



THE REBEL

All American Honor Rating



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THE REBEL

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Purvis



Pittman



Sorensen



Pipkin



Contributors

Freida White Purvis, a resident of Ahoskie, N. C., a former assistant-to-editor of **The Rebel** and a former editor of **The East Carolinian**, provides us with an excellent short story in this issue of **The Rebel**.

Featured poet for the fall issue of **The Rebel** is **Claire Pittman**. Mrs. Pittman is currently an instructor in the History Department.

In the concluding pages of the fall issue will be found the work of **Preston Pipkin**, advertising manager for **The Rebel**.

The Rebel is fortunate to have among its poetry contributors **Dr. Frederick Sorensen** of the English Department.

Robert McDowell, a junior English major, and **Linda Faye Bryant**, a sophomore Sociology major, contribute their poetry for a second time to **The Rebel**.

Making their first contribution of poetry in this issue are **Linda Texter**, **Steve Hubbard**, and **Archie Gaster**.

Contributing photography for this issue of **The Rebel** are **Skip Wamsley**, **Charles Mock**, **Robert McDowell**, **Charles Griffin**, **Walter Quade** and **Scott Tabor**.



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Sparrows, jays, mockers

flying cross the theatre stage—ha! little clowns—

or kids maybe—so full of life—

so infused with the autumn sun—warm and mellow.

fags, dentyne wrapper, plastic straw, and paper cup

in the cement aisle—

sticks, acorns, leaves of holly, beech, and oak—

crackly, curled, and brown

a black ant zigzags over its littered, massive world

and I . . . I

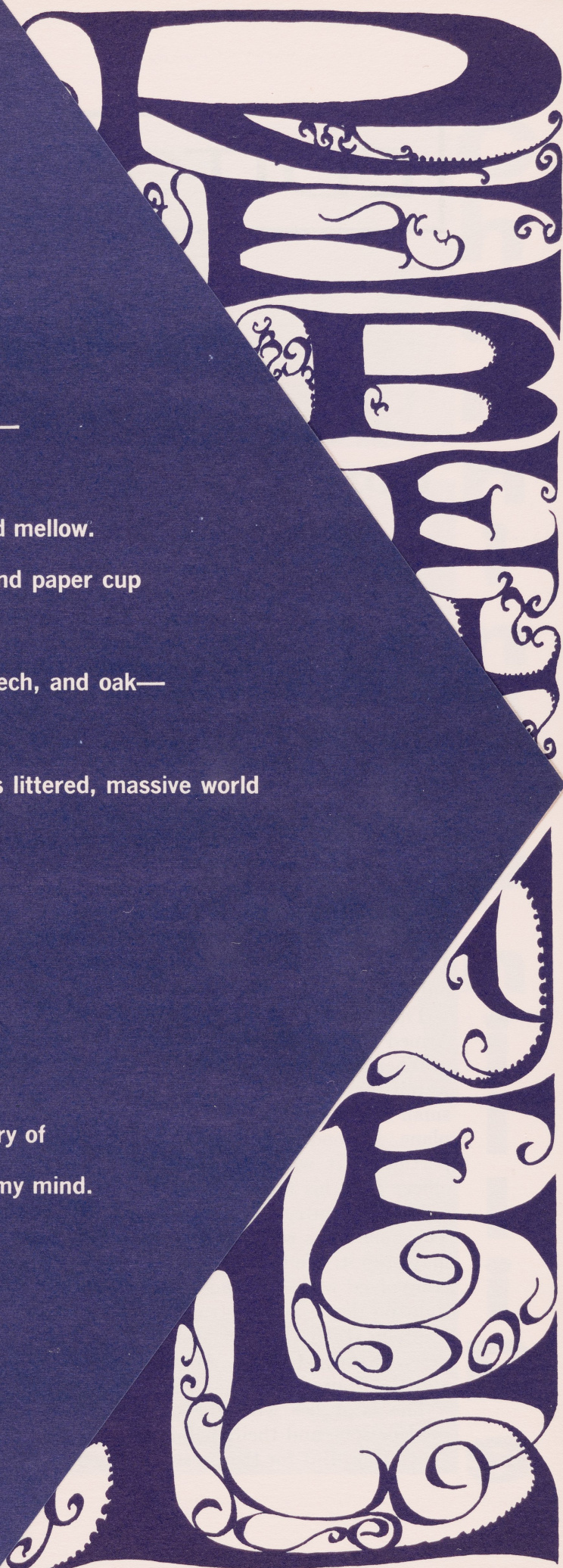
watch and love and

stuff this pregnant moment

in the memory of

my mind.

linda faye bryant



June 12, 1968

To the editors and staff of *The Rebel*:

Having just completed your last attempt at literary anonymity, I feel that you must be congratulated on having achieved the finite limit of amorphously structured literature; finer works than yours lie rotting in my wastebasket.

Encouragingly yours,
Richard Bleusang
Editor of *The Delver*
Greenlake College
Clocksburg, Illinois

TO EVERYONE THAT IS CONCERNED:

Ya'll have done a good job on *The Rebel* in the past. And one reason is because you were up there in Old Austin and didn't have anybody but me to bother, and anybody but me to bother you. Well, and now that you are down there on campus, smack in the middle of everything, you know why it is that I preferred to maintain my existence in Old Austin. You see Old Austin was not just a tradition, but perhaps the last stronghold of a fleeting tradition—where people spoke in quiet voices, loved in a thousand small ways, and were never too busy, or too crowded to take time out to make a smile or understand another person. I enjoyed the cookies and milk at night.

But down there in Wright you've got a lot to put up with, and it is not the place for me to be, by any means. I only hope the people that will never understand what it is to be intransient, to live in the quick glimpse of a passing sensation, so mute and so abstract, so indefinite that, well, it is lost to most everyone. I only hope that those people will be a little sympathetic with *The Rebel* and try to understand what it is like for something, anything, to exist in a foreign land.

But if I wish you any wish for this year, I will wish you a speedy exodus. I really wish that you could return to the promised land. But one can never regain the glory of the positive hour, I suppose. And time and prisons, so much alike, are usually created by man for his own personal use.

Shucks,
Hulk,
Buenos Aires, Argentina

September 13, 1968

To the editor:

Last year's series of *The Rebel* magazine was fantastic; keep up the high quality of your tremendous mag. Beware, however, of the excessive number of enclitic words which your authors use, for these debased words reduce the precision of careful writing. Otherwise, your creative efforts are fab!

Yours truly,
Godfrey Bentz
Charlotte, N. C.

un-
i take
i hunge.
save your
untitled

May 24, 1968

To the editor:

You and your cohorts must really have used a lot of Ben Franklin's midnight oil writing this year's *Rebel*. It is undoubtedly one of the best *university* magazines in the United States. Where you got the time away from your studies to produce such timeless works, I do not know.

Have a good summer; your overworked encephalons surely need the rest.

Yours praisingly,
John Trawls
U.S.C.G.C. Cape Cleare
c/o Postmaster
Perth, Australia

September 23, 1968

Rebel Staff:

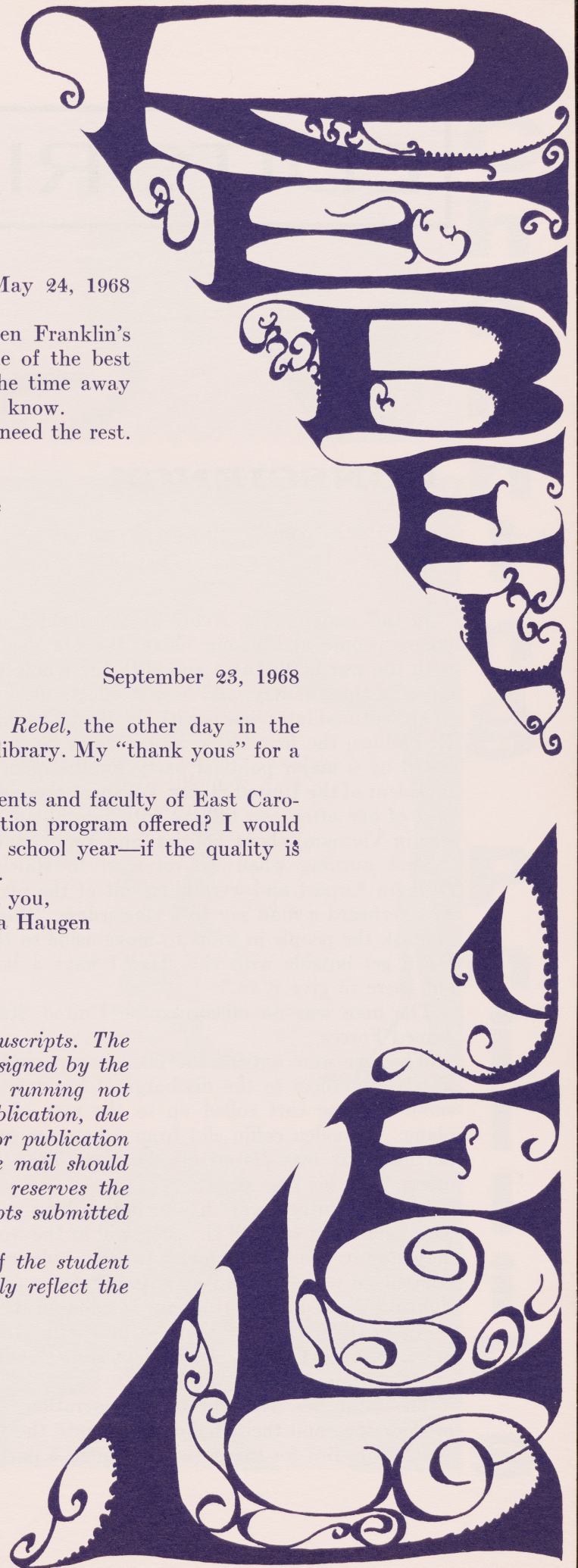
I just discovered your publication, *The Rebel*, the other day in the periodicals room of Valparaiso University's library. My "thank yous" for a really dynamic, speaking 'magazine.'

Is *The Rebel* circulation confined to students and faculty of East Carolina University? Do you have any subscription program offered? I would really like to receive your editions for this school year—if the quality is still comparable to Fall/Volume One, 1967.

Thank you,
Shauna Haugen

Editorial policy: The Rebel welcomes all letters and manuscripts. The letters and manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, and signed by the author. Letters should not exceed 500 words. Manuscripts running not longer than 1500-2000 words will be more desirable for publication, due to the format of the magazine. All manuscripts submitted for publication will be returned to the author. (Manuscripts received in the mail should include a self-addressed envelope, postage paid.) The Rebel reserves the right to edit or change in any way all letters and manuscripts submitted for publication.

The views expressed in The Rebel solely reflect the views of the student writers and the editors of The Rebel. They do not necessarily reflect the policies of East Carolina University.



EDITORIAL...

CONSCIENCE

In this issue of *The Rebel* we are dealing with young people and young ideas. We are dealing with the war in Vietnam and with the whole war ethos in this country, and how it effects us.

Our featured interview is with the Rev. Channing E. Phillips, the first black man ever to be nominated by a major political party for the office of president of the United States. We spent the major part of one afternoon talking with him about the war in Vietnam, about politics, and about youth.

That evening when we returned to Raleigh-Durham Airport and were filing out of the plane, we overheard a man say to a stewardess, "Would you ask the people in front to move aside so that I can get outside with this flag? I have a body out there to give it to."

The man was an officer in the United States Armed Forces.

When we were outside the plane, we paused to watch the officer in the discharge of his duty. A small baggage cart rolled up to the rear of the plane. A wooden coffin slid from a baggage compartment. It was placed on the cart. Then the officer gave his flag away.

In this country, "war" has become a dirty word. Yet, none of us with all the good will in the world may stop it. We tend to forget that a whole world is involved with war and no nation holds a copyright on death and destruction. If children die in Vietnam, then children also die in Biafra, Indonesia, Korea, Central America, Czechoslovakia, and the United States.

The fault lies with the older generation. Our predecessors, and theirs before them unto the first generation. But for the present moment, a portion

of one generation with the dissenters from an older generation have said, "No."

At East Carolina University we have seen the meeting of these two ways of feeling. Perhaps it took the stand of one individual to focus our attention on the issue. Carl Duncan Stout refused induction into the United States Armed Services. He was convicted October 28 and sentenced to five years in a federal prison.

We received a letter from a friend stationed in Vietnam inquiring about Stout's trial, and hoping that he would be acquitted.

An ex-Marine sat quietly beside a hippie in a peace vigil held in conjunction with the trial. Some students carried signs protesting the vigil. In huge letters near the site of the peace vigil was the word "CONSCIENCE."

We are young and we are caught up in the life-flow of what is America. We are searching for all the answers; for an equation for freedom and understanding for all men, for love of a child we have not seen.

In the spring issue of last year we raised the question of what we will use freedom for. And this fall we seem to be answering that question with all kinds of commitments. In this issue we have looked at what conscience is. We have examined what it is to be young and what it is to question. A man must decide to close his eyes or open them. Once his eyes are opened he cannot resist the questions that are raised in his mind.

When we have heard all the songs and sadness and we have listened and watched, then we must conclude that life begins with a question.

Channing Phillips



Channing Phillips is the first black man ever to be nominated by either major political party to the presidency. He received 67½ votes for his nomination at the Democratic National Convention.

He is the pastor of Lincoln Temple United Church of Christ in Washington, D. C.

He is executive president of Housing Development Corporation, which is a private enterprise concerned with building houses for low income groups.

He is described as "one of the new Negro leaders, militant, fiercely engaged." And he says, "I am more interested in working through the system, making representative democracy work."



interview

An article in the New York Times, August 30, described you as one of the "new Negro leaders, militant, fiercely engaged . . . but willing to give the Democratic process one more chance." What do you think about this?

I believe I said "Democratic Party;" they may have misquoted me. This was taken in the context of the convention when we were seeing the liberal interest prevented beyond any chances . . . But, there was something that was taking place at the Democratic Party convention that was less dramatic than what was conveyed by the news media—reforms such as abolition of unit rule, and other things.

Was Humphrey a part of the establishment at the convention? What role, how much of a role, did he play in the preventing of this liberal force within the convention?

He was very much a part of the machine. He was a large part of it. His role in the convention suggests that he was operating and relying on the establishment for his votes . . . that's how his nomination came about.

Political analysts have suggested that organizations like the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee had difficulty in "turning the black man on" for Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic Party in general, especially in the South. Do you agree?

No, I don't agree at all. I really doubt that. The black community has always been the biggest solid support for the Democratic party.

Do you think McCarthy's endorsement of Humphrey in the last round before the election had any effect upon the election?

The people who followed McCarthy were not really hero-worshippers, but were people

who were dedicated to certain principles. And many people were affronted by McCarthy's recent actions.

What do you think is the cause of all the student unrest, and the violence, and the riots in our cities and on our campuses? And what do you think politics has to offer to this? Neither of the parties seem to pay any attention to this protest.

But this is where I think there is a great difference in the Democratic party and the Republican party . . . There is a lot of talk going on about the law and order issue, and I don't even want to give validity to that argument by discussing it. Any public official is going to be concerned about law and order. And every public official has a responsibility to law and order. But we are dealing with some pretty basic social problems; that is the root of the whole problem. The Republicans want to leave everything to private enterprise and there are certain things that the economic approach can produce. But any party that is going to stabilize this country is going to have to be concerned with socializing, to enlist this particular kind of resource and initiative. And I think the Democratic Party has been concerned with doing this — reluctantly.

We hear so much about "the war against the young," and so many people seem to be turned off by what young people are trying to do, and about their involvement. What do you think about this?

Youth is always far-out with its idealism. That is the joy of being young. It should be looked on as an asset rather than a liability. However, we feel there should be channels so that their concern can be worked into constructive efforts rather than destructive efforts. Again, I think the ideas that come from youth need to be tempered by people that have gone through the same thing. They certainly should be welcomed, however. I think they have a lot to offer.

So many people seem to have dropped out of politics, become disenchanted with the system, after the assassination of Bobby Kennedy. What do you think will be the results?

The initial and expected action was that people would draw back from the system . . . but many people are back now working to change the system along the ideals that Bobby Kennedy would have expected. You see, the Kennedys were a machine, too, but they were committed to different, humanitarian ideals. Also, they were not afraid of using power to achieve these ideals. Politics is largely what you use power for. This willingness on the part of the Kennedys is why the charge of "ruthless" got attached to Bobby Kennedy so frequently.

Where does Hubert Humphrey fit in?

Humphrey is not constitutionally a part of that hard core establishment. He has consistently been a reformer. But at the present he is hung up with these loyalties.

We were all turned off by the convention and we wrote a letter of protest to John O'Brien, Democratic National Committee chairman. We got a letter back from Vice-President Humphrey requesting us to investigate and study the advisability of changing convention procedures—in order to insure open convention, free discussion, and logical and orderly procedures.

Why did Humphrey, if he has consistently been a reformer and a liberal, not modify his stand on Vietnam and other issues after he captured the nomination?

When we arrived at the convention we got word that Johnson had 1612 votes in his coat pocket, that were pledged to Johnson, which meant he could have walked in the convention and been nominated. This made Humphrey, who is cautious by nature, to be even more cautious. We had a minority Vietnam plank that everyone, including Humphrey, supported at one time. Johnson squashed it.

You weigh the strength of the McCarthy, Kennedy peace people, and their efforts being scuttled by the more conservative element. And you get all this antagonism. So what you end up doing is trying to find some delicate balance to go between them.

You describe yourself as a member of the New Politics. What do you mean by that?

New politics only in the sense that we are

working against the establishment and for reform. New politics is marked by a real zeal for reform, real appreciation for openness and dialogue, and an emphasis on programs aimed at social justice . . . We are far more concerned with working through representative democracy than trying to recapture an Athenian-type democracy, which many people in the New Politics seem to be working for.

What do you say to all the young people who are tired of trying the system, who are



saying for themselves they can no longer go along with certain things? The young people who are refusing induction into the Armed Services, and the young people who are advocating Black Power?

I don't tell them anything. You don't put an old head on young shoulders. It is a matter of fighting for, and believing that time is necessary for change. And you don't know how to transmit this to them. Perhaps a study of theology and history to better understand what kind of an animal man is would be good.

How do you interpret the liberal element's flexing its muscles in the Democratic convention? Has there been any progress toward getting out of Vietnam?

I interpret it as a victory of everything that has gone on since 1965. The immediate results of dissent were escalation of the war by Johnson. But in terms of long-range results, the sentiment in this country is against the war. Either presidential candidate would have had to move quickly to end the war in Vietnam and the means for doing that is already set up.

After Humphrey's loss, do you think the liberal element in the party will reshape for the 1972 election?

I have been continually involved with the Democratic party and I believe there is a surprising number of people who are determined to effect reform—to open up the channels, and accomplish reform—any society we develop is going to have to work through institutions. There are only two ways, really, of accomplishing reform. One is working through the system and the other is revolution. And I haven't heard anyone talking seriously about revolution. You know the Republicans had a chance to reform their party after Goldwater in 1964. And what did they do? They didn't choose a Rockefeller or a Lindsay; they chose Nixon.

Many people have called the Great Society a flop. Jesse Unruh said the facts were that we have escalated the war and we have not put an end to poverty. What do you think about that?

Obviously the Great Society has not been accomplished. But significant things have occurred. Certain programs—poverty programs have serious potential. But just for example, the Headstart program, which has had so much success, just missed going down the drain by one vote in the Senate. With the proper funding and administration, these programs can produce some answers and some results. But I am not talking about just demonstration programs, or token programs.

Why do you think students are getting involved?

As some people have suggested, I don't think they've been an injection of adrenalin into the two political parties, but into the whole system, as an indirect kind of thing.

I am sure we are all becoming increasingly disturbed over the war in Vietnam and the war ethos in this country. That particular approach in philosophy was making inroads into their own lives—that the state was making it difficult for them to pursue their own lives.

People are being dramatically affected in this country. They know of some of the horrors that are going on on foreign soil under the American banner of good will. And it has forced them to look.

The defense budget drains funds from other areas of need. And we have increasing unrest in the city because our needs have outpaced our ability to get the needs met—and this is due largely to the fact that our energies have been focused elsewhere. They see all this. There are all sorts of complex reasons why young people are becoming involved.

What do you think about the way the news media has portrayed the American youth, especially after the Democratic convention?

I don't find that students everywhere are being turned off, as the media has suggested. As a matter of fact, they are committed and they are working. They are looking, and are deeply concerned about the responsible thing to do.

Do you think we can do anymore than we are doing about getting out of Vietnam?

Oh, yes. I have said all along that we should follow the proposals of Senator George McGovern—immediate end in the bombing; phased withdrawal of U. S. troops . . . when Truman sent troops to support the French after World War II, and at the same time Ho Chi Minh and the North Vietnamese were getting up a government, with the preamble of their constitution exactly the same as our Declaration of Independence . . . when Truman was asked about this, he replied that the Vietnamese were not ready for independence. Well, that's just the same thing we've been hearing all along in this country, and you can disguise it as all sorts of things, but what it boils down to is racism.

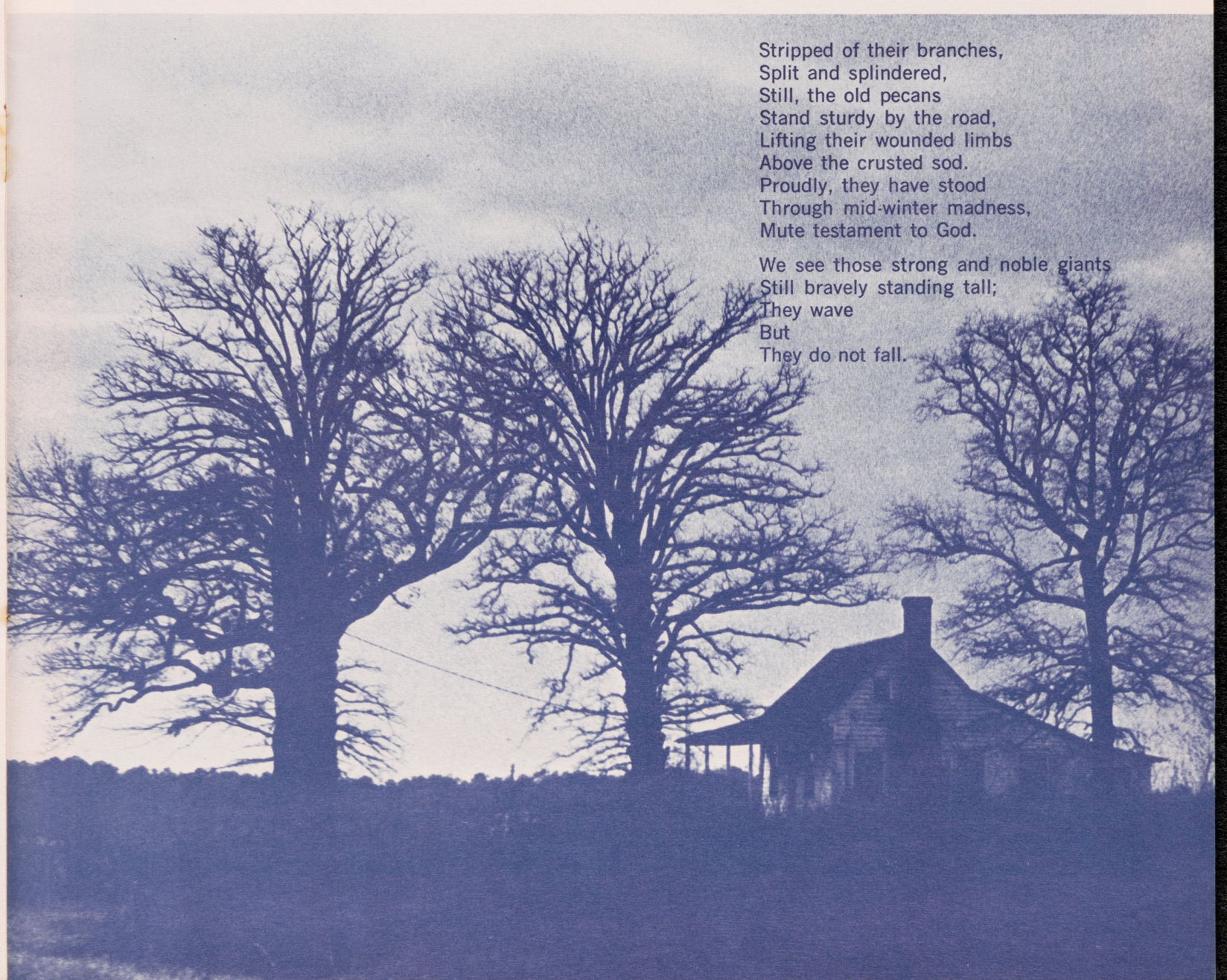
PFC, JRR

POETRY

By Claire Pittman

Stripped of their branches,
Split and splintered,
Still, the old pecans
Stand sturdy by the road,
Lifting their wounded limbs
Above the crusted sod.
Proudly, they have stood
Through mid-winter madness,
Mute testament to God.

We see those strong and noble giants
Still bravely standing tall;
They wave
But
They do not fall.



Lost along the wind

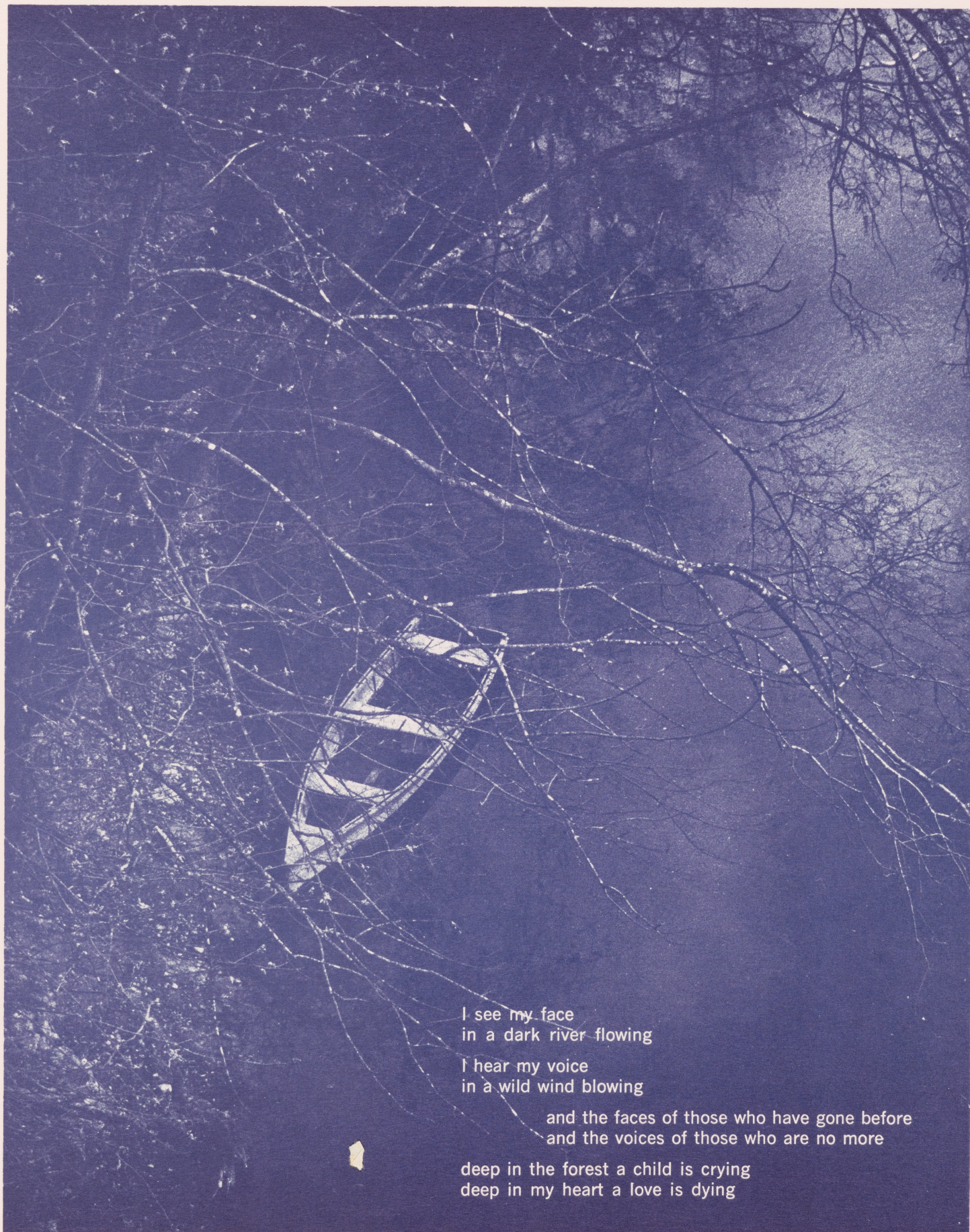
Antique gold,
Flash of red,
Who believed me
When I said
Beauty cannot last?

Mellow ochre,
Russett brown,
Molten glory
Falling down
Lost along the wind.

October Dusk

Light flutters through October skies
Like golden finches flying through the trees,
Like amber leaves in autumn swirling through the dusk,
Like summer-yellow butterflies over copper fields;
Then suddenly bright yellow, dark amber, brilliant gold,
Are caught on wild, dark winter winds
Blowing sharp and cold.

We are most afraid when birds have flown
And we are here alone to watch the night come in.

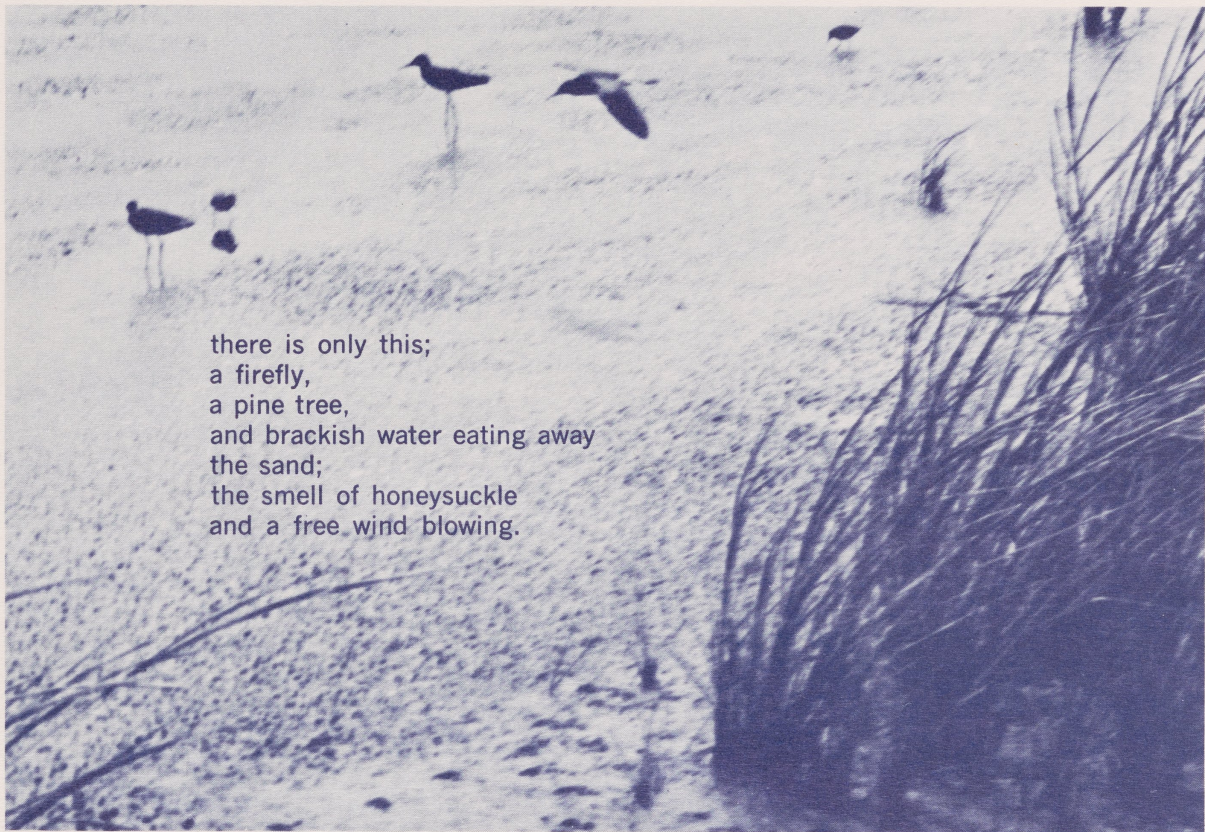


I see my face
in a dark river flowing

I hear my voice
in a wild wind blowing

and the faces of those who have gone before
and the voices of those who are no more

deep in the forest a child is crying
deep in my heart a love is dying



there is only this;
a firefly,
a pine tree,
and brackish water eating away
the sand;
the smell of honeysuckle
and a free wind blowing.

OCTOBER, 13 1965

It does not matter now that
 (in his favorite month)
the dogwood stands scarlet in the wood,
each leaf patterned in perfection
 (as if molded in ceramics class,
 glazed, baked in the sun)
or that gold spangles in the maple trees
 (and children, laughing, run
 through fallen leaves as they did yesterday)
or that the haunting cries of wild ducks
 crack against the sky
or that we loved him always
 you and I

and all those grand and glorious words
 that the preacher read
 do not matter
 he
 is
 dead

A Symphony Of Sorrow

The wind weeps
And we weep with the wind;
Our tears mingle
With the tears of the wind: the rain,
That thrums a symphony of sorrow
Against my window,

We are lonely
As the wind is lonely.

We know a special sorrow
Late on spring-sweet April nights
When cherry blossoms filter
Through the silver fingers
Of the rain.

We know a throbbing pain,
Heart-deep, when thunder roars
Along the heat of summer afternoons
And water washes down the dusty sky.

We give a sudden cry
In late October
When a blind and bitter wind
Sweeps down from the dark mountains.

We understand:
The wind
Cannot blow away
Our sorrow;
And the rain
Cannot wash away
Our pain.



FICTION

High Time

by **frieda white purvis**

Joshua Daniels was getting ready to leave for the furniture store when he got the call. It was eight o'clock, and the early autumn Saturday morning was dusty warm with the promise of a beautiful day.

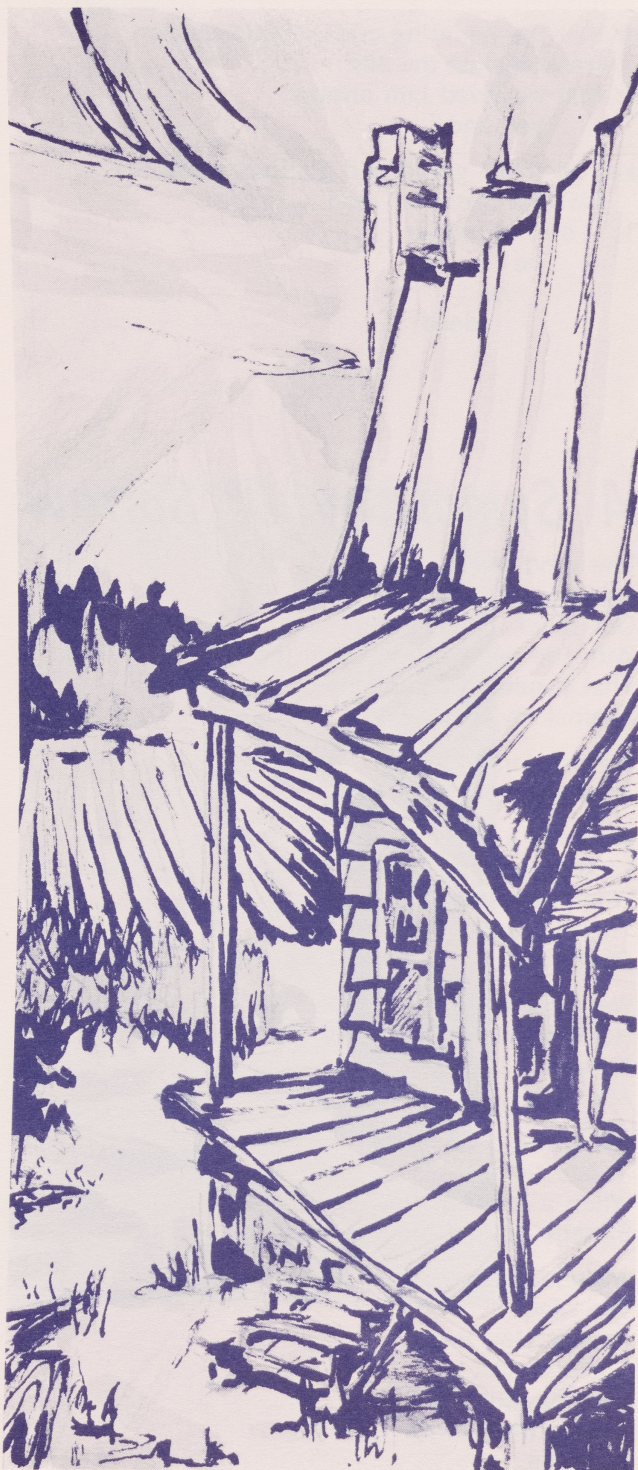
"Hello, Josh?"

"Yeah." Josh was not notably pleasant in the morning.

"Sheriff Mason. Got one for you. Nigger youngun, two years old. James Whitley called me 'bout it. His tenant's chile. Looks funny to me. Youngun's eyes look like they been poked out. I'm callin' the store down here at Jackson's Cross. Tenant house is 'bout a mile from here."

"Alright, Mason. I'll meet you at the store in twenty minutes." Joshua pushed down the small black button on the phone, released it, and dialed the furniture store. His assistant manager answered. "Bill? Mr. Daniels. Got a coroner's call down at Jackson's Crossroads. Prob'ly won't be in this morning. Hell, it's Saturday. I won't be in all day." Josh stared fixedly at a hazy yellow chrysanthemum in the flower print over the phone table and nodded into the receiver as he listened. "Right. See you Monday morning." Josh put down the receiver and tore his gaze away from the yellow chrysanthemum in the picture that had been a favorite of his wife's. He ran a hand through his thinning gray hair, cursed his part-time coroner's job, and walked out of the house.

The September scenes on either side of the highway were as familiar to Josh as the yellow flower in his own hall. He was hardly aware of anything all the way to Jackson's Crossroads. He didn't have to be. Josh already knew how dust billowed, blotting out the machine and the man on it who was ripping peanuts from earth that hadn't felt the cool, soaking goodness of rain in two months. He knew how the Negro men and women called back and forth and joked and laughed and sang sad songs while they stacked the peanuts around tall poles in another field, and how the dry, hard clods of dirt crumbled beneath the lighter soles of bare black feet, tough like the feet of animals from years of walking barefoot on rough wooden floors and rocky paths, and dry,



hard clods of dirt as well as through mud that was ankle deep sometimes. Josh knew these things. He knew how combines grabbed up ripe ears of corn and left the stubbles of stalks poking up from flat fields like a three-day beard. Josh hadn't been living in Drayton County for sixty-nine years for nothing. He knew his part of the county well.

When Josh arrived at the Crossroads, Sheriff Mason was sitting leaned up against the unpainted country store in a slat-backed chair. The round, red-faced man didn't move until Josh parked his pickup and got out and walked past the Texaco gas pumps and the hand-lettered sign that said, in shaky letters, "\$1.50 GAS FOR EVERY SILVER DOLLAR." Just when Josh got up even with the tin Stanback sign, Mason abruptly lowered the front two legs of the chair to the grease-stained ground and sprang from his seat in a motion startling for such a heavy man.

"We'll take my car, Josh. Let's go." The two men, one short and plump, the other as tall and narrow and hard-looking as one of the peanut poles in the field across the way, climbed into the tan Ford with the blue light on top. Mason talked.

"I already been out there. There was eight younguns in the fambly. The folks's both twenty-eight, they say. Been married eight years. This little one what's dead was sleepin' in the bed with five others last night—just a four-room house—but when Lucy—that's the woman's name, Lucy Brown—when Lucy got up this mornin', the chile was lyin' up against the wall on the floor in the front room. Dead. The niggers ain't touched her when I got there. Lucy said her man wouldn't let her move the chile. It's still lyin' up against that wall. Eyes gone. Slam gone." Sheriff Mason stopped in a flurry of dust on the edge of the dirt road. Josh saw a typical-looking tenant house on the right. It was small, dilapidated, and had never been painted. One corner of the little porch hung nearly to the ground, a cinder block holding it up. The yard was dirt, with the roots of one big elm sticking out all over. A half-dozen or so dusty black children were visible in the edge of a pine thicket behind the house. There was an outhouse back there, too.

The two white men stretched their legs across the ditch and finally stepped gingerly on the rotten porch. Mason knocked lightly on the ripped and rusted screen door. Looking inside, Josh could dimly make out a white mound against the wall on the other side of the room. A young, slim Negro woman moved easily from the back of the house. She held a baby on one hip, and buttoned the top of her faded cotton dress as she walked the few

feet across the room. She didn't speak as she opened the door.

"Lucy, this here's Joshua Daniels, the county coroner. Josh, this here's Lucy Brown." Lucy nodded faintly and murmured. The baby regarded the men seriously with round, black button eyes.

"Sit, won't you?" Lucy indicated a pine pew, cast off in the remodeling of some country church nearby. She took an armless rocker across from the pew and sat the baby on the bare floor at her feet. Settling, she folded her hands in her lap and fixed her eyes first on Mason, then on Josh. Josh took out his VC fertilizer notebook and Baker Insurance Agency ballpoint pen.

"Now, Lucy, I'm real sorry to have to question you, but it's got to be done. S'pose you just tell me what you can."

The light falling through a dirt-streaked window played murkily on the long, slim hands of the Negro woman as they worked in her lap.

"All's I know is Elsie Lou war fine when I put her to bed las' night, an' when I gets up dis mor-

*"ragged caverns
gaped..."*

men to go to de fields, she war lyen dere on de flo' like dat." Lucy's eyes rolled toward the little mound against the wall. "She din't say nuthen or even move whens I hollered at her to get up off'n dat flo'. Den I looks closter an' I seen her eyes like dat." Lucy closed her own eyes for a minute, remembering, Josh guessed. "So I call George, an' he went an' call Mustah Whutley." The busy hands quieted when the throaty voice did.

"George is your husband?" Josh was making notes on the light blue lines in the little pad in his hand.

"Yassah."

"What's his full name?"

"George Washington Brown, suh."

Josh slipped his pad and pen into his shirt pocket, got up and walked over to the sheet-covered body. He picked up one edge of the sheet and pulled the cloth back from the body of the child. Josh had worked in a funeral home for nearly thirty years before taking this coroner's position, and he'd been coroner for four years, but he had seen few worse-looking sights than this.

The small black child lay curled on the floor, clothed only in a filthy diaper and undershirt. She might have been asleep, except that where closed eyelids should have been, ragged caverns gaped instead. In the inside corner of the right eye was a small, perfectly round hole, exactly the right size for a twenty-two bullet. But Josh was pretty sure it wasn't a bullet hole. When he kneeled down for a closer look, holding his breath against the smell of dirty diapers and death and just dirt, he noticed the tiny, fine scratches across the bridge of the flat nose. There were three of them. Josh was pretty sure how they got there, but he wanted somebody else to say it.

He took the body to Chapel Hill himself. The state's coroner there told him he was right—rats. Rats had taken Elsie Lou's eyes and had left three tiny scratches and a perfectly round hole. But the rats didn't kill Elsie Lou. Elsie Lou had been dead a while when the rats found her up against that wall. The state's coroner thought from his preliminary autopsy that Elsie Lou had died from some kind of poison. Josh would get a full report Thursday. Five days to wait.

Sunday afternoon when Josh drove up to the tenant house where Elsie Lou had died, maybe from poisoning, Lucy was sitting in the same armless rocker she had occupied the day before, but the chair had been placed outside in the dust under the elm tree. The baby sat listlessly in Lucy's meager lap, and next to Lucy a tremendous colored woman in a pink checkered gingham dress and wide-brimmed navy straw hat was imposing on a rickety little folding chair of early funeral home vintage. The fat woman heaved herself to her feet as Josh approached.

"I's sho' is sorrowed 'bout li'l Elsie. If'n I can help you wid de chirrun or somepin, jes let me know. I jes leave dis heah ol' cheer I brung, Lucy Brown. You be needen it, what wid fokes vis-ten an' all." She talked carefully around a wad of snuff, tilting her head back slightly against the possibility of loosing a drop of the juice.

"Much obliged, Queen Esther," Lucy said, re-adjusting the baby on her lap. Josh sat down in the rickety chair Queen Esther had left. He watched the colored woman shuffle away down the dirt road, the wide expanse of pink checkered gingham straining across her fleshy buttocks at every move. A fine powder of dust rose around her feet. When she paused by a clump of goldenrod on the ditchbank to spit and Josh couldn't hear the brown tobacco juice hit the ground, he turned to Lucy.

"Lucy, have you ever seen rats in your house?"

*"Josh told the
voice to go to
hell."*

"Yassah." Lucy looked at him, but offered no further information.

"Have you ever tried to get rid of those rats, Lucy?"

"Nawsah."

"You ain't never put out no rat poison?"

"Nawsah. I ain't nevah put out no pizen. I's skeered to. Dey's allas a baby crawlen 'round de place. I war a-feared lest day'd git it. Elsie Lou warn't quite right, neither. She ain't nevah learnt how to walk. She got into mos' evahthin dat was near de flo'." Lucy sighed deeply, exhausted from her unaccustomed long speech.

Josh, not quite knowing why, took Lucy Brown at her word. He pursued another angle.

"What did Elsie Lou have to eat Friday night?"

"Dat gov-mint oatmeal, same's alls us'n. 'Cept she an' Eugene heah—he de baby—dey had Cahnation milk wid it stead o' water."

"You mean the surplus oatmeal they give out in sacks?"

"Yassah."

Josh asked more questions. He found out that Lucy had been at home all night Friday night. George had gone down to the "shop" after supper and returned about midnight, drunk. He was inside drunk that Sunday afternoon, too. Josh gave up and went home.

The state's coroner called Josh at the furniture store Thursday. His guess about the poisoning had been wrong. He said tests showed that Elsie Lou had died from pneumonia and a blood disease he called "sickle cells." Sickle cell anemia, he told Josh, is usually found only in Negroes. The disease had something to do with the red blood cells be-

coming shaped like sickles instead of round like they were supposed to be. When that happened, they couldn't carry enough oxygen, best Josh could understand. It was still the rats bothering Josh. Somebody had to do something.

That afternoon Joshua Daniels called the Drayton County Welfare Department. He told the woman who answered about Elsie Lou and her family and the rats. She said he should call the health department. He did. A woman answered there, too. Josh told her the story in detail.

"Yes, I see," the woman said, "That is a pity. Well, Mr. Daniels, we certainly thank you for calling us, but I declare we just don't have a soul to send out there right now. Don't know when we will. Sounds like you've done a mighty fine job of investigating this thing. Maybe you'd like to go on and follow it through yourself." The voice on the phone sounded as cheerful as a recording. Josh told the voice to go to hell.

He sat down at his 1946-model typewriter and pecked out an angry letter to his Congressman. He told the Honorable exactly what Joshua Daniels thought of the way his tax money was being spent. He said he thought it was high time for somebody to do something about the situation at home, and high time for the government to stop spending so damn much money elsewhere. He told the Honorable that there were children in his own district who were starving and being eaten by rats and that the welfare department and the health department were too busy to do anything about it. Wanted him to go. They were getting paid for that kind of work, not Joshua Daniels.

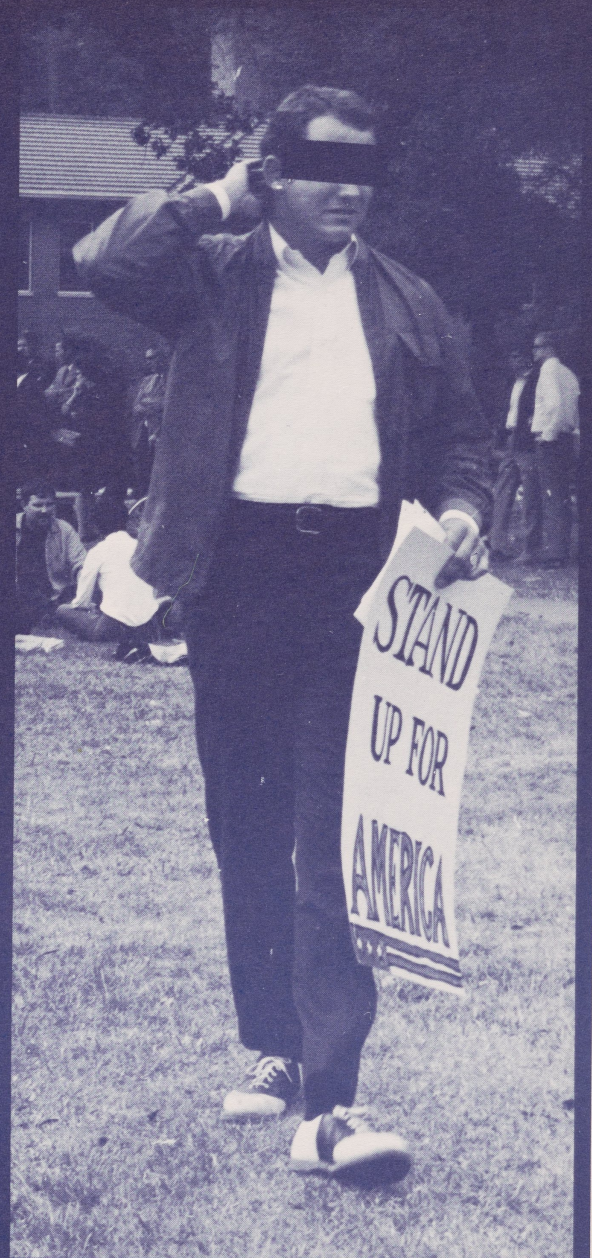
As soon as he mailed the letter, Josh went home, took two Sominex, drank a glass of warm milk, and went to bed. It was 7:30 p.m. Out at Jackson's Crossroads, Lucy Brown had just gotten in from the fields. She was stirring up a pot of oatmeal for supper.



**“...our course is resolute,
our conviction is firm...we
shall not be diverted from
doing what is necessary in
the cause of freedom.”**

President Johnson, June 1966







**This is the year of sternness and steel,
No more roses and no more smiles;
We have no time to think or feel,
For we must travel the painful miles,**

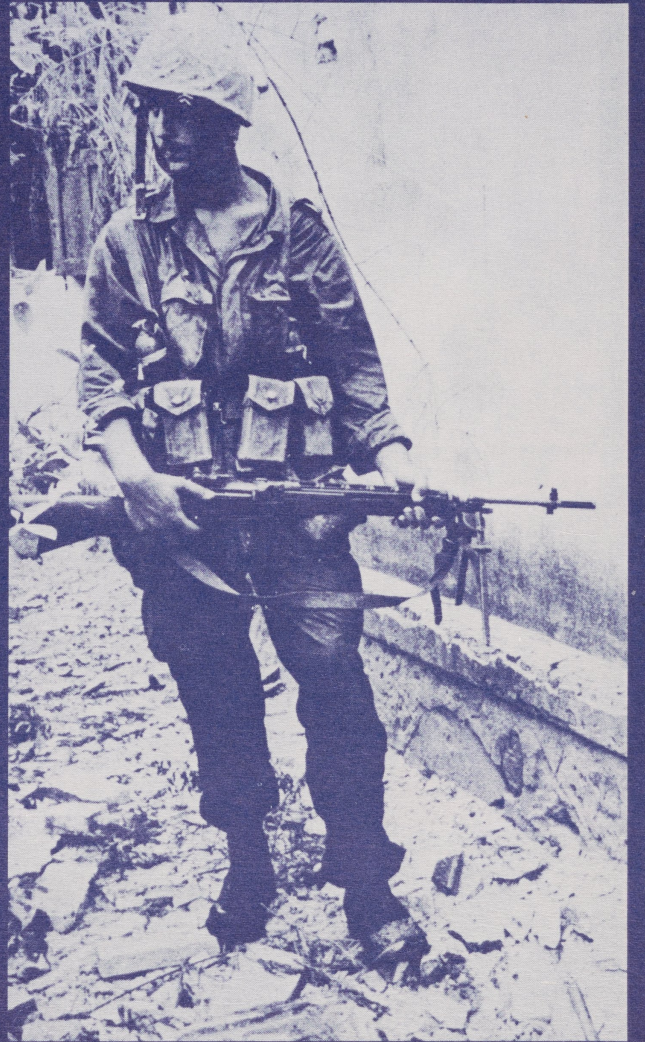
**Far to a land where thousands die,
Brave men locked in a vicious game;
Far to a land where thousands lie,
Unwept, unknown, looking the same;**

**Looking the same in the steaming swamps,
Felled by snipers they could not see;
Looking the same draped in the flag,
Striped and starred and flowing free.**

**This is the year of steel and sternness,
No more laughter and no more song;
This is the year of tears and sadness,
This is the year that all went wrong.**

Claire Pittman

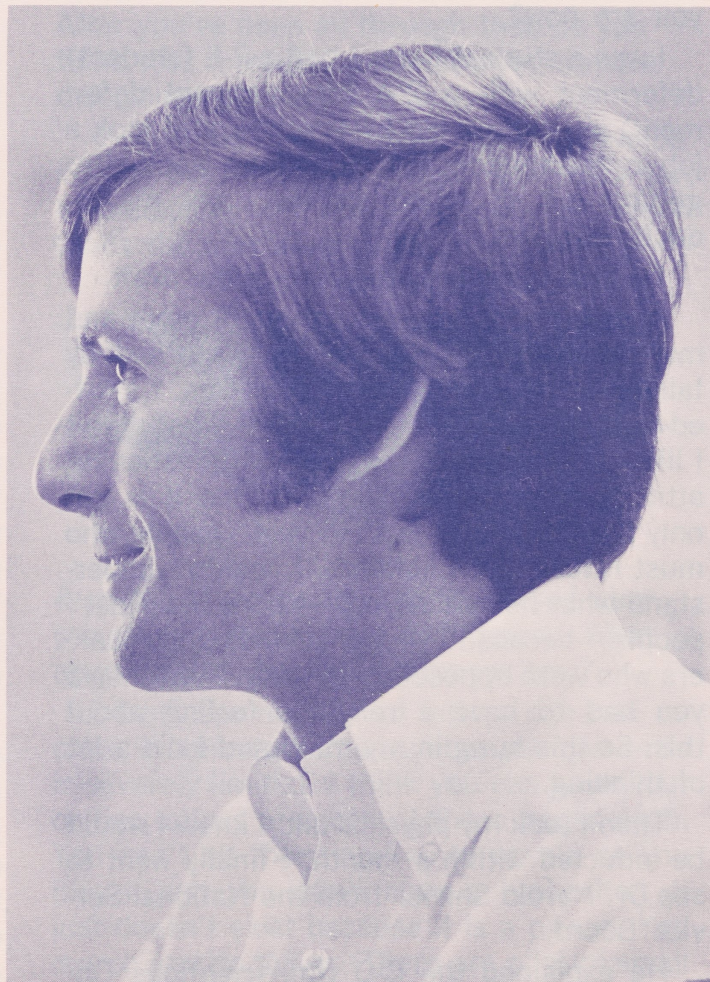








C. D. Stout . . . They Locked Him Up



interview.

Carl, give us a brief background of your history as a conscientious objector. Why and when did you start? How did you get where you are now?

I was a student here. I had a 2-S (student) deferment with a 2-A (occupational deferment) impending. So I left school and took a job in Washington. It took about a week after getting out of school before I got my induction papers.

I'd always disliked the idea of the draft.

As the heat increased, I thought more and more about going to Canada. Then, just by talking to people and reading things, I started to think about the draft. Why? What didn't I like about it? I guess I got this questioning attitude from Tolstoi. He said that it is not only the Christians, but all "just" people who must refuse to be soldiers. I couldn't understand what he was saying—about the "just" people—because I thought it was only Quakers who were opposed to the war. Tolstoi said you had to have a religious feeling about this. So this hung in my mind and I did a lot of thinking.

Then I took my physical and I knew I would be inducted within a month. I finally went to see Dr. Harold Shirfer from the National Service Board.

He explained the C-O (Conscientious Ob-

jector) Form 150 to me and showed me that you didn't have to be solely religious to apply for C-O classification. If you had **any** religious beliefs or training that did correspond with conscientious objection to military service, you could fill out the C-O Form 150 on that basis alone.

I went ahead and applied for my C-O 150 form and my draft board sent back a letter saying that they would make no recommendation. I was going to be inducted as ordered.

We appealed to the state director and the national director, and postponed the induction for a month and a half. It finally came down to the fact that I would have to go for induction—I wouldn't get the C-O classification. So I went through all the formal pre-induction ceremonies and then refused to step forward, thus formally saying that I refused. I was free to return home under the impression that I would be indicted by a grand jury. About a month after that, the Alexandria Grand Jury indicted me. I was released in their trust and under a ten-thousand-dollar bond. Then I started thinking that I really didn't care if I had to go to jail, but that soon disappeared and I thought about going to Canada. I was living in Washington and I had access to information about going to Canada.

I went there for a month to look it over with the serious intention of staying. When you get up there, the attitude changes. You don't feel yourself honoring your conscience as much as you think you're getting away from a bum rap in the United States. And it's a creepy feeling; you know there's a lack of sincerity—that it's really not a pure feeling. You're missing something or you're not sticking with what your conscience says to the end.

I say that if I went to Canada, I'd be honoring my conscience and that was all that was important. I could go back to school, get a job, and become a Canadian. Here is a hang-up: it would be difficult being exiled. And then, there was another argument on the other side: if you wanted to press the issue of conscience, if you wanted to challenge it,

then the only place to do that would be in the United States of America — because that's where you do have the right to do so—by law.

This went through my mind and I got to the point where I realized that living exiled in Canada was kind of a delusion. It's not easy exile because you're cutting off a hell of a lot of your life—twenty-one years of your life—by way of Canada. Even though it's easy to accept, you dispel everything you know because there you're under a different government and living with different people. There's even a different language, and a different way of thinking.

It is the law that I must go to jail, so I'll take it straight and say to hell with it. To hell with it. Sure, jails can be unpleasant at times. But the most important thing is **why** you're doing it. Is it worth a damn? I think it is. I think that I'm getting to the point where just refusing induction, going to jail, and paying the price isn't enough.

I've never demonstrated against the war. I've never joined SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) or any such groups. I've never been violent, nor have I ever been violently opposed to U. S. involvement in Vietnam. I'm just opposed to war.

Today people are thinking this way; "Ah, it's only two years, it's American, and everybody does it. And if you don't do it, you're unpatriotic."

To me, patriotism is something that starts from the inside. Nobody owes the country a thing. Really, when you get right down to it, you do not owe the United States one thing. However, if you believe in the country, you will want to do whatever you can for it—but this must come from inside. As for me, I'm starting not to believe in the country as it is. But, I believe that it can be changed.

What are you facing in prison?

What do you expect?

I expect a four or five year sentence, probably a five year sentence. However, I will be available for parole after two years. I don't know too much about prison itself. I will just have to play it by ear. I don't really care about

prison life other than the fact that it's going to be boring, upsetting, and unpleasant. The first thing in my mind is to get the education or understanding I need so when I get out I won't go around spitting on the United States trying to find work.

Have you thought about the things you're giving up? Girls, worldly pleasures, things like that?

I try not to. That's a bum rap. I'm lucky. I've got the frame of mind where I think I'm not too involved. I'm not in love with anybody right now. I think I can do it a lot easier than if I had a family.

Are you afraid that going to jail might make you bitter or caustic?

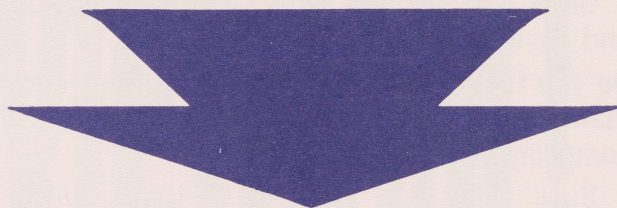
No, I take it in all seriousness, though I'm far above all this. That's my token.

Could it have a conditioning effect on you?

I don't think it could at all. I'm going to hate every day of getting up and doing the cell march.

After you've been all through this, do you think that it would have made you a more disciplined person?

Only in my own thinking. Only in developing my own thoughts. That's all I care for. In discipline, I think I'll always be free—that's the first thing in life.



A couple of weeks ago you discussed what you could and could not do in prison. What about letters, books, and typewriters?

I think the number of letters one can receive is unlimited. The number you can write is severely limited. I think you can write four or five letters a month of three pages each. You can't sit there and write novels as you please and you don't have a typewriter. It just doesn't exist because it is a prison. You march and do things. There are a lot of small

jobs. It's going to be an experience of which I have no idea. It's like going to camp for the first time because I'm not one of the regular inmates. The feeling is like this.

When you get out of prison, you'll still be unable to vote and there will be some amount of discrimination in jobs and hiring.

I'm not worrying about it. I'll be able to vote for certain things and I won't be going into jobs that will discriminate against me.

Some draft resisters have refused 1-A-O status because they felt they were still supporting the war effort. Do you feel this way?

I was offered a 1-A-O and refused it on two grounds. First of all I don't like the idea of being connotated as a religious objector. I'm a C-O from reading and talking to people; it's not all religious. The second thing: if I were a 1-A-O perhaps I could take it and then do as the military does. If after six months they'd tell me to load bombs, I'd have to refuse and take a court martial. When you take the military oath you say you'll do any damn thing that you're asked to do. You follow any orders unless especially exempt from them. I don't think I can take that oath with my conscience clear.

Do you feel that accepting C-O status will be in some ways compromising with the draft?

Sure it is! That's why I have hesitations and reservations about it.

Do you feel that any kind of agreement other than complete resistance to the draft is a compromise?

Sure. That's a very clear thing. Unfortunately most people that resist are resisting on the grounds that the United States is wrong in Vietnam, that Ho Chi Minh is right. This isn't conscience as much as a violent political reaction. So, you've got to be able to draw a fine line. As far as the draft goes, it's really out of date; it's really way too old.

What if we win the war in Vietnam?

Win the war? That doesn't make a difference to me. I kind of hope we lose the war in Vietnam.

Do you think the draft itself is wrong?

The war must be stopped first. Not **no** draft today, though. We all talk about the voluntary military service; maybe that will work. I think it's a Republican goal because it's always issued by Republicans.

Do you feel that this violation of the draft law is an effective stand against the draft or against the war in Vietnam?

You see, I'm still a little "me-centered." I don't look upon this as doing something good for the United States of America. Maybe there is some good. If I thought I was doing this to make America a better place, it would not be right because I don't feel patriotic.

When Thoreau went to jail for tax evasion, Emerson asked, "Why are you here?" And he answered, "Why aren't you here?" Do you feel that way about other people; that someone who is against the war in Vietnam should be taking similar steps you're taking?

I'd like to see it but I wouldn't say they'd have to because I've only worked this in myself. It's something **you** develop. For myself, I'd say go to jail. But I couldn't say that to you. You'd have to find it on your own. I'd say look into it.

Are they taking conscientious objectors to a certain prison?

Yes, I understand that's the way it goes. It's not guaranteed; there's no way of telling for sure.

In Pennsylvania?

Pennsylvania or Connecticut.

Is it a prison or a prison camp?

It's a camp.

Where you'll be doing farming or something on that order?

Yes . . . it's delightful!

PFC, BMJ, KRP, TER, JCC

REVIEWS

(VIETNAM! VIETNAM! by Felix Greene, Palo Alto: Fulton Publishing Co. 1966, 175 pp.)

Vietnam is: a nation of tragedy, a nation of sorrow, a nation oppressed and violated by the ravages of imperialism; a people tortured into pain by unthinking statesmen and barbarous soldiers.

Inside a benign orange cover the author presents this case of Vietnam to the American people. The author, a British citizen who has lived in America more than half his life, imparts to his readers the terror of this particular war. The torturing of Vietnamese while GI's stand by is pictured, as are napalmed children and bombed nursery schools.

Perhaps the inhumanity of this war would not be so unacceptable were it not for the reasons of America's intervention. Eisenhower, on August 4, 1953, is quoted as describing the situation this way:

"Now let us assume that we lost Indochina . . . The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming . . . So when the United States votes 400 million dollars to help that war, we are not voting a give-away program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the United States of America, our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of the Indochinese territory and from Southeast Asia."

Insensibly, according to Mr. Greene, the U. S. is engaged in trying to keep the pieces of French Indochina from falling into the communists' hands. In the first portion of the book, he presents photographic evidence against a monolithic, communist-inspired attempt to subjugate the Vietnamese. The real situation is that of a desperate people seeking help in their struggle against colonial masters. His selection of photos elicits empathy from the viewer; one sees a destitute people turn towards the socialist countries as their only hope for support after the West turns away, disinterested.

In the second portion of the book, the author,

via the medium of well-written prose, describes step by step the history of modern Vietnam from colony to battleground. Well documented, the writing vividly portrays the Vietnamese people in combat against a foreign power from a vastly different land "nine thousand miles away."

The horror America's war has inflicted upon the Vietnamese and the arrogant use of our power seldom has been better presented than in this work. The total aim of the work was best described in the foreword:

"Never before has the young manhood of America been thrust into such a conflict or ordered to fight with methods that outrage both the formal provisions of international law and the more general laws of our common humanity."

This book of stark photographs and concise history is a good statement of an aspect of the Vietnam War that too many Americans prefer to ignore. *Vietnam! Vietnam!* should be read.

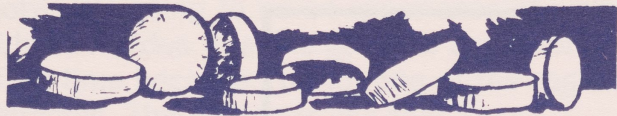
Photographs from the book are found on pages 21-26.

by John Fulton

VIETNAM! VIETNAM!

BY FELIX GREENE

with photographs by some of the world's
leading news-photographers



(*The Aspirin Age*, ed. Isabel Leighton. New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc., 491 pp. \$2.45)

The story of America between two world wars, from 1919 to 1941, a time of tension and chaos, interspersed with events which seemed to constitute one headache after another—this is the story of the *Aspirin Age*.

Isabel Leighton says in her preface: “. . . the United States of the twenties and thirties appears . . . as a strange, uncharted, and enchanted land; so many of the personalities and events that challenged our imaginations during that time now seem almost to have been part of a spell . . . hectic, frenzied, not always beneficent . . . cast over the entire country. We seem to have fluctuated between headaches: sometimes induced by prohibition, more frequently by the fevered pace of the times. During these throbbing years we searched in vain for a cure-all, coming no closer to it than the aspirin bottle.”

The Aspirin Age is a group of historical writings brought to life. The most famous and the most infamous events of these two decades are revealed with a great degree of perception by twenty-two authors who were close to the times and the events. Novelist Wallace Stegner, for example, author of *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* and the currently popular *All the Little Live Things*, contributes the story of Father Charles E. Coughlin, “The Radio Priest and His Flock.” This is a first-hand account of Coughlin, who, Stegner remembers, had “one of the great speaking voices of the twentieth century. Warmed by the touch of Irish brogue, it . . . was a voice made for promises.”

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writes of the problems which were bequeathed to Franklin D. Roosevelt in “The First Hundred Days of the New Deal,” and Charles Jackson (at the time a script writer for CBS) transports us to the night of October 30, 1938, “The Night the Martians Came,” as he recalls the panic which struck the entire nation as a result of Orson Welles’ radio program about an invasion from Mars.

Dry, factual historical data is replaced by skillful interpretations of the tense, dramatic, demanding, and exciting events which comprised the *Aspirin Age*.

By Judy Coggins

THE SOURCE!

The Source, by James Michener, is the story of twelve thousand years of history of the Hebrew people. Michener accomplishes this seemingly fantastic feat in one volume by telling stories concerning the artifacts uncovered by an archeologist, Dr. John Culline, and his crew. Intermittently Michener flashes back to the twentieth century to carry on his main story, which takes place at the Tell of Makor, a “silent mound in the Holy Land.” The word “Makor” means “source” in the old Hebrew language, and it is from this word that Michener draws his beginnings, not only the beginnings of the Hebrew people, but the beginning of mankind and his quest for the source of all being. Throughout his history, man has sought a god. From man’s meager beginning in the caves of the East, he has looked for a higher being. He began out of fear, as Michener shows in his first family, the family of Ur. Then, as man’s relationship to God matured, he became aware of the transcendency of God. Man’s evolving ideas and quest for understanding are Michener’s main themes, threaded through the centuries of history.

Michener also deals with present-day problems of the people of Israel. The threat of the Arab minority to the people of Israel; the family life of the kibbutz (collective farm), shown by the workers in the crew who work on the mound; the relationship between Israel and the American Jews, shown by the interaction between the American Jewish millionaire and the Jews of the kibbutz; the building of a new Jewish nation by the importation of refugees to work on the Tell; and the conflict between the old Jewish practices and the new are skillfully and sympathetically presented.

The book, despite its length, is rewarding; it does convey to its reader a sense of wonder at the evolution of man and a fresh insight into his relationship with God and the eternal.

By Judy Coggins



(*Alice's Restaurant*, by Arlo Guthrie. Reprise Records, Burbank, California, RS-6267)

Everyone is talking about *Alice's Restaurant*—that is where you can get everything you want. At the Newport Folk Festival (July, 1967) Arlo Guthrie, the son of Woody Guthrie, who is famous for “This Is Your Land” and other dustbowl ballads, walked right in, sat down, and began strumming his guitar and singing his song.

The song is a one-stanza job composed by Guth-

rie, which is sung at the beginning and the end of a 20-minute monologue, called the story of “The Alice's Restaurant Massacree.”

When he first sang the song at the Newport Festival he sang for a small group of people on a Saturday afternoon. At present, the story of “The Alice's Restaurant Massacree” is being made into a film to be released soon.

It is a “true” story: Guthrie was arrested for littering garbage in 1965 in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The story is about a young man who is visiting these people who live in a church. He volunteers one morning to carry a truck-load of garbage, emptied from the downstairs of the church, out to the city dump. He is arrested for littering because the dump was closed and he deposited the garbage on the side of the hill where another pile of garbage was already forming.

Because of his conviction in Stockbridge, when he goes to the U. S. Armed Forces induction center he is told that he is not morally fit to be drafted into the Armed Services. He has previously explained to them that he is most eager to kill people. And when he is rejected he queries, “You want to know if I'm moral enough to join the Army, burn women, kids, houses and villages, after being a litter-bug?”

At any rate, that is the story. And the song and the story blend all those American past-times and parodies that we cherish so dearly into one expression.

But underlying all of this subtle fun is a more subtle message of protest against the utter insanity of these things that are so American, and that Americans in the post-World War II decades have become so conditioned to accept.

Guthrie says, “And the only reason I'm singin' you this song now is because you may know of somebody in a similar situation. Or you may be in a similar situation. And if you are in a situation like that then there's only one thing you can do, is walk into the shrink wherever you are and say, “Shrink, you can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant.”

Later, he adds, “Can you imagine 50 people a day walkin' in, singin' a bar of *Alice's Restaurant*, and walkin' out? And friends, they may think its a movement. And that's what it is—The Alice's Restaurant Anti-Massacree movement. And all you've got to do to join is to sing it the next time it comes around on the guitar—with feelin'.”

That is what *Alice's Restaurant* is about. It is American—just as American as *Motherhood* and *Apple Pie*. But you've got to sing it “with feelin'.”

JRR

POETRY

1

the burnt leaves
chasing themselves in the fire
the burnt child
madly in love with desire

the old man
turning his years into stone
the young child
culling the sky for a bone

such is the world
such is the sky
such is the evening
turning in a catseye

2

wandering inside the sea
tongues of fire on the sand
waving between green fingers
orange fish fight
silver shadows
for a look at dawn
inside a rosé shell
tentacles

3

spread sand shadowflat
against the whorling wind
that marrows all
the bones
upon the silken coast
dawn
among broken shells
and lost teeth

Robert McDowell

I shall soar with wings
Of youth and daring —

Walk empty-pocketed
Through the world —

Play roulette
Flip coins
Have workable whims —

After I learn
How to fly.

Linda M. Texter

Let Valor End My Days

I have not quite figured out
Yet
How I would like to end
My days.
I don't really believe any calculation
I might make
Would affect my going hence.
The whence
Is still a puzzle to me, and so
The hence
Cannot be so cleverly contrived
As it could be
If I knew what it was all about.
I do wish
I could make an exit with some dignity.
Beyond that
I have no certain wishes, no will
To leave
As an imposition upon my kith
And kin.
I only wish to find some honorable
Way
To have a more or less—probably less—
Honorable
Demise—te Deum laudamus, te dominum . . .
Did I mention God—
“Powers,” “Essences,” “Something”—would be a more
Accurate statement.
Is there any valor in that, would you say?

F. Sorensen

Kin to Mountains

Kin to the wind am I
Kin to the grey-green sage
Kin to striated mountains
Of multi-colored sandstone
Kin to the roadrunner
And chipmunk
And swift-flying antelope
Kin to the desert
And rocks of strange texture
The wind-worn monoliths
Starkly thrust up from
The valley floor
Kin to the contrast
And startling loveliness
Of a desert world.

F. Sorensen

WHOSE FAULT

Killing is a fault
Of the time we live in
The time we live in
Is a fault of being human
Being human is a fault
Of God and Devil in creation
The Devil is a necessary error
On the part of God
Is “God” a mistake
On the part of man?

F. Sorensen

ANAXIMANDER

Man evolved from fishes —
As Bertrand Russell says,
“Whether our brethren of the deep
Cherish equally delicate
Sentiments towards us is not recorded”

I knew a man who cherished
Remarkably tender sentiments
Toward fish. He caught them only
And if they were big ones
Weighed and measured them, then
Threw them back to catch again

He was a true conservationist
Angry when some foreigner from Pittsburgh
Caught his pet fish and ate it
But I have learned since
That he suffered from diverticulitis
And was no more supposed to eat
Fish than corn and nuts
And fibrous foods — that perhaps
Helped him to his tender regard for fish
What regard the fish had for him
I never did find out.

F. Sorensen

bird on my fence

Bird on my fence
turning nervously from side to side,
Good Morning!

Blue was the bird on my fence,
bright . . .
the sun would have gladly taken notes.

Proud and blue was the bird on my fence
when i said, ‘good morning,’ and shot it.

Steve Hubbard

SIX FOOT

Man,
how deep are the holes
you crawl back
into?

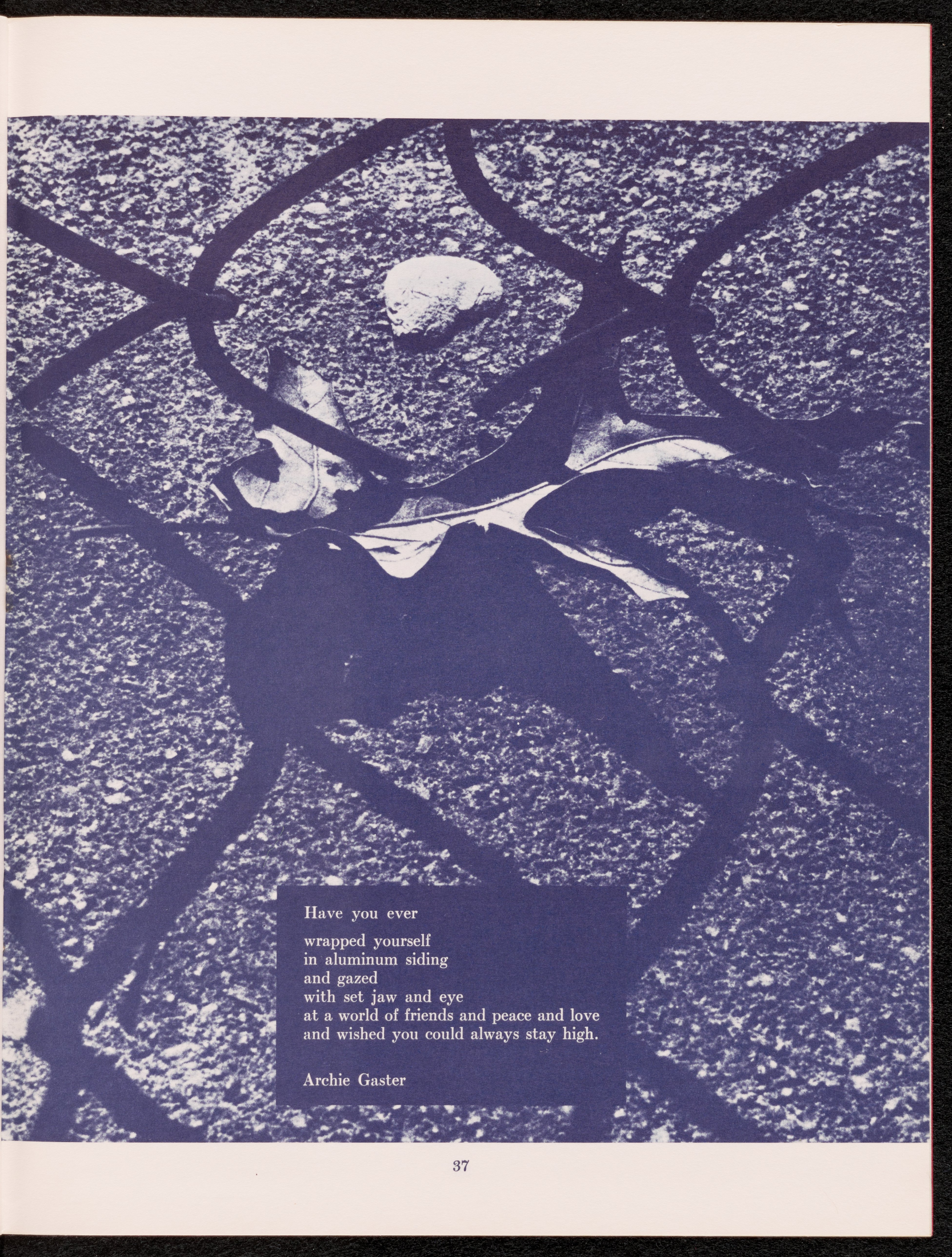
six foot
he said.

Why are
men

buried six feet
under?

‘cause we’re
used to it
he said.

Steve Hubbard



Have you ever
wrapped yourself
in aluminum siding
and gazed
with set jaw and eye
at a world of friends and peace and love
and wished you could always stay high.

Archie Gaster

I have been to watch lights flicker and fires eat.
I have seen children and old women fall down narrow staircases
and steel and concrete give their strength to patchwork-quilt minds.
I have eyed closely while men gathered closely to prevent closeness, and
I understand that rain and sun no longer mean bread and water, and
men must please their bosses rather than their God.
I have stood by as whistles blow and smoke settles and bars fill rapidly,
and men with sorrowful aged faces, stumbling from work, heads
downcast, or with youthful optimism in their eyes, slow or hurry
their pace, and young wives stand or sit wiping sweat from their
windows to see if men near the lamp posts are their husbands.
I have watched insects weave patterns through a free sky to gather
and kill themselves in the heat of the lights.

Archie Gaster

I fall away
into the sleep
of bitterness
less often now
as I creep along
the ditch's edge
in my gay splendor
of tweeds and jasmine
with friends
who rob me of my separateness
but give so much in return
and we talk
not of better things
but more about them.

i take a walk

Detached,
I take a walk
Down a milling street . . .
Jaws are firmly set—foreboding;
Conceit is worn by youth and aged faces;
Forms brush by—
Impersonal robots moving forward—
Unseeing, unfeeling, unrelenting.

If only I would pause and speak to one.
Just one. But no—
I'm too afraid of being snubbed,
Of caring only to suffer no return.
I cannot bear continued torment of such hurt.

So life for me becomes a tragic front—
Effusing pretended joy,
Affecting fakish smile and careless air—
Nothing but a front to hide my hurt . . .
They must not ever know just how I feel.

i hunger to (O)

To escape the past-coated present;
To bathe away the alien mind-prints;
To make this plastic life livable . . .
I hunger

save yourself

for eighteen years i tranced the haze
of existence
then the pattern changed
i found (?) myself nowhere
knowing nothing
living not at all
the deluge began
and monstrosities became my companions
no reason nor truth for me
i struggled to swim out of the whirlpool
you saw me drowning
standing on the bank you held out your hand
to me and i pulled you in
but you had saved yourself before
you made it out again
save me i cried
save yourself you said

Linda Faye Bryant

Yellow is my life
to me
that I run
 further
than you do.

Back my yellow
when I see
the distance
 further
than I go.

Scared of your
emptiness
and I hide
 far from here
within myself.

Black is your world
for fools
to lead
 away
from me.

Love is the tree
where I rest
the time of day
 away
and are you scared of green leaves?

Steve Hubbard

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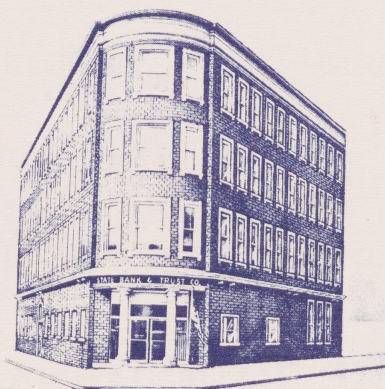
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