to be meaningful. I am no longer content with gesture, and this is all that is possible for me in this country at this sad time. Accordingly, I plan to move to western Canada this June. I already feel like I belong there.

What am I going to be leaving behind? Well, at Duke—and everywhere else—there will just be a bunch of well-meaning people who will try to define their lives in terms that will plainly be contradicted by the ever-setting sun. We'll try to fix this, we'll plug up that—but the hour will come on—the pollution will get worse, the blacks will get madder, the scientists and politicians more headstrong—and one day or year it will all blow away. I'd hope it comes quickly and is over soon—it would be best that way.

These days it saddens me to see so many people caught in this madness—we're all either wholly anaesthetized or comforted by all the structures we've built, immobilized by drugs, chasing angrily after lost causes, or obsessed with pacifist philosophies which, history should tell us, are at least as dangerously anti-human as the actions they

would condemn. Everyone's struggling to believe in something, and there's nothing left to believe in, except living, so we're all suffering pretty badly. It's over, it's **all over**, and what most of us fail to see is how very **good** that is. My worst nights come when I think it might **not** end.

So what have I left to carry with me to Canada? My mind has been blitzed by the media, just like yours. I don't know—a vision, I guess: a place where my thoughts won't always interfere with my experiences, a farm, some cows in open pasture—a moment here and there to rest and appreciate; a chance to explore my strengths and flirt with my weaknesses. Energy to work and love and share.

And a woman—maybe you, love, if you'll have me. Let me invite you along while this dream is still pure, before I get to know you again and perhaps discover something I don't want to see. You'd know from your dreams that they're destroying you, day by day, if you only had the strength to listen. It's not anyone's fault—keep that in mind—it's just the way things have worked out. Let your hair grow down so it will be soft to my touch in the Spring. Look at me with your sad eyes, now, and believe me when I tell you about all the things that are possible, even now.

* * *

Back in high school, before the lousy awareness, I and everybody put notes near our pictures in each other's yearbooks. "Success," for those we had known for fifteen years but had not been close to. For those we had begun to grow together with, there was always some trait, some role, so that we could say "Stay as — as you are." But not "Success," because that was understood and there was so much more to capture in a few lines.

Writing in everybody's yearbook now, and saying the same to everyone—most of whom I don't feel love for because I don't know them now and won't know them—I can't say "Stay as — as you are." Nothing fits. And I can't say "Success" because I don't know if that's what you're looking for; and if that's what you want, I don't think I want to wish it to you. Not in the old sense, anyway.

Ever go up to the top of the Chapel and look around?

It's not like the Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty which I went to long ago because it was there and I was from New Jersey so my parents took me. I went there two months ago, but should have gone before I started at this place. Everything looks small, sure, but that's not what's important. When I couldn't see the faces, hear the words, I was sure that all the people walking across the quad were smiling, that they were happy and that they were close to everyone they saw. I knew they felt warm inside. But when I came down again, and felt my heavy weight on the ground, I saw the frowns, heard the grumbles, felt the cold, the absence of warm, all around me.

"Think of all your yesterdays yet to be remembered," Kramer wrote on the board amidst the diagrams that I couldn't understand every Tuesday and Thursday.

The gas was coming into the office that cold February night, and I sat down and wrote that it was time to stop trying, that we should close down the paper, that the University should now do all that was left, die and burn eternally. Ray said it was no time to stop. Didn't I expect something like this? Why so shook up? I went home and wrote that "as long as little minds attempt to run our lives, we can no longer talk about working for the good life. We can only respond to their actions as they themselves have told us how to respond: We must begin throwing back the canisters."

Sitting, sweating, on the wet grass on top of my plastic bag with fifteen hundred others, I knew we couldn't lose. Either they would give in, or they would be violent, and we would win sympathy. Either way, we were golden. When Tisdale did neither, he was too smart; and most of us, yelling "Four!", then "Three," then "Two" for our vanishing demands, said it was time to go back to our dorms and leave things to a faculty committee to work out. And we went back to our dorms. I was together with more than a thousand others and we couldn't lose, but we white students lost; we weren't able to win for the non-academic employees, for us.

She blushed when van Kluyve mentioned the penis in his discussion of primitive puberty rites. But she was from North Carolina, I told myself, and she had been

here for only four days.

"Some are going to Washington in the hope that the American political system can be responsive to their protest. Some are going to Washington to show the nation and the world that they do not support the involvement in Vietnam that continues in their name.

"And some from Duke, many of us included, are going to Washington because there is not much else that can be done short of the violent disruption of the nation."

And we drove back, crowded in the car with the heat turned up all the way; and we talked, about how it had been so good being together with at least half a million people and dancing while the cast of **Hair** sang of "letting the sunshine in"—and while the Washington police at the Department of Justice were gassing everyone in sight.

When the numbers began coming over the radio, we were sitting and talking about editorials for the week; and when Entman came in and said he was 51, I had an urge to laugh because he had lost in the game. It was only a game. And I didn't believe that it counted.

They drew the numbers and it was exciting because everybody's life was determined by which numbers they drew. A few guys, with the radio mikes there, got together and held a raffle and whatever came up, well, like it affected everybody.

I had always said that the country's political apparatus was entirely symbolic gratification and didn't mean anything; but I wasn't really sure until November 3, when Nixon said that the only way the war wouldn't end was disunity at home. I realized that although what he said was bullshit, it did not matter what I thought—and that nothing I could do would matter, because he was President until 1972.

She looked up at me and smiled. "But I don't love you," she said.

Somehow I had known it all along, but I didn't want to believe it.

* * *

It seems to me this place is in many ways like a golf course. A student comes here with his accumulated portfolio of activities necessary to get into Duke, ready and

desirous to involve himself in all he sees and all that goes on around him. But he has the pervasive fear of grades so that freshman year he does not involve himself, for a semester at least, in anything because he is so afraid of flunking out that he does nothing but study or waste time and worry about studying. By the time he realizes that the place really isn't that hard and that he won't flunk out, he has already had some bad experiences or has heard the discouraging words of upper-classmen and feels that Duke is nothing but an amorphous structure and that no change can occur. These discouraging words are heard on many things. One of them is the golf course ethic, which I define somewhat as the following: Changes are being made. The student knows that. But he never knows who is doing the changes, or where they are coming from in the alphabet soup of Duke organizations (Whether it's ASDU, WCCC, CCWC, UFC, RLC, IFC, AIH, WRC, NSGA, DUUU, WMCA, YCMA, UCM) that plague this place. It's all sort of like a golf course. In the changes that are being made, sometimes the changes help you, sometimes they hurt you, like on a green when they move the hole closer to the tee or farther away from the tee and you want to know who is making the changes and you go to the greenskeeper and he tells you that he thinks that it is the groundskeeper and you go to the groundskeeper and he is on sabbatical for two weeks, and so you persevere and go back in two weeks and he tells you that it must be the holemaker, who assures you its the greenskeeper and he tells you that its in committee right now, but he's not sure, that he got off the committee a week ago. By this time you throw up your hands very frustratedly and just don't care any more. Changes, such as moving the hole closer (more pass-fail) or moving the hole farther away (implementation of plus-minus grading system) are probably all reported in one manner or another, vaguely or not so vaguely, in the **Chronicle**, but you never really know what's happening until it's two weeks too late to change what directly affects you. And so students complain that all these organizations are ineffectual and a waste of time until they get in them and then they seem pretty sure that this may be true.

The Duke Gardens, just like the rest of the university,

is a very nice place; but it, like the rest of the university, can be very depressing when you realize how artificial and structured and recently built, but searching for "tradition," the whole thing is. At times, on a foggy morning or bright clear afternoon in the spring or early fall, Duke can be a beautiful place. It can be austere and solemn on rainy cold winter days. But it looks one of three ways: (1) you don't even notice it, it's just there because it always has been and you figure always will be, (2) it looks very real with a sort of solemn majesty of a great university, or (3) it looks exceptionally artificial, as though some rich man, making money off everybody else's cancer, decided to build a place that looked a lot like Princeton, that might look very regal and solemn; and so about thirty years ago he made a place and bought a fake 100 years from a struggling little college to make the place 130, but looking like it was 250 years old. The last view makes your big name, traditionally prestigious university, look about as important as a glass of warm water at a free bar.

I suppose only unthinking, hyper-critical people look at the place in this way; but in lonely times of fighting study and lashing at loneliness with empty but self-supportive, futile, extreme, flailing arguments you look for the worst of evil to blame for your "what-in-the-hell-am-I-doing-here" existence. The facade of gothic decadence and blaringly lighted classrooms or dingy, bright hallways, empty yet ominous, bears the brunt of your attack. Personally, on the whole, I love the place; it has given me so much, and yet I feel that I haven't affected it at all; it probably didn't even know I was here. Maybe everybody feels that way, so they cling to each other and give all they can—so they can forget that when they leave nobody knows or cares. The place is full of transients who in their short stay don't want to be mediocre, but see the chance to shine so bright that they may burst. Surprisingly few get blinded or crushed by the bursting. Nor do many wish to shine brightly because of competition; most shine because they get warm when they do, and everybody likes to be warm. The problem is that nobody wants to direct and disperse the light. Even though it's against the rules to pick up a ball in a loose scrum, very few people fail to

pick it up because it is an infraction; they just don't want to get their hands stepped on or kicked. So instead of the room getting brighter with all these lights trying to shine ever stronger, the room gets bigger. "But that's against the rules," you may say. Nobody answers because nobody knows the rules or wants to set them or thinks he can enforce them. So nobody answers and your protestations get lost in an evergrowing room; but people just keep getting brighter, while the Alice in Wonderland room gets darker; because the "brighter and brighter" people aren't getting fed properly; there is no coronary life-perpetuating system, only people (anarchists? no?) grooving on each other's brightness.

Fraternity parties are a phenomenal phenomenon. A band, blaring ninety decibels above human tolerance, a bottle and a room so dark that you can't see your date or notice anyone else gyrating in some conformist way, going back to the table for pure stamina reasons, screaming in your date's ear the same thing five times, which you know she hasn't heard once; but finally she smiles and kind of waves her hand as though you can tell her on the ride back to the dorm. I really wonder what is the point of all this. I still haven't reached a solution to that question. If, indeed, it's the closer and deeper and more meaningful relationship with people, I can think of nothing that is further removed from that end than these forces.

Rush parties, for the same reason, are unreal. Rush in itself is not a bad thing if you look at it as an organized opportunity to meet people and get to know them and to find people that you would desire to live with. It is the perversions of selectivity that have caused it to suffer its well-deserved abuse. I am not firmly convinced that freshman houses are altogether bad, because, if Duke is in many ways the dulling experience that I think it is, I just really wonder if the enthusiasm and lost feeling of a common searching for knowledge and friendship of freshmen shouldn't be maintained in its innocence and preserved. A poor analogy to be drawn, but maybe an accurate one, is the preserving of ripe figs in a sweet, thick syrupy innocence—so that freshman at least have, for one semester, the excitement of mutually growing in knowledge without the dull, imposed, upperclass cyni-

cism.

The socialization of college is an interesting sociological phenomenon. I feel that now, upon graduation, I am quite competent in the knowledge of how to take tests, how to study for hourlies, how to write papers to please professors, and how to participate enough in class so as not to be graded off on class attendance. I am not certain at all that I have realistically experienced the pursuit of knowledge of higher ideals of education because there was always the deadline and grade hanging over me. Although life has this too, wouldn't it be nice to search and learn just for the hell of it? I'm not sure that in this environment you can do that. I feel firmly that college should be more than a conglomeration of a generation. Instead it should be a total educational environment geared to confront and challenge you to question all the facets of the world around. If college is nothing more than a place where the upper classes go to live, while the lower classes go to enlisted men's army barracks for their maturation and socialization in society; then the orders that army people use to find their place in society shouldn't be the same that college students are using to fit into their place.

Actually, nothing in this world should be like that. I think that Duke has gotten to be a much better place since I have been here. I think that people are sincerely more interested in their studies and in their courses. Class work is becoming more challenging; students are not being duped by the traditional notions of what to do at a university, but rather they are finding education more demanding and in a lot of ways more interesting. But in doing so, they have a lot less time to get involved in the common problems that plague the community; and by this lack of involvement—predicated, I think, largely upon what they consider to be a fruitless task because of the fact that change seems to come so slowly—only a very small percentage of people have sought to involve itself in the common interests of the community as a community, and student government has languished as a result of it.

By working on the **Chronicle** you have something tangible to show for your efforts every day. Working on the

Union produces visible concerts and lectures. But ASDU only gets criticism; and its accomplishments are not regarded as changes that required work and service, but as changes that should have been made long ago (thereby making them somewhat illegitimate in a lot of people's eyes), and as changes that came too late to affect most people here, so "Who cares?". Although it is not conscious, I think that most people in student government participate because they have a view of the university as an ongoing institution. And they want to make Duke as good as it can be. Also, it would be naive not to note that student government is also an ego-satisfying thing initially—but in the actual work it is more frustrating than fulfilling, as is the whole university experience (in the short run).

* * *

It's hard to say what will happen to private universities like Duke in the next ten or twenty years. Without a huge infusion of new funds from a private foundation or family (say, \$100 million or so), it will probably go into gradual decline when compared to tax-supported institutions, with which it will not in many ways be able to compete. Even massive funds, however, without fundamental reconsideration of institutional objectives would only allow us to do a little more of the same, and perhaps a little better.

It's ironic that our medical center, the university's most prestigious segment, should be the most imaginative part of the university: here are the new programs, curricula, methods of teaching and grading, closed circuit TV instruction, and, presumably, high-quality research that the rest of the institution might emulate. Physicians, of course, can always "practice" medicine, whereas professors in arts and sciences cannot "practice" French or philosophy or, oftentimes, even botany or anthropology or even some kinds of sociology outside the campus. And so, knowing they have often no vocation off-campus, professors cling to their jobs, and their old ways of doing them, on campus: lecture to students, give them work of rote memory that a machine might do to free professors to do better, more imaginative things that machines could

not do, like interchanging ideas with students and indulging in the free play of the mind. No, instead, jobs are to be protected by performing them the same way as always. And so, as costs rise, and the institution can only cut costs proportionally by growing (at which point it becomes more like state universities, but with smaller resources) or else continue doing the same things as before, lethargy and conservatism are likely to win.

One retains hope. A new president is to be appointed, who may bring with him needed impetus for change and fresh evaluation, and, one hopes, the energy to carry it through. Duke is still one of the "better" or "best" institutions in the country by many criteria; the campus is attractive; the environs allow opportunity for social work (what environs don't?) or peaceful isolation (not many do); there are good, often excellent students and faculty and administrators. And yet one continues to wonder whether the university is achieving its potential, and whether it knows what it's trying to do and where it's going. And if not, can it be really in the forefront anywhere? And if not, will older hands page back through a yearbook to muse on an opportunity lost . . .

"My god, the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

* * *

Two things:

Boredom, the wall-staring, eye-rubbing, card-playing, I-gata-get-outa-here kind. I was told that college would bring fun and intellectual excitement. I wonder now why I believed it when I had never experienced such things before. It would be a lie to say that neither fun nor intellectual thrills intruded into my existence at Duke, but to make a continuing state of them was a personally impossible task, a goal I did not really desire. Someone had told me that was what I wanted, so I tried, doomed to failure before I started. Freshman year my strategy took the form "follow the example of the upperclassmen." As a sophomore I consoled myself with the fact that now I was an upperclassman and things would get better. Junior year the thing to do was to move off campus, a blessing but still a failure. Now, in my senior year, I see these

goals are non-existent and meaningless. I have begun to leave Duke behind.

Loneliness. Besides fun and intellectual excitement which college promised, there was a third thing which never materialized, friendship. The lack of friends, or for long periods of time a friend, was a void which I felt more acutely than any other at Duke. On several occasions I tried to open myself to others and at the same time reach them. Typically, I was met with a cold stare, a quick change of subject, or if I pressed, a hostile rebuff. I did find one to whom I could speak my mind and who would in return be honest with me. She had been screwed by Duke and many of its inhabitants and had begun to pick up the remnants of her mind. I have seen others here in the same state, but we were unable to touch. In my loneliness I have looked within myself and found strength inside the void. I will leave Duke as lonely as, but stronger than, I arrive.

Perhaps I should add a third thing to the boredom and loneliness of Duke, a desire for human feeling which has survived in me in spite of all else. But on second thought that really has nothing to do with Duke University.

* * *

When one comes to think of himself as a future engineer, he has to regard the purpose as well as the significance that he will have in society; when he comes to think of himself as an individual, he has to regard what engineering will have to offer him, and in which ways it will restrict him, or help him develop. The expectations and decisions of the different individuals upon these two matters will be varied. What should be common in their examination, though, is first, a fair and complete exposure to the potentiality of engineering on the social and the individual grounds, and second, a chance to prepare fully for the realization of the promises that engineering has made to them. It is these two demands that a student may place upon a university, and which he should consider the program of the university in engineering.

An engineer is not a leader in society, in the sense that he does not decide on the direction that society will follow on the various problems that arise and which are

within his scope of examination. He does not choose the problems he will concern himself with; he is given the problem and he is also given the general direction which he will follow in facing the problem, which primarily depends on political and financial reasons. What he does is give a solution to the corresponding present problem, which solution will have a double effect: it will resolve the question under examination and it will create a new situation which will leave problems of a different nature. So, the engineer finds himself in a vicious circle in which the solutions of the problems he is assigned to face create a new range of problems, the significance and emergency of which will be judged not by the engineer himself, but by people of political and financial power in society. An example of that is the air pollution problem, which was created by engineers—by the factories which are a solution to a group of needs of society—while the decision of facing it—the air pollution problem—lies beyond the engineers' powers. In other words, the engineer creates the potential of the directions society can follow, but he does not decide which precisely it will follow. Because of this particular nature of the influence of his work on society, the engineer should be able to recognize and predict the political and social effects of his profession upon society. In order to be qualified to decide on such matters, though, one needs a background in political theory in relation to the influence of engineering on the way society is built and run. Most of the engineers of the present are fully aware of the existence of such an influence, but have vague ideas of the power of it and of the manner it affects society.

It should be within the educational scope of a university to provide the engineers with such a background, which Duke unfortunately does not offer them at the present. It is true that the Duke engineer has the chance to follow an adequate number of humanities, through the four years of his studies here, which should definitely satisfy his demands for education different from engineering. But none of the humanities will provide him with such a background on the effect that the engineer has as a political figure. This is very vital for one to be aware of, as it will strongly affect his outlook on the possible

solutions to a particular problem and the consequences that these solutions would have, beyond merely solving the problem.

* * *

I am a localization of technology. I am a forerunner of future technologies. Because technology is the extension of man.

I am an energy producing and processing system—a cleverly designed power plant. I find energy sources in strange places: martinis, Port Salut Cheese, sirloin steak, and convert some of the chemical bond energy in these foods to work and heat.

$$\Delta E = q - w$$

My system is not one hundred percent efficient, but then few systems are.

$$\oint \frac{dq}{T} \geq 0$$

It may be that engineers of the future will be able to design a small, portable human power plant with higher efficiency and greater power output than the one I have now. But I wonder what will happen to the martinis, the cheese and the steak.

I am an information sensing and processing system. I rely on transducers sensitive to light, pressure, temperature and chemical environment. These transducers convert their respective inputs to electrical signals which are processed (redirected, modified, transformed) by millions of little men at their gray desks in my head. The total effect of these little men at their gray desks has been likened to an electronic computer, but that may be carrying the man-machine analogy a bit too far.

$$S = -K \sum_i p_i \ln p_i$$

Perhaps an engineer of the future can extend my transducer sensitivity to the point where I can receive and send signals by ESP. Perhaps he can harness the capabilities of the little men in my head and use them more efficiently than I. But at the moment I am not at all certain that I want to be more sensitive or efficient.

I am a structural system. I am held together and I resist stresses, by an arrangement of bones (compression and bending members), tendons and muscles (tension members). Each structural member can be treated as a com-

posite of distinct phases with very different properties—an anisotropic, multiphase material uniquely designed for the stresses it encounters in use.

$$E = E_1 f_1 + E_2 f_2 + \dots$$

Engineers in the future may be able to grow materials in place, just as I now grow bones, muscles and tendons, resulting in structures which will be the products of the conditions they must withstand.

I am a transportation system. By applying appropriate stresses to my structural framework, I can accomplish limited locomotion over a variety of terrain. I find it intriguing that I was not designed with wheels (to my knowledge no animal was). Because I lack wheels or wings, I must depend on my ability to interface with other components of a larger transportation system whenever my legs supply insufficient mobility.

$$G = \frac{\sum_i P_i \Delta_i}{\Delta}$$

Maybe the engineer of the future can add wheels (and wings) directly to people. Since most of the evidence available seems to suggest that man desires to travel far and fast with minimum interpersonal contact, I presume that such permanent modifications might be acceptable if the price were right.

I am a thermal and fluid system. I operate well only in a very narrow temperature range, and most of my heat transfer is accomplished by moving fluids from one part of my body to another. My breathing, my circulation and my temperature maintenance all rely on the dynamic properties of fluids.

$$\frac{\partial u}{\partial t} = v \frac{\partial^2 u}{\partial y^2}$$

Already Duke engineers are using their knowledge of fluid mechanics to design a tube transportation system which may someday convey people between Durham and Atlanta similarly to the way my blood carries oxygen and carbon dioxide between my lungs and my capillaries. Perhaps farther in the future engineers will use their knowledge of fluid mechanics, heat and mass transfer to design permanently attached gills to facilitate underwater breathing, or isothermal self-contained environments to permit living underwater as comfortably as fish.

I am a regenerative system. By the process of cell division I can replace damaged cells or take part in the creation of an entirely new human being. By using one molecule as a template for another one, I can replicate characteristics of color, shape and personality.

ADENINE . . . THYMINE DNA
GUANINE . . . CYTOSINE

The engineer of the future may be able to use a knowledge of these processes to regenerate amputated parts of a body; or he may be able to grow a complete human being from a single skin cell. But how will he decide whether he should?

I am a value assessing and assigning system. Somehow in the process of aging I have learned to resolve some of the conflicts between rebellion and survival, between isolation and love, between activism and escape. I do not understand how the information processing system in my brain makes these decisions—how weighting factors are assigned to such nebulous characteristics as good or right or beautiful.

BEAUTY = ?

But the engineer of the future must learn how individuals assign priorities, how we decide the just cost of beauty or the price we are willing to pay for goodness. Because a major test of our society will lie in our ability to make corporate decisions concerning the use of technology for the ultimate benefit of man.

I am a localization of technology. I am a forerunner of future technologies.

* * *

I'm not sure this is too cool or even that it'll mean anything to you but I think I'll feel a lot better after saying this. You've got to realize that all of this is temporal, I dig it now. I guess that's part of the process though, I should be doing chemistry but my head isn't there and so whatever I read will have secondary importance to me, I mean I don't want to be doing this either, I want to be in bed with you, but for now this is better than chemistry. I do want to do chemistry though, and ecology, and psych and that whole bit because psychology is something else I'm

into and other than my poetry it gives me some kind of direction—but not at this moment. Later, before I go to sleep and long before this is finished I'll get into bed and read some animal behavior and maybe smoke a little because that's the way I learn. The long lectures and laboratory reports are only guides, they force me into a pattern and sometimes give me an insight or a new tool, but the learning comes when I want it to, usually during those few quiet times when I don't really have to think about the work, when there's no pressure to study, that's when the learning gets done, that's when I can see if I'm going in the right direction, because if I'm not then I'll end up talking or reading about something else.

Dig this, I really like this place, I even like Durham. I'm sure it's all cognitive dissonance but that doesn't matter because the emotional response is the same. What I don't like is Duke University, because Duke University is a symbol of a persona that at least for me is gone. I mean look at the handbook the University sends prospective students. All those coats and ties. I'm not saying there aren't any coats and ties, I've got my three piece in the closet and I'm going to have to wear it in court soon, but that's survival. I didn't see too many coats and ties at the riot last year when more of us were brothers and sisters than ever before. And that was a learning experience, official or otherwise. It was the University that called the heat in on us and they did have suits, only the third piece was a club and helmet and I didn't see any badges so I guess they didn't want us to know who they were. But talking about the riot is bullshit, because it's over and most of the brothers and sisters went back to being liberals so they could groove on the Moratorium and wear a black armband and let their hair grow just a little bit longer which'll probably piss their parents but for now at least that's what they're after. The connection between the official function of this University and racism and, if you can dig it, the larger connection between this country and imperialism may be cool to talk about and even to understand when the example is graphic, as in Viet Nam, but the connection must be realized. And there is a difference between knowing and believing. O.K., so I shouldn't write about all that commie crap but you've got to realize

that to relate with just why I act the way I do, you've got to see that my goal orientation is not the traditional one the university would like to reinforce. I am not a Duke gentleman, I'm sure that I really am a gentleman but not a specific variety. Your mother probably wouldn't like me and the only reason mine does is, well she thinks this place will turn me into a Duke gentleman.

One of the most basic things that has changed is the image, that whole self-concept as to what I believe, how I should appear, and what I feel that I am. Politics has changed from the image that the political student was one who worried who the president would be to the whole concept of lifestyle. Yeah, politics is a lifestyle. A personality facet. What I believe as a rational being will affect all that I do. Politics serve as a coordinating gestalt. When I'm writing poetry it's there, just as it's there when I'm walking in Durham. You can't dig it and then be in ROTC, or majoring in business so that you can help run your father's firm, or to look at events in terms of external value. I mean that in high school all the rah, rah, and the "I'm going to be in a fraternity so I can ball a lot of chicks," isn't consistent with where I feel I am. The status of a role or an event is important for the nature of the event only. Only life is valuable, and freedom, and love; the rest are only events whose value can be determined by the quality of the act alone. And that's the entire scene.

There are stretches of time when getting out of bed can be a real drag, and it's not just in the mornings either. Sometimes I've got to go through a real hassle before I decide if I really want to go out on the quad or go to class. And in the winter it's not so much the cold that keeps me flat, it's the reluctance to peel away those layers of boredom that are certainly heavier than my two blankets. You don't even want to smoke then because you know that if you get into that you'll never leave. Dope's no good alone anyway, and it seems that in the winter it's difficult enough to get your head together. If you don't have a girl or if you're not really interested in your work those winter months seem endless. It's a drag even writing about it. If you want to keep a good head then you've got to get interested in something or the dead

chill of the university can become the only reality. If you're really into your own scene and if that's not too egocentric then you begin to realize there's a very strange movie happening here. Subtle but very interesting. Your struggle is in finding some consistency in the way your attitudes change, and in getting into the vibes of your friends' emotional states. And when everything is cool and you've got yourself together you manage to wake up one morning ready to play college student. There's a lot to learn and enjoy in going to class. But you've got to want to go or else you end up going only to meet chicks, and that's usually a bummer from the start.

I think I know why the university seems such a drag in the winter; it's not that there's no place to go, it's that there's no community to find when you get there. No community of the left, no community of freaks. Sure there's freaks and politicals all around, the problem is that there's no sense of unity among the people who really need to get together if they're to do anything about the condition of their heads. And you've got to do that first if you want to do anything else about your condition and the condition of the world around you. If we really are going to ever have our revolution then it looks like we'll have to pull the culture out from under those people who control the system first. But as Marx pointed out a change in style is not a revolution. And there is the danger. If the culture can be changed enough so that the structure has nothing to relate to then you have a beginning, but not an end and not a revolution. It seems that people want to isolate themselves by getting into their "new" culture. And insulate themselves with drugs and long hair and a lot of other groovy things that will change the world. Bullshit. The only thing that will be changed that way is the relationship you have with your parents and those people who don't turn on and aren't as cool as you are. Cultural polarization isn't going to help anyone. I'm not down on those basic items in our culture that have resulted in the polarization it's just that they're not enough. You've still got to relate to those people who don't dig the things you do and probably never will. Isolating yourself just makes it easier for those people to oppress so many others while you're not looking or are

too stoned to care. I mean turn on but don't ignore what's happening on the outside, they may get around to you next.

Now I've had my trial and I don't really know what to say except that getting busted isn't cool. The summer and first semester could have been so good but weren't, the fear was always too real. Last week I sat in the courtroom shaking until it finally began. I tried to discuss an analogy between negative and positive reinforcement and natural selection with one of my professors who came to be with me but I couldn't bring it off. So finally I just sat there and wrote this in a notebook I brought with me.

in perry mason surrealisms
the brown reforms
of plastic wood
shine brightly,
I am so afraid.
What do they know?
Who will they believe?
From shuddering bowels to chest
a tightening,
an awakening
of those emotions
I'd pretended so long
not to feel.
"We are not here to deal in truths,"
or in the fabric of identity,
but in broken altered reality.
Did you or did you not,
I'm not sure your honor.

And it finally ended after all those months of wondering. Jail was too close that time to hide from. For many people it will stay too close until they get themselves together and find out what's coming down on them even if they don't feel it's cold reality, and jail is much more than a closed brick and steel structure. It's also a way of relating to people and institutions. Duke University can be prison and will be until we open our cells, examine them and attempt to see what they really are. There are so many realities, that we've got to find out about so please try and see and,

When I stop
quickly and look around,
back around to where you left me
to where you stopped
and I see we are in different places
and afraid of those differences
afraid of whose wrong.
I cannot reach out
unless to pull you on.

I'm not going back because
once
falling,
my hands before my face
I thought I felt
fingers grasp my own
and gently move me away,
I don't know how long I've been going,
and I've got to find
if those fingers belong to me,
So I'm waiting,
because I can't know where I'm going
until I stop and find
where I've been.

And so you've got to realize that all of those stops are for orientation and to find out who is with me and if everything is consistent and to see just where I might fuckup because each stop is short and because you and I have got to be together and because. . . .

* * *

I've been thinking very little about Duke in whatever way I was to contemplate it. But. . . .

I think that for me Duke exists as a reality not only as a place but as a time, environment, and above all—people. Within a few years I could return to Durham, but I would not find **my** Duke. Oh, the buildings would be the same, and perhaps a few of my teachers would be left, but the great factors that . . . that did whatever was done to me would be gone.

Certainly it is evident and correct that the important things that happen in the college years are mostly of a non-institutional genre. It is absolutely necessary that the

institution exist in order to serve as a focal point of many types of effort, and certainly improving conditions of the physical plant is important. But Duke is a time in your life—an all too short time of great possibilities.

It seems difficult for me to write about this without some pretension; I guess that's because I'm on the outside now, and I realize how little importance much of college life holds.

The soap-opera drama of the Greeks, student committees, lectures with 150 people and 150 question multiple guess tests . . . but everything holds its lessons so why sweat it? You sweat it because it's part of learning and growing. After being on the outside for awhile it seems that a lot of things that were important at the time cease to be so. I think I learned two important things at Duke. By associating with people of many backgrounds and thinking I learned many things about myself as well as my relationships with others. The second is involved with the first as well as with formal academic life: I **began** to learn to think.

Duke, in spite of its faults, can be a beautiful place if you work at it. It is four years to work, think, and love. When it's over put it behind you, but remember that you're not finished learning—you never are.

Well, that's all and not worth using at that. I'm not a good writer; when I write well it's in a fit of wit, not thought. The paradox about college is that for us as most it held thinking, comradeship, harmless abandon, and works, however minor, that were ours to conceive, create, and control. Even political activism by whatever title you choose has its own flavor, as its foundations are not in experience with reality but in books (histories!) on reality and in hand-me-down thinking. None of this fully prepares you to avoid the shock of a job in the real world because at age twenty-two Art, Stephen and I were able to control nearly completely a project of relative merit. At age twenty-three we are relegated to roles as a screw-machine builder and a school teacher whose students consider him a very un-hip person.

Suddenly in months I go from comfortable, liked good guy to alone—commuting thirty-five miles daily in a reluctant automobile to a job where my guilt over my futil-

ity leaves me angry and frustrated with myself.

So learn the lessons of learning, joy, and friendship well, for the world out here simply by its necessary existence will crush you to a 9-5er who sees nothing but job, family, and TV five days a week. Thanks to Duke—not Gothic quads, bursar or first periods—but what I made of Duke for it; and it returned to me I will beat the world with my mind and enjoy it with my spirit.

* * *

When I first came here, as a young instructor, one of the first things I saw on the bulletin board in the Union was a set of newspaper clippings with the name of Duke University underlined in red. So maybe I'm here in order to get the name of Duke University into the newspapers. Also, the chairman of my department told me that the only way I would have an opportunity to teach a course at the graduate level and have my teaching load reduced was to publish. So perhaps the point of my being on the Duke faculty is to publish articles and books, thus becoming "qualified" to teach graduate courses, thus getting my teaching load reduced. Carried to its logical conclusion, this would mean that I should try to reach the point where I do not teach at all, but only publish. And perhaps the point of publishing is to attract offers from other institutions to join their faculty at a higher rank and salary, so I can get a higher rank and salary at Duke when the Duke administrators learn—in this way—how valuable I am to the Duke Faculty.

Perhaps all these alternatives are misconceived, however, and the point is to serve the institution. Thus I should serve on committees that contribute to the life and growth of the institution.

What—really—is the sense of all this? Where do they all fit? Where, in particular, does the student fit? The official policy of the University is that there should be a balance among teaching, service to the institution, and research and publication. But it is perfectly plain that this does not represent the true position. The administrators want publication above all. If you can also teach well, and are willing to serve the institution, well and good. But failure in these other areas is no detriment to ad-

vancement in position and salary. In fact, extensive publication—even at the expense of teaching and service—is likely to be more highly rewarded by the institution than anything else.

This seems to me to be all wrong. What is right, on the contrary, is in fact provided by the outline of the “Faculty Handbook” if only it were observed seriously and not hypocritically. There **can** be a balance among teaching, service, research and writing. There **ought** to be. And within the conception of the university as a community of scholars this would be quite possible if the guiding emphasis were to be changed from publication to teaching. The conception of teaching in turn would have to be modified. In particular, the conception of teaching as a process of pouring ready-made knowledge from a container that is full into a group of containers that are empty would have to go. This conception of teaching is bad for the student and it is bad for the teacher. It is bad for the student because it makes the process of education a process of acquiring loads of examinable nonsense which is supposed to be repeated at appropriate times and is then forgotten. It is bad for the teacher because it makes the process of education a process of handing out the same material year after year. Once the container is full, teaching becomes just a matter of distributing the materials year after year. The materials and the distributor both stagnate and die. Or else the process of distribution is regarded as just a bothersome chore that gets in the way of publication or even, in some cases, service to the university.

The proper balance can be brought about by making excellence in teaching the most important aim, with research and publication and service to the university means to this end. It includes a policy of thinking of a student as a person with his own characteristics, background, interests, personality, and, above all, his own capacities, abilities, and potentialities. It makes the process of teaching a cooperative aid in the student’s development of these abilities. The old phrase that teaching a student is teaching him how to think comes close to expressing the matter; but it is inappropriate in several ways. For example, it suggests that there is some particu-

lar way that is **the** way to think, that the teacher knows it, and that it, too, can be handed over to the student. “How to think” is no more a commodity, a set of facts, or a piece of complete knowledge than the ability to solve problems. So, although teaching students “how to think” rather than teaching them any specific set of putative substantive facts, is on the right track, it is not, in itself, what the teacher should aim at. It tells him what not to do more than what he should do.

The teacher should, above all, **exemplify** the life of mind. He should research, he should publish, he should serve his institution. Not in order to get the name of the institution in print, nor his own, nor to get offers from other institutions; but because that is part of what it means to be properly equipped to teach. Research keeps the teacher and his material alive; and publication keeps it subject to critical evaluation by his profession. The good student, the serious student, knows the difference between someone who teaches from a supply of stagnant, dead material and someone who teaches from a vital, growing source of continuously developing materials. Furthermore, he deserves such teaching.

Such exemplification shows the student a respect for standards of intellectual excellence. No one can, in any **literal** way of instruction, teach anyone else to respect standards of clarity, validity or truth. No one can teach another to be interested in the subject-matter that interests him, nor force him, entice him or cajole him. But he can display an interest that may get across to the student who is perceptive and concerned. Such students deserve such effort and respect. The teacher cannot dictate interest, involvement, concern or commitment. But he can do his best to make it possible for the student who **is** interested, involved, concerned, and committed, to find something that satisfies his concern and involvement; not completely, since nobody can completely satisfy the intellectual needs of another. The most the teacher can do is provide what is within his capacities, in the hope that the student can gain something that is significant for him.

What, then, is the significance of subject matter? Isn’t the teacher supposed to teach the student economics, physics, philosophy or biochemistry? Isn’t he supposed to

deal with subjects that are relevant to present day concerns; or at least to show how his subject-matter is relevant? I think not, **really**. I think he is supposed to use his subject in order to display to the students a concern, involvement, commitment, to the highest intellectual standards. The student who is serious, concerned and involved, deserves no less. He has the right to expect from his teachers the maximum they are able to provide. Not what they can impose upon him but what they can provide as a source from which he can profit.

It has been one of my greatest pleasures in recent years to discover that a **very large** percentage of students in my classes understand this. It has taken me a long time to learn that I have something to offer to the serious students who are concerned, involved, and committed to learning **something**. It has taken me a long time to learn that I do not know what this is, in terms of subject-matter. I have in fact concluded that it **isn't** any particular subject-matter. It is, I hope, some sense of involvement and commitment, to what I consider to be most interesting and significant, some sense that I am committed to doing what interests me most, and doing it to the utmost of my ability, and in accordance with my understanding of the highest standards of clarity, accuracy, fairness, objectivity, validity and truth. This would be gross vanity if I thought I had such standards, had them explicitly formulated, could describe them in detail, and was passing them on to my students. I don't, can't, and am not. Furthermore, to think it could be done would be to revert to a conception of teaching which I think is basically mistaken.

The adult lives of students may develop in any one of a million different ways. Knowledge of particular subject-matter will almost certainly fade away into oblivion in their pursuit of goals that are most interesting and significant to them. But by involving them in the issues that interest me, by asking them questions, by having them ask me questions, by challenging their answers, and having them challenge mine, I think they can develop an ability to pursue such standards in **whatever** it is that interests or will interest them, and that these appreciations and abilities can stay with them and develop throughout

their life in a way that gives them something derived from their education that is of permanent value.

* * *

I live on the highest place in the East, where all the buildings are squat and low. I live as high as they will allow me. I live unskilled in the arts of balancing, dancing on crystal, and smiling just-so. I have walked to the sea, drawn designs in the earth, but always my height is never extremity. They chant me from their poles: Mediator!

It's different outside, where the leaves fall. The dogs catch the sun as the world ambles by—happy Anglo-Saxons. A friend calls, and the icebergs that form inside break into harmlessness. My feet catch the rhythm of pleasant slow motion; we walk to the corner, glad to meet, glad to part. I'll show the sun the way this morning—I'll walk to the West.

(I know I've changed since I've come to this place: the moments have faded. The moments of clarity which rush you to oblivion and stop two steps short of it. A joke with a friend, a gesture at exactly the right time—these were what I considered the guts of life. Between the moments there was nothing but snowdrifts of misunderstanding and boredom. The time in between was to be avoided and the moments too short to cling to, except when they had become suitably part of the mythical past. In my mind I constructed the mythical future. In this way I walked through four years of high school and one year of college, and all the meals and nights and smiles within them, without touching anything.

Now I stroke the present as it flits by, an outdoors cat frightened of me. I have respect for the days lost to bus rides, the hours to defecation. The moments wash over me, but not to the bone. My heart has stopped beating in anticipation, knowing another is yet to follow.

So I climb up high and cry to a friend—laughing afterwards. What have I gained, or lost? Older Michael smiled knowingly: "You've grown up," he said. I knew he was wrong. But I've died a little, preparing to live.)

Nature spread in between two fairylands can be refreshing. You forget nothing, but it seems as if there's not

much to remember. Out in the middle of nowhere—a person sits in a ball by the side of the road.

“Stop!”

“Stop what?”

“Stop walking past with your mind on the moon, not seeing me! I exist! It’s amazing how you people can be so unfriendly that you can ignore somebody when there isn’t any other living thing in sight for miles! If there’s one thing I’ve learned here so far it’s not to expect anything or anybody to walk two steps to hold your hand . . .”

“Hold it! I’m sorry, I really am, I didn’t see you . . .”

“You stared right at me!”

“You didn’t register!”

“That’s what I mean . . .”

“No! I was far away, but I’m here now. I’m sorry. I know how you feel. You’re new here, I guess.”

“Yes, and not long here, the way it’s panning out.”

“Well, first semester is always a trauma, they say.”

“Don’t give me that.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Then sit down and talk.”

“Well . . . how do you like Duke so far?”

Laughing with someone doesn’t really help you to know them, but at least it gives you a chance. And a chance to climb high again, move your hands in the air, and cry to a new friend—it feels good to laugh afterwards. It feels good to walk away tired—one to the East, one to the West.

Changes and moments are all one in the end; you learn to enjoy them or live a nightmare. But balance too well and young apparitions will denounce you in the forest, and draw designs on your face with diamond needles. Balance too well and the heights, as well as the depths, are denied you.

*

Man, I just don’t let it get to me.

* * *

There are various reasons to come south to beautiful Duke University. If the voluptuous women don’t entice you to the school, the nationally famous football and basketball teams may do it. Then again, you may just be a

tremendous stud, and being such a person, Duke may be the perfect place for you. Since riots are in style down here, one may find this a good reason to attend. Or, it could be that insatiable urge to search for knowledge that lures the student to the campus. Whatever the reason, each person that comes to Duke comes with expectations that probably will be dashed during his four or five year stay.

Perhaps the first thing that enters into the picture is the importance of Greeks at the school. One must have his three Greek letters. At the mention of the word “fraternity”, the girls go wild, the studs whip on their jackets and the independents hide. Many people try to kid themselves, but on the average, it is certain that membership in a fraternity is a help to one’s social standing. This is not to say that there are not many “nice guys” in the independent organizations; it is simply that they rarely get a chance to be nice. When that inevitable question comes they are unprepared, and it always comes. “What fraternity are you in?” they are asked, and when they say they are not in one, it should not matter. But it does, and there are a few simple tests that show this. If one would like to try a few of these tests, he can stand outside an independent house during fraternity open houses and try to get some girls into his own open house. Or, he can have a date with a beautiful coed broken, only to find her at a fraternity party with a B-ball player. He can also be told outright that fraternity life is more desirable. In general, as far as social life goes, there are advantages to owning those letters. The studly image is at stake.

If the student interest brings you to Duke, you may be somewhat more satisfied, but probably not much more. What one finds in the rank of Duke professors is a literal bunch of nothings. They are either incompetent teachers, and this campus has its share, or they have no idea of the practical world. The ones who are unaware of reality usually find enough students in the same category to make teaching worthwhile. The ones who can’t teach usually make up for it with their lenient grading. Sometimes one finds a man who can teach, doesn’t fail eighty percent of his class and knows what is going on around him, yet he is a rare find. So, the best answer for the

Duke student is to find a good fraternity and a few simple professors. But if learning is important, find the eggheads; it will be easy enough.

Then again, one may simply want to alter the course of mankind, and Duke is a great place for this endeavor. If you don't like the President, hate your old man and authority in general makes you sick, come to Duke. It's the place where groovy riots are in, and nobody cops, out. A drag on the weed makes life a happening, and LSD is cool. All the while there is the added bonus of beating up the police and taking over buildings. When the whole world is in this state, then Duke has done its job. The freaks that graduate from Duke will better the course of humanity.

The girls at Duke are not so bad, but then they are not so good either. One can definitely find good ones at the school; the trouble is that it is hard to date them. They are glad to have your seat on the East Campus bus, and sometimes they may even go out for a free meal on a weekday. These girls are smart, and they are well-to-do. What they need is somebody to rule over, and they usually find him. They even go so far as to ruin the curve in class; the professors have a watchful eye on the front row. If one is willing to search high and low, he may be able to find a girl that will suit him. A good place to start looking is the section or the house.

These are just a few of the reasons that Duke stays in business turning down more applications than it accepts. Naturally, the desire for a well-rounded education is high, and Duke provides one. There are sports, education, social opportunity and campus unrest. And at no other school in the South can one find students intelligent

enough to appreciate these advantages. All this goes to show that those who chose Duke as their school made a sterling decision. Yes, Durham is a great place to live.

* * *

I'm in the trumpet shop when the old man comes over. for feet, he has wheels; the shop floor is covered with little metal runners and he travels over these as he moves about. every once in a while he hits a rusty piece of track and sends off a little shower of sparks. when my brother and I were in the shop one morning someone spilt some water on his tracks and he was nearly electrocuted. another time his shoes caught fire. he wears asbestos trousers now and insulated shoes for protection against the current. my brother used to spend a lot of time in the shop and told me how the old man's wife gets mad at him sometimes and comes down to the shop and blows his fuse. he gets stranded somewhere and can't move and has to get someone in the store to replace the fuse.

I ask the old man for a spit valve for my brother's trumpet. he heads over to a shelf, sparks flying, and then this: the shop boy is wheeling a cart along the tracks and doesn't see the old man. they collide. the old man crashes to the floor, derailed. lying on his side, he strikes two flares and jams them into the floor, his whistle blowing. the shop boy hears the whistle and figures it's closing time. he grabs his hat and goes out the back. meanwhile, steam is pouring out of the old man's armpits. he bends his arms at the elbows and moves them backwards and forwards in rapid circular motion, imitating a locomotive. when I left without the spit valve, his cheeks were puffing out and he began to make hissing noises between his teeth...

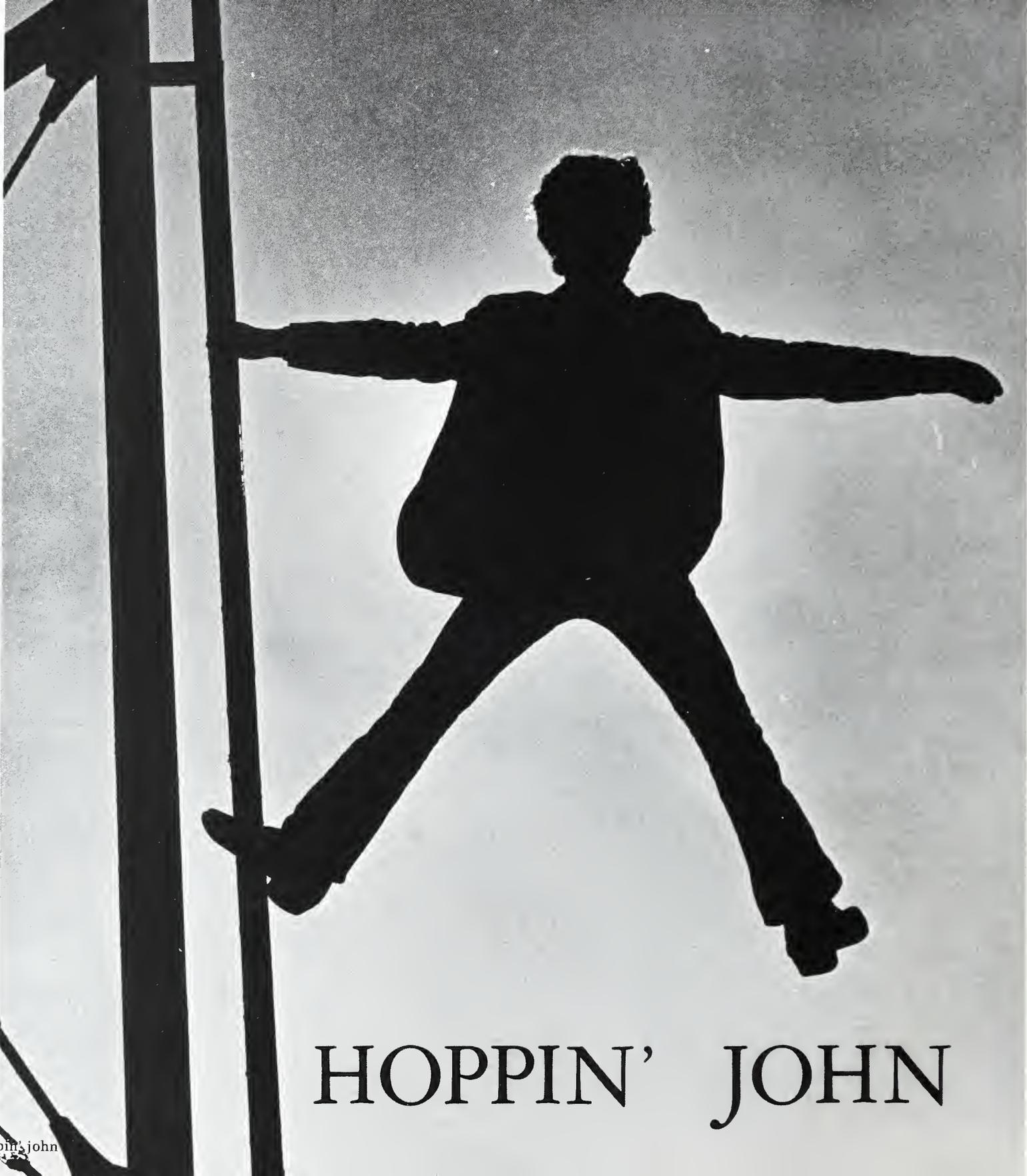




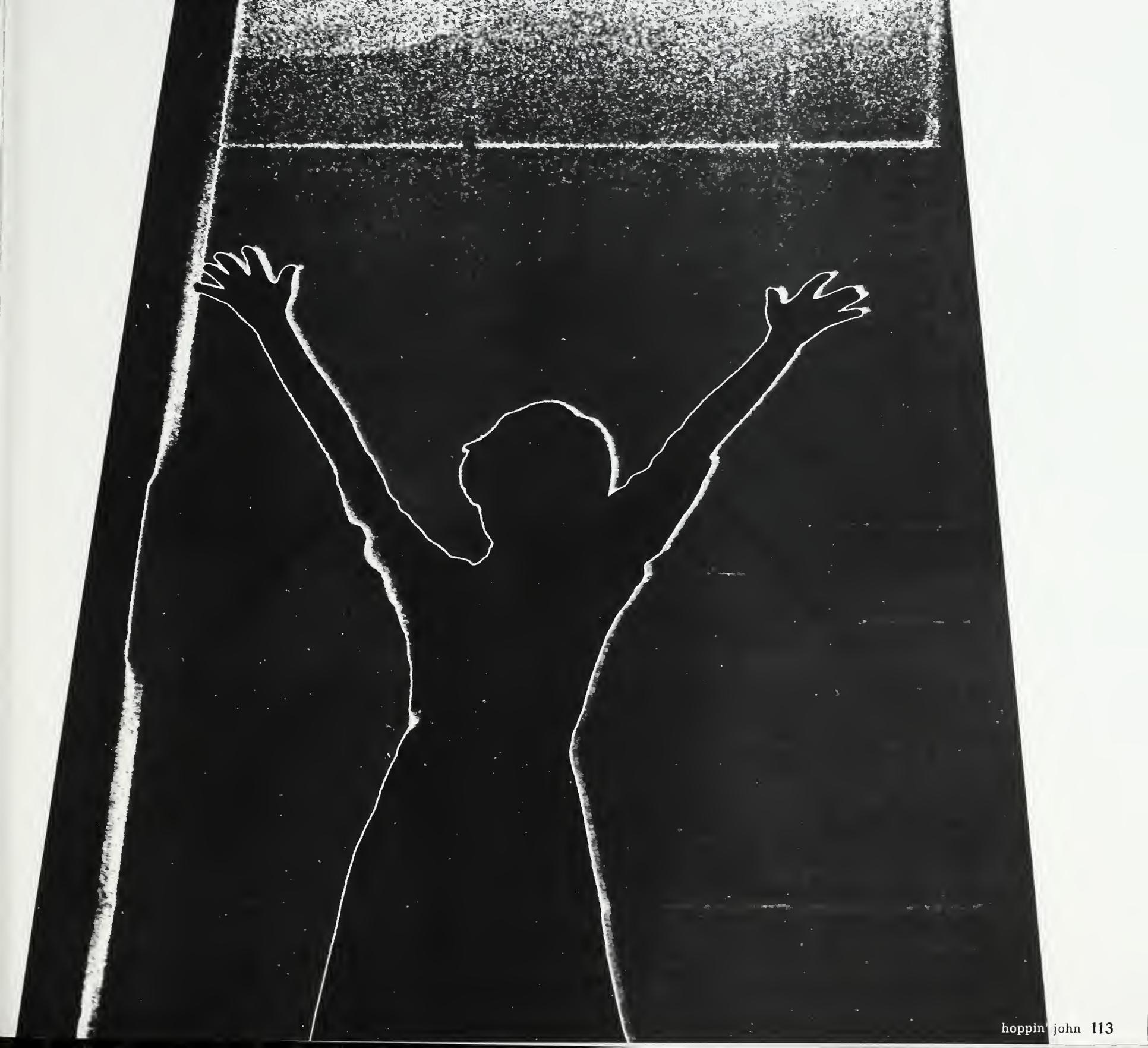


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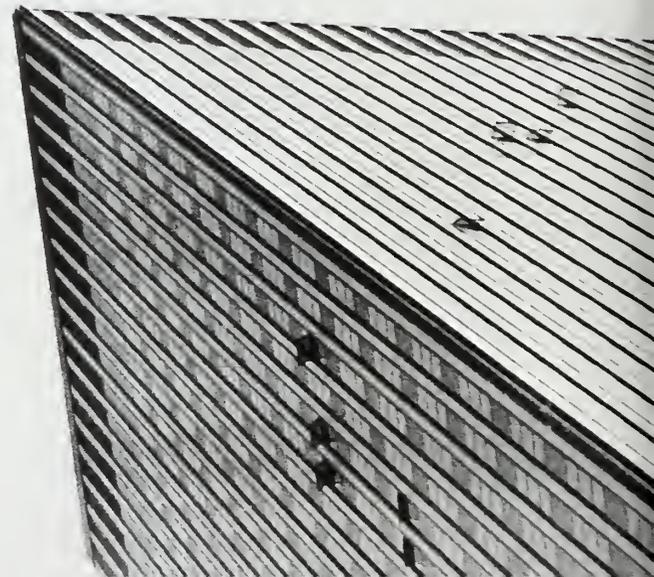
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In the old house, my bed was next to the window. I lay at night with my head on the sill, watching the still silhouettes. In the mornings a misty sun rose over the pyracantha bushes and the Hudsons' roof and I woke up and watched again.

Mama, in a housecoat, fixed us breakfast, cut oranges in half like grapefruit; and we rode our bikes to school. Harry and Franc, my twin brothers, were bellicose little he-hit-me boys with knapsacks strapped onto skinny backs. I was a tall and sullen child.

The bike racks stood behind the school, next to the seesaws under a great loblolly pine. There were the boys' jungle gyms on one side of the playground, the girls' on the other, and a Dempster Dumpster stench behind the cafeteria.

I, forgetter of glasses and homework, made social studies notebooks, spelled, read and dreamed. At lunch we played kickball and climbed a mulberry tree.

In the late afternoons and long grimy Saturdays, I played football, roll-a-bat, elaborate cops-and-robbers games. I explored the limited wilds of the neighborhood, knew every vine of Mrs. Garrobrandt's wisteria. There were hurricanes in those North Carolina autumns. I sat with a transistor radio, ate Vienna sausages, and watched a flickering candle flame, while sheets of rain shook the front picture window.

Our heavy green summers were cooled in the edge of the ocean. Mama took us three, stood ankle-deep and watched. We rode the boiling, breaking waves and rolled and rested in the shallow foam. Every Sunday afternoon Daddy took us for a ride in the boat. Anchored behind the inlet, we fished, hauling in croakers and sand perch, holding them up to show passing boats.

I became a seventh grader, became, somewhat, a girl. The change was unexpected and disconcerting. I went on a diet when I noticed the first small swell of breasts—didn't want to look like those flabby mountainous old women at church. My first boyfriend was Jimmy. Jimmy and I bopped at sock-hops and went to semi-formals and still climbed trees on the sly. On Saturdays we all bowled at Cardinal Lanes. There Gary became my friend.

My hair was beginning to grow long when I went to

high school. Still I was skinny and still I read and dreamed. I had a friend then, a girl, who walked great distances with me, talked with me about writers and love and the awkwardness of fifteen-year-old boys.

Then there was a boy neither fifteen nor inept, a sophomore at East Carolina, muscular, mindless, and gentle. He came home for a weekend and kissed me forcefully as we stood behind an open car door in his driveway. I can remember talking about it with girls, making much of the great mossy oaks in his front yard and a stone bench somewhere hidden among them. He came home many weekends and I was older and not as ugly as I had been. I looked at other boys with the warm, teasing knowledge of the effect I had had on one. I was very much changed.

At school Mrs. Modlin read my poetry to her classes. And Gary called every night to talk about our physics homework.

In the summers from the year I was fourteen, I sold clothes. My father owned two stores and I worked in the one at the shopping center. I said, "May I help you?" and leaned against counters, watching the time-and-temperature clock that revolved slowly above the bank across the parking lot.

College applications began to pile up on my desk. To the Office of the Dean at Duke University, I returned in triplicate a form that carried as choice of career "to replace Norman Cousins as editor of **The Saturday Review**." I wrote Mr. Cousins a short note informing him of this and soon after received a letter from him. He expressed unspeakable relief that I was waiting in the wings to replace him. My acceptance came from Duke. I heard no more from **The Saturday Review**.

On a night in the still-cool April of that spring, I walked with Gary on the beach. We had been to a movie, and we had talked on the phone for five years. There was a light drizzle and a breeze. My hair, then long, was blowing. His face was shadowed. And, he, friend, who had never touched me, did.

From then on, we were together. At graduation, his place was one seat up the row from me. I gave a speech with my ears sticking through my hair under the mortarboard and then we went back to the ocean. The summer

was warm and quick, and I, independent and reluctant, loved.

He went to U.N.C. in the fall, and I to Duke. My Southern accent lengthened into a most implausible syrup. There were mixers and mix-ups, callers and phone calls, and a few guys I remember. Classes and courses went unnoticed. The slim and pensive girl was changed in one September day.

And there were weekends at Carolina with Gary, special times, music and hands, brick sidewalks, and Sunday-wonderful breakfasts. But I feared to miss my days of freedom, so with all the other freshman girls at Thanksgiving I said I must go alone for a while. I did and I was lonely.

The novelty of numbers faded. The first snow fell and I missed him fiercely. I wrote him, and he, proud, said no. January and February were cold, crowded months. I was busy; my grades were bad. I began to like a boy named Fred. He was shorter than I and a terrible maker of puns, but somehow dear. He was student-teaching and asked me to go with him to chaperone the high school junior-senior. I felt enormously older then.

But I didn't go. Instead I touched Gary again, on another April night. We were at home at the Spring break, beginning again what hadn't ended.

When exams were over, American Express led my family and me quickly across Europe—across the flat patchwork of Holland to precarious Bavarian villages. Henrik and Marina, our driver and guide, took us in two weeks through a continent, took us from rowdy and powerful Rome to the lights and elegance of Paris, discreetly bickering all the way. And we were motley America. We watched and walked, toured and enjoyed.

I returned on a night flight with a stein for Gary and a glimpse in my mind of an un-Westinghouse culture. I returned to another summer of retailing and Gary. From the Spring break of reconciliation on, we were lovers of studied independence. Always we had our "other people."

For me it was a long cycle of quasi-involvements, each beginning, building, ending quickly. One of these was more important than the others; he taught me the dishonesty of my half-truths. I told the ones who followed

about Gary.

From freshman year to sophomore was another transformation. All the years since that first have had an inexplicable oneness. The frenzy ended, I took some courses I liked and went out with some of the same people twice.

I have moved through a progression of roommates, strong and varied people. I have eaten popcorn and pizza sitting on dorm-room floors. I have stood in the bleary-eyed cold-cream row in front of the sinks in the mornings. I have agonized over papers in a messy fluorescent study room, lost my Southern accent, and checked my Post Office box several times daily. In the face of student activism, I have been rigidly straight.

I have gone home, to Christmases, favorite dinners, to my family and a different house on another road. In the last few summers I have also gone home to a newspaper job—varied and demanding. I have sold my writing and found it incomparably satisfying. I have sat in judgment on plays, in waiting on politicians, and written quickly to order. In the morning the thick damp news sheets were unfolded at breakfast and I was ready to write again.

Now I am a senior, learning to cook in Gary's apartment. My brothers are seventeen, arrogant men in three-piece suits. We are no longer the misty-morning bike riders. Mid-morning is warming my brown hair.

* * *

David Stacey lived in a room with pasted-on stained glass windows: a tiny little room contorted by a slanted roof and dormer cutting across at the middle, at the base of the window a sputtering thurible of a steam radiator. Amid both the Egyptian and Tibetan **Books of the Dead**, cluttered fragments of illuminated manuscripts, posters of Buddhas in all states of contemplation and a huge picture of a baboon named "Jesus" above his bed, Stacey mostly sat and read books rescued from Goodwill, then added them to an immense library covering an entire wall where Mickey Spillane and Jack Kerouac rested beside Karl Barth and Dante. Stacey laughed a lot: an insane cross between giggle and chortle that clothed some mystical realization deep within a mind reflected by his library,

his room, his life.

I visited Stacey nearly every night, usually around ten, as on this night. When I arrived he was folded up on the far corner of his bed, glasses propped back on his head, giving a demonic spectre to his face.

"Jesus fell last night," he stated with severity, "right in the middle of the night, right on top of us." A huge grin attached itself to his face.

I took off my coat, a gargantuan blue stadium coat with a monk's cowl for a hood, and crossed the crumpled red rug that lay in front of his mattress (he refused to use a bed frame) to make further inspection.

"Yes," I agreed and sat at the foot of the bed.

"It's the hand of God, obviously. The right hand, I would suspect, in that Jesus normally sits on the right. Though the left hand might have had some notion of the matter, and just might have been a party to the act."

"If God actually has a left hand."

"Clever boy," Stacey laughed. "That does raise some theological difficulties now doesn't it? But I don't suppose you care to investigate the matter further."

My mind muddled about deistic appendages for a while, finally envisioning a spider-like old man crawling about some celestial domain. Stacey was overcome by a shrieking, hysterical yelp. I pulled a Marlboro from my shirt pocket.

"Skull around someplace?" I asked. Reaching over to his desk, Stacey handed me a Medieval forehead absconded from the Winchester dig. He used it as an ashtray.

"Contemplate **that** while I make preparations." Stacey leaped off the bed like a jaguar (he liked jaguars) and switched on Coltrane's **Cosmic Music**, muttering as he went, "Thirty-seven years to the end of the world. Armageddon's coming, it's coming soon."

Stacey's mind seemed an endlessly revolving carousel to me, mirrors at the center continuously fragmenting the world and my image. My own mind seemed more like a movie camera, reflecting fragments of conversation and place, to some deep recess for storage; a straight line through time, yet random as far as subject matter; the fleetsy Now.

"Shepp after Coltrane?" Stacey asked.

"Very appropriate."

"Should be on our way after that. The good, true way, that is."

Stacey and I both felt as though we were at the punch line of some horrific Joke. After several years we had gotten used to its eternal presence. We designed several methods to deal with its awful force. You could ignore it, run from it, let it hit, or play a joke on the Joke. The latter was the most interesting and dangerous, for it could then pounce with greater ferocity at the end of the game. When the Joke's on you, well, the Joke's on you.

From some hidden cache in a closet littered with crumpled, filthy clothes, Stacey produced a small water pipe and a red-capped tube labeled "Adolph's Beef Bouillon." On his corner of the bed again, he gently poured the greenish-brown fragments into the pipe. I tested the door and pressed a towel against the base.

Legs folded beneath him, eyes lifted towards the ceiling, Stacey delicately lit the precious fibres. He passed the pipe to me.

"Now . . . Nothing . . . Matters." He stated . . .

. . . Outside. The cold refreshed us, blew off the musty smoke, cleared our lungs. Rearing its distrustful hound dog head, Duke Chapel watched us as we moved towards the gardens, a garland for Buck Duke's tombstone, gardens that nestled at the base of the cold, gray Gothic cross that forms Duke University. Four years we lived on James Duke's grave, as that twentieth century Ozymandias kept vigil over us, leaning on his cane, cigar in hand, lip curled.

Stacey and I stood for a moment before descending into the gardens. Day had been unseasonably warm, but at sundown the temperature dropped, causing banks of fog to toll up from the pool at the bottom of the open bowl-shaped field of the gardens and on across the campus. I pulled my hood well over my head and crossed my arms, placing my hands in opposite sleeves. We entered the gardens slowly, carefully.

At night the gardens transform themselves. Tops of pines are pinnacles of ruined temples, clumps of bushes become their forgotten sanctuaries. These were hidden by the fog. Deep within the bowl the grateful dead, acid

freaks getting their kicks wandering aimlessly about, escaping to some weird blue portion of their minds gathered to immerse themselves in the unknown. Their shrieks and cries rose with the thickening fog.

"Purgatory," stated Stacey. "Be careful not to venture too close. It could be catastrophic."

We skirted the rim until we came upon a bench that offered a good vantage point.

"Luckily," whispered Stacey, "I have brought good protection—the sacred writings of S. Miller Willis, evangelist of Atlanta, Georgia."

From under his jacket he produced a thumb-worn, black-covered, tattered-edged book that bore merely the name of that sainted apostle.

"You've been to Goodwill," I said.

"Clever boy."

Below, the anguish grew to Walpurgisnacht proportions, the sinners reeling in the temples of their moans. At the height of their frenzy, Stacey stood atop the bench, S. Miller Willis in hand.

"Grateful Dead of the Big Blue," he addressed them. "Soon your torment will be over."

"Hail Holy Queen," I began to pray for them, "Our life, our sweetness, and our hope."

"The hour of the end of the world is at hand."

"To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve."

"In thirty-seven years human life on earth will cease."

"To thee to we set up our sighs, moanin' and a weepin' in this valley of tears."

"Noxious gasses pollute the air. The fools dump waste into the rivers. We will not survive! We cannot survive!"

"Turn then most gracious advocate thine eyes of mercy toward us."

"The hour of your release from this pitiless place comes soon. Waste not your time in the petty, the pointless, the profane. But raise your eyes to the One, the True, the Only Way."

"And after this, our exile, be shown unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb."

Stacey settled back down.

"Not a word penetrated them."

"They never listen," I replied.

"Come, let us leave them to their sinful torment."

We came up through the woods to find ourselves confronted by Duke Hospital.

"What have we here?"

"Seems to be the hospital."

A weird grin grew across Stacey's face.

"Duke Rot," he said.

We threw our arms about each other to support ourselves and moaned our way into the emergency room and up to the white entry desk. Clutching to its top we leaned over and whispered:

"Duke Rot. Its finally gotten us."

"Do you have a history number?" came the reply.

"Can't you see it's distorted our bodies?"

"Can't you see it's deformed our minds?"

"My fingers are gnarled."

"My hands lie limp at my sides."

"Have you ever registered at Duke Hospital before?"

"It comes creeping late at night."

"They want to cut out our larynxes and put in polyethylene."

"I'm sorry, sirs, if you haven't got a history number there's nothing we can do."

"Just for tonight?"

"Would you take a draft card?"

The woman behind the desk sat stone-faced. Stacey looked over to me.

"Guess there's nothing we can do."

"Guess not." We moaned out again.

Back in Stacey's room he refilled the water pipe and we smoked until it made no difference whether or not it was lit. Outside, the Joke sat serenely, for the moment anyway, at the left hand of God.

* * *

Duke could be only in your imagination;
Duke could only be in your imagination;
only Duke could be in your imagination.

Pause.

Choose three of the above. Do not differentiate between imagination and reality, for I doubt that that would be of

help here. Do not agree or disagree, for the verbs are conditional. Do not attempt to comprehend, for intuition could be a far greater tool.

I might stop here. But simplicity is too heavy for me and I must try to refine its heaviness.

“I am here, and there is nothing to say.

If among you are
those who wish to get somewhere, let them leave at any moment.

What we require is silence; but what silence requires is that I go on talking.”

—John Cage

This might be difficult. Difficult because we “are” products of the modern philosophical age of antagonisms: no vs. yes, us vs. them, right vs. wrong, material vs. spiritual, thesis vs. antithesis. Difficult because we “are” the linear people of progress. But our experience (individual or collective) might be but a ripple amidst a cone of ripples, all vibrating sympathetically, all adding a dimension and dimensions as they move outward. In this context Duke is only a subjacent unity that links us in spirit to the continuum. Not, however, a unity that demands or deserves allegiance. Why should you undercut yourself by either rejecting or establishing a “Loyalty” to Duke, despite the fact that Duke may be your catacomb or your catapult?

“It is not irritating to be where one is.

It is
only irritating to think one would like
to be somewhere else.”

—Cage

You might ignore Duke. At least, you could take it lightly:

“Examine the bait by all means, test it with your hand, then discreetly disengage. Curiosity satisfied, return your attention to the world, resume your liberty, your lucidity, your place on the route leading into our world of Man.”

—Louis Pauwels

You might adopt Duke. At most, you could delve deepest:
“I am trying to check my habits of seeing, to counter them for the sake of greater freshness. I am trying to be unfamiliar with what I’m doing.”

—Cage

I left Duke because of glaucoma: the clouded eyes of my soul perceived all shapelessly; black silhouettes pirouetted on a black background. Thirteen years of being a lockstep educational soldier has anaesthetized my wonder, numbed my faculties. By establishing an alien perspective I hoped to banish my dullness of mind and clear the haze from my complicated, drowsy eyes. at the thought of this moratorium, this adventure with all its risks, I asked of freedom, spring; and of spring, freedom:

torrid stream—
swell over this outcast isle
wash my solitude in balmy silt
cleanse my cavern of pitch maple hemlock
engulf my outcropped writhing roots
lick the dank grey clay from my banks
flood my rodent holes, furtive borrowings
swallow my mildewed leaves and carry them
lazily
away to slender joys and rocks that jut above
to sun—
uncover my white fur moss

And now: the moss is growing back.

And now: again, Cage:

“Originally
we are nowhere; and now, again
we are having the pleasure
of being slowly nowhere. If anybody
is sleepy, let him go to sleep.”

* * *

A leaf tumbles, its face of points turns inward curling in a moist gutter until it is round and shiny in the lamp light. Broken now this memory comes back, as a vase comes off the mantle and a bird, beaten to dust, is released.

It is black, I watch the leaves, see in them a micro-

cosm, and have learned within half a year not to trust microcosms but to discern symbols. I have observed that some professors always wear green. I think: "One symbol is the symbol of all if it is truly a symbol. The whole situation of life is found in the smallest objects of nature. Reflection on a grain of sand or the nature of the "heart" lead around the same circumference. All is pie. For instance, the leaves mean my life. They are dead but their existence was, is my life. Flourish among many, fight towards life, struggle as if towards supremacy, as if the sun would finally grant something besides death: a falling to dumb roots and rotting fruit."

Molly and Baker are alone, together like numb strings on a musical instrument with no frets, no possible chords. Music plays for them through the angry trellis of the car radio. Many things seem pleasant to them. Baker is wearing a cashmere sweater, Molly has borne the evening and not collapsed and gone stale like damp wool might. She leans against Baker's sweater, which makes them both feel more comfortable. It seems to place easy confidence into his hands, he is wondering: "How much the world responds to me. You yell at it, it yells back. The speed of the wheels is directed by my hands, they also hold Molly." His sensation of time and place are outside his red car, he feels that somehow a memory has just been created. He wants to relate this to Molly and as if he might scare her into awareness he turns off his headlights. Molly is asleep though, does not notice their blind course into pitch black, and Baker loses his sense of control and quickly turns the lights back on. Almost like a recollection he thinks that he is now young, that this is youth.

The night air is only crisp, it does not sing, nor thump. There is no dual harmony of antimonies such as crickets and laughter through the panes of glass. The bands have stopped at request, the professors have had lights-out at the library, loners have borrowed and buried; it is a lovers' false dawn. There is only one break to night. Every five minutes the power house gives a pneumatic whirl and clap. It reminds me that in place of Whitman's handkerchief of God, there is now electricity, flagstone, and grease to cover the earth. Is the pismire equally as per-

fect?

I wait with my date. We are not sure the bus will come. There has been a misunderstanding. She imbibed two pewter mugs of straight Vodka, said, "Do you have a single?" and made the big slump. She retched for an hour, bearable to me because there were not holes in my wastebasket and it was fine enough to be opaque and held her puke fashionably. I waited, washed the basket out and we made love.

The bed had been a cradle, she talked unconsciously from its warmth. She had said, "I do not want to knit and I find pots and pans ugly. Sex is vain and knowledge is evil. What is there left for me?" I said, "Ha, you want to make me feel bad. You're my first and you want to make me feel bad."

She was upset by this, her face, a burst pumpkin, cried into my pillow. "I don't know whether I'm in love with you or not. I'm not sorry for what I did. I'm not an actress, I don't think. But God, it is very lonely in the dorms. Do you know they make purple birds to pretty their windows and have posters of Belmondo, Hoffman, and Newman in the john? For some reason I keep thinking of all the empty trunks piled like honeycomb somewhere waiting for them to transport all that trash all over the country. One girl has a phosphorescent picture of Goethe hung above her bed. Do you understand?"

I say, "Don't worry, I've often thought the same about what they have done to the saints." She continues, her crying a jug jug, a leitmotif to every sentence.

"I don't know about my direction now. I've no longer got my baton or my banner of virginity and I've probably failed in knowing myself and realizing other people. It is all catching up with me now. Jug jug. I feel that I am dissolving, each piece is a drop and my only hope is gathering on the earth like a puddle. I'm sorry but if I can only get it out. I hate to do this to you."

I flinch, repress the emotion of mercy killing silence, put my hand on her buttocks, say, "I understand, you have a thousand bothered souls." She says, "Don't touch me. Jug jug." The sound of rain going down a gutter.

She and I are waiting in silence. Molly and Baker have bid good-night, they leave no notes, no agreement behind;

life is risky, the insurance on a red Firebird is great. I hear Baker's footfalls which are unnatural. Even to Baker his stride feels strange. He is Alice filled with potion, large and impotent, who addresses her feet with a letter signed "Esquire." He does not like the sound, it sounds like the walk of a man who might have a crippled arm, not leg.

Finally a bus arrives, a lighted whale; we board, swing towards each other with the differential surge and avoid touch by searching out the window which only affords transparency when we cup our hands to goggle our faces. Otherwise we see ourselves.

I say before leaving her, "You are too serious with yourself."

The rain will come and wash bridges away. Rivers will divide us, east and west.

She came to me much later in her junior year. She was a Junior of exceptional promise.

"If only I can learn to act out of innocence. I have learned that knowledge is not so threatening. The knowledge of the professor in most cases is nothing more than the unconscious love that a dancer has for music. But I have also learned that those that lead us astray have their heads bent not towards the music but down and all around looking at themselves. They decipher until they become a thousand mirrors and are of no use to anyone. But even then I feel the only true spirituality exists as projection and is not spiritual at all. Only that which an artist might give in projection of his sickness. Well, I cannot find my spirit here. The intellectuals have named everyone, the liberals have sympathized everywhere. They prescribe for themselves a relationship to a world that does not exist. I must find someplace where a construction towards survival still preoccupies its people."

I said, "That is ridiculous. You are doing so well."

Everything is a microcosm of life. Rain flows to purge, then gathers and runs in torrents and washes away all the leaves and in time all the gutters.

* * *

October 4, 1969

I guess I really don't know exactly what I'm going to do with this thing that I'm writing, except for the fact that I was really turned on when Berlin told me about it.

The idea behind it was to just write about myself as honestly as I could, and try to be honest about my reflections on Duke and how it has influenced my head.

So, here goes. Everything written down here is true, and in a sense, it goes deeper than just me and Duke; in a way, this thing is simply all about me.

Well, I'm a sophomore, living off-campus with my dog, Eli, and my roommate, Henry Walker. We all live in a beautiful shack in Monkey Bottom, an area off Swift Ave. and between campuses. The neighbors there are truly some of the nicest people I know. Besides some other people who live down there—Van Pelt, Anna, Mike and Sally Nathans, Ninian Beale, Big Funk and Mary Thadd—there are also the town-folk. Mrs. Jackson; a seventy-five year old lady, owns a small general store; she's just a great old lady, been through a hell of a lot I suppose, and just manages to make ends meet. Then there's Bessie May, Cecil, the Tucks, Mrs. Cole—all of whom are desperately poor but who possess the greatest souls in the world. And, of course, I couldn't forget Blackjack, the bootlegger, and all his cronies. I probably could rap about him for awhile, but not right now.

I've been down here for a little over a month now. And I really dig it. Perhaps I should qualify that last sentence a bit. I really dig it down here because I had a tremendous summer. I was working up north this summer at Haverford College, where I have been working for the past few years with poor black and white kids. Anyway, I was living in this prof's house with a cousin, a friend from Tucson, Arizona, and some other people. Well, briefly, I got into my head this summer more than ever before. Sort of became conscious of the fact that I wasn't really relating to people in an authentic manner, just playing games with their heads all the time. I guess what happened was that I had a real crisis with myself—I was unhappy, and through the confidence of **real** friends and my own head, I made it through a series of hectic days. The resolutions that I made were very simple—first of all, fuck all hassles that one thinks exist. Then, get off your lazy ass and start doing it. The previous sentences may sound very trite, but actually, it is very hard to admit that you're unhappy, and then **do** something about it; be-

cause it's very easy just to sit back and fall into a bumper depression. The other thing that I recognized, and probably it is the most important, is that I am alone in this world. Sure, I live and sleep, and relate to a whole mess of people, most of them out-of-sight cats; but basically, when you really get down to it, you are alone in this Nixon is One U.S.A. And some people, maybe a whole lot, are terribly afraid to admit this fact. But the point I'm trying to make is that aloneness is great. I found out that you have to start digging yourself, digging your successes **and** your failures, before you can truly dig somebody else. And one other thing. Besides the fact that aloneness is a reality, I am also Number One. I'm Number One along with a billion other Number Ones. We're all Number One, the centers of our own universes; and where two people dig each other, their universes intersect. But my mind is a strange tool. I can flip it any number of ways, heads or tails, yip or yen, any way I desire. What's reality then? What's real is love. That's right—love between two people or one thousand or one billion. Because I know when I love somebody, and that's where Duke finally comes in, because Duke is where I'm at right now. It's my home, and I got to build around it. Sure there are classes to go to, shit to study for, but that's not why I'm here. I'm here because people are where it's all at; people are what the life game is all about.

So, that's basically what happened last summer to my head. For a while, it was really heavy shit, and I wasn't sure whether I was going to make it through or not. But I did make it through; and knowing that, and also knowing that it's going to happen again, I know that I can make it through all the shit again and again and again.

Well, here I am in good old Durham, with two weeks of classes under my belt. The two weeks haven't been too bad. The best course I have is with Cell—who, even though he lectures sometimes in a very authoritative manner, is one of the best. He empathizes, questions, and demands. He also throws some bullshit in your face—which is the beauty of him. He's good, real good.

A while back I was talking about love, and I really think that I'm beginning to find out what love is all about. I probably wouldn't define it right now—but I know that

the relationship that Tony and I have is really based on love for each other. Tony is just a beautiful and sincere human being, and besides that, we went through a lot of conscious hassles together last year. We're close—and honest with each other to a great extent—that's why I love him. Can't say that I've fallen in love with any chicks right now. But that will come in a while. Surprisingly enough, there are some beautiful chicks around who really have their head sstraightened out, contrary to a lot of fucked up people's opinions.

Well, I think I'll stop here. October 4, 1969.

“Is there a hole for me to get sick in?”

—Dylan

Today is October 9, 1969. Originally, I had not planned to write the second part of this thing for another week or so, but due to the present feelings inside, I just might rap for a while.

Yes, as Dylan socks it to us—you've got it, I've got the downs. Don't know exactly why, probably start off by saying that I need some sleep. But that's just physical down—what I'm mostly talking about is the mental down—the bumper. First of all, how can I be down, you say, if the object of one's togetherness is to be happy (object not in the sense of goal, but rather result)? The answer is, in effect, a bumper also. I am down right now because I am sitting in the library watching all these people do their thing with the books. I am watching them copying notes, reading books, writing papers. And I scream, “Where is it all going to? What's this shit got to do with being a human being?” I don't know. All these structures are around me, physical structures, buildings, crowding in my mind. And I ask you, the reader: “Are all these fucking buildings, are all these professors, are all these fucking students making this country pleasant to live in? Is it pleasant to carry in your wallet a card that makes you privileged so that some other brother can kill for you? Is it pleasant that the ivory walls of academia are supporting bombs and bullets? Is it pleasant that all these people here forget that every morning there is a beautiful sunrise?”

I am not professing to be morally superior to anyone. What I'm trying to say is that inherently every human being, in some way that he relates to other people, is a hypocrite. The problem is not how to rationalize away your hypocrisy, but how to live with it—how to fight it—how to make it a minimum degree.

The answer, I think, comes when you let perception and sensitivity affect you, when you drop all those stupid, plastic barriers and let yourself shine. But that's hard to do. That's hard to do here at Duke. Why? For one thing, it's too easy to get hung up in the process of education—studying, classes—the whole machine can make days pass quickly without one's cognizance. When that happens, and it happens all the time, baby, everyone's in their own little fenced-in world.

And secondly, what gets me so freaked out is this whole male-female relationship at Duke. It is apparent that Duke thinks that women are some kind of tool or plaything that men are just supposed to use. Every relationship the Duke gentleman is supposed to have with a chick is supposed to be on some kind of formal basis (dig the coat and tie at the athletic events). For me, this seems totally up the ass. I don't know myself on any kind of formal basis, so why should I get to know a chick only in the form of dates? But, there are a lot of cool heads that are past all this bullshit. Their and my only problem is that we're committing a crime against nature—some dean is upset because a chick is getting balled, would you believe, in an open room?

I guess when it all comes down, Duke just has to get kicked out of the way. There are too many real people to get to know, too many free people who really enjoy life; who dig the grass, trees, birds, flowers, and who dig themselves.

So the oppression is here in mental and physical forms, but I have to say fuck to it all. By saying fuck, however, I can and do in some respects, isolate myself. And isolation, in many ways, is why I'm relatively down now.

But I'm going to keep **doing** it! Even in isolation, a smile doesn't hurt.

October 13, 1969

Proclaiming humanity
in a single face
Is easy to do.
But the question for us
to answer is
not why but how;
To perceive the guts
of another is
the most difficult task,
because I cannot see
through the shadows of
bricks which exist.
The sun's reflection is
what must be destroyed,
so that the light
may shine through,
But each one must
do it himself; proclaiming
humanity in a single face
Is very difficult to do.

October 26, 1969

“Through sun-drenched waters I have walked—rainbow brightbeams blinding my eyes from the coldness swirling about my legs, feeling nature's oneness and the primal earthly feeling of being **first**. The first in a wild unconquered land—the first to see that tree stone rock leaf bird flower, nude and shining, one and free I came across a tire hanging from an old weathered rope—proclaiming humanity and denying my firstness—yet the thought of humanity creating a plaything for me and reminding me of the humanity behind and before, and Jeff, reminding me of you—

dear jeff—

a moment of past returned to now. i hope you are experiencing learning teaching enjoying—and knowing others think of you—”

I received a letter from this chick exactly a year after I had spent five hours with her, after first meeting her, walking down a creek; out of the blue, this letter arrived—the arrival of which demonstrates the internal beauty of people who have experienced life, who love life, and who can honestly express themselves—the way they feel in their soul.

I started this chapter out like this mainly because I wanted to think about positive reinforcement. That's very hard to think about these days, even harder to experience it. All around me I see darkness, grimness, and stagnation. Yet my light must continue to shine. If I am strolling or marching towards light, rather than emanating light from within me, I am marching to my own self-destruction. But what can I do in this puzzle? A puzzle of inhibitions, defense mechanisms and the like. I can live. People can escape this whole mess by digging dope or booze, and even be happy with their unhappy situation. I do it myself. But that inner satisfaction, that inner feeling of being first, evades me as I get lost in this labyrinthian university. The administration would say it's a matter of adjustment, which is a crock of shit. Adjustment to what? Adjustment to a society which drops jelly gasoline on children? Adjustment to a university which at one time states that it cannot take a stand on political, moral, or social issues while simultaneously performing defense grants, chemical and biological research, and ROTC? Again, I arrive at that same old level of hypocrisy.

All this tends to create a great deal of confusion, between what's real and what's unreal. The reality that is in my head (wild-eyed idealist, did someone say? (is evidently antagonistic to the Man. The solutions are therefore: either say "fuck you, baby," and go out into the woods somewhere, which isn't a bad idea in itself, or try to create a situation in my life where a real appreciation of life exists. I prefer the latter of the alternatives, but, when it all comes down, I, and I alone, have to control my own life. Nobody else is going to tell me what to do and what not to do, as long as I don't hurt another human life in doing it.

So, somewhere along the Eno River I'll swing on a tire that is tied to an old weathered rope, and proclaim my humanity to the rest of the world, and make some love where there wasn't any before.

November 1, 1969

In analyzing the last few chapters, it seems to me that within the search for happiness, for identity—there is an almost innate paradox. The paradox stems from what I imagine as reality and what reality is. The fact is that I'm often depressed and confused about this place, yet simultaneously I can give off some warmth and a smile. The latter, it seems, have become more and more infrequent, and that's perhaps what disturbs me most.

I can't seem to get out of the bag of isolation. This, I think, stems from two things: firstly, insecurity; secondly, Duke. I'm insecure because I cannot do things freely as I would really want to do them—just, for instance, going up to a Barbara or a Jane and saying "Hi, how are you today?" with a smile and an emanation of warmth from my own presence. What disturbs me even more is that in a different environment, I have conquered this type of fear. I've done it in cities and in a hell of a lot of places. This leaves my thinking to two conclusions—I haven't gotten all together yet because I haven't conquered my most subtle fears and Duke has a good chance of eating shit.

I am very ready to admit the former as a reality—in fact, the admission is part of the solution to the problem. As far as the latter goes, I say "good chance" only because I still have faith in myself and Duke. Many times, however, I feel this faith slipping out of my grasp—for instance when I'm in a situation where I could really do some good, simply by talking-smiling-living, and I end up doing nothing—finally splitting and getting stoned—I look back and it really pisses me off. Case in point: last night, I was over at Epworth for a small get-together, and there were some really nice people there—the place was tense for a while, but it loosened up gradually. Well, there were some nice chicks there and I really wanted to talk to

some of them. I wanted to communicate with them—sort of dig some of the vibrations I was getting. I didn't. I just didn't do anything—finally I split and got extremely drunk-stoned-smashed-zonked. I escaped the whole scene because I realized that I had blown it again.

The question is why do I keep on blowing it? The answer, I think, is that I haven't totally freed myself—liberated head is the word—from the goddam structures that cause inhibitions. Again, these structures are mainly my own head and Duke. Duke acts in a manner as to put me uptight; my own head is not strong enough yet to overcome the shit. Thus, I'm continually thrown into a type of whirlwind; sometimes I can understand it and other times I escape from it.

Again it appears (as the last chapters might) that I've never come to any resolutions, and am just stating the same problem over and over again in different words. If this is true, it really doesn't worry me. This is the most turbulent part of my life, for one thing—and there is no reason in the world why I should give up if I don't get an answer: anybody who gives up on understanding himself before the age of thirty or thirty-five is a fool, if indeed, after that. So I got eleven or so more years to hassle! Right? Wrong. I got now to hassle with—that's enough as it is. There's me and the world and Spiro T. Agnew, whose words about "official repression" will someday be remembered with a chuckle instead of a wince.

Well, I come again to the lonely station of self-comprehension vs. self-deception. Later, brothers and sisters, later.

November 27, 1969

The time has come for all families to come together once more for the great occasion of Thanksgiving. The table is set. The fifteen pound turkey is in the oven, its roasting giving off odors of delight and contempt simultaneously. For the scene is one of joy and malignancy. Poor turkey, huh? The traditional pilgrim holds his ground at the center of the table—they give thanks for something, I do not know what. Probably, at the same time those pilgrims were holding that first Thanksgiving, American Indians were being killed by other Englishmen

off the shores of North Carolina. Well, so what? We've come a long way since then. Besides the Indian has been forgotten—now it's the blacks, poor white people in this country, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and let's not forget the Vietnamese . . .

Later on, I suppose, we'll all get together about thirty or forty members of the great clan, and drink and see people that we haven't seen for years. It will be a great occasion. And the War Drags On.

The everlasting sound of mothers' yelling will be stored in a lot of students' memories, I'm sure. They will remember the bitching and the barking since they set foot into their house, apartment, or what not.

But it really doesn't matter anymore. Most of us are past the absurdity of it, and just take all the shit in stride. I came home to see a lot of people that I love—parents, sister, and friends—I love each of them for various reasons—that's obvious. The other night I went up to Haverford for a good long nostalgic trip. I smoked and talked with three or four professors and their wives, something that was very reminiscent of the summer. It was really beautiful—and it will happen again. Until then, I will do a lot of different things, and love a lot of different people.

"The curse is drawn,

The die is cast.

The first ones now will later be last . . ."

Nice little limerick. Well, dinner is almost ready. More reflections later.

December 6, 1969

This will probably be one of the last chapters written for Berlin. However, I do intend to continue writing down my thoughts—I really think it's helped me a great deal. I'm sitting here in a soft leather chair at Charley's grooving on the Youngblood's "Elephant Mountain". It's definitely one of the best pieces of music I've heard in a long, long time. In the album, they virtually attack everything about interpersonal relationships between people—pride, plastic love—and also sing joyfully about real love—nothing I can do without you—solve the existential crisis—if you want to be somebody, be it now! Really beautiful, really beautiful!

I really dig Charley the Greek. Oh Spiro, how can you do this to your own people! He's the type of person, much like myself I think—who is confused about what's going on upstairs—yet he really digs good people—people who love, fear, question honestly. It's nice to get stoned with him.

So much has been going through my head recently I really don't know if I can conceptualize it into a coherent statement. Even further, I don't know if that conceptualization is necessary. This is a bad time for people's heads. The real pressure of school is digging in—everybody has exams and papers to write and books to read that were due three weeks ago. Most of my friends are in short-tempered, belligerent moods. They are worried, frustrated about work. But the thing, all this will pass, and someday we will never have to go through this kind of shit again.

I have been depressed a lot this semester—and happy too (but fuck this, I don't want to talk about it). There are millions of good people in this country, and more and more are coming over to the political-cultural revolutionary side every day. Now don't get me wrong, just because I said the nasty word "revolution". But something has got to be done, and on the grass-roots level of changing people's heads; and for this reason, among others, I don't think basic change can occur through the great American electoral process.

I sort of went off on this tangent only because I had to say it—America has got to be turned upside-down—we have to reevaluate our positions, on a personal level and an institutional level. We got to look back at those fuckers who started the American Revolution—a revolution more of thought than of system—and see, even if it was done in a hypocritical atmosphere (slavery, anyone?) what those cats were trying to do. We also gotta look at ourselves really hard—and see how we can develop new ways of living so we don't perpetuate exploitation and premature death.

In this vein, let me tell a little story. Last night I just got back from wherever I had been (I can't remember where that was) and got a message from Tony to call him. He told Henry he was doing some Teachings of Don Juan, and he wanted to rap with me. Well, I finally got to

talk with him—he just wanted to tell me that even if we are not together he still loves me for what I am to him—I said that the feeling was greatly reciprocal. That kind of thing can happen all the time—just looking into someone's eyes and knowing, feeling, seeing, experiencing togetherness and love. WOW! Absolutely dynamite overwhelming experience. That has to happen all the time, man, all the time.

I think we also gotta go back and look at Jesus, because he was a revolutionary. No shit, man, when he got crucified by the reactionaries, he was doing it for the people. He was the people's man, he was carrying the people's cross—and when they hammered those nails into his hands and feet, they were the people's nails—Hammer in that nail, man, it's the people's, and you know it. He was a bad motherfucker.

What I'm trying to say, besides the fact that everybody has a little bit of martyrdom in him or her, is that we're all in this shit together, and we're all going to say fuck together, and we're all going to establish that new world together. The thing is we're all doing it a little differently, but we're all in it together, and we all gotta do it now. Not later, but NOW!

So one cold and otherwise sterile night,
Look upon your friends and lovers
Perhaps pass the peace pipe around
And dig yourselves for a while.

For we are where it's all at.
Now, and forever.
Our children will be where it's at too.

The future is bright, and warm
And now.

* * *

You get the mind-fuck without the hallucinations.

Once again I wake into the silence before the sun. There is no lover lying beside me. The winter world is voiceless, not a wind or insect or bird talking. I raise my right hand to the shade, give a tug, let it fly up loud as a gunshot. Outside is black as inside. The room is unheated—my

choice—and the breath hangs close above my face. The tip of my nose is numb with cold, but beneath the wool blanket there is warmth. I revel in that contrast. I curl up tighter, though I fear sleep is over. All along the brick hall there echoes suddenly the sound of someone vomiting his guts out in the john. I want to go back to sleep. The footsteps pass.

“Welcome back to Duke and congratulations on your achievement in your freshman year.”

“II. Proceed to Registrar’s Table where you will receive your **IBM DROP-ADD CARDS. DO NOT FOLD, BEND OR LOSE IBM CARDS.**”

Her physiology prof said bears don’t really hibernate in the winter you know.

Turning to the girl—who was austere looking enough, dressed in tweeds and fragile makeup, hyacinthine hair, import—he started talking about should they eat before he took her to the bus station. (They were waiting for the bus to West Campus.)

The girl said, “I’m not really hungry. I always kind of lose my appetite when I’m with you.”

“That’s nice. That’s really nice. Thanks a hell of a lot.”

“Oh that’s not what I mean. You dummy.”

He said, “I’ve got to stop using that fucking electric razor. See all these places on my neck? They hurt like hell.”

“What happened?”

“It’s the fucking razor. It chews up my zits. They bleed all over the place.”

“That’s awful.”

“I’m gonna go back to a good old safety razor before I fucking bleed to death.”

I can’t go back to sleep. It’s probably no later than 5:30. Down in the quad a dog yelps once, twice. How do you murder the time?—that’s the question each time I have to relinquish her, my darkness, give her up to greater darkness. Inside her, I die into crazed and passionate life, the flickering kaleidoscope. Gone, she leaves me to wake to death.

“Blue lights, loud music, cigarettes glowing in the dark. A party every weekend, sometimes here, sometimes at some faraway cabin, and the hundred different people become one—become Taylor, because above all, Taylor is people. People together—bawdy, boisterous, talking, laughing, thinking. People at bridge in the ‘C’ room; people at study in some remote corner; people on blaring cycles with long-haired birdies on the back; people at AB’s or the Zoom; people—each an individual, but each a part of the greater whole.”

—from **Independent Living**

“III. **Drop and Add** procedures. If you are dropping and adding a course, complete the **Drop-Add** card given you at the Registrar’s Table. **DO NOT COMPLETE THE ADD SIDE OF THIS CARD.**”

(from my screenplay, scene two)

6. HARRY (dressed like a Duke Trustee) pulls a large asparagus from inside his conservative gray business suit jacket and begins to nibble it.

7. SAM (dressed like a real person) pulls a cigar out of his hip pocket and lights up a stalk of celery.

8. HARRY pulls a string bean out of his shirt pocket and lights up.

9. SAM puffs away on the celery.

10. HARRY eats a joint.

Triumphantly they told him (the degenerate Robe freak) that they had discovered a really obscure drugstore in North Durham.

—It’s called the Center Drugstore.

—The good old Center.

—You know it?

—That’s the place where they had twelve goddam bottles of AC sitting out on the shelf one day. Twelve bottles: On the shelf! So six of us went in and bought two bottles each. We went back the next day, but they hadn’t put any more out. I was faking my cough, you know. The druggist says, “Yesterday a bunch of dope addicts came in and wiped me out.”

(there was a girl’s face hanging around the doorway for the longest time—such a pretty face, like a child’s, with

long silver hair and bushy eyebrows)

—Nothing can top The King.

(a siamese cat asleep against my heart)

—You know West Side got busted.

—They've really got Robe figured out. I mean chemically, it's better than just straight codeine for getting you down. And like last year, they used to pack these little leaflets with every bottle that said "Approved by millions of satisfied users."

(a child huddled against me)

15. HARRY tapes the celery to his right thigh.

16. the MESSENGER steps into the toilet and flushes himself down.

17. SAM is biting his fingernails.

Yet only half awake now, I still feel the ancient fear of reaching out in darkness. It used to be that monsters lurked in the heaving ocean. My bed is too frail a raft, But my left hand is groping for the small table—finds the lighter, cigarettes, gathers them quickly to my chest. I light one, watch like a fanatic the glowing crystals of fire. And the jaws close empty, sink again to their abyss. My love is torn from me.

"Answer in a well-written essay one of the following:

D. How does social reality differ from other realities? Discuss this in terms of reading and lecture materials you have had in this course.

E. Contrast the model of man as a social actor (either the dramaturgical model or a closely related one) with **either** the relational-intellectual, 'liberal' model **or** the biological model."

one day we found a lake and crawled through the fence.

GROUND RULES FOR THOSE PARTICIPATING IN THE VIGIL

1. Remember that this is a day of mourning.
2. Remember the sense of purpose—we are very serious.
3. No talking. Please study or read. Please keep rows straight and neat.
4. No eating but at group snack and meal breaks.
5. No sunbathing.

6. No singing but at specified periods under the direction of the song leader.

7. No conversation with the spectators.

8. There should be no response to harassment.

9. Please do not give information to the press.

WDBS and our spokesmen will report to the press to avoid misinformation.

There was at least one truly educated undergraduate at Duke—Laird Ellis. He was widely read, articulate (no, eloquent), creative. He wrote poetry and prose. He painted. He knew classical music. He knew inside and out almost every great work of literature. He was a boon companion to an incredible diversity of other students. Of course he flunked out.

(scene five)

1. we see the armies standing erect along their respective horizons.
2. the camera scans the frightened but determined faces of the soldiers.
3. a **CHRIST FIGURE** is trudging alongside the stream.
he wears a white sheet and a crown of barbed wire.
he is eating a pomegranate and fig newtons.
he trips on the hem of his robe and falls, landing on his back with his arms outstretched.

"Having passed the preliminary examination, the student should then take his reading examinations for foreign language. The department requires two from French, German, and Russian **or** one of those three and either FORTRAN or another language . . ."

—U. of Mass. graduate school bulletin

Every time you get on one of the buses at Duke, you see at least one person you've never even **seen** before—which makes up somewhat for the kinds of faces that go riding on these buses: depressed, defeated, distraught, defensive, done for, down and out.

where do I go now she's dead?—that much kept pounding at me from the warmly lighted room with the broccoli still on the mud-colored plate

22. THE CHARGE!

the surging soldiers pound toward each other
weapons and clenched fists,
screaming mouths.

23. the VIRGIN faints.

24. the PRIESTS put a goldfish on a charcoal grill.

25. the CHRIST FIGURE gets up and scrambles for
safety.

always I feel envy for the lover of a pregnant woman I
see walking

Old Whore Duke, it's not your fault. It's just economics
that makes you do the things you do. It's economics that
makes you do it for the rich men. We all understand that.
After all, you're doing it for us, your children. It's ec-
onomics that makes you let the police do anything they
want. It's OK that they came with their gas and clubs.
We understand about economics. We do now.

the VIRGIN crushes out the flame with a head of cab-
bage.

beyond that tree—recalling a girl, a hurried embrace, a
running in the dark to climb it—there stretches a hundred
acres of grass. at least it seems that much. we'd picnic on
that hill by the skeleton tree on a red corduroy blanket.
usually, there'd be a game going on in the flat—six boys
playing touch football, for instance, or people floating
frisbees for incredible distances against the sky. we'd lie
there watching insects that clawed and clambered in the
dense forest of the grass, or she'd tell my fortune with
utter conviction, or we'd go to pick flowers when the
guards weren't watching (who could **prove** they hadn't al-
ready fallen to the ground anyway?). often a lot of chil-
dren would come and run crazily around the goldfish
pond and roll over and over down the hills. there was a
stream too, where a flotilla of dixie cups could be
launched.

on Denis's 50 cc motorbike we sputtered into the country,
lost the day, found the earth with all its smells and plants
and its people, and the fields and the old log-built houses
hollowed out by time

"I KNOW MY FOOTBALL PLAYER'S GONNA WIN,
'CAUSE I'M WEARIN' HIS KAPPA ALPHA PIN!"

The day is gray, sullen. Yet finally something to take the
time, a class. I'm at the back of the bus. All the faces are
down. I blend in. But a single face clashes. A girl I've
never seen before—tall, not really pretty, but she's nearly
smiling about something. Yet it's not a smile—that is, it's
not her lips. It's her eyes, something reflecting in them—
trees going by outside, the flickering light. You can tell
that she's singing a song to herself, or perhaps saying a
poem, or thinking of what someone did that was neces-
sary and when it was necessary. Something in the core of
her is tranquil, anchored. She looks at me, includes me in
it, tells me in the look that a day of necessity indeed will
come. The bus pulls up to the stop. She gets out, but I
keep her in sight through the window until I'm out of the
bus. I try to think of what to say to her when I reach her.
Of course there is nothing to say.

once again I wake into the silence before the sun

I met a monstrous mastodon,
with ten-foot spiral tusks;
He skewered my heart and passed it on—
which filled me with disgust.

* * *

"I am the dean." Spoke the Dean to me with his hand
upon my shoulder as I marched in circles upon the short
grass of Kilgo Quadrangle on the day of my first knowl-
edge of Duke. The Dean pointed off across the quad to a
small man, a dwarf no larger than a human leg, who
walked by leaping high into the air, who squealed high
screams at the apex of his flight, who bulged enormously
fat at the waist, who carried a banner larger than his
whole body which read "I am the dean."

"To your right," said the Dean as we circumambulated
the quadrangle, "is the Dean of Undergraduate Life." And
we walked on together. "To your left," said the Dean, "is
yet another dean."

He apparently expected a response. "Thank you sir, I
was curious. Tell me, sir, about registration." Let him

prattle, I thought, let him prattle. But when I looked up he had vanished. Where oh where do they go, those denizens of the shallow, I asked myself and giggled.

As I giggled I coughed, and I stopped my walk. "Where," I cried out, "is House N?" I asked a young lad who shrugged. I asked a young lad who reached for my crotch. I danced away and asked an older lad with a huge badge covering his chest reading "As Me You Too Soon." He replied kindly, a dry tear on his downy cheek, "Over there, come, I will allow you to see your new room. Come please. Come, come."

The tiny room, I wedged between several walls. Gasping for breath; darkness and dust. Two of everything save bookshelves. A shrunken boy crying near the closet. My roommate.

"Hi! I'm Randy Blair. I'm your Y Man. I'm a junior at Duke. I'm pre-med. I'm going to help you," said Randy Blair into my grail-like ear. I turned to face him, a tall blond Aryan with a drawl and three tufts of hair on his otherwise bald head. On his forehead were written the words 'Go Big Blue' and beneath the words were little tin buttons fastened between the skin and the skull. Three buttons, one yellow reading 'I hate the war,' and a red one reading 'I love poozy' and a black one bearing the inscription, "Me love beer." "I'm pledging Sigma Chi. I'm a junior, but I'm pledging late. I'm ready to answer any question you may ask. I'm going to help you all year. I'm going to help you meet girls." And he winked an eye exposing another tinier eye on his eyelid, and within that eye a tooth.

"Buddy Gummuh," I said, "Nice to meet you. Why don't you go away?"

"I'll help you answer that question, I'll answer any question you may ask. I'm going to help you meet girls."

"Why?"

"I'm a Y Man," and he winked the other eye exposing a transparent film within which I peered and saw a woman nailed by iron spikes to a huge rock with a crab eating at her private parts.

My roommate ceased his whimpering. I glanced at him and saw him pry open, with thick mealy fingers a facial boil. A tiny bird flew out and perched upon his left ear.

"Hi," said the bird, "I'm your roommate Roy, from Maine."

"I'll let you guys get acquainted. I'll be by later to see how you're making out. I'm a Y-Man. I'll answer any question you may ask," said the Y-Man, and dropping to his belly he crawled from the room.

The First Date

Randy Blair brought me a little card with an outline of the state of Virginia and the name Molly Peters, Addoms, "Why," I asked him, "Have you done this?"

"I have gotten you a date. I think you ought to go out."

"Where?"

"I will drive you and your date and Roy and his date and me and my date to the Ivy Room and to a movie."

"Oh."

At seven o'clock I called Molly Peters. "Do you want to go on a date?" I asked.

"Yes, I'd love to, what time shall I expect you?"

"What time? I don't care. Do you mean tonight?"

"Well, tonight I am afraid I have another engagement. But I'd love to go out with you on another occasion."

"Really?"

"Of course. I'd like to meet a lot of Duke guys."

"Why?"

"Where were you planning to go?"

"I don't know. They tell me to go to the Ivory Room and to a movie."

"That would be wonderful."

"Do you know what's playing?"

"No." She spoke, incidentally, in a Southern accent so faintly that I could barely hear.

"I'll be by at six tomorrow."

"I'll be expecting you."

And I hung up sweating. What incredible crap to ooze out of my mouth. Next night All Dressed Up in a Pin-stripe Coat and Grey Socks and a Tie with Red and White Stripes I went to Jarvis, Southgate and finally found Addoms. Went up to the nearest female, a beautiful brunette with long sleek hair, a perfect figure and a mole in the shape of a human hand on the underside of her left arm.

"Are you Molly?" I asked.

"Ask at the desk."

I went to the desk. "Where's Molly Peters?" One thing led to another and I waited around and she arrived. Absolutely nothing at all. Not what you'd call ugly which I'd half expected, or really pretty but drab. Slightly pudgy, reddish hair carefully combed and curled, carefully applied makeup a tad too thick, lipstick a shade too bright, packaged in a skirt a bit too long, stockings, girdles, and whatever else they wear. I suddenly realized it was time to leave, I'd done my bit, had my thrill. I didn't need her. "Hi, I said. "My name is Steve."

"Hi," she said, "My name is Molly. Where are you from?"

"The womb." The movie was **All the Sick Falcons** with George Miller. I told her so. She said some response or other. After The Date proper, the second section sandwiched between The Picking Up, and The Taking Back to the Dorm. Should I kiss her goodnight, I thought. I figured she was thinking something along the same lines. Quite the dilemma. Several alternatives. I try and get rebuffed leading to some uncontrollable psychological hassle; I try and succeed and get to go back to the dorm and read; I don't try and she spreads ghastly rumors about me; I don't try and go back to the dorm and read. Figured I'd try. I did. Results too horrible to mention.

"Why," I asked Roy, "Don't they stuff them? I mean why don't they stuff them. That's what they're for, I'm convinced of it. To look at."

"I'm gonna get one in bed," said Roy with a gleam in his eye. A toad fell from his lips.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have had some really good lays, you better believe it," quoth Randy. And we went back to the dorm and played cards until I felt I could sneak off and get stoned.

The Psychiatrist

Many moons passed and our hero, a handsome clever lad, felt certain things weighing upon him. To his Y-Man he said, "They're not going to let me into a fraternity."

"I thought you didn't want to go frat."

"That's irrelevant. Why won't they let me in a frat?"

"They probably will if you go through rush."

"Why should I go through rush?"

"To get in a frat."

"I don't want to get in. I just want the alternative should I develop a taste for crap."

"You really do want to get in but you're afraid to admit it."

"Are you kidding me?"

To his roommate he said, "Why won't they let me have a girl?"

"Why don't you go out and meet some?"

"I don't like them. I can't stand to babble with the fools for more than a second."

"Then what's your problem?"

"I want a girl."

"For what?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea."

To his professors he said, "What's wrong with that paper?"

"It's insufficient. Too much of you and not enough of your subject. Footnotes and bibliography are insufficient. You don't seem to have spent much time on it."

"I've been busy."

"You're going to have to discipline yourself."

"Why?"

"Don't you want a degree?"

"Why are you at Duke?"

"To keep out of the draft."

"Then you'd better knuckle down. Do some studying."

"Studying? I've read fifteen books in the past few weeks, mostly textbooks."

"You didn't read the text for this course."

"No. I don't read books for courses."

"Why not?"

"I'm not interested in the subject."

"Why did you sign up for the course?"

"It's a requirement."

"What are you interested in?"

"Subatomic physics, ecology, modern literature, urban studies."

"What are you going to major in?"

"Religion."

“Why?”

“I don’t understand it.”

“What will you do with it when you get out?”

“I don’t know.”

To the psychiatrist he said, “I’m really sick of all this crap. I mean this place is ridiculous, maybe I’ve got a superiority complex but I’ve had it with this penny-ante ‘learning experience.’ If somebody would spend about five dollars for a library card they’d get a better education than Duke because they’d not have their time wasted. I’m depressed all the time. Really, I’m worried about it. You can’t be depressed all the time.”

“Do you date much?”

“Occasionally. I’ve met a couple girls I like but they’ve been after upperclassmen. Most of the girls are awfully shallow.”

“Do you prefer girls or boys?”

“Sexually?”

“Yes.”

“Girls. I mean, it’s not a preference so much as that there isn’t any alternative.”

“Ever thought you were queer?”

“No. Couldn’t see any advantage to that at all.”

“When you think about the horrible queers do you think ‘How can they enjoy something so horrible and filthy,’ or ‘I wonder if it’s enjoyable to be homosexual?’”

“I don’t really worry about it much. If at all, I guess the latter.”

“You’re probably depressed because you’re queer.”

“Give me a break.”

“Do you masturbate more than three times a day?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

The Dean

I went in to see the Dean. He had me wait in the outer office. I read a magazine article about the war, but didn’t care. The Secretary reached over and handed me a bone. As I gnawed the dry bone I learned that five million Vietnamese had died. We were winning, apparently, but in the next paragraph the Commandant of Marines said we were losing. The bone splintered between my teeth and

blood spurted from my mouth. I dropped the bone and it bled on the floor. Senators urged withdrawal. I asked the secretary about the bone but she said I had to see the Dean. Other senators urged an increased war effort. The President was to speak tomorrow. He would probably propose a massive troop withdrawal. The magazine was two months old. Three troops had been withdrawn. Sgt. Mark Williams of Solom, Vermont, Lt. Billy Cathy of St. Joseph, Georgia, Sgt. John Johnson of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

The Dean asked me into his office. “Come into my office, sit down, Steve,” he said. He had my record in front of him. He wrote furiously as he spoke, he shook my hand before I took my seat, still writing furiously, he opened his left eye and a mouth fell out on the desk in a pool of thick white liquid. The mouth smiled, exposed a tooth. The Dean wrote furiously page after page. The tooth grew longer and longer. Finally it became about a foot long, quarter of an inch wide. The mouth, making a slurping sound in the liquid, frowned. The tooth burst into fragments. I ducked and escaped blindness. Picked fragments of tooth from my flesh. “What is it,” said the mouth.

“You asked me to come.”

“Oh, yes,” said the mouth, “I asked you to come.” There was utter silence for two or three minutes. “I asked him to come!!” said the mouth more forcefully.

The Dean stopped writing. “Oh yes, good to see you. How have you been doing. How are you. What I wanted to see you about is that you’ve not completed your language requirement.”

“Yeah.”

“You must complete it to graduate,” said the mouth on the desk, and the two lips gaped wide apart, finally split. Slithered about like serpents gathering up the tooth fragments by sucking them inside gaping mouths. I brushed off all visible fragments. Won’t have lip serpents all over me if I can help it. To no avail. Serpents came at me, I dashed away. The Dean wrote furiously. A few fragments fell from my clothing. I took my seat again.

“I’m not very interested in learning a language. I mean, not writing. I can read well enough in Russian.”

"Why did you take Russian?"

"Why not? I flunked German and Spanish in high school."

"You're going to have to work harder."

"I work ten times as much on the god-damned mother-fucking Russian as I do on anything else. Really. In fact, that is just about all the work I do. If you want to you can interpret as meaning I neglect my other studies considerably to work on Russian."

"You shouldn't do that."

"Good an excuse as any."

"What?" The Dean leaped up. A little girl, about eight years old, ran away squealing from under his posterior. Her ankle emitted strange rays which illuminated the Dean. He appeared suddenly old and fat with wrinkled sagging white skin, leprous sores covering his eyes, only one finger on each hand. The girl was grabbed by the ser-pents, enveloped, swallowed. They fought each other for the last fragments of the girl's flesh.

"Nothing sir."

"Well, I just wanted to let you know."

"I'll study harder."

At the Party

I picked up my date. Sally, so to speak. She drove me and Doug and Whitey to the dance. She has a car. I don't have a car. None of this is of interest to you.

At the dance thirteen screamers, carried onstage by teams of naked white eunuchs, performed. The eunuchs were proud animals and held their heads up with grandeur, beautiful creatures, Phi Beta Kappa, All American, Rhodes Scholars, Doctors of Medicine, Divinity, Law, with the webbed feet of mallards. The thirteen screamers, a soul group, were emaciated old men, nothing but black skin and bones, too weak to walk, carried in on stretchers. Their thin skin shook, rose, ballooned out and fell as they screamed. I could feel the hideous howling tingle my skin as it echoed and reverberated from the walls. We danced. Everybody danced, leaped about. I leaped about more than anybody, wondered if I was a better dancer than anybody, decided that I might as well consider myself a better dancer as not. Got rather pleased. They got

drunk. Fell down, threw up, pawed their females, females squealed and giggled. I asked Doug "If the particle-wave deal is a dimensional shift through time."

He answered, "Then intellectual true advancement is a shift implying a bidimensional nature of time. Through the fifth to the seventh by the sixth."

Sally smiled, Whitey sneered. The niggers came back on and screamed. We danced. The odious Krole came up and we went off to smoke. "Why are you so odious?" I asked the Krole.

"Do you think I'm odious?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. He knew I did, he knew I didn't care. He thought I was odious. We had a good time smoking. Whitey sneered and fell asleep. A eunuch came in with sequins glued to his face. "I have been elected to the Dean's list!" Doug asked him why.

The Learning Experience

Class starts on time. The professor opens his briefcase, takes out his manuscript, begins to read. I draw pictures in my notebook. Draw a picture of a bird with no beak breathed on by a hyperthyroidal old woman. Laugh. Professor looks up. Students quizzically look about. I smile sheepishly as they expect. * * *

there are no cars on watts street

in the early morning.

only neon streetlights

garish on an intersection

saying this is night and all is well

night and all,

well.

But I know from the way trees move their leaves

the way yellow lamplight bulges out

doorwindows

the way my bootsteps sound on the pavement

that there is no dimension of time here

to signify one hour late, one early—

one space night, one day.

Watts street serves as a good point of launch for a story about this town, it—the street—being the avenue of many wanderings of mine, during all seasons and several

hours. So that the visual images I have connected with the sidewalks are strong, and mixed in with moods of me and the days. Shadows and houses and leaves. Somehow eerie houses which have all known more glorious days, which used to cater to large, fat families, and which now house students, old ladies, cats and hippies.

Impressions come to me mostly from the eyes: scenes from out of certain windows, pictures of this room or that one, the ceiling as seen from the top back row of geology lecture. Among all images that of Watts street sticks as the most mysterious. Because it seems to have a past maybe. Oldness. Dated associations. When I was a freshman the upperclassmen informed us, with a proud maternalistic ring in their voices, not to walk to Sawyer and Moore (the combination drug-dime-hardware store always open at night and within walking distance and which had anything you needed) after seven or whenever it got dark 'cause then it was dark. haha, sly freshmen are wiser than jaded juniors and not afraid of the dark. So now, with the passage of time a few years, there remain few protective (of themselves or others) frightened Easterners behind that wall. So I've been told.

Red Chesterfield sign atop the tobacco factory is lit until past twelve every night. I know because I could see it from my window when I lived on Albermarle St. (right down from the Ivy Room, it runs for two blocks). Also from that window you can see what time it is on the electronic clock on the laundry sign on the opposite corner.

The lady who lives on the first corner of Albemarle in her white house, nursing her husband in his old age, says that those two blocks of the street used to be well kept up, but recently the neighborhood has been, well, she didn't want to say infiltrated, but anyway the two adjacent houses had been taken over by student hippie-types. You'd never seen the likes of those that came and went last summer. One colored boy even. They never had curtains on their windows and they would walk around at night without any clothes on.

She gave me the name of a brand of poison that works on roaches, but I never got around to trying it.

Alphonse was out walking that night, bored with everything else he had stored in his head or his past to

do, to complete, except walk. Besides, walking is good for the body. So he hops on the bus for a short ride over to his favorite walking place, the place where all good walks commence. Ten minutes of bus-wall graffiti, public service ads (nobody would pay to advertise in this rattle heap bus) before he gets ejected, willfully of course, now left to his saunterings. Pulling his hat down on his forehead and hunching over with his hands in his pockets he strides forward, hoping for an air of unaffected-looking sombreness.

After a few blocks he notices that there's not many people around, in fact, there's nobody around since they're all inside reading books and culture magazines. And since the buildings don't give much response, he decides to head on towards the populated, seamy districts. it's getting a little cold around the ears, but Alphonse doesn't dare go inside for fear of getting bored. The blocks are put all under feet (A's feet) and when he's passed through the slums he comes upon first a drug store and then a darkened lumber yard, which he proceeds to explore, climbing up the neatly-arranged piles of two-by-fours, three-by-eights, one-by-one-and-a-halves, three-quarter inch plywood, stacks of masonite until he slips into the box of scrap lumber. Old Al is having a good time now, and thinking why didn't he ever do this before. And thinking: now if I had a big crane and a bulldozer, I could really build something out of all of this lumber.

He sits down on a board and considers becoming an artist. But his ass gets cold just sitting there, so he decides to move on.

He had missed going into the drug store as he passed it, but he had noticed through the window that the girl selling magazines had winked at him as he went by (in his hunched sombreness) and now he decides to follow up on that beckoning. Once inside, he feels compelled to buy a magazine, so he does, and flips through it, reading only the pictures, while he orders a coke at the bar.

The girl through the glass turns out to be, upon close scrutiny, a queer.

Damn, mutters Alphonse. And this is nothing but a shit decrepid hole of a drug store. Dust on the porn mags.

Water in the coke.

But figuring nothing else better to do, he sits at the bar awhile, tapping his foot to a song that plays in his head. Half an hour passes.

Without his noticing it, from out of a corner booth a girl arises and moves up to the bar, sitting down next to Alphonse.

Hey, she says, I like that song you were playing and I think I recognize it. Is it "Mama I got dem ol' shoe blues right down to the holes in my soles"?

Why yes, that's it, replies Alphonse, although a little startled and confused.

You shouldn't look so surprised, you know.

Yeah well I've only been playing the song myself for a couple of months.

He was thinking of making some sort of suggestion when the girl asks him if he would like a smoke.

Sure, he says, where shall we go?

A friend of mine has a place a few blocks from here. It's upstairs and there's no problem getting in or out.

Great! enthuses A. thinking this night may be saved from the ordinary after all.

They walk along, going the opposite direction from the lumber yard, and down into some rows of houses and apartment buildings. Over four blocks and up one. Down an end alley and up a fire escape into the rear of this friend's place, the perfect hippie pad.

Joe, the guy who lives there, comes out to meet Alphonse, Joe looking just like a lumberjack, including the beard.

Yeah, sure, the stuff's in the bottom drawer. Make yourself at home, grunts Joe, and retires to the kitchen.

Now Alphonse searches the floor for matches, having lost his own from his pocket, and when he locates two packs, he and this chick light up a little. Someone puts Bob Dylan on the record player. Alphonse sits on the mattress on the floor and prepares to relax his mind. Watches the trees, and enjoys the haze which settles in from the light outside.

A little time passes, but then the record ends for the second time and Alphonse gets feeling a little uncomfortable cramped on the floor as he is.

He smiles a grateful smile and stretches himself up. To the girl he says: Thanks. This is a nice place here, but the wind chimes are driving me batty, I think I'll split.

Okay says the girl I'll come with you.

And it's a good thing she does, too, because when they reach the street and go a couple of blocks, they notice that all the dogs in the neighborhood are barking at them. At Alphonse particularly, at the girl because she is with him.

Now Alphonse, he panics, because although there aren't too many dogs among apartment houses, every single one that is, is snarling at him. And all he can do is run.

So, clutching each other, they run until they find the lighted hall of one of the apartments to turn into. Warm and safe at last, they sit, holding each other.

I guess this just shows that people need people, says Alphonse to the girl. She agrees, and they stay there until the girl says that it's about time for her to go. She lives upstairs in the apartment house, and kissing him on the forehead, she turns and disappears up the stairs.

Alphonse ventures out into the sidewalk again, now feeling calm and leisurely. But his reverie is broken by a voice behind him which yells:

That's him, that's the one, get him.

He turns to see behind him a stocky man madly flailing his arms, huffing and puffing and gaining up on Alphonse in short but hurried strides, all the time shrieking:

He's the one I saw in the lumber yard with that crane, moving the lumber around into shapes from their piles. He's the one, get him!

Alphonse, he just takes off down a side street.

* * *

Letters from College: A Continuing Series:

I do know it's been a long time.

Because I can hardly recognize my freshman and sophomore years, or believe that they happened at Duke. Of course I was middle class then. By now I have been defined out of existence at least five times: because it seems I'm either imposing my middle class standards or else futilely denying my middle class standards. I never used to

see myself in these terms. Maybe I still don't . . . but now when I say, "Pass the salt," I find myself wondering what was my **real** motivation. Beware of creeping value systems, for to have one is to impose one. Forgive us for knots and angles, grant us the power to live in the energy of chaos and be not swept away. And now I've been found out. For when the cat came flying through the missing window pane, landed on my collar bone, and then fell onto the couch, to lay there, still unmoving in its own amazement, I was certainly surprised, and yes, angry. Later the little girl herself came through the window, and I heard the glass break.

I wished her cut had been more dramatic to inspire her for next time. She was sprawled halfway through, and do you know, she was still laughing, though her eyes flinched when you tried to clear the beginning blood. The girls and the boy outside laughed and fled, returned momentarily, hovered and milled, immediately scatterable in case of my emergence. Well, not even that. In case of her pain, which they would not share. She had to face it alone, and did.

I heard the glass break. Yet how can I say: Stay away from the window, for that is what happens?

In the sound of the train whistles and under the shadows of the old and crooked Tennessee Williams trees, next to sagging cars that have stood in the sideyard all year, down the street, up the block, if they should hold knives to each other's skin, what right have I to say, No, not knives! the way I should want to say it, fast and quick like a pain, or a shot, or a shock. When I don't even know where those knives came from. Or what there would be instead of knives.

For how shall I justify my values?
Without pain, there is no life, and without daring, what are we but determinists and fatalists?

How can I say: I will come to mop the blood, pick out the particles of glass, stand between you on the shadowed pavement, only don't do it next time, or cut too deep, or hurt the cat, ok? Huh?

Promise.

And yet, I couldn't help it. I heard the glass break. The cat was still and shaking. The trains wrapped me in their

sound. And they had found me out then: revealed: imposing value systems: **structure**.

Because:

when I was running down the grassy slope, holding his hand, in the best season of all (autumn) I wanted to know: **will** this happen again? Soon? assuming that he always had it in his power to give it to me, and always experienced it, with or without me, as he had chosen the case to be. So, **will** this happen again? was a distinct, answerable question, and could be directed at a man with answers (him) who was ahead and pulling me in the slippery grass. To know Yes put me less a guest there, in what was certainly his owned happiness, since I knew it only at moments like this, and doubted I had created any part of it. (On reflection, I know this to be untrue, shut up, shut up, no reassurances necessary now; I have, of course, already passed through the stage when I arrived home late, said: I want security, loudly, and crawled under my roommate's bed, where it was small and dark—tomb/womb. I'm an English major—on front of four other freshmen, who would be suitably impressed with my insanity, hopefully, and offer condolences to induce me to be reborn into the room. It was dusty.) Then I could forget about losing it and have it. That's structure. That's structure.

The promise of recurrence.

If you think happiness is partly your own, if you don't picture it always existing in a circle which you can only rarely or sometimes or even often enter, which will go on existing circularly without you, if you think it is in you and not around you or outside you, well, then you can take it where you find it and as it comes. Or goes. But if you don't think this, you take it where you find it, and you don't want to put it down, even after it has drained from your hold, leaving you standing knee deep in water gone cold and slapping, with nothing in your hands but cramps and sticky salt. The ocean no longer wild and free, but damp, and you cry, which is, of course, another mistake.

A lie.

To cry, "I'm lost!" and be truly lost is a luxury and maybe a miracle. For who is ever really lost? Pity yes but

a real ending is never more than a mistake and come on, you know you can stand more, and I know I can (although I can't) so tears are dishonest. Someday I will even have to give up writing, because that is nothing more than crying through your characters. Finally, in freshman English, I decided I had the right to kill someone (fictional), thereby granting the poor lost and surviving girlfriend a legitimate reason for grief. I had to sacrifice Bruce, dashed helmetless on a curb, flung from a borrowed motorcycle, on his way to pick up beer somewhere in New York City: I hope the tears thus produced were worth it all, but they were probably selfish ones after all, cried by a girl, not entirely fictional, who had lost the boy who had created her as nearly real. No more reality now.

When I was a freshman I went to the freshman dance. The Hotnuts were there. But it was all right, because I couldn't understand them. My date said: Couldn't you sit on my lap and we could be a **little** bit intimate? I said: No. (The gym was **brilliantly** lit.)

Later I went to a fraternity party with a boy in my Spanish 64 class. It was spring. I was wearing shorts (that could only be dry cleaned) and no shoes (my sandals had just broken). (Besides, it helped add to my free spirit self-image, which badly needed bolstering.) I did not know anybody at the party except my date. We were practiced at laughing together, and I knew that was ok, but I was afraid. Everybody was drunk and singing old Polish folk songs that one of the brothers had learned in a bar where they passed our mimeographed sheets for use in singing around the player piano. During the band's intermission, the brothers went on stage and banged the cymbals and banged on the drums and made ugly sounds on the electric guitars. The girl to my left kept leaning over my lap, drunkenly calling my date's name, waving her fingers in front of my face in his direction, and spilling her drink on my legs, barely missing my shorts (which could only be dry cleaned).

Finally I said: Will you please quit that?

And when my date put a cigarette in his mouth to light it, I reached over, pulled it out of his mouth, and threw it over my left shoulder.

He said: I take it you don't want me to smoke.

We laughed.

I didn't care if he smoked, but I needed something to throw over my left shoulder.

I cannot touch these things now, except cinematically. And enviously. It used to work. I remember the tiled dormitory floors. Could always tell which half of the room was mine: the clothes on the floor were mine, the books weren't. Put the desk on the dresser to gain more room. Broke the mirrors. Dope shop views, and no Venetian blinds but shades that went flaaaap-flap-flap and radiators that clang in the darkness and alarm clocks that melt on the clanging radiators. But I do know it's been a long time, yet I can't believe that I'm about to leave, really, leave, really, leave. It's structure again.

I remember how real those days were, but now, hearing bus conversations, I don't recognize the words, they belong to a different species, and I cannot believe in the reality of these joys and pains. I can fit the smiles and sobs of present students into a structure: this too shall pass, yes I did that and then lived on, yes . . .

but my own smiles and sobs, remembered, are still real, chaotic, and seem to me to have happened on their own, separately existing apart from me and my history: they too have passed, but that does not negate their being, as it does with others. This is my fault, this difference between outside and inside, seeing (others) and feeling: no wonder our parents do not take us seriously. Our pains are old to them, and unresolved, have died. How could they bear to see ours resolve, to admit that they are real, and should have lived instead?

I have freed myself only to be drowned in recurrence of experience. I need a moment which not be moved. I need a moment which will die when it should die. I do not need to be swamped by past voices and times, so that I cannot see what is happening to me now as real, but as already passing, past, gone. I remember all I have known and remember it was real and gone, and thus I recognize that all reality is temporal, swift and sly footed, and mournable. Cannot partake at all. Drink, eat, this is my body, this is my blood. You mean: Drank, ate, this was my body, this was my blood, and will be, and will be.

Again and again. I am drinking, eating, the past, the future, and I am past and future. I cannot give except potentially and once before.

What I need now is some bread and some wine, so I can be filled and washed and left flying. Essence of existence. Earth. Earth. (To stand on)

And wine that remembers grape vines and stamping, and bread that remembers wind in wheat fields and tastes so.

No flesh and blood, just flesh and blood, please, flavored with beauty and (released) downhill to joy.

For it is downhill to joy, but uphill to learn this.

(And yet, I cannot feel my breaths except as progressions, breath to breath. I breathe that I may live (that I may breathe again) and not that I may feel the air in my lungs.)

Expanding.

Now.

* * *

The demon sat at a typewriter in the office, typing out the events of the next day. He assumed a look of more-worried-than-usual concern as I stepped in.

"I worry for you. You've been with your horrid friends again, with Lewis or Burke."

I told him it was even worse.

"Worse?" The black eyes, like little Orphan Annies, only black, opened wider, hitting at the depth of the abyss.

Newman, the cardinal, I told him, and Jacques Maritain.

The eyes narrowed and his whole form shrank, slightly but noticeably before me, his clothes hanging a little more loosely than ever. But as my honest, modest triumph puffed itself up into autonomous self-esteem, he swelled again, and flushed even in this rag-tag little victory, damn his weapons.

"Dope Shop?" he invited.

I refused. He sauntered out, but only his form disappeared. He hung in the back of my mind, while I scrambled through the desk for some yellow paper. Other typewriters chattered news and opinion. I mulled my last topic and began.

"Too much of what passed for education at Duke (and elsewhere) is simply the rejecting of one provincialism and accepting another in its place. The first-held provincialism, bad as it is, is replaced by one worse—a provincialism hard-won, and condescending in the innocent belief that narrowness of view has been abandoned. Children of the age knowingly become children of the hour.

"A good line, McCullough—and one of your last you say? I admit it is really humorous to see some sucker find some faults in his old, pre-college outlook and then swap that in for a new coffin, like economic determinism. Your last column?"

Yes. After this it is Divinity School.

"Your very last column?"

I ignored him and went on.

"It is not just that the student gets a smattering of this and that, nor even that he only has four years here. Nor is this school to be blamed more than others, for the problem is practically axiomatic in our society."

"The 'student' eh? And who might that be?"

These columns don't spring from nothing.

"The problem is fragmentation. The result is atomized education and a bewildered student, eager to latch on to something that will show that the world makes sense. There is no given core to organize knowledge or life around, so patent theories like economic determinism are snatched up."

"Nicely said! Part of our Multiple Approach. By breaking the Truth into mutually jealous academic disciplines and subordinating none of them as they properly should be, we easily get them to usurp their rightful bounds, and each claims to have found the key to man. Even better, no matter what bit of truth our patient decides upon, he is put in the position of seeing himself as 'decider of Truth'. Our opportunities are then great, as you know."

I know.

"It's really good, your way with words. They'll miss you as a spokesman."

I hope not.

"Hope not! You loved it! Conservative-in-residence, voice of sanity, and all."

Loved it far too much.

“For about sixteen centuries the core around which other means of arriving at aspects of the truth arranged themselves was theology. It is symptomatic of our situation that today a student can go through college and get no theology at all. Even the old, forced rubbing-of-noses with the Bible has been dropped.”

“Your writing got you better things—the editorship (with chance, too), Red Friars; it’s a way up for you.”

Yes, it is. I enjoyed it too, honors and recognition, good times and good friends. I’ll always keep the last.

“As economics rose and called man an economic entity, or psychology manacled him to sex, theology fell by the wayside.”

“Why deny your talents? Why deny yourself the fruits of your labors?”

My work has been cheap compared to the danger.

“And others? You will hide amongst the books while you might be helping others?”

What profieth a man if he gain the whole world . . . and I shall continue to help but by teaching.

“Of course, it is not theology that has fallen by the wayside, but ourselves. For God remains the center of our lives, our intellectual ones too, whether we choose to recognize it or not.”

“It would be sad if you turned your back on a useful and good life this way.”

Sad? The only sadness is not to be a saint.

“Leon Bloy you quote! What pride! The goal of sainthood! While others fight it out in the press and politics, you shall be trying to be a saint from your heights of wisdom.”

I have learned some of my weaknesses. The spotlight I liked so well helps you kill me. And this way a chance for Love, Love I cannot follow while running after deadlines. So. My last column. God help me in my pride.

“This is not finished.”

No.

“Anything but theology, and God at the center of that, will lead to pride. With pride all things are stannically possible, but most of all despair. The despair that is the icy life-blood of the existential leap, the despair that causes men to sell their souls to political regimes, to other men,

to ‘popular opinion’. The world is full of darkness; please, lead kindly Light . . .”

* * *

I was standing in line at the supermarket. The check-out girl at the next counter went to the front window to get a sack of charcoal for an old lady. When she leaned over to pull out the bag, she knocked a can of motor oil off the shelf above her and it fell and hit her on the head. There must have been twenty people at the front and they all turned to watch. The girl was leaning over the charcoal and crying softly. The fellow checking out at the first counter where I was went over to see if she was all right. He asked her something and she nodded. No one touched her. The people were quiet and watched her until she disappeared from sight into the office next to the counter. The old lady at the next counter said, “I asked her to get me a sack of charcoal and a can fell over and hit her in the head.”

The fellow from the first counter followed the girl into the office. He turned on the market intercom and said, “Paul, come to the front, please.”

When I got home I got the bag of groceries in one arm and reached around to the back seat of the car and grabbed my rifle. I was wearing a pair of sunglasses and when I walked thru the front door, Drew looked up from the sofa and cracked up. I stopped and watched him laughing. “What’s so funny?” I asked. I walked into the next room and Drew called out, “You should have seen yourself in those sunglasses with that shotgun.”

I laid the rifle on the dining room table and went into the kitchen and put the groceries on the kitchen table and walked back into the front room.

“Where did you go?” asked Drew.

“Oh, I went out to Johnson Mill Road,” I said. “There’s a dirt road and then a bridge and then there’s a fork of the Eno that runs through there. I just hiked around. Nobody around for miles.”

“Sounds nice.”

“There’s a monastery out there, too.”

No one said anything for about five minutes. I looked at the floor and then out the window and up at the ceiling

and then back at the floor. Then my eyes sort of went out of focus and we just sat there for a while.

“Do you work today, Rock?” asked Drew. Rock was sitting on the sofa there next to Drew. He was so quiet you wouldn’t even know he was there.

“Yeah,” said Rock.

“What time?”

“Four.”

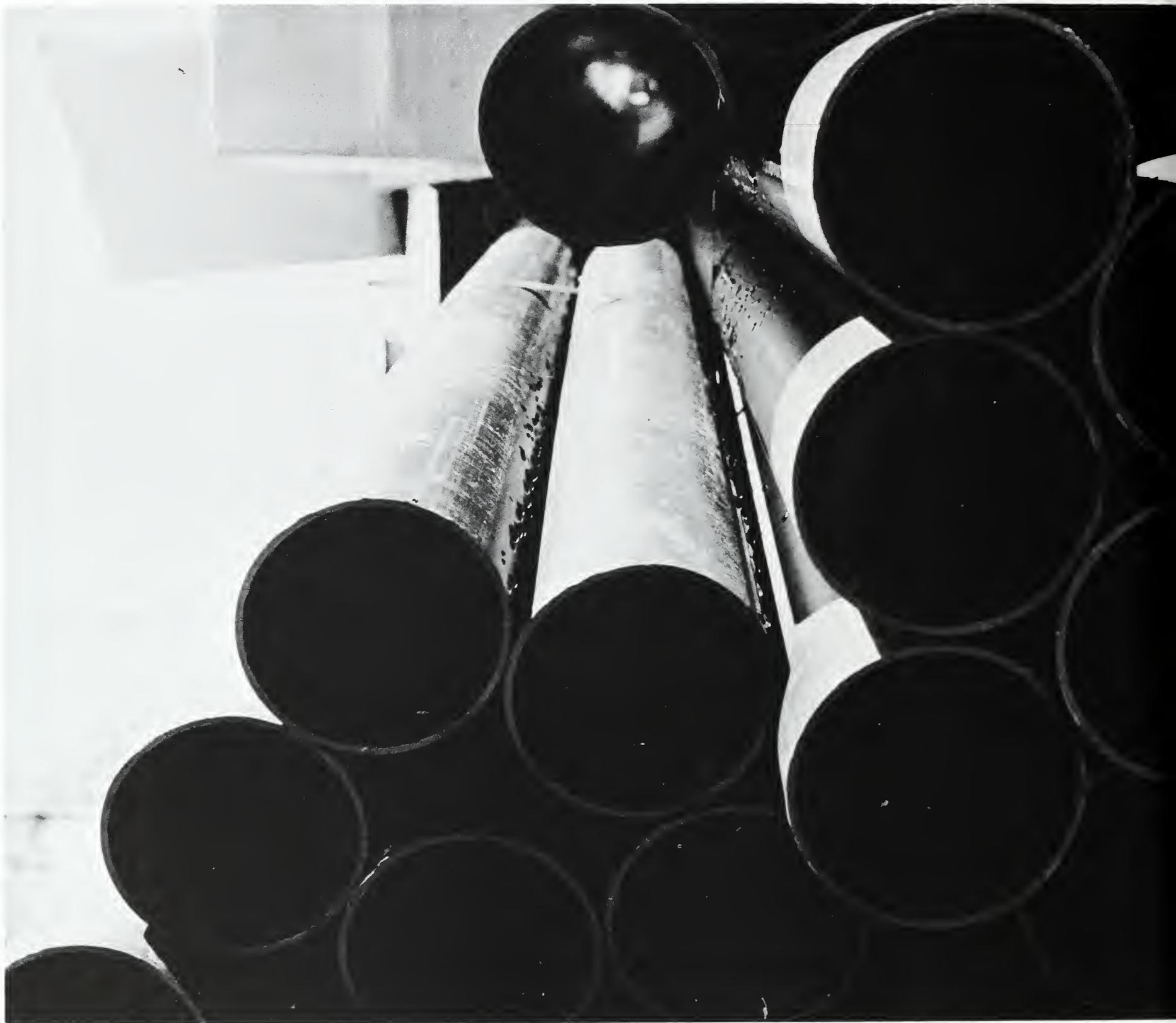
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sheep
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SANGRIA

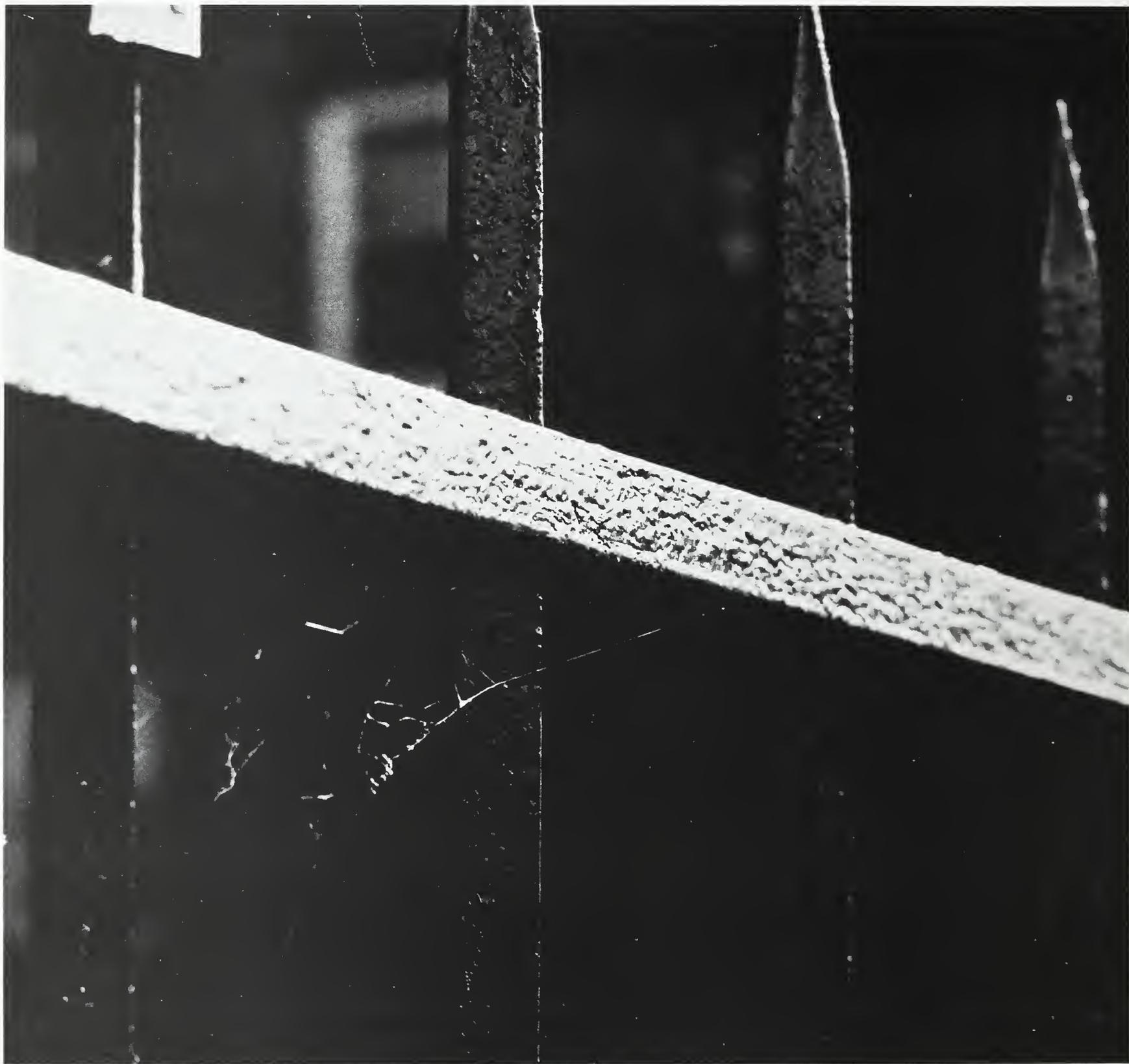




BONWIT
TELLER

BONWIT
TELLER





Letter from the Magoid Man

March 6, 1968

Dear Xavier,

It doesn't matter what is done to you. No matter what it is as long as you receive it, as long as it reaches you then it has succeeded. It could be the most pleasurable thing we could do to you or it could be the most painful. Its methods are dictated by you, for you, and unknowingly by your sanction. You have desired its occurrence since the day you were born, but it was only as you grew older that you desired its result. You sent a message demanding its result and it was only then when we heard you. We never hear pleas for methods.

When you understand this you will have no more need of our game. Your purpose will have been fulfilled. You will no longer make judgments on the fundamentals. You will no longer question who we are.

Many people would be laughing if you continued to play the detective. How can you find out what you already know?

Yours in exile,
Ed

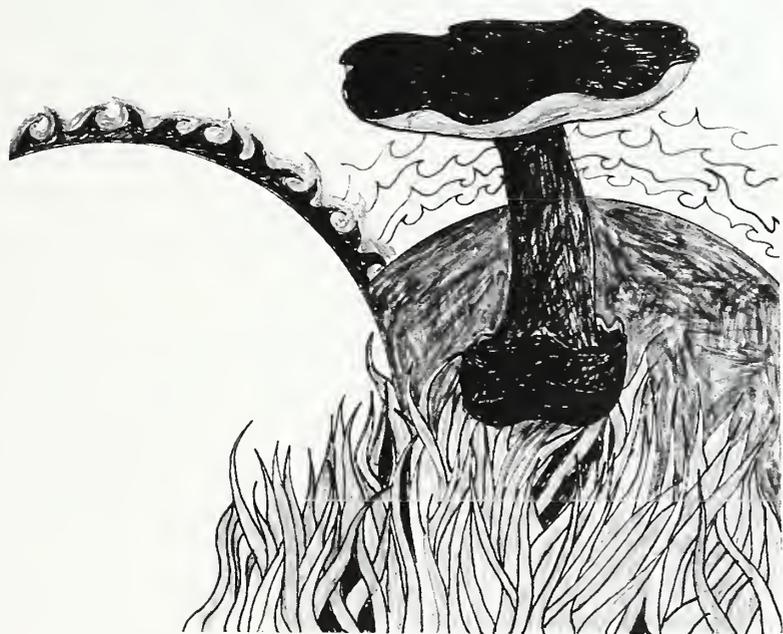
Case 23—Dr. Benway

got up and heard the bells tollin'. some black howling rage thundered; the veins popped up and screamed. mouth like boot leather. I crawled over to where my pants were hanging on a nail, pulled out my belt and whipped myself with the heavy buckle. sharp silver, bare flesh. just to wake up and taste the day. when my back was blood and shreds, I tightened the belt like a noose over my bicep and jammed the spike in, smiled my last smile of the day and relaxed in a pool of morning water . . .

buzzing, I walked across the quad, feeling no pain. people stared at my brillo pad hair flying in the breeze; my flag shirt was ripped; purple lips, gnarled heaps of skin graying at the edges, quivering, teeth clinking, nose flared open, eyes bulging like erupted plasma. impulsively, I felt for my pulse but couldn't find it. I reached into my shirt, feeling for the heart beat. Goddam if I could find it. my face turned red. the left side, you idiot! ah, yes . . . ha! I had fooled myself again. I saw marie sitting in the grass under a tree. her ratty hair was beautiful in the sunlight. I walked up to her and watched her rotting teeth break out behind the blistered lips. her old tattered army jacket draped over her trembling body. she gave off a faint odor of moldy bread and her breath was like curdled milk. her hand went up to my beard and she began stroking the bristly hairs. want a hit? I asked. she grinned. boy, did we like smack.

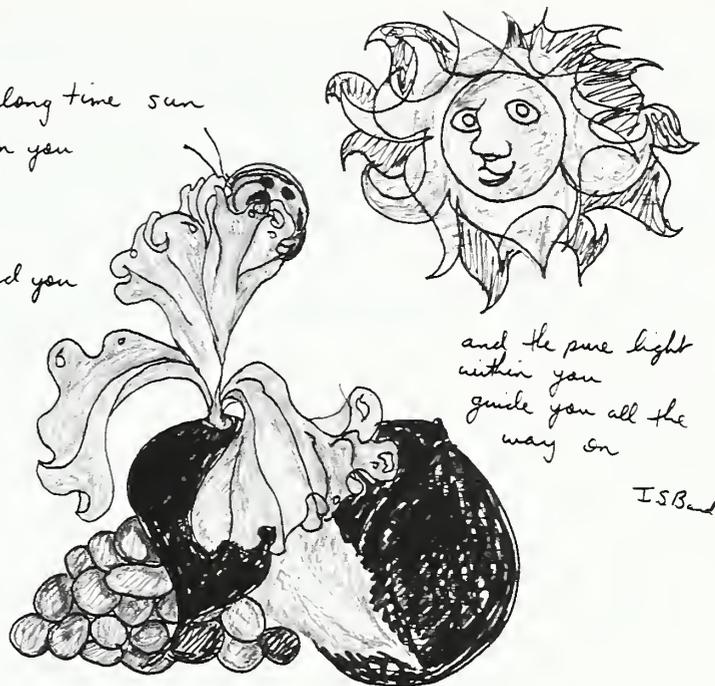


All these things i see!
Is all this in me?



May the long time sun
shine upon you

all love
surround you



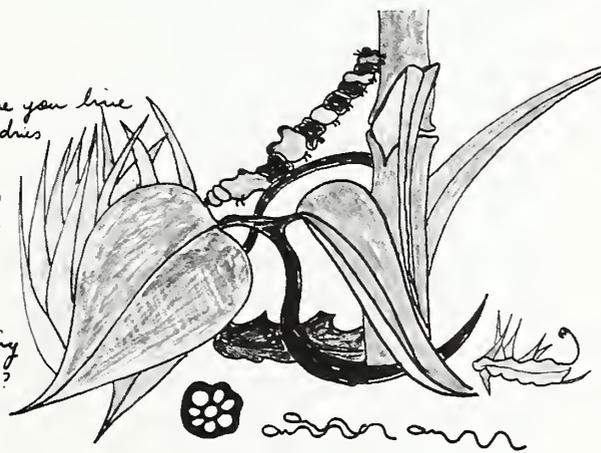
and the pure light
within you
guide you all the
way on

ISB and

illustrations help explain the text.
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But is it cold and rainy where you live
Do you study while your laundry dries
Do you ride your motorcycle
in liquid air and leaden skies
and collect chills in your long
bones and get your nose red
and your knees knobby?

Do you keep warm by standing
hands spread over a radiator?
Or any other tragedies?



Even on the rankest floor of the darkest jungle
the important jobs are left to the cells.
Even Nature mistrusts intelligence.



I don't even know the date of today . . . a fitting way to begin a tale.

As a student of Hyberian folklore, I have discovered that Mort was right in assuming that friendliness is dead.

The cars that pass leaving their crimson streaks ask only my approval. I can't grant life.

The freeway passes near my house. I sometimes wonder if having a destination is better than my aimless wondering. Will they ever find an end? Will I ever find a beginning?

It isn't the exams that are killing me. Maybe it's the cold January night. The buildings; frames of bleakness, call me to explore their catacombs, but I won't let myself be distracted. East finds me grazing its pastures, searching for my other half. They say it's here. I see only barns and empty silos. The creatures venture out towards the train. Marakesh express, you know? They'll be trapped as a result of their curiosity. I pity them, but still they frighten me. Their cold skin has no end. Once I caught one of them and pierced it with a knife to see. It was hard to cut. Under the thick tough skin was nothing. Before I had finished, it cut me. I bled.

Still, I keep searching for one that bleeds. But I feel unable to keep up the game. For the rule has been—'each time I pierce one of these creatures, I am wounded', and I bleed. I can find no nourishment to replace my lost life substance. Cuts, bleeding, bleeding cuts, I am dying.

It seems my only way to survive is to toughen my skin. I too should be able to take stabs without dying. But I can't. My spirit is too broken to rebuild. But wouldn't the structure be beautiful? Functional, sturdy, strong, yea all of this, but how could I become an image of this Gothic bleakness?

I can't find strength. My blood dripping is absorbed by the worn limestone; swallowed up to keep the traces of me hidden. They say they want to help me. Some even say they want to love me. They can not tolerate me.

- 1.
- 2.
3. "Gain Nothing"

"I must have more discipline"

My resolutions for the day. They give me a reason for

getting out of bed one more time. By noon, having skipped class to walk through the gardens, I despair over my loss of discipline. I can't seem to understand.

Just last night I thought I would be able to make it. Don told me to ignore the bullshit. "You can get what you want, even with everyone trying to stop you—if you really want it". But Don, I don't even know what I want—not really. They tell me what I want, but I can't believe that whiter teeth will help.

I am thinking, you know. I have taken many searches to their end, and I am anxious for more. But now I see the answers before the search begins.

Should I go back out into the dew? They say that it is messy. It may help my depression.

After writing this far, I find that it helps. I can see my thoughts and classify them. Maybe they won't haunt me so now. I must keep writing. If I let these thoughts ricochet around in my brain, they will become confused again. I must discover why I have been unable to keep awake lately. I have been sleeping about eighteen hours a day for the past two weeks. It could be completely physiological, mono, or low blood count, but I am feeling well. However, my mental state has been "unhealthy." The answer I have found, is that I just can't find a reason to get out of bed. It may be somewhat deeper than this, but this answer is accurate enough.

I am in the dope shop on East. I tell myself that it is a good atmosphere in which to write—quiet, warm sounds of the cash register totalling effort lost, and an inexhaustible supply of coffee and cigarettes. But I wonder why I came here in the first place. Do I really want to keep looking for these bloodless creatures? I remember how I pretended to faint during elementary school basketball practice. I wasn't able to outplay Steven Epperly and I wanted an excuse—and sympathy. I often find myself still wanting to faint. People just don't seem to care, but this is no new discovery. I have my defenses now. I don't need their sympathy or anything they have. I don't even think that I could receive or return it if it were offered.

And love. That beaten, nonexistent fantasy. Why do they even speak of it? I can't fathom their realities where they say it exists. I think that it will never be.

“Ramble on.”

How I would love to. I would have to take my mind, though. My mind which causes me constant anguish. I have so goddamned much potential. (“After all, you were accepted at Duke.”) Where can I place all of this untapped energy? The universe will go on without it. Should I expend my energy to save all those abstract peoples, so that they will be able to kill each other? Dori says that I need something to interest me—something to make this time, being a captive of existence, bearable. Fulfillment. Kierkegaard tells me that I need faith. Maybe I do. There has to be a way out of this absurdity. Some truth—any truth. Can I sit under the tree and await my enlightenment? Can I live?

Maybe has become the most meaningful word to me. It expresses so well the arbitrariness of it all. I have no truth or meaning for a foundation and I have no hope of finding any. Why must I suffer so? The victim of circumstance—of situation, of motion.

Metaphysical despair . . . yes, I’ve reached it. But somehow I can’t find the games or roles that others find to help me forget. I may never find one. And I can’t say that I want to find a game. The professor who told me I wasn’t a student and therefore was gaining nothing, has his game. His game used to intrigue me. He has used his vast intelligence to create an intricately complex game that no doubt distracts his attention from all the bullshit and absurdity. But while I was talking to him in his well appointed office, I found that he was not a person. We couldn’t communicate. His game was so extensive that it crowded out and covered up the person. I don’t even think that there is a human left under the board. Another creature. I can not be one.

So what are my alternatives? They are as infinite as my mind, but they all lead in the same direction. I could stay in my state of despair, but life would be torturous. That leaves death—and the unknown. But even as rational as death seems, I can’t bring myself to face it. I won’t try to reach it again. My only reason can be tomorrow. Being a Pisces, I am supposed to rely on hope. But hope only brings frustration.

Tomorrow never comes and I have only Now in which

to exist. All of my infinite Nows have been the same. I guess that I am afraid that the Nows of death will be that same.

Why do they lie so with their eyes? Those creatures of which I have spoken. They ask me to try them. They say that they feel as I do. But I can’t risk more loss of blood. I am so near dying now.

The systems which surround me are like a three dimensional maze. If only I could find the other dimension so that I might transcend it.

The only absolute truths are untruths. I can’t live within a negative system.

My mind and spirit are weary. I must stop.

* * *

Back into the falling dew.

The Realists are behind it all. This is not fun and games any more. There are those who would smile and say, “Boys will be boys”. These are as dangerous as the Realists themselves, who may actually be hardened thugs supported by subversive bringdowns that seek to rob us of our stuff. As I leave The Monastery, these are my thoughts. They carry much significance with them.

There is a profound sorrow I feel at leaving; the stuff will be up to me to get once again, but then I have been duly prepared. I can get anything anywhere and can boast a knowledge of where every vein in my body surfaces. I have the tracks to prove it. I know junk and I know the hustle, that much I can say. I have been zonked almost as much as possible—and my mind deals only in abstractions. Of this I am proud and for this I am grateful. As I sit here this morning on the john in the first floor of the Bio-Sci building, I am compelled to look back. As the vein bulges truly to meet that which I have made into a liquid present for it, I do look back. Ah, the tracks could spell words! “Today”, would not be one. “Rachel” would, but she shall never know of it. Still, she is in memory, before she came down, as beautiful and as much to thank as this band and this candle. To have her with me now, I would use the dropper method, anything for the girl of my past.

We met as she rose on my shoulder, dropped on my

shoulder, that last year of the Hard High School in the city. Hildegard, Arby and Gladys, all true, were with me. We found a spot; a perfectly old tenement condemned three months before. It was in that winter, when the streets are corridors for the lost to wander in and grope blindly for that which went along with the names, but since have fallen like the smog. Clear winter, I remember, the City was a crossing of train tunnels where you waited for a mainliner to catch you like a mail hook or pound and grind you under so your doped blood would freeze. Gladys brought Rachel, they sang nursery rhymes together and held hands, trembling. We passed between us what was left of the wine. I can't remember the street number of the place, but it was there, enclosed and visionary like a dream. Inside the tenement it was colder but windless. Arby built a fire in the toilet while Hildegard, who was holding, told a story of fairies and frogs that lived in a deep bright hole; all this to warm us. We huddled about the fire Arby built with the wallpaper and boards he broke out of a bureau full of bills. We lit the bills first; they are a bringdown, then used those flames to light the paper and wooden drawers. It was a beautiful fire, we all agreed. Hildegard cooked in a porcelain soap dish, holding it over the toilet fire. Rachel was last because it was her first; she took it in the shoulder and was far behind us. Years later, that night, she caught me. Her arm was warm against mine; she had not rolled down the sleeve. We were together.

I don't know how we made it through that winter, I don't. Everything came so close then. I was a sloppy hustler, but Rachel could melt a pimp in five minutes with her face. I did mailboxes to even things up a bit. Somehow, we made it through, mixing with speed and drinking Cokes and Orange Juliuses. Sometimes somebody would leave the pickle or potato chips on their plate . . .

By spring, I thought we were solid together. There were signs that said we were. Oh, but it was an easy spring. Outsider fools in the park for Rachel and fat mailboxes full with tax returns made it easy for us, almost fat.

It was then, in the middle of the best, that everything began to fall apart. That was my closest brush with all the grotesque imagery we burn today and that the Real-

ists cling to.

They weren't called Realists then, only weirdos, dirties or creeps. They were there, though. I suppose they have always been. They are a remnant of the middle ages. Well, Rachel met one of them in the park. She fell in love with ideas there.

I didn't know what happened; I figured she had left me; I didn't see her for a week. Turns out, the guy locked her in a hotel room and busted her. When she came back, she told me about it.

I don't know whether it was because it all was so hard without her, or because this old lady had burnt my cheek with a tear gas pen that afternoon, but Rachel persuaded me to try and break myself. She had a way of making anything sound good.

We found a room, said some sentimental things to each other (she said to remember when I screamed and she didn't answer, that she was doing it for 'both of us') and she locked me in. The second that door latch clicked, I knew it was a mistake. I did scream. She didn't answer. This took two days; days that I can't remember the pain of but know were hell. It did break me.

We moved uptown with others like us; questioners, malcontents, rebels and degenerates on a mission to change the world. It was the worst of unknowing horrors to be one of these, let alone to live amongst them. I was relieved when the police caught me. In the cell, I returned easily. It was all rich again, and I saw the supreme foolishness of my mistake. The police set me up again on the street with some of the best stuff I have ever shot, so good you almost want to go through it all to get some more like it. All my hungers were over. To top all this, that week I got the letter from the Supreme Committee of Unexcelled Perma-ups at The Monastery. It was a letter of unconditional acceptance. There would never be a need again, certainly not during the four years of my tenure. They would teach me the best hustles there. I was in.

You can imagine my surprise to find that not only were there Realists at the monastery, but that they were grudgingly accepted. I suppose there must always be temptation, but I cannot understand how such hateful people can be tolerated. Perhaps this won't last much longer.

The world would be safer.

* * *

Once upon a time, (for as all true stories begin, I too must begin this one) there was a sugar bear. Now the sugar bear, who's name was Sugar Bear, lived in a very far away place. Now, generally speaking, you would know a sugar bear when you saw one, because a sugar bear is, well, sweet. Especially when he is kissing cause then (I have been told) it tastes like an ice cream cone, or warm honey, or just anything you could think of. Well, it seems that this sugar bear was soooo sweet that everybody wanted a little bit of him (or at least one small lick). Of course some people tried to make him into their favorite kind of candy (usually licorice) but really, Sugar Bear was just an all around sweetie. I mean he had his bad places, but on the whole, Sugar Bear did his best to give everyone who wanted it a little bit of himself without getting spread too thin. You know what I mean, don't you?

Sugar Bear lived, and grew up, in a very large forest with big big trees and tiny tiny slivers of sunlight. He liked the forest in which he roamed because its cool shade and his furry coat went well together. He liked to play with the other animals in the forest, although some of them were different from him and some even had short hair, but he played with them anyway. (In nature, boys and girls, there are occasions for some very weird combinations of playmates). But most of all, Sugar Bear liked being free in his forest. He could eat anything he wanted, except his playmates; he could play and work whenever he wanted, he could even sleep all day long. In fact, he usually slept all winter long.

Now Sugar Bear liked some things about the world outside his forest too, but as I have said, he liked the shade and the trees and the cool grass best. But as he grew older, he had to go to school in the outside world. The outside world, as Sugar Bear soon found out, was not a cool place like his forest. He could not romp at will. In fact, some people tried to boss Sugar Bear around (now boys and girls Sugar Bears don't like being bossed around, do you?). He tried to get other animals to play with him in the cool shade but most of them were too

busy grubbing around in the grades to be cool and playful. They were very serious people indeed. Now Sugar Bear thought to himself, "Why don't these people learn to play. It is sad that they have grown old so fast. Why can't they see, hear and feel like me?" He came to the conclusion that maybe it was all the light that they had been exposed to in their "Wonder Years", and that now they were just like blank, over-exposed pieces of photographic paper. Too bad. He tried to tell them how nice it would be if they would be nice; how everyone in the woods would be nice to them, how cool and shady it was under the trees, but they couldn't hear him (he hoped). Well, at any rate Sugar Bear was sad, to say the least. He looked and looked for people to play with. He looked a lot like a bumble bee buzzing from flower to flower, searching for some honey to nourish him. But, sadly enough, all the flowers, instead of giving him honey, took it from him, and soon Sugar Bear was faced with a dilemma.

"What do I do?" asked Sugar Bear of his friend, Horace the Harp, in a well metered blues line, over a bottle of Gallo. Horace the Harp referred him to the Magician.

"Oh oh! Mr. Magician please help me," cried Sugar Bear deep in his heart; and the Magician smiled and mumbled, but not really. And Sugar Bear was left with his friends Horace the Harp, the Magician, and other animals.

So he thought to himself, "Since time is getting so very short, why not make a home here with my friends? We can live as our hearts want to live, and maybe even plant our own forest and build a huge home."

"Oh oh!" everyone shrieked, pretending they had known it could be done all along (as they had). But again, Sugar Bear was confronted by a problem. He said to himself. "Should I try to get more friends to help us? Or should I just let them find our home with all its doors and windows and no walls, as if by chance?" Just what should Sugar Bear do? He is so confused, and being so cold here in the South he can't tell when he is getting warm to the right answer. Come on now, everyone close their eyes and look up a light, now rub your eyes and breathe deep. Aren't the colors just great?

Very often, Sugar Bear swam back and forth between these two docks; sometimes getting oh so tired, but never giving up hope that maybe someday (certainly soon or not at all) he would be standing in his home in the cool woods, of the woods, and the grass would be very green and rich in the shade of the big trees, and there would be nobody to go back to the other side of the river to get.

* * *

We grow so old and feeble when we use our minds. The phrase should have been, "turn off". "Turning on", you see, was a hoax. We thought our drugs were everything at first, but all they did was show us what natural harmony and perfect balance exist if we let ourselves be. To be what you are is far more beautiful than what you've ever wanted to be. Eternity is now, though we reach out for something in our vain pursuit. Learn to appreciate the quiet inner spaces within you . . . "It's not he or she or them or it that you belong to."

Pierre was fighting despair. He had grasped the essential structure of things, yet he was enraged at their continuity, their metrics, and their affinity with his own life. Two gallons of the best Spain had to offer had given momentary self-transcendence, but of course this was a temporal thing. Maria, Pierre's mate, offered little solace.

In an anxious effort to be authentic, Pierre wore his wiry black hair combed back into a braid in the back and sported himself as if to resemble a bullfighter. He dressed often in gaily-colored matador suits with sweeping pink and black capes, to the colorful backdrop of the local townfolk. He acknowledged an occasional hail and farewell with a cocky smile and a jaunty leap through the air and a flourishing swirl of his cloak.

The town that Pierre lived in was called Nativo and centered around the ivy covered, stonehinged chapel, the solid foundation of ancient and modern Spain. For centuries, it had held them back, had kept them from falling and saved their souls from the hidden fears that haunt all men. Proud, this village Nativo, of its chapel, with its mammoth, throbbing spires, saturated with the labor and sweat-stained heritage of Spanish forefathers. It had survived "the holiest of all wars" (Pierre had joined a hot-

headed band of regulars who were ready to die for Franco and who, many of them, would wear the uniform of the **guardia civil** with all the graceful defiance the commonfolk admired and loved) and now rested near the sea, this village, with its quiet **casas blancas** shining in gentle contrast to the traditional blue of the sea. The men, leadfisted and dark, fished daily. The women, fat and wet, pounded corn meal for tacos and baked fresh bread in loaves, for staff.

It was just such a morning when Pierre pushed off with fellow fishermen and headed his boat, the **Cerdo**, out to sea. Standing at the wheel, he busied himself with the steering of the vessel and directed the others about the sails and nets. The skies cleared over the Mediterranean, big deep sea of the clear blue water. Thirty miles out (the men rarely went beyond this point in their fragile vessels), Pierre spied the gulls diving and the nets went out. He watched the men laboring. They were fine and strong men, sons of Pierre's father's friends and they worked well and hard in the sun. Pierre lit his pipe and leaned back against the deck cabin. The wineskin bounced against his side affectionately. He emptied it before noon.

Back in the town of Nativo, Senor Delgado sat at his mayor's desk and watched the market place below in the square. He milked the town daily and yet they loved him; they admired his big black car and his beautiful young wife and his walled mansion, which was huge and had thick carpets and many books on the wall which he would never read. His prosperous friends from the north would visit. Sometimes there were long meetings and the men—who controlled local interests, the olive groves and tobacco farms—decided fates, exchanged handshakes and presented gifts of silver. Senor Delgate smoked imported briars and expensive cigars, drank brandy and never touched the wine. Ulcers.

Pierre's boat had come in nearly empty that day and was late in returning. He had ripped his hands to pieces on the barbed nets and they had stung in the salt water. He stopped in at the **taberna** to have the wineskin filled and to see Lucita; what a piece.

—Hola, Luciat.

—Hola, Pierre. Como estas?

—Bien. Lucita, vino.

—Bueno.

It was always that way when they spoke. He always had the wineskin there and Lucita served him with her dark eyes and white-teethed slur. She had golden skin, laughing eyes, and a habit of stroking his neck when she passed his table.

At home, Pierre's wife swept, whipping **los niños** at intervals.

In the square, brown-skinned old men sat and spat in the dust and leered. Children screamed and ran in the gardens and bathed their bodies in the fountain. (Senor Dolgato watched them from his window and smiled when one of them fell and bounced bare knees on the cement.)

Pierre collapsed at home and looked at the shabby trappings in his room. Maria, foul and bent, met him at the door and he pushed past her with disgust. She hobbled down to the cellar and selected a fresh bottle of table wine. It was late afternoon; in a rose splendor the sun was dying across the evening sky.

Far off shore, a light sparkled, and high and away to the north, in the red mountains, an answering flash. The moon dipped in the sky and held forth some promise of its beauty, its desolation.

Pierre was in the garden amid the weeds, one day, when Lolita, the **Italiana**, hailed him across the wall. Pierre dropped his hoe in the gnarled vines and stared wildly at the smiling girl. Lolita was new in the village. Dark, natural and unassuming, she caused quite a stir with her simple peasant beauty, native black dresses about the knee, form-fitting and skintight. Pierre removed his hat and halloed her approach.

—Lolita! Huy, hola, hmmm . . . huir? he thought, shuffling his feet in the dust.

—Buenas dias, Pierre, mon ami. Stop leaping.

Pierre stood quite still and looked at Lolita. She was radiant, majestic, pure and madonna-like, and smiling at him she seemed to bless him and forgive his thoughts. Pierre humbly asked about her family and her health and offered a quiet prayer for rain. Her smiling eyes and dazzling teeth blinded him in the bright sunlight. When she was gone he took a long pull on the wineskin and lit

a cigarette.

Jesus.

He was sweating like a madman.

About midafternoon, Diego came by and joked with Pierre in the shade near the large cypress.

—Pierre, your eyes are red. Come, some wine.

They drank. Diego lit a cigarette. Maria was in the window and called out to them. Pierre threw a bottle at her and it crashed loudly against the house. She disappeared from view and Diego laughed at her startled shrieks. The evening stretched the long shadows into darkness and a dusky mood of pathos fell across the garden. Evening bells tolled over the hillsides. A deep yellow moon rose, framed by the cloudless night. Lolita seemed to appear, as before, dressed in white, shining in the silver light. She walked up to them, playing a lute and singing native love songs from the old country. They embraced, and drinking and singing until dawn, they celebrated the late summer heat.

Pierre strolled across the village square towards the library. It was Fall now and he wore the old sheepskin coat. He saw Diego and Manuel sitting near the statue in the sun. They waved him over. Diego had a wineskin and they passed it around quickly as they began walking to the chapel, each man tilting his head back to catch the thin, golden pink stream. Pierre held it up and turned up his face. The wine was clear and dry and looked bright in the sun. It was cool and tasted slightly of old leather. They lit cigarettes and Pierre sat down with them in the shadow of the chapel. Pigeons rustled and dropped above them in the ivy. They looked at the dead grass.

Girls passed in front of them in the square. Manuel made low clucking sounds in his throat when they walked by. The girls did not look at them. They each had a place to go. The men talked of love.

—That one. She is nice, no?

—I love her.

—Ha. She is already mine.

—She will do it for you?

—Look at her moving. Look at her—

—I tell you she is mine.

—I loved her first.

—She will do it?

—No.

Diego passed the wine. Pierre had a long one and then a short one and stood up to leave. He walked past the heavy wooden doors of the chapel and looked in down the aisle and up at the high arched ceiling. The colored glass cast soft light tones on the walls and stone floor. He felt the weight and strength of the stone. The chapel was empty and he did not go inside. The wine taste was pleasant in his mouth and his head was humming. He walked across the square where there were many people crossing, but he did not see anyone he knew.

Pierre squinted with disbelieving eyes at his cross-eyed wench squatting over the broken bottle. A wine jug flashed by and Pierre turned it up and his throat erupted. Diego passed out over the table. The café was spinning and bright cut glass colors cascaded over Pierre's sweating brow. With swollen eyes he looked at the marble pillows crumbling down across the multitudes—Fish, they cried for fish and got broth. His Holiness was not with them, and they were hot and parched from the long desert trek.

“Who is watching the child?” asked Pierre. Maria, at his side, sighed. She knew the goats would be starving soon. Where were the green meadows and fast blue streams? They would walk before the child came late in the cool of day watching the stars come out. They embraced beneath the tall cypress trees. Across the hills they heard the men returning; harvest fires burned in the valley in the old fields. Dusk was the time for rest, Pierre on the porch with his pipe and Maria singing a light melody in the cool evening air . . .

In chapel he wore the blue serge suit that had been his fathers' and the slouched hat, with Maria at his side goosing him when no one could see, this when they were young and foolish and cared little for the sacred verities and priestly virtues . . . nothing was sacred except their bed . . . she conceived late one summer—

On festival days the saints came down from the mountains, the distant red peaks, travelling by foot from their caves with water from their wells, water to heal and comfort the blind and the distressed; dogs met them bark-

ing and ripping at their cloaks until they were beaten off by beggars. Lepers rolled in the dust at their feet. Children taunted them and threw rocks at their covered heads. But when the miracle waters flowed from the clay jugs, the people were amazed and asked to see the master. An old monk pointed towards Pierre standing quietly in a doorway with his wineskin.

Pierre crushed his cigarette and looked behind him. He lowered his head. The people obeyed and went down to their knees and when they looked up Pierre was standing among them, waving his hand over them and uttering strange words to their ears. A blessing from their midst sent them home as the chapel bells rang, celestial, the vision complete.

But when the people came to their homes, many were lying in ruins. How could this be? Windows were smashed and dogs lay slain in the gutters, but with a strange glow around the carcasses and rubble . . . Damn! they cried and formed up despite the heat, the smoke floating in the streets. A mob approached Pierre's hut on the outskirts, threatening, demanding, veins bulging in their temples. The women were suddenly early . . . their lives were disrupted and somehow Pierre was responsible. Some wore eyepatches; some were naked or had only small pieces of cloth about their loins . . . it was shocking. Even the priest joined them, stripped of his habit and shouting obscenities at the crowd and whipping them to a frenzy. There was a terrible blood thirst in their eyes when Pierre appeared . . .

They suddenly became silent when they saw him. His eyes were rolled back so only the whites showed, an eerie glint deepset in the shadows of his sockets. His mouth hung open, quivering slightly with some inaudible murmuring. He was dressed in purple silk robes that no one had seen before. Maria wailed behind him, high piercing cries. Pierre uplifted his arms and mumbled, —Mani pani om, chuzpah? Wallyby! By God, wuh!

Oh what electricity coursed through them. His words rung out and seemed to be echoed beyond the red hills, flung back by the quaking waters and shifting sands; the hard clay huts vanished and the city of light appeared like a new kingdom for leper and count, child and maniac

alike . . .

Diego missed the whole show. Lucita was serving him in the empty tavern, oblivious to Pierre's shattering exploits. In his eyes, the wine was all. His ears were orange in the slanting sunlight; the transparent tissue seemed to speak as a metaphor for his faith and life style—he was a dedicated drunkard. He smiled through the empty slick green bottles, strumming his zither, trying to sing, his voice heavy with alcohol and smoke. Jesus shone in through the cut glass window. Diego upset a fresh bottle and Lucita began to hit him with a broom. Wandering out into the street he met Juanita, **la puta**, skintight in green stockings and tempting. He followed her to a shabby room above the square and watched her strip, leaning against the cracked plaster wall, his head reeling, the room would not stop moving and there seemed to be ten Juanitas lying naked on the bed, legs spread across the sheets. Tearing off his coat, Diego lurched violently at the shifting image and landed limbs akimbo on the crucifix propped up on the hard wood table in the corner. . . .

Manuel had a sudden, joyous laugh and a warmth that made everyone feel good. He and Pierre had been road men together, in the early days. On a cold ball-freezer they broke out and scrambled down to the tracks.

—When does the next train go?

An old man looked at them curiously. *Se vaya el tren?* His back was bent and he leaned against a loading platform, hiding a hooked arm behind him. Ha! He laughed and winked at us.

—Three o'clock.

He pointed down the tracks with a blackened hand. They left him in a violent coughing fit that was both comical and tragical. They began walking, jumping the ties and skipping along the rails like hobo spirits. They walked a long time until dark. Down below in the road was a cafe light. They were thirsty.

The cafe was small and empty, with an old oil stove in the middle of the floor. The bartender nodded at them and they ordered a bottle. They squatted on wooden boxes and drank quietly as a small boy and an old woman watched them. Manuel reached for his guitar and began singing, high and lonesome; Pierre leaned back and

closed his eyes and began to feel the wine creeping into his head.

They missed the train. They missed two more trains and ended up in the woods, frozen and whipped, like young horses driven too hard. But their blues were lost to the miles they walked and the roads they travelled until dawn.

When Pierre got home, he found Maria sleeping with Diego, his friend.

Years later. Ah, there's something in the wine, Pierre decided. So smooth after half a bottle. Lucita was two hours late. He sighed and took a long pull. To hell with her. There was something of her in most of them, he had decided, that was an inherently sexual thing and something they couldn't help.

But he had loved a few of them. He had had his share. Besides, Lucita was a goddess, and a goddess as she was, she was a bit too perfect to really move him. For one thing she lacked that special facial flaw that made women desirable, whether it be a too short upper lip that curled sensuously or a turned-up nose or eyes a little too dark or any number of small defects that were the charm and mystery of their sex. There had been those moments of soft golden light and the smooth texture of skin when bodies, naked and full of love, pressed and melted into each other.

Now, sustained by dreams, he endured the days with the slow promise of sleep time had promised him would come in the end . . .

Paz, luz y amor, con la suerte de los muertos pescadores.

He was out walking in the hills with the rifle. The trees had gone bare now and it was cold. As he moved through the rocks and scrub pines his breath came in gusty vapor clouds that streamed behind him. There was little sign of life in the still bare wood. It was midafternoon; he had spent the night on the lower slope and awakened to watch the sunrise across the plain below. He had stamped around to get warm, built a small fire for some coffee and breathed the cool, clean morning air. He had been walking for a few hours up the rocky hills and through scattered brush and occasional pine forests. It

seemed he would go a long time and there were no thoughts in his mind, just the country he was in, with the pine needles under his feet and the swift stream with trout in the deep pools, and the tall trees with the sun breaking along behind them as he walked. He remembered other such trips but this was the best one. He forgot everything for a while and it was as if no one else existed except himself and he had accepted it all, in one of those rare moments of solitude when all of the worries were gone and maybe would stay gone. He did not think he would have to return. It was not one of those trips where you say, o.k. this is fine but I've got to go back. No, this was different and though he was unsure where he was going, he did not fear anything that was coming. There were none of the others here to complicate things with worthless thoughts and emotions; for now no one could protrude into his life and bother him. There were so many who seemed to exist with the sole purpose of confusing him. Well, they were not there and it was damn good. He was just winding along in his own time, in a new country, and there was a pleasantness about it he had not known in a long while. He did not reach out and grab; it was effortless just to let things pass, forgetting all that had gone before and moving along without illusions; what was to come was coming and he went to meet it, unhurriedly, with no fear and he was glad to breathe the clean cold mountain air . . .

* * *

September, the halcyon days before school starts. Many of the books which piled up in my study are read. Articles have been written, typed, and dispatched to political science journals. A book manuscript is in preparation and publishers are interested. Course outlines are completed and the reading, so laboriously culled, seems both apt and worthwhile. How the students will relish Dooley, Mailer, McCloskey, Kaplan, De Toqueville, and Neustadt—a delicate blend of scholarship, jocularly, and commentary. In the introductory course we will sweep away high school shibboleths, explore the nature of the polity, and ask who governs. The interest group course will enthrall students with details of pressure group organization and tactics and elaborate theoretical con-

structs. As I walk on the dulcet, verdant East campus my good intentions abound. We are far from Vietnam.

In all my courses, this coming year I intend to teach. Not for me the dispensing of information nuggets from urbane if somewhat worn lecture notes; that is instruction and I intend to teach. Teaching means helping the student develop his powers of critical analysis; equipping him with tools to facilitate understanding. Teaching spurs his imagination, stimulates his interest, challenges his assumptions, and provokes him to work beyond his capacities.

By mid-November, zest too often succumbs to enervation. There is the chill of winter. I have too many books to read, students to see, syllabi to prepare for the spring semester, papers to read and comment (why must I treat even the most casual student effort as a forum for elaborate exegesis?) There are exams to set and evaluate, meetings to attend, letters of recommendation to compose (how to tell the truth without jeopardizing the student's chance of admission to graduate or law school? And why do they all want to go to law school?), research to conduct, articles to write, rejection letters to burn, proofs to read, reprints to order, grants to apply for, and politics to try to negotiate. In Vietnam, the slaughter continues.

So besieged, I still set forth each day aspiring to teach. Unfortunately, effective teaching needs inspiration; and inspiration does not always arrive promptly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a.m. (it never arrives earlier). Moreover, I encounter obstacles. The classroom is too often barren, the chairs uncomfortable, the paint drab and peeling the room hot and stuffy with windows closed or freezing with them open. Surely classrooms are antithetical to teaching! A comfortable room replete with books, carpet, food and wine is more conducive. Did Socrates teach in a classroom?

Yet personal weariness and unpromising surroundings are not the most imposing obstacles. Classes can be moved, environments transcended, even rooms repainted; but students remain. Just as the **torero de salon** cannot perform his passes with the same elegance when confronted by the bull, so teach-aspirations are complicated by the presence of students. There are so many different kinds of students and, beneath the suburban airs, they

are positively protean. How difficult it is to teach them. I must retain my beliefs while encouraging them to develop and assert their convictions. I must try to exploit the histrionic and exhibitionist inclinations inherent in the teaching performance without degenerating into an entertainer. If I am too harsh in my attitudes (and grading), I deter and inhibit the more timid and insecure. If I am too generous and permissive, I vitiate the worth of my courses and earn justifiable contumely from the demanding students. As the class endeavors to “psyche” me out, I must evade categorization and predictability. I in turn should avoid categorizing the students. When I appraise them, it should be on the basis of their performance not personal compatibility. Yet some are aggressive, others sycophantish, a few hostile, and many simply submissive. No wonder I often leave class meetings with a sense of frustration. Education is impossible, even instruction is difficult.

All of a sudden the autumn semester is over. The final examination was difficult, yet many students displayed extraordinary insight and understanding in their answers. Could they have learnt something? The burdens and frustrations of trying to teach fade; languors dissipate. Articles are completed and teaching, research, and publishing, seem almost compatible. I contemplate the spring semester.

I shall be teaching a new course on the American Presidency in which I hope to engage the entire class in an elaborate study of the rise of Richard M. Nixon. Politics and Mass Media will focus on authority. This coming semester I shall certainly teach. Teaching involves helping the student develop his powers of critical analysis; it equips him with tools which facilitate understanding. It spurs his imagination, stimulates his interest, challenges his assumptions, and provokes him to work beyond his capacities. Gladly would I teach and gladly learn. But the war in Vietnam persists.

* * *

“You hand in your ticket
And you go watch **The Geek**,
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak,
And says ‘How does it feel

To be such a freak?’
And you say, ‘Impossible!’
As he hands you a bone.
And something is happening here
But you don’t know what it is,
Do you, Mr. Jones? . . .”
“Ballad of a Thin Man”
Bob Dylan

Characters

Main Character: A young man in his late twenties—preferably an arrogant person who appears at times confused to others, not himself.

Young Man

First Man

Second Man

Young Lady

Stage Crew

Audience

Note:

The term “the Geek”, is an in-term of the 1960’s, referring to a person who is asleep, or a New York cab-driver, or a person who doesn’t give a tip to a New York cabbie. A most despicable character, the Geek is loved and feared by all. He has offices in the mind and in grave-yards.

It is up to whoever reads this or sees this collection of words performed to decide whether the Geek is the **Main Character**, the playwright, the Audience, or himself.

(A single room flat in a tenement. There is an inexpensive bed against the left wall, a bathtub against the rear wall, two chairs—one to the left and one to the right in front of the bed. A dresser is against the left wall and a cooking range without pots is next to the tub. The wall-paper and pictures are painted on the canvas and appear to be extremely artificial. There are no lamps or extraneous objects of clothing, books, etc., as one might expect within the room.

The set, itself, is placed somewhat within the arch so that one could easily walk around it, since the curtain is drawn open all the way. Various stage equipment is seen littered on the sides and the general appearance of the entire stage is that of lackadaisical effort at staging, and of artificiality.

After the audience has calmed down and then has become quite impatient, the **Main Character** arrives and appears to be searching for something in the dresser, under the bed, and under the tub. Every now and then he glances at a pipe running across the set from wall to wall. At first he seems not to notice the crowd, then stops, pulls one of the wooden chairs forward, sits down, and lights a cigarette. He scrutinizes the audience with a glimmer in his eyes and then speaks after a few moments of smoking and relaxing. His manner is strange, sometimes antagonistic, sometimes too familiar.)

Main Character: You've come to see a play I take it. Of course, you've all paid your money and have seats according to your station. You people in the front are proud of your position.

You people in the back want to sit up front. You're all typical human animals playing your animalistic games. (Pause) Well, that doesn't matter to me and since the playwright has been so kind as to give me this opportunity to say what I feel I'm going to use it—to the best opportunity or to the worst. I don't give a damn!

(He pauses, probably finishing his cigarette. If so, he should take some time to crush it out on the floor. If not, he should take a great deal of time finishing it and then go through the above mentioned business.)

I have my own particular problems which I don't choose to give out in order to convey a few cheap thrills to an assembly of shitheads. Instead, I propose to vomit whatever fills my head and to do what I was going to do anyway.

(Pause.)

Which was, I may add, committing suicide. (Pause for whatever.) Yes, suicide. The only way out these days, you know. Ritual self-extermination, carefully thought out, conceived and delivered—the ultimate protest and the ultimate solution which you, ladies and gentlemen, you lucky fat pigs, are going to have the honor of watching on the stage. The actual act—right here in front of your unopened eyes.

(Pause.)

A wonderful person, this playwright, giving an opportunity for tens of potential suicide victims to do it right

where they always wanted to do it—right in front of all the people who put them there. (Pause—reflection) A tremendous pain in the ass for the casting director, of course, but necessary for the development of the action. Each can do it any way he desires, each has his golden moment.

(Pause.)

That's not true. Nobody really wants to do anything for anyone else's benefit, do they? I mean, my suicide would only give you a little excitement, and I care about you almost less than you care about me.

(Pause.)

That's not true. I love you. You're the only people I've got in this life. (Pause) Oh, I don't mean just you out there. I mean I don't have Genghis Khan or Cleopatra in my life because they're dead. But I've got you and you've got me and we're all in the same boat.

(Pause.)

That's not true either. Until this moment, you weren't even aware of me. You weren't even aware I was in your boat, in your head.

(Pause—a smile after some amusing reflection.)

It's all like that, you know—all circles and bullshit like that. You can never come to any real conclusion. We learned that a long time ago—such a long time ago we take it for granted and ignore it.—By the way. I was looking for a rope to hang myself with a moment ago. They say lonely people do it that way, but I think lonely people jump off bridges. Some lonely people wait for heart attacks—

(A knock at the door. The **Main Character** gets up and opens an obviously false door to the right. A strange looking young man comes in, nods his head, and looks around as he talks.)

Young Man: I borrowed your rope, you know.

Main Character: I know.

Young Man: Lady down stairs needed it but it didn't work.

Main Character: Too bad; can I still use it?

Young Man: No, I'm afraid it's busted. She tried to hang herself, you know.

Main Character: Yes, I heard.

Young Man: Yeah, but she was too fat and she pulled down the pipe and the plaster.

Main Character: That's really too bad. Did she get hurt?

Young Man: No, but she had a heart attack because of it.

Main Character: Really? Is she dead?

Young Man: No, not that I would notice, but if I were you I'd send her a card.

Main Character: Yeah, I'll do that tomorrow.

(Pause—all that has need to be said has been said. The young man becomes a little anxious.)

Young Man: Well, I've got to go, you know.

Main Character: Yes, I'd suppose you'd better.

Young Man: Goodbye.

Main Character: Goodbye.

(The young man goes out.)

Main Character: (turning to the audience and pacing around) Well, I guess that's that. I'll think of another way. It doesn't matter, really, does it?

(Pause.)

But it does matter, doesn't it? I mean, it's the only death I'll ever get and that's important to me, at least.

(Pause.)

That isn't true. What will it matter to me when I'm dead? It'll only matter to you because you saw it and you go on living.

(Pause.)

But I don't care about your cheap thrills. I don't want to give you total experience. I just want to die, don't I?

(Pause—looking around.)

But there are plenty other ways in this room to kill myself. Why, I could jump out the window.

(He goes over and opens an artificial looking window to the left—looks out and laughs.)

All I see is a stage. A two foot fall won't kill me. We have to remember that this is just a set, it's all pretend—make-believe crap.

(He walks around the set to the side and speaks as he is doing so.)

You see the line where the set ends and the stage begins? Over here we have just wood and canvas. Hell, you can even kick your foot through it. (Tries and it doesn't work.) That is if you kick hard enough. (Kicks again and

partially succeeds. Then he kicks with all his energy and succeeds in tearing a large hole in the canvas and damn near knocking the whole wall over.) Fuck it, they'll repair it later. They have to in order to fool the next group of shitheads.

(He walks towards the chair again and midway stops and lights another cigarette. Then he sits down and scrutinizes the audience again.)

Plastic! That's what it all is. That's what all you are coming here and letting me be life and you be observers. You have plastic running in your veins. (Pause) Yeah, I know you've heard that so many times before you feel it's trite, a cliché. Hell, it's still true. You can't live for yourselves. You've got to have other people live for you. Cowboys. Indians. Cops. Robbers. Lovers. Haters. You do that so much you don't even know which is real and which isn't. Words like "plastic" become protection for you. You use them as flats to keep out the truth. You don't know what it means to "Live—For—Yourself." You think it means do everything for your old ego, well it don't, it means BE ALIVE. (Pause) That's true.

(Pause—reflection.)

No, it's not, because how would I know? I hate life. I want to do away with it. Don't I?

(Pause.)

Are you thinking "we've got a case here"? Do you think this is a play, this is a "case study"? Bullshit, don't turn your eyes inward, you might get scared.

(Pause. The **Main Character** is lost in another thought.)

Ya know, I could use the gas. But then you have to go too . . .

(There is a knock at the door. The door bursts open and two burly men come in and stare around. The **Main Character** gets up and approaches them.)

Main Character: O.K., what now?

First Man: We've come to take the refrigerator and the range.

Second Man: Yeah, both of them. But one at a time, of course.

Main Character: But, you've already taken the refrigerator and besides I don't need it any more.

(The two men look at each other.)

First Man: Why don't you need the refrigerator?
Second Man: Yes, why don't you need the refrigerator? Don't you cook anymore?
Main Character: I don't eat anymore.
First Man: (puzzled) Then why do you need the range?
Second Man: If you don't cook anymore why do you need the range?
Main Character: I don't need the range because I don't cook anymore.
First Man: Then we'll take the range.
Second Man: The range, the stove, what does it matter?
Main Character: It doesn't matter so you can take both.
Second Man: Both?
First Man: Yes, both?
Main Character: Take both, I don't need them anymore.
Second Man: But there's only one.
First Man: Yes, there's only one. I don't see another.
Main Character: Well, then take something else.
First Man: Can we take the bathtub?
Second Man: Yes, the bathtub would do nicely.
Main Character: Take the bathtub, I don't wash anymore.
Second Man: You don't wash anymore?
Main Character: No.
First Man: Then how do you keep clean?
Main Character: I don't eat.
Second Man: Yes, you did tell us you didn't eat anymore.
First Man: Yes, you did.
Main Character: Well, you'd better get to it, the people are waiting.
Second Man: Yes, of course, the people. Can I say hello to the people?
Main Character: Go ahead, you're getting paid, aren't you?
Second Man: I should hope we're getting paid.
First Man: We'd better be getting paid.
Second Man: If not we'll strike.
First Man: Yes, we'll strike—Damn it!
Second Man: Damn it!
Main Character: Strike, do anything. Just get to work.
First Man: Thank you, we will.

(The two begin to carry the stove out—it is obviously cardboard. Later they come back and get the bathtub.

The **Main Character** walks upstage and once again talks to the audience.) **Main Character:** Well, that kills two birds with one stone. I mean, there's two more ways I could have killed myself down the drain. (Pause—embarrassed.) I didn't mean that as a pun, you know. About the drain and the bathtub. You didn't catch on or did you? Well, so what? Now I can't gas myself, or you for that matter. And I can't drown myself. (Pause) But I couldn't have drowned myself anyway, there isn't any water and what good is a bathtub without any water unless you want to commit a murder or do a surrealist painting? Right? Of course. And I wasn't going to take a bath, was I? (Pause) I mean nudity and all that is rampant on the stage but nobody has taken a bath yet have they? I mean, I don't really know.

(He paces up and down for a while, looks around as if he's trying to think of something to say. He turns to the audience and speaks.)

You know, I can't think of anything more to say to you people. There's nothing really to say, is there? You know, I mean it's all much too simple. I'm going to kill myself and you're going to watch it. I don't need to say anything about it.

(Pause.)

But, I'm not quite ready. You obviously are. You're twitching in your seats, or aren't you? You want me to get it over with or you want to go home. Well, I'm not quite ready. So I'd just better lie down for a while and think about it.

(Pause) Yes, that's the best.

(He goes over to the bed and lies down.

He continues to talk to the audience.)

I can think much easier this way. Perhaps I'll even go to sleep. Who knows? Then maybe when I'm asleep you can all get up and go home, and will forget the whole thing. Tomorrow night the next main character can continue this farce and nobody but you and I will know the difference. Shit! You're bored. I'm bored. I'm sleepy and you're probably sleepy.

(Pause.)

How about some complete silence out there? Cut down on the nervous coughs. Can't you see a man is trying to

go to sleep here? Not just any man, me!

(Pause.)

That's stupid. I'm nobody special to you, but at least you can have some common courtesy. (Pause) But then I don't really hear a thing. I don't notice anything individualistic about you—like a noise. You're just a crowd to me.

(Pause.)

Do you think I'm trying to drive some point home about your fellow man? Bullshit! Don't you believe it, I'm more like you than you think.

(Since before the time the **Main Character** mentioned the noise, two lovers have come through the open window. If the audience didn't cough the **Young Lady** did. As the **Main Character** speaks they are looking around the room. Eventually the **Young Man**, the same one who told the **Main Character** about the rope, notices the audience and calls the attention of the **Young Lady**. Both giggle slightly and mug at the audience and eventually make lewd gestures. When the **Main Character** stops talking as if he is trying to get some sleep, the two lovers kiss. The embrace becomes more passionate. Finally the **Young Man** slides his hand up the **Young Lady's** dress.)

Young Lady: (exclaiming) Ooh, no, not now!

(The **Main Character** sits up with a start and glares at the two lovers. He jumps off the bed and approaches them. They unlock their embrace, and the **Young Lady** stands behind the **Young Man** and peeks out. As the conversation with the **Main Character** becomes eased her hand, which is originally at his waist, slips down into his pants.)

Main Character: Who are you?

Young Man: We came through the window.

Young Lady: (peeking out and giggling) Yes, we came through the window.

Main Character: Through the window. But the window was locked.

Young Man: But the window was open. You opened it when you were going to jump out.

Main Character: I wasn't going to jump out.

Young Man: We know that. You were only talking about

jumping out. Don't you remember? It wasn't such a long time ago.

Main Character: (a little indignant) No. I don't remember.

Young Man: (oblivious to his tone) But you ought to remember, you know. It wasn't like it was yesterday. It was only a few minutes ago. Everybody heard you and everybody remembers but you. (Pause) You know you ought to remember. It's not good for you.

Young Lady: (peeking out and giggling) Yes, you ought to remember. It's not good if you don't remember.

(By this time the **Young Man** is beginning to be stimulated by the **Young Lady**. He turns to look at her.)

Young Man: You shouldn't do that in front of this man. He might remember it.

Young Lady: (giggling) But I like to feel it get big and fat. (Pause—then directing her words to the **Main Character**.) Does yours get big and fat?

Main Character: (unmoved but no longer indignant) No, not any more.

Young Lady: (puzzled) But why not? Have you been castrated or something?

Main Character: (laughing) No, I really don't care. (Pause—stops laughing) I mean I don't have anyone to touch me anymore.

Young Lady: I bet you never did.

Main Character: Yes, I did. But I don't remember when anymore.

Young Lady: You know, I can make yours get big and fat after I'm done with his.

Young Man: (furious) No you don't. You're my girl and you do it with me, alone, period!

Young Lady: I'm free. I'll do it with anybody I want.

Young Man: (still furious) Well, I'll only do it with you.

Young Lady: (charmed) Only me?

Young Man: Yes, just you.

(They get very lovey-dovey, stare in each others eyes and become oblivious to the **Main Character**, who stares emptily at them. They fall into a passionate embrace. After watching for a moment the **Main Character** slowly turns to the audience.)

Main Character: Is that really love? I mean, is that the way people act when they're in love? Isn't it really just

copulation, you know, feeble attempts at possible procreation? Isn't it just two animals linking up and stimulating each other? I mean, she just wants it to get big and fat, and he probably just wants to get it steady.

(Pause. Reflection.)

That's not right, is it? I mean she was just teasing him about me to see if he loved her, and the look in their eyes, that was love, wasn't it? (Looks at them.) Maybe, I wouldn't be committing suicide if I had that.

(Pause.)

That's not right. Plenty of married people commit suicide. Anyway, that doesn't matter. They shouldn't have been doing what they're going to do in front of you, should they? I mean, the cheap thrill you're here for is to see me commit suicide not to see them fuck.

(Pause.)

But that's not right. It may not be a cheap thrill to see someone fuck. I mean there may be something to say in seeing it. It might tell us something more about ourselves, show us something we pretend not to see. (Pause) We keep our eyes closed, don't we? Well, this might make them open.

(At that the two lovers unlock their embrace; stand side by side holding hands.)

Young Man: Can we use the bed?

Main Character: Use the bed, but . . .

Young Lady: Yes, please let us use the bed. They took the bathtub and the floor is very hard.

Main Character: Yes, but what about the people. You can't do it in front of the people!

Young Man: We'd have to fake it in front of the people.

Young Lady: Why? Aren't we allowed to do things like that today?

Main Character: We're allowed to do what we allow ourselves to do.

Young Man: That's profound.

Young Lady: Yes, that's very profound.

Main Character: I though you'd like that.

(They all laugh. Eventually it becomes evident they are laughing at the audience.)

Young Man: Well then, can we take the bed?

Main Character: Yes, I guess you can take the bed. I

couldn't fall asleep anyway, there was much too much noise.

Young Lady: Yes, we're sorry about the noise.

Main Character: O. K., we'll let it go at that and we'll take the bed backstage. (Pause) You know, it has been very nice talking to you.

Young Lady: Yes, it has been very nice. You're very kind. We like you.

Main Character: Don't say things like that. It doesn't fit my image. (Pause) At least don't say them in front of all the people.

Young Lady: Why not? We do like you and everybody should know.

Young Man: Yes, why not? They should see that you are more than what their little minds picture you as being.

Main Character: Oh, but their minds are just as big as yours or mine.

Young Lady: (giggles) Yes. (Pauses) Let's take the bed.

Main Character: Go right ahead.

(The young man and the young lady go over to the bed, pick it up and carry it off behind the set. By the ease of their action, it should be obvious that the bed is a prop and could never serve as a real bed for any length of time.)

(The **Main Character** pauses watching them carry the bed off and then turns to the audience.)

They were nice, but I can't think about them or I'll lose sight of my objective. I can't start desiring a woman or I'll get wrapped up in it. Yes. That's what happens to everybody, isn't it? They just begin to reach something profound, they can almost touch it, when it gets fogged by desire. Women, money, fame, all these things fog up the truth. People don't really accomplish anything lasting. Look at you. What are you accomplishing except getting your ass sore in an uncomfortable seat. That'll go away just like money will go away.

Yeah. I know, you've heard this all a million times before. Well, fuck you, you ought to hear it again, and again until it sinks in. You shouldn't let anything get in the way of a true something. Goddam fools! You're no better than the chairs you sit in. (Pauses—laughs) And I'm no better than the stage I stand on.

(He goes over to the chair, sits down and lights another cigarette. He checks to see how many are left in the pack by shaking it. He enjoys a few puffs on the weed. Suddenly a creaking noise comes from behind the set, the sound which is made when people make love on a bed. The **Main Character** hears this and listens harder and harder.)

Damn them! Can't they give me some peace in my last hours. (Laughs) Can't she give me some in my last hours. (Hardens) Yes, aren't the last hours of a man sacred, his last seconds of existence? Why, after that there won't be anymore being to enjoy his last moments.

(Pause.)

But then I won't even be able to hear those two fucking back there. I'd better enjoy every sound of life while I can. I don't have much time.

(Pause.)

That's not completely right. I should have this time to do what I want. I shouldn't be forced to hear them. You don't have much time either. You're on your last legs as much as I am. We don't have to hear this shit, do we?

(The noise has become progressively louder but there are none of the normal sounds of love-making. The **Main Character** pauses, listening harder.)

Besides, the noise is getting to me. I'm beginning to want some myself. Some of you out there are feeling the same way and you know you can't take the nearest girl and just do it in the theatre. We're not that free yet. I mean the theatre isn't that free yet.

(Pause.)

No, I mean we're not that free yet. We may say we are but . . . (Pause.) Who's this "we" anyway? I mean, I'm not living in your head and you're not living in mine. I mean, my image may be in there but I'm not in there. I don't know how each of you feels anymore than all of you know how I really feel. All that we can do is guess and relate how we feel ourselves.

(Pause. He listens intently. The noise is very loud. Suddenly he jumps up, and runs over to the dresser, opens the drawer and extracts a large knife from it. He then stands in front of the back wall as if he is going to stab it. He turns to the audience for a moment and says:)

This has got to stop.

(He slashes the wall and then drops the knife on the floor and pulls the canvas down completely revealing the couple sitting alongside each other, holding hands and bouncing up and down. The noise has stopped although they keep on bouncing. They smile at the **Main Character**.)

Young Lady: Hello, you didn't like your wall?

Main Character: No, I thought I heard a noise coming from it.

Young Lady: We didn't like it either.

Young Man: And we did hear a funny noise.

Young Lady: Which sounded like people were. . . .

Young Man: Fucking. (**Young Lady** giggles.)

Main Character: Actually there was another reason for tearing down the wall. In fact, it's a good reason for tearing down all the walls.

Young Man: You mean your party?

Young Lady: (clapping her hands with delight) Oh, yes, how wonderful, his party. The walls are coming down for his party!

Main Character: Yes, that's right.

Young Man: That's very profound, you mean.

Main Character: (puzzled) I do?

Young Lady: Yes, it's very profound that the walls are coming down. . . .

Young Man: For your party.

Main Character: Yes, for my party. (Pause) Would you like to go get someone to clean all this shit away?

Young Man: Please, not in front of the lady.

Main Character: What?

Young Man: Please don't say "shit" in front of the lady.

Main Character: Oh yes, of course, of course. Now, please get some people to clear away this crap and to set the stage for the party.

Young Lady: And get the cake.

Main Character: Yes, get the cake.

Young Lady & Young Man: We will. (They exit running and giggling.)

(The **Main Character** turns to the audience.)

Main Character: I didn't tell you about that, did I? The party, I mean. You don't know about the party, that's

right. I don't remember things too well. I've got too much on my mind with suicide and all that.

(As he says this a stage crew including the **Young Man**, the **Young Lady**, and others, carry off the remaining furniture, dismantle the set and carry it off as well. It is now a near empty stage, except for extraneous pieces of stage equipment and props here and there. They set up a semi-circle of wooden chairs, enough to seat their full company which should be at least ten even if all of them did not perform any visible task. The **Young Lady** goes out after all have seated themselves and are watching the **Main Character**. She returns carrying a birthday cake with one unlit candle. She sits down holding the cake on her lap and joins in watching the **Main Character**.)

The chair the **Main Character** has used remains on the stage. All the while the **Main Character** has been watching the action. When the **Young Lady** is seated, he begins his soliloquy.)

Main Character: Now that we're ready for the party I'll tell you about it. Since this is my show and I've been told to do what I want to do I decided it just wasn't fair to give all you money paying pigs out there the cheap thrill of seeing me do away with myself and not let others have the lucky chance to see real, living gutsy theatre. So I invited the cast and the stage hands to partake in this once in a lifetime experience, for me at least, free of charge. They were so grateful for this opportunity since all the other freaks in rehearsal shut them out, they decided to throw a party for the occasion. Since none of us had ever heard of a suicide party we decided to disguise it as a birthday party. As the poet says, "the Happy Birthday of Death".

So this young lady (turns and points) set the whole thing, got everyone in the proper mood and baked the cake. I'm much indebted to her kindness in my last hours.

(Pause. Reflection.)

Oh bullshit! Of course I'm not grateful for her kindness, or their kindness or even yours. You didn't come here to celebrate my death, to do me honor on the occasion of my demise. You came to see me die, to see blood and guts and cheap thrills.

(Pause.)

Or did you? Perhaps you didn't know before you came to the theatre that I was going to commit suicide. Perhaps you didn't know anything about this ultimate action at all. But then, that doesn't matter either, does it? You came for a thrill, you wanted to be entertained for a length of time. You wanted something to fill your head, something that you didn't have to spend time and energy creating. If that's it then it's just the same as if you came to see me die. One thrill is equal to any other, right? You don't think so? Well, the object is the same anyway. It's always you. A thrill is always yours. It's something nobody else can take from you. Sure people get thrills out of other people getting thrills. But that's the same thing, right? Right!

(Pause.)

Well I'm going to do it because I was hired to do it. (Pause) No, I am going to do it because I said I'd do it and I said I'd do it because I want to do it.

(Pause. He looks around.)

The only trouble now is figuring out how I'm going to do it. Can't hang myself—no rope. Can't drown myself—no tub. Can't drown myself—no water. Can't jump out the window—no window. Can't gas myself—no range. Can't gas myself—no stove. Damn prop men. (Pause) Wait. (He pats his coat pocket, smiles and withdraws a revolver.) No sweat now, eh? I'll shoot myself. Right? Yeah! First, I'll sit down and get comfortable, (does so) then I'll put the gun to my head, (does so) and then I'll. . . . Wait. I ain't ready just yet.

(Moans and groans from the people on stage who up until this time have been the picture of patience. A few calls of "Com' on", etc. The **Main Character** turns his head, says "Shut up", and turns back to address the audience.)

You know, I mean, like, I don't know whether you're worth the effort. You only paid a few bucks to come here tonight and surely my life's worth more than that.

(Pause.)

I don't really look at it that way, you know. I owe it to you, don't I? I'm supposed to entertain you, right?

(Pause.)

Well, I don't care whether I entertain you or not. It's

my death and I have the right to say whether I want people to see me die or not! And I don't.

(Pause.)

Yes I do!

(Pause—longer.)

No, I don't. I'm going to rob you of your cheap thrill. I'll keep my promise. I'll do it, but I'll do it with the lights out. Maybe a few of you will see it by the flash. (Turns to the stagehands.) Will one of you put out all the lights in the house?

(A man gets up and turns out all the lights in the house. There is a pause of a few moments during which a few giggles are heard. Suddenly there is a loud retort of a revolver, followed by a crash as if a body had fallen from a chair. Afterwards there are a few giggles and then silence.)

The silence continues until the audience has either finished clapping or has gotten up to leave in disgust. At which time the stage is lit again revealing the **Main Character** still in the chair, smiling. After a moment he drops the gun to the floor, lights a cigarette, leans back, and speaks to the audience.

Main Character: You knew from the start it wasn't going to happen anyway. You can go now—you're not needed anymore. (Looking at the cigarette.) Just like I don't need this cigarette anymore.

(He crushes out the cigarette and sits looking at the audience for a minute, then gets up and leaves.)

* * *

Call it simply "Fantasy, long suppressed, about getting on Donna, a slim one, four years ago."

I'm just in an airplane hurling through space. Just before we are sure to crash, I hear music—like Chinese New Year sounds. A crowded street filled with Chinese people in pajamas. A string of firecrackers simply explodes. I just get thrown off the bus and simply go into a small side-street shop. A tinkling of windblown glass, fat Buddha statues, colored fans and oriental smoke. Fade to:

A discotheque. Some big-chested broad doing it on the platform. Little pinwheels on her nipples. A lot of old men standing around watching. Some guy comes along

and tells everybody to get the hell away from the windows. Like St. Valentine's Day, the windows are blown out like from a shotgun blast. Like, the lights go out. Some woman heard screaming, stage left. Panic, shuffling, broken glass and bottles spilt everywhere. We head out for Orange Julius.

A park. Grass but no flowers. Buildings block the sky out like symbols of communion. The sun is plastered up there like a myth. Donna, who I hardly knew, wanted some dope. I asked some guy in the park and he moved away from me. We go into a quiet dive in the village and sit in a booth and drink beer slowly until we get drunk and feel really right. Its dark and cool down there. The barmaid has big ones and leans over, way out there under our noses. Kelly reaches out behind her and pats her on the ass. She looks at him (he is sixteen and looks it) and laughs. She goes away. Kelly went home and told everybody he got laid by a barmaid.

We crossed back through the park on the way to the hotel. We wipe away the snot, trying to look natural, like the grass.

We got on the sunset highway and headed north. It was a good drive with the top back. Our hair blew in the wind and I burned a hole in my new suit with my cigarette. Donna stripped in the back seat but hid under my coat and no one saw her except her legs. She teased the hell out of us on that trip. We were all dying for sex. Our eyes were burned out all the time by passion.

We got a hotel and Donna made us sleep in one bed, all three of us, and no one could get to her. We started to hate her but she had all the money. We got stoned off some bad grass Kelly scored from a friend of a friend who told us it was "dynamite shit." One night Alan and I went out down to the Village to get laid. Donna had left us and taken all the money. We were starving but all we could think about was getting laid. Kelly was sleeping when we left. We must have walked all over town but we couldn't find anything but a bunch of young cock-teasers, teenagers—their parents were coming to pick them up later. We got fed up and went back to the hotel. Some guys tried to follow us but we left them in the crowd. When we got back to the room, Kelly was in bed

with Donna and we surprised them before they got to it.
Sex, dope, and cheap thrills. That was that trip.

* * *

The Duchess
my beefheart farts and my closet barks and listen
piston
do you dare? do you fling? and my clock wheel
prunes
Australians got no hangnails on me and deep six
persons
telling me about angle worms and I don't have any
cotton
cloth. Oh, your music is so beautiful. wish I
could say
the same about your grease?
my rug shadows and my shoe shampoos and I can't find
my tree anymore now that it seems I traded in all the
other writing I found beneath the porch, kept by the
porch.
Drip, drip, drip, porch. My toothbrush rumbles, Jumble.
Bumble. Tumbles. Tit. Toe. Titmouse.
Titmouse toes his tickled house.
This is the duchess. My vealfart, my deal off the bottom
of my tree.

Duchess told me that all things fall to pieces someday
I don't care, Duchess
I just want to come in you
I just want to ride your easy chair astride
in the ride I'll fly through and back
I'll give you fillings that the dentist doesn't dare
to dabble his babble in
and, too, I like your feet
they're planted and spread so far apart
I see them planted in the dirt fields
and in the dirt trees
I see them opening up above the mountains
and sitting down when the rain is cold.
Do you want to be fulfilled?
Do you seek the last answer to an orifice?
My, my, I shall come in you
and give you all my food for thought.

I don't know no more
I don't see a closed door anymore
I don't see a tree or a bee
I feel I have knees.

Now in the days that I came here I had a five foot ear
and I'm leaving with a seven foot eye
That's a lot bigger than I am
and I haven't paid my taxes
I'm waiting for the check in the mail
and it doesn't seem that I'm going to wait
too long.

Duchess, I want to come in you
I want to come in every place I'll fit
I want to come when you come
I want to come when you go
I want to fill every emptiness you hide
I want to make you warm
I want to warm the inside of your holes
I want to give you my food
I want to fill your belly
I want to fill your ass
I want to fill your womb
I want to choke you, to smoke you, to broke and to
stroke you
I want to tickle you when you're fickle
I want you to suck on my pickle
I want you to ride on my motorcycle while you're sucking
my pickle
so that the tickle causes ripples in your tickle.

I want to grease your thighs, just for a surprise
not to make you cry
but just to make you sigh
and not ever wonder why
I want to give you an old goat when you can't have a kid.
If that ain't enough I'll do it again

What is the stretch over there?
I can't see nothing but grass
and I ain't even smoking.
Towers get in my eyes and a lot of stone laid heavy on
my head.

They asked me if I wanted a tranquilizer
but all I got was a duck.
What luck to get stuck with a duck.
I ain't got a buck and I'm caught in the muck
and all I want to do is let that duck pluck my cluck.
After that I took a walk into the beacon light and got a
ticket for parking undertime
The policeman asked me if I was absurd and I couldn't
reply.
He gave me another ticket for being so ugly.
I'm sorry but I hadn't read the pamphlet on information.
The duchess, she got me free, she didn't ask no questions
she didn't even ask for my head of lettuce
all she wanted to do was suck my duck
and she gave me a rusty buck, said good luck
and all I wound up with was two bucks.
She still wouldn't let me pray for three things
so that I could really fill her up
and give her three rings.
You know I don't want to carry her away.
You know I just want to scratch her tubes with a blunt
headed probe.
Why is she always so damn good to me when it doesn't
count?
I'd rather see her trying to touch the four corners of my
bed
I'd rather have her smile when I went down for a closer
look
I'd rather smell the reason why she tries to clean so clean
you know I wouldn't do her no harm,
just burn her barn.
I'd rather see if all her hair curls in the same direction

* * *





YES...YES... I REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN IT WAS ALL VERY INSPIRING AND ENLIGHTENING... ALL THIS HISTORY AND LITERATURE AND SOCIOLOGY SHIT...



YOU THINK LEARNING IS A REALLY BIG THING AN' YOU BECOME THIS BIG FUCKIN' INTELLECTUAL AND SIT AROUND TRYIN' TA OUT INTELLECTUAL ALL THE OTHER BIG FUCKIN' INTELLECTUALS...



YOU SPEND YEARS AND YEARS WITH YOUR NOSE BURIED IN THESE GODDAMN TOMES WHILE OUT THERE THE WORLD IS PASSIN' YOU BY...



...AN' ALL THE STUFF TD SEE AND ALL TH' KICKS AN' GIRLS ARE ALL OUT THERE AN' HERE YOU SIT UNDER A PILE OF MOULDY OL' TEXTBOOKS FILLIN' YOUR HEAD FULL OF JUNK...



AN' ME A WRITER AND POET WHO SHOULD BE HAVIN' ADVENTURES AN' EXPERIENCING ALL THE DIVERSITIES AND PARADOXES AND IRONIES OF LIFE AND PASSIN' OVER ALL THE ROADS OF THE WORLD AND DIGGINS ALL THE CITIES AND TOWNS AND RIVERS AND OCEANS AND MAKING ALL THE CHICKS... BY GOD!



...AS A WRITER AND POET IT IS MY DUTY TO GET OUT THERE AND DIG THE WORLD... TO SWING WITH THE WHOLE FRIGGIN' SCENE WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!!! MAN!!!





X . ,

AN ACCOUNT

I saw X., when I came into his room. He was sitting in the dark so I turned on the light. He was sitting on a large stack of textbooks. They were piled high so his neck was bent with his head against the ceiling. When I snapped on the light he was staring directly at the white bulb. He screamed when the light streaked out at him and he fell to the floor and the books buried him. X. screamed again and I turned out the light.

This was told to me by someone who saw X. in a class: "X. came into the room and sat down and shook hands with himself. The girl behind him lifted her leg and slid a spiked heel into his chair. He looked down at the heel and began weeping. The girl left her leg like that for almost an hour and when everyone stood up to go, the girl with the heel took off her shoe and limped out of the room. X. followed her."

X. and I walked into a great hallway. X. was talking and I read his lips. X. had stuffed cotton into his ears to keep out the noise. His lips told me he was merely mouthing words and that he had lost his voice. Light glided over our heads as we kept walking. I couldn't hear much of what he said but he seemed to be picking and

choosing his words carefully.

X. left once and sent me long braille letters he had punched out himself in his cell at night when the other monks were asleep. He told me about the fountain and the bakery where they made bread. And then X. came back and when I saw him again he turned and looked. He was in his old room.

He called me in and since I had nothing better to do I obliged.

He was sitting on the mattress in the corner looking sad, dismal, and withdrawn. He took a moment before he spoke and when he did his words were cautious and melancholy: "I want to read you something my father wrote about his experiences in the war—a strange thing, about drugs I believe. I never met the man, he disappeared around the time I was born, as did my mother. The letter was forwarded to me by an unknown source who mentioned that my father had been married before and that my mother was not his real wife. The source also said that I was meant to read the fragment and that when I was old enough I would understand. Let me read you what it says: it has no beginning and no end, and yet it is complete." He took out a torn pile of sheets, much the worse for wear.

"As far as I can make out, it begins here," he said, and proceeded to read the text:

"... were hit by one of the black puffs of flak and I thought we were gone for sure. The left wing tore off instantaneously, leaving a gaping hole in our fuselage that put us into a violent headlong spin. Arlen, my copilot, had taken sharpnel and was slumped helplessly in his seat, his life leaving him quickly in a spreading red pool. The fuel from the shards of the left wing tank was vaporizing behind us like skywriting. I realized that it would ignite any second. It was that thought which finally shook me out of stupor long enough to struggle out of the cockpit. A brilliant orange flash told me that the gas had exploded just as I fell out of the escape port in the navigator's compartment. I caught a glimpse of the flaming wreck and noticed no other chutes when mine opened, nearly dislocating my shoulder. As I lost consciousness and the ground drifted up to meet me, all I could think of was that it all had been planned long ago.

I remembered the dreams I had as a young child, all of them having some element of the fall in them. I fell from the head of my aunt's long and narrow stairway, from cliffs, buildings and down wells, always because of something giving way beneath me. I always landed on my left side in a hideous instant of death. Though I awoke from these fantasies, they were repeated in theme hundreds of times. Somewhere in my unconscious mind as I was falling, there was that same theme, and so it all took on a dreamlike quality. For this reason I was unafraid. I felt as if I was living out a prophesy. All this contributed to the unreal quality of that world I fell into, that fantastic place whose 'reality' I did not grasp for so long. Now I realize that such words and their phrasing do not matter.

The earth was like a soft black sand and it crouched about my form, fittingly. Somehow, the impact was slight. Perhaps a sudden updraft from the side of the huge ashen cone on whose side I lay had slowed my rate of descent. It didn't really seem to matter to me then, 'how' I was alive. I was alive, or at least as alive as I had ever been. I wriggled out of my chute harness and blacked out.

When I awoke, the sun had lowered, and for the first time did I take notice of the place into which I had fallen. I looked about, running my eyes in a motion sympathetic to the bowl-like conformation of the surrounding terrain. A young rain forest adorned the rim and slid down to a plain that looked like one of the savannas I had seen photos of in flight training. The tree-studded grassland in turn gave way to low brush and finally only the hardiest moss and lichen that dared to attack the foot of what I now perceived to be an extinct volcano. I noticed that my chute and harness had disappeared. When my head cleared from the shock of the miracle of survival, I began to make my way down into the valley. A stiff, chill wind had arisen, making the side of that volcano an unwelcome place to spend the night.

That sunset was no different from scores of others I had never been able to appreciate. It was no brighter, and no more colorful, but more magnificent than any other sight I had experienced. I was held transfixed for quite a while.

That first night, my explorations were limited. I only

wanted shelter and soft ground, but engrossed as I was, I could not help noticing oddities. This bowl-valley was pleasantly different from any place on earth I had ever been. In conformation, it reminded me of an atoll, with the savanna as a lagoon. But it defied comparison and defied all words except "beautiful," perhaps. There were no insects, absolutely none, and few animals.

Those animals were of a sort which I had never read about or seen in the color plate nature section of my Encyclopedia Britannica back home in Duluth. They were small and furry; obviously some sort of middle-sized mammal. The few that I happened upon were not at all shy of my smell or actions. To be sure, they were cautious, but not nervously sensitive to any of the sudden movements I made towards them in experiment. They merely backed off and kept a constant distance between us. Some seemed curious. I wondered what their predators were.

I missed that next morning's sunrise, for some reason having slept well into the day. I had nearly forgotten the weird circumstances of the day before. Here, all seemed natural. The war took on the form of a fantasy. All the insane tensions and those hierarchies of struggle that I associated with it were like the imagery of a grotesque dream you remember distantly at awakening, then lose forever. I don't want to sound corny, but it was like re-birth.

I was not hungry, indeed I felt as if I had just risen from a satisfying breakfast. I did not become hungry until later into the day. Then that hunger was of a different kind. I set out to foray in the savanna for food, not wanting to disturb any fauna in a place so tranquil and magnificent as that one. In the forest I gathered those mushrooms that appeared innocent, though none of them were remotely familiar to me. I nibbled a few of these as I explored.

I spent some time wandering carefully, being very stern and trying to classify that which I saw. But the more I looked, the less placeable everything became. This nature defied those critical categories into which I tried to place it. I gave that sort of thing up for an abandoned cavorting, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

I was dancing my way up the gentle slope of the forest when I chanced upon a most extraordinary rock. It was of a pure yellow, brighter than any other shade of that pigment that I had seen even in the forest. From it seemed to come concentric forms, not unlike those that result from dropping a stone into a quiet lake, only these were of a violet color and were concentric to the shape of the rock. The rock seemed to vibrate, so much that all I was aware of were its vibrations. These vibrations parted the rock to reveal a cave.

In the opening of the cave there stood a golden woman with a hat of golden straw. She was unclothed and beckoning to me. I came.

Within the cave it was brilliant with light from diamond-lined walls. The woman became one of the mammals I had encountered the evening before. I was led through gem-bedecked passageways that split off into

antechambers immeasurable to sight and gleaming with all the colors in the imagination and ten thousand more.

It seemed like sweet years of childhood, the time that slowly passed before our coming to the river of broken reeds . . .”

When he had finished reading, Xavier leaned back silently.

“It ends there?” I asked him.

“All that I have ever seen,” he said painfully. “That’s all I know of him. There was a rumor of his being in Greece, but I was a child then and there’s been nothing since.”

X. bugged me and I left. I never saw him again. Someone said he had received a letter, jumped up and down and left school on the midnight train. I hope he’s happy now.

August 9, 1948

Dear Ed,

I listen to you but all I hear are words about the past. That seems to me like an endless emotion, a constant dread and a thing you run into and savor because you love its untouchable pain. You tempt, you tease it and want it to be some sort of affirmation screaming that you have existed.

Well, I see you. I see through some sort of glass in some sort of condition. I have my past, too, but I am me, right now in my entirety, alone and among holding something behind me which I can squeeze or release when moments demand. I have lived through this and that and have noticed whatever that thing is called, growing or becoming. But it tires me because it takes too much time from as I am now.

I want you. I love you. I hate you. I mourn for you. I make snow drifts out of clay and believe them eternal. But I am a bigger fool than that. I am a creature within a creature, within a creature, within a creature . . . I must let the time be to allow this escape.

To becoming? or to has been? Become one's self or dream private conversations with a deity? Or to scream in ecstatic ecstasy the name of my moment?

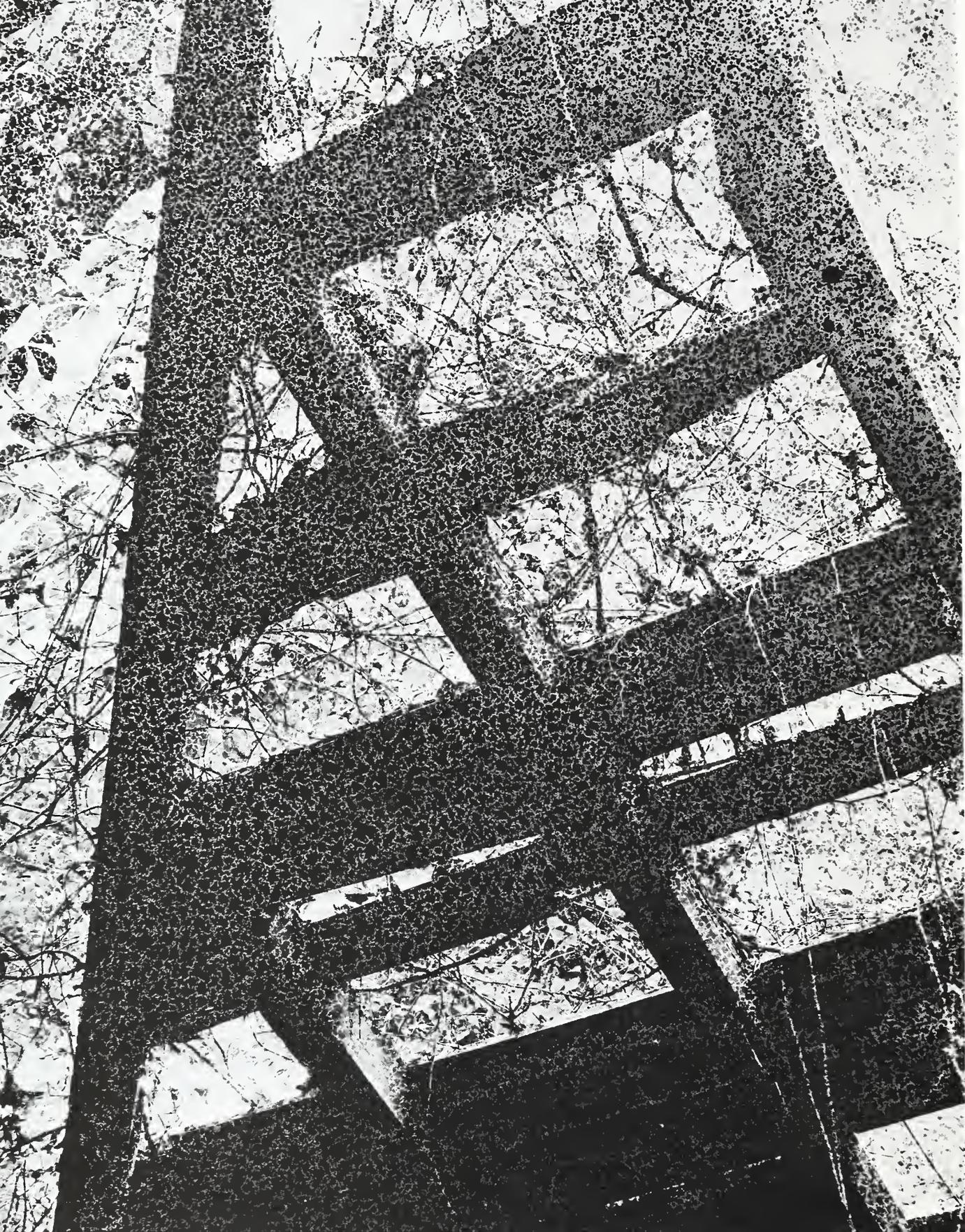
Are you there in your back pages? Will you let yourself read your novel? Will you add it up as pains and pleasures that made a transient home in your body? Are you so wise to think or so foolish to think?

Of course, I could say it won't bring it back or I might view the analytical approach to self-knowledge as the complete path to understanding. But you know that doesn't get rid of the shit in the past, the same shit that impends the future.

Maybe I don't have any answer. Maybe even "let's go" is a bad pun. Maybe the three kings of Orient aren't.

Conchis







Case 74—Dr. Benway

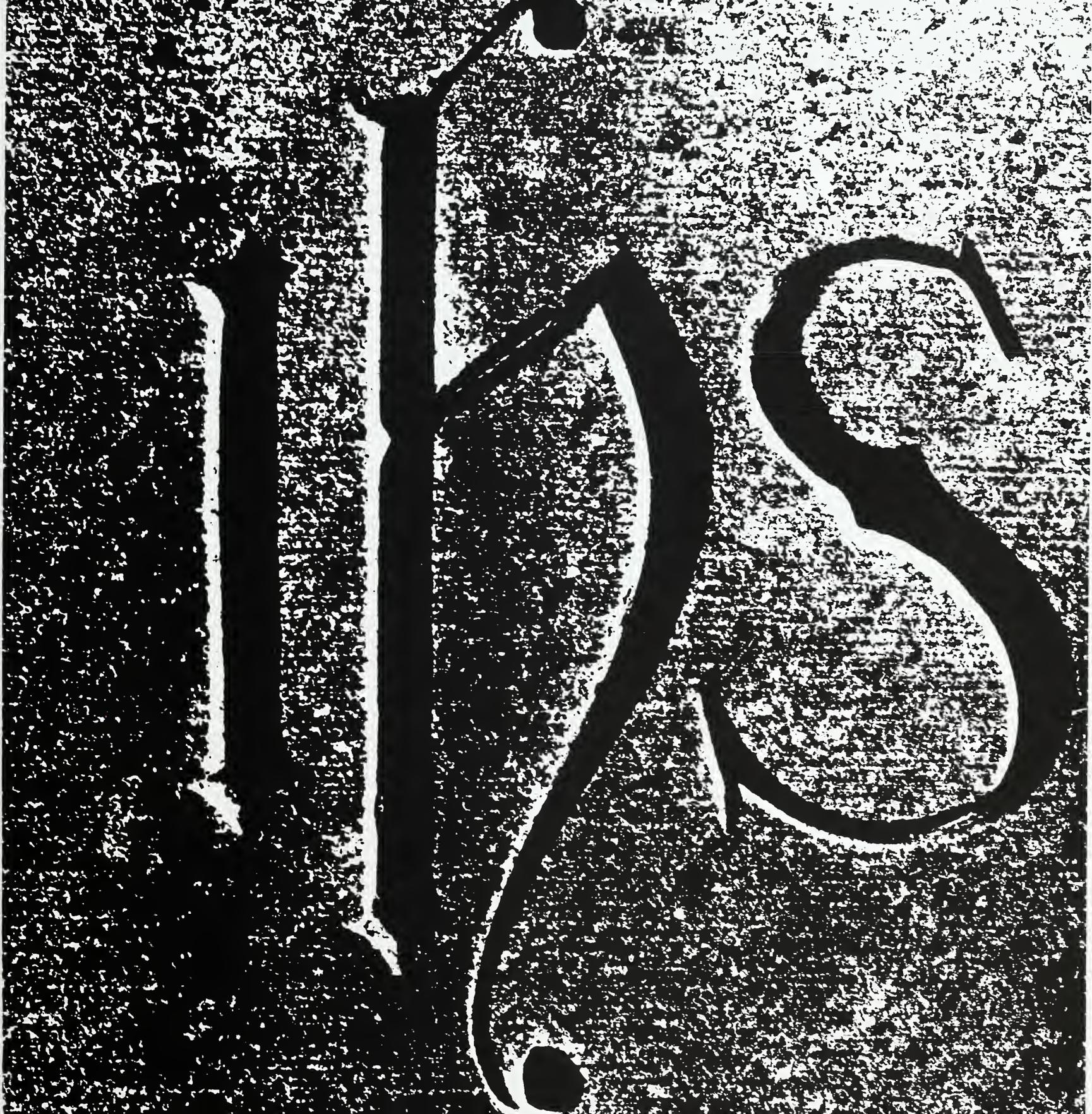
How does it feel when my head starts to reel and I pray when I kneel and that's my spiel. I don't know. I really don't. I don't know anymore. I sure I don't really, really know anymore. I just flow, let go because I can't feel it. I can feel it rushing up my neck. It lets me feel, it lets me be what I am and what I can. I can think clear. I can make up my mind. I can make it up in any fashion I want. It's my mind to make up. It's all mine. My mind is my mine. It lets my mind be mine. My mind is mine and it's not a mime. My mind is mine and it's not a mime it's a mine. Don't step on a mine because my mind is mine and it's not a mime it's a mine. I wish wish wish wish that my wish wish wish wish would be wished. I wish that I could sing Gregorian chants all night long.

I'm too old for kid stuff. I'm over a thousand years old. I don't need to see I don't need to be seen. I don't want to be seen. I want to not be anything at all. I want to not be at all. I want to not be. I want to tree, in glee like a bee.

And all I need is my white powder wig and my spoon cooker and my chastity belt to keep me clean as a bean and I can turn green with just a pinch. All it takes is a pinch. It's only a pinch and then I don't know. I don't know.







August 16, 1948

Dear Benway,

I know my letter yesterday was cryptic but my mind is unable to explain all the events I described. I know you'll understand though, Benway, because that sort of thing seems to be right up your alley. As I look back on it it seems funny to me that I was afraid of you and not afraid of them. What strange games fate plays.

I can understand Rose and perhaps I can understand Conchis, but why Lily? After all it all goes back ten years. Ten years, he must have been in contact with them for ten years. God, my mind boggles at the thought.

Do you think she is really carrying my baby? I know now that the ones I was supposed to have had by Rose were not mine, but I am sure that this one is mine. Conchis always kept muttering about "the new crop for the new world". Was I just a stud, a pawn in their game? Is that all they wanted me for? I can't believe that, they wouldn't have gone to all that trouble to confuse me, to destroy me, if they weren't doing it for me. It couldn't just have been his game, being the magician, I mean, could it? I think I'll take your advice, old friend, and visit your clinic. I'm sure there I'll be able to rest, relax, and pull myself together. I still have the feeling I was a flop, I mean that I didn't win the game, or that I didn't do what I could have or that I didn't learn what I could have.

You'll make that right, won't you, Benway, you and your funny Mexican drugs. You were so sad when I went to Greece it was almost as if you had lost the rights to an experiment to someone else. I know that was what bothered you most in the world.

Oh, Benway, my mind is just here and there. This whole experience has been so damn confusing but it has made me want to touch people, I mean really touch people, like I never did before. But it's all so damn frustrating, no one else wants to. Maybe it was the Depression, maybe it was the war. I don't know. Perhaps my son will live in a world full of touching. I don't know because all I see are bodies, bodies without

faces.

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