



WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



CALL NO.



v. 82
1968/1969

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED

LH
1
W4
S79
V. 82
1968/1969

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



The Student





Photographed by Don Bunn



Editorial Reprints:

1887

"But is old, old, good, old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing that I cannot have more of him."

There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, but the world has become so extremely worldly and men so much like machines, trying to run out their three score years and ten, that with reluctance we must acknowledge that the day set apart for peace, gladness, and good-will among men is not the good, old Christmas of yore with its mirth, innocent happiness and perfect peace. We do not lift the brow of care from our eyes long enough to see the stars shine as they shone in that night in which it was said, "There is a man child born in Bethlehem of Judea."

. . . The star that shone in the darkness over Bethlehem was for one night. The light that came into the world on that bright, hallowed morn dispelled the gloom and gave to man a better hope.

I know that we, like all peoples, must become less and less observant of the great events of history. Crises and their great men are covered with the gray mantle of age—tremble, turn pale, and fade away before progress and the future. But the hopes of all men, all nations, were born in one day. So why can't we be happy and rejoice on this day, even if the lapse of time and the advancement of thought forbid us to celebrate Christmas with simplicity and the open-heartedness of olden times.

1951

December again. December, 1951. This December is fated to be as uncertain as the Decembers we have had before. At present time we are constantly following the course of what seems an endless bickering for "peace." And we know that, at the most, the outcome can be but a minor turning point in a world crisis. We remember last December—how restless we were and how unimportant and insignificant college life seemed. And we remember the other Decembers—those happy ones that were mostly tinsel and Christmas trees.

But our Christmas baubles were shattered ten years ago in that December of 1941. We remember the seventh of that month: it was a quiet Sunday, a typically American one. And suddenly we were forced to the reality of a war.

However since that time, our generation has grown up, and somewhere we have lost the point of all the struggle. We have retired behind bitter and ineffectual masks of cynicism and disillusion. The phrase, "our world of peace," has become merely a high-sounding cliché.

Yet as hopeless as our individual dreams may seem, it is not too late in this December, 1951, to pause amid the hurried brilliance of the season, to stop and consider the meanings of Heartbreak Ridge, Red China, and the Iron Triangle. It is not too late to ask ourselves if our generation has the moral strength to believe in the traditional peace of Christmas. It is not too late for us to revive a hope for a democratic world of the future.

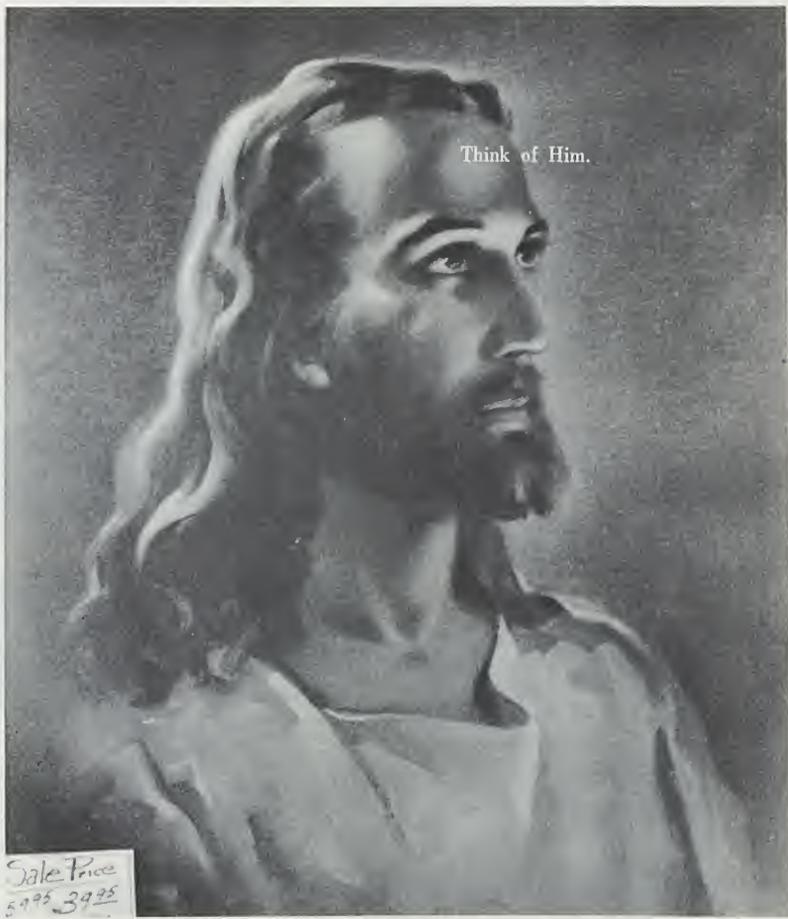
1952

The Christmas issue of THE STUDENT magazine goes to press to be read by a student body that has known little other than war. Most of us are lucky in that war, although a constant reality, has always been a couple thousand miles away. It struck a lot closer when the name of a friend or relative appeared on a form from the war department. Even then the percentage was not high enough really to bring it home. More often than not it meant that our parents were earning more; we drove better cars and wore better clothes than we otherwise would have.

Korea is pretty much the same way. A lot of guys from a lot of different places are fighting over there. And a lot of others who are stationed in camps all over the world. But it is they who are fighting and going through training schools . . . not us. College seniors in their last semester, or other students whose grades are a little below par, gradually become aware of the situation. But the rest of us have slowly become immune to it all. One of the reasons behind this immunity lies in the constant associations with war inherent in our generation. We cannot be held responsible for the existing world situation.

Christmas, 1952. We can only hope to keep on maintaining hope. Maybe this one will be different. Maybe it will only be a war of words. Maybe no more American soldiers will be forced to spend Christmas in other lands. Maybe someday a fellow will be able to live his three score and ten in a world in which even the word "war" will be something of the past.

1968



Think of Him.

Sale Price
59.95 39.95

CONTENTS: DON BUNN: *Photographs*, page 1. *Editorial Reprints*, page 2. *Contents*, page 4. TED BOUSHY: *Preface*, page 5. *The Passion for Making Something: An Interview with Malcomb Cowley*, page 7. S. MICHAEL HARRAWOOD: *The First Decade*, page 10. *The Name of the Game is Support: A Dialogue with Four Deacons*, page 14. CAREY BOGEN: *Law and Order*, page 18. JESUS CHRIST: *The Lord's Prayer*, page 21. *Busted*, page 22. E. T. DENTRY: *The Landowner*, page 26. TED BOUSHY: *A Touch of Hands*, page 32. ED MYERS: *Albert Holbrook's Trousers*, page 36. TED BOUSHY: *Excerpt from How Does A Star Mean?*, page 42. JACK McDONOUGH: *Assassination*, page 46. REV. RICHARD N. OTTAWAY: *To Believe in God: The Art of Sister Corita*, page 50. DOUG HUX and DON BUNN: *Photographs*, page 56.

STAFF: Kirk Jonas · Mike Harra-
wood · Kay Dunlap · John White ·
Al Shoaf · Don Clem · Stuart Wright ·
Sharon Patton · Ed Dentry · Dina
Wilde · Nancy Moate · Susan Mauger
· Brad Bruer · Jim Wells · Christopher
Robin ·

The Student

January, 1969 Vol. 32 No. 1

Cover illustrations, courtesy of the North Carolina Art Museum, Raleigh, North Carolina. Front cover: Hendrik Terbrugghen, *Young Man with a Wineglass by Candlelight* (top). Claude Monet, *La Falaise d'Étretat* (bottom). Back cover: Egid Quirin Asam, *Adoring Angel*.

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published by the students of Wake Forest University. Office: 224 Reynolda Hall. Contributions may be brought to the office or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. THE STUDENT is printed by the Edwards & Broughton Company, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Editor	Ted Boushy
Managing Editor	Bill Twyford
Fiction Editor	Clare Ivey
Design Editor	Don Bunn
Business Director	Don Phillips
Creative Director	Christopher Robin
Photography Editor	Don Bunn
Copy Editor	Cheryl White
Poetry Editor	Jon Wright
Political Editor	Carey Bogen
Advisor	Bynum Shaw



Page Twenty-two



Page Seven



Page Eighteen



PREFACE:

THE STUDENT magazine wants to do more than enhance the university image, appeal to the intellectual, or offer a mouthpiece for student opinion. We want to uphold our tradition of eighty-two years of publishing, which some past issues have tainted. Admitting to the need for communication, we want to share with you those things which we find disturbing, provoking, encouraging, tragic—or simply beautiful—in a personal way.

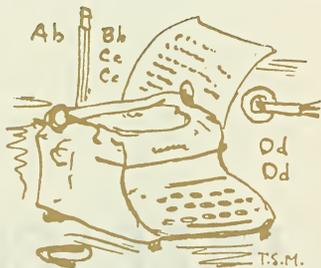
So, let's make a deal: you read us and let us know what you think, and we'll try to give you four magazines that you'll want to read.

The more I work with this publication, the more convinced I am that a college magazine should be, for better or worse, the expression of an individual personality. Better yet, a cooperate personality—if the editor is fortunate enough to have dependable, committed, responsible, creative who are willing to work with him. I am.

Our staff, as well as our contributors, merit praise. Writing about them here on paper and working with them in the office I must thank them. Yet, I know too well how gratitude, whether spoken or mute, is almost always in-proportionate to that for which we are thankful.

The people who helped on this issue will, I hope, continue to work with us. They are sensitive and, more often than not, kind and tolerant. (Tolerance, I have almost concluded, is one of the few remaining virtues of the Twentieth Century.) I will admit to prejudice, but I must say that they are beautiful people—each in his or her own way.

Because they resist being put in order of importance as much as being ordered around,



let me thank and introduce them to you at random.

There are my parents; without them nothing would have been possible for me. They have faithfully offered advice and allowed me to see them as people, rather than as parents.

There is Mick Finn, whose friendship has a value of depth I would not trade for the sea. And there is Charlene Whisnant, editor of *Red Clay Reader*, who, in putting me down, taught me more about magazines in one day and two telephone conversations than most people have in two months.

Martin Bennisson listened to my gripes about past issues of *THE STUDENT* and made a continual case of pushing me back against a wall (or refrigerator), making me fight back, and thereby, forcing me to grow a little.

Mr. Charles Lee Smith, Vice-President of Edwards and Broughton, our printer, has been most cordial and cooperative. I hope to look upon him as a friend, as well as a business associate. Moreso for Mr. Lucas.

Through the summer, Dr. Charles Allen offered straight forward advice. I thank him. He authored a very fine article, *The Arts Center on the University Campus*, which will appear in our second issue.

These people do not work in our office, many are no longer here, but their influence and kindness is continually felt.

Our staff has increased significantly this year; their many names appear on the opposite page. While all have contributed greatly, there are a few who should be singled out.

Bill Twyford once squeezed nearly all the workings of this magazine into nine words: Ted's good at input, he said, and I'm good

at output. I wrote it down. He's lived up to his half. He is not my right arm, he is my right cerebellum. I hope he won't be offended if I say I'm his left.

It has always been a rare delight to work with Clare Ivey. Her literary and personal integrity are to be respected and never to be doubted.

It's four in the morning as I'm writing this. I don't believe it: I just went downstairs for coffee and saw Jon Wright and Mike Harrawood doing impersonations (with music) of the Four Tops. Mike reminds you of a young and naive Hemingway. He has an enthusiasm that equals Jon's poetic ability. As poetry editor Jon hasn't done as much as we wish he had. We're blaming that on his extended absence which was the result of a ridiculously assinine sentence by an equally ineffective Honors Council. (But that's to be expected. After all, Brutus was an honorable man. Multiply twelve times Brutus, and what do you have? Twelve dead Cesars.) He is forgiven, however, because we have high hopes for his work as an assistant editor of *Caesura*.

Al Shoaf, who may end up the better craftsman, if not the better poet, has offered wise advice often. It has been well taken.

Don Bunn's photographs speak for themselves. He works so diligently that he occasionally drops his transmission, but his creative lay-outs in this issue are quick, sleek, crisp, and to the point. I am thankful for his faith and trust and friendship.

Don Clem puts me down with his freedom. You're creative when you're around him, and I think his beard and child's face place him in some sort of office sainthood. He is good.

Nancy Moate. What can I say? She and

our two best friends have furnished hiding places of sanity when copy wasn't working out right.

There is also Bynum Shaw. Bynum Shaw is. When I first came to Wake Forest I took a short story writing course with Mr. Shaw and his former professor, Dr. E. E. Folk. I sat in awe as I was introduced to what writing was all about: what it meant to work alone, what it meant to be possessed by an idea, to have a character live and die in your mind, and to die a little yourself when someone said: cut this paragraph, it's inconsistent.

Even now as I write this I don't know quite how he taught me. His instruction still remains a mystery. What Warren Carr once told me applies, I think, to the success of Mr. Shaw's courses. Love without mystery, he said, is pornographic.

Perhaps it is that Mr. Shaw is understanding. Or perhaps it is that, as Jon Wright said one evening, he is a young, sophisticated Charlie Weaver. Perhaps it is that he never admonished me for using incomplete sentences to express ideas or people or visions that were, in themselves, incomplete. Or that he did not mind reading my many injects and, somehow, surprisingly tolerated what he called my abominable spelling. Or perhaps it is simply his wisdom which moves me so.

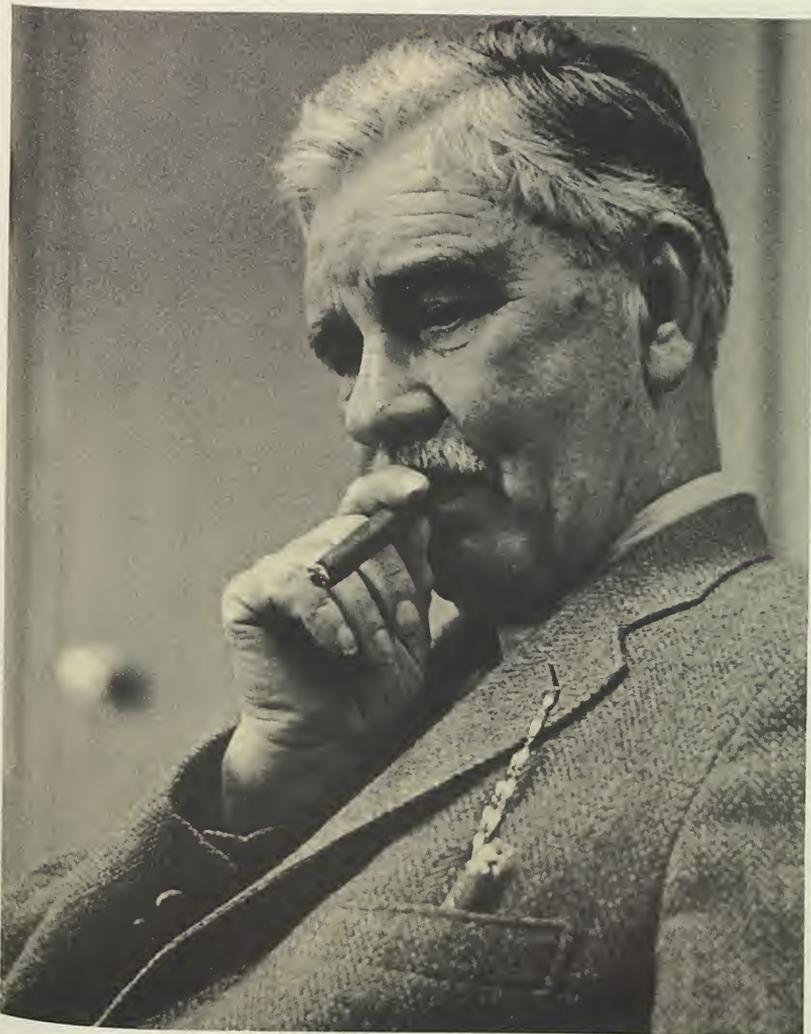
Looking back, I see that it was all those things tossed together and wrapped up in his personality. For those things and many more which I am now too young to comprehend this first issue is our Christmas gift to him. We all give it to him—and to his charming wife and children; because, even in our youth, we know at least enough to not separate a man from what he loves.

Caesura

The poetry magazine of Wake Forest University
 Subscription rates: Two dollars (Students, one dollar)
 Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N. C. 27109

The Passion for Making Something:

An Interview With Malcomb Cowley



When did the fancy to write first strike you? Did you begin in college, or before?

Oh, long before that; I began in high school. We had a paper in high school. The first thing I had published in that high school I had written in the eighth grade. Then I was the class poet. I went to a high school in Pittsburg—a big high school. So we were able to support a—well, for a high school—a pretty good literary paper.

Do you come from a writing family?

No, but in our high school one of my best friends was Kenneth Burke, now a philosopher and still my best friend. And outside of him we had quite a group of people, all interested in writing. So it was more peer group than family.

What I didn't say earlier was that what has taken the place of the family in the industrial society is the peer group.

Did you belong to a peer group in college and, later, out of college, that focused on writing, per se? Or did you find yourself isolated?

Oh, no. There was one again. I remember at Harvard, just before my time: e. e. cummings and John Dos Passos were still there when I was a freshman. Before then there was the famous class of 1910, which included T. S. Eliot, Walter Lippman, Jack Reeves, Stewart Chase. If I thought of anybody they would all be in the class of 1910.

1911 was Conrad Aiken. I got interested in Conrad Aiken's poetry. He was living in Boston, so I wrote him a letter. He said, "Meet me downtown at the Tourrain." This was 1917. By this time, I got him on the telephone. I said, "How will I recognize you?" He said "I'll be the man in the orange necktie who isn't a fairy." So I met Conrad at the Tourrain. And he is still one of my best friends.

And, then, in college, there was a character named S. Foster Daymon, the great opener of doors. He was Cummings' roommate for one year, and Cummings later told his biographer that everything he knew about modern literature and painting he first learned from Foster Daymon.

Foster was a great discoverer of neglected books. He would come into your room with a huge green-beige bookbag full of books, take out one book and say, "Listen to this, Mal!" and then begin reading. He was working, at that time, on *The Life of Blake*. It's always seemed tragic to me that Foster who opened so many doors for other people didn't have them opened for himself, although now a feshriff is being put together for his seventy-fifth birthday. A friend of his and mine was John Wilkes Wheelwriter, a poet who died in 1940. His work ought to be revived.

There were always people who took for granted in college that they were going to be writers, who saw each other frequently, read each other's work. In fact, there was a Harvard Poetry Society where people gathered to read.

And you think that this sort of thing is important.

Oh, yes. I think it is. I think that these wholly informal relationships between people and writers are, sometimes, the most valuable ones. That's why, when I have taught courses in creative writing, I always want to have a class.

At Michigan their idea was just to have people come to you separately for conferences about their work. That seemed to lose half the opportunities; because the class, itself, can be more valuable than the instructor.

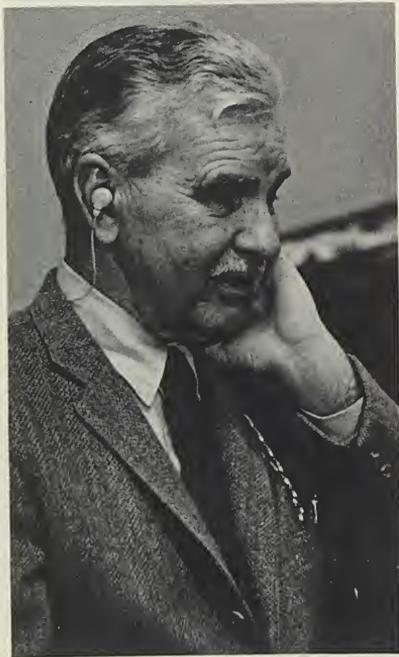
So you think creative writing can be taught?

Oh, that old question. Look, talent cannot be transmitted. A person has it or doesn't have it. But, besides talent, there are all sorts of tricks of the trade, which can be passed along—and thereby save a man years and years. Some people can learn them for themselves. But not even Faulkner learned everything for himself. You know, he learned

an awful lot from his older friend, Phil Stone, at Oxford.

What advice would you pass on to the young writer?

That's a slow process. The advice comes out of something he has written. In other words, how could this something he has written be made better. And then you can begin to give him rules like "no name without a face." That's a good rule for writing. Do you know what it means?



It means simply that if you—either in fiction or in non-fiction—if you introduce somebody's name into the story, then you had better characterize him in some way. Don't let his name be faceless.

All these little rules have that nature of the great rule Chekov laid down for story writing: If there is a pistol in the drawer on the first page of the story, it has to go off before the last page.

I'm curious to know whether you think writing for the newspaper can be good training or preparation for creative writing, or do you think it's just a way of earning a living.

Newspaper work has proved to be good preparation for creative writing, in the cases of a lot of people. One thing that it makes you do is to write a great deal. And you get used to seeing what you write appear in print.

The greatest advice to young writers is: write a great deal and get it published.

The newspaper worker knows that what he is writing is going to be published. But there are drawbacks to that, just as there are to teaching for a writer.

At the present time, reporting is so much different from what it used to be, because there is so much less crime and violence reporting now than there used to be. And so much more "hand-out" reporting. You know that. How much stuff in a newspaper comes from publicity sources. Mimeograph will come into a paper, and the reporter just rewrites the handout.

I have two rather traditional questions, which you've probably heard before. One of them is the old paradoxical question of whether the times make the writer or the writer makes the times. Do you think that the writer is influenced more than he influences, or do you think that this might happen simultaneously?

There is no answer to your question, because life is so vastly interrelated. I'll give you one pattern, paragon, on that influencing thought.

An author is influenced by his time; he is produced by his time. An author of the 1960's—that is, an author who begins writing in the 1960's—can't possibly have the same picture of life, the same sense of life, as an author who began writing in the 1930's. But the paradoxical thing is that writers sometimes become prophets.

Now, how do they become prophets, truly prophets? Simply by expressing the innards of the situation. And if they express that honestly it may well turn out that thousands

of millions of people are going to feel it ten years later.

When we say that the author has been prophetic what he has done is simply to have looked inside of himself and discovered something that is also true of many, many people. In the same way, let us say that if an author's feeling expresses the feelings of many people at his own time, it must weigh that along with these universals, there are also some



particulars in them. Then, by association, those particulars may also be accepted.

I'd have a hard time thinking of an example. Oh, yes. Easy example. Hemingway expressed a great deal of the feeling of the generation that followed World War I. Hemingway, incidentally, liked skiing. Skiing became immensely popular among those people who read Hemingway. That's what I meant by universals and particulars.

Do you think there is a particular sort of temperament that goes along with being a writer?

I've written about this, to some extent, in a book called *The Literary Situation*. In the first place writers are of many different temperaments, so you look for what you think are constants.

One of the constants is that almost every writer whose life I've studied was alone for a great deal of the time in some period of boyhood or girlhood. It's being alone that leads to the habit of telling oneself stories—that later turns into the habit of writing stories.

An another constant is that every writer whose life I've studied was at some period a great reader. Because reading is one of the things on which style is based, the more you read, especially in boyhood, the more likely you are to want to write. Now, not all writers are great readers at the height of their careers. They may read nothing but what they write themselves. They may not read anything but newspapers while they're writing a book—just not to interfere with the writing. But, at some period, they have been great readers.

Those two things are constant: the loneliness, at some period, and being a great reader, at some period.

I notice that in Look Homeward, Angel Wolfe took a great deal of care depicting the loneliness and the escape into reading when he's reading one romance in the library and starts dreaming about going off with his school teacher.

You get the same thing, I guess, in why George Orwell became a writer. He was a very lonely boy. He was generally looked down upon by his schoolmates at Eton, because he was a scholarship boy. The more he was looked down upon, the more disagreeable he became. And the more he went off by himself, the more he was tempted to reassert his ego against the others by writing.

Those two things, reading and being lonely, are fairly simple. And then the general thing that applies to many artists is the passion for making something. That applies to the writers, very often the poets, who are trying to fashion something that is so perfectly fashioned that it will hold together and last

a long time, a long time after they're dead. The same passion that seizes painters, even furniture makers.

And you have this terrible thirst for communication which strikes people who have been lonely for a large part of their lives. And also for revealing oneself. Not necessarily revealing what one does or thinks at every moment—but writing in such a way that one's personality is truly revealed.



The First Decade

S. Michael Harrowood



"The exciting game of football is popular with the students now. A club has been organized and handsomely uniformed. They challenged the rest of the students to a match and the game was played. The result was a victory for the club by a score of 5 to 2."

This brief paragraph, appearing in the 1882 issue of *THE STUDENT*, mentions football on the Wake Forest campus for the first time. Accepted as a novelty, football at first did not gain general popularity. For a while, it looked as though football players were going to lose out to the croquet team. In October, 1883, *THE STUDENT* notes that "some of the students who are not energetic enough to take part in games of football and baseball find amusement in croquet."

By November, however, the dwindling football fans asserted themselves, united with unprecedented determination, and evidently saved enough pennies to purchase their first actual equipment. *THE STUDENT* of that month remarks, "The football club has been reorganized and a new ball purchased." Croquet at Wake Forest has never really recovered from this development.

At first the Wake Forest team was comprised of several light but hardy young men. They met for practice twice a week and a great deal of success was predicted for them. The popularity of the sport grew steadily and there were hopes of organizing a second team to improve spirit.

In 1884 *THE STUDENT* reported that the

team got a "first class ball" and that plans for a gym were in the offing. After somewhat of a delay, the school received word that the gym had arrived at the train depot and would soon be installed. Although the gym was only a few pieces of equipment placed in a class room, everybody eased into contentment.

But in 1888, things began to get hot. Fair Week in Raleigh brought the first inter-collegiate game in the state of North Carolina. H. A. Foushee, a Joe Garigeola of the gay nineties, records the contest between Wake Forest and Chapel Hill: "Three cheers for our team! The event of the season, so far, was the game of football between Chapel Hill and Wake Forest Thursday of Fair Week at the Raleigh fair grounds. Our team had had their ball only three days and were sadly out of practice. Nevertheless, when they appeared on the grounds in their neat new uniforms, they created a most favorable impression and loud continued cheering rent the air. The first game resulted in favor of the Chapel Hill team, owing to the fact that our boys played under two new rules and had the disadvantage in position of their goal.

"The next game our boys went at it with a vim, caught on to their opponents' dodges and won the game in a short time. The third game was simply a repetition of the second. Our boys were favorably impressed with the

expressed their complete satisfaction with the decision of Mr. William Wynne of Raleigh, who kindly umpired the game."

In November of 1888, Raleigh was invited to Wake Forest for a series of games. The two teams met on the twenty-fourth of that month and Captain Dowd led the Deacons to a four game victory.

By that time an Athletic Association had been established at Wake, and both students and faculty members showed their support by joining it. But while faculty members supported the growth of college athletics and even established a chair of physical culture, it appears that many students were apathetic to the cause. In October of 1889, J. E. White, associate editor of *THE STUDENT*, published an editorial entitled "College Athletics," in which he told it like it was to the students: "Every student who loves his college, who desires everything connected with it to succeed, will join the Athletic Association. There are some who don't want to pay the fee. Well, if we win the championship of the state as we hope, you'll have no right to hurrah."

At half time, our team came off the field behind by a score of 14-0.

In the second half it looked as though they might pull through, but the contest ended in a Wake Forest defeat. Mr. Foushee remarked: "Our team played a very spirited gentlemanly conduct of their opponents and game considering the heavy odds against them."

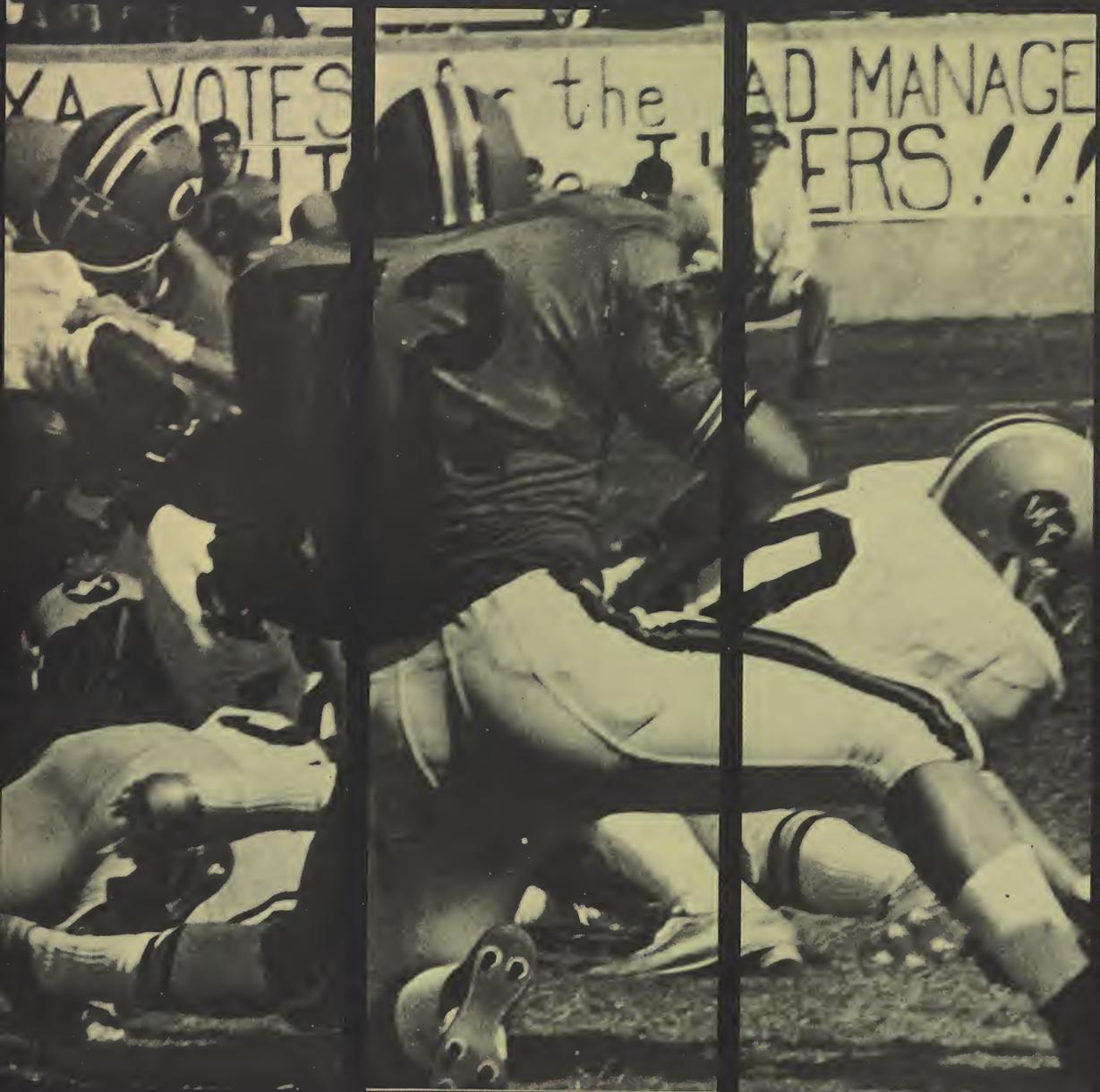
The final outcome of that first state championship is today a matter of great controversy. Wake was defeated by the University in the first game. The University was defeated by Trinity (now affectionately known as Duke). When, on March 29, Wake met Trinity in what was the championship game and emerged with a 32-0 victory, we demanded the crown. However, the plans were changed, probably due to an objection from Chapel Hill, and more games were scheduled for the following year.

In December of the next year Wake sparred with the University again and won 18-8. Trinity then defeated Wake by a score of 8-4 on Thanksgiving Day. Wake claimed that the game had been rigged. They argued that two men were used in the previous season by the University and that the umpires had been bought. Still the game went to Trinity and the championship was again taken away from Wake Forest.

Crownless, the Wake teams soon grew so poor that their schedule had to be cancelled. Eventually the trustees ruled football off the campus. Then, after fifteen years of exile the team reappeared in 1908. Apathy had diminished over the years and the students had regained their team spirit. C. D. Creasman, editor of *THE STUDENT*, enthusiastically endorsed their entrance:

"Once more the dead has come to life. . . . We have a football team."





The Name of the Game is Support:

A Dialogue Between Four Deacons

You start Friday morning. You got classes to go to. You have to take notes. You're listening to the prof lecture, and you're thinking about your plays and how things are going to go and the brand new stadium. There's going to be thirty thousand fans—like before the N. C. home game. All the pressure's on you; everything's up to us.

The pressure's really on. You take a kid nineteen, almost twenty years old. And you say, You gotta win. All these people—alumni, professors and students, the administration—these are all the people you're representing.

People want their fine arts building, and here's your stadium. . . .

Yeah, your five million dollar stadium's over there, and the professors are going broke. People want a new building. You have to win. You have to make money. That's the name of college football: money. People say it's a great game and this and that. But it's a great financial build up. You got to win.

And then your prof asks, "What's Einstein's theory of relativity?"

Yeah, right. And you say, Yes. That's your answer.

Then you got people coming up to you all the time: How we gonna do, how we gonna do? You don't know how you're gonna do. It bothers you. You want to win the game, but you don't know.

And you can't really eat a couple days before the game. You're that much a bundle of nerves.

Then Friday night comes; it's unbelievable. We go over to the stadium and lay around for a few minutes. Or we walk through the stadium. It's impressive as hell. Then we go see some horrible movie. Before every game we see an awful movie. They take us to a movie to try to get our minds off the game. And it works—during the movie. As soon as the end comes up on the movie screen, Bam! it hits you: you got a game tomorrow. Then you have some hot chocolate—it's good—and some oreos, and apples. Then you go down and get your vitamin B shot from Doc. Everyone's joking around by now, anything you say is funny.

You have to laugh; otherwise, you go nuts.

Doc gives the best shots probably I've ever had. He says, Drop your trousers. You bend over. You put your elbows on the table. OK, loosen up, he says. You loosen up. Then he smacks the hell out of one cheek and shoots you in the other. You don't even feel the needle. It gives you a little extra energy for the game.

After that, you go upstairs and try to sleep. You have to have pills. That's about ten thirty, but you can't sleep. You toss and turn most of the night. The next morning they get you up at eight. A lot of the ball players get up and go to church. Now a priest comes over before the game.

He's quite a character. He says, OK, I'll hear confessions, if you guys want. Don't hold anything back. I've been a priest in the marines for twelve years, and I've heard everything. Then you take a bus back to

school about nine o'clock. You have breakfast: fillet mignon and scrambled eggs. Your nerves are really building up now.

Some guys can't even eat.

It's good to get back to campus and talk to people. You want to talk to somebody—just to keep your mind off the game.

I think a lot of people have to be by themselves, too. You know, you're with guys all the time, sleeping with them in the same room at night. The next morning you just want to take a walk. Just walk somewhere and think.



That's really true.

Everyone has their own way to prepare for a game. No two people prepare alike. And you can't get mad at anybody who doesn't prepare like you prepare.

Time just flies until you get into the bus and head back to the stadium. Some guys are quiet, others are just like magpies. They just can't stop talking. Just a bundle of nerves.

When you get there you get taped. That's where you really get psyched out. You sit there and you're nervous. Doc'll come by.

Yeah, Doc's always there.

He'll start saying, "Look let's get ready for the ball game," and he'll smash you a few times.

Doc is as nervous as we are.

The coaches get more nervous. They have to take tranquilizers. Every one of them.

You get nervous talking about it.

When you get ready for the game you think about what you've gone through. That's ten months, ten months of preparation for the game—like the N. C. State game. Coach has gone through thousands and thousands of plays and films. You're thinking about working with weights all summer, how you go out to double sessions. You drop three weeks just doing certain plays you can run against N. C. State. You don't worry about anything else.

You get to know State better than State knows themselves.

You're sure you can beat them. You have to beat them. There's just something there—something intangible—you don't know what it is.

It builds up your nerves. You're afraid you're going to do something wrong. You keep on going over plays, you start thinking too much.

Just like before an exam. You know how some people say how they choke before exams. But the funny thing is when you get out on the football field you might choke on the first play, but then someone will just forearm your head and practically knock it over the goal post. And then everything's clear. You got to get hit that first time.

Then the whole team goes out as a group. To work out. This is the first time you get to look at the people in the stands.

That's when you're really glad that they're there. You're glad that the students are behind you and you're not alone. You're glad that you have a nice place to play in. It makes a difference playing in a new stadium.

You have to have support. And when you go out there you got a feeling that they're more people besides yourself that want you to win. You're not playing just for the team. You're playing for all those people in the stadium, people there to see you win.



I still think you're going to be frightened for a couple of seconds. Coming out, you know you have to hit that field. You see all those people, there's still some stage fright then. But after you get warmed up. . . .

Like I said, that first crack of the game clears your mind.

I think pre-game warmups is the worst time of anything. I don't know what it is. It's just terrible. You get so tired.

In the last few years, the other coach would work us so much that we'd get tired before the game started. This year we just loosen up. We don't tire ourselves before

the game. Then the team comes together after we warm up and we go back in the locker room.

That's when it really starts getting hairy. It's quite in there and everybody starts to realize: This is it. You start to smell something.

Everybody takes a dump every five seconds.

The men's room at a stadium before a football game is the fowlest, filthiest place. You take the dirtiest john in a greyhound bus station in the lower west side of New York. It smells twice as good.

Yeah, and the john's so busy it's funny. You gotta go five or six times before a game.

Just like animals, you know. When they're frightened, immediately they'll crap or take a leak. They're ready for flight. And it must be something similar in our bodies. Subconsciously, it must just be the fight and everything.

You drop your insides.

Whatever it is, it's rotten.

While everyone's getting ready to go out, Coach Tate's giving a few last words of encouragement. He doesn't say that much. He doesn't say, give this one to the gripper. He's not in Hollywood. He's down to earth. He'll come around and shake everyone's hand. Then he'll say, Everyone take a knee. We'll say a prayer.

A lot of times it'll be one of the players who'll want to say a few words, not so much to ask for the victory, but just to ask that everyone does the best job they know how and everyone comes out of the game all right.

You know, it's amazing. Some people just never say anything. And then they give a prayer. It's just—it's just beautiful. It really is. You know he's gone through the same thing you have and here he is. You're all together and you're just so small compared to God and everything else. And you want to win this so bad, you think this is everything. And yet the world is still going on. And here you are—this funny kid saying a prayer.

You feel so lonely. I have a terrible lonely feeling—especially when I start reflecting on

a play or something. Asking for something. . . .

At this point, you have to turn from a Mr. Hyde to a Dr. Jekyll. As soon as the prayer's over, you have to get yourself up sky high. When you go outside that door and see all the people and the bands you realize that those things are there. But you have to concentrate on your one job for the rest of the afternoon. And as soon as you go out there, before the game starts, you forget about everything: the stands and the people aren't there, cheers aren't there, nothing's there anymore. It's just you and that man across from you, or you and that other team—well, your team and that other team.

You're real scared. And the best way to lose it is to get a few tough wacks on the head to loosen up what's inside. You pull together as a team for the last time. Then you're on your own. For sixty minutes.

Yeah, but you can drop fifteen pounds in six minutes.

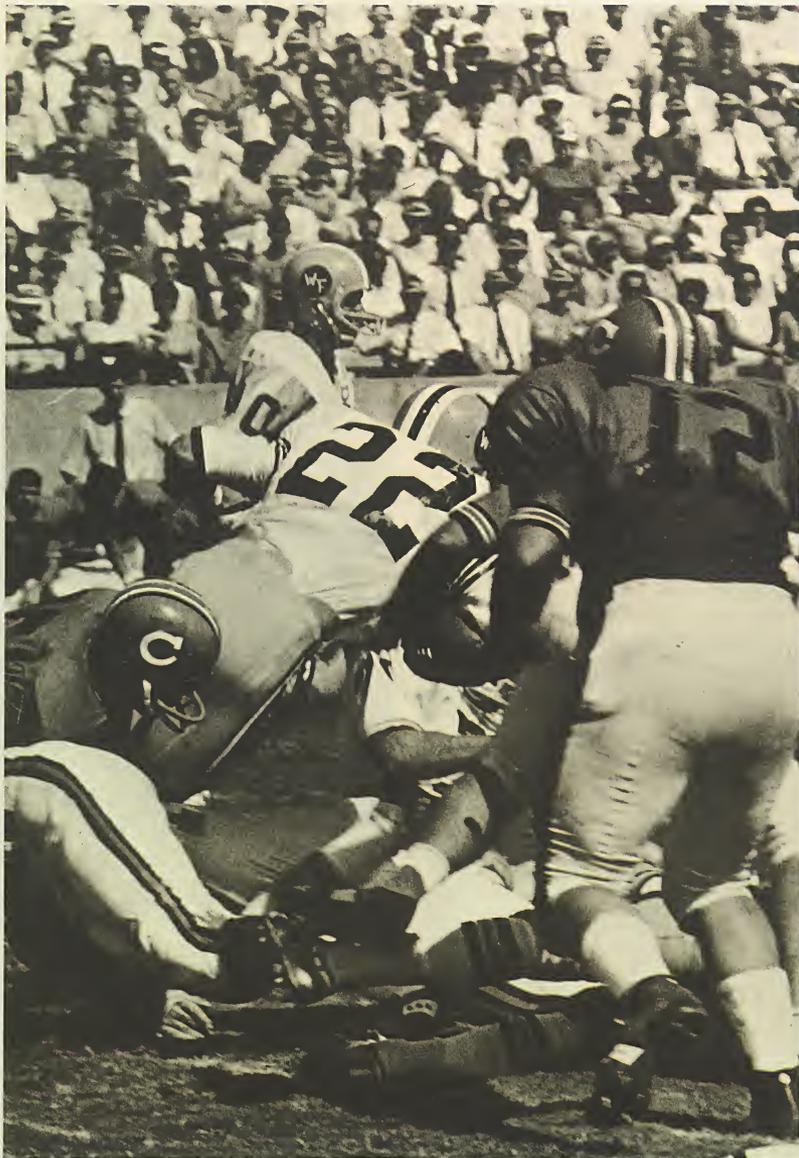
I tell you, it's an experience you can never know unless you go through it. Never is it like a high school ball game. It's nothing like you've ever known in your lifetime. Not like a bowling match, or like a swimming meet, or a basketball game. It's a contact sport. And you can never, never, never experience it—until you go through it yourself. It's not only in your mind; it's in your body.

It used to be eleven men, now it's twenty-two men on a team; eleven on offense, eleven on defense. When one person makes a mistake, it can cost the whole team a game. Those eleven guys you have to get along with. You have to play with each other, live with each other. You actually have to love each other on the field. And if one guy makes a mistake, he feels worse than anybody else. But if twenty-one other guys let him know he made a mistake. . . .

He's beat.

The whole team's beaten. So when a mistake is made, you have to pull right together again and encourage him.

That's what helped our defense this year. Guys encourage other guys. Even when a



mistake comes up, they don't yell, don't make the guy feel bad.

I think that the worst part of this platoon football is that the offense and defense are different teams. You're out on two fields: defense is on one field, offense is on another. And at game time you're all one team again. It's pretty bad. The offense fails to score or something, and the defense goes out with its back to the wall. I can see why the defense would say, "Damn offense, why'd it do this?" But you can't get down on each other. You both have to pull for the same thing.

You don't even hear anybody say that. They probably think it, but all they say is that it's too bad it had to happen. It's not supposed to happen, but it does.

You have to go out and do your job, and that's it.

That's right.

And no one does a perfect job.

That's right.

I wish we could.

Yeah, but everyone makes mistakes.

Oh, boy, is that ever right.

That's the name of the game a lot of times—mistakes.

Yeah, but when you win a game it's ecstasy.

Yeah, and dullsville when you lose.

Losing. Have you ever felt like . . . Losing.

It's like you have a nice broad and you try to make her, but you just can't come off. You're too sick or something. That's something like losing—just useless, no good.

It's like having a girl you loved for six months. You really, really love her. You do everything for her. You go all out to make her happy and this and that. And then she just tells you it's over. That's losing. A long way from winning.

Winning's the greatest thing in the world, though. Don't you think? I remember the first game I won. South Carolina. We lost two games and then went down there and beat South Carolina. I couldn't believe how great a feeling it was.

I hope to feel it again.

We've got to feel it again.

We better feel it again.

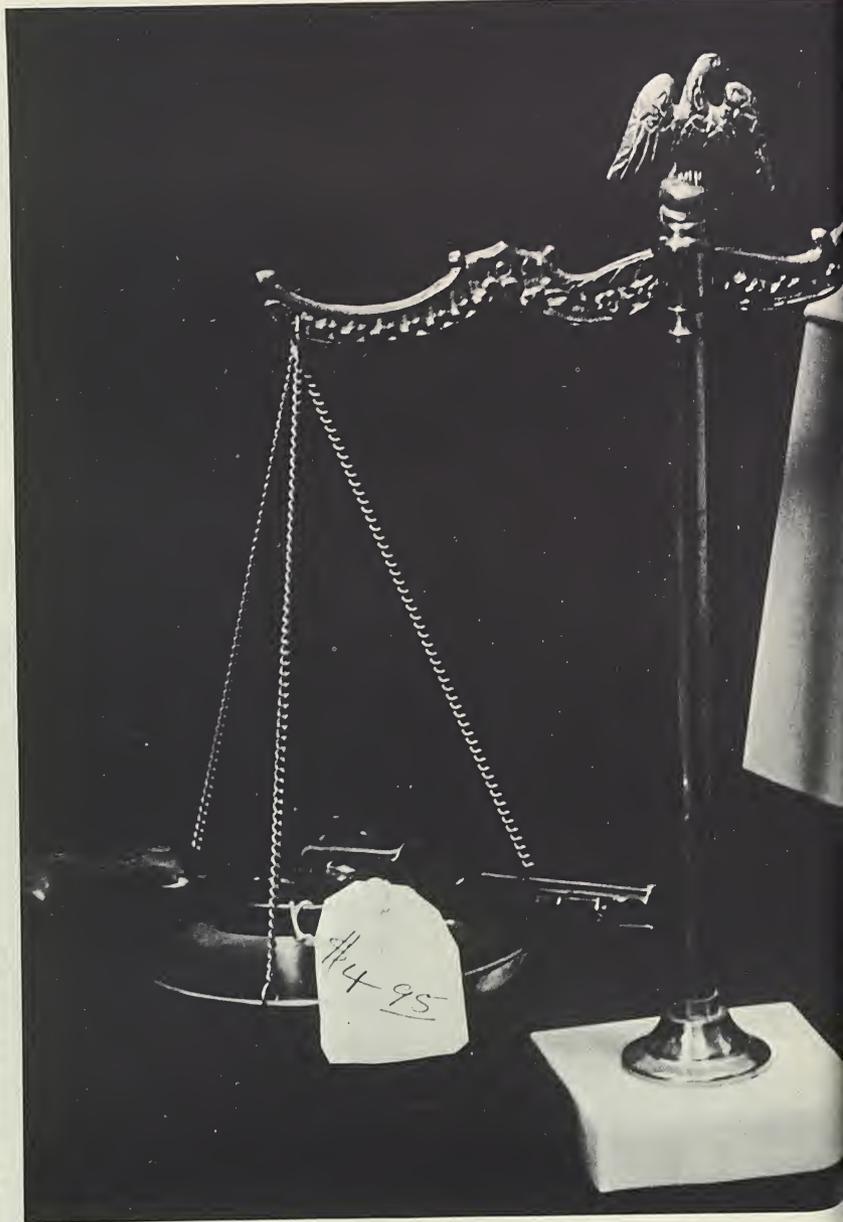


LAW and ORDER

Carey Bogen

Plato thought the requirement of order so important to the realization of justice in society that he created a complete ontological system to support a rigidly-structured ideal state. Few today would accept such metaphysical realism as the basis of social order. The opposite extreme has been reached by Jean-Paul Sartre as theorist for a communal consciousness which creates itself through terror.

The latter position is very close to a new radicalism that has developed in the United States. The new radicalism is a challenge to any sort of order that hampers the achievement of full racial equality, of a non-aggressive foreign policy, and of a more responsive political system. To achieve these goals, the new radicals are prepared, in the words of Herbert Marcuse, the principal theorist of the movement, to withdraw freedom of speech and assembly from groups which promote aggressive policies and hamper the achievement of social and political justice as they see it. They believe it is morally right to shout down views with which they disagree, and would suppress such views if they were in power.





Examples of the practical application of the new radicalism have been seen in American social and political life with startling effects during the past two years. Black militants have called for destruction of the existing social and economic system which has denied their human dignity. Cities have been burned. In the presidential campaign, freedom to speak was denied to both Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace.

Belief in the efficacy and necessity of the use of extreme and violent means is of course not a new phenomenon in history. Every revolution has resorted to and sought to justify the use of violence against the existing order. Many revolutions have carried out a policy of violent suppression of remaining elements of the previous order after the success of the revolt. Notable among this latter group are the French and Russian Revolutions. Lenin stated that "with this machine, or rather this weapon [the state], we shall crush every form of exploitation, and when there are no longer any possibilities of exploitation left on earth, no more people owning land or factories, no more people gorging themselves under the eyes of others who are starving, when such things become impossible, then and only then shall we cast this machine aside."

Upon reflection the radical logic carried to its *full* conclusion, as in the passage from Lenin, appears ultimately unacceptable as a means of achieving its own end. For it leads to a present denial of the very values claimed as fundamental—freedom from oppression—justified by appeal to a future state of complete freedom. Here again we hear that the end justifies the means. But there would be no freedom in such a society of fear, nor could freedom come of it. If the end justifies the means, what would justify such an end? A revolution would be necessary.

The radical summons calls forth its own opposition, and if that opposition is stronger, the revolutionary effort may itself be suppressed before it can achieve its end. In the United States the new radicals themselves gave strength to the Wallace campaign, and the unanticipated strength of that campaign

soon had candidates for every office speaking vehemently in support of law and order.

The call for "law and order" was initially a call for suppression of riots. As the conservative mood deepened, the phrase came also to connote a determination to change a judicial system that was said to have pampered and released criminals to the detriment of decent people, and to have told people with whom they had to live and how they had to run their schools.

The relationship among the conflicting forces is important, for out of the interplay is generated the momentum that leads to social upheaval. The situation at first appears paradoxical, for the "system" in the end is under attack from both sides. But there is a logical sequence. First, the hopes for achievement of a just society within the system are raised by constitutional decisions finally implementing the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments, followed by strong legislative and executive action to the same end. When raised expectations cannot be immediately satisfied, disillusionment sets in, leading to angry revolt against the system which promised but could not deliver. When the revolt becomes militant, it produces its own reaction—a reaction which wishes to preserve the system, but at the same time is itself angered that the system created the conditions which led to the revolt.

The issues raised by the resulting confrontation are complex, and go to the heart of the idea of political society. The essential questions are to what extent may an ordered society tolerate dissent and, ultimately, civil disobedience; and when does a system become so oppressive that revolution may be justified. The first question has forced itself upon the body politic with such vehemence that a sitting Justice of the Supreme Court, in an unprecedented publishing event, addressed himself to it extrajudicially. In *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience*, Justice Fortas concluded that, even beyond the unquestioned constitutional rights of free speech and assembly, including peaceful petition and protest, the maintenance of a free society sometimes necessitated civil disobedience.



Justice Fortas defined permissible civil disobedience very carefully, however. It could only be disobedience of the particular law challenged, and only upon the grounds that it violated a fundamental constitutional right and hence was not actually a valid law. Even then, the violator must be prepared to suffer the legally prescribed penalty if his challenge of the law is not vindicated.

The civil disobedience condoned by Justice Fortas is in effect merely an extreme form of peaceful protest. He feels no more is justified as long as the society has open avenues of peaceful change. To allow more would be to permit an unacceptable infringement on the rights of other members of society when the ultimate form of protest—revolution—was not yet justified.

Justice Fortas' analysis is based on the premise that American society still has open avenues of peaceful change. Thus his analysis leaves off at the threshold of the second question: when is revolt, considering revolt as disobedience of laws other than specific laws being protested, justified by virtue of the avenues to peaceful change being closed?

Thomas Hobbes denied absolutely a right of revolution. He reasoned that by overthrowing the political sovereign, man would only put himself back into the state of nature, that is, a state of anarchy and perpetual war in which every man is free to kill every other man. Under no conceivable circumstances, thought Hobbes, could such a state be preferable to even the most despotic rule. What

Hobbes overlooked, in his desire to preserve the authority of the sovereign, is that men have often decided that anything would be preferable to the rule under which they were living, and have acted accordingly. Further, deposed governments and systems are not generally replaced by anarchy. A new authority is usually declared before the old one is cast aside.

To deny a right of revolution is to deny a response to an intolerable life that is distinctly individual as well as social and historical. Revolution begins in the individual



with a realization that a demand made on him or an aspiration denied him is a demand or a denial that will debase his existence as a free person, and he rebels against it. This description of existential rebellion is given by Camus in *The Rebel*. The individual does not remain isolated in his rebellion, however, for he realizes that other men will also experience his recognition of the limits of oppression to which a man may submit, and this awareness leads to a social consciousness that is revolutionary.

Because rebellion is such a personal act, the right to rebel cannot be taken away. Camus says that "the movement of rebellion is founded simultaneously on the categorical rejection of an intrusion that is considered intolerable and on the confused conviction of an absolute right which, in the rebel's mind, is more precisely the impression that he 'has the right to. . .'" But when many individual acts of rebellion join and move

onto the plane of history as revolution, the society must decide how it will meet the threat to its existence.

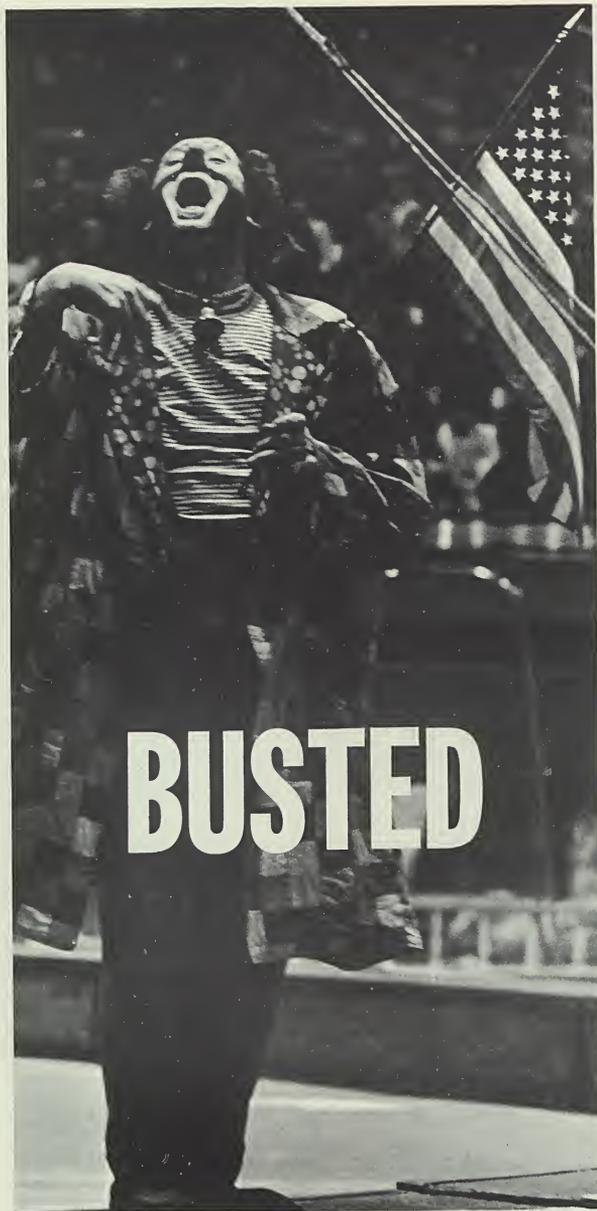
Almost inevitably revolution will be met with resistance. A few societies may, while resisting the impetus toward total destruction of the existing order, still be able to offer the revolutionaries a new opportunity for the achievement of their aspirations, and thus be able to reach an accommodation. Such societies will be rare. They must meet two requirements: the ultimate aspirations of the revolutionaries must be recognized by the society as legitimate; and the possibility of achieving them within the existing order, although modification of that order will be necessary, must still be open.

Before the revolutionary could accept an accommodation, however, he would have to be shown that there was something of value



in the established system worthy of preservation. The only thing which would justify the continuation of the system would be that it remained essentially open to the peaceful evolution of freedom.

So it is that the call for law and order can become in itself ambiguous, and take on meaning only within the total context of the thought of those who utter it. The advocacy of law and order can imply an intent not to recognize the aspirations of the revolutionaries, and to suppress all attempts at modification of existing structures which would insure that the society remained open to peaceful change. If this meaning should



You Can't G

You see the faint glow of a lighted cigarette and your heart skips a beat. Why the hell doesn't he stay away? Why does he have to be there?

You know why. He's your contact. Yeah, man, *contact*. He has some grass. So what's so bad about that? Nothing, really. Everybody in college takes a little time out to try it. Sure, but you're not everybody; you're not even anybody, but you're still going to get some grass.

He's shorter than you — and lighter. Surprisingly, his hair's short. He stands in the shadows of the wharf and quietly inhales the cigarette.

"You got a nickel?" His voice is soft. Somehow you manage to stammer out, "Two." He reaches in his pocket and pulls out two small envelopes. You take them and open one. The moonlight isn't bright enough to see what's inside, so you hold the contents under the glow of your cigar. It's grass — good grade, too.

You pull the two marked five dollar bills from your pocket and hand them to him. Quietly he stuffs them into his pocket, turns and starts to go.

"Wait a minute," you blurt. "I hate to do this, but you're under arrest for the possession and sale of narcotics." The contact stops abruptly, then turns right into the arms of two vice squad agents who have trailed you since you left the road. He could run, but he succumbs with a cynical sigh of resignation and stands quietly

as the detectives inform him of his constitutional rights. He's calm and you're scared. He faces a felony rap and you're scared. He faces three years in jail and you're scared. You want to puke. You can't, so you fill your lungs with smoke. Meekly, he follows your guiding hand to the road and the waiting patrol car.

In the light of the car his body becomes a face. For the first time your eyes look into his, for the first painful moment your soul and his lock somewhere in the unknown. You mumble, "I'm sorry."

For a moment there is no reply, and then: "Don't let it bug you. I can tell you feel worse about this than I do." Then he's gone, the whirling red light is gone, and you're standing on the road alone — lost in the confusion of having performed society's dirty work.

The precinct station contrasts sharply with the quiet, funeral atmosphere of the beach. You pass the evidence locker which now contains two small brown envelopes — one sealed, the other open — filled with enough good grade marijuana for two good smokes. It is one in the morning.

Down the hall and to your right your contact sits—quiet, serene. Surrounded by two vice squad detectives and his attorney, he answers their questions politely and confidently. The detective in charge points to the forms and the typewriter. Ah yes, bureaucracy and its wonderful craze for paper feces.

Moving toward the typewriter

Back to Sleep: A Narc Tells His Story—

you feel his eyes follow you. You look at him and then turn away. He smiles and then calls out, "Hey, man, who finked on me?" You don't know, you wish you did. No, not really. It's better not to know. You don't want to share the contempt you feel with someone else.

Three-thirty. The papers for the investigating officer have been filled out in triplicate. You drag your body home to bed. To bed, but not to sleep. Your dull senses kept hammering away: his face, his smile, his knowing look.

You think of the law. Possession of narcotics. First Offense. Three years in jail. Felony. *Three years.* A drunk goes down the road at eighty miles an hour, hits a car, kills someone and spends one-hundred and twenty days in jail and has his license suspended for a year. This poor bastard sells you something that could very well be growing in your backyard and gets three years. A law made thirty years ago because of misconception, ignorance, and fear stands to ruin that kid's future.

You crave sleep, but your mind churns out memories. You travel back through the years to your senior year in high school. Colleges don't have a patent on this stuff. It grew in ditches where you lived. That was common knowledge. What wasn't well known was that there were enterprising sharecroppers reaping benefits from it. Beer couldn't be sold to minors, but grass was free—well, almost. You watched your friends take the stuff, roll it, and drag on it slowly.

You saw them get high, giggle, do crazy things—nothing bad, just crazy. You watched in fear, fear that they might get caught, that you might get caught with them, or—even worse—that you would try some. You never did, you still haven't. So why the problem? Why the guilt? To society you are a hero. Again the urge to vomit grips your throat.

You move through time and space to Kathy, your first love. She was sweet, innocent—until she went away to college and got caught at a pot party. When she came home you knew she was still sweet, but the hypocrites and bigots wouldn't believe it. They wouldn't let her forget a mistake. You remember how you caught her one night with a razor in her hand—ready to end the suffering caused by her former friends. You talked her out of it that night, but three months later when you were sixteen hundred miles away nobody cared enough to try. Your guts twist: you remember the bitch at her funeral who said that's what happened when kids start using drugs. One marijuana smoke didn't kill her beautiful mind and body. That bitch did. A town full of people like her did.

You light a cigarette. Now you're a big man. They have a series on the tube about undercover cops and secret agents. But somehow you and James Bond live in different worlds. You don't feel heroic. Law and order have been served—good God, yes—but whatever happened to that beautiful

idea and ideal you once possessed about justice?

Justice—you might as well revere human dung as justice. What was it one of your professors had said? Oh, yeah: "Justice is for those who can afford it." What a wonderful system.

Again your mind calls for sleep, but you remember Aeschylus and believe what he wrote: "Even in our sleep, pain which cannot end falls drop by drop upon our heart, until in our own despair, and against our will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God."

Your thoughts turn to the men in blue. You work with them. When the hippies and yippies attacked them in Chicago you felt sorry for them. They needed pity, not hate. Day in and day out they enforce the laws—old laws, new laws—some intelligent, many asinine. They have no holidays, no privacy, nothing but a badge that makes a good target in the dark. Regardless of what they do they're in the middle. They're too soft, they're too hard. They're corrupt, they're honest. They're good, they're bad. They're cops, they're policemen. For four-hundred and sixty dollars a month (before taxes are taken out) they are shot at, spit on, punched, cursed, scorned publicly and privately. Nothing in their contract says anything about taking shit from the public, but they take it.

Your mind searches for an answer to the problem. Your hopes and dreams and goals come back. One by one you recount them, their

meaning, and—yes—their demise.

You love her. She made the beach a paradise as she had made of your life. Tonight, in one night, by a single act you had defiled the beauty and sanctity of the beach. In too real a sense you had destroyed a precious memory of your relationship. You couldn't even keep the System out of your love affairs; it blemished everything it touched.

Three years. Again and again and again the figure crosses your mind. You try to understand the loss of three years of freedom for smoking one roach. There would be parole in nine months, sure, but there would be probation to face—and the do-gooders and self-righteous. You finally decide it's not hard to renege. After all, this is the nation that used to send the insane to jail for a cure, that spends more money for cigarettes than for courts, for booze than for research. Now it becomes clear: you're not the one who is missing the mark. It is society—or that octopus one calls society—that is missing the mark.

You remember Wake Forest, its beloved student body, its motto: *Pro Humanitate*. In the common vernacular that means making sure Joseph Schlitz doesn't lose any bread with his investment in Winston-Salem, making sure that the number of virgins in the world is inversely proportional to female population (while still expecting the new bride to be as pure as the "rosey-fingered dawn"), making sure that there are equal rights

for everyone (free, white and twenty-one), and making a million dollars with the manner of attainment being immaterial.

The enlightened on their campuses are called vegetables. But a vegetable is nourishing. No, a vegetable is more like the hog you saw—so fat and lazy he refused to get out of the muck of the sty—a hog who eventually suffocated when the other pigs in the pen packed the mud and muck around his snout. No wonder the contact acted like he felt sorry for you. He'll be free—even behind bars—because he won't have to live with the pigs.

You want to stop thinking, but you turn to the recurring question. What's to be done with the pot-heads? The answer is simple—simple yet impossible. Pull out those antiquated legislative acts passed decades ago and submit them to exacting scrutiny, listen to medical, psychological, and psychiatric testimony, and then make new laws which are cognizant of the 1960's. So simple—so agonizingly simple.

You laugh out loud. Legislation is almost always twenty years too late.

How sad that man can never prevent anything, that he must always seek a cure—a cure that is, at best, ineffective.

You remember the first arrest you made—an Afro-American with a B.S. in Anthropology. Your disbelief showed on your face that night, but hatred and frustration showed more in his. A record

check showed why even his degree couldn't help; there was no room for a black man with a degree. Although you couldn't comprehend the problem, you still tried—which was more than the court seemed to do. But that's *Law and Order*.

Your thoughts spell out the word *justice* again. You remember the white judge who, in setting his bail, called him a black bastard and then (with no apparent consternation) turned to the black police officer behind him and asked for a ride home.

Man loves a double standard. He likes it with his women, he likes it with his slaves—O. K.—pseudo-slaves.

You begin to hope: Surely this country will split if it can't join together and clasp hands instead of clench fists and slug it out. Reality argues: But we must establish priorities so that rights and dignities fall behind houses and insurance rates and cars. While Dearborn prospers, Detroit will fester—fester and spread with the epidemic of hatred becoming more assured not because the white man wants it to, but because it's good for business.

The first rays of dawn begin to peek through your window. Ah yes, a new day and a new beginning. Bull. The only thing that will be new is the assignment. Out there some unsuspecting soul is being set up in society's never-ending fight against crime. Crime? If he's like the rest, this will be his first arrest, his first encounter

with the law, quite probably his first acquaintance with the stuff. But another jailed body will send dear old J. Edgar's figures even higher, thus supporting the need for his holiness's continued presence on the American scene.

But the answer, what is the answer? The phone. No, that's not the answer. That's the ringing you hear. Six-thirty in the morning and the phone is ringing.

As usual, it's Ricco: "Trooper's made another contact. Be at the amusement park at nine. Any question, call the special number."

"I won't be there," you say.

"Why not?" asks a dull voice.

You give your reasons. Silence. Then the expected retort: "It's the law."

"I know it's the law, but sometimes there are higher laws. Remember that crazy cat with the one testicle? He had laws, too. And the men who enforced them? We told them there was a higher law, a law that has to be enforced. But not by me. That doesn't mean I'm going out and break it. It just means I can't enforce it anymore."

You finish talking, hang up the phone, stare out the window. You think. You stay in the room. You can't go back to sleep.



Now that we've got him, how do we bring him down?



college bookstore
and
sundry shop



For the man about campus . . .

Town and Campus Shop

424 W. 4th Street

Tel. PA2-7030

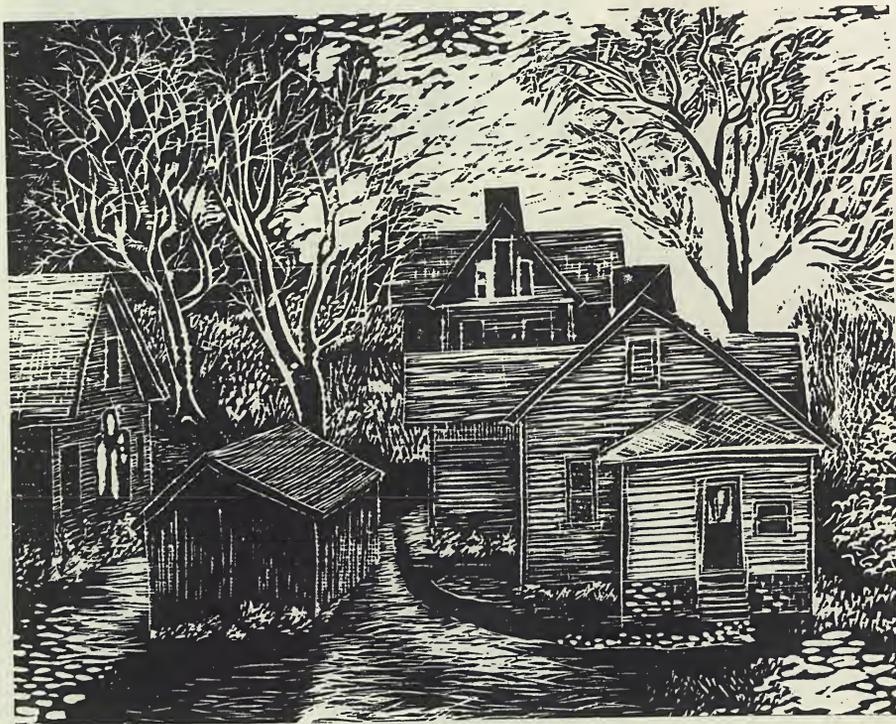


The FORMAL HOUSE

Across from Robert E. Lee Hotel

The Landowner

E. T. Dentry



Her thin hand grips the back porch stanchion with the firmness of instability, and she is staring across the valley of Scotch pines behind the house. Charles lifts a lank leg and, crouching, steps out of the car.

"Good morning," she says. Immediately he detests her. She talks to him, but never looks at him. As

long as he can remember she never looks at him. Emoting a grand stateliness she is scanning over his head the bluish Maryland countryside above the pines. "I have my things packed."

Her lips are fifty-two years old and pucker into a proudly wrinkled sphincter. Her shoulders are hunched, and she leans on a cane.

Since the old man died they have dropped the formality of a kiss. They brush close out of habit, and she smells disgustingly of tobacco. She looks eighty.

Charles is thinking he won't let her get the best of him, this wizened and meaningless old step-grandmother. Autumn is well seated and the sun is bronze and the air is

cool crystal. The old man's model windmill is turning lazily on the front lawn. After all, what can he do for her? His eyes dance across the back porch view, the earthgreen pine forest that sinks on both valley slopes down to the river, hillsides beyond laid out in patches of brown and hazelblue, the patches diminishing in the horizon. Eighty acres are his, as they knew—everybody knew—long before the old man died and the will was read. He was the oldest grandson.

A triumvirate of buzzards coast up between the valley's sides and spiral over a cornfield. And he is wondering why there is not yet any kind of pride in ownership and trying to remember when is the proper time to get in the corn.

"Nice day for a trip," he says. He has been cruel. Now she is looking at him, dropping deliberate icicles.

"The bags are in the dining room, Charles."

"Okay. Well, there's no hurry—right?"

"No hurry, no. Have you had breakfast?" She doesn't stay to wait for his answer. She turns heavily on the hickory cane and enters the house and holds the door for him. "I kept some eggs in the refrigerator, and some instant coffee."

The big white farmhouse is almost empty inside. A few pieces of furniture stand singly here and there, reduced to barely familiar antiques. There is a couch in the kitchen that used to be in the living room. Near the door is the oxblood-colored china hutch with rectangular panes, thin crack in the lower pane. The crack is a filament in Charles' memory. He has seen it since he was a boy and felt with his fingers the sharp edge of it. But the hutch seems sterile now, standing empty in its patina shroud of dust.

The cane is tapping out a long echo in front of him, and the hard-

wood floors creak as he follows her through the kitchen into the dining room. For the first time the huge oaken dining table is uncovered and its leaves dropped like long skirts to the floor.

"Will you have an egg, Charles?"

"No thanks. Cup of coffee'll do fine, though."

She leaves him standing in the dining room and goes to put some water on to boil, and he is looking at the row of leather luggage sitting along the dining room wall—one large and three small. He is thinking that he saw them once before, on the day of the wedding. After the wedding, like unwilling servants Charles and his brother Tom lugged them unceremoniously into the house where Tom in his simple jester way danced around them lined up like this, only in the middle of the floor. He sang a song—something about a witch. There was a commercial then on T.V. about a witch who drank Welch's grape juice, and Tom, who was only eleven, was chanting a song:

O, the cackle-cackle witch,

The cackle-cackle witch,

The cackle-cackle witch drinks

Welch's

And they imagined the black bags were filled with grape juice until Charles, who was fourteen, suggested they better skip before the bags changed into clinging vampire bats. At this they laughed all the way home against their mother's ladylike chiding. "You two stop it right now. You be respectful," she said. "She's your grandfather's wife now, you know."

Silently he stares out the north window where a hillside of overgrown timothy glistens in the morning dew. Since the navy he has been a simple city bachelor, an apartment-dweller. What does he know about farming? There is corn to be taken in, hogs to butcher, land taxes to pay. In the living room where the floor is powdered with

ceiling plaster and peeling paint layers he tests a creaking floorboard and makes a mental game of trying to identify the paintings that used to hang where clean squares are now displayed, one to a wall in the center of each wall.

"Watchpot never boils!" he says mock-cheerfully.

"Do you want sugar or milk?"

"No thanks. No impurities." He chuckles at the end of each sentence as if he had said something very funny, and his voice is damped yet oddly doubled inside the resonant house. He hears shoe sounds shuffling over the kitchen linoleum, and she appears with the cane in one hand, holding a brown mug in the other, and looking as usual very decrepit for her age. He takes the mug with a generous thank you and receives a polite nod. Embarrassment brewing somewhere. Charles lowers his head in anticipation of the coming *coup*, and its comes.

"You know Charles, you know after eleven years it will frankly . . . well, really be very hard to call another place home." He gets the feeling that she is staring deep into his coffee. "Oh well, I can't afford to heat it in the winter, anyway. And I certainly *cannot* afford to pay any rent." The coffee, as watery as her wan presence in the nearly empty room with him, stimulates uncomfortable enzymes in his stomach and congeals tightly into little knots.

"Well," he draws apologetically, "We've discussed that." He is conscious of staring at his scuffed leather shoes. "I really couldn't *accept* any rent." Her dirty gray hair is pulled tightly back over the skinny head like a skullcap and knotted into a flat bun in the rear. She wears no makeup, and her dress is flimsy cotton, polka-dotted, and drapes at mid-shinbone. Her odor is close, like stale tobacco and old roses grown stale in an untended vase. Her voice is a whiney drawl.

She lights a cigarette and sighs out the smoke.

"So I guess it's all yours now. Your grandfather wanted you to have it long before he met me." This, followed by another long sigh, and she continues.

"I certainly do hate to leave the old place." She musters the deliberate courage to grin at him—a tiny, round the edges, tremulous grin—and he feels that she is testing him, saying, *give me a chance; let me stay on and you pay the taxes and the bills and I won't hate you or cast any evil spells. You would if I were your real grandmother.* He thinks again of the taxes, of his embarrassment, of her insipid complaints, of her unnatural presence here in his grandfather's house; the last thought is accompanied by an itching guilt.

Charles tells her it is an eight hour drive to her sister's place in Ohio, so they had better get going. This is like talking through thick glass. She nods, but doesn't seem to comprehend. Blank daylight is flowing into the room through the uncurtained windows and catches her up in reminiscences while she leans vaguely on the cane. He gets a stagnant feeling.

In the car he is surprised that she doesn't bawl at least a little. He inhales fresh country air, which

smells to him something like rich warm milk and strawberries, and she sits, a dried tangerine hull, far away from him near the window.

"My, my," she sighs. "You know, I think we're going to have some rain. My hip's bothering me again." These are her last dreary words as they drive out the circular driveway; and as they speed up the last hill that will afford her a backward look at the farm, she lights a cigarette and stares back at the top of the tall spruce tree in the front lawn.

"Better trim that tree before it interferes with the power lines."

"I'll do that," he says absently. After several minutes the road sways into an arching dip in front of them, and they descend and are driving north on the expressway with the windows rolled snug up into their rubber gloves, sitting far apart in the thick blue smoke. The trip soon becomes very long, and Charles wishes he had been at least a mediocre conversationalist. She says, "The trees are certainly lovely this time of the year." Then one of her classic sighs. "But, oh my, the Almanac says winter will come early this time."

He answers, "Uh-huh. Trees are much prettier in the mountains along the turnpike," and fidgets in the driver's seat.

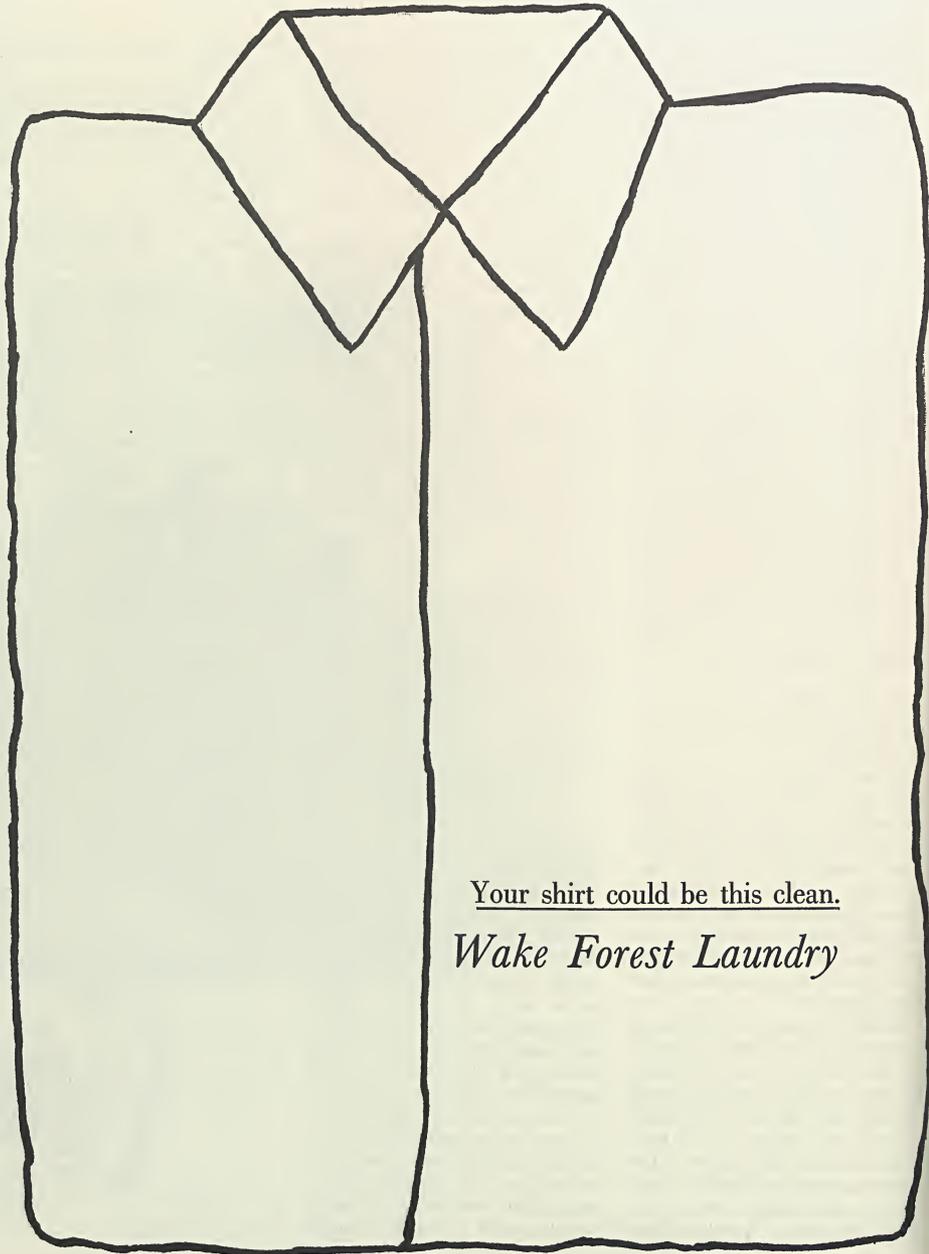


Then she asks him if he still likes electronics as much as he did when he was in the navy. He answers, "Well, it's a job." Memories of his grandfather are pillaging his mind.

Charles and Tom had loved the big old man who taught them to play checkers and did not condescend to let them win because they were young boys. Sometimes they surreptitiously sipped from his dark beer bottles while all three watched the Friday night fights and munched oatmeal cookies that the old man had made himself. They spent weekends and summers with him, and *that* was supposed to be their responsibility, or so their mother said—letting grandfather gradually get used to being alone, a widower. But it didn't seem to them like a responsibility. The visits were fun; the pallid city boys anticipated the manly poker games with blue and red wooden chips on the table. Up early Saturday for a full day of crappie fishing at the dam, their butts would be sore from the wooden boatseats and their bellies swollen from too much iced tea with fresh mint leaves. And the old man happily let the farm go downhill for a while.

Then the witch came along to insert herself in a staid masculine routine. In the boat, she complained. Her hip bothered her. You had to bait the hook for her. You didn't laugh as much, and only after the old man's urgings and then with a blushing face you mimicked the bald eagle who lived somewhere above George's Run. You felt ashamed more. You went in earlier when the stormclouds rolled up over the lake.

Somehow the old man was happy with her. Charles had to admit that. He started farming heartier, took from the soil again with satisfaction, fished less and less. But at forty-one, his wife was already as austere and colorless as a rain-eroded gravemarker. Charles and Tom would split up their weekends,



Your shirt could be this clean.
Wake Forest Laundry

taking turns, and finally after rash arguments over whose turn it was to go next, seldom went at all.

The gateman at the turnpike entrance hands Charles a punchcard, and Charles realizes how really long this trip is going to be. He tries the radio, but the stations soon begin to fade and mix in the foothills, and his extended arm is heavy and tired from fooling with the knob. When she offers to make the radio her duty he thanks her, but turns it off, saying it is useless. And she sits quietly clutching her purse in her lap. She smokes and from time to time she coughs. For an hour she sits without saying a word, looking out the window at the passing trucks, hills, trees. He feels freer when she is detached this way.

When they come out of the second tunnel he notices that she has fallen asleep and is snoring quietly. Suddenly a tenderness for her creeps reluctantly through him. He almost wants to wake her up and say, "Okay. Let's go back. We'll work it out and you can *stay*, for Christ's sake." But his accelerator foot urges them deeper in through the mountains. The engulfed road shrinks away in the rear view mirror, and he fools some more with the radio.

The mountains are vary-colored. One, a storybook peak of striking yellow, reaches solidly in a sharp pinnacle against the sky. There is a fire tower at the top, and Charles wishes he could be up there. He has always wanted to work up high where perspective gives life a simple, definable structure, and a man's identity isn't lost in some miserable peat bog. Proximity to the earth, he thinks, makes a man sluggish, his horizon small. Responsibility is such a bore.

She moves in her sleep on the seat. Her hand twitches. The chin moves upward when her lips purse. And he sees the minute hairs that cover her face and thicken and

blacken into a delicate moustache under her skinny hooked nose. How easy it is to get rid of her. When he thinks of it, he immediately stops pitying. He hates her for her aches and cricks. For eleven years she has complained and whined and been inseparable from her heating pad, which rests now on the back seat, under the cane. Even the old man joked about the cane. It made her seem older than he was even though she was only forty-one when he was seventy.

For a morning greeting the old girl would tell you how the weather was certain to take a turn for the worst since the wind was from the East, and—oh, my—it will definitely rain by afternoon—sigh—because her hip, which she had broken several years before in a stairway fall, is bothering her a great deal.

Early in the afternoon Charles pulls into a Howard Johnson's and touches her shoulder to waken her. The touch is cowardly, quick and plucking, and he is amazed at her body heat and rather disgusted, thinking that she ought to be cold and clammy. She looks around through foggily bewildered eyes, holding tight as an old Harry to her purse.

"You awake?" he says. "I thought we ought to stop for a while and get a bite. There isn't another stop for sixty miles."

"My. I must have fallen asleep." Coughing, she raises her bird claw to her mouth. "I'm afraid I'm not the best of travelling companions."

Other travelers stare at them as they walk through the parking lot to the restaurant. A girl in a yellow miniskirt throws a short, provocative glance his way, and he wishes he were with her rather than this doddering reptile. Squeamishly he notices that even the children are gawking at him.

Inside the Howard Johnson's he is feeling a little sorry for her again, the way she sits humped up with her



Bynum Shaw

by Tommy McNabb

A portrait . . . the perfect gift
for any occasion.

McNabb Studio

Wake Forest University

Phone 723-4640

head hung pathetically over the menu. In the midst of strangers she seems childishly timid. She doesn't look at the waitress, but mumbles about ham sandwiches and iced tea into the menu. After the waitress leaves she says, "You know, Charles, it may be hard to believe, but I've never been out of Carroll County. I think I'll just go outside for a minute and look at the mountains." Alone now he sips the iced tap water and taps a nickle on the table to the rhythm of the piped-in music. When she returns, he detects a red rim under each of her eyes and, for the first time, he smiles at her. "Beautiful sight, isn't it?"

"Yes. I never thought of mountains as having so many trees."

The waitress comes with their orders and then leaves them alone in the booth again where they eat leisurely and without a word. The music is Latin, which she dislikes, and she casts her tight, gray head about in search for the offensive speaker, which she abruptly finds in a ceiling corner. She gives a sorrowful shake and resumes eating the sandwich.

"You know, Charles, I never realized how many friends your grandfather had until the viewing."

There his mind snaps shut against her—and just when she was beginning to soften him up. He hates talks of viewings and funerals and how nice the corpse looked. A dead organism on a slab. And how can you feel anything for a man who simply is not there, who has left a wax image for his friends and relatives to stare at, everyone imagining himself stretched out like that.

"Of course plenty of them offered to buy the furniture to help me out." She is grubbing in the purse, uncrumples a sheet of notepaper, and hands the sheet across the table. "These are the ones who'll be coming to pick things up," she says with a sudden straightening of the back. She affects the very business-

like air. "John and Alma Stuart—you know them—want the china hutch. I told them give you the money. You'll send it to me, won't you?" He shakes his head.

"Lois Wright has already paid for the dining room effects. And the Weaver boys get the tractor and the boat. Well, anyway, it's all right down here."

"Okay, I'll see to it."

"And, Charles." She is carefully lighting a cigarette. "I hate to bring it up again, but about the deep-freeze." Embarrassed, he says weakly, "I'll send you a check next Friday." He chuckles. "Payday, you know."

"Well, if you can pay me *then*, alright."

In the car again she begins talking to herself, saying over and over, "I don't know. I just don't know." Then she breaks down crying, sobbing into her reddened palms—gently at first, then with violent hiccups and strident pleas of apology. "I hate selling things off like this. But . . . I'm . . . so *poor* now. I never wanted to . . . to . . . be this way. But . . ." He hands her his handkerchief and after searching for an appropriate gesture says, "I know, we all miss him."

Her tedious weight is flattening Charles now. His words are becoming loose and vapid gasses, while his thoughts are streamlined projectiles that whisk her effortlessly away to Ohio. Suddenly she touches his arm. The crawly touch of an insect.

"You *will* take care of the place, Charles?"

"Of course I will. Of course. Just stop worrying." Reassured, she withdraws her grasp.

It is almost dark when they reach Steubenville, and she hasn't said a word for four hours. He is feeling sorry for her again. Her silences are cold snows that lay their blanket of sadness across the landscape of his conscience. And he has em-

pathized with her, understands that she could easily hate him for making her a refugee. Had it not been for her younger sister, Gladys, she would have nowhere at all to go. And all because of him, and because of a promise his grandfather made to him years before the old man became lonely again and married this withered and smokestained rose.

Driving up a street through the center of the city, Charles is thinking about the bad air around the steel mills and chemical industries. Their black and sickly yellow efuvia fills every fresh draft with a foul soot that burns nasal passages and darkens buildings. He turns into a side street one mile on the opposite side of the city. The sign reads *Greenbriar La.* In the sooty twilight he looks for 137 and finds it almost immediately, a small stucco house with magenta shutters and a little brown patch of lawn. As he pulls into the cement drive he sees a face dart at the window and disappear. The front door opens.

"You look so *good*," Gladys yells as she jostles and kisses the frail woman. Josh looms smiling behind them. He must be six-four or five, at one time maybe sinewy and attractive, now cadaverish and gray. Gladys is tiny and energetic. With her hair wrapped in curlers and her fists planted on her denim hips she might have just emerged from a football huddle. She ignores Charles and leads her sister into the house. Josh says in a polite, tubular bass, "How was your trip?"

"Not bad at all. Countryside's beautiful this time of year. Not too much traffic."

Josh smiles and nods his head from its stiff height. They hear the women talking in the kitchen where Gladys is repeating, "You look really *good* kid, I mean under the circumstances and all."

"Well, my hip is bothering me, you know. It's probably the change in altitude. That and the long trip."

Josh is muttering some amenities for Charles, who is growing far away. Deeper and deeper he buries himself in the luxury of a downy chair. His thoughts are wild and uncontrollable. Josh is a driver education teacher. He has developing jowls. His face is the face of a horse. The room is vomit green. It expands and contracts as if it might be breathing. Eye fatigue. Charles asks for a glass of water, which Josh gets himself. The women are chattering in the kitchen. Charles' face reddens when their chatter dwindles to conspiratory whispers. He is irritated by the spotless polish of the house. It is swept, waxed, painted. Immaculate. Charles is revolted.

Only the little jowls move when Josh speaks. He speaks very slowly, on the wrong speed. The jowls jiggle and sometimes tighten.

A burst from the kitchen. "I suppose you'll want to stay here the night," says Gladys. She is standing in the doorway with her fists planted at the hips. Her manner is waspish and authoritative. Charles notices that Josh has slid down a little in his chair and is quietly staring between his knees. The room expands once and holds its breath.

"Well," says Charles, "I think I'll just lodge myself in a motel and get an early start, thank you."

But Gladys has already darted into a linen closet. Her frizzy head pops out and then the rest of her, toting a folded army cot and blanket. "We get up early enough," she says. "We'll go upstairs when you're ready to go to bed." Meanwhile Josh has drifted off into the evening paper and is turning the pages in slow, graceful sweeps that Charles contrasts against Gladys' insect-like quickness.

"Really, I wouldn't want to put you to any bother."

"Wouldn't do it if it were a bother." Already she is setting up the cot.

"I'm really not sleepy right now,"

Charles protests. A screaming plea sets up inside him. Get out of here! This minute! Out of this *nuthouse!* Temporarily he is saved by Josh, who asks him to come along with him to the corner bar for a drink. He accepts. Gladys snaps "We have beer in the refrigerator. You don't need to go traipsing off somewhere. I'll not have Josh off cavorting when he has to work tomorrow." She leaves and shortly returns with a bottle of beer and an immaculate crystal tumbler. "We don't do things that way here," she says. His step-grandmother is still somewhere in the kitchen.

Night drags slowly and he cannot sleep. An occasional car goes by; the headlights flash against the ceiling and slide down the green wall, then swoop across Charles' tossing blanket like a wiggly presence. He hears whispered words spoken upstairs in the middle of the night: a soft, hasty chiding followed by a pause and then a muffled cough. Later he recognizes his step-grandmother's footsteps treading to the bathroom. She is not using her cane. At three in the morning he throws off the blanket and dresses.

Sunrise comes in rapid stages when you are driving. Charles is driving up on the turnpike right into it. The trucks are suddenly turning their lights off, and fog layers in the mountains are hanging just above the trailertops, swooping periodically into the drafts behind them. The sunlight becomes rich on the mountainfaces on the way down until it disappears at the bottoms where there is an occult coldness in the air. At every next rise a placid crimson sun is pasted on the windshield. He is reminded of the *Grand Canyon Suite*: "Sunrise." And then, breaking into a sly smile, "On the Trail." His body is fatigued. Lack of sleep dries out his eyelids and they prickle with heat and dryness. But there is still a little summer

warmth in the sunlight at the tops of the Pennsylvania mountains. And this, with the autumn brown ochres and warm yellows and reds, all the windows rolled down, rolling along at turnpike speeds bathed in a ca-tharsis of plentiful fresh air, gives him release and endows him with a very special kind of personal reality. His mind is clear and alert. Whizzing by at the side of the road, a single deep vermilion tree. He catches it disappearing in the rear view mirror. On the radio a small town station is signing on. Loudly he sings the *Star Spangled Banner* along with the scratchy Eileen Farrell tape. His lungs feel clean when he finishes.

At a Howard Johnson's along the way he buys a half dozen wine-sap apples and a bar of Pennsylvania Dutch chocolate and he winks at the cute blonde cashier. "Beautiful day," he says to her. For an answer, she blushes. He is singing on the road again, and chomping at the apples. *By the Time I Get to Phoenix, Loves Child, Those Were the Days.* He doesn't go to the little Baltimore apartment. It is ninety-three when he pulls into the gravelly circular driveway at the farm. Sleepily he gets out and draws a breath. He sits on the porch step eating the chocolate, too tired to bother surveying what is his, yet too tired to go to sleep. Silently a buzzard tips a wing and swoops low over the timothy. He begins to laugh, laughs at the buzzard, laughs at the pitiful, empty old farmhouse, at the car making tiny ticking noises as its engine cools, at himself—for no reason at all, which is the best reason to laugh, he thinks.

Drunkenly he giggles his way to the tool shed. It is unpainted, and rust streaks from the nails stain the whitened wood. He comes out carrying a pruning saw and ambles across the lawn. An inner joy staves off fatigue that, nevertheless, burns in his eye sockets.

The climb to the top is not hard, but his legs tremble going up from one limb to the next. The trunk becomes thinner, sways at the top. The branches swish and whisper. He is looking down the dark shaft that is the center of the tree, seeing the strength and the straightness of its core. And there near the top the humming electric lines fill in the spaces between the saw's work. Limbs shed themselves and fall lightly to the ground. And finally the tall spruce tree is topped, its spire floating downward and rolling off the wide branches below. The lawn far below Charles is littered, and he is clinging to the naked top in the sky with his own sweat cascading down his sides and his belly and dripping from the end of his nose.

For a long time he is up there, exhausted, heaving, and nearly ready to cry in the treetop. Then he becomes quiet, catches his breath, and smells the fragrance of the spruce, hearing it whisper. The whispering of high places.

Suddenly.

Laughing, laughing. He is hysterically laughing. From the treetop, the farm is mealeable, the wooden house and barn are sturdy jutting monuments to mankind's permanence. The rolling hills and green pines seem like an uncomplicated velvet quilt spread out beneath him as examples of a servile earth bathed in sunlight. The timothy is stirring and swelling over with the season's last hot rippling earth breeze that carries close to the ground. There is the sunshine and the good air and all is happiness over the earth.

Laughing. Laughing. When he climbs down he is laughing. And, laughing still, he touches the ground, and it gathers itself up and trembles, and he roars in laughter—at the absurdity of rain.

MEET THE
**Young
Edwardian**
BY *Archie*



*She
Keeps
Him
Interested!*

The Yellow Balloon
235 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Photographed by Don Bunn



A Touch Of Hands

Ted Boushy

"He is my life," Mrs. Leary answered when I asked how her husband had affected her life. I suddenly felt ashamed, humiliated, and a bit ridiculous. Feeling lost, I looked down at the eggs and sausage and tried to shut out the commotion of morning breakfast at the Smith Reynolds Airport.

Turning to Leary for help, I said, "It's hard to talk with a woman about these things."

"Yes, they're so much wiser than you are. You can't play head games with them." He was right. "You can ask me ridiculous questions," he continued, "and I'll give you ridiculous answers. But you can't do that with her. She is deeper and wiser in her silence than we are with our words."

I looked at the typewritten list of questions I had planned to ask the wife of Dr. Timothy Leary and, feeling the guilt of approaching her as a commercial product rather than as a woman, turned it over. "I think I ought to eat my eggs before they get cold and before I end up eating my words."

When we finished eating Mrs. Leary asked her husband to reach into her purse and give her some money. He wanted to know where it was. "Just reach in and grab a handful." Somewhat surprised, he opened the large straw bag and pulled out twenty or thirty bills.

"Here," she said, taking them from him and pushing them across the table to me. Not knowing quite what to do, I shook my hand left and right, indicating that I didn't want the money. "No, go ahead," she said.

The bills felt strange, the face seemed unfamiliar. It was: Washington's head had been replaced by Dick Gregory's. In the lower left hand corner were the words: *Vote November, 5, 1968. Write in Dick Gregory.*

As we laughed our way from the restaurant



to the lobby I asked her when they had married. "Actually, we married three times," she said. "The first wedding, almost a year ago, was on top of a mountain in Josuah Tree — Josuah Tree, California — a very sacred and holy place. The trees that grow there grow only in Palestine, I believe." An Indian medicine man performed the ceremony. "And he told Irish jokes after the wedding."

The second was a spontaneous wedding, Benghali style, administered by a magician and his wife. "She dressed me in magic marks, and they blew conche shells and rang bells."

Their most recent marriage was a family affair at Millbrook. "We wanted," she explained, "to celebrate with our friends who had gathered there with us."

For many reasons — among them that Leary's public image carried a bad connotation of sensationalism, he had divorced his first wife, and she was much younger than he — I wondered whether her parents had approved of the marriage. "Oh, my parents were delighted that I was happy and had found such a good man," she said. She added, "They're very happily married, too."

Unaware of the passing time, we talked about the stained glass window, how it cast its image on the wall in a dance of colors, and how rare it was for an airport to have a symbol of a holy place.

I asked what pulled people together, what she thought had to be there before people could find happiness and the knowledge with which to share it. "Well, it sounds trite," she said, "but honesty is important. And shutting out the outside world, as much as possible. Keeping close. Being alone. Practicing the same yogas. Always moving together. Not being distracted from seeing the point of love and beauty."

We spoke of the people who failed to love in the present tense. They needed, we agreed, the love of the here and now. "Yes," she said, "but it's always difficult not to be persuaded by old memories, old hurts, old fights." Perhaps she knew that too well, being his second wife.

When we spoke of poetry and poets — Sandburg, Browning, other poets of love — I asked, "How do you love your husband?"

"May I count the ways?" she asked in reply.

"Yes, please do."

"In all the breadth and depth my soul can reach." She paraphrased Elizabeth Browning, then spoke her own poem. "For thousands of years past to thousands of



years future." Leaning toward him, she pushed his hair back behind his ear, then kissed him. Turning back to me, she said, "Well, I hope."

I asked her what she was thinking, and she said she thought there could never be a complete answer to that question. She rubbed his hair again. Did she like it? "Oh," she answered, "I would that it were a little neater sometimes. But, yes, I like the soft silkiness of it."

"What do you do when you're there?"

"We like to explore." She put away the necklace. "We're great hikers," she continued, "and we like to camp out as much as possible. We like to sleep out as often as we can." She spoke with an almost childlike enthusiasm.

"Our last big adventure was finding a shack we had been told was somewhere on the property. We took a four day hike and tried to find it. Running out of water. Thinking

"Thank you," he said. "Yes, thank you," she echoed. He brought his hands down on my shoulder and kissed me on both cheeks.

Following them to the gate, where a ticket-taker stopped me with a stare that seemed out of place, I said good-bye. They walked toward the plane, the wind blowing through their hair, laughing, hugging each other, waving good-byes, their hands held.



Again silence. I wondered whether or not she had good luck charms. "No," she said. "We have, oh, necklaces, shells, things that people have given to us." (I was impressed by how often she used the words *we* and *us*.) "Oh, yes, I do have a good luck charm. I have a Hopie turquoise necklace that Tim gave me for my birthday."

She reached into her large straw bag and found the necklace. Drawing it out, she held it against the sun. I remembered then what she had said when I had asked where she had liked most to go with her husband. She had grown quiet and said, "Home." The turquoise seemed to take her there.

"You're anxious to go home."

"Oh, yes."

of all those desert movies where the lines are. You go on without me, I can't make it." We laughed. "Our boots completely worn out. Having to boil water. Struggling through the underbrush." I was grinning and knew it. "It was great fun. We came out of the desert in the mountains and ended up," she said as she laughed, "at a health store in Palm Springs, drinking fruit juice."

The whining noise of the jets rose above her voice, but we both heard the announcement of their flight. Leary closed the magazine he had been reading, stood up, strolled over to us, and asked me how I'd done. I told him that I had listened a lot. He smiled and pulled his wife to him.

I thought again of what he had said of her silence and knew that it applied to men and women in love. There was, I thought, something deeper and wiser in silence than in the sounded syllables of words. And even long after they had gone I kept hearing Sandburg's poem beginning: *There is a touch of two hands that foils all dictionaries.*

Albert Holbrook's Trousers

Ed Myers

Albert spilled his Carnation Instant Breakfast all over the kitchen counter. It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been vanilla or egg nog, but no. It had been dark fudge flavor and had really made a mess that caused his wife to say Jesus Christ.

He hadn't noticed the spot of dark fudge on his trousers until he was on the bus on his way to work, and then it bothered him greatly, and he tried to sit with his hand covering the spot, and when he got off the bus, he tried to keep his hand on the spot as he walked, which made him appear slightly crippled.

Inside the Veterans Administration office building, Albert hobbled quickly to his desk and sat there thumbing through the two sheets of paper that had been waiting for him, two cases he had investigated the week before. He felt a large, heavy hand clamp over the top of his shoulder and squeeze, and he turned his head upward and tried not to look sheepish.

"How'd you hurt your leg, Holbrook?"

It was Ralph Deets, the boss, a man with a large, heavy body and face to back up the large, heavy hand that was clamping Albert's shoulder.

"I didn't hurt my leg," said Albert.

"Well, you walked in here like

you did."

"I did?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

"Come into my office. I've got a case for you to investigate."

Ralph Deets gave a little extra squeeze before finally releasing Albert's shoulder and turning on his heel toward the office. Albert got up from his desk and followed his boss, keeping his hand over the spot on his trousers.



Ralph Deets plopped down behind his desk and held a sheet of paper in front of him. Albert stood before the desk, slightly hunched over to cover the spot on his trousers.

Ralph Deets' eyes looked up over the top of the paper he held, and they narrowed at Albert.

"What's wrong with you, Holbrook?"

"Nothing."

"Why are you standing like that?"

"Like what?"

"Hunched over?"

"Am I hunched over?"

"Yes. Does your back bother you?"

"No."

"Well, try standing up straight."

Albert slowly straightened himself.

"What's that on your pants?" asked Ralph Deets, pointing the sheet of paper toward Albert's trousers.

"Where?" asked Albert.

"Right there."

Albert pretended to be lost in search for a moment and then feigned a look of discovery.

"I wonder how *that* got there," he said.

"Well, you ought to have those pants cleaned. It doesn't look good."

"Right away," said Albert, turning toward the office door.

"Not now, Holbrook. I've got a case for you."

Albert turned around and stood before the desk, almost wincing at the thought of the spot on his trousers.

"Harvie Schmartz," said Ralph Deets, referring to the sheet in front of him.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Albert.

"He ought to be dead."

"Oh?"

"Schmartz, Harvie Abraham," Ralph Deets read. "Navy veteran. Last Physician's report, August, 1963. Schmartz, then seventy-five years old, found to be suffering from terminal lung cancer. Given two to three years to live."

"I see," said Albert.

"We've received no notice of Schmartz's death. I want you to go check on it," said Ralph Deets. "The address is there." Ralph Deets handed Albert the Harvie Schmartz report.

Albert left the office. Once outside the door, he dropped the report down over the spot on his trousers and politely said good morning to all his fellow workers.

Albert took one of the Veterans Administration cars and headed toward the address of Harvie Schmartz. Philadelphia was crowded with Monday morning traffic, and the trip across town was rather slow. As he drove, Albert spit on his fingertips and rubbed his trousers leg, but the spot only smeared larger. What would the Schmartz family think of him, coming there to ask why Harvie Schmartz wasn't dead yet and standing there with a spot of dark fudge instant breakfast as big as a softball on his trousers? What *could* they think?

Oh Jesus Christ, thought Albert.

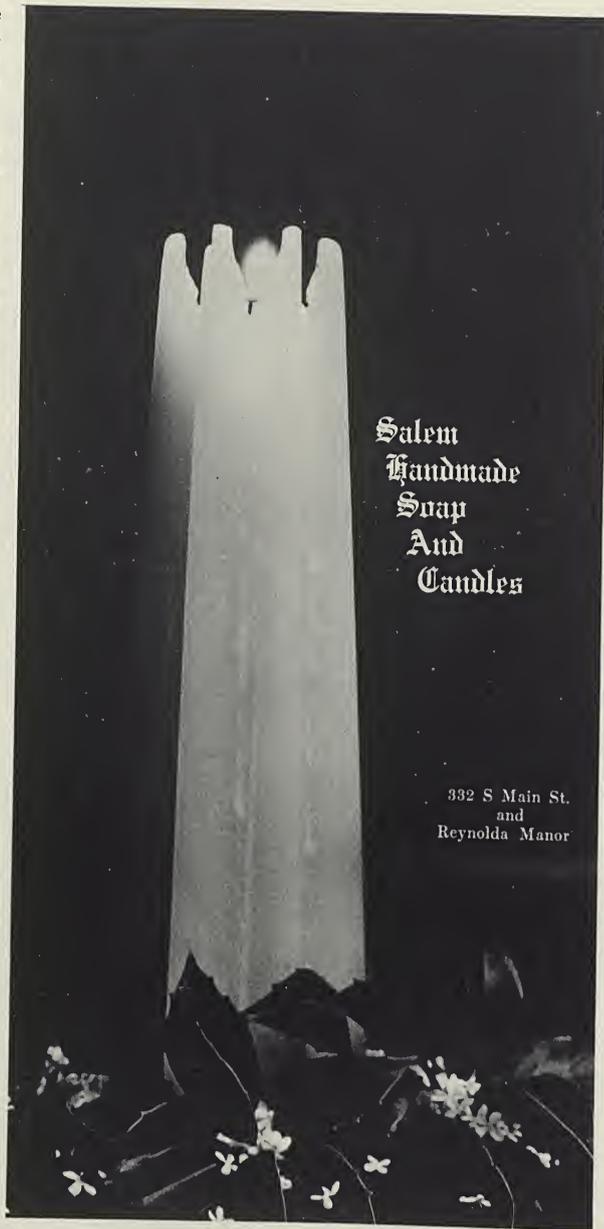
Albert parked about a half block from Harvie Schmartz's house and walked down the sidewalk, trying to make the report look as though it hung nonchalantly on his trousers leg.

He stopped in front of a dusty rowhouse, checked the number above the doorway with that on the report, and then climbed the couple of stairs to the landing in front of the door and knocked. As he stood waiting for an answer, he pulled the report away from his trousers leg just enough to see the spot. The edges of the spot blurred into the gray of his trousers now, since he had been rubbing at it on his way over, and it looked very much like a sun painted by Van Gogh, if Van Gogh had painted suns dark fudge instead of yellow, Albert mused to himself.

The door opened a crack and a withered old woman poked her head through. Albert could see her clothes were almost in rags and she was wearing galoshes.

"Mrs. Schmartz?" asked Albert uncertainly.

"Yes." The old woman eyed him suspiciously.



Salem
Handmade
Soap
And
Candles

332 S Main St.
and
Reynolda Manor

"I'm from the Veterans Administration."

"So?"

"Well, I have this report here concerning Harvie Abraham Schmartz," said Albert, raising the report as he referred to it, then, realizing he had revealed the spot on his trousers, quickly flipping the paper back over his leg. Did she see it? Albert wondered. Oh, I hope not.

"What about it?" The old woman raised a withered claw to her face.

"Well, I don't know exactly how to say this," said Albert. She saw it, all right, he thought. "Well, could I see Mr. Schmartz?"

"Why?"

"We haven't heard anything from him in five years, and we were wondering why he isn't—we were wondering about his condition."

"He doesn't want to see anyone," said the old woman. "He's sick."

"Has the doctor been called?"

"No."

"Well, shouldn't a doctor be called?"

"We had a doctor for him a while back, and he said what was wrong, but he couldn't do anything for it."

"How long ago was that?"

"I don't remember."

"Who was the doctor?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, if I could just see Mr. Schmartz a moment."

"He doesn't like to see anybody. He's sick."

"Yes, I know. But, you see, I have to fill out a report."

"Then say he's sick."

"But I need more than that." She probably doesn't believe me because of that spot on my trousers, Albert thought. "Could I just come in?"

"No, go away." The withered claw scratched in Albert's direction, but missed.

"If this spot on my trousers has you worried," said Albert, "it's only some instant breakfast I spilled this morning."

"What spot?" said the old woman.

Oh hell, she hadn't noticed, Albert thought.

"This spot right here," he said, pointing with the report. "I spilled my instant breakfast this morning and didn't notice it was on my trousers until I was on the bus."

The old woman shut the door, and Albert could hear the click of the lock immediately afterwards. He turned, walked down the two steps to the sidewalk, and went to the next rowhouse and knocked on the door.

A woman in her late forties answered. Her hair was covered with a net.

"Yeah?"

"My name is Albert Holbrook. I'm conducting an investigation for the Veterans Administration." He noticed the woman's eyes dart toward his trousers, and then he realized he was holding the report in both hands instead of down over his leg. It's too late now, he thought, and he considered just turning around and walking back to the car. "Oh yeah," said the woman. "My husband belongs to the VPW."

"That's fine," said Albert.

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"Actually, it's about your neighbor, Mr. Harvie Schmartz."

"Old Harvie Schmartz? Listen, everybody wonders about him. No one's seen him for the past two years. And his wife—Well, she's just spooky, if you know what I mean. Bernie—that's my husband—well, Bernie and I got along with them real well, you know? That is, until Harvie got sick. Bernie said Harv was real bad the last time he saw him. Said he didn't expect he'd live more than a couple of weeks. Well, Ruth hasn't allowed anyone in and never goes out. The only time we see her is when the kids bring the groceries to her door. I tell you, she's spooky. The whole thing is spooky."



XL Cleaners

One-Stop Dry Cleaning, Shirt Laundry
and Dry Fold

One-Day Service on All Three!

PA 2-1027

Across From Tavern on The Green—Cherry St.



VISIT
**farmers
dairy bar**

Old Salem
Stratford Center
Northside Shopping Center



259 S. Stratford Rd.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Our
Bank
Won't
Break.



Winston-Salem
Savings and Loan Association

115 W. Third Street
Thruway Shopping Center

The woman's eyes darted to Albert's trousers again.

"Instant breakfast," said Albert.

"What?"

"The spot on my trousers. It's instant breakfast."

"Oh. The kind you stir in milk?"

"Yes. I spilled it this morning."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Dark fudge."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"I like Vanilla."

"I do, too," said Albert. "But we were out of it. My wife bought a variety pack, and dark fudge was the last one left."

"Oh."

"I was stirring it a little too hard, and it spilled. I hadn't noticed it was on my trousers until I was on the bus."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Yes, well —"

"Yes —"

"Well, thank you for your help, Mrs. — Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name."

"Goldberg."

"Well, thanks again, Mrs. Goldberg. I'll be seeing you." Albert turned and walked toward the car, wondering if he really would be seeing Mrs. Goldberg again. He was feeling better now. Talking about the spot with Mrs. Goldberg had helped.

Albert decided to report the mystery of Harvie Schmartz to the police.

He drove to the police station, walked in, and stood before the receiving desk. He explained his problem and was referred to another police officer, who listened to Albert and looked at the Veterans Administration report on Harvie Abraham Schmartz.

"Wait here," the officer, whose name was Fitzgerald, said, and he left.

Albert looked down at the spot of dark fudge. You don't scare me anymore, Albert told the spot. I'll

just explain you to anyone who cares to know.

After quite some time, Fitzgerald returned, holding a paper in his hand.

"Search warrant," he said. "Let's go."

As they walked toward the police cruiser, Albert noticed the quick glance of Fitzgerald toward his trousers.

"Instant breakfast," said Albert. Fitzgerald didn't reply.

They got into the cruiser and rode to Harvie Schmartz's place.

"This is it," said Albert.

"Yeah, I can see" said Fitzgerald.

"Mrs. Goldberg lives next door." Fitzgerald said nothing.

The two men walked up the two stairs to the landing and knocked on the door. Albert did not hold his report in front of his trousers anymore. He was beyond that. This was a police investigation now.

The door opened a crack and the old withered face looked out from the darkness.

"Mrs. Schmartz?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Yes."

"I'm Lieutenant Fitzgerald from the city police. Could we see your husband please?"

The door slammed quickly, and they could hear the click of the lock.

"Mrs. Schmartz, I've got a search warrant," Fitzgerald shouted into the closed door. "If you don't open the door, I'll have to break it down."

There was only silence in return.

"I'm afraid we'll have to break it down," Fitzgerald told Albert.

"Yes," agreed Albert.

Fitzgerald stood back from the door, concentrated for a moment, then gave a great shout as his leg rose and then slammed forward, producing a crunching sound from the doorway, and then the door opened a crack.

Everything inside the house was bathed in darkness. The old woman

was standing, leaning against a wooden post at the base of the stairway railing.

"Where is your husband?" asked Fitzgerald. Albert was starting to feel a little scared.

"He's upstairs sick," the old woman answered.

Fitzgerald and Albert started up the stairway, and the old woman followed. There was a bathroom at the top of the stairway, and then two rooms, both with the door shut. Fitzgerald opened the first door. The curtains to the room were drawn shut, but in the darkness Fitzgerald and Albert could see an unmade bed.

"That's my room," said the old woman. "I didn't bother making up the bed this morning."

Fitzgerald turned to start toward the other room.

"My husband's in there," said the old woman. "I think he might be asleep. He's sick."

Fitzgerald swung the door open. This room, like the other, was dark, the curtains drawn, the sun shining against them, causing the flowered pattern on the curtains to light up but allowing little light to enter the room itself. Albert, looking over Fitzgerald's shoulder, could see the old man lying very still under the covers.

"You have visitors, Harvie. I tried to keep them out," the old woman said softly from behind them.

Fitzgerald and Albert advanced toward Harvie Schmartz slowly. When they reached the foot of the bed, they were close enough to see the mummified remains.

"Like I told you, he's very sick," said the old woman, hiding her face behind her withered hand.

Albert felt sick for the rest of the day until he went home and his wife told him the zipper of his trousers was down, and then he began to wonder if Mrs. Goldberg and Fitzgerald had noticed.



The Pub
316 Burke Street
Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27101
Telephone 723-0837
Private



MURPH'S CLEANERS

DRY
CLEANING

COIN
LAUNDRY

SHIRT
LAUNDERING

FAST
SERVICE

COLLEGE PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER


The Jewel Box
416 N. Liberty St.



The place to shop for that certain guy . . .

STITH'S

Downtown and Reynolda Shopping Center

If you don't read us
give us to someone who will.
If you do read us
write us.



Reynolda Florist

PHONE 724-4411

How Does A Star Mean?

Ted Boushy

Man: Word made the stars and set them in the firmament to give light to the earth, tuned the morning stars, singing together, sent them spinning in the dark circle of night. Look, ye, then, to heaven, he said, and number the stars, if ye are able to do so. And behold their height, how high they are and how near they . . .

Woman: were. For from wood man made his own light, from stone his own stars. He worshipped them. Then darkness, muteness, infected his life. He created his own gods and blindly forgot.

Poet: We forgot, forgot, I say. We forgot to know and sense and feel and talk as though we understood the good and evil of life, light and darkness. We forgot the music and memories, the sight of a shining star caught in the crystal

dome of a wintry sky, and we forgot the meaning of the stars.

We ran away from ourselves, from time and eternity. Thickets of foolish experience gashed our legs to the bone, to the marrow of our existence. Forgetting our birth and the light that was within us, we stumbled over ourselves in our self-made darkness and lost the answer the ancients gave us, the answer to the question: *How does a star mean?*

We turned away from the lights of the skies and forgot the stars. Living in the night, we walked with our heads bent down to the earth. There came a dimness, a darkness, a shadow, and our eyes saw only the darkness of our shadows, falling across a dim, parched land.

The light of our eyes faded into darkness. We lived in the night. Lost and groping, stumbling along the cold, damp walls of despair, the blind led the blind through plains of ashes—their faces blacker than soot.

We ate our bread of sorrow and drank our tears of affliction. Sons turned against fathers and fathers against sons, murdering one another in the frantic silence of midnight. There were many cries made when we came to one another for healing, receiving only stones for food and graves for beds. Lonely, we sat in the city, hearing the widows weeping bitterly into the night, with no one to comfort them. Giving birth to children who lived as shadows, the women gave birth to anguish, pain, and sorrow, whispering among themselves:



The world's so still.
It always is about this time.
The leaves fell from the trees.
How—if the wind didn't blow?
They got tired of holding on.
They fell like a person who decides
he isn't in love anymore leaves—
slowly, gently—without noise.
I've seen that happen.
Yes, you've *seen* everything.
Something parched the ground.
I know. I. I heard a child cry whose feet were burned.
The air was strange.
I know. I. I heard a child cry for breath.
(sorrow) I heard it too.
The trees died.
How?
They were burned.
Who burned them?
No one. In particular.
How could that happen?
Many strange things happen when people come together.
I know. I've seen love.
Yes, you've seen *everything*.
But you weren't here when it happened.
Then tell me.
You don't *want* to hear.
Yes I do.
No. No one wants to listen. We've tried to tell them before.
Who?
The others. But they only heard. They didn't listen.
What happened then?
I heard a child cry.
I saw ashes carried away by the wind.
I thought the wind forgot to blow.
It used to blow.
Who caused it?
Those who only heard.
Why didn't they listen?
We don't know. They never do.
Oh yes, some did.
Who?
The mothers.
Shh. Someone's coming.
Who?
I don't know. He's a stranger.
They never did like strangers here:
They always made the people remember.
I know. I heard them say that. They sent them away.
What happened then?
Forgetfulness. That's what happened.
Look. The stranger. He's holding something.
A child.
I heard a child cry.

We've *all* cried.
It's too late now for tears.
There's no more salt left.
That pond over there dried up.
The flowers wilted.
A few stones melted.
Why?
From the heat of hatred.
What happened to the people?
Yes, there used to be people here.
What happened to the people?
They rotted like the fallen leaves.
I know why the wind forgot to blow.
You always *know* everything.
The air smelled rotten. That's all.
Look. The stranger. The child.
I hear a child cry.
What happened?
(whisper) There's someone left.
(calling) There's someone left.
There are always a few left behind.
They're all alone.
No. There's still one.
Who?
They forgot. They always forget.
Why?
They help themselves.
The blind shall lead the blind.
Look. The stars. They've disappeared.
Why?
I forgot.
I know.
You always did *know* everything.
But I heard.
You always did *hear* everything.
I heard him say.
Heard who say?
The stranger.
What did he say?
He said, Why did they forget?
Now their visage is blacker than soot.
I heard a child cry . . .
Heard a child cry . . .
A child cry . . .
Child cry . . .
Child cry.



Woman: No longer did the women lie on the sides of the green mountains, speaking with their lovers of beautiful and quiet secrets. No longer did they hear the sweet sounds of night and talk of the stars and their love. Nor did they laugh when, trying to count the stars, they lost their numbers. Even the memories of the stars had faded (only the old could remember their evening glory).

No longer were there silent words of love between the rustlings of leaves, the running sounds of waters, the silent glowing of the stars. They forgot the interrupting noises that startled them in their love, forgot the silent words they read in earnest eyes and the stars speaking to them from the skies. Forgetting when they had shared the stars, they lost the beautiful and tender thoughts that had once been theirs within. Warm, close-pulling thoughts. Soft, soft touches. They had felt. Their young love quivering as the shivering of the stars in a crystal winter sky.

But there was one among the many, a woman, a mother, who remembered a cold time of year when the snow drifted slowly into the season of a year almost forgotten. Although it was a slow remembrance, she carried her thoughts back to that same year, to one white, winter night, the night her small boy had wanted to walk to the top of the mountain. He asked to go and she led him there, she remembered. She remembered, too, the slow climbing, hand in hand with him, remembered where they had rested under a snow-covered tree and the cold feeling of frost in the air.

There, he asked her why the snow fell white. She answered, saying that that was the color it was meant to be, so as to sparkle a bit and give some light to the evening dark.

He spoke again, asking whether the water of melting snow could speak. She answered, yes, if one would listen closely, carefully. When he looked into the sky and asked what were the stars, she told him that they were a part of a greater light.

He asked how they had been placed so high, and she repeated what her mother had taught her in her own childhood, gone by: God created the earth, my son, causing day and night to come and go in time. But when he saw that man could not easily see in the shadow of the night, he fashioned small eyelets in the bottom of the dark cup which we call the sky so that, if we look up into the sky, we see through them into his light and, by doing so, are comforted.

Remembering this, she wept, but was comforted by the words of one whom they had called a prophet, who had looked into the sky, the one who had said:

Man: Weeping may tarry for the night, but in the morning cometh joy. For the time of the promise is soon in coming. No more shall there be heard the sound of weeping and the cry of distress. You shall not labor in vain or bear children for calamity. You shall go out in joy as the mountains break forth in singing and the trees of the fields clap their hands. And this shall come to pass, for there is coming one who shall feed his flock and gather the lambs into his arms like a gentle shepherd.

Then shall there be signs in the chambers of the sky. There shall come a morning star. And in that day the mountains shall drip sweet wine and the hills shall overflow with milk; for, behold, a young woman shall conceive and bear a son.

Woman: It was a searing birth—
Man: From the womb of the sky,
in birth, came the star.

Woman: An expansion — then a bursting forth of life. She shrank as the sun at evening, then fell into forcing — swelling — growing — as the sun scatters the dawn. Gasping and panting, she wept in aching as her womb became the sky, spreading to release the falling of a burning star. And she began to bring the child forth, laboring and convulsing with suffering: unceasing pain from burning wounds, refusing to be healed. Writhing and clutching for the air, her son came breaking through her, tearing at her, racking her, bursting from within until she could no longer breathe. Furiously, the child began to escape her womb and her breath came quickly in short, erratic gasps.

Francesco Di Simone Ferrucci
Madonna and Child
North Carolina Museum of Art
Gift of Samuel H. Kress Foundation



Then the child poured from her as warm water;
 she was warmed as she saw her child.
 Then came the comfort,
 stillness,
 giving ease unto her pain.
 There was solitude and solace,
 silence in the air.
 She looked
 down to her son,
 cried unto him,
 saying, My child . . .
 my child . . . my child.
 Then feeling his soft, gleaming skin,
 slippery skin,
 so warm and soft,
 she saw his fine,
 fine hair
 and his blue,
 blue eyes
 that within them held the skies.
 Then she held him to her breast:
 she became the sky again,
 felt his tender body with her
 trembling, gentle hands. With
 her hands she touched
 his face. She saw
 his love, compassion.
 When her quivering,
 silent lips
 found his face
 she wept for him and
 remembered
 his sweet coming as a warmth
 from deep within her, felt
 the love for him
 that always
 she would carry
 deep within her.



Attributed to Francesco di Simone Ferrucci
Studies of Madonna, Child and other figures,
 Chantilly, Musée Condé
 (Photo: Giraudon) Courtesy of North Carolina
 Museum of Art

(Man and woman speak simultaneously as indicated.)

Woman: My son was unlike any other son.
 He was tender and quiet, gentle and mild,
 yet strong and tall and lean and fair,
 with blue . . . blue eyes
 and fine . . . fine hair.
 When he spoke, he spoke with
 a stillness, he spoke softly
 of care and of love with a warmth.
 He spoke of goodness, of righteousness,
 of peace and justice, of good will.
 Oh, no, my son was unlike any other son.
 He was like the morning star that
 leads through the night, yet lingers
 on into the day. When he spoke to the
 people, to the rich and to the lame
 and to the poor, their words went
 to the ends of the earth.
 My son, no . . . no, our son
 was not like any other son.
 He had blue . . . blue eyes
 and fine . . . fine hair
 and was so fair, oh yes, so fair
 that he was like
 the morning star.

Man: And when the three men saw the
 star they rejoiced
 exceedingly with great joy. And, lo,
 the star which they had seen
 went before them, even unto
 Bethlehem.
 And in that region there were
 also shepherds in the fields
 keeping watch over their flocks by night.
 And an angel of the Lord
 appeared unto them,
 bringing them news of great
 joy: To you is born this day
 in the city of David
 a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.
*Into a world born to die
 the baby came but gave no cry.
 Into a world born to die
 the baby came but gave no cry.
 Into a world born to die
 the baby came.*

At 6:45 on the morning of June 5 of this year, the phone rang in our apartment hallway. I had been out late the night before, and had been drinking, and so I only halfway heard the phone. At 6:45 a.m. I would only halfway hear any phone under normal circumstances anyway. My younger brother, who was about ready to rise for school, answered it. I did not hear the conversation, but several moments later my brother sort of shivered back into the room, and he saw me sleepily looking at him, and he said in a pale voice, "They shot Bobby Kennedy."

I cannot be sure now whether he said, "They shot Bobby Kennedy," or "Bobby Kennedy has been shot." I think it was the former, because that phrase is one I've become very aware of over the past few years. I always wonder who the "they" is. But at the same time the phrase is frighteningly accurate, for it seems to take cognizance of the vast, mindless, unnameable, demonic conspiracy which I am sure is behind such a murder, because I can think of no earthly force commensurate with the horror and despair such a murder brings.

I cannot communicate at all what happened to me upon the impact of my brother's words. There was a black, wild, screaming, screeching thud, and there was nothing but a pit and a void. For several seconds I simply could not grasp what had been said, or else tried violently to push it away, wish it away. I lay there stupefied, unmoving—not because I didn't want to move, but because my mind could not even think of anything like that, like moving, or walking, or talking. I could do nothing but suspend all other activity while it tried, desperately but fu-

tilely, to come to terms with this demoniacally uncompromising fact. I felt somewhat as if someone had taken a baseball bat and hit me flush in the face.

I know that what caused this inability to act was the murder that had occurred five years ago. It was the same nightmare all over again, the same shame, the same entrapment. All I could think was that they had taken his brother five years ago. I could not accept that now they had taken him. The kind of ache and hurt and emptiness which I had felt at Jack's death and in the intervening time was something I was sure would be asked of me only once in a lifetime. It was inconceivable that the same demands could be made on my spirit twice. And so it was the same sickness, the same hurt, the same nightmare. I think now that more than anything else, hurt is the way I felt and will feel. Hurt. Heartbroken. Cheated. And very lost.

There are several things which I think about more than others when I think about these murders. One is the life of Rose Kennedy. A very close friend of mine told me that to him the most amazing thing about the Kennedy tragedies is that Rose Kennedy has not yet gone insane. The whole thing, as he said to me, is macabre, bizarre, almost medieval—this woman who seems destined to watch her entire family being killed off before she herself dies. The most devastating remark I heard in the entire course of the hours that spent transfixed in front of the television that day, watching Frank Mankiewicz fall apart, came when someone asked what Rose Kennedy's reaction had been when she was told of the shooting. The re-

Assass



nation

Jack McDonough



porter's reply was brutal: "What would your reaction be if you were told for the second time that one of your sons had been shot in the head?"

The other was the manner of the deaths of both Jack and Bobby. A great deal has been said about the communication both men had with the youth of the nation. Both men, particularly Bobby, understood the tensions and the visions of the kids of this country, and both men, particularly Bobby, were able to articulate them. He seemed to understand what we wanted this country to be. He understood that for us, it was no longer physical strength that we valued, but moral strength. He knew that love was the defining point of this generation. And he knew that it was a love born of intelligence that we wanted, and that this combination of love and intelligence was what produced our concern for some sort of new moral order in the face of an insane war and riots that were destroying our cities. And so, appropriately, he, as Jack, was shot in the brain, at the seat of his intelligence. It was as if all of the forces with which he was trying to reach an understanding, maliciously rose up and defied us to believe that this idea of love would ever work, would ever get us anywhere.

I remember now how often both men used to talk about the number of people in this country who went to bed hungry every night, and of how that wasn't acceptable. Now these men whom I loved, men whom I believed in—and I believe they could have done *something* to relieve this morass we are all caught in—have been murdered, have been cheated away from me, and now I, too, go to bed

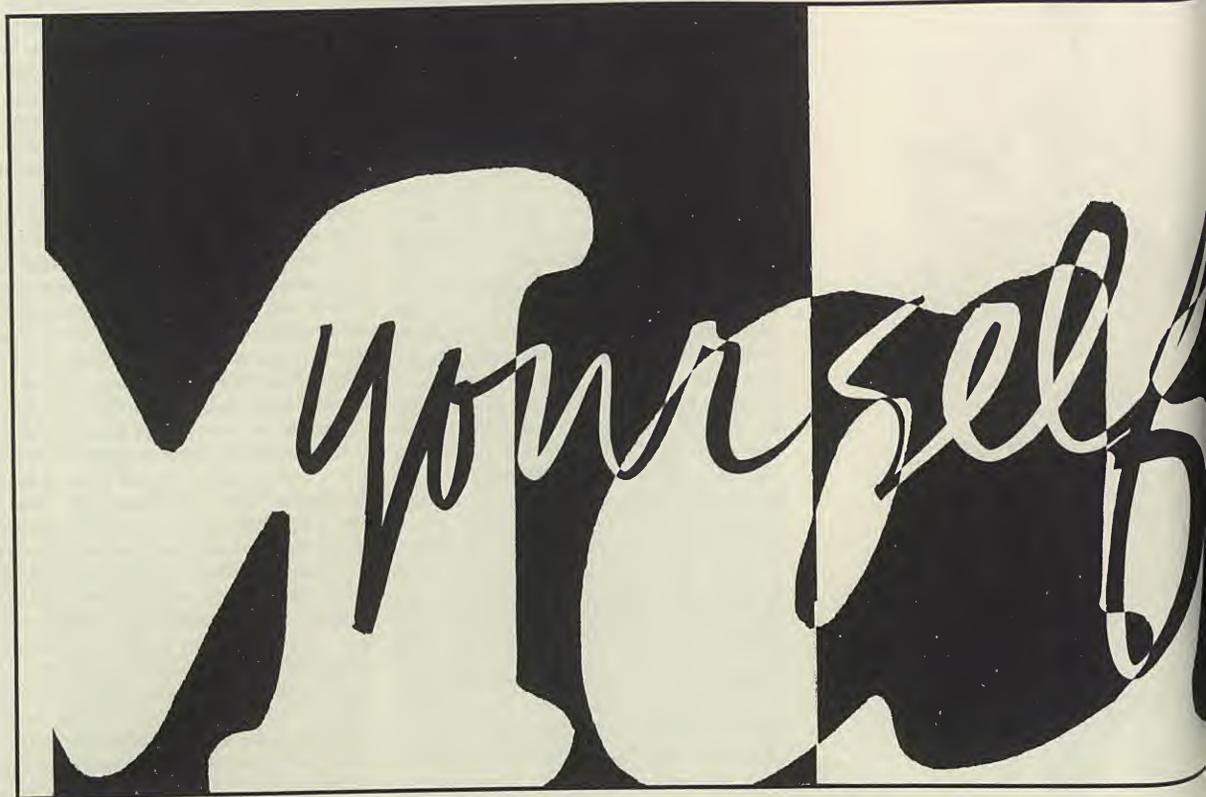
hungry every night.

And why? I do not know. Perhaps we are fated to live and to die without knowing why either man was murdered. Today, five years later, we are still no closer to knowing why President Kennedy was murdered in Dallas, and today, five months after Los Angeles, Sirhan Sirhan still has not been brought to trial. But we are men, and we do know, and perhaps that is what hurts.

Franny and Zooey had a college experience once, and Franny complained of that experience. It would not be so bad, she said, if there were just some slight perfunctory implication on a college campus that the end of knowledge is supposed to be wisdom. But there isn't. You hardly ever even hear the word wisdom mentioned—only knowledge. And I think Franny was quite right, for one cannot gain true wisdom without first learning of love. And it is sometimes in very difficult and very painful ways that we are fated to learn of love.

Emerson wrote once that beauty is its own excuse for being. Likewise, grief is its own lesson, and grief, beauty, and love are not in the same category as is knowledge. Surely the modern lesson of love as the only saviour of our personal relationships must find one of its most meaningful examples here, in the grief and the love evoked by the Kennedy experiences. For even with all that we do know, even with our fantastic continuing stockpiling of scientific fact and data—all of that does not help us to wreak some wisdom out of what we have seen. That is why love, even if a love born of grief, is the only thing which can fill the gap between our knowledge (or lack of it) and our wisdom.

To Believe In God: Sister Corita's Art



EV. RICHARD N. OTTAWAY



*When the sun went up in London
that day.*

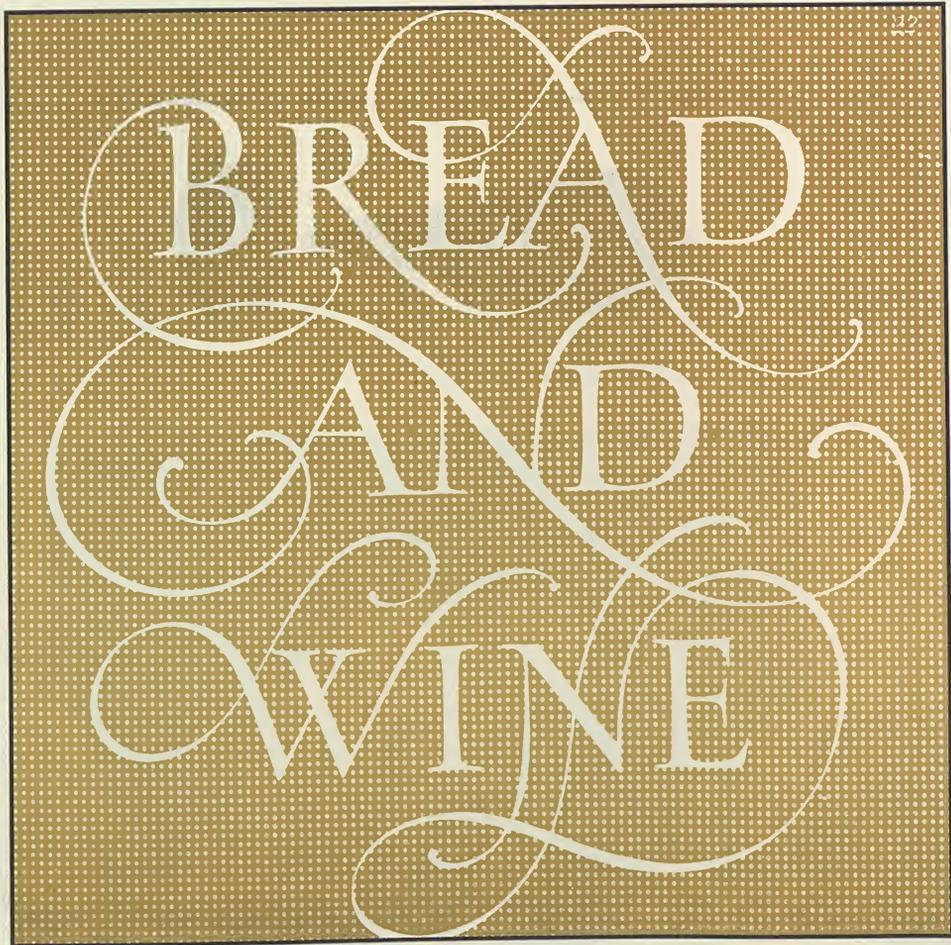
While seminaries search for enrollments in the traditional ministry, a new breed of prophets has come on the scene. These prophets come with a vision of a new world. They are hopeful. They are unorthodox. They are carving out ministries to formerly unattained areas of life. It is a ministry to the invisible. It is a ministry to the concepts that shape life. It is a ministry to the influencers, the containers, the shapers, the movers. It is a ministry to life's focal points

which are impersonal, collective, cooperative, and largely produced by the technological world we live in.

Sister Mary Corita, that lovely and delightful nun from the West, is one of these new prophets: she is head of the art department at the Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. After 200 one-nun shows around the world last year, she was honored with a cover story in *Newsweek Magazine*, December 25, 1967. This 50-year-old mission-

ary to twentieth-century man's invisible problems was born Mary Kent and first reached national fame with her 50 foot "Beatitude Wall," which lined the corridor leading to the Pieta at New York World's Fair. In addition to outstanding art achievements, she has done ads for such companies as Westinghouse, Reynolds Aluminum, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Neiman-Marcus, and Guild, Bascom, and Bonfigli, Inc.





What is this new prophecy of the Sister? It is a ministry to perception. From her work there seem to be two areas of perception on which she concentrates. The first is sensory perception, which she commands with her sereographs (silk prints). The second is spiritual perception or prayer which she addresses with her books: *Footnotes and Headlines*, *A Play-Pray*

Book (by Sister Corita), and *To Believe In God* (by Joseph Pintauro and Sister Corita).

How does she redeem our perception? Marshall McLuhan says in *Understanding Media*, "The medium is the message." The same thing might apply to Sister Mary Corita's art work. It is difficult for us to get the message today because the media obstructs that message.

to believe in God
into knowing that all our stars

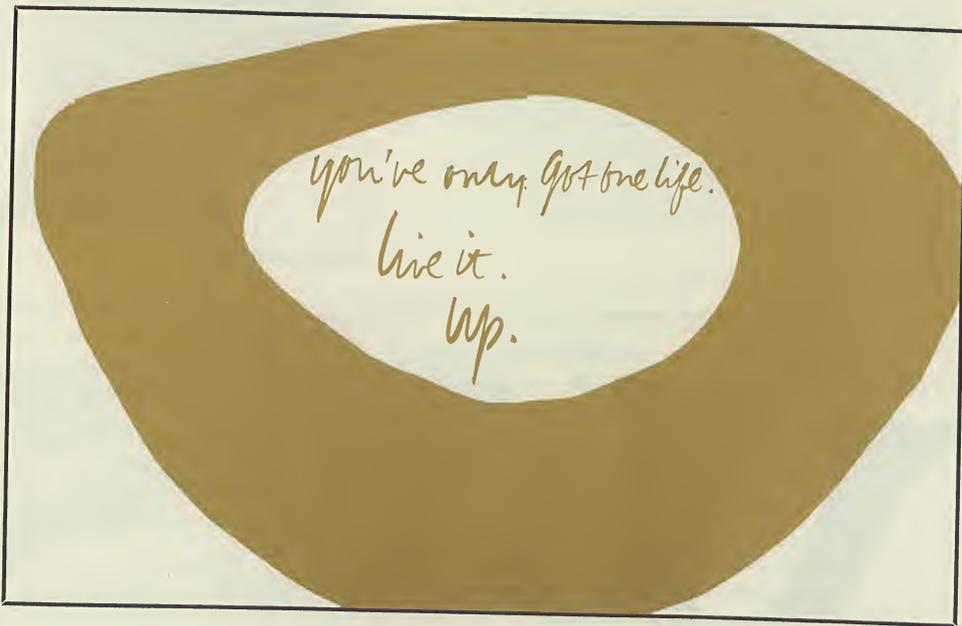
It is McLuhan's belief that in an electronically oriented technology such as shapes our lives today, man's nervous system is extended far beyond his person. When that extension takes place, modern man becomes numb. "We have to numb our central nervous system when it is extended or it will die. This, the age of anxiety and of electronic media, is also the age of unconsciousness and of apathy." (*Understanding Media*, p. 47) McLuhan goes on to say that we must therefore amputate our sensory perception by a process of "auto-amputation" which means severing extensions of the nervous system to protect our sanity. The point that he is making is undeniably true: in our present state we are unable to hear or see a message because we have been bombarded so by media that we have amputated our sensory perception organs.

This is where Sister Mary Corita comes in as a minister. She attempts to heal the situation by taking the traditional media—words, phrases, signs—and skilfully rearranging them to require involvement on the part of the viewer. He must decode what he sees. He cannot casually glance at the serigraphs which Sister Corita has concocted. He cannot look at her work without seeing tantalizing invitations of once familiar media to decode the message. He is forced to look at the old slogans in a new, first-hand way. And that is essentially what the Christian gospel is all about—viewing the Old in a New Way.

It is interesting to note in this regard Corita's emphasis on bread and cola, e.g., her "Wonder Bread." In his book, *The Technological Society*, Jaque Ellul professes, "Mechanization shattered the age-

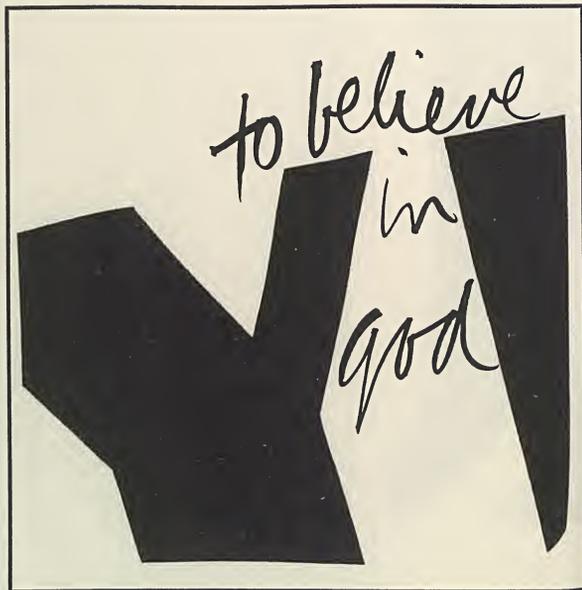
old character of bread and converted it into a valueless article of fashion. . . . It is a fact that the same order as the retreat of wine before Coca Cola, the ancient 'civilization of wine' has become obsolete as the result of an industrial product." Bread and wine are the chief instruments of grace in the orthodox churches of the world. They must be redeemed if the instruments of grace are to be perceived.

Her ministry to spiritual perception is as provocative and redemptive as that to sensory perception. She makes the worn and tired content of the new and joyful. She particularly does this in her wonderfully innovative prayerbook, *Footnotes and Headlines*. Most of the idols in the publishing world of inspirational material (Billy Graham, Malcomb Boyd, Katherine Marshall, and others) have not really contributed





to the solution of the problem of prayer as much as they perpetuated it by turning out the same old formats which call for more prayer intoned more regularly and intently for the same old subjects. Sister Corita's approach is to design a completely new prayerbook which is fifty pages in length, with each page bearing a sercograph which plays with our traditional anticipations of prayer. This prayerbook does not have morning, noon, and evening prayers for thirty days. Instead, each of the fifty pages begs for an instant total involvement, an experience which requires the meditator to play with the book—squint, turn, wince, and find the message.



Again it's the game of decoding, involving—not producing a finished model product that can be copied but giving the basic concept and structure which will enable the reader to be creative and to find his own meaningful model. It is a rather sophisticated ministry to a rather abstract but tired aspect of modern man.

Her work with Pintauro is a perfect example of contemporary

religious experience. It is demanding, involving. It expects us to be mature, creative in our own right. It is oriented toward a joyful celebration of the abundancy of God and leaves all of the excitement of finding, making, and loving up to the reader. This sounds like Dietrich Bonhoeffer's "man come of age" type book.

Sister Corita is a nun come of age. She has cast off her habit,

GREEN GREEN IS A GOD COLOR

SPRING DOESN'T COME ITS
THE WORLD IT GOES BING
LIKE A SPRING IT GOES
BING LIKE A HIGH-PITCHED
BOING IT GOES HIGHER THAN
BING... BEING
SPLASH LIKE
A SPRING SPRING GOES
SQUIRT LIKE A LITTLE SPLASH SPRING

SUMMER IS AWHEN FOR
SPRING TO STAY ITS SPRING
WITH TIME TAKEN OUT BUT
EVEN STILL
SUMMER SWINGS LIKE A
CHILD ON A SWING SINGING WHEE IN THE BREEZE

AUTUMN IS BONG SPRING ON ITS HEAD
ITS SPRING TUMBLING ON ITS MERRY
WAY TUMBLING
AWAY FALLING

DOESN'T COME ITS THE WORLD
IT SQUIRTS GREEN GREEN
IS A GOD COLOR

WINTER IS NOTHING COMING
OR GOING OR STAYING
WINTER IS WINTER
THOUGH SNOW IS LIKE SPRING

to believe in God is to know
the thing you are
shall make you live
and it will never
make you do anything
less.

plunged into the world that we all live in, perceived the death present there, and ministered to it by re-creating from the original creation. She knows the same God, the same Creator as did the prophets of old. But by providing a stimulus for individual efforts toward redemption, she offers a ministry which the mass-media man can appreciate and possibly accept.



For a Truly Beautiful
 Selection of:
 Diamond Rings
 Wedding Rings
 Watches
 Jewelry
 &
 Giftware

214 W. 4th St. (one block from Montaldo's)
 13 W. 4th St. (opposite courthouse)
 and
 Northside Shopping Center
 725-4266 — 725-0222 — 767-2384



Mack's SPORTSWEAR & CLOTHING
 HIGHWAY 52 at MIDWAY

Rt. No. 9 WINSTON-SALEM, N. C. 27107

Tuesday Thru Friday 12:00 to 5:00 — 6:00 to 9:00
 Saturday 12:00 to 6:00 — Closed Sunday and Monday

M. A. McLAMB

Tel. 764-0152

Henny Penny 
FRIED CHICKEN

GENE'S CARRY
 OUT

COLLEGE PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER

724-6423

724-5850



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, typefounders in Scotland were advertising the face we know as Scotch which then was termed Modern Roman.

There is a wholesomeness, a dignified respectability about Scotch that makes it extremely useful on almost any kind of book — fiction, biography, history, text books, bibliographies, etc. In periodical and job work too, the face affords exceptional reading ease and the suitable utility of few existing types.





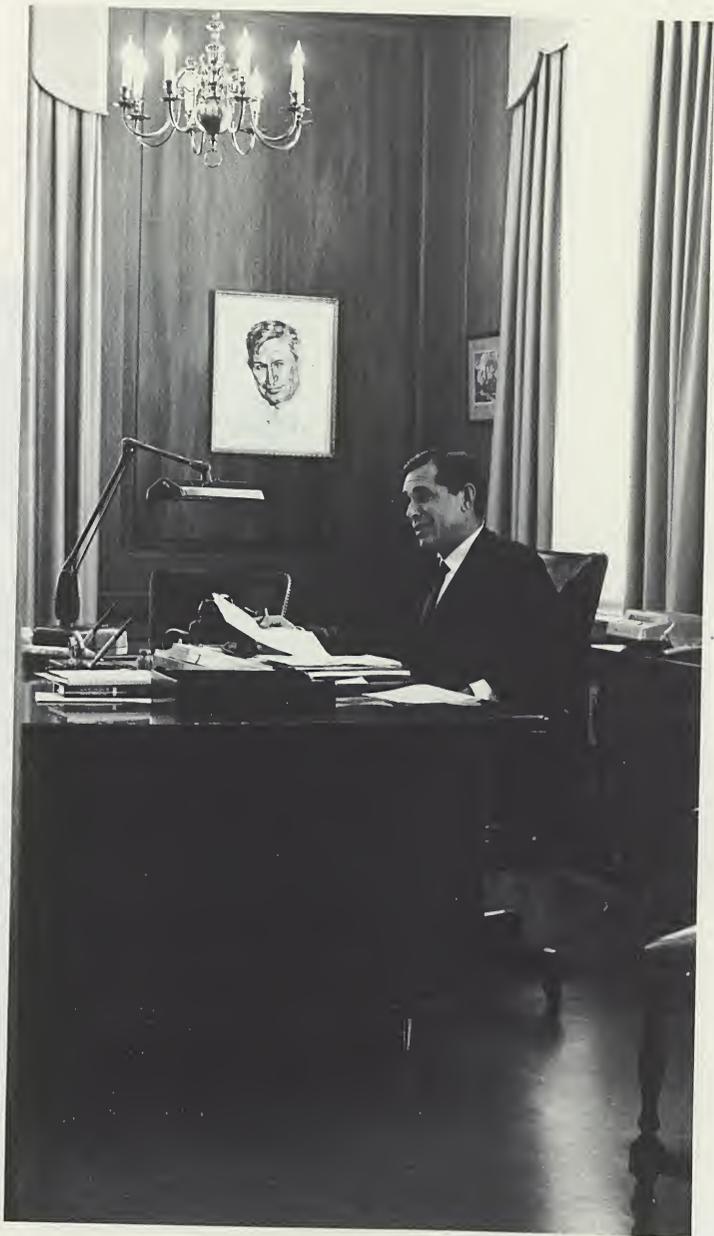




The Student



*This issue
dedicated to
Dr. James Ralph Scales,
President of Wake Forest
University*



CONTENTS: CAROLYN FOX: *WGA*, page 4. DR. GEORGE MCLEOD BRYAN: *Case: Wake Forest vs. The Christian Ethic*, page 6. *A Conversation with Dr. Timothy Leary*, page 10. CHARLES M. ALLEN: *Arts Center: Retrospect and Prospect*, page 12. MARVIN KRIEGER: *To the University*, page 20. E. T. DENTRY: *The Censors*, page 21. CHARLES M. ALLEN: *Statement to the Committee on Admissions Policies*, page 26. KIRK JONAS AND KAY DUNLAP: *The Judge is Still Praying*, page 28. BOB ERVIN: *Nonviolence in the Black Revolution*, page 32. BILL LAMB: *Three*, page 37. S. MICHAEL HARRAWOOD: *Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me*, page 39. ED MYERS: *A Slightly Mysterious Smile*, page 40. *Photographs by* DON BUNN: *In Our Own Image*, page 44. TED BOUSHY: *Three Poems*, page 46. S. MICHAEL HARRAWOOD: *The Short Story*, page 48. DON CLEM: "JC", page 54. ALLEN SHOAF: *The Feminine Rhyme*, page 55. JACK McDONOUGH: *Dylan*, page 56. *Photography* — DAVID KRAMER: *Bob Dylan*, *The Citadel Press*, New York, 1967.

STAFF: Mike Harrawood • Kay Dunlap • John White • Don Clem • Jane Tolar • Stuart Wright • Ed Dentry • Nancy Moate • Susan Mauer • W. R. Hinson • Bill Miller • Steve Baker •

The Student

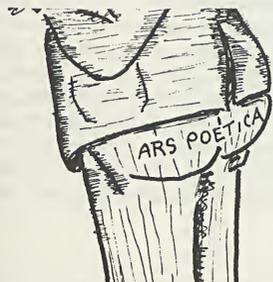
Volume 88 Number 2

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published by the students of Wake Forest University. Office: 224 Reynolda Hall. Contributions may be brought to the office or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. THE STUDENT is printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Editor Ted Boushy
 Managing Editor Allen Shoaf
 Assistant Editor Don Bunn
 Fiction Editor Clare Ivey
 Editorial Assistant Kirk Jonas
 Business Director Don Phillips
 Creative Design Christopher Robb
 Photography Editor Don Bunn
 Political Editor Carey Bogen
 Advisor Bynum Shaw



Page Forty-Four



Page Forty-Eight



Page Fifty-Six



Page Six



Page Thirty-Two



Dean of Women

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27109

August 1, 1968

TO RETURNING RESIDENT WOMEN STUDENTS AND THEIR PARENTS:

The enclosed statement on "Wake Forest University and Student Responsibility," which stresses the University's role as one of guidance and counsel, necessitates further clarification with regard to resident women students.

Beginning with the opening of the 1968-69 academic year, the General Permission Form, which has heretofore been the agreement among women students, their parents, and the University concerning women students' overnight leaves from the campus, will be discontinued. Instead, women students will sign out for absences from the campus, supplying specific details about the absence but not having to submit their plans for official approval. In addition, freshmen will be required to consult with their house counselors in advance of departures.

Before a woman student returns to Wake Forest in September, both she and her parents should come to an understanding of the University's position as expressed in the enclosed statement and should recognize that it is the responsibility of the student herself to keep her parents informed of her plans and activities.

By way of guidance to parents and students the University issues the following guidelines:

1. The University does not foresee circumstances necessitating women students staying overnight in motels or hotels except at considerable distance from the University or unless accompanied by parents.

2. The University considers it to be inappropriate for women students to visit in bachelors' quarters or other living accommodations, including hotels and motels, where an acceptable hostess is not present.

3. The University will make available to parents such information as may seem advisable, or as they may request, concerning their daughter's departures from the campus.

(Miss) Lu Leake
Dean of Women

LL:amc

WGA

Carolyn Fox

The University's present policy towards sexual behavior expressed in the letter on this page means one of three things: 1) that intercourse before marriage is not responsible behavior unless done with parental permission, 2) that it is not forbidden, but that it must be done before 1:00 a.m., or 3) that the coed alone is responsible for her own actions. The first two are both ridiculous and demeaning, as well as being unenforceable and impractical. The third is the only reasonable and realistic position for a modern university, though apparently undesirable to our administration. The failure of the administration to explicitly state its position on the sexual behavior of students shows its recognition of this fact. By veiling its intentions in ambiguities and deceit, the administration has managed to forestall student criticism while actually granting nothing. They have claimed to release coeds from the restrictive rules previously in effect and to have given them personal responsibility for their behavior, while in actuality retaining a structure which effectively prevents the exercise of this responsibility. The new system is an obvious improvement over the obsolete apartment rule, but to many coeds the improvement is not enough. As it applies to Women's Government, the new student responsibility appears to many to be a pacifier intended to squelch the growing demand for sexual freedom for women on this campus. The time has come for the University to recognize that coeds cannot res-

pect an administration which claims to grant individual responsibility while retaining the right to decide what responsible action is. If the University does not feel that it can grant out demands in this matter, we would request that it at least deal with us in honesty.

After a semester under the new system, it is obvious that very little has changed. Girls can now go to apartments in the evening with no effort to conceal it, and a few brave coeds occasionally sign out overnight for where they are actually going. Basically, however, rules are still broken to approximately the same extent as before. The vast majority of girls who stay with their boyfriends overnight sign out for the homes of sisters, cousins, or married friends. As before, getting caught is the result of random chance and bad luck. The WGA is not respected, and its members are forced into hypocrisy. They must sit in judgement on girls whose behavior is the same as their own, and they must perform such duties as advising girls of approximately equal maturity on matters which they themselves may think is none of their business. By their own admission, WGA officers make an effort not to know what is going on and call girls to trial only when it is unavoidable. Thus, the WGA serves in the eyes of many girls only as a reluctant police force. The officers are uncertain about exactly what is expected of coeds, and coeds are even more confused. Very few have had the suggested discussions with their parents, and very few have changed either their behavior or their sign-out procedure. The freedom of Wake Forest coeds to do openly what they feel is acceptable, if it exists, is not being exercised.

The blame for this situation is difficult to place. There are those in the university community who would blame the coeds, saying that they have not been willing to accept the responsibility given to them. This is perhaps accurate in some cases; however, many Wake Forest coeds would be eager to accept this responsibility if the administration would be open and

honest about its position. The refusal to face the issue of sex squarely has given the new policy implications little different from the old rules. Behind the vague phrases of the letter, coeds see disapproval of premarital sexual activity and fear that punitive measures will be taken if they are honest about such activities. If this was not the intention of the administration in issuing the new policy, then it should be clarified. If this was, then we are not satisfied!

The administration has refused to state explicitly what it considers responsible action on the part of the student. This is as it should be, for responsible action is something which varies with individuals and with situations. Unfortunately, the University has cancelled this move in the right direction by the obvious implicit statement that sexual intercourse before marriage is irresponsible. The reference to the mores of a society which many students consider backwards and whose mores are indefinite implies this, as does the continuation of a sign-out procedure. The reasons given for signing out are not the real ones. Boys also have emergencies in their families and are equally likely to die if in an undiscovered auto accident. Yet they are not required to report their overnight absences. The policy of saving sign-out slips, also, denies the validity of the stated reasons. If we sign out for our protection and so that we can be reached in emergencies, why are the slips saved in the Dean of Women's office after our safe return? The procedure can only be intended to limit opportunities for sexual activity, and the administration is guilty of deceit in claiming other reasons as the entire purpose.

The University has also shown bad faith in its claim to have advanced from the concept of *in loco parentis*. It has capitalized on the nationwide student demands for abandonment of this policy in order to claim credit for liberalism which it does not show. In the case of women's rules, there has been no increase in student responsibility, but only a change of power from

the University to the parents with the Dean of Women retaining her position as local representative for the parents. By her promise to inform parents of their daughters' behavior, she has merely made a change for *in loco parentis* to *contact parentis*. This is a better step backward if anywhere.

The need for student responsibility is still there. The girls on the Wake Forest campus deserve the right to learn to make their own decisions in a mature and responsible manner. There are some who do not really want the added responsibility, who see the sign-out regulations as an easy alternative to mature decision. They probably need the responsibility more than those who actively seek it.

The ability to say no to sexual involvement is meaningful only when there is a clear-cut choice. The rapidly increasing number of coeds on this campus who see sexual involvement as a possible responsible result of a deepening relationship and as a matter to be decided individually feel that their freedom in this area is as much a right as it is in the academic field. Their problems have not been solved by the new policy as it is stated. The time has come for the University to clarify its position and quit dealing in ambiguity and deceit. We are not asking for a release from all rules; there are valid reasons for such policies as having closing hours, putting a card on Out when you are out of the dormitory at night, and perhaps, even leaving a phone number where you can be reached when out overnight. We are also not asking the University to condone premarital sexual activity. We are merely asking the administration to be consistent with its policy on other matters, and to give coeds the freedom from University intervention in their sexual behavior that has been given in other areas. Specifically, the sign-out procedure should be abandoned or used only for its stated purposes. If unwilling to end its inconsistency, the administration should, at least, state its intentions honestly to the student body.

Nothing better illustrates the situational approach to the Christian ethic than the past decade of race relations on Wake Forest campus. We have moved from a total ban against blacks to tokenism *on our terms* (when it benefits us, that is, with a winning athletic team, or with a doctrine of assimilation which threatens the majority values the least), to a day of a courtesy course to answer the demand of Black Power advocates who have organized themselves within the student body.

Just ten years ago an official letter from the University rejected a black applicant in the following language: "In your letter you indicate that you are an African. If by that you mean that you have dark pigmented skin, we would not be able to accept you as a student in Wake Forest College. This explanation will make very little sense to you unless you are familiar with conditions existing in the southern part of the United States. Schools on both the secondary level and the college level are set up for members of the white race and members of the Negro or African race as separate units. We have in North Carolina some excellent colleges for members of the African race. . . . If you are interested in attending a college in the Southern part of the United States, you would need to apply to one who accepts African students."

Then, in order to effect *token* integration, we sent to that same continent and recruited the first black student who ever successfully negotiated entrance into the University. That that student had to bide his time for a whole year after we brought him to America in one of North Carolina's "excellent colleges for members of the African race" while he waited for Wake Forest to lower its bars, that he graduated Phi Beta Kappa, that he has since received graduate degrees from two of the top universities of this country, and that he is now pursuing a fourth degree in London, and, further, that he may not share the views that we hoped he might secure from a "good Christian liberal arts education" at Wake Forest—all this is evidence to be filed in the case "Wake Forest University vs. the Christian ethic."

Today we no longer argue integration: we wonder if we can incorporate a new student organization into our social life, an organization composed of blacks and devoted to securing

black goals. (That we have had continuously, and still have *de facto* if not constitutionally, organizations devoted to exactly these same goals for white students, and that these same organizations have housed the most influential and acceptable of our student leaders and alumni successes, hardly bother us.) We merely thank our lucky stars that our birthpangs are mild compared to some campuses where the whole academic program is shut down. We have no mailed fist raised in defiance, no bowed head bent in sorrow when our alma mater is played. All we have had is a church-quiet, liturgical burning of the Confederate flag. ("My, we got by that one easily, with no unfavorable national publicity.")

Of course, we have had our minority quota of radicals, both among the students and the faculty. They were among the first to be jailed when the civil rights campaign moved to the campuses—perhaps the first whites to be arrested in the sit-ins that began in the spring of 1960. They were on the civil rights committees and in CORE, NAACP and NCLC when it wasn't cricket. But these were the bad boys of the family, kept behind the house when it didn't

pay and paraded legitimately when credit was needed for "the university's leadership in these crucial areas." Most students and faculty lived through the whole decade as if nothing was happening. Like Kierkegaard's description of the play-revolutionists who hurry to read the morning paper about the revolution at their favorite sidewalk cafe while the real revolutionists knock the tables awry, shouting and shooting, in their very presence.

But there is a problem with the "we" in the foregoing sentences. In trying to apply the Christian ethic to the whole sequence, there is no simple identification. All the parties cited no doubt thought of themselves as Christian, and certainly acted within the framework of a Christian institution. (Even the radical blacks who reject Christianity as the religion of Uncle Toms and Honkies may be confronting it in a real way.) One strange fact that does seem to emerge is that Wake Forest's Christian values, its Baptist heritage, and its denominational ties seem to have had so little to do with the whole transition. This too is part of the ambiguity of the "we"; this influence may have been as much negative as positive, may have involved as much feet-dragging as forward-pulling. Throughout the entire circular transition, from white-power segregation to black-power segregation, Christians seemed as confused and as divided as anyone else. And to identify the Christian position with the *noblesse oblige* of the oldtime liberal with his ideology of progress (that time and reasonableness and morality would solve the problem) but who has now become disillusioned because he has lost control and nobody seems to listen to him anymore nor appreciates his past sacrifices (however slight they may have been), is even more confusing.

The Christian ethic cannot be identified with any of the simplicist answers implied in any of the "we's" above. Perhaps with regard to no social area has this simplicist fallacy been applied more fatally. What used to be said about the racial question—"it is such a simple matter of black and white"—no longer persuades. "Black and white" one time meant neatly separating two clearly defined groups, the whites on top, the blacks on the bottom. "Black and white" in liberal terms meant segregation is black, integration is white. "Black and white" in today's terms

Case:
Wake
Forest vs.
The
Christian
Ethic

Dr. George McLeod Bryan

means anything from the establishment's urban coalition to CORE's Soul City to Cleaver's revolution.

What I am trying to say is that a Christian who took seriously his Master's example and command to be "in the midst of the world for the sake of others" may have found himself, during the past decade both in society at large and on this campus in particular, on every side of the previous description. His role changes as the situation changes, and he—of all persons—cannot take claim for the changes, nor claim that the change is finally right. An ancient biblical writer took the labels "good" and "bad" out of Christian hands in ascribing to God the sovereignty of ethical judgments: "As for you, you meant evil against me; but God meant it for good, to bring it about that many people should be kept alive, as they are today (Genesis 50:20)."

In January, 1969, as I write this, the leading Wake Forest alumnus devoting his life to race relations (writing books, editing magazines, and an activist in the racial revolution) phoned me from the Winston-Salem airport. "How do you happen to be in town?" I asked. "I've been down here to Granite Quarry to bid Robert Jones, the Ku Klux Klan leader sentenced to a year in the penitentiary, good cheer." When I expressed surprise that he had flown into North Carolina on such a mission, he dismissed it with a casual, "Did our Lord do less?" That same alumnus who guided Negro school children through the bayonets and curses at Little Rock High School wrote in his book, *Race and the Renewal of the Church*, this account of his Baptist boyhood in Mississippi: "One of my earliest recollections is of sitting one evening in a rural church in a Deep South county and watching the KKK file solemnly into the little frame building. In the ceremony that followed, a large pulpit Bible was presented by the Klansmen to the congregation and was accepted by the revival preacher. On the back cover of the book was stamped in the brazen letters, 'Ku Klux Klan (page 19).'" The Christian ethic of "loving one's enemies" may apply in our day more to getting along with those with whom we disagree and to communicating with those who hold different opinions from us.

At this point, some reader will protest: all



the previously cited positions of the University within the changing racial scene cannot be equally "Christian," some *must* be more right than others! This will certainly be the reaction of the person who has been shaped by his culture to believe that some actions are basically evil, "not grey or dirty white but black"! This article intends to explode this myth, especially its identity with the Christian faith. Suppose, for instance, that such a person as we are now describing once aligned himself with white supremacy ameliorated by his religion into a morality of the white man's burden. This for him was the right way, and he would likely have considered an interracial marriage as an out-and-out evil, not only against common sense but against the will of God. Is it enough to say that should this person make an abrupt about-face, considering all the views he once held as absolutely wrong to be absolutely right, even interracial marriage, he is *therefore* that much more of a Christian?

The contextual view of the Christian ethic holds that the "liberal" (as the latter person would be popularly known) who self-righteously

assigns virtue to his devotion to a cause may be as unloving as a hardened Ku Klux Klanner. He can, for instance, pride himself on his moral superiority, he can fail to see that he acted paternalistically, acting for the black man at a safe social distance, he can feel slighted that his good offices are no longer wanted, he can hide from himself that his "thinking pink" was a cover-up for the hard realities of ethnocentrism as both a positive and negative force in human affairs. In many ways, the "liberal" devoted to his cause with the assurance that history gives the inevitable victory on his terms, is more perplexed by contemporary events than his counterpart. The contextual Christian ethic confounds him even more, as it exposes his complicity in racism.

To label persons "Christian" or "un-Christian" (nowhere has there been a tendency to do this more than with regard to racism) is a dangerous game. Sure, racism is wrong, a monstrous evil. So is war, air pollution and overpopulation! Everybody participates, nobody confesses. To call something evil without establishing machinery to correct it may be making some progress, but doubtful progress. True, there are few people who will say that "racism is ennobling" in the same manner that some declare that "war is ennobling." But we must confess that this is the half-truth underlying black power, which *ipso facto* must have had some validity even under white supremacy. But from the Christian point of view we are not interested in slogans from the pulpit or from the President's Commission on Civil Disorders which merely shout that racism is wrong. Contextual Christian ethics endeavors to make the subtle distinction which will illuminate why black power as we encounter it at this moment in history is not as evil as white supremacy as we have encountered it in our collective history.

This means that the contextualist in Christian ethics would not view the last ten years of Wake Forest history in race relations in terms of some superimposed, abstract schemata—such as was done in the first paragraphs of this article—but would probe for the signs of reconciliation and revolution and renewal which might be working like leaven in the hidden and secret places of the University. While the battle-cry over causes and movements were filling the air, were there

not some members of the Wake Forest community quietly cultivating friendships across racial lines, were not some engaged in tutoring services and job-corps counseling, were not some involved in behind-the-scenes politics both within the academic and municipal establishment, were not some busy securing job opportunities and economic advantage for the racially deprived? All these factors must be considered in the case of the Christian ethic against Wake Forest University.

This is not to say that Christians should not confront the world with a suggested time-table and a tentative priority for social change. This can be done, and is an integral part of the contextual Christian ethic. Like the President's Commission we may be agreed that "there can be no higher priority for national action and no higher claim on the nation's conscience." Furthermore, like the same report, it may be urged that racism is "not inevitable. The movement apart can be reversed. Choice is still possible. . . . (But) the alternative will require a commitment to national action—compassionate, massive and sustained, backed by the resources of the most powerful and the richest nation on this earth. From every American it will require new attitudes, new understanding, and, above all, new will."

Change the wording, and let it read "the alternative will require a commitment to university-wide action—compassionate, massive and sustained, backed by the resources of this distinguished University," and it would apply to us.

Change the wording, and let it read "From every student on this University campus it will require new attitudes, new understanding, and, above all, new faith" and it would apply to the Christian ethic.

The case "Wake Forest University vs. the Christian ethic" continues into the next session of court: both parties are on trial, both the adequacy of the Christian ethic to this urgent issue and the matching of the University against this challenge.

Our Father which
art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy
Name. Thy Kingdom
Come. Thy will be
Done on earth,

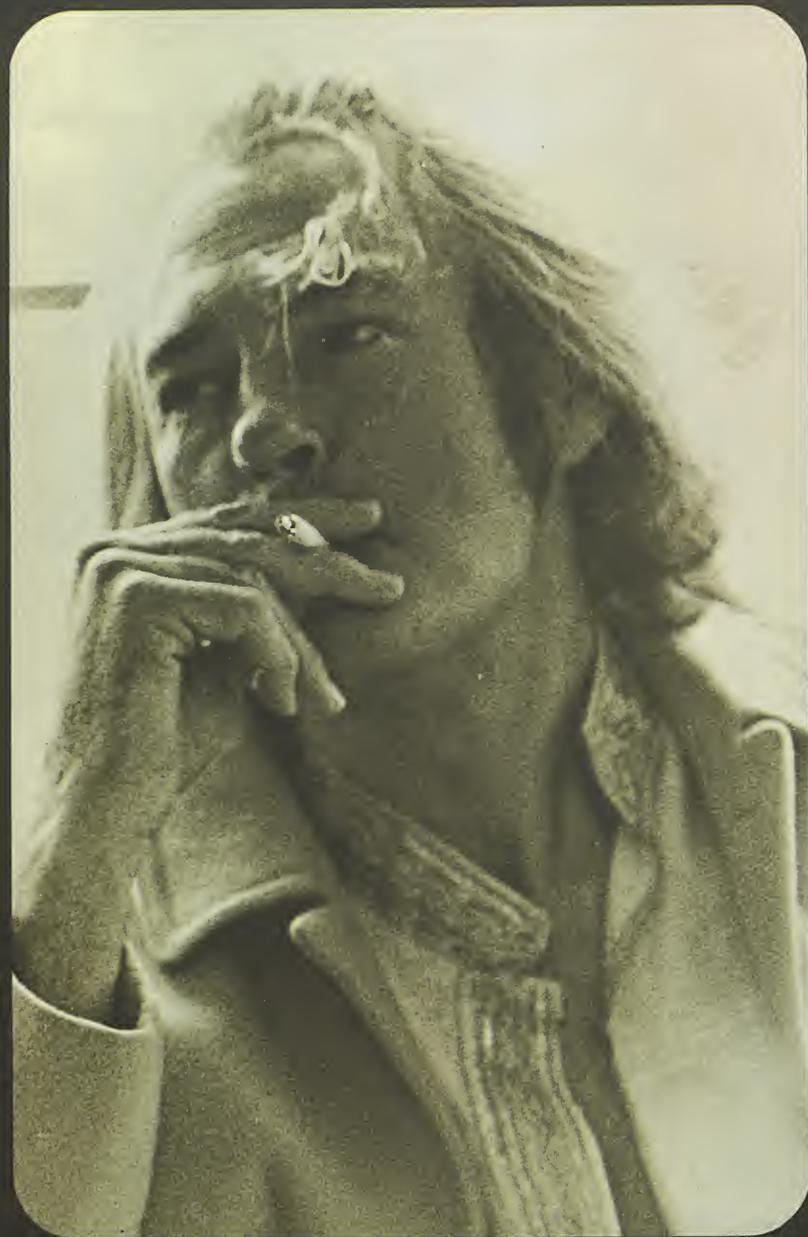


Salem
Handmade
Soap
And
Candles

332 S. Main St.
and
Reynolda Manor



college bookstore
and
sundry shop



From A
Conversation
With
Timothy Leary

"I don't have difficulty separating the public image from what I am, but I think that most other people do. A person in public life in the United States is completely an artifact of the image of the mass media. A myth develops. I'm always the Harvard professor who got kicked out and started a psychedelic drug movement. All that has very little to do with who I am as a person and what my yoga and spiritual goals are.

"The same thing is true of Nixon, and the same thing is true of Humphrey, and the same thing was true of Kennedy. I think that it's unfortunate that someone becomes identified with his public image, because then he's identified with some plastic marionette figure that has nothing to do with the way he really feels or his soul."

What about psychedelic drugs and religion?

"I can't speak for anyone else, but psychedelic drugs have been a virtuous grace from God to me. They have provided me the challenge and the key to growth and meaning. They are my sacrament.

"Some people use the word *acid*. I never use that word, because it's much too precious. It's noth that I'm prudish about it; it is just more to me than a dogged cliché.

"My only regret is that I didn't turn on ten times more in the past than I did. Because of fear and laziness I tended to postpone these experiences—like a churchgoer that sleeps on Sunday, instead of 'turning on' in church."

Christ, Christianity, and a New Religion:

"I think that Jesus Christ was a divine incarnation of the Eternal God Spirit and that He was sent down by the Higher Power at that particular time in history to bring man back to brotherhood and love. But I think that Christ must be reincarnated and reborn in a new and different form in every generation.

"I think that in this historical era (which is very much like the Fall of Rome) we're just aching and hungering for a new religion. America has never had its own indigenous religious renaissance. The religions we have in this country today are old European or Asian religions—Judaism, Protestantism, Catholicism, Greek Orthodoxy, and so forth. But we have not had the first valid American upheaval.

"Our country is a very young country. It's less than two hundred years old. I think that within your lifetime you will see an indigenous, mind-blowing, world-encompassing religion started in the United States. And I think that drugs—sacred biochemicals—will be the sacramental keys to divine manifestations."

Will he be the leader of this mind-blowing religion?

"Well, I don't care. I'm just trying to find my own soul and harness this in my daily life with my loved ones.

"If you were to ask me as a person making historical predictions, I'd say that there's a sporting chance—maybe one in a thousand, one in a hundred—that history will see our group as being as important in world religious history as the group of apostles or the early Jewish prophets.

"I think that the religion and the psychology and the education of the future is going to be based upon discipline and the serious use of chemicals. We are the first generation of people

who have had the insight and, if I may say so, the courage to try to put this into effect in our daily lives."

Psychedelic drugs and sex:

"Psychedelic drugs do in terms of sex what they do in terms of anything else. Instead of just one way of expressing it, or instead of having only one level of consciousness, you have an infinite number of possibilities. Instead of just one kind of orgasm (the physiological, genital, mental orgasm), it is possible to experience what we call neurological orgasm. And with these drugs you find incredible new ways of giving and uniting and losing yourself with the other person.

"We've gone through a period when sex was dirty, nasty, and terrible—a period with all the horrible neurosis, psychosis, and middle-age hangups that develop. We've come from that to a period where sex is now a part of our personality repertoire.

"You've got to be a good lover, in the *Playboy* sense, and work for a meaningful relationship with a woman. I think that is really rather amusing and superficial, but it's still a step ahead.

"I think that in the future sex will be seen as the central, sacramental religious stop in finding union with somebody or something outside yourself. If you're going to give yourself in aesthetic union to something outside yourself, better it be woman, designed by God to be your complement, than a cause or a material phenomenon or an abstract, philosophic notion or a material possession. That's the way God made us, and I trust God's wisdom and God's power to keep the thing centered."

Creativity and LSD:

"The creative person is highly gullible and suggestible. The creative person is someone who can suspend his current structure and be raped by a new perception or a new vision. That's the essence of the creative experience: you go beyond your mind.

"You have to distinguish between the creative *experience* (which is a passive phenomenon) and the creative *performance* (in which you attempt to express and externally live out your vision).

"It's inevitable that someone will have a cre-

ative experience when they take LSD—even marijuana. They will respond in a new way, they will receive in a new way. But the next step is to make it stick, to express it so that someone else can share it.

"Art has got to be subjective; it has got to be a burning, flipped-out, mad, flame-like moment. Art which is not that becomes rational and gamey. It may be very successful, but it doesn't carry the full load of the expression and the novelty.

"I think this whole concept of art is made too gamey and sociological. You have an experience which shakes or moves you, and you have to express it. It could be just a sigh, running to the garden to plant a flower, or changing the furniture in your house.

"I think we're all artists and should be artists every minute of the day. By that I mean that we should give a better tongue or voice to that which is within us.

"What I'm doing at this moment is a form of art. I'm attempting to chant poetry in such a way as to answer your questions logically, but I am also trying to carry the emotion and the inspiration of what I feel.

"Most of the time we are very stereotyped and reproductive artists. That's too bad, because anything that shakes us free and challenges us forces us to a more eloquent shriek or laugh or dance, has power, and encourages us."

What Does he think of Colleges and Universities?

Education in the United States today is perfectly geared to crush the spirit and to narrow consciousness and to create exactly what taxpayers want—cheerful robots. I encourage anyone who treasures his nervous system and his potential to grow to just stay away from college.

"If you go to college just be there as a place where you pay no attention to the courses and that sort of thing. Look around you and find persons who could teach you, perhaps a student or—possibly, miraculously—a professor.

"You probably have three or four professors here that are here because they are on fire. Those persons have a love of knowledge and mystery and curiosity. They want to share that love. But that's all you can do. Nobody can teach anybody else. You can only share knowledge and curiosity with someone."



Arts Center:

Retrospect and Prospect.

Dr. Charles M. Allen

Wake Forest University's current enlargement campaign includes, among other projected facilities, an Arts Center. This is no new recognition of a need; the initial plan for the campus also included an Arts Center. Periodically in the twelve years the University has occupied this campus there have been articles in this magazine and in the University newspaper about the need for such a center, and these have often taken the form of critical and often scathing attacks on the University for its failure to provide such a facility and for its supposed neglect of the arts in general. Against this backdrop of needs and difficulties in meeting these needs, it may be use-

ful to look more carefully at the Arts Center concept and present prospects of having such a center here.

The arts are really rather recent tenants on the typical college or university campus. Most major colleges were founded in the nineteenth century and emphasized languages and literature, history, philosophy, mathematics, natural history and religion. Many of the subjects which are now prominent in the humanities and natural sciences were not established in the curriculum until well into this century. Although the arts flourished in society, they were not represented in the curriculum of the average liberal arts college. There were

conservatories of music and some schools of arts which operated outside the academic framework. Girl's schools had courses in painting which were usually so conservative that it was a long time before the arts in a university could escape the stigma of the ladies finishing school. It was a time when one came into contact with music in the concert hall, with theater in legitimate houses, and with the visual arts in the museum galleries.

It is important to remember that even those schools which now excel in the arts have been involved in them for a relatively short time. For much too long plays were as literary exercises, paintings viewed

as steps in art movements, and music considered the province of the specialized professional.

In the first part of this century a few schools began to introduce courses in the studio arts, in music theory and practice, and in literature and practice of theater. Leaders were for the most part the great state universities and laggards were often small private schools.

Not until the end of the thirties did Wake Forest have formal music courses. There were clarion calls of doom then from the more conservative faculty members that the hard core of academic excellence was being corroded by these "practical" courses. This was undoubtedly the

rear echelon of the same group which had earlier opposed laboratory work in science. In the forties there was no formally recognized work in theater; theater was strictly an extracurricular activity advised and guided by the debate coach whose appointment was not in Speech but in English. It was not until the late forties and early fifties that the College supported any program for visiting performing artists and lecturers, and this program has grown to full stature only on this campus. If all this seems meager, it must be remembered that this was the general pattern in education with few exceptions and that the program we have now is far superior to that in many schools of good reputation.

The explosion of the arts in the university setting has been concentrated in the last fifteen years. In that time there has been a growing realization that the arts supply important ingredients to the curriculum. It is not enough to study and dissect a play; one must sometimes see a play on stage and perform in one. It is not enough to study the paintings and sculpture of others, one must learn the rudiments of these crafts. It is not enough to know about great composers and their works; one must perform compositions and some must write them. It is not enough to collect books or listen to lectures; one must see great art and have performed on campus the great works from the musical and theatrical literature.

We are learning that we must use many languages other than those of the printed or spoken word. We are learning that an image or a tone or a stance may be expressions of the human spirit more profound than any word. True, not every student will participate fully in all of these activities any more than every student will specialize in mathematics or chemistry or political science. However, these interests, well represented on campus, can affect all

students—a little rubs off on every discipline.

Where does Wake Forest stand now? We have the basic elements for such an Arts Center as we envisage. There are cores of strength. The theater has made enormous strides since those early days when *Othello* was staged (rather successfully) on the local high school stage, and *Cyrano's* comment about the waning of the sun was followed by a sun which faded in choppy steps because there was then no dimmer board. True the theater operates under abrasive and almost maddening conditions in the library (abrasive to both the theater and the library), but it is doing works of real quality, and many students are finding dimensions and depth here which carry over into literature and history and a dozen other disciplines.

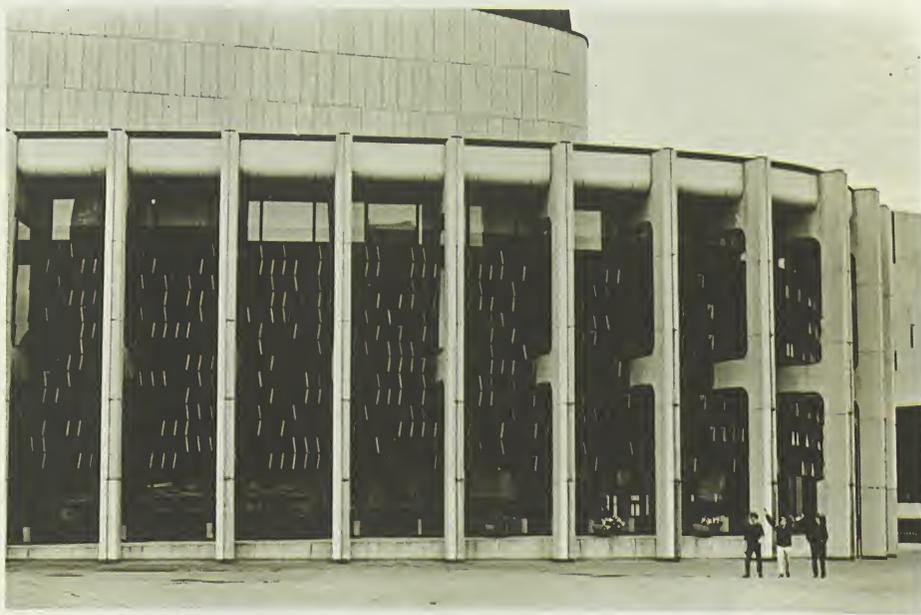
Although the art courses have focused upon history and apprecia-

tion with only occasional ventures into studio work, these courses have been of extraordinarily high quality. Anyone who has taken one of the courses has found his whole conception of western civilization enriched and illustrated. Under the exceptional stewardship of Professor Lewis Aycock art holdings in the library and art slides and prints have been accumulated which would do credit to any school. These have made the job of creating the new Department of Art a much easier task.

The Music Department has grown from that faltering beginning to a department with five full-time members and seven part-time members, offering a major in music. Although hampered by inadequate quarters and equipment it has continued to produce a steady trickle of students who perform, and it has touched many who have participated in its program less intensely.

The development of the University Union on this campus has reinforced many areas of the arts. The Union has brought performers of distinction, and it has made a tremendous contribution by purchasing art works and staging excellent art exhibits. It has presented a film series of excellence and brought outstanding speakers to the campus, many of them in the area of the arts.

The Artists Series brings to the campus artists of the highest caliber. Augmenting other programs in the arts, the programs are chosen in such a way that a student in his four years on campus experiences a cross section of the best that can be staged in Wait Chapel Auditorium. Plagued with the problem of staging events in a house which would make cleaning the Augean stables seem a delight compared to putting on concerts, the series has won national attention and the University has en-



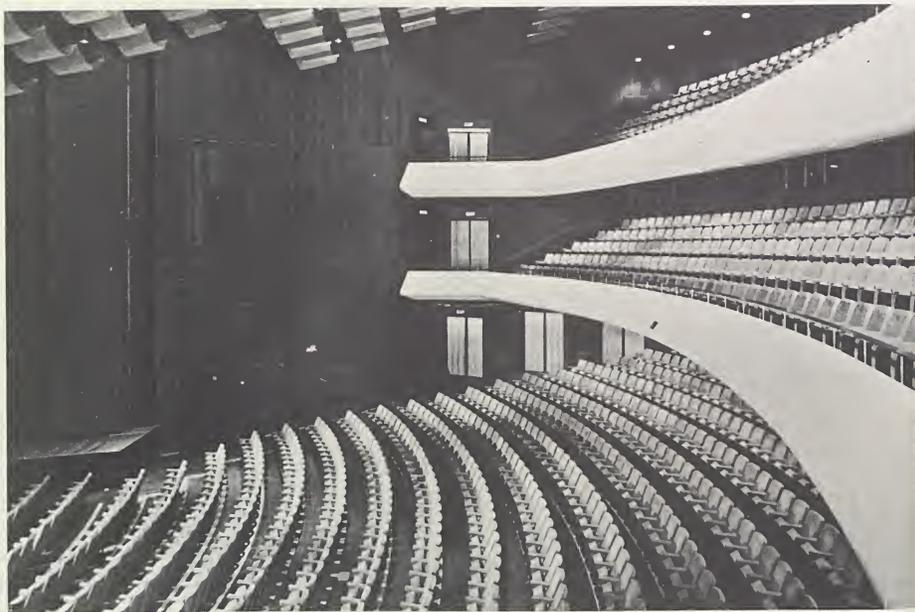
Place des Arts, Montreal.

joyed a place of prominence in the concert managers' association almost from the founding of that organization.

In the early days on this campus a group of Wake Forest Faculty members, working with interested people in the community, formed the Chamber Music Society which has provided excellent concerts in this specialized area. Financial support by the University has kept this struggling group alive and active.

Since it assumed the role of community good music station, WFDD has been an invaluable element of the campus arts picture and an extremely important avenue of campus-community relations.

Student publications have been important components of the arts picture, although a very variable one. In some years the arts have been neglected and in other years the arts rather than art has been emphasized. Recently, however, these publications have been users and promoters



of art and gadflies pressing for richer programs in the arts. The quality level of this magazine, the establishment of a poetry journal, and the yeasty enthusiasm of people who work on the publications have been, and continue to be, important in the development of the arts on campus.

We must conclude, therefore, that on campus there exist important nuclei of the arts which, although they make far less impact on the average student than they should, can be developed into a vigorous arts program.

Then why should we be thinking of an Arts Center? Why would it not be just as satisfactory to continue the development of each of these activities in the present loca-

tion, independent of each other? This has been done at many schools which already have separate arts facilities. To answer this we must look at some of the better arts centers in colleges and universities, and there are a great many of these centers—far more than there were ten years ago.

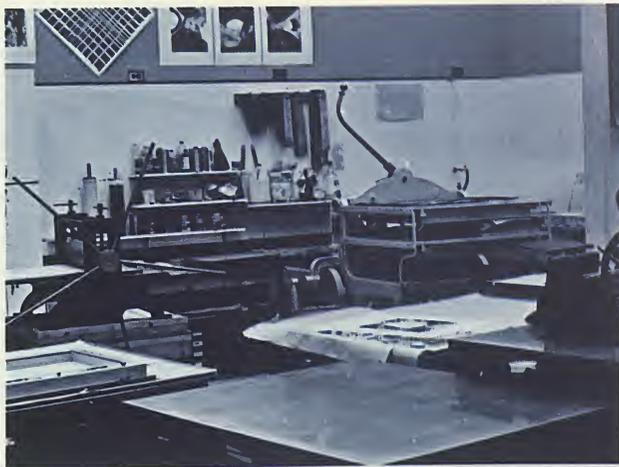
Over the years I have visited and studied a number of these centers in all parts of the country. During the past summer I studied some twenty centers in New England and Canada, and some of these are illustrated here. These are not necessarily the best centers in the country, but they represent a broad cross section and present some common features and advantages of arts centers in general. They show why, in some ways, we are lucky that we have not gone so far that we cannot learn from the best of these centers.

The first lesson we can learn from a good arts center is that it is a great deal better than its component parts, that it accomplished more than it could if the same units were dispersed on campus. There is a great deal of interaction in a good arts center. Theater gains from the proximity of art and music; radio and communication arts gain from access to the source materials of the other arts; a casual student comes to a concert and lingers to see the art show in the gallery.

A good center is a place of ferment and many students in one area blunder into exposure to others. Since one of the greatest problems on this campus now is provincial separatism where each of the arts occupies and often defends its little enclave not only against its detractors but often against potential participants, such cooperation is a consummation to be devoutly desired. Although it may be strange to say, it may be good that each of the arts now is in a house of passage and is not tied to a location.

Although Wait Chapel may continue to serve as a concert hall for





some attractions, there is a strong need for an adequate auditorium with full stage facilities and with a seating capacity of 1200 to 1500.

The theater will be forced by the expanding library to move. It should have housing which incorporates the best thinking of the best theater designers in America, with the necessary facilities for all aspects of theater study and production.

The music department has worked for twelve years in makeshift quarters and certainly deserves studios, practice rooms and others facilities suitable for the first class program which can be developed here.

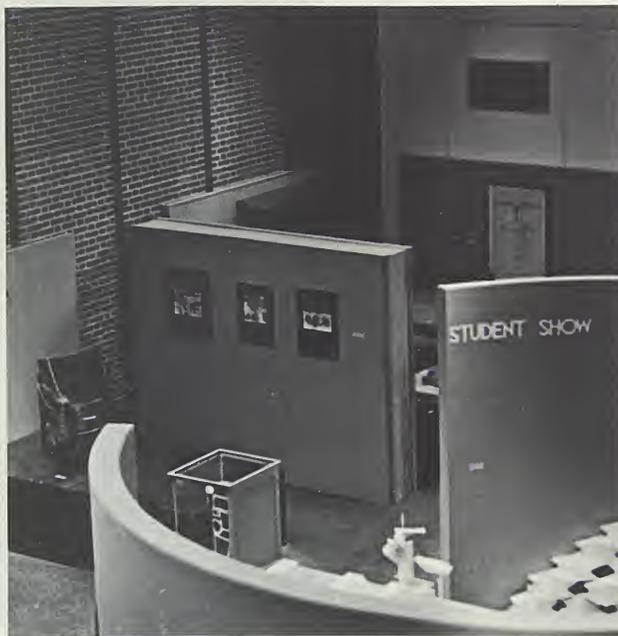
The budding art department is now located deep in the bowels of Tribble Hall. As it grows it must have proper classrooms, studios, galleries, preparation rooms and storage areas suitable for a growing and vital department.

The radio station as it moves from its cramped quarters can become the nucleus for a communication center suitable for our mixed media culture.

It seems clear that the base for growth in the arts is here, the need

for facilities is apparent, and the present facilities are so temporary that the consolidation of the arts in a center is a logical imperative. But can such a center be provided? This depends on many factors, but the critical and controlling factor turns out to be money. Can the money for such a center and the arts programs which it would house be found?

To castigate the university administration because we have not yet built an arts center is naive; there is every evidence that the administration is more aware of the need than many students or faculty members and that it has been working very hard to find the funds. It is equally unfair to use other institutions with fine centers for compar-



ison. In most cases they have not been more perspicacious; they have just been luckier in having perceptive donors interested in the arts. An arts center will have to come from donated funds; it cannot be self-supporting, nor can it come from the ordinary resources of the university. No matter how great our desire to have an arts center, the stubborn fact of reality persists: *the need is not the father of the deed.*

There are some features of an arts center which ought to make it attractive to donors with taste and perception. A good arts center is an attractive complex, a structure which claims the pride of all whom it serves. The best arts centers I have seen have been in some ways a work of art themselves. The sheer bulkiness of a center demands a basic simplicity with more than a



touch of glamor and drama. An arts center is a bit like a chameleon. It can be garbed in a traditional, contemporary, or even radical exterior housing and still have a workable inner core. The simple lines of an arts center on this campus could blend with the Georgian architecture without matching it. This would be a valuable way to break the mold of slavish conformity in a graceful way.

An arts center can honor many donors. A stadium or a classroom building can be named for only one person, but in an arts center the gifts of dedicated friends will not be submerged. The theaters, auditorium, recital halls, galleries, arts complex, music complex, communications center, and other components can all be named for and bear tribute to those who make them possible. This diversity also allows the donor to support the particular part of the complex in which his interest is strongest. The total cost of a center is so great that it is highly unlikely to be the gift of any single donor, although it is fair to say that such a gift would not be snubbed.

It is wise, therefore, to think more of a complex than a center, with separate attention for each of the parts of the complex. Although it would be best to construct the physical plant of the complex at one time, it may be wise and necessary to plan the entire complex and build each component as resources become available.

It is extremely important in setting goals to remember that an arts center is not just buildings, it is also people and programs. Because funds are always limited it is easy to think, in a development drive, in terms of bricks and mortar. Many fine centers have been built, but it was discovered too late that inadequate funds were committed to properly staff the facility or to develop and maintain the programs in the arts that such a building deserved and demanded. This is a tragic mistake

which we must not make. Our present facilities are not staffed with proper technical personnel and we manage on a makeshift basis. To do this in a good facility would not be good stewardship of buildings and equipment made available by sacrificial giving. As basic needs have been met on this campus the arts center has moved steadily higher on the list of priorities. It would be nice if we could say that we need and must have enough money to provide the facility and to support

its programs and that we will assign these needs a definite priority.

President Scales has said, "We are not yet rich enough that we can reject benefactions of any donors interested in legitimate needs of the University. For some time to come our priorities are going to be set by the preferences of the donors who are ready to give." This is wise and practical. Couple this with his assertion that he considers the Fine Arts Center the most critical instructional needs and you have evidence





of administrative determination which will search out support and capitalize on opportunity.

Since the donors we need are not likely to be faculty or students, what can the faculty and students do to hasten the day when we will have a Fine Arts Center? It is apparent that we can help best by strengthening our support of our present programs and by demonstrating an ethos of culture and a depth of interest in the arts which will make our desire for support more than empty words.

It is fair to say that our support of theater, concerts, art, music, lectures and all the arts activities is still rather casual and shallow. A historian may lecture on the arts and artifacts of an ancient culture and refuse to announce to a class a program on campus which augments and illustrates the point. An avid advocate of French or German poetry will not cross the Plaza to hear lieder or art songs performed by a leading exponent of the art. The trivial and the crass still command a disproportionate amount of our

energy and time. Donors like to give to a going concern which demonstrates its needs. By simply using adequately the resources we have and improving them we can demonstrate our commitment to the arts more deeply than we can by any written plea.

We must communicate to this community after all, the greatest strength of our support is centered in this community—our deep devotion to the arts as an integral part of a broad and liberal education. With a community as sophisticated and deeply involved in the arts as this one is, such an interest cannot be faked. Superficial activism won't do it. Our prospective donors want to see evidence that a significant proportion of our students are aware of the richness of the arts and are at least sipping at the well.

It appears then that Wake Forest University has made significant steps in its program in the arts and has a great potential for improvement. It appears that an Arts Center at the center of campus life would greatly enrich all elements of the University if its programs were adequately supported. It appears that the realization of this need is more probable than it has been in the last twelve years, but that this achievement depends on the generosity of friends and the continuing work of students and faculty alike.

But, barring some miracle, no student now enrolled will see the center completed while he or she is on campus. So we must, like some latter day Moses, work intensely for deliverance, knowing all the while that we will not set foot in the promised land.

This is much more difficult than working for a goal which will immediately benefit us; therefore, the degree of our commitment may be the measure of our intestinal fortitude and of that maturity which we often vaunt and whose benefits we so want.

To the University:

We have been ignored long enough (over 2,000 years)! Other minorities have begun to usurp our well established position as "the exploited scapegoat." Therefore, the Student's Hebrew-American Movement (SHAM) must take revolutionary measures to enforce our 15 non-negotiable demands. Moses failed with 10!

1. The University's board of trustees must be enlarged to include a member of the faculty and the student body. How else can we get tuition reduced from \$1,000 to \$998.50?

2. There should be an immediate change in the composition of the University. Professors must be selected for their teaching aptitude and students for their learning capacity.

3. We have waited 5,730 years for curriculum changes. SHAM insists on relevant courses: (a) Anti-Arab warfare (b) newspeak (c) The jungles of Vietnam or (d) the Mountains of Canada.

4. New departments are essential! Blacks need to know where they have been; WASPS, where they are going. SHAM wants a seminar on how all this affects the Jewish Question.

5. We demand the immediate recruiting of Hebrew-American students, or more parking places. Impossible, you say! The horns of a dilemma? Who ever said that it would be easy to raise WFU to the status of a racially, culturally, and religiously balanced Yeshiva.

6. Tests have become farces of memorization; besides, not a single question is in Hebrew.

7. A Jewish cook, Black, Brown, Red, Yellow, or even White is demanded for the cafeteria. Our campus problems are so acute that only the immediate transfusion of chicken soup and matzo balls can solve them.

8. All future professors must have the SHAM stamp of approval; of course not many will get it—except graduates from Brandeis, Yeshiva College, and Bob Jones.

9. We insist that the Holy Scriptures (Old Testament) be taught by missionaries from Israel. Impossible you say! Then at least consider Mohammed Ali to teach the New Testament.

10. Staff ROTC units with winners. SHAM demands Moshe Dayan instead of Westmoreland. Who else can guarantee results in 6 days?

11. The Sabbath must be observed—no Saturday classes! Henceforth, professors must have time to research, write books and articles, attend professional society meetings, and perhaps even have time to prepare dynamic, interesting, informative, organized, meaningful, stimulating, and challenging lectures.

12. Classroom dress is not up to SHAM standards. Yamakels (skull caps) naturally go with beards. Ask any bearded rabbi.

13. We are concerned with language requirements. Students and graduate students should at least master English and Hebrew before they undertake French, German, and Swahili.

14. Incidentally, who ever heard a Jewish mother say, "my son the football player," so why \$4 million dollars for a football stadium instead of Bowman Grey?

15. IF THE ESTABLISHMENT (whoever they are) doesn't give immediate and prompt attention to our current fourteen points, we will create fourteen new demands or envoke our status as "God Chosen People" and get Him to enforce the original 10.

Unless our demands are met by 6-10-5730, we shall be forced to take the following violent measures: (a) sieze the rare book room at the library (b) offer free Mogen David wine (on Sunday) (c) incite the students to use the labs, library, and squash courts (d) if all else has failed, we will incite class room questions and discussions! SHAM WILL SHAKE THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION: ignore campus parking regulations!

—Marvin Krieger



The Censors

E. T. Dentry

Francisco Pelitch tucked his left arm under the pillow and lapsed soporific away when in the twilight of his wakefulness his eyelids became silken screens whereon projected in full colour short-shorts of such erotic nature as to cause him to smile and once to chuckle, nearly waking himself. Suddenly the door opened.

"You are Francisco Pelitch?" Francisco continued to peruse with lazy curiosity the red velour interior of the route leading further through drowsiness up into the heights of wombliness and refused to hear the voice of the broadshouldered young man who, therefore, kicked him solidly in the teeth and watched him tumble down. His face was twisted.

"Yes, I am Francisco Pelitch," he

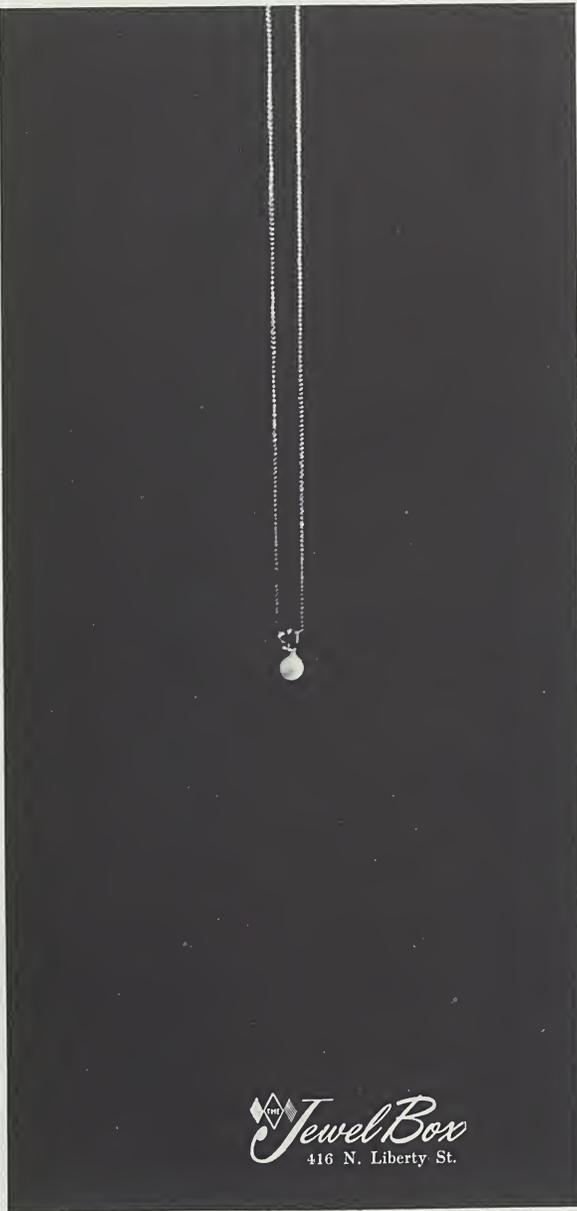
said, spitting three teeth onto the orange carpet. While Francisco pondered the possible symbolism of the three teeth on the orange carpet the broadshouldered young man grabbed a coat from where it hung on a nail behind the door. This, he threw into Francisco's lap.

"Let us go, buddy."

"Very well," said Francisco. "But where, may I ask, is it that we are going to?"

"This is not for me to tell you," said the young man, peeking into the mirror on top of Francisco's dresser and flexing one of the muscles of his neck.

"Very well," said Francisco, contemplating the similarities between this and the fate that befell Kafka's character. Together they lumped out



into the hallway, down the stairs, and lumped away into the icy streets where the wind swirled snow derishes back and forth and the young children spat hawkers, which turned to ice, at starving beggars. The broadshouldered young man led Francisco thus through a maze of city blocks where from overhanging roofs and doorways icicles tenaciously fanged downward and street-signs were barely visible in vague outlines through the blizzard. And then they arrived at an abandoned theatre in the north-west side of town. Outside the theatre a gray-faced beggar with bluing lips wore a crushed fedora with a small icicle on the brim and leaned unobtrusively against the wall.

"Honor and virtue," whispered the broadshouldered young man.

The old man's eyes datered suspiciously from side to side. "Goodness and decency," he breathed.

"God and country," parried the broadshouldered young man as he surreptitiously admired his truly imposing profile in a big window. The old man chuckled and switched his eyes backward to indicate a door, and as Francisco Pelitch crossed the little foyer and climbed behind the young man up the squeaking staircase he looked back and saw that the old man's hands were moving strangely inside his pockets and a grotesque smile had creased his stubbly face.

Upstairs, they turned down a long hallway covered with dust and decorated with an ornate mosaic of baroque spider webs. Francisco attempted in his weakened state of mind to make a joke about cobwebs being strung about by "cobs", only to be buffeted in the solar plexus by the elbow of the broadshouldered young man. The hallway was cold and drafty. Francisco much preferred the more refreshing coldness of the blizzard to this. And then they entered through a pair of swinging doors, which snapped shut. A little bell rang, triggered perhaps by the

doors, and a wizened old woman with a lecherous smile on her liver-spotted face came in to issue tickets.

"That'll be eight seventy-five," said the old woman as she looked Francisco up and down. "Seventeen-fifty for the both of you."

Francisco pulled out his wallet and change purse and ruminated over the great variety of change and paper money that he had. Yesterday had been payday at the textile mill and he had fared well. Noticing that the old woman had only a small metal change maker of the sort used by Good-Humor men, and thinking that she possibly could not change large bills, he asked her, "How do you want it?"

Aghast, the old woman fell back back against the wall and shrieked. Her metal change maker dropped to the floor with a hearty *kchink*.

"S-s-s-sinner!" she screamed. Imploringly she looked about for help, and her eyes lit on the broadshouldered young man. "Do you see? Do you hear this? This, this s-s-s-sinner . . . this obscene, vulgar s-s-s-sinner . . . what he has done to me."

"Yes, yes," said the broadshouldered young man.

"This I cannot repeat. This I must sit upon the floor and take stock of." She sat on the floor. "This is for my poor, decent, old nerves too much! This young man, the likes of which is *him*, to speak into the face of such a poor old woman the likes of me, such things! This, this s-s-s-sinner; surely is he *insane!*"

"I shall bust him up," said the broadshouldered young man.

At that moment a large oaken door flew open and a frigid stale draft nearly knocked Francisco over. Inside the door was a huge hall thronged with mobs of people, some sitting in chairs, some scurrying about like sandcrabs carrying messages. This vast scene of chaos was presided over by an obese, gray-headed old woman and an obese, bald-pated old man with a very red

 Jewel Box
416 N. Liberty St.

face. Together the pair wheezed and blew and breathed thickly around their obese tongues into the ranks of bristling microphones which stood in front of their highly elevated platform. On the white marble top of this platform lay two books covered with heavy layers of dust. One was the *Bible*. The other was a black, leather-bound copy of the poems of Edward Taylor. The broadshouldered young man gave Francisco a healthy kick, which land him in the center isle of this huge room, and a massive silence, excepted only by an occasional whispering and by the accidental collision of two wheelchairs somewhere in the gallery, fell over the auditorium.

"Francisco Pelitch," echoed the rather effeminate male voice, followed by a similar wheezing. "Strip off your clothes, Francisco Pelitch," said the man, "and confront this court even as ye came into the world."

Thinking certainly that he had died and was now standing to be judged, Francisco was not shocked at this command. In a blasé fashion he stripped off his old wool overcoat and galoshes and the pajamas with the *yeurs de lis* that he wore under them until he stood nearly as naked as the day he slipped hairless out of Gretchen Pelitch's womb into the clinical hospital world. Immediately the presiding woman began to laugh. Laughter in the gallery erupted at this cue into a roar and edded for Francisco the chill of embarrassment to the already chilly room. His head hung and his left hand attempted in vain to cover his pubic region, but the folk in the gallery persisted hotly in their razzing laughter, which eventually caused Francisco to throw up his head arrogantly and stand exposed in rebellious pride.

"Look! look!" shouted a hunched-over, emaciated octegenarian from the gallery. The presiding woman's face went sheet-white and her bald-headed husband clapped his hands

over her eyes. "Exhibitionist!" she yelled.

"*Exhibitionist! Exhibitionist!*" chanted the gallery. Some members of the gallery began laughing and slapping one another on the back in a congratulatory manner. Some were throwing large spitballs and paper wads about. And they continued to chant.

"Order! Order!" yelled the presiding man, apparently ready to overlook the charges of exhibitionism and proceed to meatier subjects. Now he slapped a handful of magazines and a calendar onto the marble top of his desk and, with one hand held fast over his wife's eyes, lifted up the calendar.

"Lewd trash. Lascivious obscenities. These things my *dog* I would not allow to look at." Francisco recognized a *Playboy* calendar that had been lifted from his room several days before and some of the girlie magazines from under his bed. Amid the vociferous hissings and boing the adamant gallery let fly at him a barrage of paper wads. Someone nearly hit him in the stomach with a tomato.

The presiding man handed the magazines and calendar to his secretary, who was a beautiful big-boned blonde of either Nordic or Slavic descent. She smiled at him and then glared coldly at Francisco, who could not help but admire amongst this chaos of strange nervous twitching and ties and hardened arteries and toothless grins and laughter the uniquely fine form and composition of line, which fragrant oasis curved subtly under her white chiffon robe. Instantly he hid his admiration under the guise of a patronizingly respectful contenance.

"Furthermore," said the presiding woman from behind the protective barrier of her husband's hands, "you are accused of abusing yourself and using language of the worst sorts."

"*Bad language!*" interjected her husband.



by Tommy McNabb

MARTHA BROOKBANK

A portrait . . . the perfect gift
for any occasion.

McNabb Studio

Wake Forest University

Phone 723-4640



TOP HAT FORMALS
Sales and Rental
Men's and Ladies Formal Attire

N. Main St.

724-7613

"Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad," chanted the gallery, again beginning to throw things.

"For the record we must repeat what it is that you have said."

"No!" shrieked the woman. "No! No! These things they are too terrible for our mouths they should say them."

Someone said, "They are too terrible for our ears they should hear them."

Francisco stood shivering meanwhile in the aisle wondering whether he was getting his seventeen dollars and fifty cents worth while a tremendous argument waged through the auditorium concerning the question of propriety and law and, more specifically, whether a certain word should or should not be said in public to prove a legal point and, if so, who should be allowed to say that word and be given immunity from all consequences following its use. The argument grew louder even after a special committee was appointed to study the possible hiring of a single man by the court whose soul duty would be to utter, when required, certain undesirable words from behind a black facemask.

Meanwhile, Francisco could not keep his eyes from the lovely blonde secretary, whose legs, because of the subtly deliberate movement of the presiding man's left hand while his right still protected his wife's vision, were becoming exposed. Indeed cold and soon bored by the lengthy speeches and arguments of the masses, which continuously grew wilder, Francisco found that his misery could be alleviated by mentally caressing the good land of this fine-figure and voluptuous secretary. Indeed, he even began to grow warmer. Coursing down the inevitably converging network his blood's warmth was and was the warmth itself, and he stood forgetting himself, seeing her in a new and persistent light, in awe of her, forgetting

completely the masses in the gallery, forgetting the seventeen dollars and fifty cents, all of which seemed to drop away into ether.

Suddenly the octogenarian in the gallery stood up, pointing. "Look! Look!" he yelled. "He has a . . . an . . ."

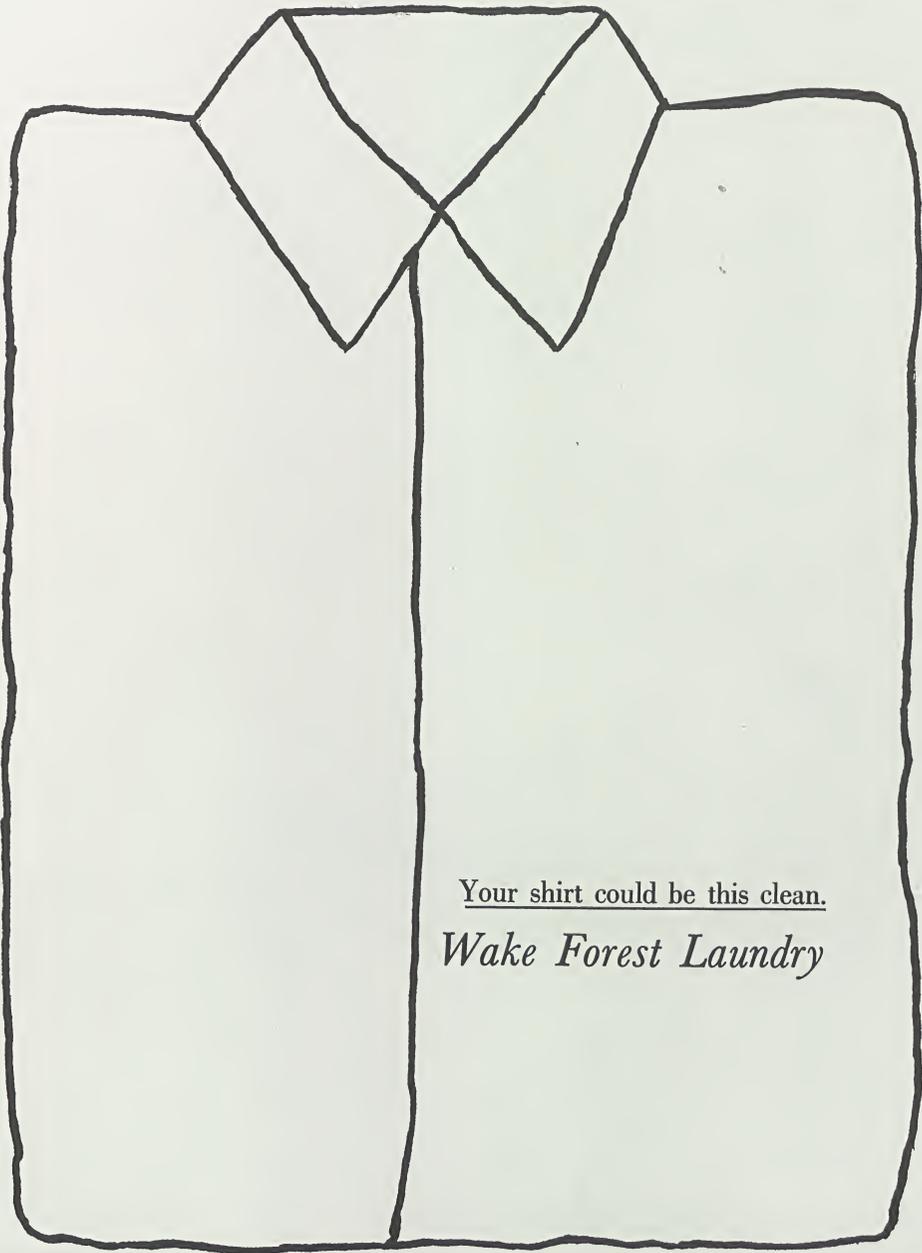
"How terrible!" someone said.

"How horrible,"

"It's a . . . it's a . . ." stammered the octogenarian, who was struck down by the angry crowd near him ere he could pronounce the word. "Voyeur!" they screamed as they broke his brittle bones and tore his corpse between them to pieces. The presiding woman had thrust her husband's hand from her face and flushed a deathly hue at what she saw standing in the middle of the aisle. Immediately, she dropped dead.

What followed was terrible indeed, as those who had looked at the thing were rent asunder by those who had not, not knowing why they rent them, but renting anyway, and some of those who dared not look committed suicide by hanging themselves with their ties and shoestrings in order that they might never see, and the whole scene was one of moribund and deathly carnage.

Francisco calmly picked up his wool overcoat and galoshes and the pajamas with the *yeurs de lis* and climbed up the great stairs past a group of old women who were running back and forth in their wheelchairs over the body of the presiding man. Gently he touched the hand of the blonde secretary, who stood looking confused as though suffering from amnesia; and then, remembering who she was, she suddenly smiled and took Francisco's hand, and he led her through the red velvet interior of the route leading forth through drowsiness up into the heights of wombiness, and together they refused to hear anything.



Your shirt could be this clean.

Wake Forest Laundry

Statement to the Admissions

A great deal has already been said about the matter of admission policies. Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to say anything at all. However, there is a feeling that the boat is being rocked by young upstarts who have not been with the College long enough to know the intricate factors which are involved in such decisions, and that many of those who have been with the College longest are opposed to making changes in our admissions policies at this time. Now I do not think that longevity is the surest guarantee of right thinking. The rushing years bring reflection and increasing wisdom to some; to others the same years give time for solidification, yes, even petrification, of their prejudices. For what it is worth, I speak as one of the old guard, one whose association with Wake Forest College is now in its twenty-fifth year, taught by Poteat and Cullom, one who shook the hands that had shaken the hands of the founding fathers of this institution.

I also speak as one who because background and associations in rural North Carolina might argue against any liberal race statements. Yet, through the years, I have come to the conclusion that the doors of Wake Forest College should be open to qualified students without regard to race or color or religious affiliation. I have now come to the conclusion that the adoption of this policy is imperative, in fact overdue. To be blunt, I feel that we ought not only to allow qualified Negro students to attend Wake Forest College, but that we ought to seek out some qualified Negro students and see to it that they do enroll at Wake Forest College. I have come to these conclusions for a number of reasons.

Our Christian witness demands such an admissions policy. In the world of the sixties we are called to re-affirm our faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We cannot evade the issue as we could twenty years ago or even ten years ago. If we do not take positive action our vote will go into the negative column as surely as if we had recorded it there. We can no longer put off standing up to be counted. The steps which we will take toward righting ancient wrongs, toward healing old suspicions and exercising prejudices will be slow enough and will perhaps be little indeed. This is unimportant beside the pressing need to stand up and give Christian witness that we believe that all

people are individuals, equal in the sight of God. As the lines are now drawn advocacy of integrated education on any level seems to me to be completely inconsistent with such a witness. This is so important that I put it first. If all other factors weighed against changing our admissions policy I feel that the need for us to express our Christian convictions would force us to make the change regardless of the cost. Fortunately I feel that other factors also indicate that we should change our policy.

I do not believe that a change in our admissions policy will affect the support of the College adversely in any long range view. It would be foolish to argue that a changed policy will not deter some students from applying to Wake Forest College. There is hardly an action we take that does not have that effect. Conversely, any action which drives some away will attract others. I believe that if we liberalize our policy without undue notoriety (and without self-righteous breast-beating) we will attract many thoughtful students who will be an asset to Wake Forest College. I am inclined to think that we will gain more from such an expression of educational leadership than from some of the activities and incidents which have gained public attention for us in the past.

I am sure that some potential contributors will change their minds about giving to the College. I am equally sure that others will give more generously than before, and that new sources of income will be attracted to the College. Particularly I am sure that foundations interested in our research potential, our need for graduate work and the general improvement of our teaching cannot help but be favorably impressed by our educational leadership. I do not for one moment deny that there are dangers here, but there are opportunities, too. There are always dangers in education; education which doesn't venture out into the unknown is no education at all. No one wants to endanger the financial security of this institution—and I am convinced that a changed admissions policy may strengthen instead of endanger it—but there are times when the moral imperatives of an issue force us to take a particular stand regardless of the cost. The Christian ethic does not always lead us to easy choices.

The argument is often raised that, as a private

school, we are not forced by recent legal decisions to accept students without discrimination. This is strictly true, and, I think, one of the poorest arguments of all. If we cannot make our decisions on the basis of Christian principles but must hide in legalisms we do not deserve the name of a Christian institution. However, for the moment let us concede this point. It is entirely possible that a fatal flaw in this argument has not been examined as much as it will be shortly. Although we are a private institution we are chartered and operate in the public domain. We are an eleemosynary institution and under current interpretations of the law are tax-exempt. Students of the history of this College will remember that the charter was gained by one vote and there was a feeling that the College might be too narrow in its objectives to be chartered by the State of North Carolina. I am reasonably sure that the time will come when a school which practices racial discrimination will be denied tax exemption.

I do not feel that we will be flooded with Negro students. A great many people like to say that a result of a relaxed admissions policy will be the enrollment of a preponderance of Negro students. If these are highly qualified I do not find the prospect frightening, but I simply do not think it is true. While I think that we sometimes admit students who are not too well qualified, the application of our present admis-

Committee Policy

Charles M. Allen

sions standards will exclude a great number of Negro students who may wish to enroll here. The sad fact is that years of discriminatory educational practices have produced two standards of education in the South, and a great deal must be done at the lower educational levels before the majority of Negro students will consistently meet our standards. It is also true that our first responsibility is to our white, Baptist constituency. This has not prevented us from taking non-Baptists Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, and others, even those of no professed religious faith. Nor have we been deterred from taking Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Korean, Western European and other foreign students, and American Indians, while assiduously refusing entrance to our black fellow Americans. We have given preference to our white, Baptist constituents, and undoubtedly we will continue to do so. This policy is not often questioned and is defensible; the important thing is that a person is not automatically barred from admission because of race, creed, or color. Admission is not yet automatic; we still have, and presumably will continue to have, an admissions committee and an office of admissions.

I believe that we need Negro students in our student body. We seek an educational institution somewhat representative of the broader world in which we live. We welcome foreign students and find that the widening understanding of

the world our students gain from them is most heartening. We live beside a group of Americans whom most of us know as little as we know Tibetan tribesmen. Our contacts are restricted to a few encounters in commercial establishments or with domestics who are often as unrepresentative of their race and culture as white hod carriers would be of white educators. We have built up a folklore and a mass of erroneous evaluations which could be dissipated quickly by even casual communication on a person-to-person basis with these members of another race with whom we live so closely and yet at such great distances of understanding. We should explore all other means of communication. Our integrated meetings here have been without incident, and have enriched us considerably. A Negro student studied here in the National Science Foundation Institute without causing the slightest problem, and many students went away with a far greater understanding and appreciation of his race because of him. Those of us who have worked and lived with Negro colleagues have become convinced that deep intelligence, personality and human dignity are not affected by anything so biologically irrelevant as skin color. Wake Forest should be proud to have graduates who might be of the calibre of Ralph Bunche, Benjamin Mays, or Lillian Lewis, to mention a few who come immediately to my mind.

We could continue at great length in this vein. McGill has said recently that we are seeing in some parts of the South the enactment of a great Greek tragedy. It is a Greek tragedy because it moves on to a known conclusion, yet the protagonist goes on in the face of that certain end because of some defect in his character or some trick of fate. Surely we can see that the world of the sixties does not permit the luxury of outworn racial prejudices and hatreds. We must see that our position as a world leader, and perhaps our survival as a nation, hinges on just such questions as this. Surely we can see that if we are to be called a Christian college it will not be because we call ourselves Christian or start a football game with a prayer, but because we are willing to make hard decisions in the realm of ideas. Surely we have travelled about enough and are not so provincial that we can recognize that a more cosmopolitan student

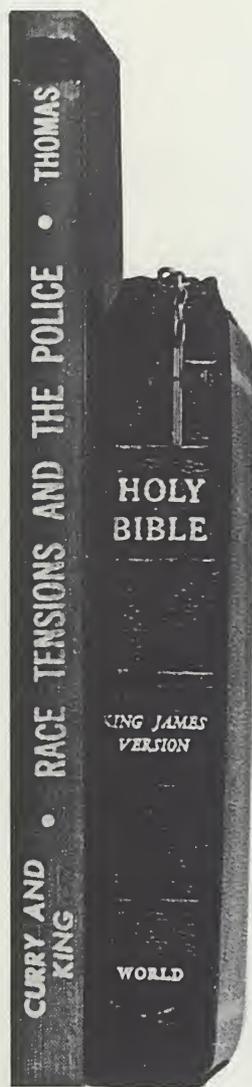
body can only help us, not hurt us. Surely we must recognize that if we are to exercise educational leadership we must act now, unless we think that we can lead from behind.

Then what steps do I advocate? I hope that we will accept applications from qualified Negro students as well as from any other qualified students. I hope that we will study these on their merits, and, if some of them measure up to our standards, that we will admit them freely and without any restriction to Wake Forest College. I trust that we go on then with our educational work in a sane and sensible fashion just as we have always done. These students will room in the dormitories, eat in the cafeteria, swim in the swimming pool. (note: the black pigment, melanin, is quite durable and does not wash off as readily as the sun tan lotions which we use to promote darkening of our skin.) I would assume that the administration would take the sensible precaution to house these students with suite mates who do not exhibit resentment of Negro students to prevent obvious problems, but, in general, I would hope that no distinctions or special treatment would be necessary.

I do not expect that all students or faculty members will feel as I do about this. All of us have deep seated feelings which are not going to be changed immediately. I have great respect for a person who finds the going hard but still is willing to make the necessary adjustments. I cannot muster the same respect for one who is completely unwilling to face any of the problems of today, even if they are distasteful, but lingers in a world which is gone. We need not expect unanimity on any educational matter; when we achieve it we are dead as an educational institution. However, if we broaden our admissions policy, we do have a right to expect those who would prefer that we not make this change to work constructively within the policy. It would be alien to the Wake Forest tradition to act subversively, or to try to stir up discord or to establish tensions or incidents where none exist. If we proceed in a calm, thoughtful fashion, without undue excitement, we can make the transition which the social tenor of our changing times and our own deep convictions require. I am reasonably certain that we can make the transition so easily that we will look back and wonder what all the fuss was about.

The Judge is still Praying

Kay Dunlap
Kirk Jones



On February 23, 1960, Wake Forest students became the first white students to participate in a sit-in in the United States. The headlines told the story. The *Winston-Salem Sentinel* carried the story that same afternoon—21 ARRESTED HERE AT LUNCH COUNTER. The group consisted of twenty students: eleven Negroes from Winston-Salem Teachers College and nine from Wake Forest College. Carl Matthew, executive director of the Negro Passive Resistance Protest Group, was the remaining member and, according to the *Winston-Salem Journal*, was “the apparent leader of the Wake Forest College group.” All twenty-one were arrested and charged with “trespassing at the white lunch counter.” The NAACP promised local and national legal counsel. Negroes cheered the students as they were taken to jail.

The protest was designed to demonstrate the hypocrisy of the business community and the second class status to which Negroes had been assigned in Winston-Salem stores. Black money was good in Winston-Salem stores—that is, everywhere except at the lunch counters. In Woolworth's, where the sit-in occurred, as in many American businesses, lunch counter segregation was a fact. Woolworth's had a lunch counter for Blacks and one for “Employees Only and Private Guests.” Employees meant white employees and guests meant white customers. The Wake Forest students were white, so they sat at the lunch counter and ordered. The food was

served. The Negro students came in and stood behind them at the "white lunch counter". The Wake Forest students gave their food to the Negroes.

The manager called the police. The students were arrested, tried, convicted. The judgement, however, was reversed to prevent Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP from taking the case to the Supreme Court. The judge claimed that he needed "a year for prayer" before he could make judgement. On these technical grounds, the case was dropped. Further legal action became impossible.

By all appearances, the sit-in had accomplished little. The "pending prayer" move by the judge eliminated any possibility of making a test case of the sit-in. Further legal recourse for the Negro in this instance was impossible. There were, however, two distinct positive results of the sit-in. Whites had become involved for the first time in the Negro protest. That story has been told and retold. The other positive result of the sit-in was the effect of the sit-in on Winston-Salem itself. What were the results of the sit-in?

Who was moved?

The lawyer for the defense, Mr. Clyde Randolph, was not. "I remember the sit-in, not as a milestone, but as a little lawsuit in police court where nobody could get hurt no matter what happened. The students weren't hippies; they were just ordinary college kids who felt something should be done. And the Supreme Court upheld them."

Others were moved. In the March 2, 1960, *Winston-Salem Journal*, a former professor of law at Wake Forest maintained that if segregation in restaurants were ended there would be "chaos and confusion in eating places all over." But a Wake Forest faculty resolution in support of the demonstration was overwhelmingly accepted.

In a letter to the editor of the *Journal* of March 2, one lady recommended that the stores open their lunch counters to whites for an hour and then to Negroes for an hour, gradually combining the two periods. A man on the street staunchly proclaimed that opening counters to integration for an hour at a time would give the Negroes the "opportunity to prove to doubters that their goodwill and good behavior, in such a situation, can be irrefragable." Winston-Salem, how-

ever knew there was something inconsistent in treating Negroes and their money as equals-to-whites only part of the time.

To avoid future trouble, Mr. Warren, the manager of Woolworth's during the sit-in, resigned. "I agree that colored customers should have a place to sit, same as whites. But I don't think they should sit together . . . more variety of foods are served to them than to whites," Mr. Warren was quoted as saying in the *Winston-Salem Journal*, 24 Feb. 1960. According to one of his employees, "Mr. Warren wasn't going to mix and he didn't want hard feelings."

Mrs. Grace Jones, who still works for Woolworth's remembers Mr. Warren as "a quiet-spoken man, a calm man who kept to himself. He was a big member of the Centenary Methodist Church." An enthusiastic gray-haired cashier said that she had no hard feelings toward the incidents which disrupted her work. She believes that "people must change with the times."

Mrs. Sadie Adams administers the second counter at Woolworth's, the hotdog and hamburger counter. Mrs. Adams was also employed at Woolworth's during the demonstrations. She recalls what happened before the students were arrested. "A colored fellow sat down at the white counter and asked for a cup of coffee. He waited for two hours, but the waitress wouldn't serve him. The next day he came back, but she still wouldn't serve him. The next day he came back, but she still wouldn't serve him. The next day he came back, but she still wouldn't serve him, so fifteen Winston-Salem State students joined him. Rather than serve the colored people, they closed. Finally the people left." How does Mrs. Adams feel about the sit in today? "It doesn't matter who pays. Good service equals good customers. Our lunch counter is doing well."

Dr. McLeod Bryan of the religion department looks back on the sit-in with an ethical perspective. "When people are arrested, others must take a stand. The students' actions fractured seven community groups: the student body, the administration, the faculty, the trustees, the parents, the Baptists, and the public."

The jail was hot on the day of the arrest. "The Negro boys took off their shirts and relaxed. The white boys paced like caged animals. The negroes knew there was no justice in the

arrest and there would be no justice in the outcome. The white boys couldn't believe that they had been picked up and were determined to get this thing cleared up immediately. The Negro community was proud of the student action. The white community was ashamed."

Dr. Bryan was responsible for procuring a lawyer for the demonstrators. "At the time of the sit-ins, the surging Negro bid for equality was a new force. An old unwritten Southern law had handled segregation infractions for 65 years by swiftly trying the case with no publicity and throwing it out on a technical point. The old laws were now in question; the answers were uncertain," said Dr. Bryan.

McLeod Bryan felt that the profound effect that the sit-ins had upon the participants was the most significant outcome of the action. "This was the most educational experience of their entire educational careers. It was far worse than any flag burning and radically changed the lives of some of the participants."

The university as a whole took no action; the sit-ins, however, provided a catalyst for reaction. Mark Reece, Wake Forest's Dean of Men, maintains that the sit-in had a more profound effect on Winston-Salem in general than on the Wake Forest community. "There was not a great deal of adverse criticism to the sit-in in the college community or in Winston-Salem. It was sort of the initial breakthrough in Winston-Salem, as far as the concern for race relations and the desegregation of lunch-room facilities were concerned. I don't think it changed anything on campus, however, except attitudes maybe. A group did meet out here afterwards to discuss it and decided rather than take action against the sit-in, that we should defend them. We thought what they did was worthwhile. I was proud of them. It's hard to express my feelings. I mean, you go in and there they are in the tank. It was an unusual feeling to go there and feel pride that these were Wake Forest students."

Dean Robert Dyer said that he played an "insignificant part from the public point of view," but he was active in the background and remembers the situation well. "It was the sit-in that opened the door for community action. I think this opened the eyes of the community to the problem. Although there was no ruling, Woolworth's changed its management and the new

management opened the lunch counter. After this, others began to open their doors. This was the opening wedge in the battle for opening public places for colored students to eat. When the battle was won at Woolworth's, other eating places slowly opened."

Dean Dylor does not think students at Wake Forest today are as sensitive to the problems of others as they use to be. "It was a group of interested students who were really responsible for desegregating Wake Forest. In the Spring of 1961, they petitioned the Board of Trustees to admit qualified students regardless of race. The Board turned down the petition. Ed Reynolds, an African student, was sent to Shaw University in Raleigh. The students paid for this. They petitioned again and the Board admitted him in the fall of 1962. Today we have students with 1200-1500 College Board scores who are not interested in studying. They are interested in Revolution, yet they have no constructive substitute for the status-quo. It's a wholesome thing to attack the status-quo if you have something better. But just to start a revolution without something better to offer is more destructive than constructive. I wish this generation of students had the same amount of concern as did those a generation ago. But, then, they did not have the Viet Nam war. This generation is so concerned with its own problems and frustrations that they have not offered a helping hand to others."

Reverend L. H. Hollingsworth, Chaplain of Wake Forest, paid the bail for the students arrested during the sit-in. Today he feels that the most important effect of the sit-in was on the participants themselves. "Most of these students were the kind who were sensitive to the fact that the gap between promise and performance in the area of civil rights is too great. Up to that point, discontent with that gap was vague and ill-defined. As far as the effect of the sit-in on the college, I think what they did—the sit-in—was the first step in a series of actions which brought Ed Reynolds, the first Negro graduate of Wake Forest, here.

"A more meaningful result was in the students themselves. The fact that they had staged the sit-in gave them a voice that was heard. Some kind of vague discontent had been felt by the Wake Forest community at large. Support for

the sit-in became a focus for other people to find a voice. For example, a statement of support for the action of the demonstrators was circulated among the faculty and was passed by an overwhelming majority. People in the Wake Forest community could look at the sit-in and say: 'Here is a thing of which I approve.'

"As for the overall community reaction of Winston-Salem, it's hard to know. What I heard tended to be favorable. The adverse commentary was surprisingly light and the general effect was surprisingly good. It was one small thing which, along with other things, began to push the consciousness of the community toward awareness of the problem. I emphasize there were a lot of people who had never thought of this. And it wasn't long after the sit-in that other establishments in town announced: *There are no restrictions here.*"

The sit-in, then, did have more than a temporary effect on racial attitudes in Winston-Salem. In February of 1960, there were people who hoped that the trial of the demonstrators would lead to national recognition of the same problems with which Winston-Salem had been forced to deal.

The NAACP was serious about wanting to make a test case of the Winston-Salem sit-in. When the verdict of guilty was changed to no decision pending prayer, this opportunity ceased to exist. The court has made no judgment on the case to date and Judge Leroy Sams is, by all indications, still praying about the matter in his retirement. The Woolworth sit-in and its legalistic judgment demonstrate how "justice" prevented the Negro from securing his rights within "the system". A look at segments of the transcript indicated many of the attitudes, prejudices, and interests of the Court.

The case was brought to court on March 2, 1960. Margaret Ann Dutton was tried first. Her case, the test case, it was decided, would represent the verdict given all of the students.

From the transcript:

For the State:

For the Defendant:

C. F. Burns, Esq.
Solicitor
Clyde C. Randolph, Jr., Esq.
and
Keith Y. Sharpe, Esq.

"Upon the calling of the case for trial, the defendant, through Counsel, entered a plea of not guilty to the charge contained in the warrant."

The state's first witness was Hermann A. Warren, Manager of F. W. Woolworth's for 21 years.

Question: Margaret Ann Dutton is charged with trespassing. Do you recognize this lady who is sitting here at the table?

Answer: (Mr. Warren) Yes, sir.

Q: Did you see her in company with any other person or persons?

A. . . . Approximately 15 of her color.

Q. What statement was made by your Assistant Manager to her?

A. That this was a place for employees and their friends. (the luncheonette dept.) . . . that they were not welcome to come back there. To leave. *(The transcript shows that the police were called, came, and asked the demonstrators to leave. They did not obey after the second warning and, consequently, Chief Walter had them arrested. Mr. Randolph, counsel for the defendant, then cross examined the Manager of Woolworth's, Mr. Warren.)*

Q. Do you know whether or not this defendant was given permission to enter the lunch counter area of the store at any time?

A. They forced their way through. Wasn't given permission.

Q. Do you know that this defendant was served with a meal at the lunch counter?

A. Part of one. But she gave it to a colored person.

Q. She was served?

A. A part of a meal, yes, sir.

Q. Do you say then that she forced her way into the lunch counter area and obtained service?

A. She misrepresented it to the girl who gave it to her. She was a dummy in front to lead the whole gang.

(The court then established that the students were given ample opportunity to leave, but that they waited to be arrested. The Defense tried to show that the students would have left but couldn't. This tactic failed as the students' testimony indicated that they had every intention of staying until arrested.)

"MARGARET ANN DUTTON, the defendant called as a witness in her own behalf, having been duly sworn, testified as follows:

DIRECT-EXAMINATION

BY MR. RANDOLPH:

Q. You are Margaret Ann Dutton?

A. That's right.

Q. You are a student at Wake Forest College, is that right?

A. That's right.

(It is established that Miss Dutton and others participated in the sit-in, and talked to an employee of the store.)

Q. What was said between you and the store employee at that time?

A. I happened to be the first one of our group, and the girl who was at the gate at the cash register was standing there, and I think she had her hand on the gate. I asked her, "May we eat here?" And she looked at me and said, "Yes, you may come in."

Q. Did you go in then?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you do after you entered the lunch counter area?

A. I went straight to one of the stools and sat down.

Q. Were you served?

A. Yes. I ordered and was served.

Q. What did you order?

A. I ordered a piece of pie and a cup of coffee.

Q. Did you finish your pie and coffee?

A. I gave the coffee to one of the girls from T.C. and then I did eat the pie, I finished it."

(Mr. Randolph works on his premise that the sit-in demonstrators were unable to leave. Miss Dutton remarks that "We had made our decision and we couldn't leave now." Mr. Randolph has a bone thrown into his case. Miss Dutton is then cross-examined.)

CROSS-EXAMINATION

BY MR. BURNS:

(It is established again that Miss Dutton is Miss Dutton and that she is a Wake Forest student. A McCarthyistic period of questioning begins.)

Q. Have you traveled out of the United States?

A. Yes, Sir.

Q. When?

A. When?

Q. Yes.

A. Last summer.

Q. Where did you go?

A. To Europe.

Q. What country did you visit over there?

A. We visited about twelve or thirteen countries.

Q. Did you go to Austria?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you attend a conference there?

A. Well, we visited the last few days.

Q. No, but did you attend this conference?

A. No, sir.

Q. Was there a parade there?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you parade?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you watch the parade?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you take part in the parade?

A. No, sir.

Q. This conference that we are talking about, who sponsored that?

A. It was sponsored by the Soviet Youth Festival.

Q. The Soviet Youth Festival?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you register?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you participate in any manner or way . . .

A. No, sir.

Q. . . in this communistic party conference?

A. No, sir. We went only as a tourist, just because it was a tourist attraction.

Q. But you had nothing to do with its formation or nothing to do with the activity of it?

A. I knew nothing about it.

Q. And you knew nothing about it and didn't participate in it?

A. I knew nothing about it until on the ship when we were going over, some of the students were discussing it, and naturally . . .

Q. Have you made any statements . . .

MR. RANDOLPH: I OBJECT. He didn't let her finish.

THE COURT: Go ahead.

A. . . . an naturally, as a student who is trying to grow in knowledge. And the reason we went over was to try to get all phases and meet with all people. Naturally we were interested to see what was going on.

Q. But you did not, you say, in any manner or way take part in the conference?

A. No, sir.

(Mr. Burns, having made his obvious point about a "communistic" influence in the sit-in, asked questions about the sit-in and who organized it. All of the organizers and participants, they said, were from Wake Forest and Winston-Salem Teachers College. Mr. Randolph questioned Margaret Dutton on the group's intentions.)

Q. Miss Dutton, you say your only purpose in going down to the store was to demonstrate that this sign which said "Employees Only and Private Quests" was simply a coverup to maintain segregated facilities at the lunch counter, is that right?

A. That was the immediate purpose. Of course, there was more behind it than that — the whole idea.

Q. Did you have any intention of violating the law when you went down to Woolworth's?

A. No, sir.

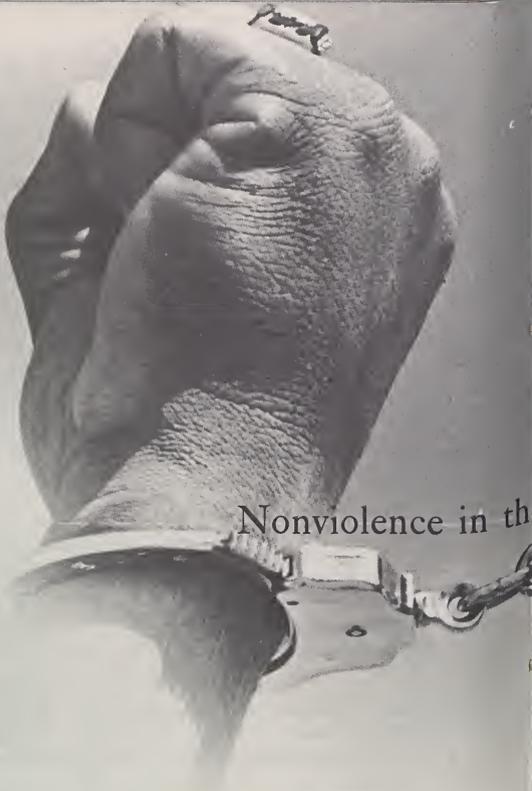
Q. Are you a member of the communist party?

A. No, sir.

(The defendants agreed that, since the evidence in each case was identical, they would accept the decision handed Margaret Ann Dutton.)

Again from the transcript: "The defendants in these cases were found guilty by the Court. Judgment suspended straight in each case." Later, the judgment was changed and no decision handed down. The judge wanted a year for prayer. That was in 1960. Nine years after the first co-racial sit-in the United States, there are no legal restrictions on who may eat where. Yet a subtle irony lingers. Hotdogs and hamburgers in Woolworth's are only sold at the small counter which used to be for "colored." In the words of one waitress, "That's what most of them want, so that's where most of them go."

And the judge? He may still be praying.



Nonviolence in the

Nonviolent attitudes have been present in America since the days of the early Quakers in Massachusetts, but their importance as a movement did not come to light until the mid-1950s. Many people confuse the term "nonviolent resistance" with passive resistance. Because these terms have been interchanged incorrectly at the hands of newspapers throughout the United States, the difference between them must be explained for better understanding of later references to them. Passive resistance, in the Gandhian sense, denotes non-active (i.e. inactive) resistance to some idea, principle, or evil in which a person or group might believe. Nonviolent resistance is contrasted with passive resistance, it calls for an active resistance to

some idea, principle, or evil in which a person or group might believe. is contrasted with passive resistance;

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. explained the type of nonviolence which he introduced into the American way of life: "I believe in a militant, nonviolent approach, in which the individual stands up against an unjust system, using sit-ins, legal action, boycotts, votes and everything else — except violence or hate."¹ This type of philosophy created a place in the American society for a race of people to protest the evils and unjust pressures directed toward them by their white brothers.

Since Dr. King initiated non-violent resistance for the Negro, the origins of its philosophy are cen-

tered around his own intellectual development and education. The roots of the philosophy of nonviolent resistance were planted at Morehouse College, where Dr. King was a student of philosophy. "At Morehouse, King searched for 'some intellectual basis for a social philosophy.' He read and reread Thoreau's essay, *Civil Disobedience*, concluded that the ministry was the only framework in which he could properly position his growing ideas on social protest."² He built the "underpinning" of his philosophy from Hegel and Kant.

A lecture on Gandhi was the spark that sent King into the works of Gandhi searching for something. "From my background," King said, "I gained my regulating Christian

ideals. From Gandhi I learned my operational technique."³

Dr. King explained what he saw in the nonviolent resistance philosophy and how he had made it work in Montgomery in 1955, in an article printed in *Christian Century*. Dr. King said:

The alternative to violence is nonviolent resistance. This method was made famous in our generation by Mohandas K. Gandhi, who used it to free India from the domination of the British Empire. Five points can be made concerning nonviolence as a method in bringing about better racial conditions. First, this is not a method for cowards; it does resist . . . A second point is that nonvio-



Black Revolution

Bob Ervin

lent resistance does not seek to defeat or humiliate the opponent, but to win his friendship and understanding . . . A third characteristic of this method is that the attack is directed against forces of evil rather than against persons who are caught in those forces . . . A fourth point that must be brought out concerning nonviolent resistance is that it avoids not only extreme physical violence but also internal violence of the spirit . . . Finally, the method of non-violence is based on the conviction that the universe is on the side of justice.⁴

This discussion of the philosophy of nonviolent resistance is somewhat useless until one realizes the signifi-

cant meanings which Dr. King found in the struggles of M. K. Gandhi and how they are interwoven with the nonviolent resistance philosophy of the Negro. Dr. King explained the background to his nonviolent resistance. He said, "The whole Gandhian concept of *stagraha* (*satya* is truth which equals love, and *graha* is force; *satyagraha* thus means truth-force or love-force) was profoundly significant to me. As I delved deeper into the philosophy of Gandhi my skepticism concerning the power of love gradually diminished, and I came to see for the first time that the Christian doctrine of love operating through the Gandhian method of nonviolence was one of the most potent weapons available to op-

pressed people in their struggle for freedom."⁵

This philosophy discovered by Dr. King while at Morehouse College was never actually defined as such until he became involved in the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama in December of 1955. Dr. King revealed that he had no definite plan in mind for social reform until the Montgomery situation presented itself. In some afterthoughts in 1960, Dr. King said:

At the beginning of the protest the people called on me to serve as their spokesman. In accepting this responsibility my mind, consciously or unconsciously, was driven back to the Sermon on the Mount and the Gandhian method of nonviolent

resistance. The principal became the guiding light of our spirit and motivation while Gandhi furnished the method.

The experience in Montgomery did more to clarify my thinking on the question of non-violence than all of the books that I had read. As the days unfolded I became more and more convinced of the power of nonviolence. Many issues I had not cleared up intellectually concerning nonviolence were now solved in the sphere of practical action.⁶

In his book *Stride Toward Freedom*, Dr King clears up the hidden hours that marked the first massive nonviolent protest in American his-

tory. "From the beginning a basic philosophy guided the movement. This guiding principle has since been referred to variously as non-violent resistance, noncoöperation, and passive resistance. But in the first days of the protest none of these expressions were mentioned; the phrase most often heard was 'Christian Love.' It was the Sermon on the Mount. . . . It was Jesus of Nazareth that stirred the Negroes to protest with the creative weapon of love."⁷

The idea of love which King used was taken from one of the men who influenced him most, Booker T. Washington. Washington said, "Let no man pull you so low as to make you hate him. When he pulls you that low he brings you to the point of working against community; he drags you to the point of defying creation, and thereby becoming depersonalized."⁸

For Martin Luther King, Jr. non-violence became the means to an end, social equality in a free nation. His nonviolent resistance philosophy underwent intellectual changes during its employment in Montgomery. King said, "As I thought further I came to see that what we were really doing was withdrawing our coöperation from an evil system. . . . I became convinced that what we were preparing to do in Montgomery was related to what Thoreau had expressed. We were simply saying to the white community, 'We can no longer lend our coöperation to an evil system.' This I felt was the nature of our action. From this moment on I conceived of our movement an act of massive noncoöperation."⁹

The philosophy of nonviolent resistance had originated within the intellectual sphere of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., but it took the Negroes, both young and old, of Alabama to give this intellectual philosophy expression. Mrs. Rosa Parks had refused to vacate her seat on a Montgomery bus so that a white

man could have a seat. She was arrested, tried and convicted of violating the Alabama laws on bus segregation. This was the spark that launched the bus boycott in Montgomery in 1955, spawning a generation of Negroes dedicated to the principles of nonviolence. At the December 5, 1955 mass meeting that set off the Montgomery bus boycott, Dr. King said, "If you will protest courageously, and yet with dignity and Christian love, when the history books are written in future generations, the historians will have to pause and say, 'There lived a great people—a black people—who injected new meaning and dignity into the veins of civilization.'"¹⁰

"Dr. King laid down their objectives in eloquent Gandhian terms. 'The Negro,' he said, 'must come to the point that he can say to his white brothers: We will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. We will not hate you, but we will not obey your evil laws. We will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer.'"¹¹ The boycott, which was to last for a year, had begun with the words of Dr. King guiding the feet of the Montgomery Negroes. The leaders of the Montgomery Improvement Association, as the coordinating body of the boycott was named, elected Dr. King as their head. It became evident that the Negroes would have to be educated in the ways of nonviolence. This feat was accomplished through mass meetings held twice weekly in different sections of Montgomery. Dr. King, with the aid of Ralph Abernathy and other Negro ministers, taught the people about nonviolence and how it operated. He told one such meeting to, "Always be sure that you struggle with Christian methods and Christian weapons. Let no man pull you so low as to hate him. Always avoid violence. If you succumb to the temptation of using violence in your struggle, unborn

generations will be the recipients of a long and desolate night of bitterness, and your chief legacy to the future will be an endless reign of meaningless chaos."¹²

As a tool against injustice, the Montgomery boycott quickly became effective. The participation was about 99% of all the Negroes in Montgomery. Even though the Negroes were in the midst of a non-violent movement, violence battered down their doors in an effort to end their protest. "King's home was bombed, and when his enraged people seemed ready to take to the streets in a riot of protest, he controlled them with his calm preaching of nonviolence. 'Some of you have knives, and I ask you to put them up. Some of you may have arms, and I ask you to put them up. Get the weapon of nonviolence, the breastplate of righteousness, the armor of truth, and just keep marching.'"¹³

Any thoughts of disillusionment with nonviolence were quickly banished by the calm of the leaders of the M. I. A. The bus boycott continued, using nonviolence as the means to gain social justice in Montgomery. Victory finally came to Montgomery on a cold, windy Tuesday in November of 1956, with the announcement that the Supreme Court had declared the Montgomery bus segregation laws unconstitutional. There was to be a brief period of time before the orders of the Court were to reach Montgomery. In this twilight period the boycott continued, with violent flare-ups at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizen's Council, but still the Negroes clung to nonviolence. This philosophy had been their shield for eleven long, tired months. It had burned itself into their souls.

With the victory declared, Dr. King revealed his feelings about the long eleven months that the Negroes gave to nonviolence. He said, "We found a method in nonviolent protest that worked, and we employed

it enthusiastically. We did not have leisure to probe for a deeper understanding of its laws and lines of development. Although our actions were bold and crowned with success, they were substantially improvised and spontaneous. They attained the goals set for them but carried the blemishes of our inexperience."¹⁴

Nonviolent resistance had entered the scene of American history, but its effect would have been insignificant had it not been for the hard work and dedication of men like Martin Luther King, Jr. and Ralph Abernathy. The dedication of these men can best be expressed in the words of the founder of nonviolence in America. Dr. King told his people and the world that "Every man should have something he'd die for. A man who won't die for something is not fit to live. . . . One must not only preach a sermon with his voice, he must preach it with his life."¹⁵

At the close of 1956, America began to realize that nonviolent resistance as a tool in the Negro revolution had come of age. Its origin had been consummated in the intellectual being of Dr. King. Its adoption came primarily through the efforts that King and others like him exerted. With the hindsight granted to the man of the 1960s, one can see that this philosophy has been the main force in American reform since 1955. The prediction which M. K. Gandhi had made in India many years before had now come true. "It may be through the Negroes that the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."¹⁷

The Negro in America was to fulfill the Gandhian dream. The actions of King and the Negro population of Montgomery were to change the entire attitudes of the new generation of young people who were taking their place in society. This new generation, both white and black, was to adopt the challenge of Dr. King and carry it to all parts of the Nation where dis-

crimination existed. "Wherever segregation exists we must be willing to rise up and protest courageously against it," he said, "even if it means going to jail."¹⁷

Rise up, they did and dedicated themselves to the purge of discrimination throughout America with the tool of nonviolence:

The first act of that generation was the invention of the sit-in on February 1, 1960 in Greensboro, North Carolina. . . . Their act at once reverberated in their own college, and within six weeks across the South. Two major events of the previous decade had helped bring the students to the point of action: the 1954 decision by the Supreme Court . . . and the 1958 boycott of segregated buses . . . had offered both a hero and a basic approach—Martin Luther King and Gandhian 'nonviolence'—to these Negro adolescents.¹⁸

"The sit-ins marked a turning point for the Negro American, subordinate for three hundred years. He was rebelling now, not with the blind, terrible, understandable hatred of the slave revolts, but with skill in organization, sophistication in tactics, and an unassailable moral position. With these went a ferocious refusal to retreat. What had been an orderly, inch-by-inch advance via legal processes now became a revolution in which unarmed regiments marched on one objective to another with bewildering speed."¹⁹ These early student sit-ins spread rapidly during 1960. The technique which they used was the old Gandhian direct-action nonviolence introduced by Dr. King. During this period, when violence was used it was instigated by white people and not returned by the Negroes involved.

What actually happened during the sit-ins was that Americans "were resorting to civil disobedience on a national scale"²⁰ to object to unjust

laws and discrimination without going through the ordinary political channels. The Negro was making his voice in America heard. This mood, evident in the members of this new generation, as well as their elders, is best expressed by Dr. King. He said:

The only answer to the delay, double-dealing, tokenism and racism that we still confront is through mass nonviolent action and the ballot. At times these may seem too slow and inadequate, but they are the only tools we have. . . . With non-violent resistance, we need not submit to any wrong, nor need we resort to violence in order to right a wrong.²¹

This turn of events surprised America and the world. The demonstrations seemed too well organized to be the ideas of a few college oriented students. The truth of this matter is that:

In its earliest days, the sit-in movement was a spontaneous, indigenous student affair, but it was not long before a more strictly organisational approach evolved. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S. C. L. C.), under the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., formed in 1957, came on the scene to aid this new phase of direct-action non-violence in any way it could.²²

Other Negro groups came to the aid of these students. The Congress on Racial Equality (CORE) and the N.A.A.C.P. contributed to the financial and inspirational support of these students during their protest.

Out of these sit-in protests evolved an organization designed to bring the young Negroes, and their white counter-parts, closer together for a more unified front to combat racial injustice. This organization was named the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC or "Snick"). SNCC members were ded-

icated to nonviolence as the means to gain social equality; but, they did not accept or adopt the idea of Dr. King that nonviolence was a "way of Life". SNCC demonstrators were educated in the ways of nonviolence by other Negro action groups such as CORE. One such CORE lesson follows: "You may choose to face physical assault without protecting yourself, hands at the sides, unclenched; or you may choose to protect yourself making plain you do not intend to hit back."²³

This type of dedicated education in nonviolent resistance techniques made the difference when the students moved into Southern communities to engage in their protest. Violence followed these students wherever they went. There were murders and beatings in Mississippi and Alabama, arrests in South Carolina and other Southern states, and even brandings in Texas, but, still they clung to nonviolence. This "new generation" picked up the "freedom rides" started by CORE and carried them on despite the continuance of mob violence and police arrest. They felt that their cause was just and were willing to give their lives for the freedom of their race. This type of dedication to a philosophy had been outlined by Dr. King in a sermon given in Montgomery, Alabama on November 6, 1956. He told the Negroes that this type of stand "might even mean physical death. But if physical death is the price that some must pay to free their children from a permanent life of psychological death, then nothing could be more Christian. . . . I still believe that love is the most durable power in the world."²⁴

The application of the philosophy of nonviolent resistance which Dr. King had begun has come a long way since the bus boycott which began it in 1955, but the dedication of the movement has not waned. The power of nonviolence has become the most potent force that the Negro has to use against the social

injustices directed against him. In his book, *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community?*, Dr. King said, "Nonviolent direct action will continue to be a significant source of power until it is made irrelevant by the presence of justice."²⁵

NOTES

¹Look (February 12, 1963), p. 96.

²Time (January 3, 1964), p. 14.

³Ibid.

⁴Christian Century (February 6, 1957), p. 166.

⁵Christian Century (April 13, 1960), p. 440.

⁶Ibid.

⁷Martin Luther King, Jr., *Stride Toward Freedom* (New York, 1958), p. 66.

⁸Ibid., p. 87.

⁹Ibid., pp. 36-37.

¹⁰Commonweal (June 10, 1960), p. 278.

¹¹Saturday Evening Post (March 1, 1958), p. 89.

¹²Christian Century (June 5, 1957), pp. 708-709.

¹³Time, pp. 14-15.

¹⁴Martin Luther King, Jr., *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community?* (New York, 1967), p. 137.

¹⁵Look, pp. 94-96.

¹⁶Saturday Evening Post, p. 89.

¹⁷New Republic (July 16, 1956), p. 9.

¹⁸Arthur I. Waskow, *From Race Riot to Sit-In, 1919 and the 1960s* (New York, 1966), pp. 226-227.

¹⁹Howard Zinn, *SNCC: The New Abolitionists* (Boston, 1964), p. 26.

²⁰Ibid., p. 28.

²¹Martin Luther King, Jr., *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community?*, pp. 129-130.

²²W. Haywood Burns, *The Voices Of Negro Protest In America* (New York, 1963), pp. 43-44.

²³Zinn, p. 23.

²⁴Christian Century (June 5, 1957), pp. 708-709.

²⁵King, *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos Or Community?*, p. 139.



MURPH'S CLEANERS

DRY
CLEANING

COIN
LAUNDRY

SHIRT
LAUNDERING

FAST
SERVICE

COLLEGE PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER



For a Truly Beautiful
Selection of:
Diamond Rings
Wedding Rings
Watches
Jewelry
&
Giftware

KAY
Jewelers

214 W. 4th St. (one block from Montaldo's)
13 W. 4th St. (opposite courthouse)
and

Northside Shopping Center
725-4266 — 725-0222 — 767-2384

Three by Bill Lamb

one

Dancing light, behind warm, fat, Bavarian folk. Bodies swaying back and fourth in seductive tempos. The smell of beer, stale smoke, wurst and urine, sweat and musk.

The room swings round as I hear empty voices, strange words, as I reach out for nothing and have another liter. Beer, the poor man's drink. Beer that's warm and flat, beer that goes down quickly. Beer that's yeasty. Beer that foams. Beer that overflows and runs down the edge of stone mugs, only to be half blotted out by a cheap, mulch coaster.

I take my finger and draw a line on the wooden table top. With noise going on that only the Germans can make, I look at the little streak of wet. Soon a rag will wipe it up. I know that, but I don't know what to call it. Then it comes.

I call it god and put my mind to rest.

two

Stand and sing you bastards! Open your mouths to pour out old trite hymns and nod in complacent satisfaction as your off key basses and sick sopranos blend in a cacaphony of amens.

Show new clothes, Easter hats, or new suits bought with the money you didn't spend on food or doctor bills. Show your children, scrubbed and clean, to a sterile world—a world of mortgaged homes, financed cars, and freedom.

Hold the hymnal high, brother! Fight back that yawn. You've got to show them you really know how to play this half-time show. Pretty soon your part of the show will be over, and Reverend What's-His-Name can let the devil come out and kick to him.

I've got it friend, think of the eighteen holes you're going to play. Think of how you'll play them, and think of the money you can take from Fred. You can bring that home to the little woman, and she'll think that you're just fine. Oh, that's right, Fred had his lung collapse on him. Tough luck. Well, maybe he'll be out of bed soon.

I've got another idea, why don't you just sit back and let the choir do the work? (The same way you let the preacher say the things you should but never do.) Sit back and mouth the words to the second, third and fourth verses. Other people know it, why should you have to work?

Look at your watches. The collection plate will be passed soon. You can drop in the packets sealed so nobody will ever know how much you really give the church. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Sure you could have used the two dollars the other day, but two dollars will make your wife happy.

Don't worry, you'll soon walk out and shake the Reverend's hand; tell him you enjoyed a sermon you never heard; put the kids in the car; and another weekend will almost be over.

Sing you bastards!



I used to go to Mass and get turned on, thinking, "Wow that priest is holding God". Once the only thing I wanted to become was a priest, a servant of God. I was thirteen then. Now, five years later, I'm not sure if God created man or man created God.

When did the magic stop? Where did it go? Was my child's eye really that naive? Who knows? All that I know for sure is that it's not easy to live without something you once lived for. When I was sixteen, the magic stopped. The grey-haired priest we used to follow through the parks melted back into the machine and disappeared. I sat through half of the Mass and felt constipated. My thoughts weren't on the Celebration, they were on the fat bald priest who taught our Religion class.

"French Kissing is a Mortal Sin," he declared, "because it leads to improper sexual stimulation and, possibly, to the greater sin of masturbation." We looked at each other—defensively.

I suppose that I should explain to you what "Mortal Sin" means. In the Catholic Church there are two kinds of sin. Venial Sin is a slight offense against God which is easily forgiven. Mortal Sin, a great offense, is punishable by eternal damnation and forgiven only by contrition and penance. Venial Sin can be an uncharitable act or, maybe, a curse like "Goddamn Nigger." Mortal Sin is like French Kissing. I'm the product of twelve years of Catholic education and I still don't know why loving is a greater sin than hating. But I know that the Christian Church has no greater weapon than Mortal Sin; once you threaten a man with Hell you can make him believe anything you want—even that birth control pills are immoral.

I have a very close friend named Mary. She is a devout Catholic and a holy person in anyone's eyes. Once she came to me crying. She was on a date and the guy she was with started turning on. She wasn't doing anything, he just started turning on. The next day she went to confession and the priest told her she had been in Mortal Sin because she had tempted this guy. That really hurt Mary, but it hurt me worse. Mary tells me that when you really love something you stand by it. But what if it's a lie, Mary? How do you love it then?

But the sex thing isn't the real problem; it's

only the obvious one. The real problem is a deep festering wound. It is the old men who cling stubbornly to archaic laws and young fools like me who question them. And the real sins are the impersonal dictations that come down from the Vatican disguised as *The Light of the World*.

No one served the church as well as Jackie Kennedy. When she was First Lady, her poise and charm eased the tensions of an apprehensive American people. She did more to lift the image

he married a Protestant divorcee. For ten years he led a holy life. He took his sons to Mass every day, but wasn't permitted to receive the sacraments. He was a good husband and a good father until he died last year. I went to his funeral. The priest who had baptised his sons refused to bring his body into the church and told his widow that he did not rate a Requiem Mass because he had lived with her in sin. His burial consisted of a mock ritual that reminded me of a bad version of Ophelia's burial in *Hamlet*. (Who was it that said, *Judge not lest ye shall be judged?*)

Why does it have to be like that? Why do the ones who really care get stepped on?

I have watched my brothers, Thomas and Peter, grow up, and I see the same aching emptiness inside them—the emptiness that comes from needing comfort and advice and finding only *Thou Shalt Not*. They were once turned on too—until the Sermon on the Mount was traded in on the Rhythm Method.

Andrew was a Benedictine monk who left the order to get married. Occasionally I see him with his young wife on Sunday morning. Wherever they go, eyes follow them as if to say, "Shame on you." That's the way it is with most of the people who fall away from The Church. Everyone else scorns them and says things like, "Well, I just think it's shameful the way all those kids turn their backs on the Lord." I wish it were that simple. But the people who have left are not turning away from God. They are lost people who have looked to Rome for a reason for life and, finding nothing, look elsewhere.

That is the worst part of it all. But it can't be avoided because I'm not thirteen anymore. And the old answers don't work any longer. So what happened? Where are the new answers?

We are taught that the Son of God was born in a stable, and then we take a collection for air-conditioning! We want to know why half of the world is starving and hymnals are shoved in our faces. We ask why men have to kill other men and we are given birth-control laws. We ask where God is and see only another church built.

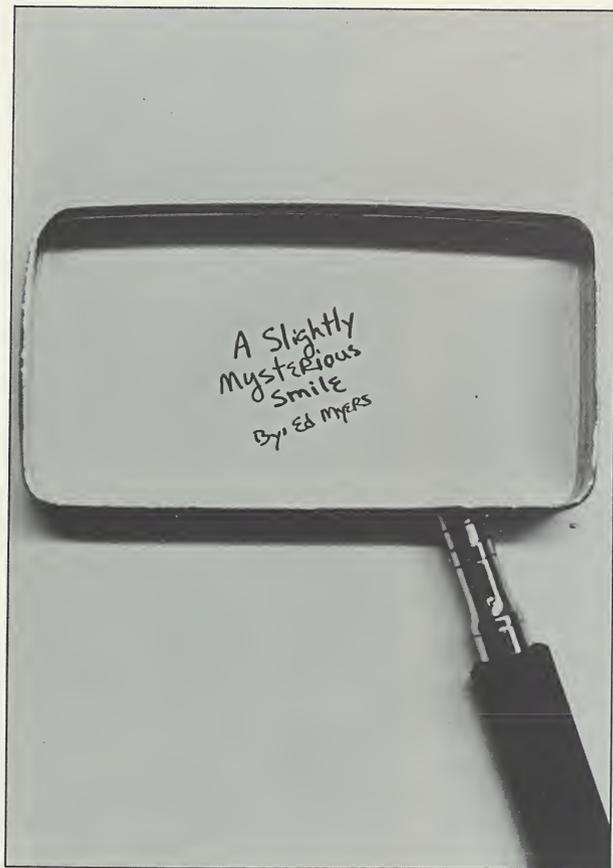
We have all been let down. The Church has failed us all; Mary, Phillip, James, Thomas, Thaddeus Matthew, Peter, Simon, Andrew, and John. And that's a shame—a crying shame.

Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?

S. Michael Harrawood

of Catholicism than a ton of encyclicals. When, after four years as a widow, she found another person to love, what did the church do? They excommunicated her. The man she married was divorced once, so she was excommunicated. Swell. It all reminds me of John T. Scopes. (He was the clown they tried for teaching evolution in the schools of Tennessee. But, then, in those days people were fanatics, weren't they?)

I think of my friend Phillip and his brother James. Their father was excommunicated when



Her naked body was hidden provocatively behind zebra-striped pillows, and there was a slightly mysterious smile on her lips as she lay there, her eyes staring straight into Walter's.

Walter stared back coldly, knowing that this girl, like all the rest, would pass away. A month. That was all he gave each of them. One month, and then he would dispose of them. It was better that way. Get rid of them before they become old hat.

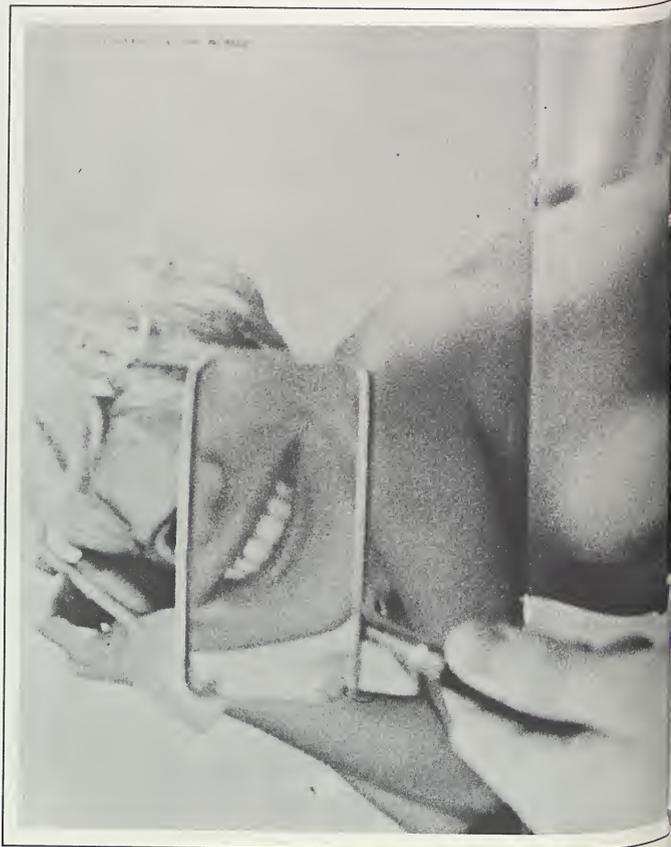
Walter carefully studied the girl's long leg as it rose from behind the

zebra-striped pillow at her hip. So smooth, almost like plastic. His eyes slid slowly up her body, and he could see the bottom of her rib cage, and then further up. Yes, she was beautiful, all right. Like all the rest.

Walter opened the top drawer of his desk.

"Now, where the hell is it?" he asked himself. He had just bought it that afternoon.

"My coat pocket," he said, sliding the drawer shut and walking toward the closet. Reaching into his coat pocket, he found it—the magnifying glass.



Walter took one last long look at the girl before starting toward her. She was still staring straight at him. He let the magnifying glass hang by his side as he walked slowly and steadily toward her. When he reached the wall, he leaned one hand against it and with the other hand he raised the magnifying glass to his eye and began to carefully inspect the pin-up.

"My God," said Walter.

He stood back for a moment, staring in disbelief at the girl on his wall. He lips still held that same mysterious smile.

"My God," Walter said again, bending toward the picture, his magnifying glass in hand.

"Dots," he told himself. "Nothing but dots. She's nothing but a lot of colored dots."

Walter laid the magnifying glass on his bed and then walked back to the wall and took down the picture, folding it in its two original creases and placing it in the bottom drawer of his desk, along with all its predecessors from all the previous issues.

"Damn," he said. "All these

months. All those girls. Just a bunch of dots."

Walter sat at his desk, looking at the bare wall and feeling empty.

When there came a rapping at his door.

"Hey, Walter! You there?"

"Yeah. Come in," said Walter.

The door swung open and in walked two of the guys on the hall — Bird and Rucker. Rucker had a reputation as one of the finest playboys on campus and he never let you forget it. Bird was just of an average bastard, who never did anything outstanding, except that he was the push-up champion of the hall, probably because he was so damned skinny and didn't have anything to push up.

"Listen, Walter," said Rucker. "We were just thinking."

"Yeah. We were just thinking," said Bird.

"What were you thinking?" asked Walter.

"Well," said Rucker. "It's like this. I need your help, Walter."

"You need my help?"

"Yes."

"Yes. He needs your help," said Bird.

"How?"

"Well, it's like this," said Rucker. "My girl back home just called and said she's coming here for the weekend, and I've already made a date with Mary Alice O'Neill for Saturday night. And I was wondering if you'd like to take Mary Alice out for me."

"Mary Alice O'Neill," said Bird.

Mary Alice O'Neill, thought Walter. Homecoming Queen. Me — Walter Shaw — out with Mary Alice O'Neill.

"What a body!" said Bird.

"Come on, Walter. You two will hit it off fine," said Rucker. "She likes your type. The kind with ideas and all."

"What do you mean, ideas and all? Is that all she is?" ask Walter.

"Oh, no," said Rucker.

"Oh, no," said Bird.

"She's much more," said Rucker. "She likes discussing ideas, but she's no cold fish. It's up to you, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah," said Walter, wondering what he meant.

"Well, what do you say? You going to take her or not?" asked Rucker.

"Yeah. I guess I will," Walter replied.

Bird ran to the door and shouted, "He's going to do it! Walter's going to do it!" And immediately everyone from the hall was in the room, shouting and pounding Walter on the back.

"You're a real man, Walter," said Rucker.

"Mary Alice O'Neill," said Bird. "Walter and Mary Alice O'Neill. That's too much. Too much."

"You ought to call her up tonight and let her know when you'll pick her up and all," said Rucker.

"But I don't know her," said Walter.

That's all right. Just tell her who you are and that you're taking her out Saturday night because I asked you to. She digs that kind of thing," "Yeah," said Bird. "She digs that kind of thing."

"All right," said Walter, and a shout went up, everyone in the room in one unified voice.

Later that evening Walter found Mary Alice O'Neill's phone number in the student directory and sneaked down the hall to the pay phone.

And dialed.

"Hancock Dormitory. Could I help you?"

"I'd like to speak to Mary Alice O'Neill," said Walter in a half-whisper.

"Just a moment, please."

As Walter stood waiting, Bird's door swung open.

Damn, thought Walter.

Bird spied Walter on the phone.

"He's calling her! Hey, everybody!



He's calling her!"

"It's my parents," Walter lied.

"Walter's calling Mary Alice O'Neill!" Bird shouted. And then everyone from the hall—even people who didn't live on the hall—were gathered around the phone and Walter.

"It's my parents," Walter said.

"Say hello to your mother for me," someone yelled.

"And your father, too!"

"And your brothers. Do you have any brothers?"

"Ask your sister if she'd like a date with me this week-end."

"Hello?" came a voice from the other end of the line.

"Hello," said Walter.

Everyone on the hall became silent, all grinning and leaning forward to hear.

"I'm Walter Shaw," said Walter.

"You'd think his mother would know his name," someone said.

"Oh, how are you?" said the voice of Mary Alice O'Neill, Homecoming Queen.

"Fine," said Walter. "Listen. I'm calling about Saturday night. Tom Rucker can't make it and he told me to take—he said he thought we'd get along pretty well, so I was wondering if you'd like to go somewhere. Or where you'd like to go."

There was a silence at the other end. Maybe she's fainted, Walter thought.

"All right," the voice said finally. "Maybe we could go to the basketball game."

"Yeah, sure. I was thinking along those lines myself," said Walter.

"What's she saying, Walter? What's she saying?" some one said.

"Well, what time will you be by?" she asked.

"About seven?" Walter asked.

"That's fine. I'll see you then."

"All right."

"And what did you say your name is?"

"Walter Shaw."

"All right. I'll see you at seven, Saturday," said her voice.

"Right," said Walter and then he heard the click at the other end of the line. Walter jerked the receiver away from his ear and hung it up in a military maneuver.

A great shout arose from the General's company as he strode cockily back to his room.

Not just a real live girl, Walter thought inside his room. But the most beautiful girl in the college. Maybe even the state.

Walter didn't even notice the empty wall in front of him.

The next few days, Walter found it difficult to study or even sleep. Mary Alice O'Neill was on his mind, in his mind, until he went nearly out of his mind. He couldn't even read Nietzsche anymore.

When Saturday night arrived, Walter felt almost relieved. And very nervous. So nervous he forgot to put on his deodorant and didn't remember it until he had his tie and jacket on.

Walter tried to keep the pride out of his voice when he asked for Mary Alice O'Neill at the reception desk in the women's dormitory, but he nearly choked and noticeably gulped before saying her last name. And then he sat down on a couch in the lobby and waited.

My God! I didn't brush my teeth, thought Walter. God, I must smell like shrimp creole.

And then Mary Alice O'Neill entered the lobby, her eyes searching the couches in hope of seeing some sign of recognition in someone's eyes.

What a body! thought Walter. He stood up and smiled the smile he had practiced for so many years in front of his mirror, the smile that just barely brought out his dimple and sort of unspeakingly said, "What the hell. Another date."

"I'm Walter Shaw," he said, approaching her.

"Hello," she said.

She smells so much better than the paper ones, Walter thought as they walked out the door toward his car.

"Have you read anything interesting lately?" asked Walter.

"No."

"Oh. Too much schoolwork, huh?" "No. I just don't like to read."

Walter said nothing more until they were at the game, when he said, "Well, here's our seats."

Walter was captivated by Mary Alice O'Neill's beauty throughout most of the first half, and although he pretended to be watching the game, actually he was watching Mary Alice O'Neill out of the corner of his eye.

At halftime Walter decided it was time to come to know Mary Alice O'Neill spiritually, and he spoke, saying: "I thought of something interesting the other night."

"Isn't Charlie wonderful?" said Mary Alice O'Neill. "Did you see how he shot the ball?"

"Yes. Anyway, what I thought —" "And did you see how he stole the ball?"

"Yes. I thought — Well, actually, I wondered —"

"They say Charlie might be All-American next year."

"Really? Well, the other night I was wondering if birds are scared of the dark."

"I had a parakeet once."

"Oh."

"We covered his cage at night. We called him Cracker. My father wanted to teach him to say, 'Cracker wants a Polly,' but the dumb bird never learned."

She likes me, Walter thought.

"I mean, what really causes some animals to like the day better than the night?" said Walter.

"Cracker died of pneumonia," said Mary Alice O'Neill.

"Which do you like better?"

"Which what?"

"The day or the night?"

"I never really thought about it."

"I like the night. I work much better at night. I feel more natural at night, if you know what I mean," said Walter.

"Yes," said Mary Alice O'Neill.

"You know, you're something else," said Walter. "Most girls don't like to discuss abstractions."

"Here come the teams!" shouted Mary Alice O'Neill, jumping to her feet and cheering.

What beauty! Walter thought. How perfect she is!

Walter watched her for most of the second half, hardly able to stand it, she was so damn beautiful. The only time he took the corner of his eye off her was for one quick glimpse at the clock to see how much time was left.

He had to do it tonight. At the moment the game ended. When the final horn would blow, he'd do it. Yes, he'd do it, by God!

He could feel a tenseness in the atmosphere as the game drew to a close. The crowd stood up more often, and then people even started to leave.

She is so fantastically beautiful, Walter thought.

The final horn blew and everybody around Walter went all the hell out of their minds, and Walter grabbed the magnifying glass from his coat pocket and stuck it next to the beautiful face of Mary Alice O'Neill, bending close to see.

"What the hell is going on?" said Mary Alice O'Neill, Homecoming Queen.

My God! thought Walter, falling backwards over the arm of a chair. Holes! Holes all over her face! My God!

Mary Alice O'Neill, Homecoming Queen, did not say anything at all to Walter Shaw as he drove her back to her dormitory.

Holes all over her face, Walter kept thinking. Is there nothing truly and completely beautiful?

Later that night as Bird and Rucker were discussing their night's conquests in the hall, they heard a crash of glass from Walter's room, and when they opened the door, they saw Walter taping a pin-up on his wall, with a slightly mysterious smile on his lips.

COUNSEL

I told you what to say and you didn't.

I said,

—Say:

When the blue fire engine sleeps
at dawn,
and all the slimlegged walkers
go home,
when the city fountain throws sparks
that freeze and
run along a glassy surface
like things that glide,
and smell fresh as hoar-frost,
and your hands are cold
and feel so good on your own hot lips . . .

I said,

—Go on and tell him *that*, if you're afraid.

Tell him this:

When you rub a chestnut on your nose
to shine it,
and can see the violin string quiver—
not vibrate—
when a leaf becomes a redhot world
that sails right through your soul,
and a brick is a pumpkin,
and your foot falls asleep,
and you can smell pizza cooking . . .

I told you what to say.

I told you what to tell him;

but you only told him—

chickening out at the last minute—

“I love you,”

and crushed my heart.

—Ed Dentry



In Our Own Image:

photographs by Don Bunn



SHORT MEMO TO RICHARD ALLEN SHOAF,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR:

1

Listen, Shoaf,
poems are inescapable;
not verbal worlds,
not punctuated prisms with enlightened
thoughts. No, not that,
but jails,
(I never told you that music is
sound gone mad, insane within
a prison of bars, did I? Well,
now you know.)

A POEM FOR DAVID FLANNAGAN
WHO KILLED HIMSELF IN THE EARLY MORNING,
BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD ANYMORE.

Four berry-eyed children,
four nervous breakdowns
robbed concert halls from you,
your violin.

Slender fingers skilled and slight
bowed in idolatry
before arthritis
curled round a handle—
a sharp, silver blade staccatoed
through your heart.

You slurred the slow rondo of death
as you fell, conducting the round of your life;
broken by your mind's retard,
time hushed your greatest chord
in the coda of the grave.

A poem is a prison,
its meaning inside going mad, screaming
obscene beauty
at the reader holding the key
behind his eye
where his scrutiny sits—
horney, uptight, waiting for some rhyme
it hasn't heard to come shoving him
into ecstasy—
just like the poem sits
waiting to be read,
knowing it carries the blood of the poet
deeper dark than ink.
Knowing it is being
read. Conscious.
Of its life,
the poet's.
The threat:
one careless eye can kill a poem;
a poet dies only when
unknown.

2

Poetry is

a dawn that has died
inside the poet
that must suddenly spring
into a sunrise
in the reader's eye.

and a circle

never stopping to catch its breath
whose movement defines itself and being
and turns upon its meaning.

3

Children, Al Shoaf,
know all they need of poetry.

They live between the lines
our reason wroughts

from their desires.
They understand the sounds of words,

think music an unseen, secret tongue
of a mouth they felt
before they called it mouth.

UNFINISHED BECAUSE IT LIVES UNBORN

The folds of her infinity
parted to let his world come through.
All sky around
two quivering globes of earths,
her hands held all promises of continents and time.

Palms spoke then wordless words for them,
their continents quaking, another time beginning,
their mouths silenced by the words of their flesh
hushed by the touch of an unborn hand.

— Theodore F. Boushy



One crisp morning in October Susie Kuew was walking by the lake that was at the bottom of the gully and just beyond the chestnut grove when she heard a voice behind her.

"Pst . . . Susie Kuew."

"Yes."

"I'm down here . . . on the ground."

Susie Kuew gazed dumbly at her feet and saw a slimy green bullfrog salivating on the pine scented ground.

"I know this might sound a little weird Susie Kuew, but I need your help."

"How come you know me?"

The giant amphibian stirred uneasily and said,

"I've been following you for months . . . watching you come down the gully . . . just sitting here waiting for the right moment . . . I . . . need your help Susie Kuew."

"Why?"

The frog glanced anxiously around him.

"Okay, look . . . I know how this must sound but I'm not really a frog, I'm a handsome poet and . . ."

"Oh, come on."

The Short

"No kidding! I'm perfectly serious. I was a famous poet until an envious old gypsy turned me into this." He did his best to look at his little frog-body and then sighed a little frog-sigh. "That was two years ago . . . and only you can break the spell."

"I know what's coming next."

"The spell can be broken if a fair maiden . . ."

"I've heard this line before, you want me to kiss you right. Well, every frog in the pond has tried that line at one time or another."

"No no!" the creature pleaded, "you don't have to kiss me or any-

S. Michael Harrawood

thing. This is an easy spell to break, here I'll show you . . . pick me up."

Susie Kuew sighed her surrender and bent down to gather up the horrid beast at her feet. The monster pressed a passionate goan between his little froglips as the warm hand curled under his soft belly and lifted him off the ground. She looked at the panting beast in her hand and asked,

"Okay, so now what."

"You have to touch me . . . here."

"Not there!"

"Oh please Susie Kuew, please touch me there its the only way to

break the spell." His little frogbody trembled. "Don't make me face another day as a frog. I can't face another fly, and . . . oh God, it's almost mating season again . . . why do you know that last year some old toad nearly . . ."

"Enough, enough . . . I'll do it already."

She closed her eyes and pressed her index finger to the moist orgasmic frogspot. A series of croaks and groans were followed by a cloud of white smoke. Susie Kuew felt her hands go numb. When the smoke cleared away, she saw before her the most handsome figure of a man that she could ever have imagined. So handsome was he that Susie Kuew fell back and stammered.

"Wow."

The man gave his head a godlike toss and the long golden locks of hair fell down his forehead. He was dressed most impressively in an Edwardian suit with buckled shoes. About his neck he wore a silken scarf that draped over his shoulders and augmented his diefication.

"Leepin' lizards!" exclaimed Susie Kuew.



Bentley

"Aha", he spoke, raising his index finger.

"Never again fair maiden shall I
Know the ignominy that is the
Ungracious lot of the beastly
world.

For thou, most beautiful of
beauties

Hath returned to me that
precious

Treasure of which I was robbed.
My name is Handsome Young-
poit

You may call me Handsome
Youngpoit."

"Yes Handsome Youngpoit."

"But enough of this folly.

Would that I could But sweep
Thee to my land to live and
Love forever. Alas it is though
That I am at present without
auspices."

Susie Kuew thought deeply for a
moment and finally said,

"You can come and live with me

and my friends. We have a cabin
not far from here — in the valley.
I'm sure that you would be welcome
there.

"Oh Susie Kuew

If only I could count

The ways that I love thee.

Thy angelic face

Is forever imprinted up my
heart

Like the Goddess Eros, who
once told me . . ."

Handsome Youngpoit was cut
short of his soliloquy when they
came upon the little cabin. The cabin
was a rustic, animated little home
that looked somewhat like a well
kept barracks. Sitting on the porch
was an old man with a black beard.
With absolutely no expression, he
studied the young man standing be-
fore the porch. Finally he asked,

"Susie Kuew, what is that?"

"This is my new friend, Handsome

Youngpoit."

"He smells like a swamp. Whattsa
matter he doesn't take baths."

Susie Kuew began to tell her story
to the old man. By this time the
other inhabitants of the cabin had
assembled to satisfy their curiosity.
The people gazed at the newcomer
with sentiments ranging from dis-
belief, and amazement to affection,
but everyone was somewhat eased
when Handsome Youngpoit com-
posed a spontaneous poem, describ-
ing at great length the virtue of his
hosts.

The inhabitants of the humble
dwellings were of varied and dis-
sonant worlds. The old man with
the beard was called Max. He was
a Jew from the city who continually
picked lint out of his beard. The fact
that his hair had not greyed at his
age was a source of great pride to
the old Jew. Gary and John had
appeared one day and no one was

really sure of anything about them.
Gary was tall and strong, but there
was a lisping quality in his voice
that seemed to emasculate him. He
owned one Hawaiian print shirt
which he always wore. John was a
quiet type and every one thought
that he resembled some famous
movie star, but nobody was quite
sure who. Often John could be seen
in a corner of the little cabin with
a strange, exotic blue smoke curling
in blue wisps around his head. The
youngest of the group was a boy
named Albert who spent most of his
time with Max and his wife Yeta.
Albert was the jester of the group
and always managed to do some
impish thing for the amusement of
all.

When they came to the little
house, Max and Yeta took a small
room off to the side for their private
quarters. This was natural, after all
they were twenty years married, and

Our
Bank
Won't
Break.



Winston-Salem
Savings and Loan Association

115 W. Third Street
Thruway Shopping Center



The place to shop for that certain guy . . .

STITH'S

Downtown and Reynolda Shopping Center

that kind of love demands some privacy. To assure their own privacy the couple bought with them a brass bed. The awkward old bed was their only possession and after his black beard, Max was most proud of his big brass bed. Max was a stern old man, outwardly; but in his depths he was a kind man. So it was easy for young Albert and Yeta to persuade him into recanting his ill feelings toward Handsome Youngpoit.

The people of the little house soon came to love and admire their new guest. This was especially true of young Albert, who was so taken by the poet that he vacated, somewhat grudgingly, his throne as jester so that Handsome Youngpoit might assume his new role. The poet would compose each night when the fire had burned to no more than an ember and everyone was gathered around. All of the people would listen. Yeta would take her husband's

hand. John would retreat to his corner and begin to exude his fragrant cloud. Susie Kuew would gaze lovingly into his charisma.

"Love, ah, sweet love. 'Tis a grand thing.

To love upon the lap of precious kin

When evil and pride are mere vapor,

Oozing through the cracks and windows

Of the spirit.

When the joy of giving exudes voluptuously

Through the salivary glands of life.

"Tis then that love is born.

No more than this

Can satisfy the public desires of love

The little white mouse . . . running through our lives."

When he finished, the admiration of his new friends was visible only

in the silence that echoed his last word. Finally, Susie Kuew would say,

"Yes Handsome Youngpoit, Oh Yes, That was so beautiful!"

And everyone agreed. Even the skeptic Max could not help being swept up by the love of giving and of Handsome Youngpoit.

Early in November the inevitable signs of winter made themselves more apparent. The trees had been bare for weeks, and the smaller animals grew frantic in their preparation. The clouds seemed to move closer to the earth. The clear October sky grew redder, darker and now hung threateningly above the countryside. The people of the little cabin began to prepare with the same frenzy of their animal neighbors. Each day the men would hurry to store all the crops that had been harvested and all the game that had been caught in the little barn that

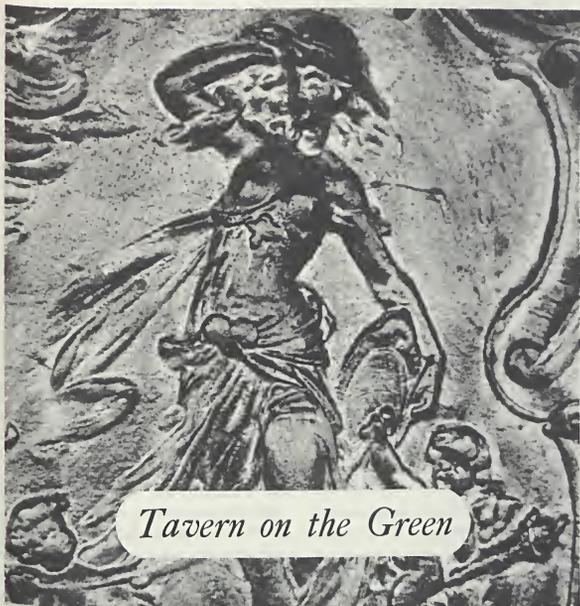
stood adjacent to the cabin. This task became a never ending tedium that caused the men's nerves to grow tense and fragile. Everyone took part in this operation except Handsome Youngpoit who spent his time with Susie Kuew — composing verse and philosophising.

"Why don't he work like us." Max complained to young Albert one day. "Look at him ,he just sits."

"Look, Max, he's a poet. He is interested in beauty and flowers and stuff like that. Besides, He's in love with Susie Kuew."

"So what, he's in love, I should care," grumbled the old Jew, picking a yellow ball of lint out of his beard. "Love. Bik deel . . . I been in love a tousand times." Old Max shook his head and they both went on with their work.

Later that afternoon, to the astonishment of young Albert, the old man confronted Handsome Young-



Tavern on the Green

XL Cleaners

One-Stop Dry Cleaning, Shirt Laundry
and Dry Fold

One-Day Service on All Three!

PA 2-1027

Across From Tavern on The Green—Cherry St.



VISIT
**farmers
dairy bar**

Old Salem
Stratford Center
Northside Shopping Center

poit with his cynicism. "Hey, Handsome Youngpoit," he said, "How come you never do nuttin' but sitting there. You should be helping us. Y'know we gotta get through this winter." The poet's eyes went ablaze. Once again his finger violated the chaste air above his nose.

"Thou fool, dost thou not
Know that being a true man
I seek only the fruit of love.
What need has man of flesh
and grain
When he may sup on the
delictable
Morsals of womanhood.
Verily, I tell you that
A starving man in bed with
his wife
Is a grocer."

"Yes Handsome Youngpoit." The old man and the boy chorused their answer. The beauty of his poem had so filled the two of them that either would have given the poet his own food for the winter. They went back to work. Young Albert spent the rest of the day contemplating the beauty of the poem. Max picked vigorously at his beard, in search of one particularly annoying piece of lint.

Young Albert was by far the most impressed and the most taken with his new friend. He began to spend much of his time in the poet's company and followed him wherever he went.

The men continued to work on the provisions and the weather grew steadily worse. A light snow began to fall, and at night no one left the house.

As the weather grew more inclement, the nightly orations of the poet grew fewer and fewer. He would sit before the hearth and gaze into the eyes of his Susie Kuew. The two lovers began to exclude the companionship of their friends, staring only into the silence of each others eyes. Often, they would break the spell for an occasional kiss or nibble on the ear, but each night it was the same. The lovers were totally

immersed on the sanctity of themselves. One night the poet forgot about Susie Kuew long enough to ask old Max,

"Do you have any chestnuts?
I feel like roasting some
chestnuts."

"They grow outside," grumbled the old Jew, who was by this time more than annoyed at his presumptuous guest. "All over the ground you can find them if you look."

Handsome Youngpoit thought for a moment and, turning to young Albert, said,

"Ah, young Albert
I want you to go out and
fetch us some chestnuts."

And then, gazing back at his lover:

"I think it's kinna nice
for lovers to share
chestnuts.

He stopped when he became aware of the boy staring blankly at him,

"Away, away, lad.
Be not youngand naieve.
Go then."

"Yes Handsome Youngpoit."

The boy was off. He returned in a few minutes with a sack filled with chestnuts. The young lovers began cracking, munching, cracking and chomping that made old Max's nerves stand on their ends.

"I feel like I'm chewing on teen-foil," the old man thought. An hour later Handsome Youngpoit was leaning back in a chair—his buckled shoe propped up against the heavy oak table. Susie Kuew sat on the floor, her head resting against his thighs. Broken nut shells were scattered about the floor.

"Life, I love thee.

Susie Kuew, behold that
mountain.

See how it threatens us with
it's alabaster breasts

As the dark of night bathes
them in serenity."

"I'm getting sick," thought old
Max to himself.

"Nay, I tell you, nay—

Our love will conquer all
mountains

But enough of this, it is time
for bed.

The couple retired into a corner filled with Blankets as was their custom. In the midst of their smaking, and heavy breathing the others sullenly picked up the fragmented shells off the floor. John melted away into his corner and soon the room was filled with that eerie blue fume. Gary was in bed when he discovered that Handsome Youngpoit had taken his pillow. Angrily, he sought out Max and young Albert.

"I tell you I thaw thith coming," he said, "And it will get worth. Mithster Youngpoit ith going to thtarve uth to death."

"You are right," assented old Max. "Tomorrow, the work we will finish, and then with our friend will have a talk."

"Oh leave it alone," young Albert felt it necessary to intercede for his friend. "I mean after all, he's in love.

"Max, simmer down," his wife pleaded. "Remember your ulcer."

The old Jew was somewhat quieted by his wife's admonishment. The others all went to bed and everyone, especially Gary spent an uncomfortable night.

The next day passed rather quietly. The four men were lost, temporarily at least, in their work. Everyone was also eagerly awaiting the evening meal. To ease her husbands aching nerves, Yeta had proposed a grand meal to celebrate the completion of the work. She had spent the entire day diligently preparing a sumptuous meal of lamb and potatoes, Max' favorite dish. Late in the afternoon she came down from the house to fetch her husband and the others. She was greeted by a great hug from Max.

"Lamb! Potatoes! . . . Mint Jelly!" he was elated. "Yeta, I am glad that you I married. Already my tongue that food can taste."

Yeta smiled. The happy party headed toward the house. The trou-

bles of the preceding night were forgotten. Everyone was laughing. When the group came inside, they saw Handsome Youngpoit, his woman on his lap, propping his buckled shoes on the table. He delicately touched a napkin to his lips and grunted contently toward the empty pot. Max went blue with rage.

"Goddam you!"

"Ah, the culinary delights of the
world

Wasted, but not for love.

This I tell you is the way of
man—

Rustic, savage, alone against
the elements . . .

"Goddam you!"

"Fighting natures onslaught
With naught.

Save his hands, his wit,
And his woman . . ."

"I'm gonna kill you!"

"Tsk. Such a child.

Youngalbert

will you clean up the dishes
Susie Kuew and I are going
to play
in the snow."

The poet kissed Susie Kuew on the forehead, took her by the hand, and led her out the door, leaving the others staring blankly at the empty pot and the dirty dishes, then at each other.

"That Bastard, I'll kill him."

"Thee ith's jutht like I thaid. I told you he would become a pain. You jutht wait and thee, then you'll be thorry."

"Be quiet both of you." Young Albert pleaded again for his friend as he picked a plate off the table. "You make me ashamed. I mean how would you feel if you'd been a frog all this time? You'd want a chance to enjoy yourself, wouldn't you?"

Yeta pulled on her husband's sleeve. Softly, quietly, she prodded him into silence.

Weeks passed, and the winter set in with it's full might. Huddling together in the cramped cabin did not help to ease the tensions between the disturbed inhabitants. Max grew

more irritable as the poet became more verbal. He would sit in his chair all night long picking at his beard and scowling at the couple in front of the fireplace. An open quarrel developed between the poet and Gary. Gary had retreated into his corner where he spent all of his time crouching in his bed, making hissing noises at the couple, and striking out at them like a cat whenever they came near. John merely sat on the floor, thick rings of blue smoke encircling his head.

To make things worse, the food supply was rapidly diminishing. It became necessary to ration meals in order to have enough food to last the winter. One night after he had finished his portion, the increasingly unpopular poet thrust his obscene finger into the air and addressed young Albert.

"Ah, young lad, that was Nary a portion befitt a Man I say my friend, I'll have your's Too.
For the cherubic belly needs it not
And the naive minds knows not the
Energy that love-making requires."

And sweeping up the boy's plate, he devoured it's contents, supplementing the affair with a horrid belch. Taking Susie Kuew by the hand he then turned toward old Max, saying that they would like to borrow their bed for about thirty minutes.

The couple disappeared into the little room. Yeta was furious,

"Max, you shouldda stopped them."

"I'll stop them," asserted the old Jew.

Even young Albert could not abide the poet this time. He looked at his empty plate and implored the pangs in his stomach to leave him. Slowly, the deep moist folds of his mind parted, allowing a thin bubble to surface and break. A whisper, a prayer ran through the caverns of

his tiny brain and pushed forward a single, delicate murmur. "Goddamit."

The poet had been in the little room for three hours when a union of minds began to jell around the heavy, splintery table in the center of the room. Even Gary had persuaded himself to leave his corner and join the council.

"Look, all I know is that if we don't get rid of that bum, we'll never get through this winter." Max said, playing with a red ball of lint that he has just removed from his beard.

"I thaw thith coming. Ith justht like I thaid. He'th driving me in-thane."

"Hokay," said Max, somewhat taken by his new authority, "Then it's settled we gotta get ridda him."

"Alright, Max, alright, but how?" his wife asked

"Don't worry about that momma." he replied. "I got an idea." He threw the red ball of lint into the fire.

The murmured dialect continued until the couple emerged from the bedroom and collapsed into a restful slumber. When they awoke, old Max was gone. Although everyone in the cabin was curious, Handsome Youngpoit was too absorbed with his love for Susie Kuew to concern himself with the mystery. Max did not return until late that evening. He came in, and burdened by his unseen treasure hurried across the room. Young Albert followed him into the other chamber.

"Max," he asked. "Where have ya been? We've been worried about ya."

"I been up on the mountain." Max answered. "I found this old woman up there. An old Polack living alone since before we came here; look what she gave me."

He poured his treasure on the floor—a macabre collection of dung, birds eyes, owl genitals, and a book, a venerable book it's yellow pages crisp with age. The whole array stank profusely, young Albert had to hold his nose.

"We'll be ridda him ourselves,"

whispered old Max. "C'mon now help me with this stuff."

The next morning a bright sun shone down on the foot and a half of snow on the ground. Handsome Youngpoit and Susie Kuew awoke and went out onto the porch to admire things.

"Yes, my love, 'tis beautiful nature."

Someday I will build for you a carosel

And placing it atop yon mountain

Will allow only thee to ride."

So caught up was he in his poem that he did not notice the bearded figure creeping up behind. Old Max crouched like a hungry cat, waiting for the right moment. Everything had to be perfect. At last he threw himself on the embracing couple and blasted them with a putrid sulphurous powder. Handsome Youngpoit trembled and Susie Kuew stared dumbly at her yellow body. Max wasted no time, he shreiled his well memorized chant: Ibbile Bible Bog, Change The Pair Of You Into a Frog. Handsome Youngpoit began to shiver. His body shook and convulsed. Susie Kuew soon joined him in a rhythmic seizure.

"Oh, Handsome Youngpoit," she cried, "Are we really going to be frogs?"

"Fools . . . Scoundrels!

Don't do this.

Do you know what this means?"

"Yes Handsome Youngpoit."

The old man and the others silently watched the metamorphosis before them. Both bodies began to shrink into a horrid green shape, Handsome Youngpoit's eyes began to bulge from his forehead as Susie Kuew's hands and feet became webbed. In a few moments all that could be seen was a Edwardian suit with buckled shoes and a dress lying on the porch. In one leg of the trousers, a small lump squirmed about and moved toward the open end. A slimy green bullfrog popped out of the leg. Out of a stocking there appeared a smaller, greener frog.

"Croque" said Handsome Youngpoit.

"Croak" said Susie Kuew.

Without looking up, the pair of lovers began hopping off through the snow, down toward the lake that lay in the gully, just beyond the chestnut grove. Silently, sullenly, they hopped along—leaving two sets of frogprints, one big, one little in the soft and understanding snow.

As he watched them hop away young Albert imagined how cold the snow must feel against warm frog-feet, and he began to sniff.

"Max," he sobbed, "what'll they do now?"

"Hibernates," said the old Jew. And they all went inside and closed the door.

S. Michael Harrawood



Reynolda Florist

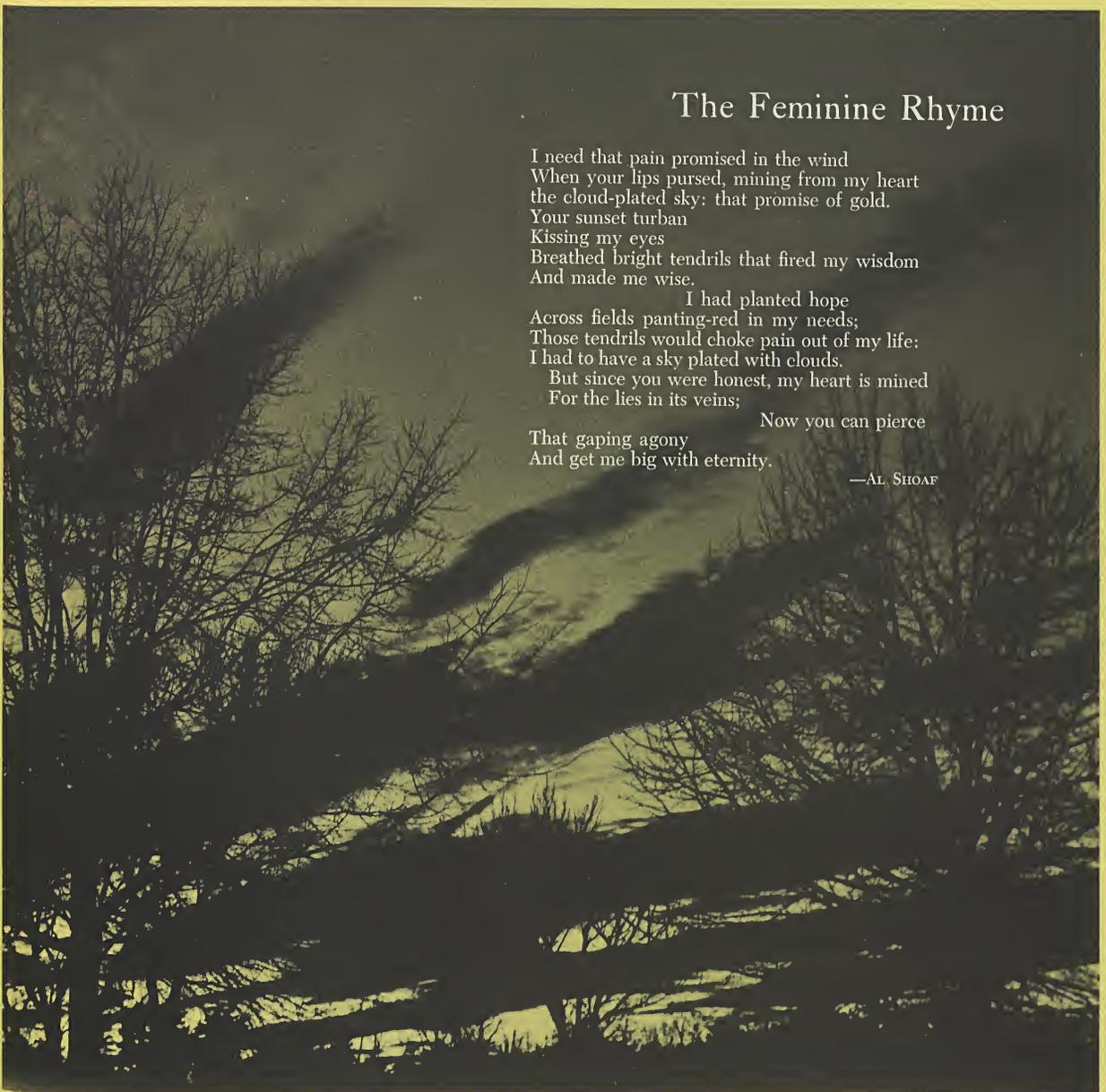
PHONE 724-4411



J.C.

sitting at the piano touching
his fingers trembling to ivory-
warm childish eyes wanting to be
a mans stare at the blank score
of music written by the pains of loneliness
unwritten yet to those who do not know
how he once played Jerry Lee Lewis-
running his lightning hands up
the key board resounding
like a warm fire cracking
on the first night it snowed.
his voice that could kill rats
beat with a beauty
only his friends could see.
a canary's heart throbbing
across the keys
speaking when he had to be silent
speaking when he could not stay silent
now waiting
until he can open
the heavy curtain
between his yearning and the morning
putting away his black shades
to see his dreams
released in his fingers
feeling the keys glide
easy and free.

—D. W. CLEM



The Feminine Rhyme

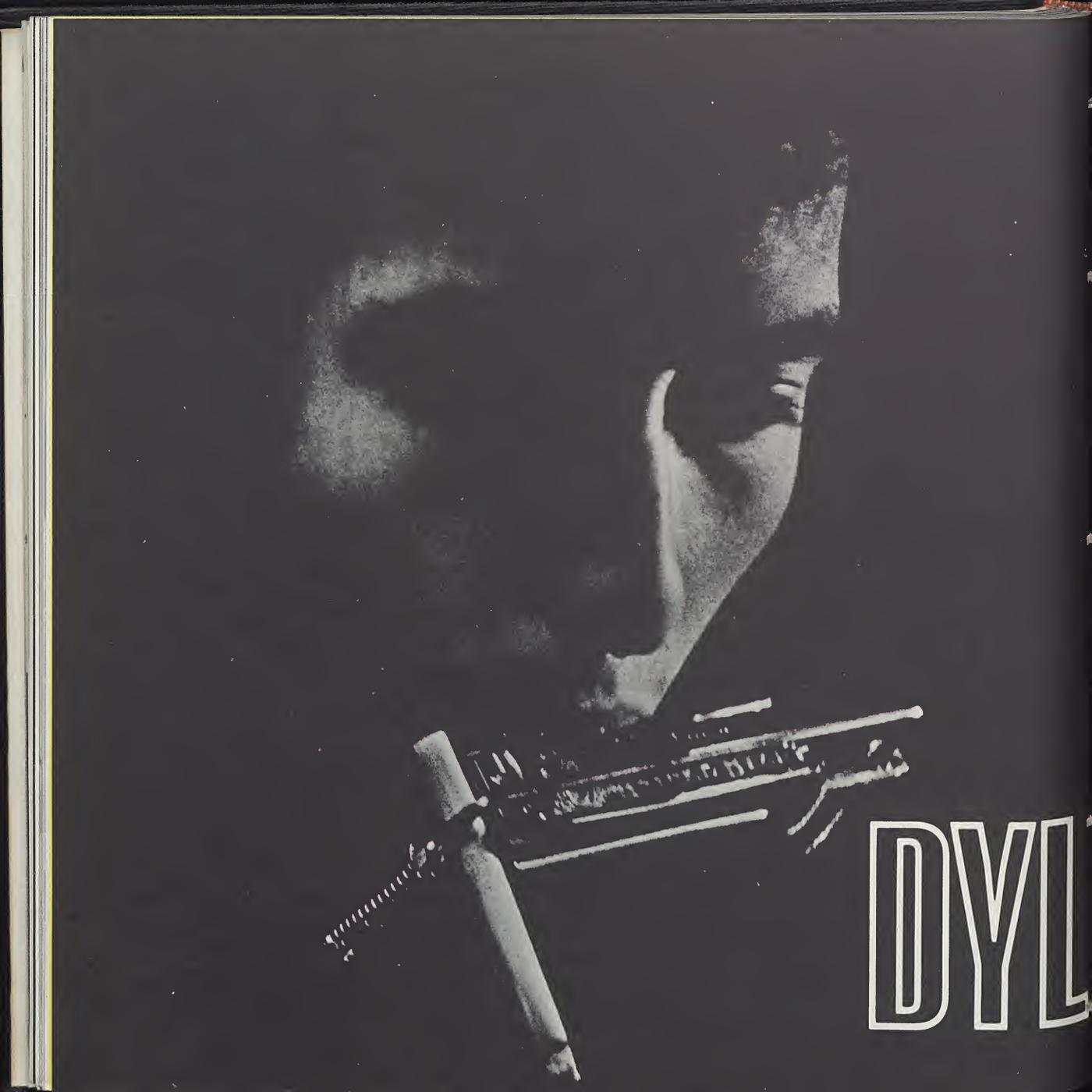
I need that pain promised in the wind
When your lips pursed, mining from my heart
the cloud-plated sky: that promise of gold.
Your sunset turban
Kissing my eyes
Breathed bright tendrils that fired my wisdom
And made me wise.

I had planted hope
Across fields panting-red in my needs;
Those tendrils would choke pain out of my life:
I had to have a sky plated with clouds.

But since you were honest, my heart is mined
For the lies in its veins;

Now you can pierce
That gaping agony
And get me big with eternity.

—AL SHOAF



DYLAN

AN

Jack McDonough

I remember being at a party one weekend last spring in Chapel Hill. Actually I had been to two parties. The first was a beer and peanuts tube party: that was the weekend that UNC was in Los Angeles playing in the NCAA finals, and since the team had won their Friday night opener, everyone in Chapel Hill was living with a TV set under his arm that Saturday. The game (which,

of course, we lost to UCLA) finished rather late, and so I did not get to the second party until after eleven. I made my way into the kitchen, and while in the process of mixing myself a drink, I was confronted by a very dark, very lacy, very Spanish, very sexy girl.

"I hear you've written a manuscript on Dylan," she said. I smiled and said yes, wondering how the hell *she* knew.

"I slept with him," she announced.

Not to be out-nonplussed, I asked, "Oh, was he good?"

"Yes," she replied, "very good." At which point she melted back off into the refrigerator part of the room from whence she had emitted, and I decided to return to the more stable elements of my existence, like the Scotch I had in my hand.

I relate the incident as one of several curious encounters I've had since doing some serious study of

Dylan's poetry, and I think the encounters point up well the aura which surrounds Dylan and which has surrounded him for some time.

Dylan will be twenty-eight years of age on May 24 of this year. In those twenty-eight years of life, he has succeeded in achieving that most nebulous and elusive pinnacle for which mortals strive: he has become a Legend in His Own Time. Except for the Beatles, I can think of no one else who so qualifies. And the strange thing of it all is the Dylan has not sought the position, he has done nothing to propagate the legend, and he would, in fact, deny the title. At least I am sure that so ethereal a classification would mean nothing to him. His press interviews, when he was giving them, always proved a bit disconcerting for the reporter, and sometimes became pure adventures in surrealism. But since early 1966, he has not given any interviews, so far as I know, and, so far as I know, he has not uttered a single public word since that time. He has appeared in only one major concert since then, and several books scheduled to appear (both by and about him) have not been published. He has released only one new album since his motorcycle accident in May 1966, although he did have a hand in the production of *Music From Big Pink*.

Of course the silence, the mystery,

contributes to the aura. But it is not meant to; it is not contrived for that purpose. It is simply the way Dylan feels that life should be lived. He believes deeply in the eloquence of silence. He believes that each person is his own mystery. He is his own mystery. He once commented that "It's very tiring having other people tell you how much they dig you if you yourself don't dig you." He has no message, only a mystery, and no one is going to find out what that is by asking him questions. He once said, "I am my words." So if you want to know Dylan you must, literally, read him.

Dylan first came to New York in 1960 to visit the ailing Woody Guthrie. He remained, taking jobs singing in various coffee houses in the city, and gradually his name became known in Village circles. In September of 1961 Robert Shelton of the *New York Times* wrote what has now become a classic review, one which gives an inimitable portrayal of Dylan as he was then: "Resembling a cross between a choir boy and a beatnik, Mr. Dylan has a cherubic look and a mop of tousled hair he partly covers with a Huck Finn corduroy cap. His clothes may need a bit of tailoring, but when he works his guitar, harmonica or piano and composes new songs faster than he can remember them, there is no doubt that he is bursting at the seams with talent."

Dylan was a very romantic, very idealistic figure in those early years. His early songs and poetry speak, sometimes almost painfully, of the life he had left behind in the Midwestern iron ranges, of his early days in New York, of his first friends, and of his pain at the knowledge that things will not remain as they are. "Bob Dylan's Dream" relates a dream he has had of a room where he and his friends used to sit around the fire, laughing and singing. The song closes: "I wish, I wish, I wish in vain / That we could sit simply

in that room again / Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat / I'd give it all gladly, if our lives could be like that." With the fourth album, *Another Side of Bob Dylan*, he includes a note: "Thank you Bernard, Marylou, Jean Pierre, Gerard Philip and Monique for the use of their house." And in the liner verse to the third album, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, he writes:

I wonder if the cockroaches
still crawl in Dave an Terri's
fifteenth street kitchen

I wonder if they're the same
cochroaches
ah yes, the times've changed
Dave still scorns me for not
readin books
an Terri still laughs at my
rakish ways
but fifteenth street has been
abandoned
we have moved . . .

Dylan's grammar, like his voice, is a bit unorthodox and rough. But no apologies need be made for either. The lack of capitalization, the dropping of -g from *ing* and -d from *and*, all make for an intensely direct, personal, conversation-from-the-gut tone. Dylan is simply extending a convention of twentieth-century poetry, and in some of his later liner verse — particularly that for *Bringing It All Back Home* — the technique is indispensable in creating a prose poem at once crazily informal and movingly profound.

His voice, harsh as it may be (and it is much less harsh now than it was in the early years) is indispensable in keeping the song *his*. For if one of Dylan's greatest assets is not his voice, one of his greatest assets is his ability to use his voice to fulfill and to portray a role demanded by or suggested by the song. His voice is perfectly suited for many of the off-the-cuff, slapstick, talking-blues, oral-street-poetry things he does. When he sings "House of the Rising Sun," he takes the role of the prostitute, singing it

with the same plaintiveness and despair she would. When he sings "North Country Blues," he takes the role of the woman who is watching her town decay and her family growing up to leave her, singing it with her heartache and loss. His voice may not be pretty, but Dylan seldom sings of pretty things, and his voice forces one to acknowledge the pain and reality of that of which he speaks.

Dylan was very much part of the feeling which pervaded the country in the early sixties — a feeling that things could be done, that something new could be made to happen. This feeling was reflected in the folk-protest music of the early sixties, a type of music that was rooted, honest, and restrainedly idealistic.

Dylan's first fame came as a protest singer. Many people, even today, know of Dylan only as a rebellious young protest singer. This is unfortunate, for Dylan wrote few really angry songs, and in those songs where there is real bitterness, it is always balanced and sublimated by his humanitarianism and his lyricism.

Perhaps Dylan's best known protest song (indeed, his best known song, having been recorded by over seventy different artists) is "Blowing in the Wind." Yet it is more poetry than protest. Along with the questions about the cannon balls and the enslaved people is the question about the sea gull in the sand. There is some anger in the song, but there is mostly compassion. "Oxford Towns" — protest against racial intolerance (prompted by the Meredith incident at the University of Mississippi) is put so simply and so unassumingly that its effectiveness is easy to miss: "Come 't the door, couldn't get in / All because of the color of his skin / What do you think about that, my friend?"

I think that "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" is one of Dylan's best poems. It does everything. Harold Bloom, in *The Visionary Company*,

writes of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" that no poem humanizes us more. I think that "Hard Rain" humanizes us every bit as much, and because of its theme of nuclear holocaust, humanizes us in this age even more. At least it humanizes us where we most immediately need to be.

It is a magical, frightening, simultaneously dream-like and concrete song. It reflects perfectly Dylan's view of traditional music as being full of mystery and strangeness. Written at the time of the Cuban missile crisis in October, 1962, it is an imagistic vision of the world of nuclear non-existence, told in a ballad narrative of a childhood fantasy. The song is patterned closely after the international ballad "Lord Randal" (*Child* #12, c. 1800) which begins with a dialogue between a boy and his mother revealing that the boy has been poisoned and is dying.

The fact that "Hard Rain" is in one respect a protest song, and was acclaimed as such, is probably the least important thing about it. Those who exalted it as protest must have been at least partially oblivious to its searingly poetic expression of the violation of childhood. The narrative is that of a child, and a great deal of the horror which this blue-eyed boy has seen involves other children.

Dylan is exquisitely sensitive to the wonders and innocence, the beauty, fears and vision of the childhood state. One of his most important poetic achievements has been his transposition of Wordsworth and Blake into the post-war world. And Dylan's affirmation at the end of the end of the song is not of a new political system, or of Right over Wrong. Rather, it is an affirmation, very simply, of the power of song.

The closing lines of "Hard Rain," "And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking, / And I'll know my song well before I start singing," contain the essence of the overall

meaning of Dylan's poetry. That essence is neither protest, nor devotion to causes, nor selfishly exclusive esoteric surrealism. That essence is simply that poetry (song) is its own message, cause, and power.

He is saying what Auden said in 1940: "For poetry makes nothing happen . . . / it survives, / A way of happening, a mouth." Poetry is self-contained expression of the highest order, and need nothing else. Thus Dylan's highest tribute to Woody Guthrie is the simple, "Hey,

hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song." Thus he, as child-poet, can stand in the face of nuclear destruction and still say, "I'll know my song well before I start singing." Thus he can say, with the same Romantic Platonism as Emerson's "poetry was all written before time was": "The songs are there. They exist all by themselves, just waiting for someone to write them down. If I didn't do it, somebody else would." And again, from the liner verse to *Times*: "it's just one big world of song / an

they're all on loan / if they're only turned loose t' sing."

Dylan does not believe that songs can save the world; as he says, he's been through all that. But his faith in the personal power of song is apparent in all he writes.

Times, which was the third album, was a watershed. It is austere, brutally honest and direct. It does depend heavily on protest material, but the next album, *Another Side*, and the others from then on, contained little. What protest they do contain

is general and oblique. ("Chimes of Freedom," for example contains the plea "for every strung-up person in the whole wide universe.") Many people, particularly the folk purists, regard *Times* as Dylan's most important album. It is a symbol of Dylan as they wanted him to remain, a Dylan who will not come again.

Many of the songs in *Times* are important, but one, "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carrol," has a searing, frightening kind of importance. This, with "Hard Rain," is a song



which humanizes us more than any of his others, and it cannot be ignored.

But as powerful as these protests were, they were the last of that kind. The fourth album began the change for which Dylan was later condemned. He abandoned causes, messages, and protest, and in so doing abandoned a large group of followers he had had until then. *Another Side* relies entirely on personal material; he does not base the songs on any extrapersonal, historical events, he does not talk about society or politics.

"Chimes of Freedom" is a very

personal, interior sort of protest. He extended this kind of poetry in the following three albums, gradually becoming more interior, personal, and visionary. He also began to use a heavier rock beat and more instrumental backing, exchanging his acoustic guitar for an electric one. The critics became louder: Dylan was accused of selling out to rock, to commercialism.

The accusation was absurd. His ability and his taste for writing strongly imagistic, surrealistic poetry of the interior self was demonstrated as early as "Hard Rain." He simply discovered this as his main source

of poetic power; the discovery was one which many of the major poets of this century have made, particularly Eliot, Crane, and Dylan Thomas. Even if it were not for that, Dylan, as every artist, has the right, and indeed the obligation, to experiment.

I certainly think that events have proved Dylan right. For even if the purveyors of future poetry anthologies decide to exclude Dylan (which I doubt), the sociologist will faithfully record that it was Dylan who almost singlehandedly changed the face of rock music. Up until late 1964 and early 1965, while the music of American rock was salvageable, the lyrics were abysmal.

In late 1963 the Beatles became the first British group to really crack the American rock market, and the music began to get better, more complex and sophisticated. They infused new blood at a critical time. But the lyrics were still very bad. Dylan, by capitalizing on the music, by taking it over and using it, in turn forced rock music toward decent, socially-conscious and personally-conscious poetry. Dylan began using electronic instruments; the Beatles began writing decent poetry. (The Beatles' sophistication is still greater on the side of the music; Dylan's is still greater on the side of the poetry.)

The marriage was a beautiful one, and now, several years later, we are the heirs: rock music has finally achieved full stature as an art form in its own right. It has become the classical music of our time, and will be that even moreso when the recognition between it and the music of Stockhausen and Cage becomes more complete. And if Dylan is remembered for nothing else, he should be remembered for this: he was the first to show that a rock song could say something meaningful and that it could last longer than 2 minutes, 15 seconds.

I think that Dylan's poetry (and his present attitude toward life)



exhibit at least several attitudes which were exhibited by the Russian poet and novelist, Boris Pasternak. Of that poetry, Soviet literary historian Vera Alexandrova has written, "Two godmothers — silence and mystery — stand over the cradle of the poet's creative work." Pasternak himself wrote: "Silence, you are the best of all I've heard." And:

I don't know if the riddle of the dark
Beyond the grave is solved
But life — life autumn
Silence — is detailed.

The Russian temperament is a bit more naturally given to obscurantism than the American, but compare Pasternak's words with Dylan's, first from the liner verse to *Times*;

you ask of love?
there is no love
except in silence
an silence doesn't say a word
And from *Bringing It All Back Home*, the opening lines to "Love Minus Zero/No Limit," a song which I consider to be one of the finest love lyrics by any writer in our time:
My love, she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire . . .

Dylan's "silence" — his lyricism and his gentleness — have always been apparent, particularly in his love songs. I think that gentleness is the most important virtue in the

world, and Dylan portrays the virtue finely. And he tempers it with honesty, which is good. Some of his songs, like "It Ain't Me Babe" and "All I Really Want to Do," have been termed anti-love songs, and "Like a Rolling Stone" as a piece of vengeance against a girl who disappointed him. This is nonsense. All of Dylan's love songs are marked by the insistence that both he and the girl are separate, free persons; that they certainly cannot make anything together unless they first make it alone; that a relationship of dependence is no relationship at all. This is exactly what "It Ain't Me, Babe" says — the girl is depending upon him, asking too much. The girl in "Rolling Stone" has thought that meaningful experience could be gained second-hand, through others. The poet is telling her that the only way to discover the self is to be frighteningly alone, at least for awhile. (This theme of self-awareness through isolation, a theme which is both romantic and existential, occurs in much of Dylan's writing, whether it is concerned with love or not. "Ballad of a Thin Man" and "Desolation Row" are two examples which come immediately to mind.) The great virtue of the girl in "Love Minus Zero" is that ". . . she doesn't have to say she's faithful . . . She knows there's no success like failure / And that failure is no success at all." "She Belongs to Me" tells of another girl who's ". . . got everything she needs, she's an artist, she don't look back." The girl in "The Gates of Eden" comes to the poet at dawn to tell him of her dreams: but she makes no attempt to fragment and to analyze the dream. Or consider the strength of the gentleness portrayed in the exquisite closing lines of "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands":

Now you stand with your thief,
you're on his parole
With your holy medallion, and
your fingertips now that fold,

And your saint-life face, and
your ghost-like soul—
Oh, who among them do you
think could destroy you?

Many of the things which would be important in getting into Dylan's poetry simply cannot be analyzed in detail here. (The word analysis is a bit anathema to poetry, particularly Dylan's, but it conveys the sense.) Many of these things show Dylan to be squarely in the romantic tradition: the reliance upon rural, folk traditions; the advocacy of a degree of isolation (through certainly in a different sense than *Manfred*); his awareness of the childhood state and his constant picturing of himself as an orphan or a child; the apocalyptic nature of much of his poetry ("The Gates of Eden"); his surrealism, surrealism being, as Sir Herbert Read has pointed out, the twentieth century extension of Romanticism; his finely wrought portrayal of hallucinogenic drug experiences, which puts him squarely in the company of Coleridge, de Quincey, and Poe. ("Mr. Tambourine Man" is a poem startlingly akin, both in general atmosphere and specific image, to Coleridge's "Kubla Khan.") His portrayals of the power of music, and indeed his use of musical structure in poetry is suggestive of Poe, Yeats, and others.)

The same characteristics of mystery and silence carry over to his philosophical attitude toward life—an attitude which is markedly existential in outlook and one which has been termed (ho hum) a non-attitude. It is this attitude which is most responsible for the accusations that he has copped out on involving himself in the political issues of the times.

But the attitude was one that was announced as far back as *Another Side*, in the liner verse:

an i think also
that there is not
one thing anyplace
anywhere that makes any
sense. there are only tears

an there is only sorrow
there are no problems

i know no answers an no truth
for absolutely no soul alive
i will listen to no one
who tells me morals
there are no morals
an i dream a lot

I do not think that Dylan has since made a more beautiful, more complete, or more provocative state-

ment of his attitudes. He has said other similar things, of course, but they are only extensions and amplifications of the above. The attitude, of course, is very existential: there is nothing that makes any sense—there are only tears, only sorrow. He knows no answers and no truth. Those who come to him asking for a message, a moral, are only people who have not found it themselves, or who have not troubled to look,

Dylan advises no one to do anything, but if he did proffer advice, it would probably be to dream a lot: "I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours."

Dylan toured England in 1965 and the film *Don't Look Back* records some of the events of that tour. A reporter began to interview Dylan in the waiting room of a London airport; Dylan, at the time, was carrying an enormous industrial lightbulb.



Reporter: What's the lightbulb for?

Dylan: What's the lightbulb that. No, I usually carry a lightbulb. Somebody gave it to me, you know.

Then, after some intermittent conversation, another reporter broke in to ask, "What is your real message?" To which Dylan replied: "My real message? Keep a good head and always carry a lightbulb."

Reporter: Have you tried it?

Dylan: Well, I plugged it into my socket and the house exploded.

Later in the film there is a sequence of a conversation between Dylan and a science student.

Student: I mean, what is your whole attitude to life? I mean, when you meet somebody, what is your attitude toward them? I mean, I come in here. What's your attitude toward me?

Dylan: I don't have an attitude towards you at all. Why should I have an attitude towards you? I don't even know you.

Student: But it would be an attitude if you wanted to know me or didn't want to know me.

Dylan: Well, why should I want to know you?

Student: I don't know . . . that's what I'm asking.

Dylan: Well, I don't know. Ask me another question. Just give me a reason why I should want to know you.

Student: Um . . . I might be wrong knowing.

Dylan: Why?

Student: Huh?

Dylan: Why? Tell me why. What good is it going to do me for me to know you? Tell me. Give me, name me one thing I'm going to gain.

Student: Well, you might learn something from my attitude toward life.

Dylan: Well, what is your attitude towards life? Huh?

Student: I can't explain that in two minutes.

Dylan: Well, what are you asking me to explain in two minutes?

In the interview with Dylan which Nat Hentoff conducted for the March, 1966 issue of *Playboy*, the same question of Dylan's aversion to "protest" and "message" songs arose. Said Dylan:

. . . anybody's that's got a message is going to learn from experience that they can't put it into song. I mean it's just not going to come out the same message. After one or two of these unsuccessful attempts, one realizes that his resultant message, which is not even the same message he thought up and began with, he's now got to stick by it; because, after all, a song leaves your mouth as soon as it leaves your hands . . . second of all, you've got to respect other people's right to also have a message themselves. Myself, what I'm going to do is rent Town Hall and put about 30 Western Union boys on the bill. I mean, then there'll really be some messages. People will be able to come and hear more messages than they've ever heard before in their life.

Later Hentoff remarked on the fact that thousands of young people look up to Dylan as a folk hero, and asked, "Do you feel some sense of responsibility toward them?" To which Dylan replied: "I don't feel any responsibility, no. Whoever it is that listens to my songs owes me nothing. How could I possibly have any responsibility to any kinds of thousands? What could possibly make me think that I owe anybody anything who just happens to be there? I've never written any songs that begins with the words, 'I've gathered you here tonight . . .' I really don't know what the people who are on the receiving end of these songs think of me, anyway. It's horrible. I'll bet Tony Bennett doesn't have to go through this kind

of thing. I wonder what Billy the Kid would have answered to such a question."

And so it goes, Dylan's answers to all run-of-the-mill reportorial questions being quick, direct, honest, and most often (as in the case for example of Hentoff's questions about long hair) stabbingly, stabbingly, monstrously effective in their humor. To anyone who want to know as much about Dylan as what is presently in print will allow, I recommend reading the *Playbow* interview. And I mean reading it. At least five times.

Dylan is concerned with the *it*, the *you*, the *thing*. As he said to Hentoff ". . . it's not pointless to dedicate yourself to peace and racial equality, but rather, it's pointless to dedicate yourself to the cause; that's really pointless. That's very unknowing. To say 'cause of peace' is just like saying 'hunk of butter.' I mean, how can you listen to anyone who want you to believe he's dedicated to the hunk and not to the butter?" He is concerned with *life*, not *Life*. There is no figuring things out, no planning. Things are as easily absurd as not. You accept your moment, you exist and interact with it. And that is all. As Hemingway wrote in *The Sun Also Rises*, if you talk about it, you lose it.

At twenty-eight, Dylan has lived much, and has thought deeply, much more deeply, I think, than the sort of publicity which has surrounded him in the past would have us suspect. After all, such men are dangerous; and as Dylan said once, ". . . I'm not going to read *Time* magazine. I'm not gonna read *News* week. I'm not gonna read any of these magazines, I mean, 'cause they just got too much to lose by printing the truth, you know that." He is a millionaire, but certainly not an orthodox one, and he probably doesn't care a great deal about that anyway. "When I want money, I ask for it. After I spend it, I ask for more."

He has been wildly cheered at Newport, and he has been lustily booed at Newport. He has played to capacity-plus audiences in the Royal Albert Hall, and to capacity-plus audiences in Carnegie Hall, and, in years past he has played to down-and-out, pass-the-hat audiences in Greenwich Village.

He has written protest poetry, symbolist poetry, allegorical poetry. He paints, he draws, he dabbles in concrete art and movie-making, he writes songs for other people and helps in their production. He has taught himself how to play a number of musical instruments (he had taught himself guitar by age ten) and he is considered one of the most accomplished harmonica players in the country.

He has probably done more than any other contemporary personage to fulfill what was a major part of the poetic programmes of such writers as Pound, Eliot, and Marianne Moore: bringing poetry back to the ear. He is living, organic proof of McLuhan's thesis that our culture is moving away from print, the eye, the moving toward the ear.

He has taken poetry off the printed page and put it back where it was in the time of the scop. He is considered by many literate young Americans as the most important poet writing in America today. Yet the judgment becomes increasingly harder to evaluate as his work becomes more conspicuous through its absence.

He has looked death square in the eye, and has been able to step back. The motorcycle accident was something which seems to have profoundly affected his life. He has become more silent, more withdrawn than ever. His only album since the accident, *John Wesley Harding*, is meditative, allegorical, austere; it has none of the haunting, provocative, sensual surrealism of the previous albums. (I remember a reader several months ago taking exception

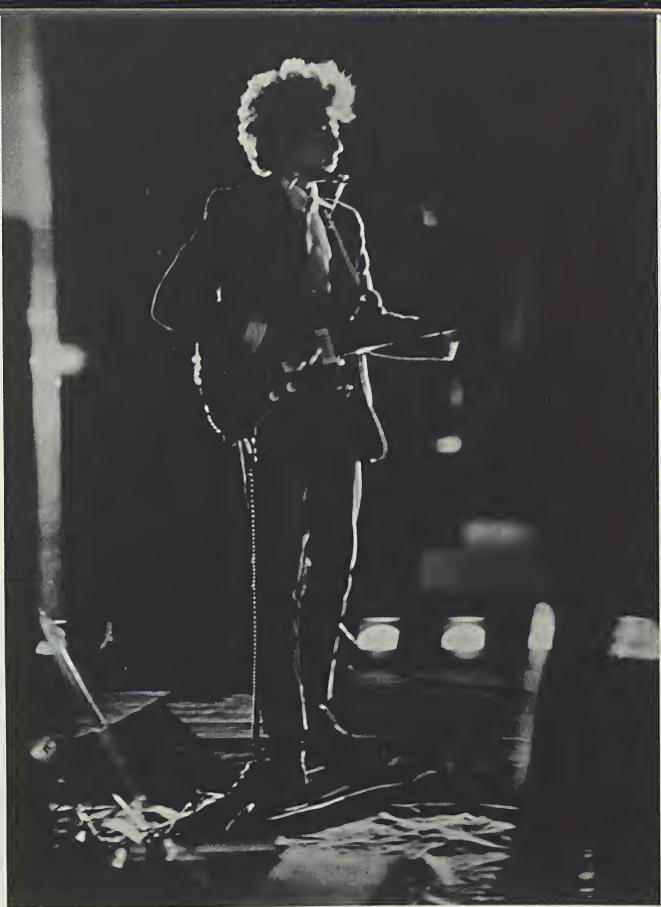
to my critical comment on *Harding* that there were in it no songs about women, the reader citing "Down Along the Cove" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" as evidence that I was wrong. My comment stands. Those two songs are not *about* women. They simply have women in them, and that in itself reflects the change of which I speak.) What Dylan is doing now, I cannot say, although he is in Woodstock and I assume he is not spending his life making Jello. He has worked with *Big Pink*, and that work seems to be a continuation of the country-rock bag he partially started into with *Harding*. The cover of *Big Pink* is a Dylan painting; it is a strange combination of American Indian/Indian Indian motif, and it struck me as a childlike, schoolboyish Gauguin. The figures look carelessly formed, but the colors are bright, strong, well-placed.

I mention the picture (and many of these other things) because I think that they show the single most important thing about this man, born Robert Zimmerman, who is now known to the world as Bob Dylan: his sense of life has a very deep, a very careful, a very instinctively fine touch to it. I think that genius is available only to those who remain open and alive to all possibilities, only to those who realize that both life and the self are rich in chances, to those who are capable of keeping the balance of the richness of those chances weighted a slight bit toward the self. You cannot demand of life, but you can ask of it. As Dylan wrote some time ago: "Yes, it is i / who is pounding at your door / if it is you inside / who hears the noise." I think that he has genius in him. He is able to be deeply serious, serene, and profound at one moment, and at the next, monstrously funny. Perhaps this a feature of his which is too often overlooked: his humor. His wit is keen, sharp, adventuresome, brilliant. It is most

apparent in the early albums, and, of course, in the interviews. But even in the *Harding* album, after the most austere and Biblical sort of material, he puts tongue in cheek and in the last band, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," does an appallingly accurate spoof of Hank Williams and Eddy Arnold.

Perhaps Daniel Kramer, who spent a great deal of time with Dylan photographing him, explains best what Dylan is. Kramer was always astounded by the rapport Dylan achieved with an audience. As he said, this was not just audience enthusiasm. This was warmth, understanding, love: this one lonely figure, seated on a black stool in a single white spotlight, using only a guitar, a harmonica, and his voice, holding as still as marble an audience of fifteen thousand people. This magic Kramer could explain only by looking to the man himself: "There I found three elements coming together at once that make him so compelling. Dylan perceives relationships in his environment beyond those held up for him to see. Secondly, he is endowed with the ability and artistry necessary to arrange and blend these insights into whole structures that reveal to us what he sees. And as a talented and effective performer, he is totally capable of delivering his material to us in a highly personal and dramatic way. Since Dylan alone is responsible for the entire creation, and it goes through no other interpretative process, nothing is lost and we are able to get close to his original insight. Dylan is a *self-contained unit of communication*, capable of delineating the experiences of his generation with his words."

And I think that says it. Dylan's magic is not really magic; it is just that he is as human as we all should be, and yet somehow cannot be. He humanizes us, and for that we are happy, and call him an artist. And Dylan says, "OK." I think perhaps



the most human picture I have even seen of anyone, anytime, is Kramer's picture of Dylan, eye-glasses on, hunched over a pool table, about to shoot. It is so natural that it is overwhelming.

It is this humanity, this honesty, and this magic that make Dylan what he is. "To live outside the law, you must be honest," he once wrote, with a Nietzschean kind of bite. And, "Sometimes even the President of the United States / Must have to stand naked." And most important of all: "a song is anything that can walk by itself / i am called a song-

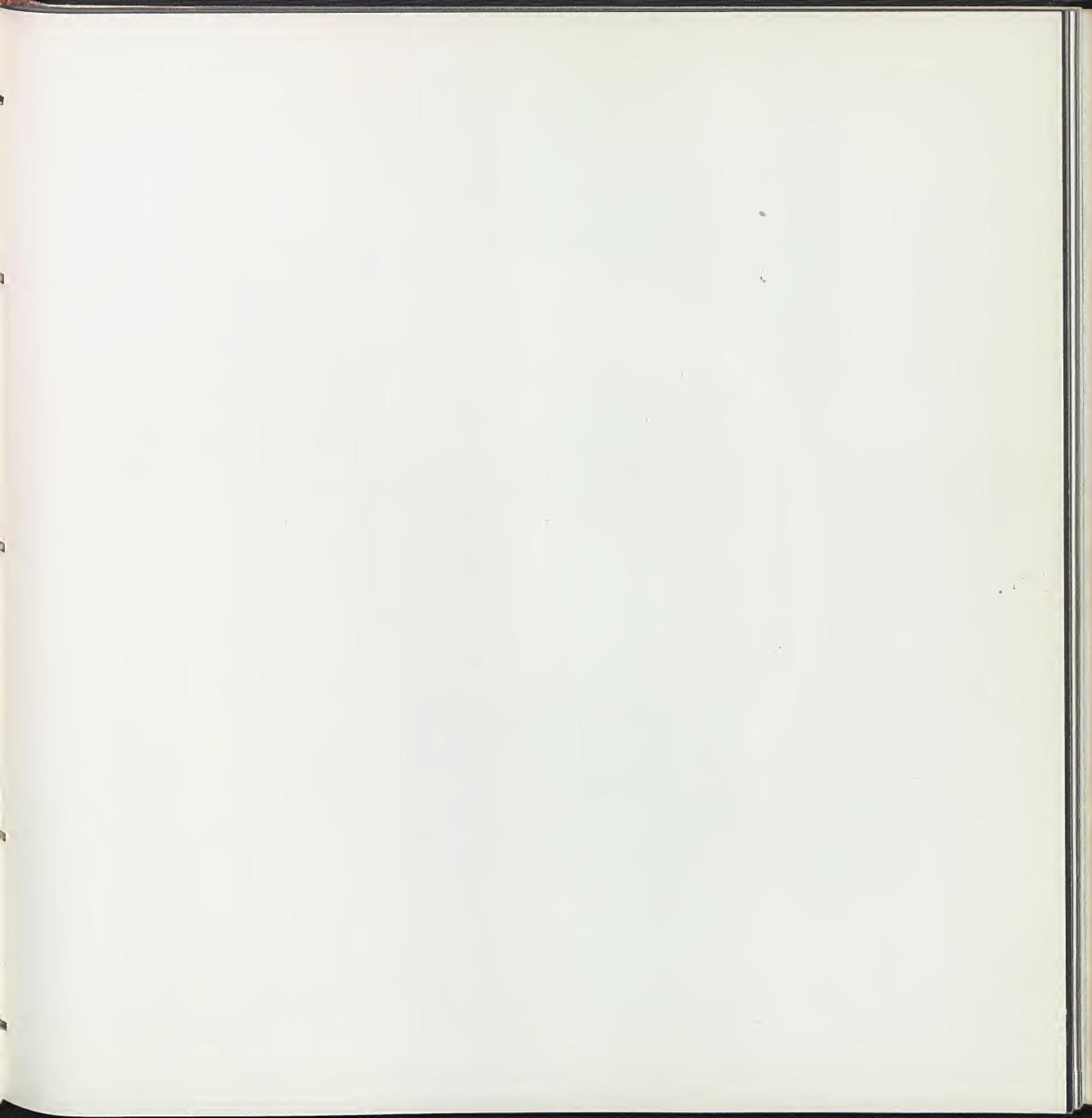
writer. a poem is a naked person . . . some people say that i am a poet." A poem is indeed a naked person. We all require the strength to go naked at some time in our lives. The acquiring of the strength to go naked in the world is, perhaps, the only real possibility for redemption. A poem is also magic. Dylan might have, as John Sebastian has said about the processes of their common art:

We'll go dancing, and then
you'll see,
How the magic's in the music,
and the music's in me.



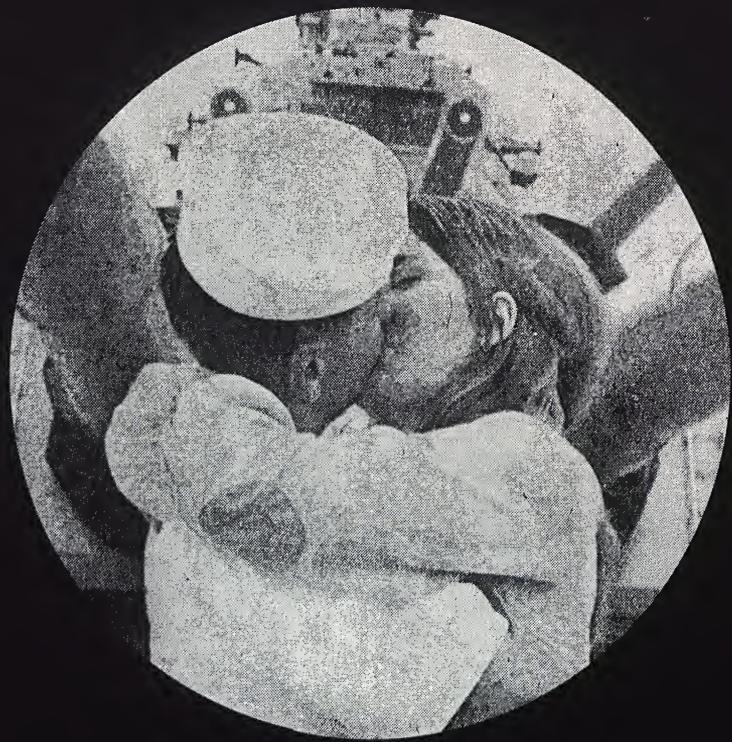
Caesura

One Hundred Pennies
Box 7247 Reynolda Station









The picture to your left.
Take a good hard look.
Reality.
An AP photo.
People.
No flowers behind them.
Just guns.

CONTENTS: C. D. DECKER: *The Draft? The Army? Yes*, page 4. TED BOUSHY AND DON BUNN: *Lions, Tigers, and Three Rings—a photographic portfolio*, page 7. ROBERT W. WOLFE: *Pot: Right or Wrong?*, page 13. DR. THOMAS F. GOSSETT: *American Attitudes: The War Mania*, page 17. THEODORE F. BOUSHY: *A Stone of the Same Weight*, page 22. ROGER FRANCIS ROLLMAN: *The Death and Resurrection of Heinrich Mueller*, page 26. MARSHAL TESSNER: *Alternatives to the Draft*, page 32. JUDSON TRUEBLOOD: *The Art of Cramming*, page 34. RITA CASE: *Five Poems*, page 36.

STAFF: *Betsy Day • Kay Dunlap • John White • Don Clem • Jane Tolar • Stuart Wright • Nancy Moate • Susan Mauger • W. R. Hinson • Bill Miller • Steve Baker •*

The Student

Volume 83⁷ Number 3²

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published by the students of Wake Forest University. Office: 224 Reynolda Hall. Contributions may be brought to the office or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. THE STUDENT is printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

<i>Editor</i>	Ted Boushy
<i>Managing Editor</i>	Don Bunn
<i>Editorial Assistants</i>	Warren Hinson Kirk Jonas Allen Shoaf Clare Ivey
<i>Fiction Editor</i>	Carey Boggan
<i>Political Editor</i>	Don Phillips
<i>Business Director</i>	Christopher Robin
<i>Creative Design</i>	Don Bunn
<i>Photography Editor</i>	Bynum Shaw
<i>Advisor</i>	

Page Seven



Page Twenty-Six



Page Twenty-Two

For long enough Al Shoaf and I have been good friends; there are spaces between us, but they are filled with several miles of admiration and respect. I have learned to know him as a fine writer of prose and poetry, as a person whose intellectual ability, I believe, transcends doubt. More important, I know him to be a good person, often a kind human being.

Mr. Shoaf — if you will permit the absurdity of formality — will be the next editor of *The Student*. I am quite certain that he will usher in the ninth decade of publishing with great valor. He promises a good publication which will reflect the best of student expression. I

have no doubt that his editorship shall be a creative journey.

Under his direction, *The Student* will be, I am certain, exciting and imaginative. He promises regularity of deadline and publication — which, after these past few years, should come as a pleasant surprise. As I now understand, Al will have a fine staff of creative and dependable people — which is more than many of *The Student's* editors have had. I wish all of them the best of luck.

Prepare yourself, then, dear reader, for a better magazine. Watch for it; support it with constructive criticism and contribution; read it.



New Editor

Tell Shoaf what you think about it, too. Editing a small publication is often a lonely and confusing job; I am sure he'll appreciate your words.

Don't forget that he's a human being. Editors are sometimes mistaken as dispassionate machines. Shoaf is not dispassionate. He is not mechanized. He has a soul; so, too, will the magazine.

Recognize his publication, recognize him. That is your job.

My job — well, I'd wish him good luck; but the last nymph I ran into told me that the gods are riding with him. In the wind.

—T.F.B.

The Draft? The Army? Yes

C. D. Decker

There are those who would advocate no armed forces at all. The idea is, to say the least, idealistic. A world without the military would be a fantastic improvement but it is hardly a feasible approach to the problems of mankind. Let me dismiss this idea with the statement that, as one nation has an army, so must all nations be armed. To not be so armed would all but invite aggression and subsequent defeat. Democracy, even as we know it, would vanish. It is necessary, therefore, to maintain a standing army, as a deterrent to aggression if nothing else.

The problem of supplying manpower for this army has been with us since the founding of the republic. The citizenry just does not want to interrupt their lives in order to serve in the armed services. This is the 'why' of the draft. Congress has tried to solve this problem several times, the basis for the present furor being the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951:

... The Congress hereby declares that an adequate armed strength must be achieved and maintained to insure the

security of this nation . . . The Congress further declares that in a free society the obligations and privileges of serving in the armed forces and the reserve components thereof should be shared generally, in accordance with a system of selection which is fair and just, and which is consistent with the maintenance of an effective national economy . . .

The premise for the power used by Congress is indeed questionable in this case. The idea of forcing a person to serve in something he doesn't necessarily want is to some abhorable. The basic doubts of this school of thought go something like this: "Does the Federal Government have a right to commandeer my person; to limit drastically over an extended period of time my

freedom of movement; to put my person through a variety of uncongenial and unfamiliar activities in order to implant techniques and skills I don't want; to limit my diet, my wearing apparel, even my hair style; and finally to transport and forcibly keep my person in an area of great physical danger?" The answer would have to be yes.

The concept of national service is based on the philosophy of the interdependence and, hence, reciprocal responsibilities of a society and the individuals who compose it. That is, each individual has a responsibility to the society which has provided his educational and cultural heritage. A working democracy must be built upon this one basic philosophy.

Government is not a one-way road and cannot be if a nation is to survive. The government must serve the people and the people, in turn, must serve the government. This service is defined in terms of the military for a number of reasons. First, the military is always in need of man-power. The need for a large number of fighting men in a cold and not-so-cold war plus the unattractiveness of the military account for

this. Secondly, there has been no fair way found with which to equate non-military service to military service. The risk of life in the one just cannot be made analogous to any aspect of the other. There are other alternatives to this, but these will be discussed later.

Thus, we have the draft, an attempt to strengthen the nation by giving it a trained and ready military—the military being a major entity in keeping the nation free. Admittedly, there are short-comings in this seemingly noble venture of the government. First and foremost, after establishing the government's right to draft in the first place, however cursory that explanation may have been, is the inherent unfairness of the draft. Any system that exempts some at the expense of others is by nature unfair, in the purest sense of the word. These exemptions range from persons who are physically unable to serve, to ministers, to students, and finally to men who are beyond the age of liability for military service.

The student deferment receives the widest criticism, and since it is infinitely more important to us than the others, I will concentrate on it. The argument against this deferment and the deferment system in general is as follows: it defers those people who can afford higher education and who can remain in good standing while attending college. As a result, the system drafts a disproportionately high number of economically deprived citizens, especially Negroes. Factory neighborhoods, slums, Negro ghettos are the draft boards' happy hunting grounds. Also, as a result, the United States Army is turning into a poor man's army, a half-educated army.

Surprisingly, most Americans take this selectivity quite for granted. A Louis Harris survey shows 71% of Americans in favor of the student deferment. Why? There are several observations one can make concerning the deferment portion of the draft law. First, inequity will always be present in any draft system, at least until such time as all, rather than some men are needed. Secondly, an attempt to correct or change one inequity could well create other in-

equities or be responsible for problems which could affect the economy of the nation. Finally and most importantly, the need of an educated citizenry has never been denied. It is in fact essential to the future of our nation.

There are, then, two vital needs to be considered regarding deferments. First, we need to provide military manpower, and secondly, we must provide for the education and training of young men in a variety of areas. Currently, both of these vital necessities must be provided by our youth in the 19-26 age bracket. The most outspoken advocate of the deferment system, General Hershey, has said, "If the nation needs those who trained, it should be prepared to defer them when the needs of the armed forces permit." I tend to agree. Still, there is the gnawing realization that someone is 'getting off easy.' What, then, can be done? There have been several alternatives mentioned, the most common being a professional army, thus doing away with the draft altogether.

The lottery system seems to be quite popular with a few, but on inspection of this system, gross inadequacies are discovered. The lottery would merely substitute impersonal injustices for human injustices. Some people find such a system neater, more abstractly pure, more principled. But to the young married father taken instead of a school drop-out, or to the future but as-yet-untrained doctor taken instead of the unemployed worker, the system's orderliness would seem small solace. Nor would the country's interest in skilled technicians and other specialists for the military, while leaving the civilian sector with its critical personnel, be served by a lottery. Some lottery proponents protest that certain deferments would be allowed, after all, under a lottery; but since the nation has millions more young men of draft age than it needs in the service, those deferments would have to be broad, indeed, to maintain a semblance of universality, and the only difference between that kind of system and selective service would be in the 'Russian roulette' irrationality of the lottery.

The lottery still would not solve the problem

of resentment caused by some young men being drafted while others miss service. By what might be called its method of planned capriciousness, the lottery would merely build one more anxiety into lives already troubled by the absurdities and dehumanizing impersonality of modern society. I can hardly see how this can be called an improvement.

There are a great number of arguments for the institution of a volunteer, professional army, and many of them have a great deal of credence. A professional army would, first of all, avoid the question of fairness which centers on deferments, since enlistment would be voluntary. Those who did not want to join would be free not to. This would too greatly increase the effectiveness of the armed forces. The army would be manned by men who had chosen it as a career, rather than reluctant conscripts who eagerly await only the end of their term. Precious man-hours and money that is now wasted on basic training could be saved due to the lower turnover in a professional army. This would permit a greater amount of intensive training and, hence, a higher average level of skill of the men in the service. Hence, we would have a more highly skilled, technically competent, and better armed force without disturbing the civilian status quo. Substitution of a voluntary army for the established selective service system would permit colleges and universities to pursue their proper educational function, freed from the thousands of men who would rather work than stay in school, but who remain there in the hope of avoiding the draft. Similarly, the community at large would benefit from the reduction of unwise, early marriages, contracted at least in part to keep out of the draft, and the probable associated reduction in the birth rate. Industry and government would benefit from being able to hire young men on the basis of their merits, not their deferments.

It sounds great—if it would work. This is a volunteer army's first disadvantage. At the outset, in order to induce young men to choose army careers, the whole pay system of the army would have to be altered. A starting salary of perhaps 100 dollars a week instead of the present 90 dollars a month would be needed in order to compete with the civilian community and make

a military career somewhat attractive. This would mean (after allowing for the savings in turnover and men employed in training) an increase of 8 to 17.5 billion dollars in the military budget. Even then the quota would be extremely hard to fill. When 16 to 19 year olds in a recent survey were asked: "If there were no draft, what condition would be most likely to get you to volunteer?" less than 4% said pay equal to that in civilian life would be an inducement (equal pay being approximately the \$100 per week proposed), and only 17% felt that considerably higher pay would make a military career attractive. These answers indicate a greater inducement than the plan proposed would be needed to fill a professional army.

Were these inducements found and the professional army made practical, it would still have serious disadvantages. The most common argument against the volunteer army is that it would have no flexibility in times of crisis. A sudden need for greater numbers of men would find the nation without the machinery to meet that need. A great deal of valuable time would be required to recruit and to train the needed men. The present system has the flexibility needed, in that after a man has served his two years on active duty, he has two more to serve in the ready reserve, and after that, two more in the stand-by reserve, thus creating a great reservoir of trained men from which to draw.

A very speculative but major concern about a professional army is the possibility that it would constitute an ever-present threat to political freedom. It would lack contact with the populace and become an independent political force, whereas a conscripted army remains basically a citizen army. This could, in the future, lead to a military *coup d'etat* engineered by generals disgusted with federal policy (e.g. Gen. LeMay) directing an army whose allegiances rest with itself and its officers, rather than with the nation and the president. Most arguments against the political threat of a professional army are based on a shaky optimism of the goodness of human nature. The army has the force necessary to accomplish a *coup*; optimism never has been an effective weapon. As I have said, this is very speculative, but it could happen. For a recent example of these processes at work, the processes

of an armed minority oppressing the majority, one need only to remember the Democratic National Convention last summer. The analogy is not perfect, to be sure, but enough of it is perfectly analogous to emphasize my point.

What, then, needs to be done? It is evident that the present selective service system is far from perfect. Yet, no more credible plan for fulfilling the military needs of the nation has been introduced. The lottery accomplishes nothing, and a professional army would do more harm than good. A few conclusions, though, can be reached concerning the draft. First, the draft is necessary, at least until a feasible substitute is found or, hopefully, until the world situation improves to the point when arms are no longer needed. And, too, in accordance with the philosophy of a democratic society, it is also legal. What needs to be done, then, is the institution of improvements into the system. Equity of selection should be the primary goal of these improvements, centered, of course, around national goals and needs. I am in no authoritative position to recognize true improvements, but it seems to me two would be obvious: the drafting of women and the broadening of the Conscientious Objector clause, allowing these people to serve two years in such programs as the Peace Corps or Vista. Women could be used in any number of desk-type jobs, as nurses, or at least as trained hospital workers, thus releasing great numbers of men for more rigorous jobs and, subsequently, lowering the male draft quota. I see no rational reason why women, solely because of their femininity, should be exempted from national service. The benefits derived from drafting women, though great, would not approach those reaped by allowing C.O.'s to serve in a non-military manner. Their impact on poverty and ignorance could be astounding, a benefit indeed for the nation.

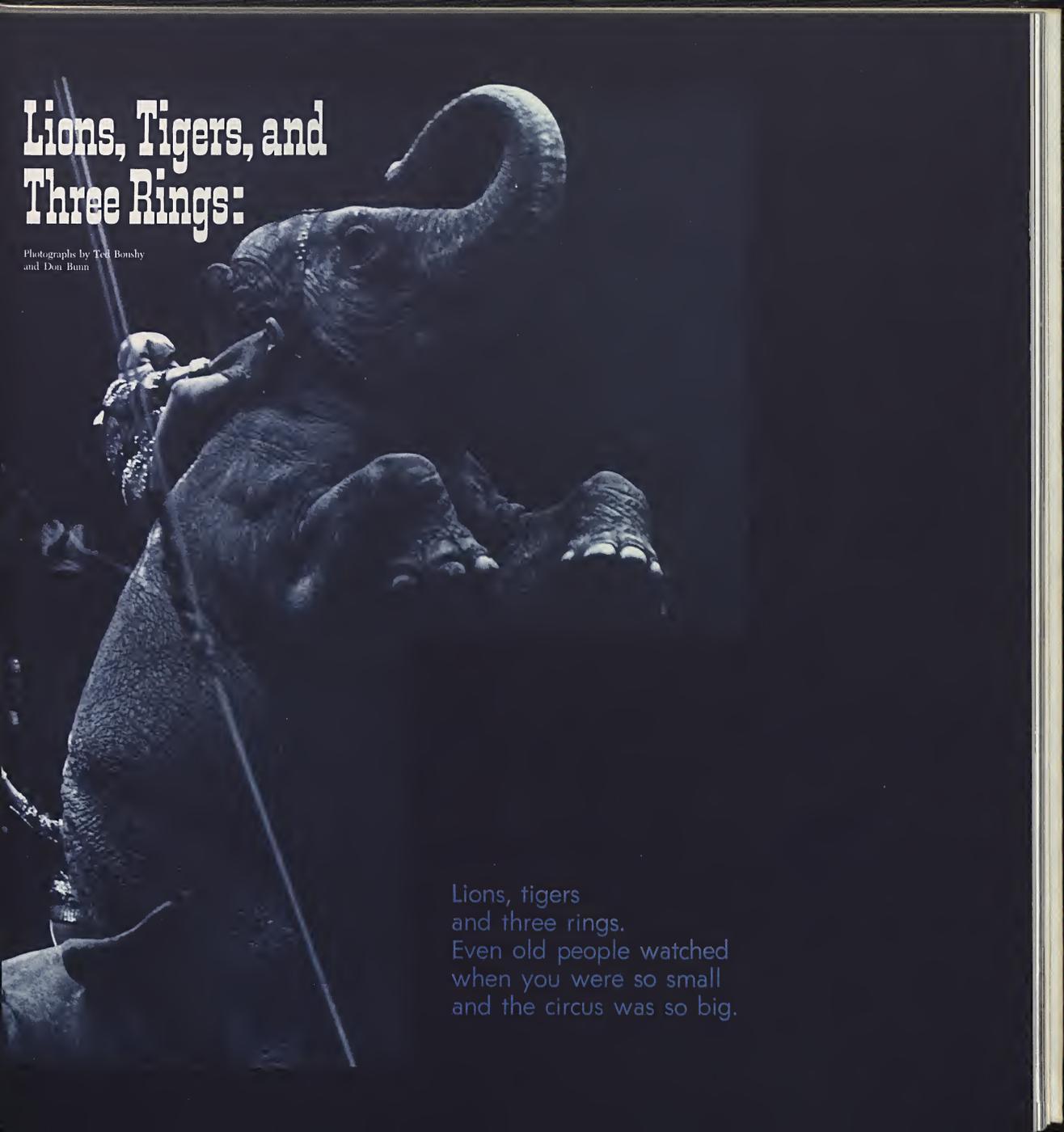
Benefit, I believe, is the key word in the evaluation of the draft. The draft does have a purpose based on benefit for the American society. That benefit is the continued freedom of its people, freedom which was won with sacrifice and which must be maintained with the same sort of sacrifice. Subsequently, I believe the basic purpose of the draft cannot be reasonably questioned.



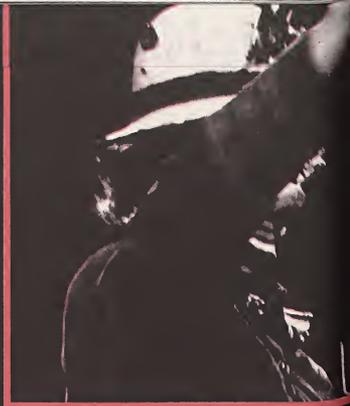
 **Jewel Box**
416 N. Liberty St.

Lions, Tigers, and Three Rings:

Photographs by Ted Borsky
and Don Bunn



Lions, tigers
and three rings.
Even old people watched
when you were so small
and the circus was so big.



There were boxes of popcorn
high, bright lights; the marching songs of the
circus band. And trapeze artists who stopped
your breath with a triple somersault.





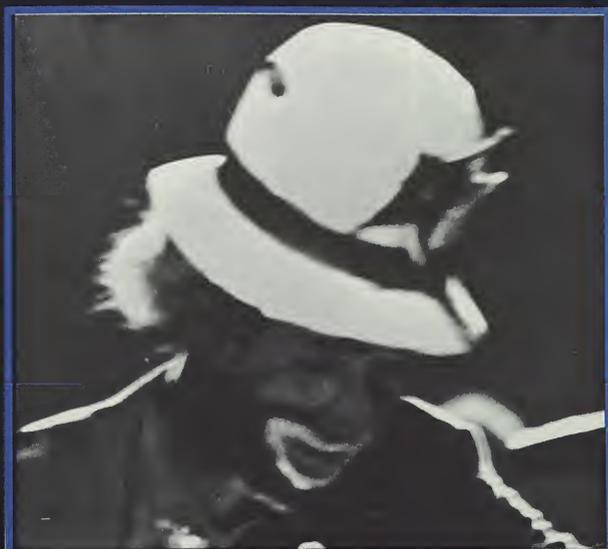
Clowns came running,
dragging their noise and color
to relieve your fears with laughter.







Horses ran round,
seals balanced balls,
tigers roared loud in a cage.



Lions, tigers,
dancing girls.
Three rings,
a seal and a clown.
Even old people watched
when you were so small
and the circus was so big.



Pot: Right or Wrong?

“The System
of Punishments
needs to be made
commensurate to
the crime.”

Robert W. Wolf

John Stuart Mill in *On Liberty* wrote: “That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant . . . Over himself, his own body and mind the individual is sovereign.”

Fortunately or unfortunately, whatever your viewpoint may be, this is not true. No greater

example exists than *Cannabis sativa*, a tall flowering plant known as Indian hemp or loco weed, from which comes a resinous substance called by some Acaupulco gold, by most as pot, and properly—marijuana. There is no greater controversy raging across this country's college campuses and through its law enforcement agencies than that over this substance.

The controversy over its use is contemporary

but its history is a long one. Its euphoric potential was recognized as early as 3000 B.C. in ancient China. From there it moved to India where it was used as a medicinal agent for pain and depression. By 1894 it was deemed worthy of study, with the result being *The Report of the Indian Hemp Commission*. The conclusion of this study was that there was no significant mental or moral injury or disease from the moderate use of marijuana; that moderate use produced the same effects as the moderate use of whiskey. By 1910 through Mexican laborers, marijuana was in the United States.

Despite this long history the world remains largely ignorant concerning the plant, drug and its effects and surprisingly to the laws aimed at its control.

According to Goodman and Gilman (*The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* 300, 3rd, 1965) the main psychopharmacological agent is tetrahydrocannabinol—a mild intoxicant always contained in the unpollinated flowers of the female plant. It is usually consumed in hand-rolled cigarettes. This is effective but not nearly as potent as hashish, a highly concentrated resin of a special hemp plant or ganja, brewed as a tea. The first major study of this area came with the New York Mayor's Commission on Narcotics in 1944. The results of this study were popularly called the “LaGuardia Report.” It discussed the problem from two aspects: sociological and psychological. Among its sociological conclusions were that 1) consensus among the smokers was it created a definite feeling of adequacy; 2) the practice doesn't lead to addiction in a medical sense; 3) contrary to popular belief it is not a major factor in commission of major crimes. The psychological conclusions were 1) under the influence of marijuana the basic personality doesn't change but some of the superficial aspects of his behavior show alteration; 2) individuals with a limited capacity for affective experience and who have difficulty in making social contacts are more likely to resort to it than those capable of outgoing responses (this was due to its association with minority groups and would not necessarily be true today). But the significant conclusion here was that the psychological effects were similar for both alcohol and marijuana. Today medi-

cal scientists seem to uniformly believe that it is not addictive but at the worst, like alcohol and tobacco, may become habitual. In 1967 the White House Committee on Narcotics and Drugs noted that the physiologically distinguishing factor between addiction and habituation is the element of physical dependence and tolerance. Although the following are not universally accepted the World Health Organization of the UN in 1965 described addiction as "state of chronic intoxication by repeated consumption" as opposed to habituation which is "a condition resulting from repeated consumption." Addiction creates an overpowering desire or compulsion with a tendency to increase dosage, with psychic and general physical dependence, with the end result being detrimental effects on both society and the individual. Habituation on the other hand creates a desire but not a compulsion with little or no tendency to increase dosage. Some psychic dependence results but no physical dependence. The detriment, if any, is to the individual and not to society. The President's Commission report of 1967 agreed when it stated, "tolerance is very slight, if it develops at all and physical dependence does not develop." The White House Conference on Narcotics and Drug Abuse of 1963 defined tolerance as follows: "Drug tolerance is a fundamental survival mechanism which permits body cells to be exposed continuously to toxic substances without evoking possible dangerous responses. Manifested by the phenomenon that successive doses of the same amount produce lesser effects and that conversely larger doses are necessary to achieve the results of the first dose."

Thus the effects of marijuana smoking are a reduction in desire for physical activity (which it seems would refute the charges of sexual promiscuity and criminal drive under their influence) accompanied by increased volubility and tendency to take abnormal delight in trivial or foolish objects. There is no evidence of psychosis peculiar to it, nor that it can precipitate any behavioral tendencies not previously present in the user; i.e. nothing foreign to his basic personality structure will appear. It is to be noted there is also no hangover as there is with alcohol.

"The welfare of the people has always been the alibi of tyrants." Camus

The above background on the medical and biological aspects of marijuana should, even though admittedly brief, allow us to turn our attention to the legal aspects. Anti-marijuana legislation in the United States resulted from a nationwide campaign. H. J. Anslinger, then head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, pushed the passage of the Federal Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. The reasons cited for its passage were that marijuana fills the victim with the irresistible urge to violence and incites immoralities including rape and murder. The above discussion of some of the psychological and physiological reactions seems to undermine these contentions. This act didn't prohibit possession but did prohibit possession without the tax stamp.

The Federal Narcotic Control Act of 1956 and the Federal Drug Abuse Control Amendment of 1965 are the principal acts governing other aspects of the narcotic problem. Under these acts all minimum sentences are mandatory, thus leaving the trial court with little, if any, discretion. The federal law has two main categories: 1) narcotics — including marijuana; 2) dangerous drugs — depressants, stimulants and hallucinogens. Today under the federal law the maximum penalty is forty years imprisonment. Probation is not allowed for second offenders, and a minimum five year sentence is mandatory for second offenders (26 U.S.C. 4744 (1967)).

State legislators have been just as strongly opposed to drug use. Today all but three states (Calif., Penn., and N.H.) have the Uniform Narcotic Control Act which provides penalties from one to fifteen years and fines of one to ten thousand dollars for first offenders. The offenses can include use, possession, sale, possession for sale, transportation, sale to minors and addiction. Most states make the second offense punishment mandatory with Colorado providing for either the death penalty or life imprisonment for a second conviction of sale to a minor. (Colo. Rev. Stat. 48-5-20 (1963).) In North Carolina G.S. 90-86 embodies the Uniform Narcotic Drug Act. G.S. 90-87 defines the various aspects of the problem with G.S. 90-87 (9) including marijuana under the definition of a narcotic. The

punishment statute is G.S. 90-111. G.S. 90-111(c) provides that if sale be to a minor by an adult he shall be fined no more than three thousand dollars and sentenced from not less than ten years to life imprisonment with no suspension and no probation. Although these are severe penalties, this is the rule across the nation, not the exception.

The reason for the harshness is the belief that marijuana was addictive when these acts were passed. Today even law enforcement officials admit this is not true. Also there was no differentiation between marijuana and opiates, i.e., opium, heroin, morphine and cocaine. The theories behind these strict laws were that 1) marijuana induced criminal behavior; and 2) that it created a craving for more potent drugs — popularly known as the stepping stone theory. Both have, as previously noted, been undermined by research. The White House Conference of the President's Advisory Committee reported in 1967 that "the hazards of marijuana *per se* have been exaggerated and . . . long criminal sentences imposed on an occasional user or possessor of the drug are in poor social perspective." Further, the President's Committee on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice said in 1967 in regard to the stepping stone theory: "There are too many marijuana users who do not graduate to heroin and too many heroin addicts with no known prior marijuana use to support such a theory."

These strong laws and harsh punishments were aimed at one thing — a decrease in marijuana traffic. Facts indicate the opposite. Federal marijuana violation arrests in 1964 numbered about seven thousand; last year there were over fifteen thousand. Federal health officials today estimate twenty million individuals have tried marijuana with three hundred thousand to four and a half million regular users. Furthermore, the so-called "rackets" haven't bothered with it because of the large bulk available and the low profit return. It has become an amateur vocation. The present price for a pound of marijuana runs between eighty-five to one-hundred and twenty-five dollars with the cost of each cigarette being in the fifty cent range. The main factor for the growth of this pastime is that in 1937 when the

first of these laws was enacted marijuana was used by minorities seeking to escape their meager environment. Today it is the college-age youth, the young professional, and artists who use it.

Why, in the face of stiff penalties, do people with most of the advantages or opportunities of the world's most advanced nation turn to marijuana? The reasons are probably as numerous as the users: The nation's mass media have glamorized it as the thing to do. Men seem to require a crutch. The widely acclaimed pursuit of consciousness-expansion. Claims of euphoria.

But I think the real reason goes deeper than this. Our laws are supposedly dedicated to the proposition of maximum individual freedom (freedom, not license) — it is essential for the most productive, fulfilling and satisfying existence in a society of men. Freedom is both restricted and given meaning by the limitation that one man's pursuit of his own goals must be, as far as possible, kept from infringing the rights of others to pursue their goals regardless of how divergent they might be. In other words, the limitation is to protect us from the overzealous pursuit of goals by others. Unfortunately it has not protected us from the overzealous moralists and do-gooders determined to engrave their morals on everyone else. Thus these people have developed the status crime, i.e., a crime without a victim — with the emphasis being on the user rather than the promoter, maker, or distributor. These super-pious people have made a judgment of what they consider deviant behavior — characteristic of what a sociologist would consider cultural relativity. Their hostility has been directed against a norm violator despite the absence of personal damage to others. With this righteous hostility the overzealous are led to define the deviant as immoral. This in turn confers status and honor on the zealot's position and his conventional culture while being derogatory to those considered deviant.

I speak of moralists with scorn because their stand is hypocritical at best. For example, let's accept the medical definition of "drug" as applying to "any biologically active substance affecting the brain or other bodily organs or tissues. Now we have two classes of drugs under this definition: 1) socially approved — nicotine, al-

cohol, caffeine; 2) socially unapproved — with marijuana being included. Statements have already been cited that alcohol and marijuana are similar in effect. Today over eighty million people use tobacco and alcohol, twenty percent of the beds in state mental hospitals are filled with cases directly associated with alcohol; a third of the arrests in this nation are for drunkenness; and over half of the nation's convicts are in for crimes associated with alcohol. Added to this is the fact that this nation has over five million alcoholics, and that each year fifteen thousand deaths are attributed to it, not to mention the number who are killed on the highways because of drunk drivers. On the other hand it is estimated that there are only about one-hundred thousand narcotic addicts i.e. addicted to the so-called hard narcotics such as opium and more likely heroin. Yet one is bantered and advertised, makes people rich, employs congressional lobbyists, and is THE social thing to do, while the other is banned and scorned.

It can only be reiterated — Baptists and bootleggers and their kind, do make strange bed-fellows — don't they? Thus, a generation disgusted with the dollar-conscious, social-climbing hierarchy their elders are so sadly bent on pursuing, have rejected it, and have used the implementation of marijuana as one means of focusing attention on their rejection of materialistic factors. The ironic indication is that there is no correlation between marijuana and disaffection with society, but, on the contrary, the subjective preoccupation is a search for values in a capricious, dollar-oriented, technocratic world, with the search turning outside the existing patterns of society: i.e., to marijuana. The disruption as far as the conventional world is concerned arises from the deviant subculture created by the need for extreme caution and secrecy where harsh sanctions threaten the disruption and destruction of the person's life. The stepping stone theory has its real foundation here where the brand of criminal if placed on the user of marijuana forcing him to associate with otherwise innocent adventurers and less with the main segments of his environment (not unlike those trapped in the Red Scare after World War II and the McCarthy era).

The future will require a number of things. First, our society should attempt a redefinition of terms, so like Voltaire we may converse. Most drugs are used today for a non-specific use or an ill-advised purpose, and hence should be considered misuse, not drug abuse. The reason for this is that abuse should be considered a mind-altering, usually chronic or excessive to the extent that it interferes with an individual's social or vocational adjustment or with his health. To achieve this redefinition, as Dr. James Goddard, former head of the Federal Drug Administration, has urged marijuana should be brought under the control of the FDA Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, and not left under the Federal Narcotics Bureau. Further, we must realize that the only way to destroy any illicit market — regardless of size or professional expertise — is to destroy the demand for the commodity, instead of giving it an air of excitement and drama. It has been recommended that this could be done by making possession of marijuana a misdemeanor instead of a felony. Subsequent offenses should be punished with short terms of imprisonment as is done with drunk drivers. Use should also be a misdemeanor with similar penalties. At the present time Oregon is attempting to remove marijuana from its narcotic law, while Michigan has a proposal to make marijuana use lawful. Another proposal is to allow civil commitment instead of imprisonment if this is so desired. Today only California and New York allow this.

The final area of change may well be in the courts through constitutional challenges. The challenges proposed fall into two main classes: 1) the right of the government to regulate the use of marijuana at all — with the most definitive grounds relied on being those of the right of privacy and the first Amendment free exercise of religion; 2) the manner in which it is presently controlled and the severity of the penalties — with the grounds here being the equal protection clause of the fourteenth amendment, due process, and the claim of protection from cruel and unusual punishment under the 8th Amendment. Some of these arguments have already been presented to state courts but none as yet have gone to the United States Supreme

Court. I will attempt to treat some of these arguments very briefly.

In California the state supreme court in *People v. Woody*, 394 P.2d 813 (1964), upheld the free exercise of religion argument where members of the Native American church were given sanction to use peyote as a sacramental symbol, even though they chewed the bean producing a euphoric state. Timothy Leary relied unsuccessfully on this argument in *Leary v. United States*, 383 F.2d 851 (1967), where the court decided marijuana was not a formal requirement of the Hindu religion and its practices. The court's insistence that the drug be a formal requirement of a religion will limit the effect of this argument. It may be possible that the formal requirement idea will be overruled. The foundation of this argument could well be *United States v. Seeger*, 380 U.S. 163 (1965), where it was held that the formal requirement of belonging to an organized church or of formal belief in a Supreme Being is no longer a prerequisite to a religious guarantee. Also, once this first amendment right is established the state must show a compelling rather than a reasonable interest in abridging this right. (*Sherbert v. Verner*, 374 U.S. 398 (1963); *NAACP v. Button*, 371 U.S. 415 (1963).)

Interestingly North Carolina also has a case in this area, *State v. Bullard*, 267 N.C. 599 (1966). Here the state supreme court said the guarantee of religious liberty related to beliefs and didn't include practices, even though engaged in the pursuit of those beliefs.

Another argument appears to be the right of privacy. Justice Brandeis in *Olmstead v. U.S.*, 277 U.S. 438, 478 (1928), wrote: "The makers of the Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They conferred, as against the Government, the right to be alone . . . the right must be valued by civilized man." That view in 1928 was a dissenting one, but in 1965 in *Griswold v. Connecticut*, 381 U.S. 479 (1965), the court stated marital privacy was within the penumbra of first amendment freedoms and entitled to protection. It recognized zones of privacy not related to any specific guarantee of the Bill of Rights. *NAACP v. Alabama*, 357 U.S. 449 (1958), upheld the

right to associate and to do so in privacy. Thus it could be argued that the liberty of the individual to make personal choices as to private conduct might comprise another private zone. Justice Goldberg wrote in the *Griswold* case (p. 497): "Where there is a significant encroachment upon personal liberty the state may prevail only upon the showing of a subordinating interest which is compelling." This would be in line with the substantive due process argument.

The two best arguments, however, seem to come under the equal protection guarantees and the protection against cruel and unusual punishments. *Skinner v. Oklahoma*, 316 U.S. 535 (1942), said: "When the law lays an unequal hand on those who have committed intrinsically the same offense . . . it has made an invidious discrimination as if it had selected a particular race or nationality for oppressive treatment." Thus the failure to include alcohol in the punished class of euphorics or provide the same punishments may violate the Fourteenth Amendment. For this theory to prevail the court would have to accept the idea that alcohol and marijuana are similar in effect on the individual. If it did, the state would then have the burden of justifying the diverse treatment of alcohol and marijuana. This analysis was supported in *McLaughlin v. Florida*, 394 U.S. 184 (1964), where it was held that the statute must cover all persons or things related to each other logically or scientifically where their inclusion is necessary to effectuate the purpose desired.

Finally, the eighth amendment protection was invoked in *Robinson v. California*, 370 U.S. 660 (1962), where criminal sanctions for the status of being an addict were held to constitute cruel and unusual punishment. This was reaffirmed in *Powell v. Texas*, 88 S.Ct. 2145 (1968), where the court said: "The nature of the conduct made criminal is ordinarily relevant only to the fitness of the punishment imposed."

This article does not attempt to justify or advocate the use of marijuana. That is or should be an individual matter of conscience. Nor do I advocate the legalization of marijuana. A cynical reason would be that it would pose a financial threat to tobacco and alcohol, and Hell would have to freeze over before we could allow that

A more important reason for not advocating legalization is because there is still a great deal of research to do on the long range pharmacological effects. Instead this has been an attempt to educate so that possibly we can realize as the sage says, "We are using dynamite to kill mosquitoes." The objects of a system of criminal sanctions are rehabilitation, isolation, deterrence, community condemnation and retribution. Yet these are fruitless in regards to the marijuana problem. You can't isolate a person when there are no victims, the idea of deterrence is obviously a farce, as is community condemnation and retribution. The answer then is a constructive, intelligent re-orientation towards the problem based not on witchcraft or ignorance but on the facts as they are at present, yet with an eye to the future. The system of punishments needs to be made commensurate with the crime. We need an intelligent redefinition of terms. Finally and most importantly this must be within the legal framework provided. The student or individual who feels that the courts are unresponsive can obviously realize that the courts of the country are trying to deal with the problem, even if most legislators are not. Furthermore doctors and psychologists need to aid the courts reach a viable solution.

Finally, a warning needs to be issued to all sides. Nothing constructive ever comes from anarchy or chaos. The Anglo-American legal system has endured through thousands of years; this nation's legal system is the finest in the world in the matter of protecting the rights of the individual. However, to the do-gooders, the stand-patters and the bigots whether they be racial or moral, change and progress must and will come — hopefully with the law and legal system as its guide. But if it does not — then as we know from the history of other nations and from our own history of late — change will still come, only this time from without the legal system, and undoubtedly with tragic consequences for all concerned. This is our dilemma whether it be with marijuana or with other contemporary problems. The solutions are not in the polarization of viewpoints, but in the joining together to solve problems which clearly aren't going to evaporate.

AMERICAN ATTITUDES: The War Mania

I have recently been reading Stanley Cooperman's *World War I and the American Novel*, published in 1967. This excellent study shows how enthusiasm for war developed rather suddenly in 1917 in this country and quickly developed the characteristics of a mass delusion. The war mania was often crude, often bizarre. Some people could write about the Germans as if they were Teutonic beasts whose two main activities were the raping of women captives and the bayonetting of babies. But what engrosses us more now is the enthusiasm that World War I was able to enlist among sensitive and thoughtful people, those whom we might have expected to show more caution in lending their support. I am thinking especially of such writers as Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Willa Cather.

Perhaps the most engrossing aspect of this vast but uncritical enthusiasm is how often it strayed from the issues of the war into the simple language of denunciation. Germany became the incarnation of evil. France and England became quite simply the defenders, not to say the saviors of civilization. And even this simple assumption was not so disturbing as a kindred phenomenon. The defenders of the War often came to see it as an act of spiritual purification. What would ordinarily seem the most insensate destruction came to be seen as almost a holy absolution. Thus it was thought an honor for millions of young men to lay down their lives for the glories of civilization. From this attitude, it was but a step to glorify death almost for itself alone. It is possible that one of the attractions of war is that it enables one to indulge a death wish for oneself or others without inciting anyone's scorn, not even one's own.

On other issues, all three of the writers mentioned—James, Wharton and Cather—could be skeptical and knowledgeable about human motives, but the great crusade for war canceled all of this out. Edith Wharton expressed her

attitude toward the war most clearly in her novel, *A Son at the Front* (1923). Ernest Hemingway would later jeer at her war hero in this novel, George Campion, saying that "his wounds were too clean." This is an accurate comment. Campion is so noble that he is almost a grotesque figure to us now. On one occasion, he is seen in an Army hospital recovering from a wound. He stands erect and motionless, a far away look in his eye. Mrs. Wharton tells us his manner seems abstract because he is thinking of "his" men out there on the battlefield. Mrs. Wharton is also sometimes charged—I think unfairly—with ignoring the bloodier aspects of the War. She was aware of what trench warfare meant—rats and cold and mud and lice and then sometimes an offensive in which 50,000 casualties might be incurred in a single day. Possibly because she had not experienced warfare herself, she does not describe battle scenes except very briefly, but it is unfair to her to say that she was unaware of the human cost of war.

The real charge against her, and one which is equally as serious, is that without realizing it she seems to have come close to glorifying death and destruction for their own sakes, at least of seeing a kind of spiritual rightness in the fact of the mass deaths of the young. And the same charge, though in lesser degree, can be made against a novel written by another writer about the same time. In 1922, Willa Cather published her novel, *One of Ours*. This novel is more skeptical of Allied diplomatic and political motivation, especially towards its end, but like Wharton, Cather adopts an attitude of wonder and awe toward death and destruction which comes close to justifying them for their own sake. Of a troop of American soldiers in France, Claude Wheeler, the hero of *One of Ours*, observes: "They all came to give and not to ask, and what they offered was just themselves; their big red hands, their strong backs, the steady, modest look in

their eyes." Most debatable of all, Cather sees the American soldier as usually chaste, "detesting the idea of trifling" while away from his wife or sweetheart back home.

During the 1920s, novel after novel refuting the grandiose conceptions of the War was written by young men who had witnessed the fighting at first hand either in one of the armed services or in a civilian ambulance corps. Their objection to the picture of the war drawn by its idealists was one sustained roar of outrage. Two of the first of these and remarkably sustained in power, even yet, were John Doe Passo's *One Man's Initiation* (1920) and *Three Soldiers* (1921). In these novels, Dos Passos undertakes systematically to explode the illusions of the War and particularly the illusions of valiant and noble sacrifice. The Army is seen as similar in kind if not in degree to the German army or to armies everywhere. Perhaps the most detestable part of the Army apparatus is the Y.M.C.A. chaplains, middle-aged men with fat paunches and sagging faces who preach the glories of sacrifice and death without running any comparable risk

themselves. In one of her stories, "*Pale Horse, Pale Rider*," Katherine Anne Porter makes an even stronger indictment. Her main character in the story wonders whether there is not an unconscious motivation in the elder generation to crush the younger, as tomcats sometimes murder their own kittens.

The most eloquent spokesman for anti-war literature in the 1920's was, of course, Ernest Hemingway. His *A Farewell to Arms* did not appear until eleven years after the Armistice of 1918, but it is a far more sustained indictment of the war than that of Dos Passos or of any other writer. Where Dos Passos is almost screamingly hysterical about the horrors of the war, Hemingway provides ironic detachment. Early in the novel he parodies the language of propaganda when he says of the Italian front in 1917: "At the start of the winter came the permanent rain and with the rain came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army."

By the end of *A Farewell to Arms*, the protagonist, Frederick Henry, has come to believe in

the absurdity of the idea of civilization and thus it logically follows that it would be absurd to defend it. In perhaps the most famous passage of the novel, he rejects not merely the War but the possibility of a just war: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot so that the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except bury it."

Hemingway went on in the 1920's and early 1930's at least as a lonely rebel against civilization. He could admire the individual act of bravery, particularly of the bull fighter or hunter or prize fighter, but for civilization in the sense of anything more general than that he had a profound contempt.

Most Americans, even those who might ad-



The place to shop for that certain guy . . .

STITH'S

Downtown and Reynolda Shopping Center

Our
Bank
Won't
Break.



**Winston-Salem
Savings and Loan Association**

115 W. Third Street
Thruway Shopping Center

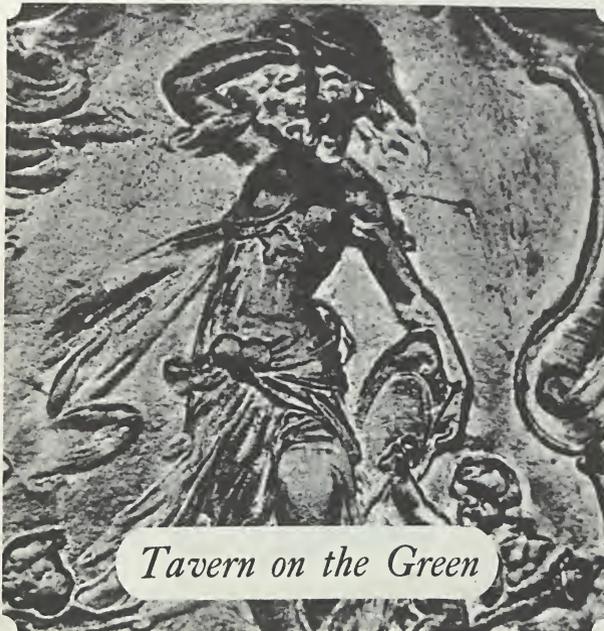
pire Hemingway's stance of this period, did not have anything comparable to his thorough-going rejection of the very idea of civilization. More widespread in the 1920's and 1930's was the manner of looking at World War I as an example of how a virtuous nation (the United States) could be tricked into a war by unvirtuous nations (France and England). Thus there began, particularly in the early 1930's, a peculiarly unreal period in American history — one in which vast numbers of people, probably a majority, thought that war could be avoided if only our nation refused to get involved in the quarrels of others. Thus, the attitude toward the rise of dictatorships in Italy, Spain, Japan, and Germany was deeply ambivalent. On the one hand, Americans seemed to be saying: we detest everything which these dictators stand for—the persecution of minorities, the suppression of dissent, the torture of prisoners, the invasion of other and weaker countries. But we quickly added: don't expect us to do anything about it.

The movement to keep America out of the approaching European and Asian wars of the thir-

ties was a strong one, but it was overwhelmed by a counter movement. In the end, it appeared impossible not so much to let the dictatorships triumph in their own countries but to let them conquer other countries. In the late thirties, the shift among writers and intellectuals is interesting to watch. Hemingway, for example, who had for years adopted the attitude of a plague on everybody's house began to come round in the late 1930's. He was deeply involved in the cause of the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War which began in 1936. By the time of the outbreak of World War II, he had virtually reversed the attitude he had represented in *A Farewell to Arms* twenty years before. At the beginning of a collection of stories of combat, *Men at War*, (1942), Hemingway wrote a preface which was an all-out call for war against the fascist dictatorships. The rhetoric is virtually Wilsonian: "We will also fight this war to enjoy the rights and privileges conveyed to us by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Bill of Rights, and woe to anyone who has any plans for taking those rights and privi-

leges away from us under any guise or any reason whatsoever."

While the American soldier might not be quite this eloquent about freedom and democracy in World War II, he did in general believe in the rightness of the war. Even so, he maintained some of his old ambivalences about war, grumbling about the role of England and France, not always convinced that he was not simply picking other people's chestnuts out of the fire. Several times, I myself witnessed in the Army a curious scene. A soldier would stand up on a chair or table in the barracks and make a mock speech parodying the rhetoric of Franklin Roosevelt. "I hate war!" the soldier would say in an imitation of Roosevelt's cultivated diction, reflecting one of Roosevelt's most famous peacetime speeches. "Eleanor (pronounced *Elinore*) hates war! And I hate (dramatic pause) Elinore!" This kind of reaction did not mean, however, that Americans were not united in the desire to win the war. They could grumble about its hardships without the slightest desire to end it without a decisive victory.



Tavern on the Green

XL Cleaners

One-Stop Dry Cleaning, Shirt Laundry
and Dry Fold

One-Day Service on All Three!

PA 2-1027

Across From Tavern on The Green—Cherry St.



VISIT
**farmers
dairy bar**

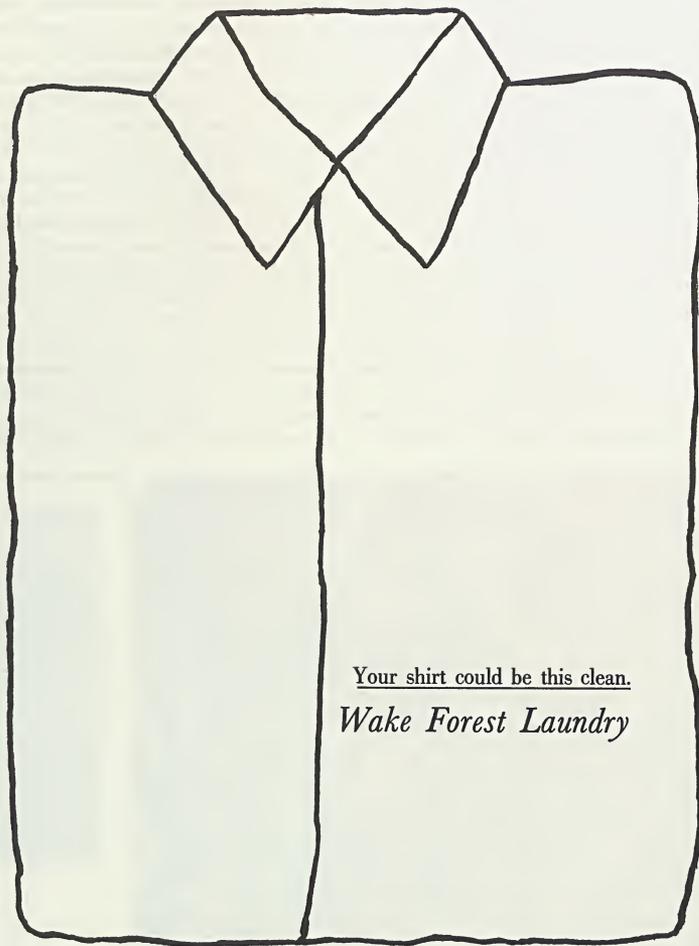
Old Salem
Stratford Center
Northside Shopping Center

World War II ended with a kind of complacency on the part of the American people, a complacency for which they have since paid dearly. Because other countries had been ravaged by war's destruction, the United States was for a time the only real military and economic power in the world. And thus it seemed natural at the time that the United States should assume the role of policeman for the whole world. Some aspects of American stewardship paid off handsomely—the Marshall Plan for the rehabilitation of Europe, the defense of West Germany and Berlin, the defence of Greece. The most serious failure was the loss of China to the Communists, though it is probable that this event would have occurred whatever American policy had been because the country simply was not powerful enough, even then, to insure the defeat of the Chinese Communists.

The theory that America was the guardian of peace and civilization lasted through the 1950's, though the Korean War subjected it to a severe strain. The Korean War was at least a limited victory; the Communist forces were contained, but the end result has been—whatever it is called—a dictatorship in South as well as in Communist Korea.

It is, of course, the Vietnam War which has led a great many thoughtful Americans to question the role of international policeman which our country has assumed. The rights and wrongs of this particular war are, as we all know, enormously complicated. The point I would like to make about it, however, is relatively simple. What we are witnessing, or at least what I hope we are witnessing, is evidence that the role conceived for America by our political leaders must undergo another drastic reevaluation.

American people should not be asked to pour out their blood and treasure merely to substitute one dictatorship for another. Thus, we come to a crucial point in American history, one in which disengagement from a role beyond our powers becomes the most important issue of our foreign policy.



Your shirt could be this clean.
Wake Forest Laundry



Salem
Handmade
Soap
And
Candles

332 S. Main St.
and
Reynolda Manor



college bookstore
and
sundry shop

Dr. Sappenfield had played his daily game of golf after his usual six hours at his office. He had won the game, and, now, he was returning to his home which sprawled across four lots in the country club section and faced the wide, muddy, winding river.

The smile, firmly planted by the golf victory, spread into a wide grin of satisfaction as he entered the side door of his house and clumsily hauled his clubs into the kitchen. But there was not the usual happy reply from his wife when he yelled, "We beat 'em, Catherine. You should have seen Doc Jansen when he had to fork over the four dollar bet."

He called to his wife again. There still was no answer. Upstairs, directly over his head and in his bedroom, he heard the rapid pacing of feet across the carpeted floor.

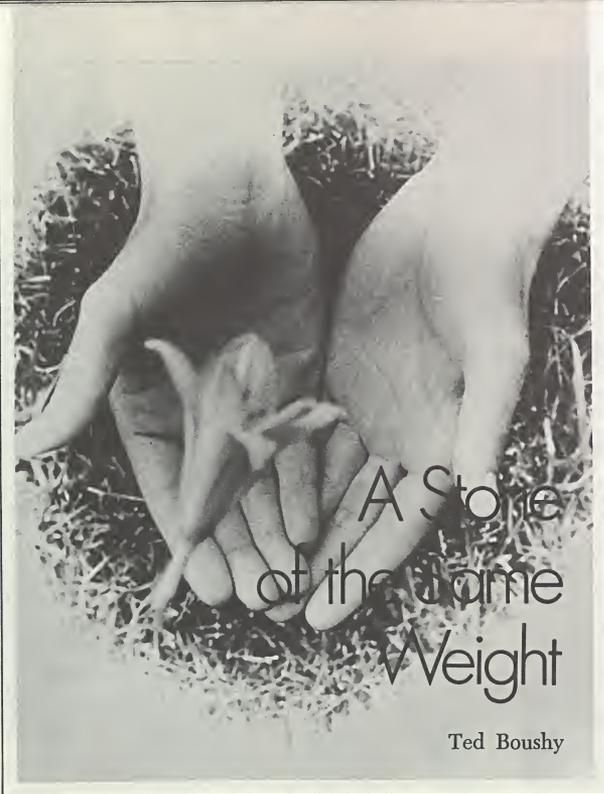
The familiar fear that had first struck him six years ago rippled through his mind as he whirled and flashed past the stove, where the steaks lay unopened in the cellophane wrappers, past the small half-bath, through the pine-paneled den, his heels clicking against the marble floor, until he stood before the white brick fireplace.

Turning and starting through the living room, he stopped abruptly. He saw his daughter's boyfriend sitting on the gold velvet couch, his head in his hands. He smelled whiskey.

The boy did not look up as he yelled, "Catherine." He turned and ran up the stairs, down the long, narrow hall, past his daughters' bedrooms, then into his room. He saw the convulsing back of his wife and knew she had been and still was crying.

She did not look at him when she said, "Peter, I told him. I told him." She repeated the words over and over, her hands muffling her words and her sobs interrupting the sentence.

He moved impulsively to the bed,



A Stone of the Same Weight

Ted Boushy

asking, "You told who what, Catherine?"

"I told him about Ross, Peter," she stammered between her cries.

"You told who about Ross?" His stomach tightened and his face reddened.

"Told Ron." She covered her streaked face with her hands.

"Told him what?" he yelled, turning and walking to the door. "Told him what?" He slammed the door shut and whirled to her. "What, god-damnit? What?" The words came quickly.

"About my mistake," she muttered through her rocking sobs.

Crossing to the bed again, he screamed, "How much?"

"Everything," she blurted.

He moved to the bed, grabbed her

shoulders, and swung her body to his, pulling her from the bed. "What did you say?" She did not look up. "Look at me, damnit!"

With her head moving up and down and up and down, with her tears flinging through the air, with her groping for her husband, she cried. There was a pause, and the room was silent. "About the... about the," she stammered, "the affair with Ross. And what we did, but I'm sorry, Peter. I'm sorry."

He slapped her face, first on the right cheek, but then his hand came back through the air and caught the left side of her face, leaving a large red mark. "Why in the hell did you have to tell him? Couldn't you have left well enough alone?" The words came harshly; his mouth was tight

so that the words came rapidly and crisply, mingled with curses.

"He came here drunk," she tried to explain, "and asked what the trouble was in the family. He wanted to know why Elizabeth was unhappy, why she was insecure, what had happened. And he..."

"And he what?" he interrupted. He shook her violently, asking her this again and again, wanting to leave her, to run to the car and leave, to go anywhere, anyplace, someplace where she wouldn't find him.

"He knew, Peter. Really, he already knew. I wouldn't have told him; you know that." She looked up to him.

"Oh, no. No. You wouldn't tell him, would you? Just like you promised not to tell the pastor, Bob, Dr. Swanson."

"He made me tell him, Peter. Peter, you have to believe that."

"How did he make you tell him? Get you drunk?"

"I don't know." Her voice broke, and she put her hand to his shoulder.

Pushing her away, he demanded, "Why?"

But she kept saying over and over that she didn't know until he took her by her arms and shook her, told her to shut up, and threw her to the bed. She came from the bed, clutching wildly for him. But he pushed her from him, swearing bitterly.

"Be still, damn it."

"But, Peter. Oh, Peter," she pleaded. "Peter, don't leave me, Peter," she said as she moved her mouth to his.

"Oh, Christ. You're sick." He walked to the door, opened it, and started down the hall. He ran down the long flight of stairs, out of the house, to the car, listening only to the voice that was coming from within him, listening only to that voice.

He was standing in the driveway of his office before he remembered what had happened or why he had

come here. He only knew that he had to come here; it was the only place he could go to be alone. Looking into the car, he remembered her words: *Let me make it up, Peter.* He answered her, slamming the door and spitting on the gravel. He crossed the grass and walked to the door, unlocked it. The waiting room was cool. He sat on the green couch and stretched his feet to the large, brown chair. He didn't smoke, but he wanted a cigarette now. And a drink.

He had come here, to this same room, six years ago. But it was early in the afternoon, then. It was the afternoon when she told him that she had been involved with another man. And he had come here and cried over his desk, asking why, why, why. But still there was no answer.

There was no reason to tell Ron. He was a nice kid, a little romantic and poetic, but a nice kid. There was no reason to upset a kid with that kind of stuff. Why get a young kid upset about it? He kept asking himself this, over and over, until the answer came rapidly and quickly.

Because she could never stop talking about it, Peter. Because she still can't stop talking about it. Because she won't ever stop talking about it. You know why, Peter? Because she enjoys remembering it. You're not good enough for her, Peter. Yes, you've got money, but you're not exciting to her. You're just a farm boy who doesn't get with it. Remember, she told you that. She told you how you ought to have fun at the parties and dance with the other women. And do you remember what you said? You answered her, saying:

"Because, damn it, you're my wife. And if I want to dance with a woman, I'll dance with you. And you'd do better by me to not let me see those sons of a bitches kissing your neck and rubbing your tail. People'll get the wrong idea."

Oh, Peter, remember how she giggled when you told her that? She

couldn't understand the implications. She got herself mauled by one of your friends who was drunk at the time. And remember what he said when he apologized? Remember, he said:

"Hell, Peter. I just didn't know what I was doing; I was drunk, and . . . Well, I'm sorry to say this, but . . ."

Remember how sorry they all were to say it. But it was true, truer than the dirty books you've got in your desk drawer. And remember how you told her that the men chasing after her wasn't her fault; she was just too friendly, you said. Because you loved her, you tried not to think of how she wouldn't let you forget about Ross. You tried to find something that was still worth something, tried to find something deep inside of her hollow chest. But you couldn't, because she would always bring up what happened; and you couldn't take it, could you?

But remember Ross, now. Your partner. Fine partner. Remember how he used to leave the office at two o'clock in the afternoon. Every day he'd leave, saying he was going home to make love with his wife. You always had to stay to catch up or to get ahead. But, even if you were tired, you'd always joke with him before he left and tell him to have a good time. He'd wink and slip out through the back door. It was funny, wasn't it, Peter? Yes, it was funny, until one day you decided to surprise Catherine.

Remember? That was just after you had had the operation, and you could do it whenever you wanted. You had really gone all the way this time, remember? You bought her roses, didn't you? Some candy. Some perfume, too. And you thought it was going to be so beautiful: love, in the big house that you had built for her, in the bedroom on the French provincial bed that you bought for her—even though you thought it looked like the wrath of God—was

going to fully realize itself that day. Yes, it was.

But that's what you thought, isn't that right, Peter? That's not the way it happened, is it, Peter? No, it turned out quite differently, didn't it?

You hurried to your car and drove home quickly, with the perfume of the roses and the sweets from New York next to you in the front seat. And you followed the currents in the river as you drove home, humming to yourself.

Then you saw the house, your house. It was the house built with stones of love—remember that line from the poem that she loved? You turned the corner, remember, with the thoughts of love running through your mind. Then, just as you were beginning to feel how happy she would be, just when you were beginning to imagine how she would smile and you could see her laughing, you thought that she might even cry this time. You thought that she would cry with happiness. You were going to make her feel so good, weren't you, Peter? She was going to make you feel so good.

You were going to make love, and make love, and then go out to dinner and dance until three the next morning, and then sleep in late. And you were going to make love the next morning, when still asleep, you could feel her lying next to you. You were going to do these things and more. And you were going to experience new things, people and places, because you had another surprise for her. You were going to take her to Rome, Italy, France, Paris and London, Norway and Wales and Scotland and . . .

Suddenly something hit you hard in the guts, coming back with more pain, pain which struck lower and lower. Something fell out of you, didn't it? Hell, yes, it did. You saw his car, Ross's car, in your driveway. And you said to hell with what the neighbors thought and screamed the

tires as you turned the corner and threw the candy toward your house, because you had seen blood on the bed yesterday; and you knew it was never that bad with her.

Remember the screeching, screaming tires and the cool, brown river, and the brown mud you stepped in when you threw the roses into the river and onto the ground? And remember when you threw the perfume against the big rock, the same rock where you had given Catherine the engagement ring. Remember how the bottle smashed and how you cried and beat a tree to death with a branch you had pulled from one of its withered limbs?

After that, you went home. And you remember too well what she said when you pulled the bedspread back and asked her, with worry in your voice, how she was and was she ill. You guessed, didn't you. Yes, you put two o'clock and two o'clock together and came up with tears for the answer, because you asked what Ross had wanted there that day—and the day before and the day before that—and she answered, not with words, but with tears. You started to cry then. And you asked why, why, why, until your head began to break and you couldn't breathe with her in the same room with you. So you came running here and sat on the old couch; this one wasn't here then, was it? No, she hadn't gotten her filthy hands into your office then. That came later. Yes, it took her time to dirty your office with her trivial ornaments.

But you sat here then, in this room, looking into that mirror, and wondered—but then stopped wondering—why you looked so old. And you picked up the chair and heaved it into the mirror, forcing the chair legs against the wall and into the plaster and pulling the frame from the wall. And it fell, just like the mirror is shattering in front of you now, just like the mirror in front of you now is falling, falling. And

the glass is breaking and shattering. And the chair is in your hand.

And your wrist was cut and bleeding from the broken mirror, just like it is now, with the blood running down your fingers and onto the floor.

Look at the blood, Peter! The blood! Look at the blood!

The floor was covered with flashing pieces of the mirror which caught the reflection of the sun through the bare windows. He had torn the curtains from the wall.

He took a silk handkerchief from his pocket and tied it around his wrist. The gold flowers in the design turned to red.

"Doctor?" The voice was coming to him from the distance. "Doctor?"

The blood dripped an arc on the green carpet as he turned to the doorway where Marcy stood on trembling legs.

She'll help you. She'll help you, Peter.

Dumbly he put his numb hand out toward her. She led him back through the children's waiting room where a sad clownface, made of glass, was flashing on and off. He felt her pulling him through the turquoise room where the fillings were done. There, he resisted her for a moment and stood looking at the painting on the wall.

See what she did, Peter? She took your favorite print, the one with the horses, and cut it to fit the frame. She cut the legs off, Peter. She cut the legs off and hung it in your room.

Marcy was pulling his arm. "Doctor, let me help you. Peter, let me help you."

She's never called you that before, Peter. Move. Move, Peter. Get the blood off your hands. Get the blood into the drain.

She guided him through the narrow corridor and into the X-ray room.

Remember, Peter. Remember

when you and Marcy painted this room. You worked until ten o'clock one Friday night. She even gave up a date so that she could help you with the room. And remember how the paint fell to the floor? It was a messy job, wasn't it? But we didn't like your wife coming down here; she said that she was going to paint the office the colors she liked, remember? Remember how she said that you'd get to like the colors after a while? Remember that sick, sweet voice she used to use with the decorators? Remember how you wondered whether she used it with Ross? Remember? Remember, Peter?

"Goddamnit!" he yelled.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sting you with the alcohol," Marcy said, swathing the gashes with wet cotton.

He looked down at her. When she looked up, she smiled. But then she looked back down to his wrist and hand and began to wrap them with gauze.

He was staring at the ceiling now. They had missed a place when they had painted it.

Remember how you laughed together, Peter, how you kidded her about her being too young for you because she was a high school girl, and how funny you both thought it was that Catherine called your office girls a harem? How Marcy smiled when you told her she was pretty? How you tried to push that thought out of your mind?

"Peter, why did you break the mirror?" She was looking at him.

He knew that she knew the answer and said nothing. He looked at his hand and felt the pain begin to move into his arm. The blood was drying on his sleeve.

Peter, remember how she cries everytime she tells you about what she did and how sorry she is. Peter?

When he looked down to Marcy she wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the cool gauze. The alcohol evaporated quickly, leaving

his forehead cool. He mumbled something that sounded like thank you.

When she stood on her tip-toes to wipe his forehead again, she asked, "Feel better?"

When she wiped his face with the damp cotton, and he met her mouth with his, the cool feeling on his forehead spread down into his shoulders, then to his chest and back, to his hips, and to his legs.

She backed away from him and began to unbutton her blouse, saying, "Remember what we said about the harem, Doctor?"

Peter. Peter, she's talking to you. Look at her, Peter. Remember how Catherine used to look? She was young and pretty, Peter, just like Marcy is, Peter. But that was before she did it, Peter. That was before she did it.

But he did not think of Catherine. He thought of only the warm hands that were moving under his blood-stained shirt, over his chest and around his back.

Peter. This is a stone, Peter. This is a stone. Remember the sermon, Peter? This is a stone. You can throw it. Look at Marcy, Peter. Peter, look at Marcy. She's telling you something, Peter. She's saying,

"There's enough room. I've used it with Ross before."

Did you listen, Peter? With Ross, she said. But you can be better than Ross, can't you? Can't you, Peter? Yes, that's it; that's it, Peter. But take your time. You're not in a hurry. You don't have to get it over with. You're not filling teeth now, Peter. She's not Catherine.

See the clown, Peter? See the clown and the horses? They're running together, melting into one another.

The horses were running through the face of the clown, and the clown was smiling now with the soldier's gun in his back as the flashing light moved across the room.



See the clown, Peter? He's smiling again. He's smiling, Peter.

But the clown was fading into the white cabinet. The light behind the clown was changing from red to green to purple and back to red, while the horses ran into the soldiers who mounted them and rode into the face of the smiling woman in the painting which was lying on the floor. Lights began to move through the machinery, casting small, bright rays which slipped under his closed eyelids and teased the wriggling patterns which moved before his eyes.

She's saying something, Peter. She's saying,

"Oh, yes, Doctor. Anytime. Anytime."

See the painting, Peter, running together with the blood on the sheets over the car in the driveway, swallowed by the river which is covered with pink, red petals? And the smelling stench of perfume, do you smell it, Peter? That smelling stench of sweetness you hate so much is coming out of the clown's mouth, pouring into the box of candy which is melting in the scorching, summer sun.

The room was whirling, and lights split through his eyelashes. When his mind cleared finally, he looked down to Marcy. Her eyes were closed and she was humming softly. He brushed

the light brown hair from her forehead, with words of love spilling from within him.

Her eyes opened slowly, and she traced her fingers across his thin mouth, whispering, "Peter . . . Peter . . . How I've wanted . . ."

But he stopped her words with his lips and then with his touch.

Look at her mouth; see how it aags at the corners. Look how her eyes water with the words, Peter. Touch her face, feel how she moves to you.

Remember the day in early May, when the sun burned through the office windows and the air-conditioner failed to stir the air? It was lime sherbert that she brought to you that day. Do you remember? Do you remember how much you wanted your wife to bring you lemonade or iced-tea or something cool to relieve the heat? But she did not come; she let you suffer in the sweltering heat of the summer, just as she made you suffer in the fire of remembrance and memory.

But Marcy was good to you, Peter. She brought you ice cream and dressed your wounds. And she gave you a smile and took away the clown's face, as you can see, Peter. Look at yourself, Peter. Look at yourself now.

He was standing before the mirror in the office bathroom, inspecting his face, when Marcy came to put her arms around his waist. She dug her chin into his back. When he turned she kissed him on the chin and poked him. He pulled her to him and laughed quietly.

"Marcy," he said. She looked up at him and buttoned the top button of her blouse. He wiped his nose with the top of his index finger. "Well, I don't know, but . . . He threw his words away.

That's right, Peter. That's right. Stroke her hair and thank her for the love. Or was it love? But for whatever it was that was warm and beautiful, for whatever it was that she gave you fully, thank her gently,

Peter. Thank her gently and kiss her softly. Yes. And brush the hair from her forehead, brush her fine, soft, brown hair.

"Do you like my hair, Peter?" his wife was asking, long after he had returned from the office. "Michael did it for me," she added, long after she had apologized again and he had forgiven her once more.

You don't like it, do you, Peter? No, I can tell, because you aren't answering her, are you, Peter? She used to be all you cared for, didn't she? Yes, you loved her and gave her everything. Even this bed which you



hated—you hate it, don't you, Peter?—you gave to her. And this house and the pool outside were both presents of love.

Remember how she looked at you when she wanted the pool? And remember how she was after the pool had been installed? She kept telling you to dip your foot into the water, to have a good time like everyone else. Hear her telling you how you ought to lie on the deck and have a good time? Hear her telling you, Peter?

Now she's touching you, Peter. But her hands aren't as warm as Marcy's are they? No, they're cold and clammy, just like the cadaver you worked

with in dental school. And now you know you're right; she's dead. She is dead, Peter; she's already dead, although she's moving in bed.

But she's touching you now, Peter, telling you how sorry she is for the sinful thing she's done, sorry for bringing the subject up all the time. Still those lazy, cold, clammy hands are crawling over your body, leaving a cold streak of shudders behind them, underneath those withering witch fingers. She wants you, Peter. Hear her telling you how she loves you, Peter?

Peter. Listen to those three meaningless words work over and over in our ears.

Feel her now, Peter? Do you feel her now? Feel her pulling you to her? Feel her?

But you're thinking of leaving her, aren't you? Yes, we're going to let her stay in this stinking house and rot, aren't we, Peter? We'll just walk out the door.

Yes, Peter, we'll stone her, won't we? We'll stone her with the same stone she threw at you, isn't that right?

But now she's touching you again, and you can't leave her, can you?

She's touching you again, Peter. But can you remember how warm Marcy's hands were? And can you remember how she told you that anytime, anytime would work? Yes, anytime. That was the way it used to be with Catherine, wasn't it? But you've got to forget her. Forget the hands crawling over your back. They're icy and rigid; they're trying to pick the flesh from your bones, Peter. Aren't they, Peter?

Yes, move a little now. Just slightly. Slow. But remember Marcy, Peter. Remember how she felt and how she looked at you and how you want to go back to her. Remember that you want to go back to Marcy, how you promised yourself that you would go back to Marcy, how you have to go back to Marcy. Think

how you will go back to Marcy. Remember, Peter, remember. Remember now, Peter, how you'll go back to Marcy, how you want to go back to Marcy, how you're going back to Marcy, how you're going back to Marcy now.

And now you're back with Marcy, Peter. She's moving quietly underneath your body. And Catherine is weeping, weeping now, feeling and pulling you to her. But Marcy's lips are moving to yours and her hands are caressing your sunburned face, Peter. And you're kissing her eyelids, Peter, kissing them with whispering words. And her eyes are closing now; slowly and gently they are closing. And your hand is brushing Marcy's fine, soft, brown hair. And your trembling fingers are tracing faint, white hearts on her soft, flushed skin.

Her hands are warm now, Peter, and her eyes are closing slowly. Touch her softly, Peter. Touch her face and gently brush the hair from her soft, white forehead. Gently, Peter. Gently.

Now listen softly, Peter. Listen. Softly. Marcy is humming for you, Peter, humming a sweet, soft song for you, a song that came once from deep within you when you were a blue-eyed, fine, blond child.



The Death and Resurrection of Heinrich Mueller

THE CHARACTERS: HEINRICH MUELLER, LERNER, FRANZ, HELLEN, SIDNEY.

The play opens with Mueller sitting in his Berlin office in a concrete bunker. The room is furnished with a large heavy-type wooden desk and a desk chair. On the wall in back of the desk is a large Nazi flag and a picture of Adolf Hitler. The floor of the room is covered with papers, some of which have been burned or half burned. The room is in a state of general messiness.

Stage left there is a thick steel door that leads into a hall and into the interior of the bunker complex.

Mueller has his feet propped up on the desk. He is thinking. There is general quiet except for the distant muffled roar of shells bursting. The Russians are besieging the city.

Shortly there is the sound of a steel door slamming shut down the hall and foot steps come closer.

The four concentration camp escapees appear at the door and stand there uncertain what to do. Mueller pays them no attention. They are dressed in a combination of rags and dirty parts of gестаपो uniforms that they have gathered on their way through the city to the bunker.

Sidney and Lerner come into the room, knock Mueller's feet off the desk and bodily carry him from the room. Hellen and Franz watch silently. After Mueller is gone Hellen and Franz come into the room. Hellen walks around slowly looking at the room. Franz stands by Mueller's chair and stares at it.

HELLEN: Go ahead. Sit down. Nothing's going to hurt you if you sit there. (*Franz cautiously sits down.*) That should be the most comfortable seat in the whole place. (*pause*) But God only knows what it's made of. (*pause*) They could've carried him across the street by now. (*to Franz*) Now don't move from there. Please don't wander. I'll be right back. (*She leaves.*)

FRANZ: (*He sits for a few seconds in the silence.*) What? (*pause*) Yes, I can hear you. (*pause*) I'm listening. I am listening. I've been listening for a long time. I know what you want. (*pause*) Yes, yes. We're here. (*pause. His voice rises in fear*) I don't know. I really don't know what we'll do. Oh yes, we will do that, we will. That I do know. We'll do it. (*pause. He screams.*) No stop it, stop it. (*Lerner, Sidney and Hellen come back in the room, in high spirits.*)

LERNER: He's taken care of, locked up. The famed Herr Mueller is ours.

HELLEN: Alright, so let's get it over with.

FRANZ: Yes, do it now. You can't trust him, he might not be there when you go back.

SIDNEY: We locked him so tight that even his experts couldn't get him out. Only we can.

LERNER: Yes, it's done, tight as anyone could want. All according to plan.

HELLEN: So take care of it. For God's sake don't wait.

LERNER: How?

FRANZ: What?

LERNER: I said how. How are we going to do it? (*pause*) I'm not trying to stall things. I've made that clear. Just, let's reach an agreement, once and for all, how to do it.

SIDNEY: Start by cutting his nuts off.

HELLEN: That's too fast. I've seen Mueller's men do it several times. They always seemed disappointed afterwards. I'd rather see Sidney go up and get a couple of bricks. Then I'd personally grind his nuts off. Slowly. (*pause*) Very slowly.

FRANZ: Take a knife and very carefully begin cutting his muscles open on the arms and then the legs and find some salt. Pour it into the open places.

LERNER: I want him out of the way as much as anyone in this room. But this has been said before. We've talked about this before—how he was to die, (*pause*) and I will not go along with this, this (*pause*) insane idea of killing. It's going to be clear-cut and fast. So there is no question in my mind about all this. Just kill him and I'm satisfied.

SIDNEY: I understand what you're saying. And I agree. But we came here together and we'll reach a decision together. (*long pause*)

FRANZ: But they told me. They told me. (*pause*) And they know.

LERNER: I personally think the only thing is to ask Mueller how he wants to die and let that be that.

HELLEN: No. That is not satisfactory. (*pause*) What the hell do you think he's going to do? If he's willing to give his preference, and I don't think there's a chance of that, he'll pick the easiest way to die. And, frankly, I don't blame him.

LERNER: But we won't know for certain until we ask him.

FRANZ: I don't understand why he should be asked. Did he ever ask anyone how they wanted to die?

SIDNEY: And he doesn't deserve a privilege he wouldn't give others.

LERNER: I'm still going to ask his opinion. I'll bring him here. *(pause)* And that's the way it's going to be. *(He leaves the room to get Mueller.)*

SIDNEY: This is incredible. *(His voice rises.)* We already settled this. At least we decided that any decisions on Mueller would be ours. We have that right. Other people like us deserve it but they aren't here and we are, so we take the responsibility.

HELLEN: Something's changed. I mean with Lerner. He's *(pause)* thinking differently, reflecting too much.

SIDNEY: I still believe that the outcome will be the same. Lerner may have decided to take a different tact, but that's all.

FRANZ: We must write a book afterward, when this is finished, and in it we will tell what is happening now. *(pause)* I can write a story about the Gestapo that grabbed a baby from its mamma's arms and stomped the baby's head into the ground. From the neck up it was flat. No round. I can tell everyone what that mamma tells me now. I hear her. *(pause)* Many times . . . *(Lerner returns with Mueller leading the way into the room.)*

LERNER: This is our host, the much esteemed head of the Gestapo, Heinrich Mueller.

HELLEN: I still think the bricks are a good beginning.

MUELLER: Escaped camp inmates. *(pause)* So, what kind of reaction do you expect from me? Am I supposed to kneel in a corner in fear, or perhaps kill myself with a bullet in the head?

SIDNEY: The last thing we expect is a melodrama.

MUELLER: I'm amazed. *(pause)* At several things. *(pause)* Amazed that you found your way here, and that you got here alive.

HELLEN: Did you expect a guard to stop us? Because if you did, that was a sad mistake. You can go up there on the streets and there's chaos. Your guards are gone, maybe to fight the Russians, maybe just to get back to their homes.

FRANZ: *(gleefully)* Nazi Germany's falling down. Tumbling and tumbling and tumbling.

LERNER: *(to Mueller)* Bringing you back in here was not to allow you the opportunity of wasting our time.

MUELLER: Whatever the reason, I'd like to ask a question. *(pause)* Are there nothing but the Soviets coming in? I mean, just the Soviets?

HELLEN: No Americans. Just the Soviets. Coming from everywhere. *(She uses exaggeration in her voice.)* On the roof tops and in the windows. Killing thousands of Germans. *(pause)* And no Americans. You and the rest of the pigs are just praying that the Americans will come, aren't you? Maybe there will be some sort of argument that the Americans will listen to. But, of course, the Russians listen to no argument.

MUELLER: Be quiet.

FRANZ: See, he can't escape the same old arrogance. *(He approaches Mueller)* Don't dare say anything to this woman again in that tone. I'm not so old that I can't find some way of finishing you.

MUELLER: The point is that the girl could not be more wrong. *(pause)* Let the others hope that the Americans get here before the Soviets. But I haven't spent so many years in this business so I could be fooled into thinking that the Americans will be any different than the Soviets

An Excerpt from A Full Length Play By Roger Francis Rollman

when the shooting stops. *(pause)* Only one thing is going to convince the others, and Himmler is at the top of the list, that the treatment will be the same regardless of whether the Americans or the Soviets or the French or the English are the wardens. *(pause)* That's the moment clear, I say that I want the Soviets to get here first. If's they fall through the trap door. *(pause)* So, with that still a market and I'm for sale.

LERNER: And the Soviets have more need of your talents than the Americans.

MUELLER: Exactly.

SIDNEY: But I wouldn't plan on going up on the international trading block.

LERNER: And that, I believe, brings us full circle. *(to Mueller)* I'll ask this one time and whatever you say is it.

FRANZ: No, this can not be. I will not let this happen.

LERNER: You will not leave this building alive. That is a fact. And I ask you how you want to die.

MUELLER: You ask me. You ask me. And I say for you to . . . *(He can not find the right word.)* The right to ask that question is not yours.

HELLEN: Before I say anything on this, I want you to know that I favor inventing some new means of death for you and letting it go at that. We are the ones who do the asking and there is no one to stop us. We are in a vacuum and all rights belong to us.

MUELLER: *(He smiles.)* I find that ironic because that is precisely what I was thinking about my own position when I was dragged off.

LERNER: Smile now if you want. But Franz has already suggested opening up your muscles and pouring salt onto the wounds. If we resort to that, I personally favor putting wires from a battery to the wounds.

HELLEN: And all of this should sound a little familiar.

MUELLER: I have nothing to say on this. I will not take a part. *(pause)* Do what you want. I suggest you might review everything . . .

FRANZ: That's a trial. No, no. There will be no trial.

LERNER: That's enough, Franz.

FRANZ: Let him die. Right now, in this room. I want. *(pause)* No, they want it over with.

HELLEN: He's right. This is the time and place. Kill him.

LERNER: *(To Sidney in a calm voice)* Take Mueller back to the cell. And make certain that all the locks are closed. I mean that. *(Sidney pauses a second but finally takes Mueller by the arm and forces him out of the room.)*

LERNER: We came here with all these preconceived notions. We would get him and kill him and that would be the end. But we didn't see all this. There's no way to anticipate what will happen when the event is moving. *(pause)* No, I want to talk about this. *(He turns to Franz.)* And as for you, old man, I don't want to hear another word about the dreams and the people and killing Mueller until I ask. Is that clear? *(No answer, so the question is asked again more forcefully.)* I said, is that perfectly clear?

FRANZ: I think . . . *(pause)* I think . . .

LERNER: I don't give a good goddamned what you think. You muddle the issue with this incessant rambling and it's going to halt, now. *(Sidney comes through the door.)*

SIDNEY: Alright. The old man clouds it. He has a right to cloud whatever he wants.

LERNER: He has no right. This is too important. And don't give me all this shit about what he's been through. I wasn't in the camp for any vacation. And neither were you or Hellen. So if you've tasted the camp once, you've tasted it for all time.

HELLEN: But the old man gets his say, or I'll walk out and Mueller can go to hell in his own good time. Franz can sit there and babble all night.

LERNER: *(pause)* Alright, alright.

SIDNEY: There is not going to be any trial. It's cheap to put it this way but I'll do it anyway. As sure as the sun comes up in the east, Mueller deserves whatever he gets.

LERNER: Look, that's not the point. Nobody in this room is going to argue with that.

HELLEN: Then, what in God's name is holding things up?

LERNER: Well . . . *(pause)* I stood here and listened to Mueller and something didn't seem right. That's all. Something didn't seem right. We sat in that rotten camp and we talked about this moment for months. If the gestapo had had its way we wouldn't be here now, but we are here and it just occurred to me that I have an obligation. Not to you, any of you, or to Mueller, but to me. *(pause)* All that time in the camp and it never occurred to me that coming here and killing him outright was anything but just.

FRANZ: That's not a word we use here. Until this is over, just is unjust.

HELLEN: If you think I went to Gestapo barracks every night just for the fun of a German screw, you're sadly mistaken. Being a camp whore is along the same lines as hauling the bodies from the showers to the graves.

And being a human being, worrying about the niceties of civilization, means nothing.

SIDNEY: I think, Lerner, that makes it three to one.

LERNER: Then let's establish, for some kind of unwritten record, the basic facts. Then move. I ask that. Me, Lerner. Get that over with and then we can move.

HELLEN: You want to say "is this so" and "is that so?"

LERNER: That is precisely what I mean. *(pause)* It's not asking much.

SIDNEY: It's wasting time. And time is something we don't have. *(pause)* But a few questions, basic, like getting a yes answer to "Are you Heinrich Mueller?" is alright. *(pause)* No, not really alright. I don't know what it is, but go on. *(Lerner starts out of the room.)*

HELLEN: You're going to get Mueller?

LERNER: Yes.

FRANZ: And we'll end up walking him to death. It's too easy. Back and forth. In and out. *(Lerner leaves with a disgusted look on his face.)*

HELLEN: I don't understand. I simply can not see what has happened here. It was going to be so easy. Walk in, find the man, kill him. *(pause)* The hard part would come afterward. But maybe Lerner can't hear what's happening out on the streets. *(Pause. She calls after Lerner.)* Lerner, those are shells exploding out there. Shells. *(Lerner and Mueller come through the door as she says the last word)*

LERNER: Don't yell. *(pause)* I know they're shells. And I know it's Germans who are dying out there. And that makes it alright with me. *(He turns to Mueller.)* Sit down behind the desk. And keep both hands on top where we can see them.

MUELLER: So. You think I might have a gun hidden. *(He sits.)*

SIDNEY: I'll ask the first question—if that's all right with Lerner and the rest of you. *(No one says anything, so he proceeds, speaking to Mueller.)* I wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression, so I am telling you that this is not a trial in any sense of the word you understand. You're finished. *(pause)* But this is what the man *(he points to Lerner)* wants. Are you Heinrich Mueller?

MUELLER: No. *(Sidney turns and looks at the others who also do not understand Mueller's answer.)*

SIDNEY: You are not Heinrich Mueller, Gruppenfuher, section four of the SS, the Gestapo?

MUELLER: No, I am not.

HELLEN: *(Coming fast at Mueller she takes his throat in her hands.)* That will be enough. Do you hear? Enough. Any more of your games and, as God is my witness, I'll tear your throat out with my bare hands. *(pause)* No more of this. *(Pause. Saying one word at a time)* Is that understood?

MUELLER: Your talents *(He nods his head, bemused)* have been wasted. I could have put you to use. But when you can't have control over everything, those under you make mistakes, pass by good potential. *(pause)* You ask if I'm Heinrich Mueller. Whatever this charade is that you're going through, you bungle it. Of course I'm Heinrich Mueller. I don't for one moment deny that to a pack of pigs.

FRANZ: Pigs are pigs are humans are asses are hogs. *(pause)* It isn't possible for the Gestapo to work without the word "pigs" in their vocabulary. There was Sven.

(pause) I can't remember his last name. He wanted to die. And one day he called a guard. (He tries to imitate Sven) Come here, pig. Eat that termite, pig. (pause) and the pig broke Sven's neck with a club. (pause)

LERNER: And what was your job.

MUELLER: I directed the hunting and killing of as many traitors to the state as I could. (Hellen is sitting on the floor looking through the papers that are scattered.)

HELLEN: You're aware, I'm certain, that the army made fun of Hitler because he was a corporal. (pause) Did the army make fun of you, just a common Bavarian cop?

MUELLER: I never cared what the army was thinking, except when it was part of my job. The army needed me. SIDNEY: I'll bet they needed you. After all, you knew so much about the Russian police system.

HELLEN: Alright, this is enough.

SIDNEY: Get Mueller out of here. (Lerner does not move. Sidney rushes over to Mueller, pushes him toward the door and says to Lerner,) Get him out of here. Now. (Lerner takes Mueller by the arm fast and, in second, Franz follows.)

HELLEN: I'm going to see Mueller die. Slowly and painfully. He'll go just like the people in the camps. (Lerner comes back in the room.)

LERNER: Each time I lock him up, I make it easier for him to escape. And the odd thing is that I know he won't escape because he doesn't know how. He's never bothered to learn the tricks of the people the Gestapo arrested.

SIDNEY: Why should he learn? He could never have seen this day coming. And a good thing for us he didn't. LERNER: I never saw the man before tonight. And neither did any of the rest of you. You just don't know, can't imagine what the other person is like until you're with him.

SIDNEY: And what's that supposed to mean?

LERNER: Nothing. (pause) Just an observation, that's all.

HELLEN: He's just like I supposed, like I had always heard. (pause) What do you do to move someone like that?

SIDNEY: Why do you ask that?

HELLEN: Well, it's nothing to be suspicious of. I just think that I have only one regret so far. The man's moving along like he's in a fog. And I want more than that. It doesn't mean anything if we don't get through that fog, make him know what terror really is.

LERNER: But that's the point. I've seen this, too. You just can't. (There is a pause and then Sidney notices that Franz is missing.)

SIDNEY: Where did Franz get to?

HELLEN: I don't know. I didn't see him leave the room.

SIDNEY: He might have left when Lerner took Mueller out.

LERNER: If he did I didn't notice. And I didn't see him on the way back to the room.

HELLEN: Well, somebody has to look for him.

LERNER: Only one person leaves. (pause) Sidney, go take a look, alright?

SIDNEY: Yeah, I'll go but if I don't find him soon, he's on his own. With his mind there's no way to predict where he is . . .

HELLEN: Or what he'll do. (Sidney leaves.)

(After a long pause.) Come on now, what's at you anyway? All this stall. There was agreement before we got out of the camp about what to do with Mueller. What's happening?

LERNER: God, I don't know. I hate that son of a bitch as much as anyone. (pause) But here he is, in person. And I look at him while I listen to Franz and you and Sidney all speculating on how to kill him. (pause) And that's not what I came for. I don't really care if he drops dead of natural cause right before our eyes. That way or any other way is just the same. He's dead. Another of his scum is gone and can't do anything more on this earth.

HELLEN: But you don't want to be like him, is that it?

LERNER: That's it.

HELLEN: You weren't in long enough. That's the whole problem. You haven't lost enough, seen enough. You haven't learned to hate enough (pause) Learned . . .

LERNER: To forget some of the decent things that I knew before the war. (pause) No, I suppose I am still a babe in the woods. (pause) I never saw a man have his muscles torn open and covered with salt. (Pause. He says at a shout.) But, Jesus, I heard it happening. Or if it wasn't that it was something just as bad. I saw them take the men and women into the Gestapo building and I knew what was going to happen. (pause) An idiot would know what was happening. When you can't sleep because the screams keep you awake, you don't easily miss the point.

HELLEN: But they brought the people back to the barracks in the day, or sometimes they did. Or they carried their bodies out and through the gates to the fields. I saw that. You saw it, you had to. And you owe it to those people to go along now.

LERNER: Wait a minute. I don't owe anyone anything if it means sinking as low as Mueller. And that's the way it's going to be now and in the future. Mueller dies, but how is a different question.

HELLEN: Then that's your problem because the rest of us have no question. (Sidney comes back in the room, with a smile on his face, but Franz is not with him.)

LERNER: So where's Franz? You couldn't have looked long enough to justify coming back without him.

SIDNEY: You're bothering me. Really bothering me. And that's a fact. (pause) I haven't come back without him. I found him.

HELLEN: Then where the hell is he?

SIDNEY: I found him standing outside Mueller's cell.

LERNER: He was just standing there?

HELLEN: How'd he get there? Lerner said he didn't see him.

SIDNEY: I don't know how he got there, maybe Lerner's blind. (pause, then to Lerner) Yes, he was standing there, but he was doing something constructive. He was pissing on the cell door. I said, "Franz, what are you doing?" and Franz said he had to go to the bathroom. (pause) What a sight. Mueller peering through the cell window, watching Franz take a good piss on the door. You know, Mueller looked most unhappy.

HELLEN: Then that's a step in the right direction. Just to make the bastard mad is a triumph.

LERNER: So, maybe you would like to see all of us follow the example laid down by Franz. We could go out

there and pull Mueller from his cell and drown him. (pause) Does that sound appeal to Hellen? (No answer.) How about Sidney? (pause)

SIDNEY: Franz, hurry.

FRANZ: (his voice off stage) I will come when I come.

HELLEN: It was a mistake to bring him with us.

And old people at the camp are dead, or they're dying. And all the Allied doctors and nurses and hospital workers don't save them. They're giving the same way as all the other old ones in the past several years. (pause) I don't understand. I really don't understand how that pig can talk about ridding the state of traitors. Is that old man a traitor?

LERNER: He's a Jew and that's just as bad in the eyes of Mueller.

SIDNEY: And was Simon? How about Hans? They weren't Jews. They weren't anything but old or sick or both. And they're dead. Dead. And it's people like us that are going to remember and tell and yell and make certain that the people responsible are dead. (There is a shot off in the distance down the hall.)

HELLEN: Franz. What has he done? (Lerner gets one step outside the door and stops and backs back into the room with Franz right behind him.) But he couldn't move fast enough to get from Mueller's cell to this office. (Everyone just stands still until it dawns on them what has happened.)

LERNER: Franz. (Franz does not respond in any way.) Franz, listen to me. Did you give Mueller a gun? (Franz has a smile on his face, Sidney leaves the room.)

FRANZ: I had nothing more to give the door. So. So. So I went looking and I found a room. (pause) There's a dead man in there. A soldier. I guess he's a soldier. And he had a gun. And I took the gun and I took it with me to Mueller. Mueller needs a gun. He really needs a gun.

HELLEN: Did he ask you for a gun?

FRANZ: And when I got to the cell I dropped the gun in the puddle on the floor. It got wet, very, very wet. I made certain of that. And I dropped the gun through the window. And he looked at me. (pause) He. He. He just stood there and looked at me. I said, "That's for you, because I knew that you wanted it." And he stood... (Sidney comes back in the room, holding a gun, and he is out of breath. Everyone is silent for a second. Then Sidney nods his head no.)

He, He, he stood there and just looked at. "It's a German gun," I said. I told him that. It's important you know.

LERNER: Keep quiet. Just don't say another word.

HELLEN: (To Sidney) Alright, what happened?

SIDNEY: That old fool almost did the job himself.

LERNER: Almost? What's almost?

SIDNEY: Mueller's still alive. The old man gave him the gun. Oh, that was a good idea, Franz. (pause) And when I got to Mueller, he was pointing that damned gun at me. (He shakes his head.) And I thought that was it, the end of the whole thing for me.

FRANZ: I gave him the gun... (He loses track of what he was saying.)

HELLEN: You're here, so what happened?

SIDNEY: There weren't any more shells. (pause) I can't figure out what happened to the one that we heard. Mueller's not hurt. (He turns to Franz.) And a damned good thing he isn't.

LERNER: Just one bullet. (He starts to laugh.) Just one bullet in the gun. (He laughs.)

SIDNEY: You think it's so bloody funny. You go next time. (He takes the gun and throws it near Lerner.)

HELLEN: Come on now. Nothing happened. If that gun shook you up so bad, this is the wrong place to be. (pause) Just calm down.

FRANZ: (He is looking at the Nazi flag and holding it out with one hand.) This is his flag? (No one responds and Franz shouts.) This is his flag?

SIDNEY: Yes. (pause) Yes, yes. Yes. (Franz pulls his zipper down to piss on the flag.)

HELLEN: Alright, that's not necessary, Franz.

FRANZ: (He yanks the rag loose and it falls around his feet except for where he holds it.) This is his flag, this is the flag, this is the flag and, and, and I tried to help him. I tried and he didn't want help and... (He goes wild pulling at the flag, trying to pull it to pieces and the others come and stop him. The flag is thrown over the desk.)

LERNER: Now there's something worthwhile destroying. I mean, wouldn't it be great if we could have the whole world see us burn all their flags. (pause) We could signal to the whole world. It's the end, world. We're burning it out. It was a bad infection and we're going to expurge it. Fry it to a crisp. And it'll be gone. (pause) Hey, world. Listen to me. Listen to us. (pause) That's the way.

HELLEN: That's not the way. It doesn't mean anything to me? So what's it supposed to mean to the rest of the world?

SIDNEY: And I don't think, no, I really don't think anyone cares.

HELLEN: Yeah, they care. I think they care. But what's happened that makes the flag important? And besides, this is just air. We can't do it. (pause) The whole world should have a breast shoved in its face. A breast that's been lopped off by a Nazi's knife. Only, and this is just the way it should be, only in the place of the nipple there would be a death's head emblem. (pause) I really like that. A breast with the meat and the muscle and the blood dropping from where it was cut. I like that because we saw it. And it would turn some stomachs. It wouldn't signal the end of anything. It would just be a reality.

SIDNEY: Maybe we should have a contest to see who can remember the very worst atrocity. Everything being relative, of course. What, with our experience, that would be quite an event. Franz could lead the way, followed by Lerner, just for a contrast to Franz, and then me and finally you. Everything was so much more subtle for the camp whores. (pause)

HELLEN: (She speaks in a quiet voice, remembering something in her past.) When they came and took us away, at least we were together. My husband—that's something isn't it? I can still remember what a husband is. He was accused of saying something about Hitler that wasn't pleasing to the authorities. And they took all of us to the train and to the camp and... (pause, then her voice rises) and that was the last time I saw my husband and my little girl. The very last time, my good Herr Mueller. (She pauses and then lapses back into the earlier mood.) And I was taken to a building where other women were lined up. We had to stand for more than an hour, nobody saying anything. (pause) A door opened

up. All the men stood stiff and this major came into the room. And he ordered all the women to undress. (pause) You don't know what that is. You can't know what it means. But he knew. I could see it on his face. It was a game with him. Just to say the word and everyone obeys. (pause) So we undressed, and I felt like a child. I felt very immature. Playing the doctor and nurses game and everybody ashamed. (pause) But the worst part was when that major walked up the line, very slowly. Looking. Not missing a thing. You could see in his eyes what he thought when he got to a woman. He used that cane he carried to probe us. He didn't want to dirty his hands. (pause. Then in a higher voice.) But there was a Dutch woman and when he got to her she spit right in his face. I won't ever forget watching the spit running down his face and no one moving. You could feel the air freeze. And for a second that, (she fumbles for a word) that animal just didn't know what to do. I wanted to laugh. My mind laughed and I know my eyes were laughing. But he wasn't looking anywhere but at the woman. (pause) He put his hand out and somebody gave him a knife and he dirtied his hands when he grabbed her breast and just held it flab. (pause) I still don't understand how so much could be done without saying anything. He led her in a room and there was one scream. (She holds her head and loses control of her body.) And then another scream. And then there wasn't anything. (There is a long silence after she speaks, and she continues.) The rest is easy. They took some women out and the major spoke to the rest of us. "You have been chosen to serve the Fatherland by entertaining our officers." (She sits in the chair behind Mueller's desk.)

LERNER: Some of those women seemed to enjoy what they were doing. (silence)

SIDNEY: Maybe, after a couple of years.

HELLEN: (She just looks up to speak and lapses back with her head bowed again.) Not many lasted a couple of years. Officers like variety.

SIDNEY: But maybe after a while, it didn't make any difference to some of the women.

LERNER: Maybe so. (There is a long silence.)

LERNER: We won't ever find that major, or for that matter, any of the Gestapo men that worked in the camps. Men who you can point a finger at and say I saw that man do this and do that. I am an eye witness. We can't find them and they're the ones that any court of law would convict in a second. (pause) But not Mueller. Did you ever see him at a camp? I didn't see...

FRANZ: But I did.

LERNER: And what'd you see him doing?

FRANZ: He was walking from the commandant's house to the receiving center.

LERNER: Then you didn't see him. And that's the way he wanted it. He said nothing and wrote little that tells us anything.

SIDNEY: But we know he was at the top of the heap. Got a problem with Jews, call Mueller in. He'll give us something to work on. It was like that, it had to be like that and it would still be like that if the Soviets weren't almost on the door step.

LERNER: I must admit I stand in admiration, a perverse admiration, of this man. Very few could cover their tracks as well as this man did. I don't know that, of course. It's possible that he left a mess everywhere he

went. But that's not what I heard. You know, just like I do, that you stay alive long enough in the camps and you hear enough of what's going on to put together a pretty good picture of the situation. And I heard about Mueller. (pause) When Himmler is said to have a healthy respect for someone, then that someone is to be watched. Mueller is every bit what we know him to be, but he covered himself very well.

SIDNEY: Alright, for Christ's sake, he covered himself. He kept quiet. He was a sphinx. Maybe, for all I know, that thing we have locked up out there, doesn't really exist. He's just a figment of this whole nightmare. (pause) But, and this is all that matters to me, I believe in him. He's as real as anyone in this room. (pause) You keep harping and harping. Yeah, you're right. He is a cool one. But that simply does not matter.

FRANZ: (He takes the picture of Hitler from the wall and talks to Lerner.) In the name of all that was holy, ask him if this matters. Go on, ask him. (Lerner takes the picture, stares at it, but says nothing.)

SIDNEY: No, old man, you don't understand.

FRANZ: (To Lerner, shoving a little) Go on, ask him.

LERNER: Ask him yourself. (Franz does nothing.)

SIDNEY: You really are batty, old man. You never had somebody else do your asking before. We're friends.

FRANZ: (Pointing to the picture) That matters, that matters.

SIDNEY: And I said you don't understand. Mueller matters just like he (points to picture) does. What I was talking about was something else. Understand?

FRANZ: (He grabs the picture from Lerner.) I'm going to take this (he starts to leave the room) to (pause) to . . . (pause. He asks in a loud voice) What is his name? I can't remember. (He calms down.) I can't remember. You must help me. We've come this far together. And I helped on the way. (silence) I did help. (He turns to Hellen.) I was quiet. I was quiet when you said to be quiet.

LERNER: And a good thing you were or none of us would be here.

HELLEN: (To Franz) Yes, you were quiet.

FRANZ: And I helped in other ways. I did. I remember. Slipping past the Russians. (pause) And there was the guard tower. I hear the dogs, and they're not far away. The soldiers coming down the road; they were soldiers alright because they make a strange noise, I never hear that noise other places. They make it walking on the road.

SIDNEY: Franz. (Franz does not respond.) Franz, there were no Russians. We came from the American side.

FRANZ: And the light from the tower. It almost caught us in the field.

SIDNEY: No Franz. That's not . . .

HELLEN: (To Sidney) Don't bother. Can't you see he's not here anymore. And nothing you say is going to bring him back until he's ready. (pause) I don't know where he is. Just something he saw while he was in the camp, I suppose.

LERNER: This is just wonderful. He's nuts. I mean really gone. (pause) What are we going to do with him?

SIDNEY: Franz, leave the picture here. Come on now. Leave the picture here.

FRANZ: I'm going to take it to him. (He motions toward the door.)

SIDNEY: Take the flag, Franz. Leave the picture here. LERNER: What in the hell is it with the picture?

SIDNEY: I'll tell what it is. That picture's got glass in it. And glass cuts. And that might just be something that bastard would like. (pause) I haven't forgotten what I came here for.

LERNER: You're as far out as the old man if you think Mueller is going to back out now.

SIDNEY: But you don't mind? (pause) Take the flag, Franz. That's better. And leave the picture on the table. (Franz pauses for a minute, then takes the picture to the table and picks up the bag and leaves the room, dragging the flag behind him.)

HELLEN: (Walks to the door, kicking the papers on the floor as she does.) I thought he would hold up longer than this.

LERNER: But I'm not surprised that he left.

SIDNEY: Since he's not going to be of any use, I just hope to hell he doesn't do any harm.

HELLEN: Wait a minute. (Pause. She looks down and acts increasingly agitated.) Just wait a minute. What's there more of in this room than anything else? (pause) Papers. Right? Well, come on. Think.

LERNER: Alright. I'm with you.

SIDNEY: Then I'm one step behind you. What are you talking about?

HELLEN: All right, we know he's the one we want and we know what he's done. (pause) And now, right before our eyes, right under our feet, may be everything Lerner wants. It's that simple. (pause. She speaks to Lerner) If you think I've been happy standing here and listening to your incessant yapping, you're dead wrong. But maybe he hasn't covered his tracks so well after all. Some of these papers are burned. Maybe that tells us something. Maybe all that's left is right under our feet.

SIDNEY: (He picks up a paper, looks it over and reads from it.) Now here's something vital. "In the future all SS members will make a check with their superiors before leaving their base." That's important stuff. This is insane, this nit picking. (Lerner has also picked up a paper.)

LERNER: You might try this on for size. (He reads.) It's addressed to SS Lieutenant Colonel Adolf Eichmann from SS Gruppenfuhrer Heinrich Muller. (He pauses and looks up.) And it's countersigned by none other than Kaltenbrunner. (He reads.) You will leave in the morning for Kulm, in western Poland and inspect all facilities that have been established for implementation of the final phase. There can be no misunderstanding on the point that nothing less than perfection in the camps will be accepted. All irregularities are to be noted and reported to me personally. Observe personnel and their methods as well as the plant facilities. And be certain to check with key people on any ideas they might have for improving the system. Practical application, as I am certain you know, often brings out hidden defects that we have not been able to detect in the laboratory. (pause) And the letter is signed by Mueller. There's a post script suggesting they have a drink when Eichmann returns.

HELLEN: That's decent. We know now that there was some form of congeniality in the higher echelon of the Gestapo.

SIDNEY: Here's a copy of a letter Mueller sent to the foreign office. (There is a silence.)

LERNER: So? What does it say?

SIDNEY: Mueller says that the Dutch are opposed to the extermination of Jews. (There is a pause as he reads further.) This piece of deduction comes from experimentation on Dutch Jews. The Nazis brought some Dutch Jews to Germany, reported to the Dutch people that the Jews were dead and the reaction was adverse. (pause) But Mueller feels that a more intensive use of propaganda will bring the Dutch around. (pause) How about that?

LERNER: (He seems to be thinking, tapping his feet, etc. while Sidney and Hellen look at him.) I think Mueller's presence is indispensable now. Go find Franz and bring Mueller with you. (Sidney leaves.)

HELLEN: (Taunting him) Do I detect a hint of irritation in your voice?

LERNER: (He just looks up at her for a second before speaking.) There are times when I think you got . . . (He thinks better of what he was going to say.) Just leave it alone.

HELLEN: I can see the wheels turning. Maybe you smell blood. Is that it? Maybe the camp did something after all.

LERNER: Let's just say that I don't like the reading material.

HELLEN: (shouting) No, that's not enough. Be as cryptic as you like, but I can see it on your face. (pause) They'll walk into the room in just a second, and they're going to see it. You can not hold it inside yourself, not for all the good motives in the world. That thing has you. He's as much a part of you as your heart. So let it get out. Let it out. (The others enter the room.)

The remainder of this play is taken up with the characters becoming more and more violent as they debate Mueller's fate in Mueller's presence, with Mueller as a participating antagonist. The four escapees move progressively toward more horrible means of death for Mueller but none proves satisfactory.

There is no satisfactory way of ridding themselves of the Gestapo chief because, even by their own definition of justice, justice does not apply to him and the crimes he is guilty of.

In desperation the four people have to conclude that Mueller must be left alive to live out his days. Hopefully his last days will prove naturally terrible. Perhaps he will learn what it means to feel guilt.

In this process Mueller is physically worn out. Though he does not want to show it, he is shaken by the ordeal—shaken by finally having been placed in the position of not having control.

In the last scene Mueller is again sitting in his chair, his head bent, thinking. The four leave, dejected and with a deep feeling that not only have they been ineffective, but also that when it comes to crimes of a scale that humanity has not experienced before, humanity is at a loss to find a meaningful justice.

Alternatives To the Draft

Marshall Tessnear

The question was posed in its typical hypothetical dormitory bull session form. What would you do if you were of draft age and found yourself forced to perform military acts which you find "morally impossible to support?" The answer was a likely one from a most unlikely source. General Lewis Hershey replied that "in order to maintain your dignity, you'd have to go to the penitentiary."

Unfortunately local draft boards give neither hypothetical I-A classifications nor hypothetical induction notices. And there are indeed young men who cannot acknowledge the precept that their moral choice cannot transcend the majority's moral choice and whose moral choice conflicts with the legal alternatives to the draft. There are perhaps even more men who are ignorant of the alternatives to the draft, both legal and illegal alternatives. They are uptight about the entire system of conscription. About killing. About killing Vietnamese. About being killed. They do not know what to do. There are two ways to say no.

There are the legal alternatives. Everyone knows what a conscientious objector is. He is opposed to both combatant and noncombatant

duty in the armed forces on the basis of religious belief or training. But he does *not* have to be a member of the Brethren, Friends, or Mennonite faith to qualify. He does *not* have to believe in God. CO deferments have been granted, in the words of the Court in *U. S. vs. Shacter*, to those with "a sincere and meaningful belief which occupies in the life of its possessor a place parallel to that filled by the God of those admittedly qualified for the exemption." Such an applicant holds a belief in a Supreme Being whether he realizes it or not. When Congress revised the draft law in 1967, the Supreme Being clause was conspicuously absent.

While the CO is exempt from military duty, he is not exempt from alternative service. The law requires two years of service which must "contribute to the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest" as the local board determines appropriate. This usually comes in the form of service to a nonprofit charity organization such as a hospital or some social service organization. The objector has considerable control over his assignment, but the final decision is in the hands of the local draft board.

While the purpose of armies is killing, there

are soldiers who do not kill, who are not trained in the use of weapons, but who see the necessity of using military force in certain situations. These men are classified I-A-O by the Selective Service and are usually trained as medics. Many individuals who fall in this category are inducted as combatants but later find that they cannot conscientiously serve as combatants. It is not probable that such a request will be denied, for the military is pragmatic; a prisoner of war is not an asset but an effective noncombatant is.

Unless the Selective Service, i.e. General Hershey, changes its policy, student deferments will be granted to all undergraduates under the age of twenty-four who are satisfactorily pursuing full-time work toward a degree. But B.A. equals I-A and graduate students are becoming as scarce as Wake Forest ivy. With the exception of students in medicine and other fields related to the national interest, the only hope for most graduate students is that they will develop an ulcer to replace their deferment.

There are a number of other tactics to delay or eliminate military obligation, but most of these have their drawbacks. Join the Peace Corps? It's no sure bet that you won't be drafted, and even if you aren't you will be when you return home from Botswana. Join the Environmental Science Services Administration? It's about as easy as joining Phi Beta Kappa; there are too many applicants for the one hundred annual appointments. These alternatives are legal. They're also scarce.

The typical day of many draft resisters starts around six or seven o'clock in the morning when the loudspeaker wakes them up to get ready for work. Prisons aren't usually furnished with alarm clocks. Minimum security prison camps are the homes of most resisters who directly confront the draft law. The average sentence for draft offenders in 1967 was 32 months, although parole is possible after one-third of the sentence has been served with good time. The guards are generally rookies and reports from prison confirm the bad rumors about rookie prison guards. Everyone is expected to work eight hours a day for five days a week, with evenings and weekends free (from work). The work is dull and often contributes to military needs. Mail is censored and visitors are permitted, with the specific

regulations varying from prison to prison. Life in confinement is likely to affect a person psychologically and play a significant role in his life after being released. You will be an "ex-con" for making a moral decision. You will be pigeon-holed along with others who have chosen the second way to say no. You will have violated the law.

Many of these political prisoners are conscientious objectors but are not recognized as such by the Selective Service because these objectors would have fought Hitler, but consider involvement in Vietnam by the United States to be an action which they cannot morally support. And since the law makes no provision for selective objectors, these men face prison because they object to one war but not all wars. In essence, the draft board is asking these men to take a clear stand on all wars in the past and in the future and the reply is "I can only object to one war at a time, and we are only fighting one war at present." They would undoubtedly agree with Norman Thomas when he said that "if the supremacy of a man's moral integrity over the demand of the god-state is ever worthy of respect, it is always worthy of respect whether the objection is to all war or to a given war; whether it seems to a man's fellow citizens reasonable or unreasonable."* CO's who fail to secure a CO classification very often refuse induction by failing to step forward at the induction center when ordered to do so by authorities. The step forward, not the Oath of Allegiance, is the fatal step. To step forward is to be inducted into military service. The CO is given a second chance and is asked to sign a statement indicating that he has refused induction. The signature is not mandatory. He is then allowed to leave the induction center (except in New York City) and is not placed under immediate arrest. His papers are returned to the local board and forwarded to the Director of the Selective Service. He is eventually arrested and tried in a U. S. District Court, and eventually he ends up in prison with his fellow "criminals," those who have refused to register, or who have returned or destroyed their draft cards. The men who have gone to jail are firm in their belief that their actions were the only honorable way to react to the draft. Direct confrontation, as opposed to

deferments, international flight, and many other mechanisms of escape, best expresses the view that either cooperation or flight from the draft is an implicit agreement with an immoral system to which they object, with a government that forces men to kill. The resister who chooses direct confrontation must consider the full consequences of his actions. Confrontation is difficult. It is more brutal than evasion. And it requires a certainty of belief that few men are prepared to admit. The decision to confront the United States Government is one that is not often made.

Canada is a beautiful place to hunt and fish. It's also a place to live for the rest of your life if you go there to avoid the draft. If a man returns to the United States from Canada within five years after violating the draft by leaving, he is subject to prosecution. After five years in Canada in violation of the law, the statute of limitations does not permit prosecution of the draft violation but the offender may be arrested and tried on the charge of international flight to avoid prosecution. If a man leaves this country after violating the draft law, the statute of limitations does not apply. Return at any time would probably mean prosecution. In any event, a person who is accepted by Canadian authorities as a landed immigrant (permanent resident) may not be deported unless he violates the terms of his status, falsifies the terms of his entry, or commits a crime against Canada. Canada will not deport a man for violation of the United States draft law, since Canada has no draft law. Neither do Canadian-U.S. relations contain provisions concerning draft law violations. The most important consideration in immigration to Canada is whether entrance into the country was a means of avoiding prosecution. You may avoid the draft by going to Canada; you may not avoid prosecution for draft violations committed before leaving.

It is relatively simple to enter Canada as a visitor. No questions are usually asked at the border except date of birth, destination, and length of stay. Student status is also granted if the student can prove that he has been accepted by a Canadian university and that he will not become a public charge. While in Canada it is possible for a student to apply for landed immi-

grant status. Questions as to the purpose for migration have been omitted on the latest application forms. Occupational skills, education, arranged employment, knowledge of French, and other factors are considered in the application for immigrant status. The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme reports that border officers at Detroit, Lake Champlain, and the Vancouver and Toronto airports should be avoided because they have been Americanized. At most places, though, student radicals, men with I-A classifications, men with notices to report for induction, ROTC members, and even inactive reservists are admitted, at least as of July 1968.

Amnesty. Don't bruise your knees praying for it. With "law and order" on the rise, the chances for a general amnesty for draft resisters being declared aren't very promising. And even if it were, life still would be rough for many of the men who decided to return to the United States. The term "draft evasion" conjures up quite a few unhealthy sentiments in most Americans. The resister, whether he is conscientious or cowardly, will have a lifelong label. Able to escape what he considers immoral or dangerous, he cannot escape a society which condemns him.

There is much to be said for a voluntary army and abolition of the draft. The issues involved are continually debated from a pragmatic viewpoint. The moral implications of universal military training are questioned less often. The question is usually phrased with regard to the military effectiveness of the system. Most questions of morality revolve around individual decisions to resist the law; decisions to accept the law are generally not debated in ethical terms. But regardless of whether the American government decides to withdraw from Vietnam at a vague future date, or whether it even comes to believe that American intervention is not right, the fact remains that there are men today who have already made a decision and have acted upon it. Many of these men are aiming a rifle at someone now. It is a moral decision. Many are giving blood transfusions. Many are learning French in Canada. A handful live in prisons, for they have chosen to confront rather than avoid. They have decided that war is evil and ugly and peace is more than a ban-the-bomb medallion and a picket line.



I. WHAT IS CRAMMING?

Before going seriously into the matter of cramming, it might be well to make sure that we know what cramming means. We may as well start with Webster, since he is said to know a little about this matter of defining things. Webster says:

CRAM (kram), v. t.; CRAMMED (kramd); CRAMMING. (AS. crammian.) 1. To press, force, or drive, esp. in filling or in thrusting one thing into another; to stuff. 2. To fill with or as with food to satiety. 3. Slang. To fill the mind of (A person), as with false stories. 4. Colloq. To put (a person) hastily through a course of study, as in preparation for examination. -v. i. 1. To eat greedily; stuff. 2. Colloq. To cram a subject, as for examination.

I thought such a definition would make a good starting point, but it seems that Webster just mixes things up. In the first place, we have to look through a whole string of words like "crammian," "satiety," "Colloq.," etc., before we get down to the part that has anything to do with the kind of cramming we're thinking about. And then he just says, "To cram a subject, as for examination," which takes us right back where we started. If we knew what "To cram a subject" was, we wouldn't be looking up CRAM. And you wouldn't be reading this article, since you would already know what it was all about.

The Art of Cramming

Judson Trueblood

Directly beneath CRAM is CRAMBO: "A game in which one person gives a word, to which another finds a rhyme; a word rhyming with another; rhyme," which brings to mind a very good device for quick learning when you want to cram. But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Before we go into the matter of cramming techniques, we must consider the first necessary step.

II. DURING THE SEMESTER

Before you can begin to practice the science of cramming, you must realize its advantages and discover why it is the easiest method for making high grades at school. Of course, there are some who will argue that making high grades shouldn't be your primary objective in college, and that you should really try to learn something which will be of use to you later. Such an argument is so utterly ridiculous, however, that no comment on its stupidity is necessary.

The first and greatest advantage of cramming is the complete freedom which it gives you during the school semester. You don't have to worry about planning your work or budgeting your time, because you can just ignore the boring and puzzling subject matter of your various courses until the night before the examination. Thus, you can just sit back and laugh at the suckers who beat their brains out poring over the texts every day for hours on end.

The problem of what to do with all your free time should not trouble you at all. Even in Wake Forest there are many interesting activities to keep you occupied, none of them at all difficult. If you are one of the lucky few who are able to locate a companion of the opposite sex whom they really like to be with, your problem is solved right there.

But even if such a companion fails to materialize (and they don't seem too plentiful in these parts) there are

lots of ways to spend your time. You can go to the movies, for one thing, or just sit around and shoot bull. You can usually round up a gang for a hand or two of bridge or poker, and that's a sure-fire way of killing at least two or three hours. The pool rooms are open until ten o'clock each night, and there are plenty of other forms of recreation available, such as golf, tennis, ping-pong, and tiddly-winks.

A trip out of town provides an excellent means of passing away the time. If you don't have a car of your own, it's always easy to catch rides, and the list of entertaining activities available in nearby towns is too long and too well-known to warrant mention here. Just use your own taste and follow your own interests, and you'll seldom go wrong.

If other diversions are not available, you might as a last resort even take part in a couple of extra-curricular activities. You'll be surprised at how much time you can spend in that sort of stuff, and it is very gratifying to see how little real work you have to do if you go about the thing with the right attitude.

The one drawback in this matter is the time you have to spend in class. If you are successful in warding off all temptation to study, you will probably find class periods almost unbearably boring. Here you must be careful not to weaken and pick up information which will get you interested in the course, because then you might start wanting to study, and thus defeat all your attempts to earn high grades the easy way.

To combat this danger, you must remember not to pay any attention to what the professor is trying to put across. If he is lecturing, it is a good idea to use your notebook as a doodling pad. Some very beautiful doodlings and pictures can be drawn during this period, and they are frequently of much more use to you than any confused notes which you

might take. Who knows? They might even start you on your way to a great career as an artist!

An even better suggestion, which can be utilized at all times during class, is to drop off to sleep. This is much easier to do if you stay out all night the night before class at a party or a card game, but students skilled in goldbricking are able to sleep at any time, without such previous preparation.

III. THE NIGHT BEFORE

Having carefully avoided all contact with the subject matter of the course during the semester, you are ready for the night before the examination. This is a night of feverish activity, which starts off with mad dashes to the rooms of various other students who are taking the course, where as much information as possible is obtained on what is going to be asked and what the course is all about. If you are lucky, you might even persuade some "brain" to study with you for a while, thus affording you an excellent opportunity for pestering him with desperate questions on various aspects of the subject.

After this, the next step is to take what little material you have been able to obtain and spread it out before you. Then begins the actual process of cramming, which will be discussed in the next lesson. This step is the final step in procedure for the night before the examination, and it lasts for the remainder of the night.

This process of cramming is not much fun, however, if you struggle with it alone, so it is much better to get with a bunch of other students for your cramming session. Now this bunch of students is not to be confused with the "brain" you have studied with earlier in the evening. In fact, such a "brain" is a highly undesirable character to have around

during the session, because he will probably insist on sticking to the business of studying, and will more than likely turn out to be a general, all-around wet blanket.

If you get the right kind of a gang together, you can really make a gay old time out of your all-night cramming session. It will have all the desirable qualities of a regular bull session, with the additional advantage that you can actually do a little studying together whenever there is a lull in the conversation. By thus mixing duty and pleasure, you can really enjoy the whole business.

Since none of you intend to go to bed on this big night, it is a good idea to stop once in a while and run to town for a cup of coffee at the hot dog joint. An even better idea is to have a small stove right in the room with a pot full of hot coffee ready at all times.

It is also a good idea to have a carton of cigarettes and plenty of food handy. The laying in of these supplies can be taken care of during the day, so that you will be completely prepared for your big all-night session.

All of which leaves us now with nothing better to do than proceed to . . .

IV. SYSTEMS OF CRAMMING

So far we have discussed the more general aspects of cramming; now let us be more specific: let us get right into the science of cramming. Science, says Webster, is knowledge reduced to a system. And in the field of cramming, we're certainly concerned with knowledge, and a lot of it. (So it says here, anyway.) It remains for us to reduce this knowledge to a system, so let us, then, plunge directly into a consideration of the various systems of cramming.

First comes the system of memorization. A student who is extremely proficient in this system is often able to make high grades on examina-

tions, which is what the crammer is after. Naturally, he will forget everything he had memorized soon after the examination is over, if not before, but that is irrelevant and immaterial. Cramming is a matter of making impressions that will last only a short time, and there's no need to try to figure out associations between the various elements of the subject, since that's almost impossible, anyway, without review at different periods throughout the semester. Naturally, if there are any discussion questions on the examination, this system of direct memorization is of no use whatsoever, so maybe it's not the best system after all.

Next, there is the system of spotting. In this system, the student selects parts of the subject which he thinks the teacher will ask about on the examination and gets those parts down pat, completely ignoring everything else. A talk with some student who is familiar with the practices of the teacher is very helpful in the determination of which things to pick out, and occasionally results in accidental correct choices.

We don't seem to be making much progress, so let's turn back to the first system and talk about one of the modified forms, the system of memorization through rhyme (see CRAMBO, in lesson 1). If you figure out items in the subject matter which form a rhyme, it is easier to memorize them than it would be without this device. The fact that you often remember the rhyme and forget the item is an insignificant detail.

One other method of cramming is known as the cribnote method. This consists of building all your information around certain key words, which you believe will be answers to various questions. Then these words can be copied down somewhere so that they can be scanned secretly while you are on examination. You

will find saddle oxfords, cigarettes, shirt cuffs, leather watch bands, and the insides of match books well suited to this purpose. There is only one disadvantage to this method: they call it cheating and they kick you out of school for it.

V. TAKING THE TEST

Having now stayed up all night shooting bull and poring over the text and your few notes, taken in moments of weakness, you are ready for the examination. You will now have become completely confused by the prolonged bombardment of details, but don't let that worry you; it's only natural. You don't care to grasp the significance of the course as a logical whole, so you needn't put the details into right relationships.

Of course, physically, you'll feel the effects of your all-night session. Lack of sleep will bring on an itchy feeling all over, a buzzing in the ears, and moments of dizziness, and you will grope your way along like a half-blind beggar, but by holding both hands on the pencil, you can force yourself to move it across the exam pad. Your eyelids will keep crashing down, but when this happens, you can turn loose of the pencil and with both hands pry them back open. As time goes on, you may become more and more miserable, but don't worry about it. Just throw the examination on the teacher's desk and stagger out of the room.

That, in essence, is the technique of cramming. There are many authorities who say that it is very effective for producing high marks in school courses. With that in mind, I have undertaken to prepare this guide, so that students unfamiliar with the cramming process can be introduced into its very efficient methods. May you soon master the technique! May you have good luck on your examinations! (And I do mean luck!)

5 Poems by Rita Case

FOR M.J.B.

(1)

I dipped my hands
Into your inviting spring,
But your water
Dribbled down through my fingers.

I counted
the freckles on your face
after you fell asleep
last night;
that is,
as many as I could see
without unfastening
the girdle of your arms.

(2)

Thumbing through this
Infinite novel of time
I find a poem tucked within
The chapter of your eyes.

I then
discovered ditches
I helped dig beside your eyes,
and my game
of sunny dot-to-dot
was called because of rain.

COCK-A-RIDDLE

FOR J.W.M.

Can you tell a cock-and-bull story
with a cockney accent?

I can.

Can you eat cock-a-leekie
in your cockloft?

I can't.

I don't have a cockloft.

I do have a cockhorse to ride, though,
and he has a cocktail.

Are you a cockalorum?
Or the one who killed Cock Robin?
No. I don't guess you are.
But what does lie in the cockles
of your heart?

Might you be a cock-eyed cockroach
who comes out only at cockshut?
Or are you a cocky cockscomb?
Or a cock-a-doodle dandy?

Why don't you come out of
your cockleshell?

I think you must be a cocker spaniel
(covered in cocklebars)
Who cocks his head and looks at me
like a cockatrice!

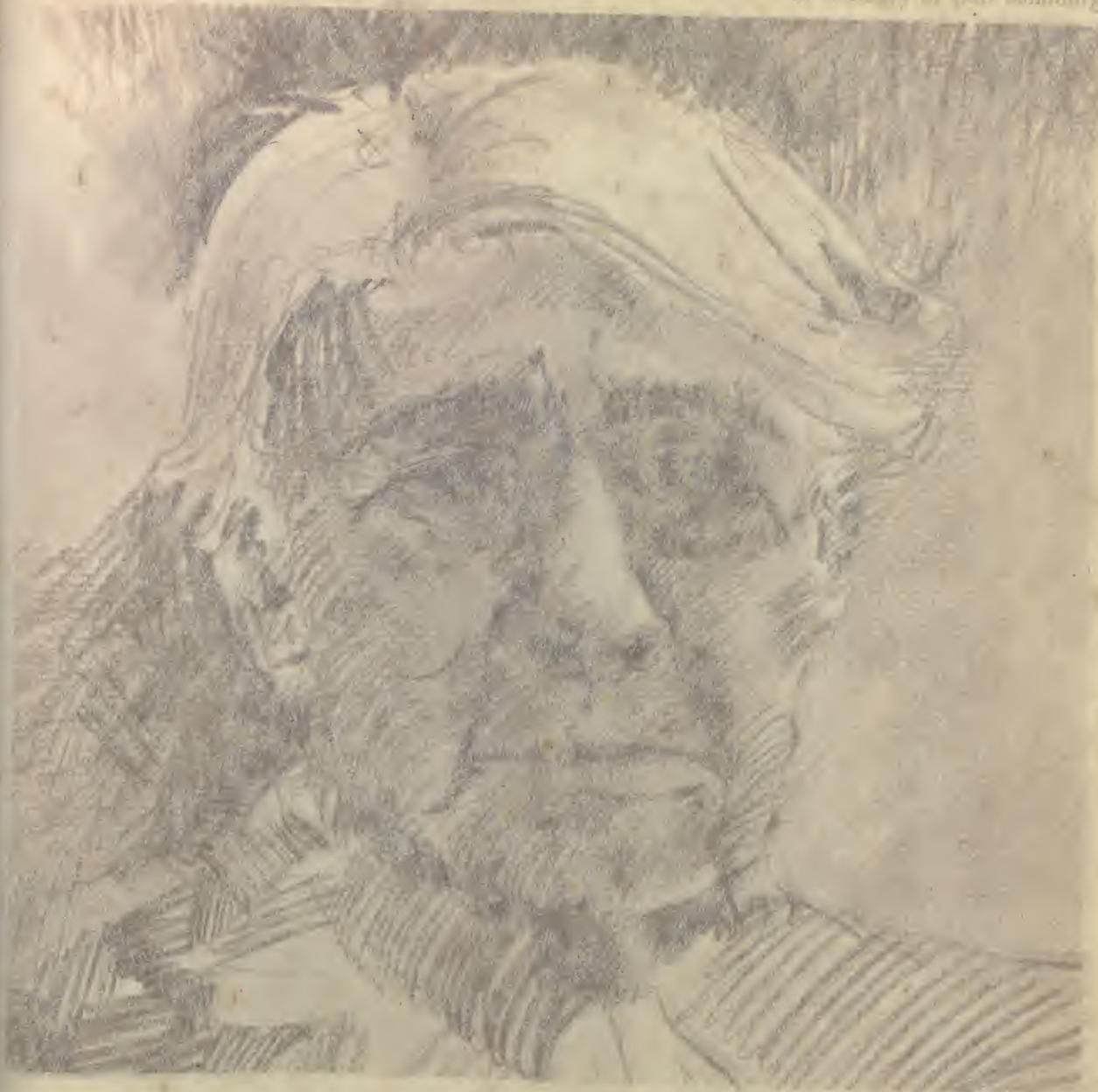
The afternoon child
(In her woolen skirt)
Flirted with the pathway
That led to your door.

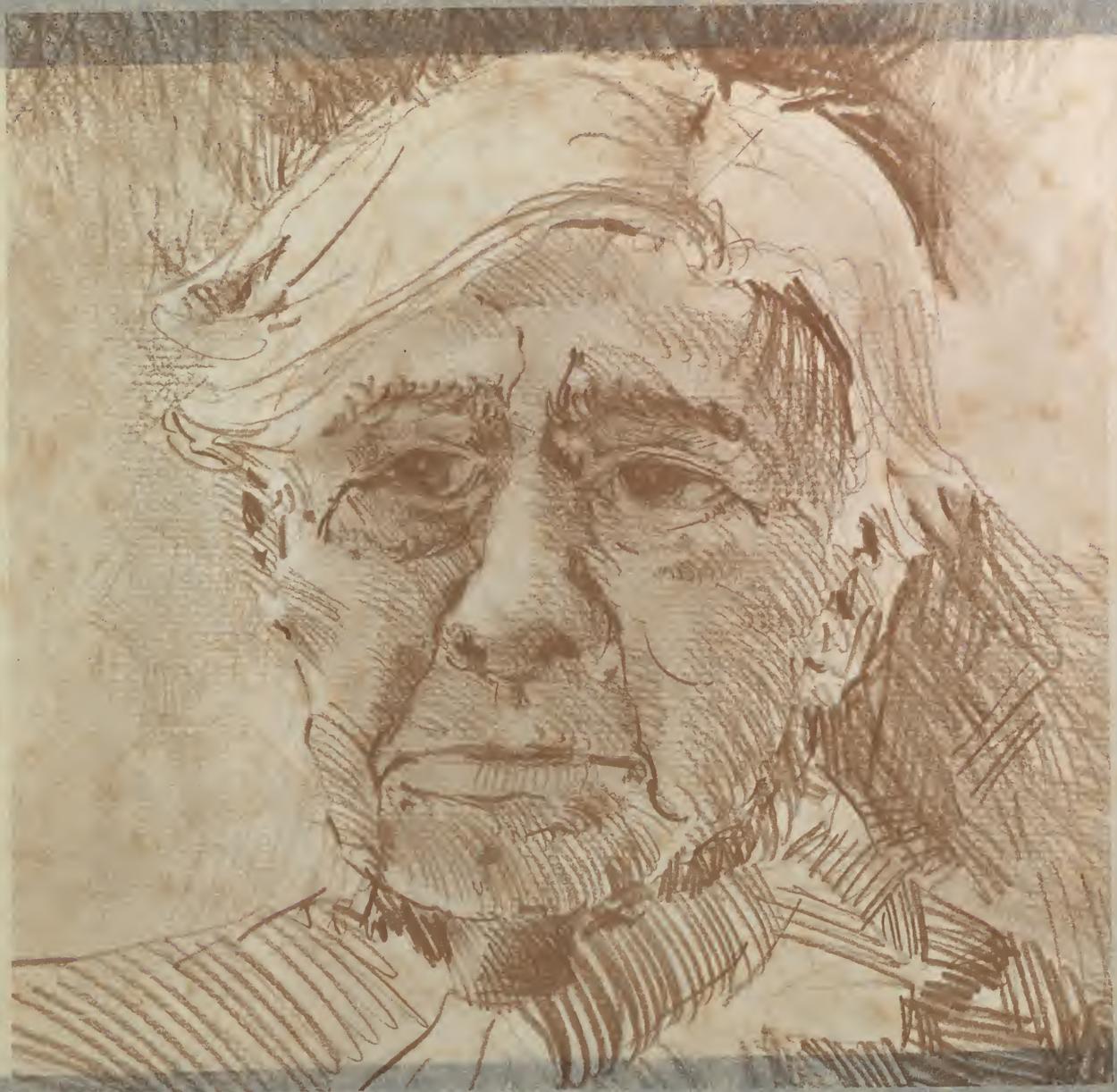
She slept in your bed.
You slept in her.

The afternight child
(In your woolen socks)
Never found the doorway
That led to your heart.

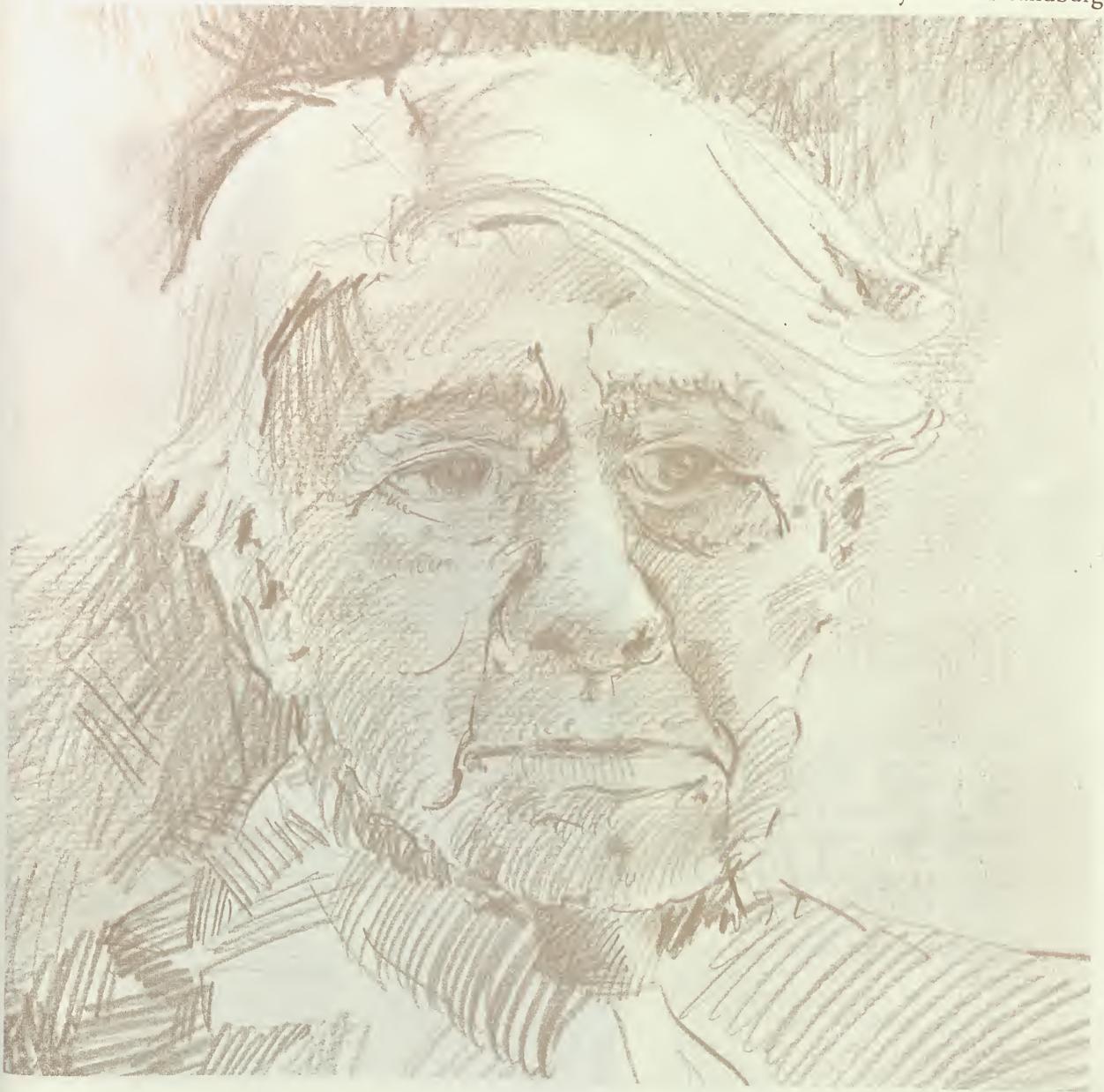


In Memory of Carl Sandburg





In Memory of Carl Sandburg



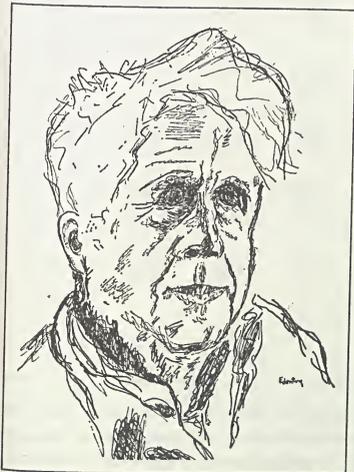
The Student

Volume  Number 4

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published by the students of Wake Forest University. Office: 224 Reynolda Hall. Contributions may be brought to the office or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. THE STUDENT is printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



<i>Editor</i>	Ted Boushy
<i>Managing Editor</i>	Allen Shoaf
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Don Bunn
<i>Fiction Editor</i>	Clare Ivey
<i>Editorial Assistant</i>	Kirk Jonas
<i>Business Director</i>	Don Phillips
<i>Creative Design</i>	Christopher Robin
<i>Photography Editor</i>	Don Bunn
<i>Political Editor</i>	Carey Bogen
<i>Advisor</i>	Bynum Shaw



Page Twenty-Eight



Page Six



Page Thirteen

CONTENTS: SUSAN SMITH: *The Chinese Language*, page 4. DON BUNN: *Photographic Portfolio*, page 6. C. EDWARD KIRKPATRICK: *An Inescapable Conclusion: Military Service*, page 10. ELIZABETH GROFF: *London Is Alive*, page 12. ROGER ROLLMAN: *The Wake Forest University Theatre*, page 13. DR. DAVID HILLS: *Professorial Wit*, page 22. JACK McDONOUGH: *The Inn of the Eighteenth Starfish*, page 26. RICHARD A. MACKEY: *The Old Poets*, page 28. MIKE THARP: *Studies of Carl Sandburg*. ED DENTRY: *Art Work*, pages 28 and 31.

The Chinese Language

Susan Smith

I have often marveled at the extreme differences in the sounds of different languages, and wondered if there was any relationship between the sound of the language and the culture of its people. For example, compare the German language involving guttural, precise, distinct sounds and logical grammar with the "scientific mind" of German people. Or particularly, compare the Chinese language involving soft, indistinct sounds and practically non-existent grammar with the aesthetic Oriental mind. Since language is the medium of thought, an understanding of the language of the Chinese people will lead to an understanding both of their means of thinking and of their conception of themselves.

The Chinese spoken language is music and must be sung. Each word, which is only one syllable, has a specific tone on which it must be pronounced. The nuances of tone are very fine but very important. The syllable "ma" for example, when pronounced at a high pitch and level tone means "mother"; in a rising tone of voice, it means "horse"; at a low tone, it means "cloth"; and spoken as the voice drops, it means "scorn." Therefore, if a Chinese were to get angry or excited and raise his voice pitch, he would inadvertently say things that had no relevance to what he meant.¹

The written language has no relationship whatsoever with the spoken language. Each Chinese character is a pictorial representation of an object or concept. For example, 木 means "wood"; 木木 means "forest"; and 木木

懷故詩一首
 淒淒微霜夜漸寒
 河山破碎獨悲嘆
 終而罷卷東途去
 乘風遙望玉門關
 浩浩淥水去不還
 殘紅更絕萬重山
 孤燈朦朧燃有日
 茫茫黃河總不乾

means "dense brush" or "big forest." "Mouth" is 口. The symbols are not at all phonetic. As a result, Chinese from all over China can communicate with each other by writing where they may be completely unable to understand aurally a dialect different from their own. Grammar is practically non-existent. There are no cases, no tenses, and no different forms of the verb "to be." Each character is an artistic expression of an experience. The concept "wood," for example, does not refer to the outward physical measureable qualities of wood, but to the total reality involved when a person experiences the wood through contemplation and intuition.² Characters are written (or rather painted—calligraphy is an art) in rows so that the symbols for experience are in the order in which the writer wants to communicate them. There is no punctuation, but rather a flow of association.³

The difference between Eastern and Western language implies wide divergence in oriental and occidental thinking. Where Chinese knowledge of the nature of things stems from personal experience, Western knowledge is rational, logical,

and syllogistic. Confucius' *Analects* are often disconnected rather like the Chinese language which is a "succession of concrete, immediately apprehendable examples and illustrations."⁴ Where occidental language is based on definition of terms in an objective sense, oriental language emphasizes the "immediately apprehended, sensuous impression itself more than upon the external common-sense object of which the aesthetic impression is the sign."⁵ Marshall McLuhan has a very interesting explanation of this difference. According to him, the language of the Eastern tribal civilizations was audial instead of visual. Whereas the visual has definite limits and structures, the auditory is more synaesthetic. This permits a total sense experience in senses into a character (e.g.) which is a completely different expression of the concept than is the oral sound. The emphasis on sound allowed for more emotional and spontaneous expression. McLuhan explains, "The ear, as opposed to the cool and neutral eye, is sensitive, hyperaesthetic and all inclusive, and contributes to the seamless web of tribal kinship and inter-dependence in which

A Poem of Reminiscence

With lightly falling frost the night is growing cold.
The devastated country brings but a bitter sorrow of old.
At last, he leaves his world of books and the rest,
Returning to Yu-Men upon the wind from the west.
The river flows and the water is gone.
Across the folding mountains has set the sun beyond.
As lasts a single lamp with scanty light,
Hwang-Ho will never find her water out of sight.

—Peter Chow

all members of the group existed in harmony."⁶ The western phonetic alphabet created a written symbol which related only to the sound of the spoken symbol instead of to the object itself. As opposed to having an integrity between the object and its symbol, the western alphabet produced fragmented symbols that were detached from the objects they represented. In addition, since the sound could be derived from the written symbol, there developed an over-dependence on the visual sense which "jolted tribal man out of his sensory balance."⁷

McLuhan describes quite well the contrast in Eastern life and Western life as caused by this language difference:

Audile-tactile tribal man partook of the collective unconscious, lived in a magical integral world patterned by myth and ritual, its values divine and unchallenged, whereas literate or visual man creates an environment that is strongly fragmented, individualistic, explicit, logical, specialized and detached.⁸ When tribal man becomes phonetically literate, he may have an im-

proved abstract intellectual grasp of the world, but most of the deeply emotional corporate family feeling is excised from his relationship with his social milieu.⁹

The breakdown of the tribe resulted (in part) from the fragmentation of the language. McLuhan charges that "whole man became fragmented man," and that "Schizophrenia and alienation may be the inevitable consequences of phonetic literacy."¹⁰

Literate mechanical society separated the individual from the group in space, engendering privacy; in thought, engendering point of view; and in work, engendering specialism—thus forging all the values associated with individualism. But at the same time, print technology has homogenized man, creating mass militarism, mass mind and mass uniformity; print gave man private habits of individualism and a public role of absolute conformity.¹¹

Thus, aside from its aesthetic value, the Chinese language induces an integrated view of life and a sound identity for its people. Where

the occidental emphasis is on rational truth, the oriental emphasis is on intuited sensibility.

If the purpose of poetry is for "deepening and on occasion of transforming our sensibility,"¹² then it would seem that the Chinese language itself is poetry. Inherent in the language are literary allusions and discernment of relationships (similes). The language is very personal as can be exemplified by the way a child is named. The parents, instead of simply choosing from a name pool, create a name that aesthetically beautiful and that embodies their feelings toward and hopes for the child. The name is unique, artistic when written, and musical when spoken. Perhaps the aesthetic quality of Chinese life, which is borne out in the language, can best be understood by Northrup's suggestion of the Chinese striving: "Education begins with poetry, is strengthened through proper conduct and consummated through music."¹³

¹ The inner serenity that comes from the harmony that is central to Confucian philosophy is congruent with the peaceful control of the Chinese man who never seems to get violent in his emotional expression. However, the intonation of words such as anger, joy, sorrow, etc. suggest the emotions themselves, so that a Chinese is always more expressive than a westerner by virtue of his means of expression.

² According to Kneller, there are five types of knowledge: revealed, authoritative (the word of an expert), intuitive (no analytic steps involved—just personal insight), rational, and empirical. Kneller reveals his western orientation when he follows this list with the comment, "Alone, however, intuition probably is not a reliable source of knowledge. It must be checked by the concepts of reason and the percepts of the senses." George F. Kneller, *Introduction to the Philosophy of Education*. John Wiley and Sons, Inc. New York: 1964, p. 10.

³ Compare modern symbolist poetry, where words do not denote their dictionary definitions, but they rather suggest the essence of the concept they represent and all its possible associations.

⁴ F. S. C. Northrup, *The Meeting of East and West* (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1946), p. 322.

⁵ Northrup, p. 322.

⁶ Interview with Marshall McLuhan, *Playboy*, March 1969, p. 56.

⁷ Interview, p. 53.

⁸ Interview, p. 59.

⁹ Interview, p. 59.

¹⁰ Interview, p. 60.

¹¹ Interview, p. 70.

¹² Germaine Brée, Ed. *French Poetry from Baudelaire to the Present* (Dell Publishing Co., Inc., New York, 1962), p. 11.

¹³ Northrup, p. 324.



Photographic Portfolio
by Don Bunn







Military Service: An Inescapable Conclusion

C. Edward Kirkpatrick

"It is the disciplined physical force of the nation, in other words the Army, which supports the state."

—HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE

It is extremely difficult to persuade someone of that which he is prepared not to believe, regardless of the argument offered in support of the object of discussion. It is almost as difficult to engage in discussion at all with such a person on a topic of such intensity. Highly opinionated, absolute insistence on one's point of view discourages all discussion and can lead only to heated tempers, hard glares, and vaguely muttered threats between two increasingly hostile individuals.

The subject of military service bears the questionable distinction of being of this genre. (This relates to the subject of selective service in no way whatever.) In three years at Wake Forest, I have not yet heard it discussed rationally. There is good reason for this. People with reasonable points of view realizes that the matter is effectively settled anyway, and would rather not run the risk of starting an argument which would consume time that might be better spent. One finds the topic discussed only among the extremists of each point of view; and the terms "discussion" and "rationality" cannot be used when applied to extremism.

When seen in perspective, the question of military service is relevant to only one set of arguments. If the situation is seen clearly, rationally, and with an attempt to suppress personal and institutional bias, this becomes obvious. The issue relates directly to questions of political philosophy and to the concept of political nationalism. This is generally obscured by the bigot of either point of view; the intellectual cripples who fill the air with charges and countercharges of "Fascist" and "pseudo-intellectual degenerate." The matter cannot be oversimplified, but can be discussed more intelligently when seen in the light of the political situation as it exists.

For purposes of discussion, then, it will be valuable to establish the fact of the current political situation in general terms. The United States is one among a host of nation-states, the origins of whose characteristics lie in the lamentable disintegration of nineteenth century cultural nationalism and its bastardization into chauvinistic political nationalism. The goals of any nation-state

are self interest, self protection, and self advancement. Each of the more powerful states with the means to do so extends its influence and power in such a way as to balance the challenges presented by its peers and to gain advantages among the less strong and less well-developed states. This it does to further its national goals and aims.

Inevitably, the pursuit of national aims leads to conflict among the power-holding states. Add to this system of organized competition the tensions created my modern economic practice and economic problems, technological advances, conflicting political ideologies and religious thought, local political and racial unrest, and modern weaponry, and the jungle which is international relations can be more easily seen. Conflict is further aggravated by the fact that man's technology, with its extensive influence, develops faster than man's capacity to make peaceful use of it through government.

The United States has an unique position of power, wealth, and political dominance, common only to a few other nations. With these states, the United States must compete for leadership of the smaller nations and for position in the political scheme. This it must do or abdicate the position into which it was thrust at the end of the Second World War, a patent impossibility. Therefore, American foreign policy must deny the concept of the United States isolated or aloof. This policy is long established; it accepts the challenge of competition or death as a political power.

The point is, this is the way things are. The only way (however desirable it may be) to change government policy is to win a majority at the polls. No amount of demonstrating or marching and protest can change this fundamental policy. Even granting that the possibility for such change is present, it is obvious that change within one nation would be insufficient. To be effective, change in the world system would be necessary.

But within a single state, it is apparent that the generation which holds power will regard a generation which has divorced itself from the ethics, speech, dress, customs, and traditions of

its society as a threat, and will ignore its protests and appeals. Change in policy can only be brought about among generations by the so-called "conformist" who adheres to the ways of his society, *but* who works for the change he feels is necessary by using the rules of the game. He attacks from within, upon the matrix of society. I submit that a citizen bearing non-radical credentials and proposing change will be listened to with greater sympathy than an incoherent and destructive mob. Violence brings gains of an artificial nature, political chaff mortally subject to the winds of change. Contrary to popular opinion, the conservative point of view is not devoid of intellectual content.

Recognizing the world situation to be as it is, and unlikely to be deflected from its course by any sub-national groups, we see that assigning values of good and evil to the system is logically irrelevant to the question. Reality dictates that its interests, protect its way of life, and attain its goals. What that force is to be is dependent upon a nation must maintain sufficient force to protect the level of civilization which has been attained. At the present, the force must be military in nature. The "balance of terror" which exists in the world today and which defines world politics, while unquestionably abominable to any rational man, cannot be altered until international trust asserts itself. To this, the dove of hope resignedly flutters away until a better day.

Making the world safe for democracy is no longer the goal of American policies; that Wilsonian idealism has been supplanted by the necessity for merely making American life safe for democracy. Insuring the rights of citizens to pursue their chosen occupations and interests and to share in a balanced economic and social system free of foreign influence—these are the really basic goals sought by the government. Foreign policy and the maintenance of foreign relations comprise the vehicle which serves this end. It is necessary to maintain our military forces in order to preserve these freedoms just mentioned. Creation of a separate warrior class to accomplish this goal would be as senseless as it would be dangerous. Alienating the military from the civilian society creates a separate class with separate interests and goals which given

time, could assert themselves with all of the unpleasantness and social evils of any Latin American revolution.

So we are inevitably led to the conclusion that we are left with only the civilian-soldier upon whom to depend. Here, the timeworn concept of the responsibilities of citizenship must be admitted. No man who enjoys the benefits of the society to which he belongs can reasonably refuse the duty to serve in the preservation of it. Granted, those of particular skills should perhaps be permitted to serve their state in capacities more suited to their talents than military, but the requirement for a substantial military force cannot be refuted. A small force is inadequate for our role, because we no longer have the time for a leisurely mobilization in time of war. These oceans no longer afford us security.

Some among us assert that no government is worth fighting to preserve because all governments pursue essentially the same aims, the implementation of which deny man his individual rights, and are therefore equally evil. This, and the position that nationalism is a destructive force at best, are arguments which, while they have their merits and objective truth value, ignore reality. Democracy, however limited, must struggle to save itself from totalitarianism because, however limited, the former provides greater freedoms and latitude of action for the individual than does the latter. Those who pursue the anarchist position live in a dream world—the individual cannot "opt out" and cease to participate in world affairs. Man is increasingly cosmopolitan; no Walden Pond exists.

The world exists as it is, and not as we would prefer that it would be. Military service is incident to citizenship in this world, for citizenship implies the responsibility to participate in the defense of the system which provides the freedoms one enjoys, and the world has not yet achieved a rational means of settling disputes. As the world exists, nation-states exist, and armies exist to serve the ends of the nation-states. Participation in the world competition is enforced; thus citizens' participation in the maintenance of their society is essential. Thus, military service is not so much an obligation as it is an inescapable conclusion.

In England you never see a lack of lustre in a person's eyes, the absence of a bounce in his walk, or the failure to answer a smile. Their society has never stagnated; they dissent but don't destroy.

10 Downing Street, the residence of Prime Minister Harold Wilson, is guarded by one bobby—unarmed. Contrast that to our network of cops, federal agents, and double-0 zeros who often threaten more than protect. I asked an old gentleman on a bus why there was only one bobby there, and he answered, "Oh, if there's a serious demonstration, they may send down one or two more."

In England there's nothing to fear. Sure, there are quite a few bedraggled weirds in Soho, but nobody's going to stab you. Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park is the epitome of the British way of saying what you damn well please publicly and knowing that you may be jeered at, contested, heckled, but never physically harmed. They know that violence is no means, let alone a solution.

I expected the British people to be cold, busy, and unconcerned—mainly just plain cold. Not so. Many times I'd be wandering around and would walk up to a total stranger to ask directions. Invariably, he or she would stand there and talk to me for ten or fifteen minutes, and often would even walk along with me to wherever I was going. The highest compliment was when someone would ask me, "You're *not* a tourist; you're a student, right?"

I've never been much of a sightseer, but I had a change of heart the moment I glimpsed the city from the air. I cannot over-rate the solemn grandeur of Westminster Abbey, the tall impressiveness of the Houses of Parliament, the historical impact of the Tower of London, the traditional color of the Changing of the Guard, or the stark, stony beauty of Windsor Castle. And these aren't all.

London is crowded, but I felt no claustrophobia as I do in a city like New York. They utilize every inch of space, but they do it with a design. Although London is industrial, and I had to wipe an occasional piece of flying crud from my eye, the buildings and streets are impeccably clean. Even in the poorest sections, the

windowpanes sparkle and boxes of flowers bloom on the windowsills. They love beauty; where there is none, they make their own. You can't walk for more than six blocks or so without encountering a lush green park, complete with flowers, benches, water fountains, and at least one or two interesting people who'll make friends with you.

The British public transportation system is expedient beyond belief. I was fascinated by the underground (subways). They're clean, fun, and nobody's going to pick your pocket, snatch your purse or slit your throat! The huge, red double-decker buses are just as nice. They've avoided the American mistake of letting the railroad industry deteriorate in favor of planes. I rode a train from Liverpool to London in less than three

London Is Alive

Elizabeth Groff

hours. That's more than 200 miles! Besides, I had the best cup of coffee I've ever tasted on the way and saw beautiful countryside.

Teatime is a joy. They serve tea, crumpets, scones, small cakes filled with whipped cream, dainty sandwiches of infinite variety, breads, butter, jams, tea and lots more tea . . . I'll never understand why that tradition didn't survive in America, but my guess is that most Americans wouldn't be bothered with taking the time to sit down, relax, and just talk for a while. I think that's sad. We deny ourselves simple pleasures that we could so easily have.

The British are the most fun-loving people I've ever seen. They drink, gamble, make love, argue, go to the theater or cinema, drink, dance, drink, sing, and drink some more. Their pubs are the

greatest! I met some marvelous people there. Each pub serves only one particular brand of beer; they choose a pub not because of its atmosphere, but because of their preference in beer (most serve liquor, too, and food). Such congeniality! I saw only one drunk Englishman the entire time I was there, and he wasn't bothering anybody. Meanwhile, I learned to drink warm beer and enjoy it.

Carnaby Street and King's Road are the fashion-setters for the world. Carnaby Street is only two blocks long; King's Road extends for two miles. Although most of these stores are over-priced by British standards, they're quite comparable to our own.

Young people in England dress well and appreciate color. Bell-bottoms with wild shirts and vests prevail for both sexes. The shops are tiny, cleverly-decorated boutiques with rock music playing in the background, and it's as much fun to watch the shoppers as it is to shop.

Generally speaking, the English are much less inhibited than we are. They're affectionate with one another, and they feel free to be demonstrative about it. Lovers are everywhere—on the grass, in stores, on the underground, in the parks, under trees; and, best of all, nobody scowls at them!

There is a deep sense of freedom, of individuality, of doing what you like wherever you like. People notice each other, *really* notice each other, and they don't mind getting involved. They are much more generous with their time and emotions, and don't rely on dollars and cents (excuse me, pounds and shillings) to express interest.

Their society is less materialistic than ours. They use money as a means for exchange, but don't get up tight about it. They like *things*, sure, but there's less urgency, less *I want, I want*. When they want something, they work and work hard to get it. Then they keep it and don't tear it up or trade it in for something newer. They take more pride in their possessions than we do, as they take more pride in their country, their mates, their friends, their jobs, and themselves as individuals.

Whatever it is about England, it's different; it's fun; it's beautiful. Maybe it's better, maybe not. I'm going back to find out.



TEXT BY ROGER FRANCIS ROLLMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE McNEIL

DESIGN BY THEODORE F. BOUSHY

The Wake Forest University Theatre

The Wake Forest University Theatre



Could the Wake Forest theater interest a large audience today in a play dealing with savage Indians, an innocent girl and a thrilling rescue by George Washington?

It is doubtful, today's tastes being what they are, that a sudden rush would develop at the box office. But in 1836, when exactly such a play was performed at the Wake Forest Institute, as the school was then called, it was welcomed. It was also the play which began the theatrical tradition at Wake Forest.

That 1836 production was an un-named play written by Professor John Armstrong of the Institute's faculty.

Armstrong also was to have the distinction of founding the now defunct literary societies, which would play a role in the development of the theater.

His play was presented under the stars as part of the 1836 celebration of July 4th. An institute male student played the young maiden who was captured by the Indians and taken to their camp.

Spectators watched the performance by torch light as the girl was tied to a Carolina pine and sticks were piled at her feet. Perhaps here the script called for the girl to moan a soulful lament.

The torch light danced off the near-by trees, forming weird shadows deep in the forest that flanked the stage. Before burning the girl, the Indians conveniently decided to nap. As they slept the girl struggled to free herself and finally broke down in sumptuous supplications to the heavens for help.

Enter George Washington and the play's happily patriotic ending.

W. T. Brook, who saw the play, wrote this terse understatement in his diary: "Had quite an interesting time. Performed an exhibition which did us much credit. Ladies and Gentlemen well pleased with the performance."

After that somewhat droll account of the play, it seems that few people cared to write about theater, such as it was, for the next century. There is a period of about 100 years that might just as well be the dawn of time for all we know of it.

The literary societies played a hand in the developing theater, but infrequently. The type of play they did was generally of the Greek classical tradition and Shakespeare. The Ibsen's and Strindberg's who flowered in the late 1800's appear to have been ignored.

The acting and directing was done by students. If the college, the institute became a college in 1838, gave any money toward the productions, it was a small amount. But it is unlikely that it gave anything that was directly tagged for theater use.

The plays themselves were reserved for special occasions, such as patriotic observances. But religious days were excluded. The theater had a shady reputation.

At least until the advent of the 20th century, performances must have been done during the daylight hours. After that 1836 play the spectators complained of a dark walk home.

It is also safe to assume that the productions were given whatever space could be found since the college lacked suitable facilities.

So drama on the Wake Forest campus went whimpering across the last century, a bastard child in the academic world of the college.

It was in 1942, after the college became co-educational, that the foundations for the theater as we know it today were laid. In February of that year a Dramatic Club and the Wake Forest Little Theater were formed.

Dr. Franklin Shirley, present Chairman of the Speech Department, remembers hearing of those early 1940's, though he did not arrive on the campus until 1948.

Shirley said the little theater was a cooperative venture between the college and the citizens of the town of Wake Forest. The town's people provided a board of directors which helped select plays, and gave moral support. The students provided the acting, most of the directing and most of the sweat.

Of that period, Shirley said, "It was more a social type of thing rather than a reaching for great artistic heights. Interest in the theater was high. From all reports, the productions were poor but the theater worked hard at what they were doing."

During the Little Theater period, the college was giving some money on a fairly regular basis, perhaps as much as \$300 a year by the time Shirley arrived on the campus.

In those days the speech department was only a division of the English Department. Shirley was the first person to be paid on a regular basis for his work as director of the theater. He was also teaching courses in speech and handling the debate program.

Arsenic and Old Lace opened the 1948 season. It was followed by *Ghosts* and *Othello*. Shirley said he began then what he hoped would be a tradition of presenting one Shakespearean production a year during the Magnolia Festival.

The tradition came to a halt when James Walton ascended to the theater's throne.

On the old campus in 1948 there was no stage. Shirley continued to present plays in the Wake Forest high school auditorium, which had been used by the Little Theater. The auditorium was used until 1952 when The Chapel was built on the campus, with facilities for play production.

The Chapel did not have everything needed for a production, but it was adequate.

While Shirley was directing and trying to handle his other jobs, Dr. Charles Allen of the Biology Department designed and built sets. The practice, which still exists today, of working long hours before a production, getting all the technical work done, was part of Allen's life.

There were the long walks home at night, past the hallowed buildings, in the cold winter air, fresh with the feeling that all the work has been done and that the play could be done with only a minimum chance that the sets would come crashing down on the actors.

For Allen there are the memories of that high school auditorium with its hardwood floors that defied nails. Sand bags were used to brace everything. There was a production of *MacBeth*



with a ghost that seemed to appear from nowhere. "Some people just couldn't understand how we did it."

Allen said he thinks there was better student support for the theater in those days because there were fewer things competing for the student's time.

His active participation in the theater waned in the middle 1950's as the work of moving the campus to the Wiston-Salem site demanded more of his time.

His arrival brought quick changes to the theater scene. He ended the college-town relationship, re-named the Little Theater the College Theater and began courses in stage directing and stage craft.

No plans had been made for the 7th level so it was given to Shirely. This began the familiar joke, "What an unusual place to build a library—under a theater."

Walton first built an arena or round theater because of the ease and speed with which one could be constructed. It was the first of the arena type stages in Winston-Salem.

The arena, built where the proscenium now stands, was a student labor project entirely and was finished in time for the first production on the new campus, *The Innocents*, in October. That 1956-57 season was to see five plays. The third one, *Caine Mutiny*, was nearly a box office disaster and Walton turned to a musical, *Pajama Game*, to gain bigger attendance.

It was the first time that *Pajama Game* had been released to a non-professional group and it was the first musical done at Wake Forest. It must have been what the people of the city were waiting for because it was standing room only on opening night and every night it ran.

Walton returned for the 1958-59 season with five more plays. By May of 1958 the arena had been moved to its present place and the proscenium was built where the proscenium now stands.

Walton once said that he overheard some members of the history department while they were walking through the 7th level. They were talking about using the empty space on the level for history department offices. For Walton that was provocation enough and he began construction of the proscenium to fill the space. The story may not be true, but . . .

The first proscenium production was *All My Sons*.



Walton was still testing himself as a director in the late 1950's. One of his experiments was the staging of three one-act plays in February of 1959. The first and second plays were done in the proscenium while the third was held in the arena.

1959 also saw the addition of new light and sound booths, new lighting equipment and a costume room.

Walton returned briefly to an old tradition in May of that year to present Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Since 1959 was turning into a vintage year for Walton, he also decided to act in one of his plays. In line with his sense of humor he was the aunt in *Charley's Aunt*, with Dr. Percival Perry and Dr. David Smiley also in the cast.

By the early 1960's Walton had achieved the appearance of the proscenium theater that it retained until recently. The arena still keeps its Waltonesque appearance.

The arena now stands neglected, part of its seats torn out and a variety of items stored in its recesses. But Walton made frequent use of the arena while the proscenium was neglected.

Walton said over and over that the arena was the actor's stage, demanding more of the actor because it left no place to hide mistakes. The audience not only surrounded the playing area but was rarely more than a few feet away.

Another laurel in the theater's list of accomplishments in those years was the 1961 first off-Broadway production of *Invitation To A March*.

Gena Petruska, long-time friend of Walton's



and a professional actress, appeared in three of his productions. She played the dowager empress in Walton's two productions, 1958 and 1966, of *Anastasia*. She also played Hamlet's mother, Gertrude, in 1961.

In her 1966 portrayal of the dowager empress on the Wake Forest stage, Miss Petrushka provided a visual learning experience for her student fellow-actors on stage. Her entry onto the stage was a commanding sight as she breathed fire and literally spat words at her adversary.

The student actors had never seen anything like it. It was just what Walton had hoped for.

Walton also did the first reader's theater at Wake Forest in 1962 and later was not above using a real horse and a real waterfall in his 1962 production of *Roshomon*.

In the late Walton years, his tastes ran more to the lighter, less substantive plays. He said in 1966 that this resulted from his desire to attract more of the off campus people since few of the students came to the theater on a regular basis and the faculty had not given the theater the support he wanted.

The academic community did not give much thought to the theater in the early part of that decade, Shirley said. "It certainly was considered a non-essential part of education. But I did receive encouragement from the English Department."

He remembers a lack of staff and time as the biggest problems of his theater. With a schedule calling for three or four productions a year and Shirley being called upon to do other work, stu-

dents would occasionally direct a play as would faculty members. Justus Drake of the English Department for example, directed *Hamlet* during the 1949-1950 season.

In 1950 the schedule included *School for Scandal*, while a block buster in 1951 was *Romeo and Juliet*, which was the first time that the acting abilities of a football player were used. Later, under James Walton, that would become a tiny tradition.

In 1952 Clyde McElroy joined the speech division as Director of the Theater. McElroy came near the mid-year mark and was the first to produce plays in The Chapel.

The Student of 1952 mentions one play, *Family Portrait*, which played to "the usual small audiences." It was a religious play with limited appeal but it got BOFFO reviews from the *Biblical Recorder* and the *Alumni News*.

McElroy was a thin looking man of medium height and thinning light-colored hair. Interestingly enough he was known to his students as Dr. Mac.

In his four years with the theater, from 1952 to 1956, McElroy added further legitimacy to the College Theater and sparked more interest among the faculty and administration alike. He saw the college in transition from Wake Forest to Winston-Salem and then left for graduate work.

The last play done on the old campus was *Twelfth Night*, which was also the last play done on the university's proscenium stage before it was torn out and rebuilt last summer.

In the fall of 1956, as a replacement for McElroy, James Walton was hired on a one year contract. He stayed 10 years.

Walton was surely one of the most colorful directors that the theater has had. An ex-football coach, his dress was sloppy. He seemed to thrive on old baggy pants and Hawaiian shirts that screamed all over the campus. His lasting trademarks were his ever present cigar and his baseball cap with a large N on it. He always wore it when his *alma mater*, Nebraska, played a football game.

He arrived on the new, muddy and somewhat barren campus with no theater. Shirley had already looked for a suitable place. The buildings and grounds people had offered the lower auditorium of Wait Chapel or a place in the gymnasium. Neither place was acceptable. Shirley asked for the library's 7th level.

With the "firsts" that Walton did while at Wake Forest and the lasting imprint he left on the theater's physical plant, it was Walton's directorial style that commands attention. He seemed to care little for the backstage activities. Such things were left to students if he could manage it.

His concern was with the final product, with what the audience saw after the lights went up. He was outspoken, almost cruel with words, and absolutely firm in his beliefs.

Walton looked for an almost indefinable quality in his plays that was "theatrical." After his 1962 production of *Hamlet*, Walton said, "But considering Mr. Shakespeare as a dramatist writing plays for the producing theater, it is my opinion that he is an overrated playwright. *Hamlet* does not necessarily demand good acting; it demands good oral interpretation."

He added that *Hamlet* should be done as a "museum piece. Let us not revere William Shakespeare as a theater artist or a saint. In this man's opinion, he is neither."

For Walton it seemed that the theater here was training ground for people going into the professional theater. If the student failed to enter the profession after graduation, it was the student's fault.

In 1965 Walton was joined by Dr. Harold Tedford. Tedford brought a different approach to theater education, with less emphasis on professional ambitions after graduation and more emphasis on educating the student in all aspects of the theater while the student was still in school.

Walton left Wake Forest in 1966, amidst tearful good-bys and much reminiscing, to teach at the University of Delaware. In the fall Tedford became director and Martin Bennison became assistant director.

Tedford is a departure from Walton in his

approach to theater and to people. Instead of screaming during rehearsals, Tedford is quieter, perhaps more patient. There is less tendency for Tedford's theater to use a cast system among interested students, while under Walton the theater appeared closed to many people.

Tedford wants to involve many people in the theater, to have a broad base among students interested in theater and give them a chance to participate.

"I try to select plays that appeal to the university community and offer the student the most meaningful experience." The theater should give students a chance to see plays of many periods and styles, he said.

His plays have ranged in content and style from *Under Milkwood* to his most recent *Summer and Smoke*.

Tedford considers the theater as a serious art form and not a place for those looking for a nice extra curricular activity.

Under Tedford the support of the faculty and students for the theater has grown. He said he is pleased with the support that the University Theater receives from the administration.

The most significant event to occur during Tedford's directorship came last summer when the old proscenium was demolished and a new \$15,000 theater took its place. Compared to the old theater, the new one is posh in every respect. But Tedford and many others are looking to the creation of a Fine Arts Building. There is a desire to turn the 7th and 8th levels back to the library.

In the immediate future, however, Tedford said the theater is closely tied to the graduate program of the speech department.

He said that the graduate program will give a broader base for participation by providing people who can supervise an expanded theater program. An immediate weakness of the theater

is not being able to allow students full freedom of creativity. There is no place for that creativity. Tedford would like to see more original drama by students in the theater.

Tedford said of his past assistant director, Martin Bennison, "He had an articulate and persuasive approach (to theater) and a fine sense of the theatrical, sometimes lacking in the modern theater director."

Bennison's red, thinning hair and well manicured mustache were the most distinguishing characteristic by which strangers could easily identify him. He is young and certainly while he was at Wake Forest he was a searcher.

He questioned his own visions of what theater is, moving progressively, it seemed, toward a more tentative "What should theater be?"

Bennison's two years are perhaps best remembered in his production of *Look Back In Anger*. It had its forceful vision and subtle understanding.

Now, as the theater gains more of the Tedford personality, a new man has assumed the position of associate director.

Dr. Donald Wolf has just finished his first Wake Forest productions, *A Man For All Seasons* and *The Promise*.

In the years since Dr. Shirley came to the school, the interest in theater has grown. This can be partially reflected in its budget.

In 1948 the budget was \$500 a year. That called for a lot of dedication and "pitching in" to make the theater work.

Today the budget is in excess of \$10,000 a year and still people must and do give themselves freely to make the University Theater function.

The setting has moved from a wooded cove, to a partially empty library floor to Theater 8 West. After all that distance, it is not likely that the theater's history will content itself on past achievements and grow stale.



The Wake Forest University Theatre possesses a strong, dramatic spirit; it lacks neither tenacity nor excitement. It is more than its productions; it is a family of creative, talented, dedicated people who define it with their involvement.

Wake Forest's theatre program is a vital part of the university's total educational process. One of the strongest co-curricular activities, it offers practical and creative expression for that knowledge which is gained through classes, reading, exams, and papers.

The University Theatre is a challenge and an opportunity; it means hard work, but it also provides enjoyment and relaxation.

One of the University Theatre's primary purposes is to establish a creative environment in which artistry is supplemented and encouraged by courses such as Acting, Stagecraft, Theatre History, and Directing. By establishing such an environment the University Theatre enriches the student's education and contributes to the cultural life of the academic community.

For several years, members of the student body, faculty, and administration have enjoyed productions which demonstrated a healthy diversity of period and style. Among the most recent productions were Thomas's *Under Milkwood*, Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Osborn's *Look Back in Anger*, Williams' *Summer and Smoke*, and Arbusov's *The Promise*.

Several one-act plays directed, performed, and written by theatre students also offer members of the university maximum opportunity for entertainment.

The University Theater is active and successful. Its production standards and achievements are both educational and professional. Class instruction and individual guidance are part of a warm, personal atmosphere which is a distinctive part of the theatre program.

In the University Theatre's activities the student's personality is recognized. He is encouraged to experiment and explore aspects of the theatre which are exciting to him. He can expect to find a friendly atmosphere in which to work with others.

In this environment of intellectual and creative honesty each student should be able to discover his talents, find methods of employing and expressing them, and learn from their development.

—Theodore F. Boushy



Harold C. Tedford, Director of the Theatre



Donald H. Wolfe, Associate Director



MURPH'S CLEANERS

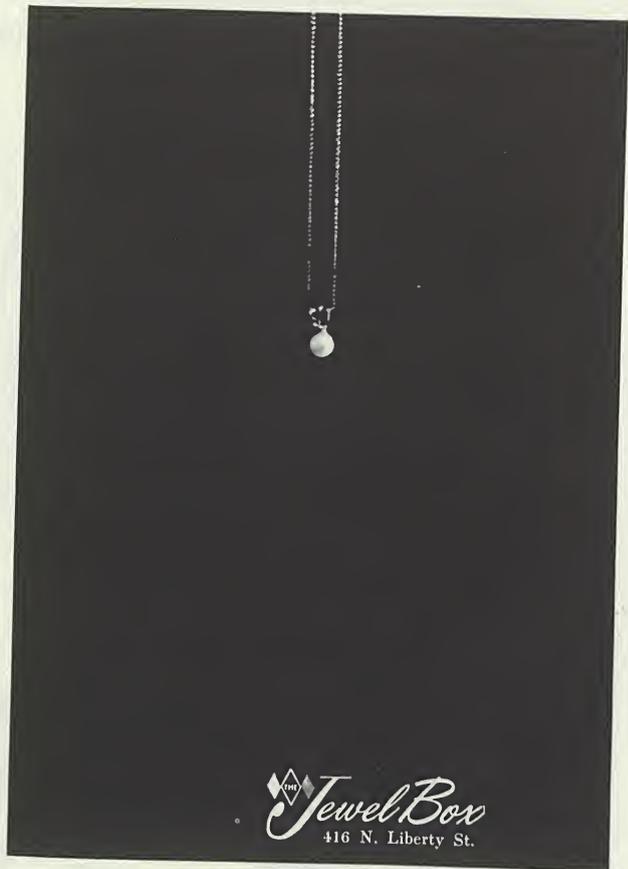
DRY
CLEANING

COIN
LAUNDRY

SHIRT
LAUNDERING

FAST
SERVICE

COLLEGE PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER



Jewel Box
416 N. Liberty St.

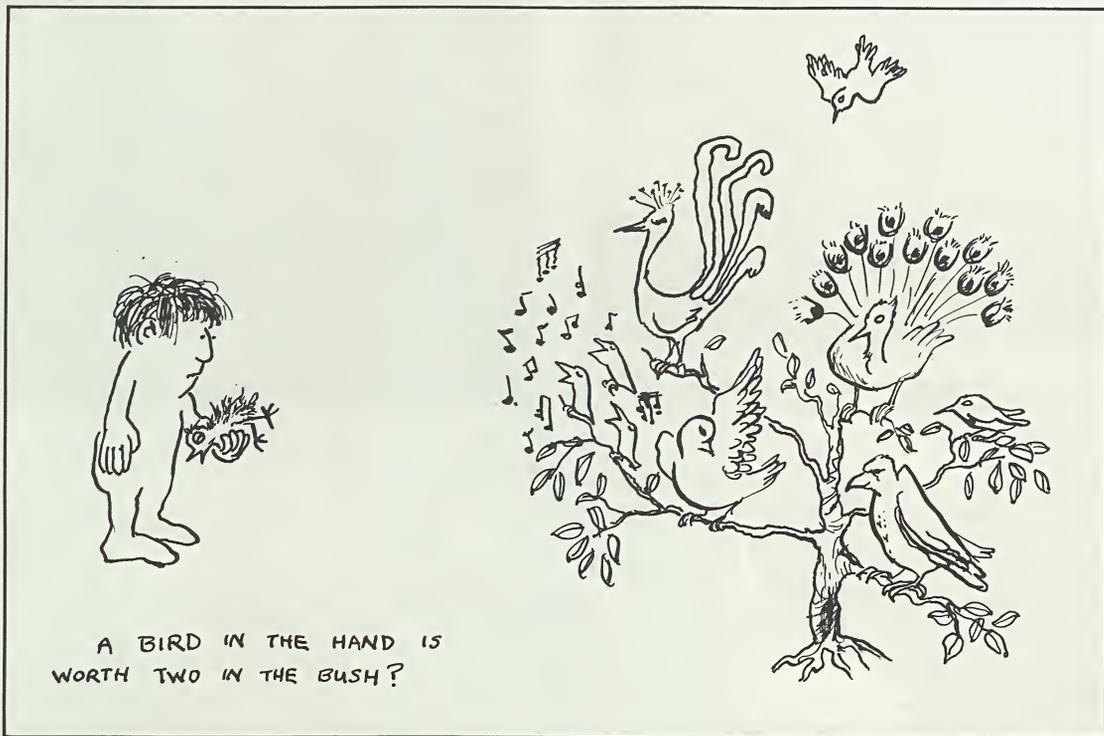


Reynolda Florist

PHONE 724-4411

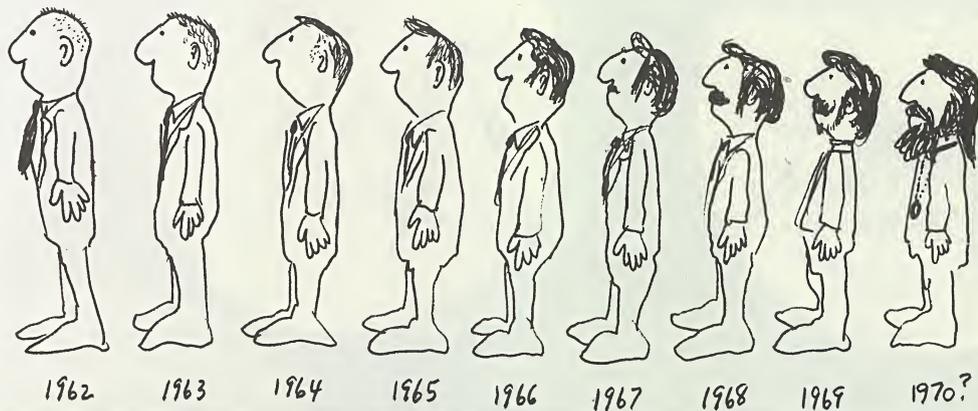
Professorial Wit

Dr. David Hills



A BIRD IN THE HAND IS
WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH?

TREND ANALYSIS IN PROFESSORIAL HAIRINESS

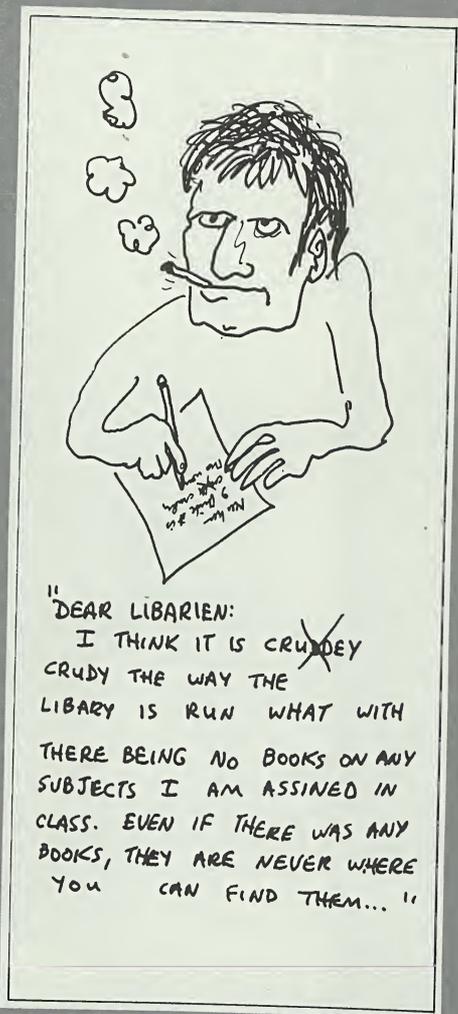
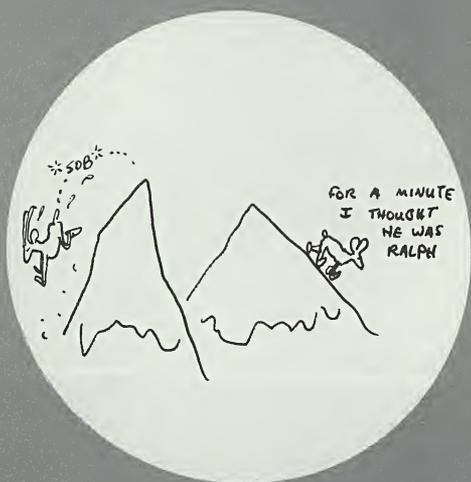
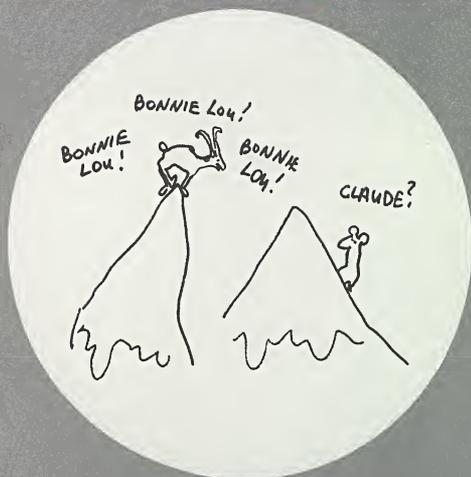
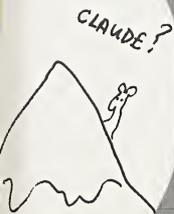


PERSONALLY, I THINK STUDENTS DRESS CONSERVATIVELY AT WAKE FOREST TO AVOID BEING MISTAKEN AS PART OF THE FACULTY.



THE LONELINESS OF
THE LONG DISTANCE LOVER







The Inn of the 18th Starfish

Jack McDonough

I'm not sure why I did it or why I stayed. It had been an unusual summer in the usual way; we had been to more of the places on the coast than we had in years past, and we'd done more things. Nothing unusual, really, but even if we had done anything unusual, we probably wouldn't have noticed it—we had been marching our dream in front of us for long enough to be pretty well immunized against acknowledging unusualness. And I sometimes think that merely doing commonplace things, and doing more of them, mixed in with a quick handful of mary jane and simmered in the twilight heat of an unlegislated dream, was what made for the unusualness that someone, somewhere, always and inevitably insisted on endowing us with.

But somewhere deep in August—deep, deep in August—it had begun to wash away, as irretrievably as our footprints in the sand. The fall came. The leaves got rich and taunting, and like the leaves reluctantly releasing their fingertips from their branches, we began to drift off. Of course we all made plans to write to one another. Though all of us knew very damned well that no one was going to write, we knew just as well that we had to promise to do it. And we knew just as well, too, that we would be together again sometime, regardless of whether we ever wrote. Several of those who left were going South to the Keys or to Sarasota, I think. For some reason Adam and Scotty and Barbara decided on St. Louise; and it's been learned from a reliable phone call that Michael and Johanna made it to Sauselito.

I don't know if they all ever made it to where they were going. As I say, no one wrote. But I'll see them again soon, and then I'll know. At any rate, I stayed. Peter stayed, and David stayed, and Mark stayed. And Sandra stayed.

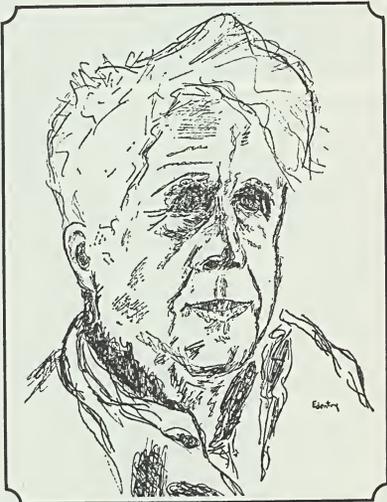
It was near the end of the summer when Sandra slept with me. That may be why I stayed, and if it is, I'll not be afraid to admit it. I'm not really sure—there are not a bunch of things I am really sure about—but I love Sandra about as much as I could love anyone, which, I am afraid, is not too much. But then, I'm not even sure about that.

We had been to Brigantine that night. I always loved to go to Brigantine at night, very late, because it was clean and very quiet there. The sea there would come rolling in like flowers out of Keats, and you could be alone enough there to let the sea really frighten you. I was lying there trying futilely to look out past the point where the moonlight struck the water and came rolling in on its carpet of firefly light, and was pretty close to deciding to walk out there, a few miles out and a few miles down, buried in fish and seaweed and coral and sponges to build my own Davy J's locker—except that mine would be a helluva lot more arty than the average John Hunky's comprehension of Davy J's locker—when she rolled over to me and said, "Kelly, what will happen now?" So I told her that I didn't know—I cared, but I just didn't know—and she stuck her nose into my cheek and bit my ear and said, "Let's go back."

So we went back. I started to light the candle in the old green Rhine-skeller bottle and she said, "No, leave it dark," and sat down on the bed. When I put my hand out to touch her, so I'd know where she was, she bit it and pressed it around her hip and ran the edges of her nails over my arms.

She surprised hell out of me, she really did. We had been alone here a million times before and I had no trouble understanding that if Sandra were sleeping with anyone, it wasn't me. Of course I wanted her to, but I never pressed her about it. As I say, I loved Sandra in my own way and I could love her as much out of bed as in bed. Anyway, she knew how I felt, and maybe that's why she waited—waited till the footprints had been washed away and the trees had begun to talk of autumn. And right in the middle of it all, she looked at me and whispered, "It's me, Kelly. It's not anybody else. It's me."

So I couldn't very well leave after that. But I had no reason to anyway, and I didn't want to. Sandra was good to me after that. I could have gone, and she knew it, and maybe even halfway expected me to. But I didn't want to, even though I always told myself it would have been a source of no irreparable emotional damage to me if I had. But we understood each other too well. She knew that I wanted to stay. She was happy, and a girl like Sandra when she's happy is a girl such as I've never seen before and will not let go if I can help it. So we stayed. Peter stayed, and David stayed, and Mark stayed.



In contemporary American Society the accent, as the advertisements say, is on youth. Reasonably detached historians of our culture may, in fact, wonder how long the current actuarial deceleration can sustain its present tempo: from mature "girls" through teeny-boppers and nymphets to the latest micro-bopper scene. There may, in fact, be a mounting middle-age backlash building in the revival of the Bonnie-and-Clyde 'thirties, a nostalgia for Borsolinos and Duesenbergs, for Garbo and Donald Duck. Yet the contemporary cult of youth is not limited to the world of the "beautiful people." We are all wearily accustomed to news clips of eager Senators climbing mountains with one eye on the camera, of Cabinet members jogging the open road at double time, and of Supreme Court justices frantically making the discotheque scene.

The familiar image of the poet in such a society is too often that of a precocious artist burned out on the ledge of a fiery adolescence, discreetly dying in his early majority. By his late twenties, the lyric poet has generally disappeared into the prosaic figure of a record-company executive, a presidential consultant, or a tight-lipped academic going for tenure.

The cliché is, of course, an old one, thoroughly certified by the example of a Kit Marlowe

The Old Poets

Richard A. Mackey

Reprinted from the John Hopkins Magazine

spilling his guts in a tavern brawl before the age of 30 or a Chatterton dying of poverty and arsenic at 17. The image of the youthful poet burning a brief trajectory through life was probably fixed indelibly by the generation of the Romantics: Keats dead in Rome at 25; Shelley drowning off Pisa at 29; and the last survivor of the trio, Byron, succumbing to his own legend a few years later at Missolonghi.

This inheritance has determined both the "life styles" of many would-be poets and the way in which many readers approach lyric poetry. The poet is no longer society's aged bard and chronicler but some sort of eternal undergraduate of life. And, correspondingly, his audience tends to expect intensity of feeling rather than range or wisdom to be his privileged commodity. While this attitude intelligently cultivated may serve to encourage initial experiment, it all too frequently tends to foreclose the possibility of a deepening or an evolution of talent. A figure of the poet as young-man-with-a-guitar like Bob Dylan, so agonizingly aware of his mirror image in the "media," presents an exemplary warning of the burdens of age and change for any artist of the Now Generation.

It is ironic, then, that so many distinguished members of that generation of American poets

which more than any other established their nation's place in the history of the language lived remarkably long lives. It is even more remarkable that many of the poets of the generation variously styled "the modernists" or "the men of 1914" should have continued to write throughout their long careers and, in some cases, should have continued to evolve as major writers into the last decade of their lives. The tone of these remarks is perhaps too sepulchral, since many of the members of the generation are still very much alive. One has only to think of the later work of Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, John Crowe Ransom, or Conrad Aiken to recognize the vigor with which their example has penetrated subsequent generations of American writers and readers.

A rapid review then, simply of the familiar anthology names and their vital statistics may suggest the originality, range, and extraordinary longevity of the poets born within two decades: Frost (1874-1963), Sandburg (1878-1966), Stevens (1879-1955), Williams (1883-1964), Pound (1885-), Jeffers (1887-1962), Moore (1887-), Ransom (1880-), Eliot (1888-1964), Aiken (1889-), MacLeish (1892-), and Cummings (1894-1965). Even when he includes those members of this generation who are still living, the sober poetic actuary comes up with an average age of 79.

But such number games are less important than the remarkable ability of many of the modernist poets to strike out for new ground at an age when most writers are resigned to seeing their poetry pass into the hands of anthologists and candidates for the Ph.D. Eliot, who seems to have been a preternaturally old man during the revolutionary days of his early poetry, discovered some of the familiar joys of youth during his later years, cultivating with considerably less gravity minor muses and new genres. The old Carl Sandburg, with his guitar and bard's manners, in some ways anticipating the youngest, amplified troubadours of the mass media. Our humane literalist, Miss Moore, continues to find a place for the genuine through her scrupulous attention to the quotidian of *The New York Times*. While the Ford Motor Company and Messrs. Alston and Reese have been the occasional beneficiaries of her generous precisions, celebrates technology as exotic as "Tipoo's Tiger" and heroes as modest as Elston Howard.

Yet it was William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens who managed to do what very few poets have ever attempted—to write some of their best poems in a style newly found after the age of 70. During a period in our cultural history not distinguished for its innovation—the mid-1950's—both men published some of their most original and ambitious work. They are truly "experimental poems," and yet poems which gather up the preoccupations and discoveries of a very long life.

In a remarkable essay published in 1911, "Das Abenteuer," the German sociologist Georg Simmel explores the "phenomenal aspect" of a common human experience—"having an adventure." Simmel analogizes the experience of the adventurer to that of the gambler, seducer, and artist—for all of whom *chance* has become part of a definite context of meaning. In each case, an abrupt climax places the sense of an ending into the same perspective as the beginning.

Simmel suggests that "the adventure does not belong to the life-style of old age." He emphasizes the importance of the *form of experiencing*, rather than the content, to the definition of the adventure, and adds:

In general, only youth knows this predomi-

nance of the process of life over its substance; whereas in old age, when the process begins to slow up and coagulate, substance becomes crucial; it then perseveres in a certain timeless manner, indifferent to the tempo and passion of its being experienced. The old person lives either in a wholly centralized fashion, peripheral interests having fallen away as unconnected with his essential life and its inner necessity; or else his center atrophies, and existence runs its course only in isolated petty details, accenting mere externals and accidentals. Neither case makes possible the relation between outer fate and the inner springs of life which constitute the adventure.

In youth, then, the accent falls on the *process* of life, on its rhythms and antinomies; while in old age, the emphasis is on life's *substance*, compared to which events more and more appear relatively incidental.

Yet the life-styles reflected in the late poetry of both Williams and Stevens are different and afford a paradoxical commentary on Simmel's categories. The last poems of Williams are in many ways the successful recapturing of the "adventure" of youth, yet an adventure recovered, "enacted," within the new dimension of memory; while the last poems of Stevens are eloquently representative of Simmel's experience of "centrality," and yet they are enacted within the peculiar immediacy of dramatic meditation.

In his career as both a poet and a family doctor in Rutherford, N. J., William Carlos Williams seems to have had little difficulty in coming to terms with his immediate environment. For Williams, as for Walt Whitman, the encounter with the world is initially one of *contact*; the experience of the poem is local and intimate. The old quandaries about the nature of the self vanish in the energetic act of apprehending and verifying the rampant local world of particulars which surrounds the poet.

In the poems and the prose experiments of his middle years, Williams sought to include some sense of the disordered society in which he found himself and of the native history which alone, he felt, could restore some meaning to the chaotic fragments of American culture. Through immersion in the life-styles of native heroes (*In the*

American Grain), he tried to recover and affirm a sense of human community in the industrial Waste Land of northern New Jersey. Like the anthropologists' *rites de passage*, this immersion into books and documents promised a periodic renewal of his own sense of the immediate. He explored this new solidarity with the American experience in a number of ways, not always at first successfully: in the raw artifacts of the city, its signs, slogans, and the fresh anarchy of speech; in the lives of artists he had known or admired; in the anecdotal encounters with courage or beauty in the responses of his patients and neighbors. The efforts and indirections all point toward an attempt to enter and comprehend the notion of the *city of man*.

Although this immersion in the native idiom which he sought to discover and invent led to years of experimentation, the ritual entry into the new world can be marked by the publication, in 1944, of a small volume called *The Wedge*. This is the growing point for the achievements of the later poetry: "Paterson: The Falls" embodies the program for the epic poem; "The Dance" records the first of the measures he will strike from Brueghel's genius; and "To All Gentleness" and "Raleigh Was Right" herald the elderly poet's immersion in a new experience of human love which is no longer simply volcanic, but admits of receiving as well as giving. The landscape must be inhabited by human affection: "Love itself a flower/with roots in a parched ground."

Williams can stand in delight or astonishment at the casual human acts which strike this fire from the world, but at no point so far does he seem to have any real penetration to the existence of minds other than his own. Love is a perilous transaction of the utmost value, but it is a bestowing and receiving of great gifts in the dark. His eyes explore and caress, but until he enters a new dimension of his own experience he seems to resist the eyes which look back at him.

Rigor of beauty is the quest. But how will you find beauty when it is locked in the mind past all remonstrance?" So, at the beginning of *Paterson*, William Carlos Williams describes his quest and the dimension which had heretofore escaped him: the co-present times locked in the

human memory. Memory was his passage to the discovering imagination.

Just as personalities are allotropic in Williams' poetry, the imagination presents many faces. In the final poems, once the hard fact of age has been accepted, the imagination flares up as a power which animates the memory and illuminates the verbal tapestry: love.

Acceptance in these last poems carries the poet beyond the "anecdotal" quality of so many of his earlier human encounters. In "The Desert Music" (1954) or "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower" (1955), there are successive layers of time which interpenetrate, from Greek myths to current newspaper headlines. What sustains them all within the structure of a poem is the constant pressure of the speaking voice remembering, elaborating, celebrating. The gesture which is symbolized by the music and the flower is an acceptance, a protection, and a final affirmation.

Williams achieves the new space and presence only when he can look clearly at the wintery prospect of age. In "The Descent" the final trajectory of life reveals "a world unsuspected"; the inexorable defeats of time are transformed into a promise of "Love without shadows." The instrument of this perilous victory is the abiding love which can awaken memory:

Memory is a kind
of accomplishment
a sort of renewal
even
an initiation, since the spaces it opens are
new spaces inhabited by hordes
heretofore unrealized . . .

Love discovers a new geometry in the imagination. From a disorder, paradoxically, "order grows—grows fruitful." There had been a prophecy of his fruitfulness in the life of Williams' grandmother. He had early seen the paradox of an old age which is at once a depletion, the hungry world of winter, and a final completion, the "piping of plenty." Although he could not then enter into the secret of his grandmother's vitality, he played out the paradox within the precise limits of the extended metaphor of flight in "To Waken an Old Lady":

On the harsh weedstalks
the flock has rested
the snow
is covered with broken
seedhusks
and the wind tempered
by a shrill
piping of plenty.

Out of the unending struggle, just at its most barren moment, the birds discover life and the signature of rebirth in last season's broken husks.

Projected as part of *Paterson*, published as a fragment in *The Desert Music*, and finally completed for *Journey to Love*, Asphodel, That Greeny Flower" marks the summation and final love-song of Williams' poetics of immanence. A poem which begins as a private and public confession, "Asphodel" becomes, progressively, a consolation at the close of a long career and an exultant epithalamion. A humble flower is the only token of life in the extremity which the poet touches at the beginning of the poem. But it is also a figure to start the dance of speech in which the poem must find its life:

I speak in figures,
well enough, the dresses
you wear are figures also,
we could not meet
otherwise. When I speak
of flowers
it is to recall
that at one time
we were young.

The poet can say, "Like this flower, / I persist." And in the persistence there is both life and the steady unfolding of the metamorphic poem:

Are facts not flowers
And flowers facts
or poems flowers
or all the works of the imagination
interchangeable?

This flower is the tiny flash of color which revives the waste land, like the bits of green bottle in "Between Walls," of which the poet

writes: "In a waste of cinders, loveliness, in the form of color, stands up alive."

The "Coda" of *Asphodel* is a climactic celebration of the transforming fire of the imagination—and of *love*. Restored to light through the renewal of his marriage, his lifetime opens before him like a flower:

Asphodel
has no odor
save to the imagination
but it too
celebrates the light.
It is late
but an odor
as from our wedding
has revived for me
and begun again to penetrate
unto all crevices
of my world.

The cycle of discovery is completed in a New World transfused with light. The last adventure for Williams has been to win back his own past, its guilts as well as its affirmations, and thereby to illuminate the poem of his life. As the poet says of the flattened sparrow in a late poem dedicated to his father:

Practical to the end,
it is the poem
that triumphed
finally. . . .

Finally, after every paradoxical descent, in the asphodel transfused with light we emerge on the other side of life—at the goal of that love which for Williams moves the sun and other stars.

Superficially, the careers of Williams and Wallace Stevens had certain similarities. The physician in Rutherford and the insurance executive in Hartford both seemed to find some ordering principle in their professions; they soon came to terms with the demands of the routine, whether medical or legal.

And yet, as both Williams and Stevens realized, their life-styles were radically different and their final poems afford perspectives which illuminate two very different achievements. If the

Williams of *The Desert Music* and *Journey to Love* finally achieves in the tessellated times of memory the coherence of what Simmel calls "the adventure," Stevens is, in the section of the new poems titled *The Rock*, finding the last, plain style and "centrality" of experience toward which his career was a preparation.

The poems first collected for the volume honoring his seventy-fifth birthday are like a plain-song compared to the themes and allegories of his more opulent earlier poetry. (It is perhaps deceptive to speak of the "early" poetry of Wallace Stevens, since he published his first book, *Harmonium*, at the age of forty-four.) But what he called the "essential gaudiness" of his ironically finical style or the imagist precisions of the same period in his development do not completely conceal in the earlier poems the preoccupation with a few topics which were to be the subjects of his last and barest meditations. He returns again and again to man's place in his fluent environment, to human mortality, and to the creative powers of the imagination as it interpenetrates that environment and redeems that fate.

Despite the extraordinary evolution of styles which occupied Stevens for over forty years, his poetry displays a rigorous unity of impulse and purpose; a limited number of themes, situations, characters, shifting "climates," and images reappear and build their private resonances. His poet, "any man of the imagination," inhabits the center, surrounded by the vast disorder and richness of the physical world. There is also something of the steady accustomedness, the wonder before the commonplaces of life, which characterizes Stevens' later poetry. However grandly bare his later work is, in contrast to the exuberant tropics of *Harmonium*, the tone is not in any sense valetudinarian. The surprise and the thankfulness before the arresting possibilities of life and language persist to the end.

He may begin 'Long and Sluggish Lines' with the weary observation: "It makes so little difference, at so much more/Than seventy, where one looks, one has been there before." And yet he is interrupted by "an opposite, a contradiction . . ." "What opposite? Could it be that yellow patch, the side/Of a house, that makes one think

the house is laughing . . ." The first poem in the collection, "An Old Man Asleep," is a modest portrait of the artist as septuagenarian, dozing between the two worlds of earth and imagination:

The two worlds are asleep, are sleeping, now.
A dumb sense possessing them in a kind of
solemnity.

The self and the earth—your thoughts, your
feelings,

Your beliefs and disbeliefs, your whole
particular plot;

The redness of your reddish chestnut trees,
The river motion, the drowsy motion of the
river R.

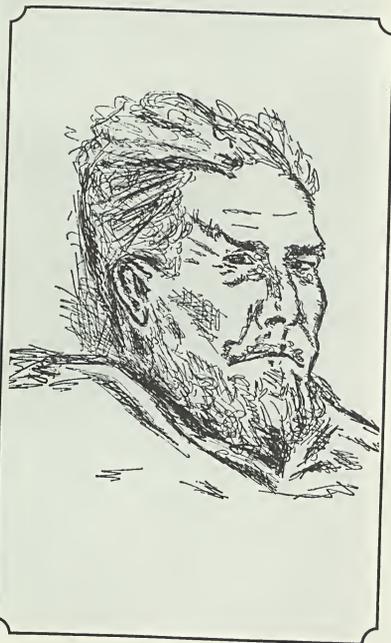
It is to this final tempo that he orchestrates the poem in which he meditates on the last days of George Santayana, "To an Old Philosopher in Rome." Santayana, who is nowhere in the poem mentioned by name, died on September 26, 1952, at eighty-eight, the devout skeptic whose last years had been spent in the nursing home of the Little Company of Mary, an English Order of Roman Catholic nuns. The philosopher and sometime poet took seriously the commonplace that "man is a rational animal." For him, as for Stevens, thinking was not copying or "picturing" but rather a creative, poetic act, much like the world on the "blue guitar" and not merely a mirror of "things as they are."

Although Stevens shares with Santayana many themes and images, the philosopher touched Stevens' life directly only once, during the latter's undergraduate years at Harvard, when the young teacher and the student poet exchanged manuscripts and shared a few drinks. But the poem which memorializes Santayana is more than an occasional tribute to someone he had known briefly 50 years before. It is an evocation of the poet's task and consolation, standing on the very threshold of silence. The metamorphic imagination of the old philosopher confounds the present moment with the long arcades of time, the objects and shapes of the room, where his "actual candle" blazes with "artifice" like the shifting light of the imagination:

The bed, the books, the chair, the moving nuns,
The candle as it evades the sight, these are
The sources of happiness in the shape of Rome,
A shape within the ancient circle of shapes,
And these beneath the shadow of a shape
In a confusion on bed and books, a portent
On the chair, a moving transparence on the nuns,
A light on the candle tearing against the wick
To join a hovering excellence, to escape
From fire and be part only of that which
Fire is the symbol: the celestial possible.

The flame in this central hermitage, the imagination transforming the simple inventory of the sick-room, "the afflatus of ruin," wakes for both poet and philosopher the old dialogue between catechism and the ordering mind. The poet at last addresses the old man in this extremity, "alive yet living in two worlds," between skepticism and animal faith, between the lucent ring both life and whatever the imagination can make of death . . .

Richard A. Mackey, a poet himself, is an associate professor in the Center for the Humanities at John Hopkins.



Studies of Carl Sandburg by Mike Tharp

