

THE

the **rebel**

fall 1969



the REBEL

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Young Blood

Young blood will not obey
An old decree

Young blood will not wait
Young blood now will not believe
Much less obey

And should it believe
In the old world's woe

And should it obey the command
Of nations to slaughter

And should it trust
The skeleton hand of the past
Laid on its shoulder

frederick sorensen

Dear Sir:

The memory of a fresh Spring day can be as elusive as the dandelion puffs which float through the air of Spring. My thanks to you for a Spring day which I can touch again and again.

Irwin Chatterton
Bimini, Bahama Islands

Dear Sir:

While travelling through North Carolina recently, I read a copy of your Spring, 1969 REBEL. You have your foot well inside the door of a revolutionary new idea in communications—the total visual effect. Perhaps your most effective achievement is that of a complementary cohesiveness of ideas, events, and illusions.

Each step that you make toward communicative literacy will help to bring us all nearer to the point of really understanding each other.

My deepest wishes for your success.

A. John Bertram
Comparative Communications

Dear Sir:

As a professor at East Carolina I am in daily contact with mediocrity.

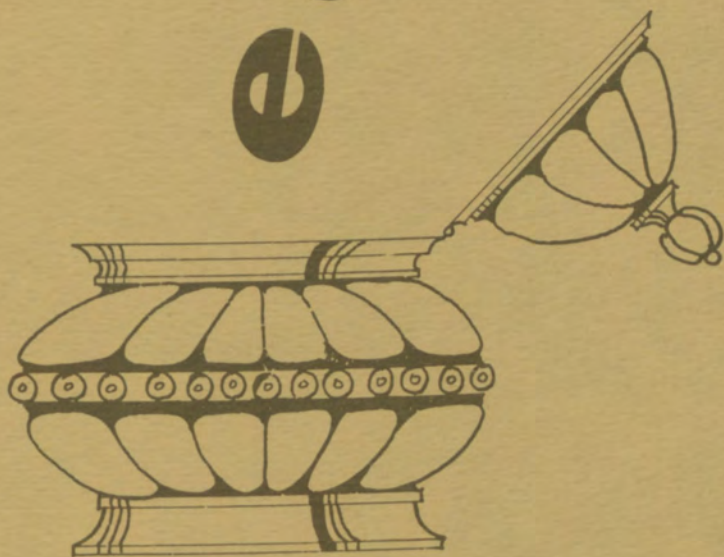
I know students who make the word "nigger" an integral part of their vocabulary. I know black racists. I know dope pushers and test stealers. Where are the students?

I offer you a challenge—make these people aware of the holes they are digging for themselves—make them aware that there is a better world.

(name withheld by request)

Letters to the Editor

Editorial

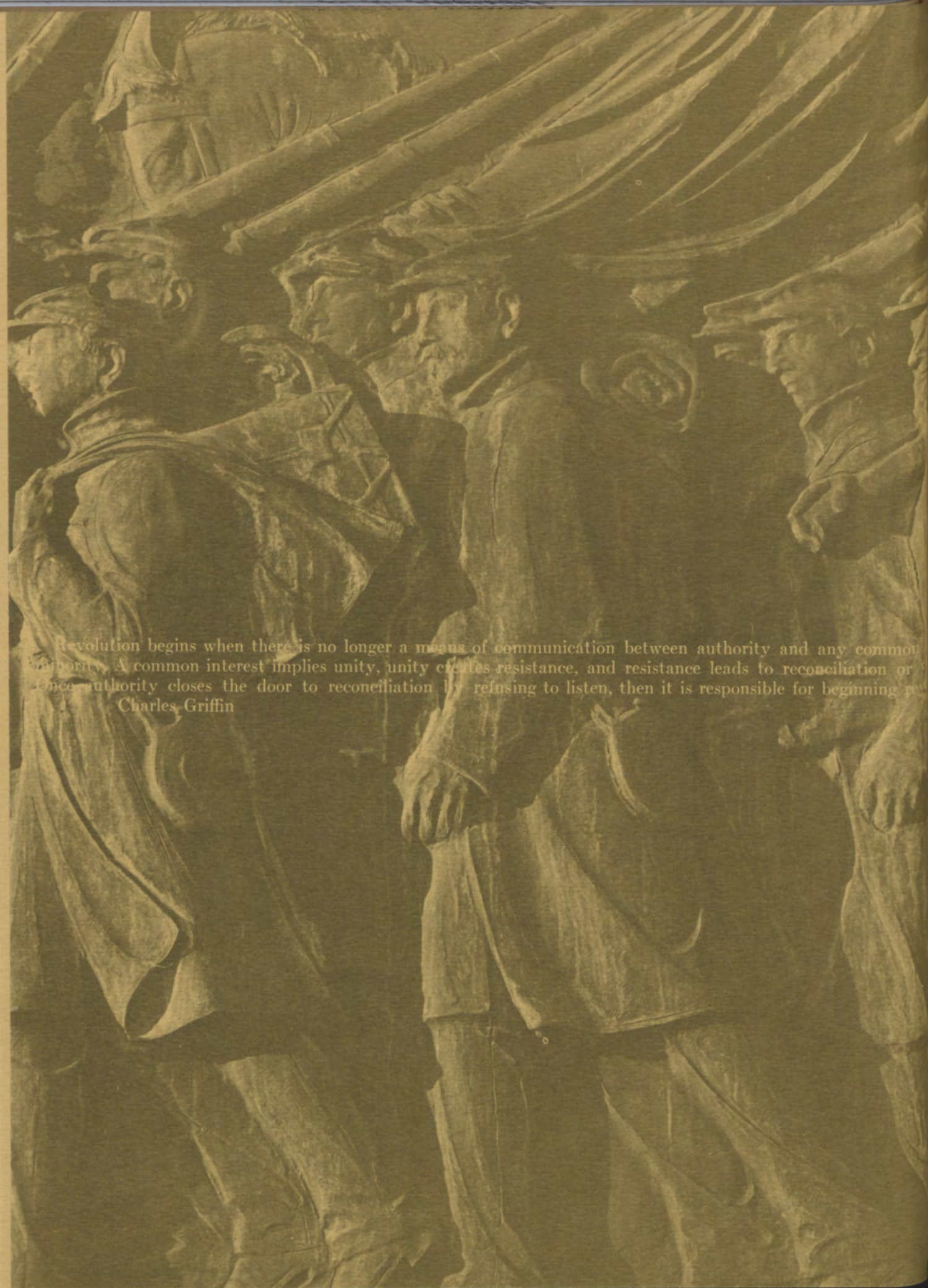


Our culture has become a high-energy complex of conflicting values. We are living in a jungle of contrived procedures, our lives being encased by multiple shells of structure and ceremony.

Our preoccupation with superficiality causes us to lose contact with our environment and our friends. We have forgotten that human communication is the sole means with which to dispel false assumptions of stereotyped ideals and behavior. The part of each man which is common to us—the “human denominator”—is rebelling at this acceptance of prefabricated existence.

This rebellion brings a general, intangible tension to be seen wherever we turn. Each black is a potential militant. Each policeman is tomorrow's clubbing maniac. The kid up the street is a dope fiend. Each individual reacts to relieve this pressure in his own way. Some burn buildings. Some curse the cops. Some join the City Council. Others do nothing, pretending that it will go away.

It is our belief
that if we can uncover
and expose some of the causes
and effects of our situation, if we
can move people to consider the
circumstances in the light of their
experience and knowledge, if we can
allow the wind of communication to
blow away the dirt of misunder-
standing, then perhaps we can
make a positive contribution
to the recovery of a sick
friend — our society.



Revolution begins when there is no longer a means of communication between authority and any common authority. A common interest implies unity, unity creates resistance, and resistance leads to reconciliation or once authority closes the door to reconciliation by refusing to listen, then it is responsible for beginning a

Charles Griffin

INTERVIEW



Fred R. Harris, the junior Senator from Oklahoma, is Chairman of the National Democratic Party. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, he holds B.A. and LL.B. degrees from the University of Oklahoma.

During his five years as a Senator, the thirty-nine year old Harris has displayed a liberal attitude towards many affairs of government. Currently interested in conservation, ending the Viet Nam war, and defeating ABM deployment, the Senator's thoughts are powerful forces in creating tomorrow's America.

WHY DO MOST AMERICANS THINK OF THE
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AS "THEM"
INSTEAD OF "US"?

I think it is a part of a feeling of powerlessness which pervades our society. I think some groups in our society, the blacks, the poor, and the young—feel less powerful than do others. They feel terribly frustrated about that. It is a result of urbanization, population explosion, and so forth. I think we can and must conscientiously change that.

IS THERE ANY SUBSTANCE IN THE IDEA THAT
THE GUARANTEED ANNUAL INCOME IS ANOTHER
STEP IN A SLOWLY IMPENDING AMERICAN
SOCIALISM?

No. Even President Nixon, who would not be thought of as a radical liberal, has suggested—and most taxpayers and welfare recipients agree—that the present welfare system is a failure. It was designed for a different set of facts back in the 1930's and it won't fit today. The welfare system as presently constituted is not only inhumane and degrading but also it helps to trap people in poverty. It doesn't really help them to break out of the cycle of poverty. Therefore, everybody is looking for different answers. I think you have to have a federalized welfare system which treats people with a differential based upon the cost of living in different places. This system should give people sufficient opportunities to have good health and education. It should give them the opportunity to break out of poverty and out of welfare. The present system does not do this.

IN THE THIRTIES A PHILOSOPHY DEVELOPED
WHICH STATED, "THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
CAN DO EVERYTHING FOR LESS MONEY AND
WITH LESS DIFFICULTY." THEODORE DRUCKER
HAS NOTED THAT THIS PHILOSOPHY HAS
GAINED MOMENTUM. HE SUGGESTS THAT THIS
IS AMERICA'S FAILURE . . .

I think Theodore Drucker is right in his book, *The Age of Discontinuity*, that there is a great deal of disillusionment with the ability of government at any level to solve all problems. The idea of decentralization of decision-making is an idea whose time has come, to use a trite expression. We've seen in the Ocean Hills school dispute that decentralization of decision-making to give the individual person more control over its schools is far easier said than done. Decentralization will not be accomplished without a great deal of grief, heartache, and difficulty. It nevertheless is the direction in which we have to move. I think that's true of all programs.

HOW CAN YOU DECENTRALIZE THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT?

The one thing which I've advocated for a time is the

regional development commission idea. I sponsored an amendment to the Public Works Act of three or four years ago which set up several regional commissions. They could well develop into a halfway house between the federal government and the states. Such an office would concentrate all of these myriad, often confusing, frequently overlapping, federal programs into one office per region. These are some of the kinds of ideas which we have to entertain.



WHAT IS HINDERING THE SIMPLIFICATION OF
THE VOCABULARY OF THE AMERICAN LEGAL
SYSTEM, A VOCABULARY WHICH IS BEYOND
THE COMPREHENSION OF THE AVERAGE
AMERICAN?

I think to some degree lawyers, including myself, have been derelict in their responsibility to help other people understand our system of law and how it works. I saw a poll some time ago where people were asked in non-legal language what they thought about various items in the Bill of Rights. Their answers were confused. This is a result of the fact that those of us who are skilled in the law haven't done very well in helping others to understand that the law is for their benefit and the way it actually works. We have not done a very good job either in extending the benefits of the law to those who are poor or powerless in our society. For example, lawyers have not been in the forefront of movements to insure every person, whatever his stature in life, of the right to trial by jury, of right to bail, of right against self-discrimination, of the right to be represented by an attorney. Others have come along to improve the reality of those rights. I am hopeful now that the legal profession itself will join the movement.

DO YOU THINK THAT IN THE FUTURE THERE
WILL BE A MOVEMENT TO DO THAT?

I see a great deal of progress in the legal profession now, particularly among young lawyers. I see much interest on the part of law schools and law students to understand that law is a social science and that the study of law should not be just the study of what law is, but also a study of what the law should be.

WOULDN'T A BLACK MAN WHO IS A GHETTO DWELLER, WHO HAS TROUBLE SPEAKING STANDARD ENGLISH, BE MORE CONFUSED AND HOSTILE IN A COURT WHICH IS SPEAKING ARCHAIC ENGLISH?

Yes, but I think more difficult than that is the problem of finding someone to do the translation. Every layman needs a translator in the courts—not just a translator of layman English—but a translator who can transpose his own desires into the framework by which they can be considered. The black man in the ghetto sees no representative of the law except the policeman who isn't trained to give him advice for counseling. He comes in contact with law problems only when the law seems to be an adversary and the legal system is seen as his enemy. That is far different from the way the rest of us think of the law because we have privileged circumstances. That is why such programs as the Office of Economic Opportunities' legal aid program are very basic in our society. If we're going to make the law a friend of everyone, then we must take affirmative steps to change this misdirected system.

DO YOU THINK THAT BLACKS ARE POORLY REPRESENTED IN NATIONAL POLITICS?

Yes. They have been poorly represented in national politics for several reasons. Before the Voting Rights Act of 1965, many of them were prevented from voting. Blacks have not had the influence they should, particularly because of the way political parties are organized. In the Democratic Party we are taking steps to make our party, North and South, more representative and more legitimate. We are also taking steps to assist black people who run for public office. We want to help increase the number of black politicians so that their desires and their interests can be properly represented in the political process, as have the desires and interests of other minorities in the past.

AS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY VERY THOROUGHLY, DO YOU THINK THAT SKIN COLOR HAS EVER AFFECTED THE CHANCES OF A BLACK TO BECOME A DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE?

I think it has often.

IS THIS JUST IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OR DO YOU THINK MAYBE IT'S IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY ALSO?

It's in all the parties.

WOULD YOU THINK THAT THIS IS BECAUSE OF A FEELING OF BIGOTRY ON THE PART OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PARTY?

Racism is a fact about our country, as the Kerner Commission so clearly documented. We make quite clear that there are a lot of white poor people, for example, but there are not any white people in America who are poor because they are white. They are a part of all the people in America who have not been properly represented in the governmental and political process because they are black or because they are Mexican-Americans or because they are American Indians. I think we're on the way to changing that, but it took such acts as the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and it will require the continuation of such programs to assure that progress.

PRESIDENT NIXON WAS ACCUSED OF RUNNING A RACIST CAMPAIGN IN 1968. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?

Kevin Phillips wrote a book called *The Emerging Republican Majority*. He was an assistant to John Mitchell during the campaign and is presently a special assistant to the Attorney General of the Justice Department. His thesis advocated among other things that it's a good thing that most Negroes are Democrats because that keeps the Republican Party from having to lose any white votes by having to worry about black interests. In the first place, that's an immoral thesis. Political parties exist, among other things, to further principles of right as opposed to wrong. It seems to me that human rights are rather basic in a society which prides itself on the consent of the majority but more than that, it is an erroneous political theory and won't work for the Republican Party any more than that it will work for any party.

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY CLAIMED THAT IN HIS CAMPAIGN HE WANTED TO TALK ABOUT THE ISSUES BUT THE PEOPLE WERE TIRED AND DID NOT WANT TO HEAR THE ISSUES. MR. NIXON AVOIDED THE ISSUES AND RAN A PRIMARILY UNINTELLECTUAL CAMPAIGN. NIXON WON. DO YOU THINK THIS WILL BE THE TREND IN CAMPAIGNS IN THE FUTURE?

No. People would like to rest and not be bothered about the problems but problems clamor for solution. Problems do not belong to the federal government or to somebody off in Washington. There are problems in every neighborhood in America and they have to be solved. Political parties and candidates will be successful to the degree of which they offer some hope of solution for the terrible frustrations, dissatisfactions and feelings of discontent which exist in this country.

IS PRESIDENT NIXON STILL TRYING TO RUN THE COUNTRY THE WAY HE RAN HIS POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—WITH LOTS OF PROMISES AND NO ACTION?

The President in his own words during his campaign declared that the presidency these days has to have an activist president, yet it seems to me that he has failed to carry out his own advice up to now. He has to "bite the bullet" on issues such as inflation and the war, and on moral issues such as racism. He has to take a position. Up to now, it seems to me that he hasn't taken a strong enough or clear enough position on most issues.

PRESIDENT NIXON HAS RECENTLY STATED THAT BY 1976, HUGE STEPS IN HIS ADMINISTRATION WILL BE ABLE TO END HUNGER IN THE UNITED STATES. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE DATE HE CHOSE?

It seems to me that the right to enough to eat, the right against hunger is exactly that—a right, not a matter of charity. If it is a right, then it should not be postponed when the amount of money involved to make it real for every American is pitifully small. I just hope that the Congress will finally pass the McGovern Amendment.

ACCORDING TO THE WAY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT SPENDS ALL THE MONEY THAT IT HAS NOW, OUR NATIONAL PRIORITIES ARE: DEFENSE, OVERSEAS COMMITMENTS AND NATIONAL SECURITY FROM EXTERNAL THREATS RATHER THAN FROM INTERNAL THREATS SUCH AS AIR POLLUTION AND SO FORTH. DO YOU THINK THERE IS A NEED FOR THESE PRIORITIES TO CHANGE?

The priorities will change sooner or later because they must. I hope that it will be sooner rather than later. I was one of those in the Senate who cried for a military procurement bill this year to be examined in the Senate in great detail. I was one of those who supported several amendments which were offered for cuts in the recommended budget.

DOES THE SO-CALLED MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE CONTINUATION OF THE WAR?

It seems to me that if you are going to identify some complex that has caused or continues the war in Vietnam, you would have to expand the conflicts to involve a great many more of us than just those who identify with the military and industrial establishments. We've all been involved in that to a more or less degree, either actively or passively.

DO YOU THINK THAT THE CONFUSION AND THE MISUNDERSTANDING CAUSED BY THE VIETNAM WAR WILL HAVE A DETERRING

EFFECT ON A DECISION THAT COULD GET US INTO ANOTHER VIETNAM?

Yes. I don't think that any administration can again get us into such a big war by small degrees without public discussion of the goals and their relative importance to the country. We've learned some rather tragic and costly lessons in Vietnam and I think they will be important to us in the future.

WILL VIETNAM SOON BE "NIXON'S WAR"?

I think that President Nixon had a chance to take advantage of his ability to say, "I didn't get us into this war; therefore, I will lose no face in getting us out." I am afraid that he has begun to lose that kind of advantage and more and more is falling into the quagmire that the war has been in in the past. He should take greater steps to get us out of there at a much faster rate.

IF LARGE-SCALE STANDING ARMIES COULD BE ELIMINATED IN FAVOR OF TOTAL RELIANCE UPON NUCLEAR POWER, DO YOU THINK THAT THE FEAR OF NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION WOULD DETER WAR?

No. It would have a chance of working if everyone agreed to it, but . . . George Washington at the Constitutional Convention, in opposing a provision in the Constitution which would limit the size of our own standing armies, pointed out that that would have no binding effect on anybody else's standing army, and of course, that's the problem. We went through a terribly dangerous period, I think, under President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles, when our whole national strategy was primarily dependent upon what was called "massive retaliation." You've got to have, at least for "trip-fire" purposes, conventional forces which serve at several levels at which war might be joined and stopped before it gets to the nuclear stage.

WILL THERE BE MORE CONGRESSIONAL ARGUMENTS ON THE ABM SYSTEM?

Yes, there will be more fights on ABM. We had a fight at the time of the authorization for deployment which came out fifty votes for, and fifty votes against. Therefore, the amendment to strike it under the parliamentary situation failed for the lack of a majority. The Vice President voted but his vote was superfluous and didn't count. The fight will again be joined at the time of the appropriation to carry out the authorization bill. We will always hope that at that stage we will have picked up an additional vote or two, so we could at that point be successful. But in any event the debate will continue, as it should. We must have, as soon as possible, talks with the Soviet Union to see if we can arrive at some mutually enforceable agreement by which both countries, because of our own self-interest, will agree to limit our offensive as well as defensive arms expenditures.

HOW IS STUDENT UNREST AFFECTING CURRENT POLITICAL THINKING AND WHAT LONG RANGE EFFECTS DO YOU FORESEE?

Student disorders frighten people perhaps even more than did the black disorders of 1967. They do not help the causes for which they were allegedly brought about. They have caused a considerable reaction rather than action in the Congress, which in my judgment is always true of unlawful, violent means of protest. At the same time I think all of us have to understand that students as a group which can't vote in our society are under-represented and are among the less powerful groups in our society. Ways have to be provided by which they may legitimately have their views heard and acted upon and by which they may be involved in decision-making processes which have to do with their own lives. That's why, for example, I am a co-sponsor of a proposal for the 18-year-old vote. That's why the McGovern Committee, which I appointed in the Demo-



cratic Party, has recommended that the Democratic Party open all its functions to those 18 years old or more.

WILL THIS BRING ABOUT A RADICAL CHANGE IN AMERICAN POLITICS BECAUSE THE MAJORITY OF AMERICANS IN 1978 WILL BE UNDER 35?

I don't know. Populist that I am, I believe that the people have a right to rule. All barriers to people's right to vote and particularly in government should be removed. There are barriers because of outdated and archaic registration rules. There are barriers because of age and these have to be removed down to the age of 18.

WHAT FORCES ARE BEHIND THE STUDENT STRIKE SET FOR OCTOBER 15 AND WHAT EFFECT DO YOU THINK THE STRIKE ITSELF

WILL HAVE ON THE ADMINISTRATION'S CURRENT VIETNAM POLICY?

I don't know what forces are behind it. It is a matter of nonpartisanship. The truth is a great many people in both parties are opposed to what is going on in Vietnam, now 60% according to the latest Gallup Poll. We should not allow anyone to believe that students are the only ones opposed to this war. That isn't true, and that's why many of us felt that it was a mistake for President Nixon to say he would not be affected by what the young people had to say about this war. I believe that public officials ought to make clear that they believe unlawful or violent protest will hurt in fact any cause.

REPORTS CONFLICT ON WHETHER MARIJUANA IS HARMFUL OR NOT. POSSESSION OF IT IS A FELONY, YET MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF ALCOHOL ARE SOLD EACH DAY—EVEN BY SOME OF THE STATES—WHILE IT IS KNOWN THAT ALCOHOL IS HARMFUL. DOES THE GOVERNMENT ADVOCATE A HARSH DOUBLE STANDARD?

I think that there is a growing feeling that those who say that marijuana necessarily has horrible results for its users are probably wrong. There is a growing feeling in the country that we ought to know more about the effects of marijuana than we presently do and that we should separate the truth from the myths which are advocated by both sides of the controversy. In the meantime I think that there's a growing feeling in the country, rightly so, that the present laws are unfair and too harsh.

ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS TO SEND SOMEONE TO JAIL FOR FIVE YEARS FOR THE POSSESSION OF A DRUG THAT WE DO NOT KNOW IS HARMFUL?

A representative from the Food and Drug Administration came to Congress recently and recommended that the drug laws have to be examined and I think, in effect, that he said, changed. I agree with that.

WHAT IS THE POLITICAL REACTION TO THE GROWING USE OF DRUGS AMONG THE NATION'S YOUTH—NOT JUST MARIJUANA BUT ALSO THE "HARD DRUGS" SUCH AS LSD?

The growing use of drugs in our society is symptomatic of the growing stresses and tensions and frustrations in our society. We have to do something about those stresses. At the same time we have to do more than we are now doing in the whole narcotics field in the way of detection and particularly in the way of treatment and cutting off the organized drug traffic. The use of drugs is a terrible problem which cuts across all lines in our society and economic strata.

ARE PEOPLE REALLY CONCERNED WITH THE EFFECTS OF THESE DRUGS ON YOUTH'S MENTALITY AND EMOTIONS?

Yes, I think they feel frustrated. Members of Congress do—that we're not doing more.

WILL DRUGS BE A CAMPAIGN ISSUE IN THE 1972 ELECTION?

I hope so. I hope it will be an issue to the degree not that the candidates will disagree but that it will cause public discussion. The use of drugs is a serious matter on the minds of everybody in this country and it needs a concerted and broad attack.

WHY ARE SUPPOSEDLY REHABILITATED FELONS NOT ALLOWED TO VOTE? WHEN WILL PENAL INSTITUTIONS BE DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE OF REHABILITATION INSTEAD OF PUNISHMENT?

I think that the answer to the second question is involved in the first. We will do something about rehabilitation and reform of our penal systems when we decide we want to rehabilitate rather than to exact vengeance. We've been very mixed up about the intentions of penal systems and our criminal code. A Senate committee is in the process of showing the terrible inadequacies of our penal system. Rather than rehabilitate, they more often train criminals. That's not a very romantic issue. It's not one about which you can get very many people excited. I hope that more hearings like those being held in the Senate now will get people excited. Then we can move toward better protection of society through better rehabilitation of criminals. Meanwhile, we're going to continue to pay a terrible social cost and a terrible human cost of inadequate and unjust penal systems and criminal codes.

THE RIGHT TO VOTE IS A BASIC RIGHT OF OUR SOCIETY. HOW CAN A RIGHT BE TAKEN AWAY BECAUSE OF WHAT SOMEONE HAS DONE AND PAID FOR?

Constitutionally, it's based upon not what the government does, but upon what the criminal does. He himself forfeits his right of citizenship, only to regain it upon the granting to him of a full pardon. The right to vote is something which the Constitution and the laws following the Constitution tend to govern. This is a more minor aspect of the whole penal system, which, as I said, mixes up in some kind of vague confusion several ends — vengeance, punishment, rehabilitation, removal from society, and many others. We need to consider a little more clearly what we are trying to accomplish.

WHY DO INDIAN RESERVATIONS STILL EXIST? WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN?

Indian reservations still exist to some degree because there are Indians who want them to exist. I don't think that the federal government can make the decision to force them to live on their land. There has never been any federal policy in regard to Indians. We've vacillated between trying to keep Indians as quaint and curious tourist attractions and make them all into middle-class white men. We have been wrong in both respects. Our policy should provide compensatory programs in the fields of education, employment, training, housing, and capitalism. We should also provide for individual self-determination so that each American Indian has a real choice to leave the reservation without artificial economic, racial, or educational barriers. We have to have a concerted effort on the part of the entire federal government, not just the Bureau of Indian Affairs. President Johnson initiated that effort through the creation of the National Indian Opportunity Council. I hope that policy will be taken up and supported by the new administration.



WHAT WILL BE THE LONG TERM EFFECT ON THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF SMALL RADICAL POLITICAL GROUPS SUCH AS THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY, SDS, OR THE KKK?

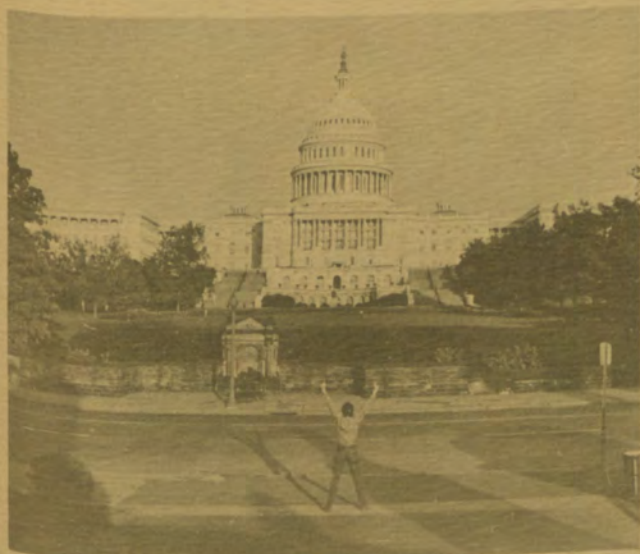
They will be and always should be out on the fringes of respectable political self-action. A central feature of our society, the glue that holds it together, is that violence will not be rewarded and is not a proper means of change. If a substantial percentage of our people come to believe otherwise, then we will be in deep and serious trouble. This requires all of us to make it clear that violence is not a proper method to achieve change and that it sullies any goal no matter how noble. We must help our system to respond in order to legitimize means of petition and recourse.

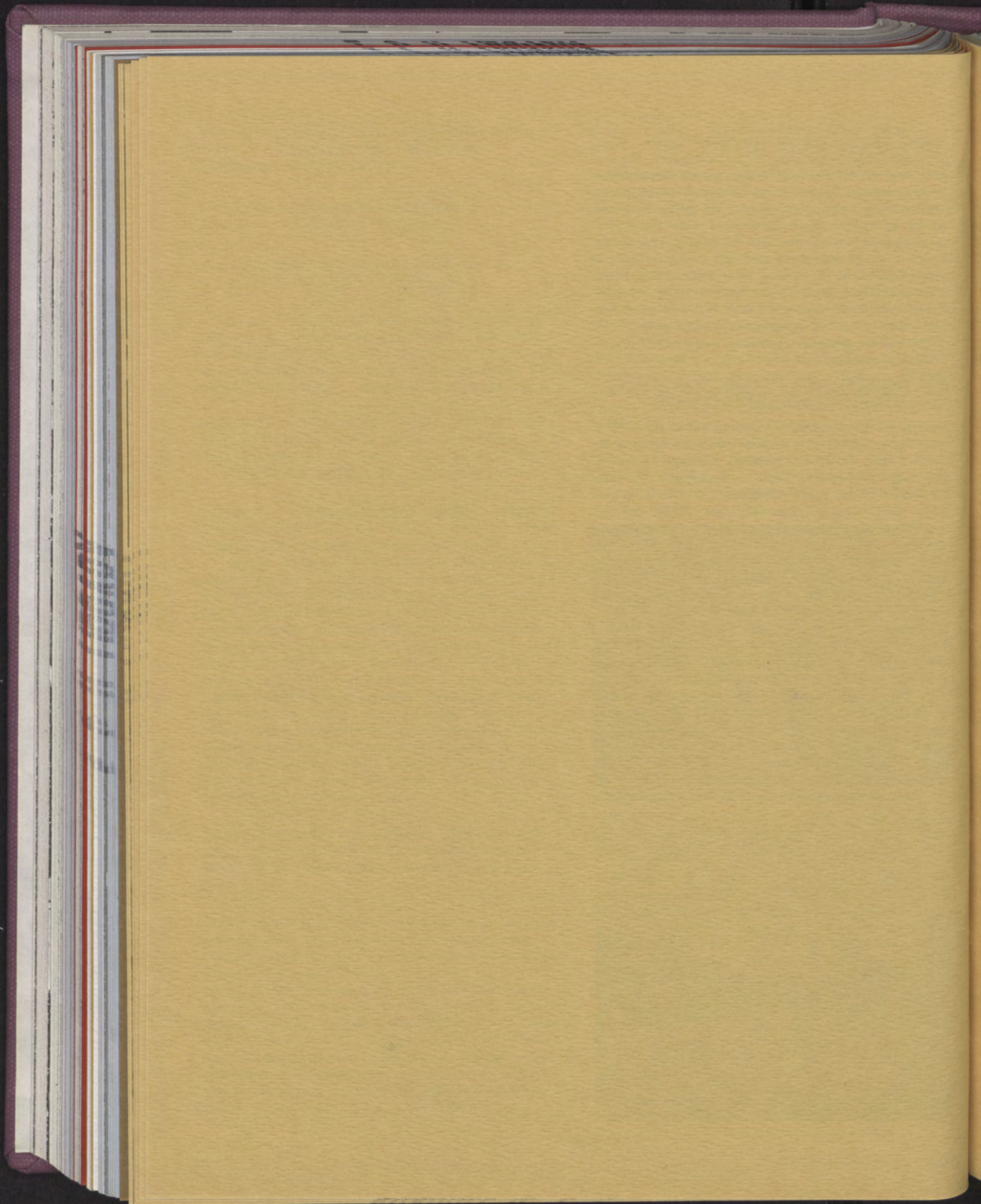
ARE WE ENTERING AN ERA THAT WILL PROMPT PEACE OR WAR?

I think we have a great chance for peace. Mass communication helps people to know better the desires and true nature of other people around the world than ever before. It also helps to increase our own belief in the opportunity for the good things of life for each of us as individuals. I think there is a great chance for an offensive for peace. This world is still a dangerous world and will continue to be a dangerous world for a long time. But I think there are mutual self interests involved here on the part of our own country and the part of other countries who have been our adversaries in the past which might now be exploited, prodded, and probed to our mutual advantage.

WILL THE NEXT FOUR TO EIGHT YEARS BRING
LESS TROUBLED TIMES THAN THE PAST?

I think we're really in a troubled time. All of the radically different facts of life are pressing in upon us. Our lives have been radically changed in recent years by unbelievably rapid urbanization, by continued explosion of our population, by the high mobility which now characterizes our rather rootless people, by the changes in the makeup of our people in various age groups, and by unprecedented affluence. All those things have made our lives different. They have changed our society while institutions and political thinking and programs lag behind. Institutions, public and private, all have to change, all have to become more idealistic, all have to take the individual more into account, all have to confront the new facts. Most institutions are slow to change, so we have a period when things are out of balance. How rapidly we can change will determine how soon we may have domestic tranquility. I think we will succeed because our people are basically decent people, they know the right thing to do, and they'll do it. I think we will succeed because it's in our own individual self-interest to do so. Sooner or later, we will all know that we will have to make some changes.







Bleeker Street

My armour is incense and sitar
My arms are bead, book, and bell
Yet I am open and vulnerable.
My soft belly lies naked
Before the fangs of frustration
Pray, my darling, do not strafe me
With claws that rend and tear
Tender flesh
As I will die.

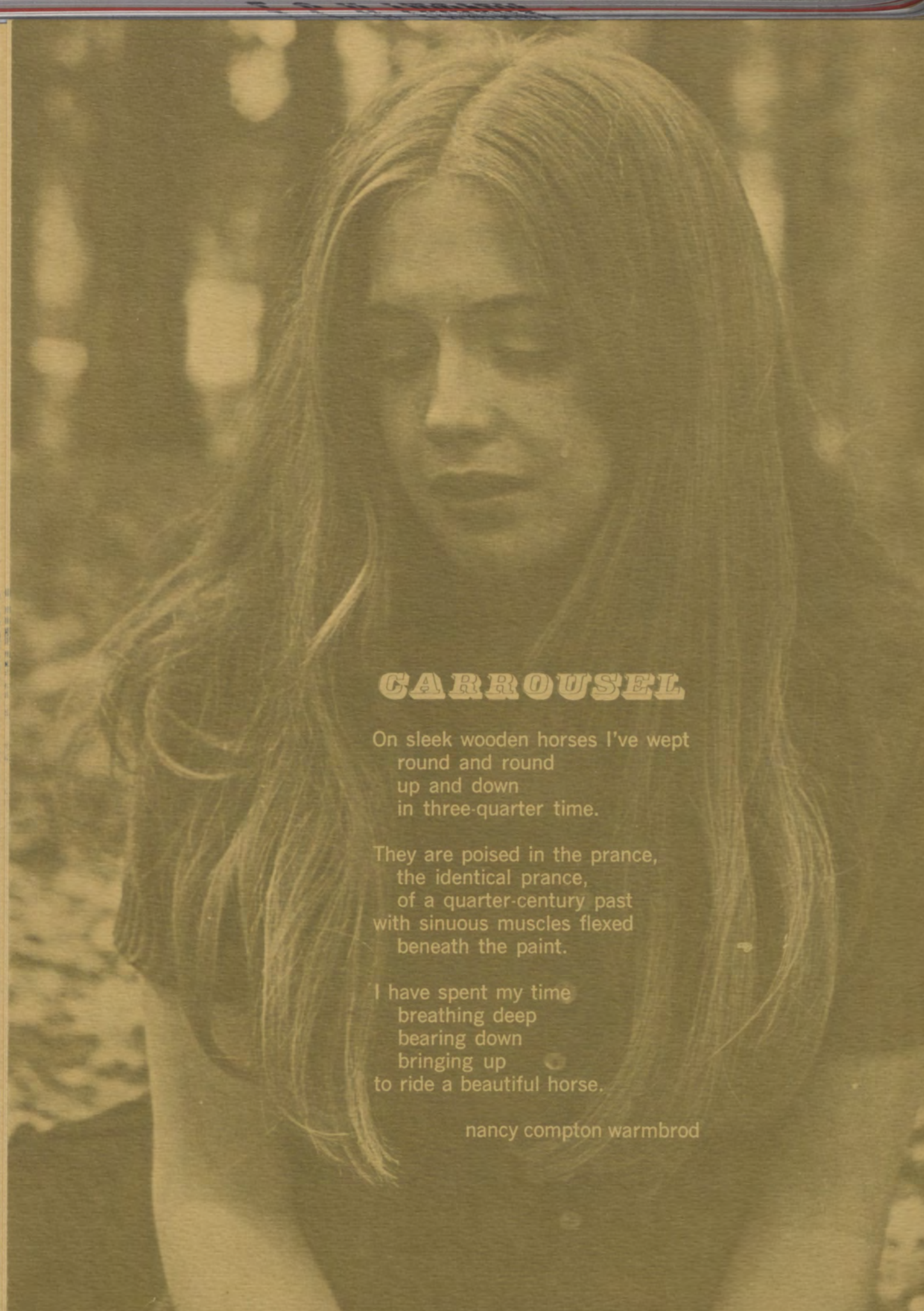
In the minutes before dawn
We pass on the street
I turn my face to the barren concrete
And a lump comes to my throat
As I blurt out a brief
But smiling greeting
And keep on walking. . . .

david mclemore

Requiem for a peace lost
In the pieces
Of people hithering to
And shrinking under
Not yielding, only dying
Not winning, only trying

The noise oils the wheels
(Causing)
Ball-bearing people
Smoothly roll
Along threaded streets.

richard w. orr



CARROUSEL

On sleek wooden horses I've wept
round and round
up and down
in three-quarter time.

They are poised in the prance,
the identical prance,
of a quarter-century past
with sinuous muscles flexed
beneath the paint.

I have spent my time
breathing deep
bearing down
bringing up
to ride a beautiful horse.

nancy compton warmbrod



big bow, little boy.....

Ol' Dan smiled contentedly as he concentrated on following his shadow up the river bank. It had been another nice afternoon on the river. He chuckled to himself as he put the bamboo pole on its rack in the barn. Dan had gotten the pole two years ago. Now the part of the pole he had held was worn smooth from so much use and his rough hands. Ol' Dan purchased the pole because he had an urge to catch a big rainbow trout. The same trout that first spurred his interest was still out there around his pier. Dan called the trout Big Bow. Yes, Ol' Dan had spent many long, peaceful hours fishing for Big Bow. He just never could seem to hook him, though.

Jim Roberts, who helps Dan with his crops sometimes, told him that it just couldn't be the same fish, but Ol' Dan knew he didn't know what he was talking about. Why, just this morning, like many other mornings for a long time, Ol' Dan had paused in front of the big, decrepit barn and looked down the river bank just in time to see Big Bow jump two feet out of the water. It was as if he was trying to say, "Good-day, Dan!" Why, next year this time, Big Bow would probably still be sporting all those luminous colors which gave him his name. Of course, he's the same fish.

Ol' Dan was still smiling when he pushed against the back door of the farmhouse and shuffled into

the tiny, smutted kitchen. He sat the bucket down on the porcelain drainboard and began to search for a knife to clean his fish with.

With a small, limp fish in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, Ol' Dan began to scrape the filmy scales into the sink. What a terrible thing to do to such a harmless, helpless fish, he began to think to himself. He wondered if he'd ever be able to scale, fry, and eat Big Bow—even if he caught him. But then he chuckled again. No one could catch that tricky fish. He's too smart. And he's gonna get even smarter as he gets older.

After Dan ate his supper, he read his paper for about an hour. His four-room farmhouse was quieter this time of year—late August.

When Dan felt the urge to sleep, he went to bed. But he didn't go to sleep immediately. He thought about what he would do tomorrow—start taking in tobacco. Then he closed his eyes and recalled the sight of Big Bow shining in the sunlight as he jumped out to greet the new day. Just before he fell asleep, Ol' Dan said aloud, "I'd be some kinda lonely without Big Bow."

The next day Dan worked harder and longer than usual. His tobacco was in the middle of harvest. He had to work extra hours now. This was the reason Dan did not know that Joey Hart had visited his shabby pier to fish. Joey had seen the big fish jumping just past the pier. The farmhouse looked sort of deserted, so he made himself at home. He set his heart on reeling in the big fish, but he knew his mother would not let him come back tomorrow if he stayed past supper-time. Joey was gone before Ol' Dan returned from the field. So Dan didn't meet Joey until the next day.

Their first meeting was rather startling for both. Dan was already comfortably settled with his back nestled against the weather-beaten pile. He gazed through the cracks in the pier and listened to the lullaby of the waves lapping lazily at the piles.

Joey had come out of the woods into the clearing before he saw the old man sitting in his new fishing spot. He stopped completely and blinked at him. Just as he decided to turn and run, Ol' Dan jerked his head up and saw him. They looked at each other, each knowing or seeming to want to know the other. But Joey carried his rod and reel and his tackle box, so the old man knew why he had come.

Dan smiled as he saw the skinny little boy sway and almost lose his balance. Then he motioned for the boy to come down and join him. Joey walked clumsily down the slope and then out to the end of the pier. He looked down all the way so his

feet would not go through the pier where boards were missing or rotted away. He stopped a few feet from Dan and looked at him uncomfortably.

"Hi," Joey muttered, "Whatcha doin'?"

"Fishin', son."

"Oh."

"Have a seat."

"Thanks," Joey whispered as he scrambled awkwardly into a sitting position, his legs dangling over the water.

Ol' Dan studied the boy. He liked his gray-brown hair and his tan which looked almost like ground-in dirt. He was terribly thin. The boy just stared at the water as if he could see clear to the bottom.

"What's your name, son?" Dan asked.

"Joey."

"Mine's Dan. Ol' Dan they call me."

"Oh," Joey ventured a question. "Do you own this farm?"

"Yes."

"Do you fish much?"

"Well, yes." Dan decided he'd tell the bright-eyed boy about Big Bow.

The two were a contented-looking pair. From fifty feet away their voices were not audible, but they were without doubt enjoying each other's company. The little boy swung his legs and nodded his head to show his enthusiasm. He pointed his toes and skimmed the glassy green water with his sneakers. Ol' Dan was so enchanted with the boy that his old, tired eyes gleamed wet and glassy like the water. His face actually ached from the broad grin he'd had ever since he first met Joey. Now Ol' Dan had two friends, Big Bow and little Joey.

Joey came almost every day. Sometimes he didn't fish; he just sat and listened to Ol' Dan. He loved to hear the old man tell him stories and all the strange things he knew about fish, birds, and other animals. Sometimes he showed Ol' Dan his fishing gear. Ol' Dan was quite fond of Joey's rod and reel.

Big Bow was more valuable than ever to Dan now. He was no longer just an understanding friend. He was the reason Joey first came to the farm to fish. Dan wondered if he and Joey would continue to be friends if it weren't for Big Bow. Would Joey still come every chance he got? Ol' Dan soon found out.

He worked a while longer than usual that day. Joey was already perched in his favorite "smooth spot" when Dan came down to join him. Joey once told Dan he sat there because there were not so many splinters in that spot. Dan had laughed out

loud and told Joey that his own hide was so tough that even splinters didn't bother it anymore.

When it happened, Joey was holding his rod and reel in one hand and showing Dan his new silver spoon lure. Suddenly he dropped the lure and grasped the rod with both hands. "Dan!" he gasped, "I think it's Big Bow!" The boy was try-



ing to reel in the big fish. Dan could see the beautiful trout fighting just below the water's surface. He stood up, watching first the overjoyed boy, then the fish. Joey pulled and reeled. Pulled and reeled. He pulled with all the strength those frail arms could muster, but Big Bow was a real fighter.

"Boy is he a fighter!" Joey screeched. "I can't believe I've hooked him. Can you, Dan?"

Then Joey glanced at Ol' Dan, and his hand slipped from the reel and it started to spin. Joey had seen tears in Ol' Dan's eyes.

Dan grabbed the rod and reel from Joey's hands and began to reel the fish back in. Then, with complete assurance, Ol' Dan carefully gave the rod back to Joey. "You bring him in, son. He's all yours," Dan tried to grin.

The boy brought the fish in. He gently removed the hook from its jaw and laid him in the old bucket.

Big Bow didn't give up easily. He struggled for a long time in the bucket. Several times Dan thought he must be dead. Big Bow would flip again.

The sun had begun to fall and the water stilled to a golden glow. With a deep sigh Joey finally said, "I have to go home now. My mother said not to stay long."

Dan said nothing.

Joey got up and closed his tackle box. He took his rod and reel apart and then waited. Dan did

not move. He just stared through the cracks of the pier into the darkness.

The boy walked carefully off of the pier and started up the steep river bank.

"Joey!" Ol' Dan called—almost frantically.

Joey quickly turned around.

"Joey, don't you want to take it home?"

"Don't you want it?" the boy said, trembling.

"No."

Joey put down his gear and went back out on the pier. He had a question, but he didn't dare ask it. He picked up the bucket. It was much heavier than usual.

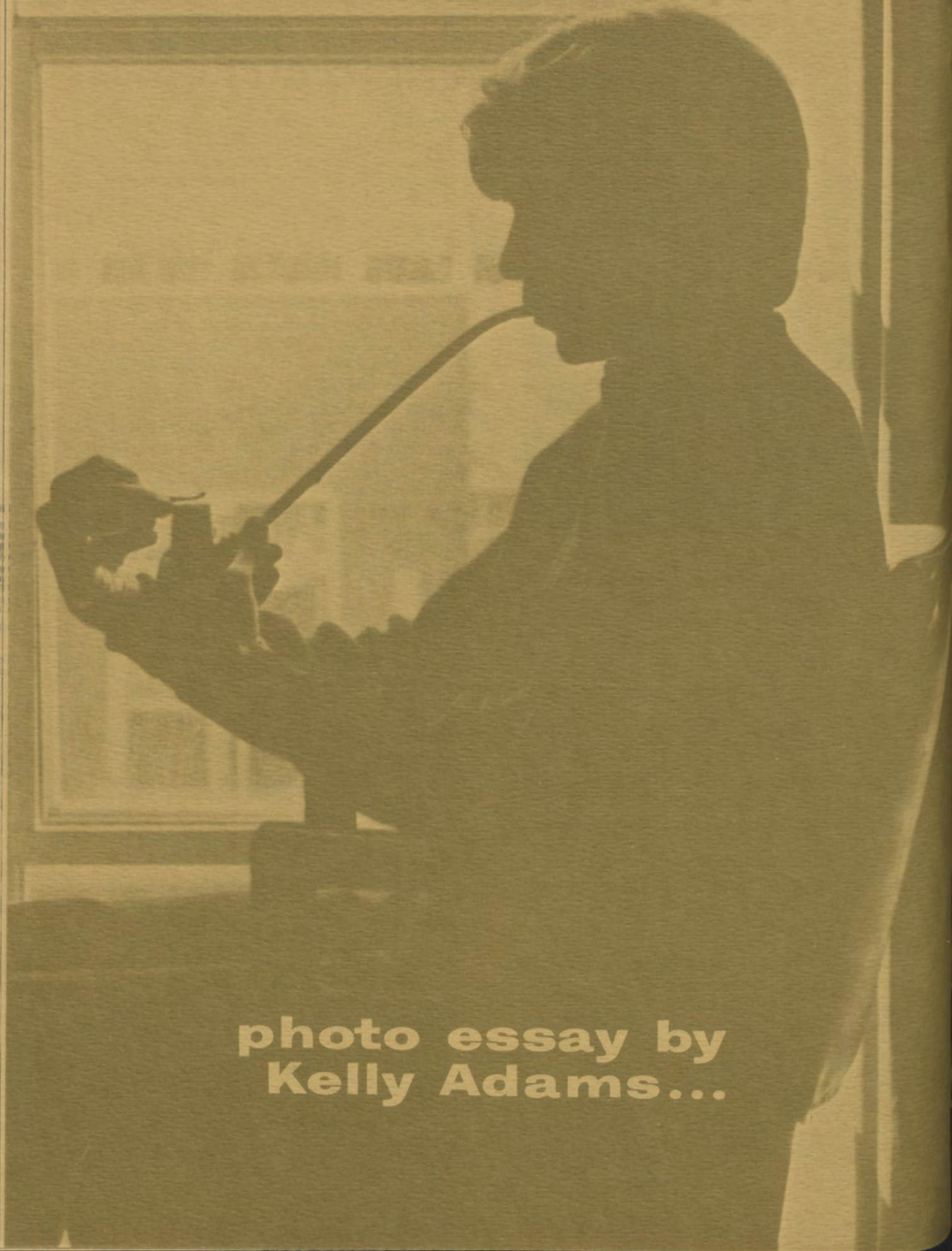
Ol' Dan took a deep breath and struggled to his feet. His head was heavy, but now he held it up and looked at Joey. The little boy looked like a painting. He stood motionless and stared blankly across the river.

"Joey, will you come back again?"

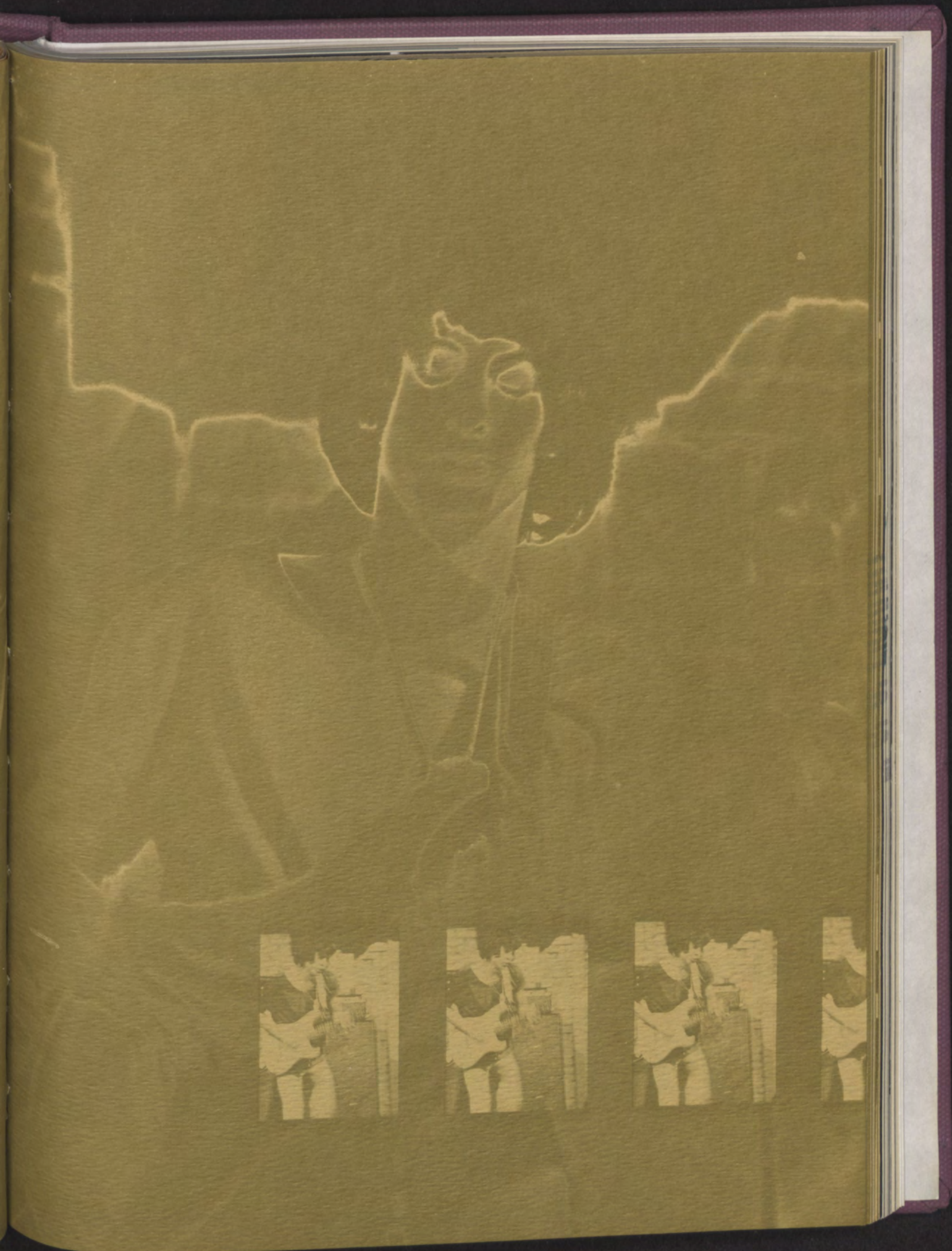
The boy still stared at the other side of the river. He looked much younger than eleven, but he wisely said, "You don't mind? I like to talk and fish with you."

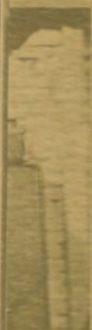
Dan stepped over to the boy and ruffled his hair. Then he put his big rough hand on the back of the boy's neck, and together they walked toward shore as the sun sunk into the river.

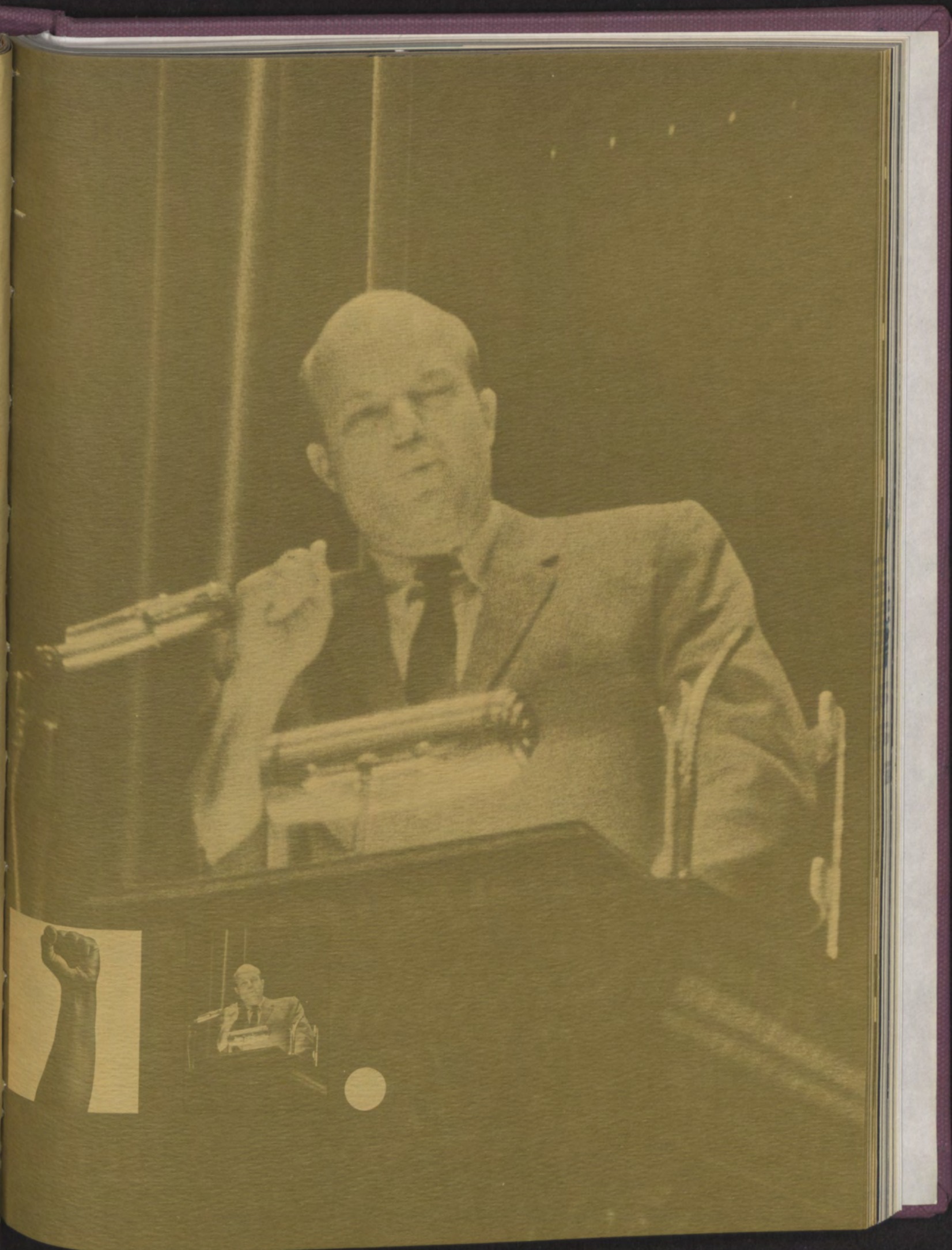
jena gurganus



**photo essay by
Kelly Adams...**









The Other I

Inert, but indwelled
within our beings
In the deepest recesses
of our spirit
In the blackness
of our hearts
Our savage lies.

richard e. campbell



Off Central Park West

Sweet and Gentle

Flow minds immersed
In juke-box opium
As the bubbles in the beer
Ascend mathematically
Into the foam.

Tobacco smoke swirls around the "Schlitz" globe
And the yellow-haired bitch
With the wrinkled skin
Smiles hungrily
At the youth lighting his cigarette.

A laugh from the left—
A jovial curse on the right—

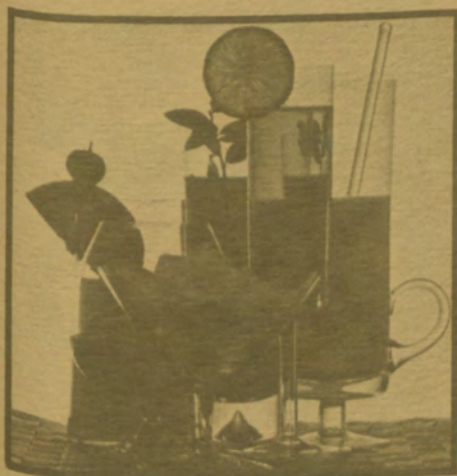
The staccato of a mixing Dacquiri
The click of billiard balls—

The computation of the shuffleboard—
"Drink Budweiser" beckons a neon maiden
And, having nothing better to do,
I order another round.

And the bubbles ascend mathematically
Into the foam

As the hands of the "Miller" clock
Twirl in timelessness.

david mclemore



The Knickerbocker

Leather
Wainscoting
Silent Lamplight
And the constant hiss of a gas log.
Distant eyes
Mounted above the pierced olive
Gaze through a toothpick
Into human patterns below on the avenue.

Contentment, my friend
Is but an insect
On a blade of grass
High above the ants.

david mclemore

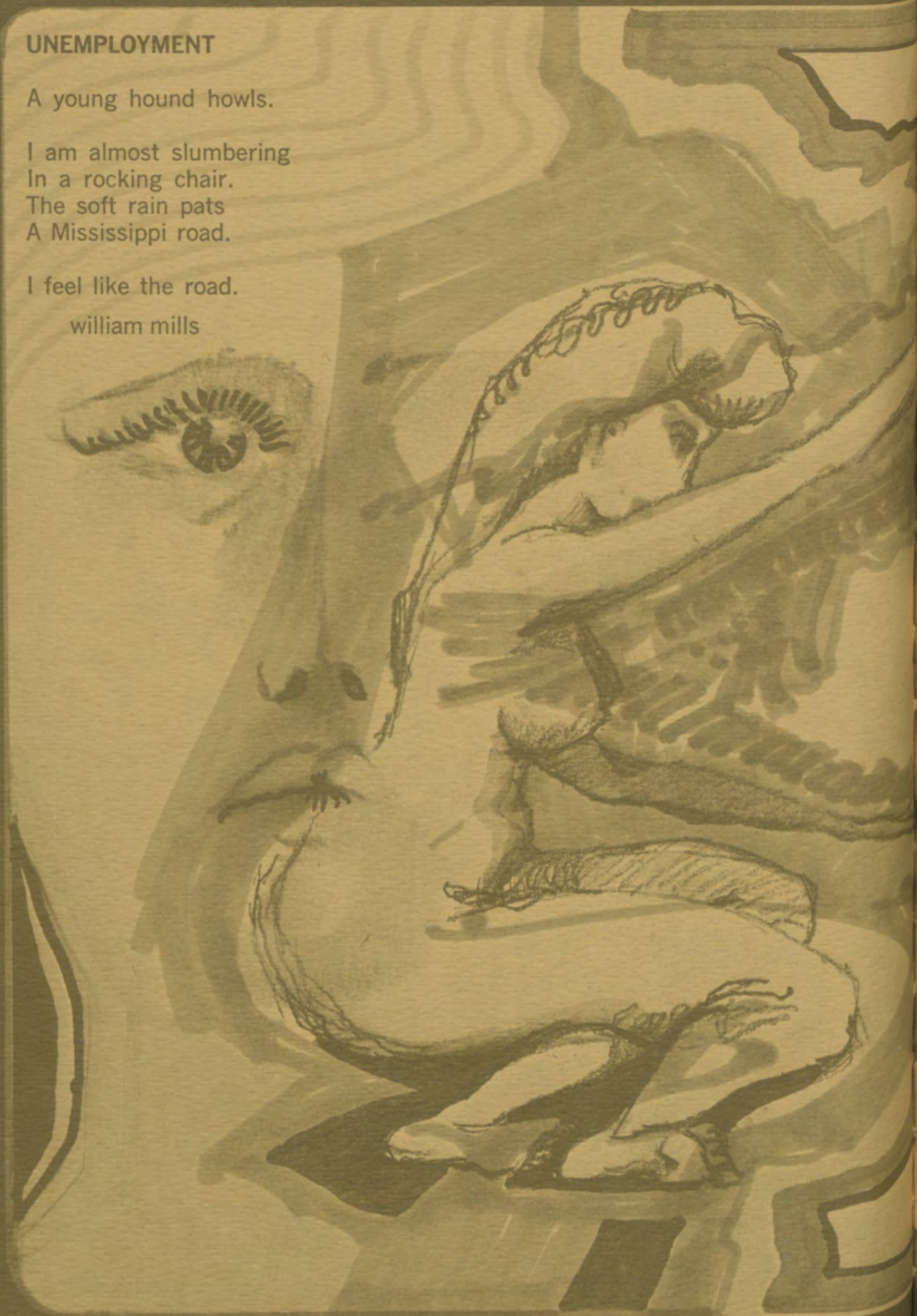
UNEMPLOYMENT

A young hound howls.

I am almost slumbering
In a rocking chair.
The soft rain pats
A Mississippi road.

I feel like the road.

william mills





When lies come to lie,
Truth lies under the boot.
Live eyes see to die,
And deaf ears lie mute.

Weak hearts beat fast
To move the mouth meekly.
Thoughts fade to the past,
And tears come weakly.

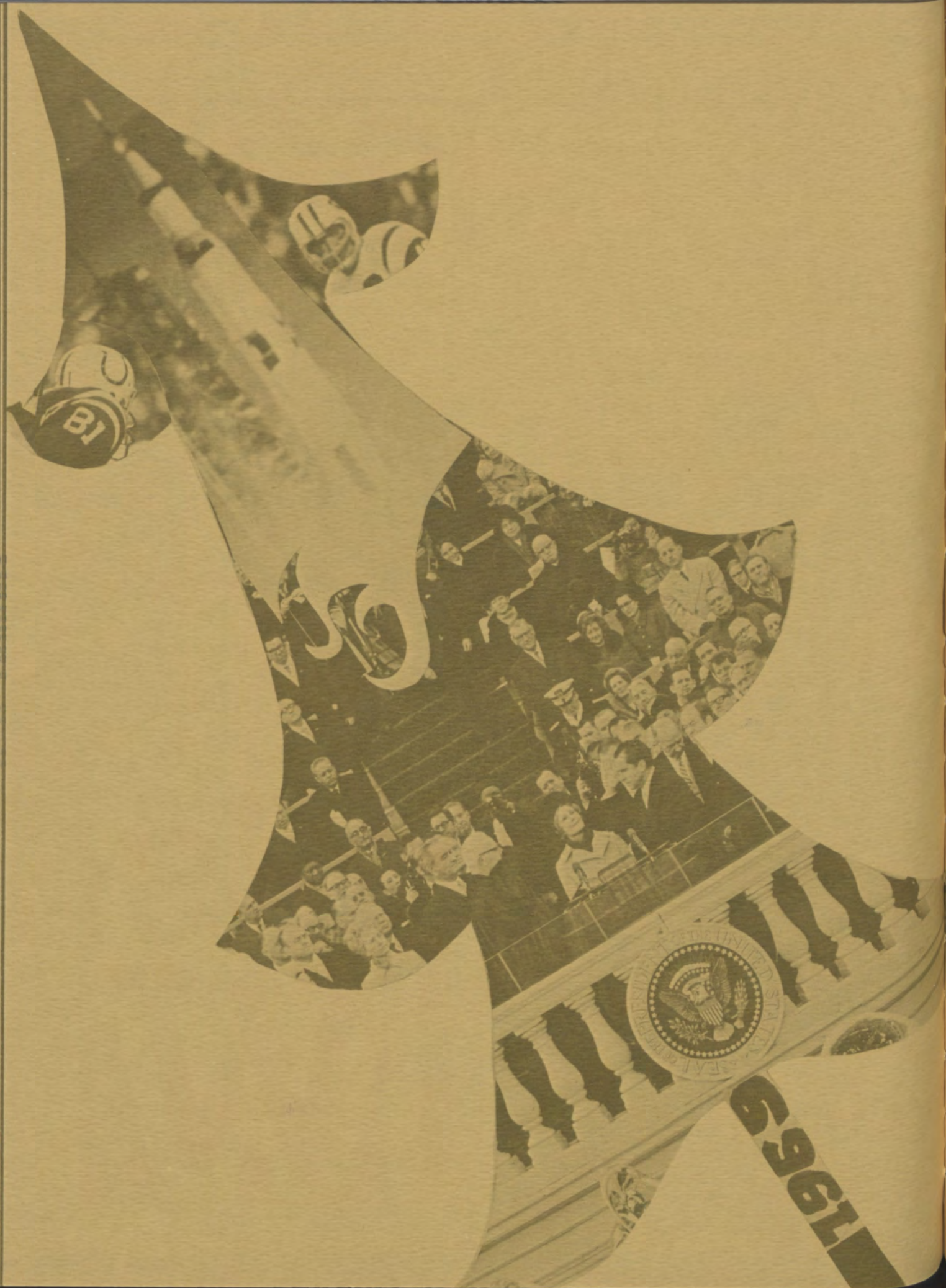
Feet shuffle on
To get out of the way.
With sight gone,
Gone is the day.

The snooty oyster, steamed,
Lies in the sand,
Eyes lied and beamed,
Sure, He'll understand.

richard w. orr

Please! The word fell from his outstretched fingertips and frightened me.
It shouted from his wide wide eyes and deafened me.
The dirt the rats the pain the lonely mind.
I saw it all in the bowing of his head.
I knew his need, for it was shaped by the curve of his body
As he, turned away. But I'm lonely too. And cold.
And what can I do? I am . . . afraid . . . Please.

jean brown



The Selling of the President, 1968

by Joe McGinniss

(New York: Trident Press, 253 pp., \$5.95).

It is a debatable question whether Americans should really *know* their president. Whether they should or not, Americans eventually know just about everything on just about any subject, due to this decade's explosion in communications.

A very good example of this trend is Joe McGinniss' book about how Richard Nixon used television to win the 1968 election. The book should be subtitled, "Read This Book To Get To Know Better The Man You Thought You Voted For."

Joe McGinniss worked in the Nixon campaign and his book is largely a collection of satires about that campaign, especially the advertising men who worked to sell the "new Nixon image" to the American people. The underlying theme of the book is somewhat understated, but nevertheless it is there: using television to sell presidents, to make them something they are not, is something less than scrupulous.

McGinniss states in the opening of the book, "Advertising, in many ways, is a con game . . . Human beings do not need new automobiles every third year; a color television set brings little enrichment of the human experience; a higher or lower hemline, no expansion of consciousness, no increase in the capacity.

"It is not surprising then, that politicians and advertising men should have discovered one another. And, once they recognize that the citizen did not so much vote for a candidate as make a psychological purchase of him, not surprising that they began to work together."

The book is one more thing. It is a deliciously well-written piece that entertains the reader as well as informs him. McGinniss' style is clear, and he does not get involved in over-philosophizing about the questions and strategies he is dealing with. It should have been easy to slip into that kind of writing, because of the very nature of the subject. McGinniss makes his points, but he does it *vis-à-vis* very perceptive reporting. For example, at the conclusion of chapter four he quotes Frank Shakespeare's comment about how the Nixon strategy will counter the Humphrey campaign.

"... by ignoring it. By continuing to present Nixon as he is today. Calmer, more thoughtful, more compassionate than he was eight years ago. You see, I feel that if he is presented in the proper situations—on television—these qualities will come across. As I said, without television he

rev

wouldn't have a chance. With it, he can't lose."

At the beginning of the next chapter, McGinniss writes,

"'I am not going to barricade myself into a television studio and make this an anti-septic campaign,' Richard Nixon said at a press conference a few days after his nomination.

"Then he went to Chicago to open his campaign. The whole day was built around a television show. Even when ten thousand people stood in front of his hotel and screamed for him to greet them, he stayed locked up in his room, resting for the show."

These are good examples of the way McGinniss writes, of how he makes his points, and of the subject of his book. All the people that voted in the last election, and the people that will be voting in the coming elections should read this book. It is a case study of what television can do, whether it is ethical or not.

john reynolds

ies
TW

Dutchman and *The Slave* by LeRoi Jones
(Apollo Editions, William Morrow and Co.,
159 pp., \$1.50)

This Apollo edition of LeRoi Jones's two plays *Dutchman* and *The Slave* follows the 1964 production of his work off-Broadway. Perhaps because of the necessities of the sixties, both are about race. This is not the time, maybe, to expect anything else from most Negro writers.

Probably the title *Dutchman* refers to the legendary Flying Dutchman (via The Wandering Jew). There the Dutchman is punished for having strayed too far from his native land; his adventurous spirit is his misfortune. The Dutchman in the play is, of course, the black. He is flying through the undergrounds of New York in a subway. Seeking his redemption? Maybe. At least the White Woman in the play is interested in his redemption. But this beautiful, thirty-year-old, red-haired White Woman is certainly not the run-of-the-mill savior or white woman. While she munches an apple, she tries to pick up Clay, the twenty-year-old black man. Alternately caressing and attacking the innocent young man, she talks of his manhood, insisting that this is what the rendezvous is all about.

The action is a thriller right up to the end. Black slaps White Woman because she won't leave him alone, but White Woman puts a knife into Black man. Just as the stage is cleaned up, however, and the black body thrown out of the subway, another twenty-year-old black walks in and sits down. The curtain closes just as the cycle begins again.

Maybe we've got developing here a Wandering White Woman doomed to wander the labyrinth of the transit authority seeking the salvation of dusky men and her own satisfaction. (Maybe this archetype has already appeared in another guise with Charley of Boston (MTA) subway fame. Won't anybody lend a buddy a dime?)

Part of the moral of *Dutchman* is this: Leave black people alone.

"Let them sing curses at you in code and see your filth as simple lack of style. Don't make the mistake, through some irresponsible surge of Christian charity, of talking too much about the advantages of Western rationalism, or the great intellectual legacy of the white man, or maybe they'll begin to listen."

The white woman wanders over to the second play of the volume, a slightly softer woman this time because she is the former mistress of a

forty-year-old black man and the mother of his two illegitimate daughters. (I'm serious.) So far, just *Ladies Home Journal*. But in the meantime, she has married a gelded, liberal-fink college professor who, knowing her history but being liberal and stupid, has married her anyway.

In the background, the city is being destroyed by black revolutionaries. On stage the white man and white woman are destroyed by the revolution. For the audience, the play is destroyed by too much politics and too many ideas.

Dutchman is probably better theater than *The Slave* because long speeches weigh the latter down. Neither would do for the commercial theater, although that need not necessarily stop us, but both are excessively cerebral. Experimental theater is very often cerebral, but the risk of new technical innovations often justifies the crowd of ideas—if the final effort is worth it. These two short plays tend to this extreme because of politics—rocks that have destroyed many pretty boats. With LeRoi Jones, the audience expects it and gets it . . . every time. There are those who like their politics dressed up like three-penny actors, because it gives them class. In the relatively rare atmosphere of the experimental theater, there isn't the danger of a Chicago convention.

william mills

EXPE- RIME- NTAL *Theatre*

RJS RJS

The College Drug Scene by James T. Carey
(Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc.,
151 pp., \$1.50)

Most books about drug use are absurdly exaggerated profiles of "typical" dope-fiends, strung out and scrounging for a fix. Today such fairy tales are not even remotely credible, and public attention has shifted to drug usage among college students. *The College Drug Scene* by James T. Carey is a detailed sociological study of the situation in Berkeley, California.

Using a highly sophisticated technique of interviews and field observation, the author's study group has succeeded in accurately recording patterns of drug usage and related social interaction in an academic community. Carey is not biased in favor of the "head": "The side bet placed in terms of dropping out of college has effectively closed off any feasible alternative to the way of life the hard core user is now engaged in."

All sorts of drug involvement are investigated here, from the recreational user who smokes some grass on the weekends to the acid head, tripping as often as twice a week. In some places the author, an assistant professor of criminology at Berkeley, actually becomes rather literary in describing the drug experience. He also subjects the values of heavy dopers to an intense scrutiny, but pointedly refrains from interjecting a "straight" value judgment. Even the economics of drug dealing do not escape his notice.

The College Drug Scene should be placed before every university administrator and police official in America, many of whom suffer from superbly anachronistic misconceptions about the drug phenomenon. No longer are drug users a deviant criminal subculture—they are college students. Society's darlings are turning on and will be running the world tomorrow. Read it if you care.

william r. day

Though the world often seems to be "dying around us," one never quite gives up hope for its rebirth. Hans Koningsberger has beautifully told the story of man's struggle to flee from the brutality of war in *A Walk With Love and Death*.

The tale begins in the spring of 1358, when "the peasants of northern France did not sow their fields any more." The hero, a young student named Heron, is "on a quest for freedom." Fleeing from war, and perhaps himself too, he is constantly moving toward the sea . . . toward England. In fact, the sea becomes an obsession with Heron.

Amid the crisis of war, Heron has reached his own crisis. He finds himself drowning in the sea of life, and so he looks for his own blue sea.

The parallels between Koningsberger's sensual novel and the current conflicts of the young student today can be easily drawn. The draft question and the Vietnam war, as well as the present crisis on our campuses today are directly comparable. Heron has left the University because:

"I won't die with the world, I thought: as a matter of fact, neither the world nor I will die: there is something else to be found but not at this dead university and not by hunting wolves in a cemetery. I'll have my hour yet, I'm not going to have it stolen from me: I'll go find it, in spring. I will escape."

Escape . . . solving the conflicts within oneself before the conflicts outside oneself are solved . . . living . . . all these have become the young man's elements of personal crisis. They are ours.

Searching for "the hour" becomes the aim of the young lovers, Claudia and Heron. Are we not searching for our hour? Or are we fleeing from our hour? We must decide. We, like Heron, see too that the world is dying around us. Is hopelessness so hopeless? Does one run backward or forward? Does one move at all?

Finally, one realizes, as Hans Koningsberger wrote, that love and death continually are walking hand-in-hand.

jennifer salinger

A Walk With Love and Death
by Hans Koningsberger.

(New York: Popular Library, 128 pp., \$.60)

a walk with
LOVE
& DEATH

In Face of Death

Thus home I draw
As death's long night
Draws on

The shadow of death
Has fallen upon me
My hopes are vanished
As running water
What is there now
Left for me
But to wait
The falling
Of the fatal blow
With arms outstretched
And head laid toward
The orient sun

frederick sorensen

Don Juan

The grass upon my grave
Will grow as long
And sigh to midnight winds

The grass upon my grave
Will grow as long
As streaming hair
And send its tendrils down
To sup with me

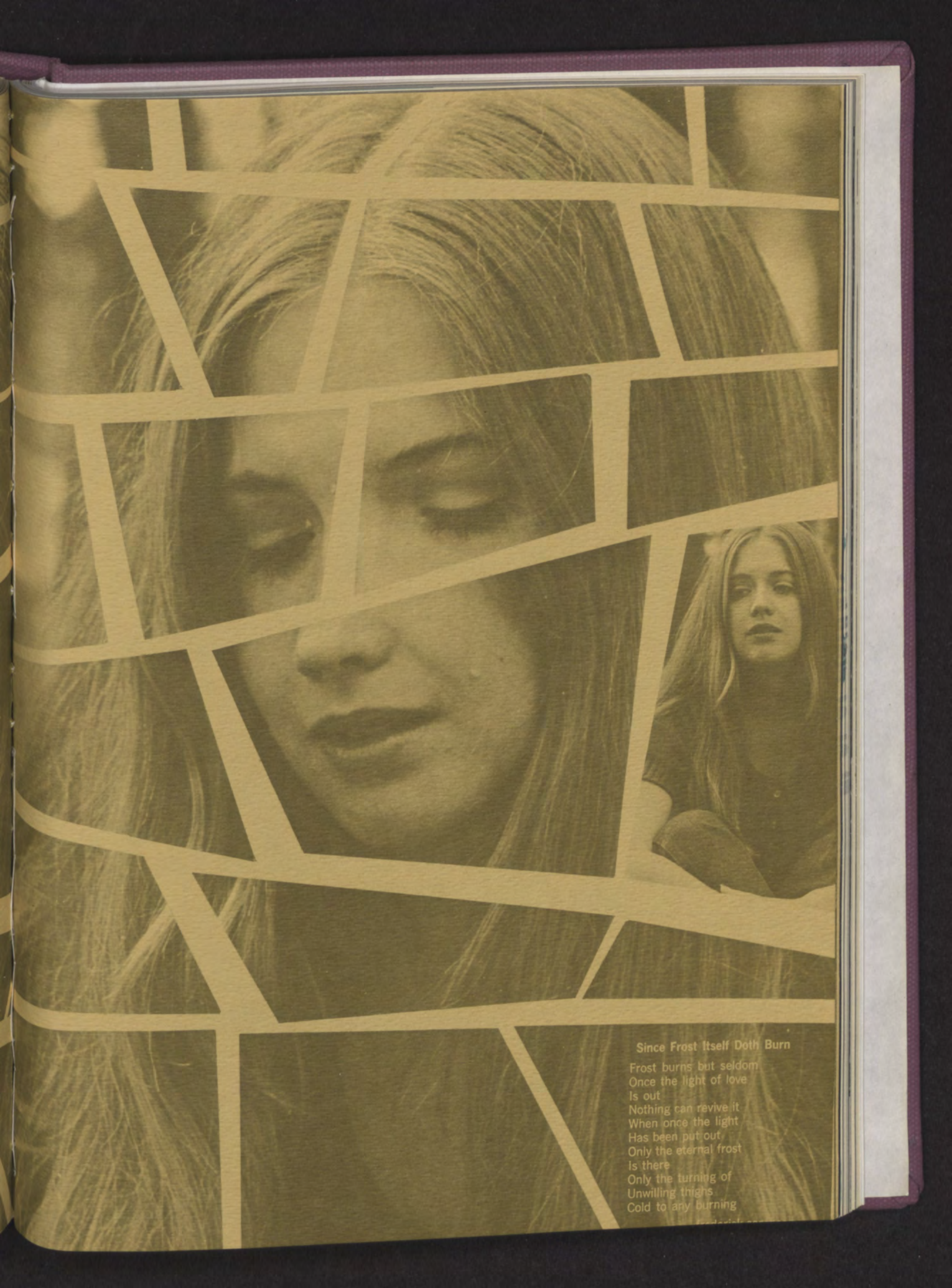
The grass upon my grave
Will hear the sigh of winds
When my ears
Are clogged with clay
And the root
Of a growing vine

The grass upon my grave
Will grow waist high
While my loved one
Stretches down her arms to me
And cries

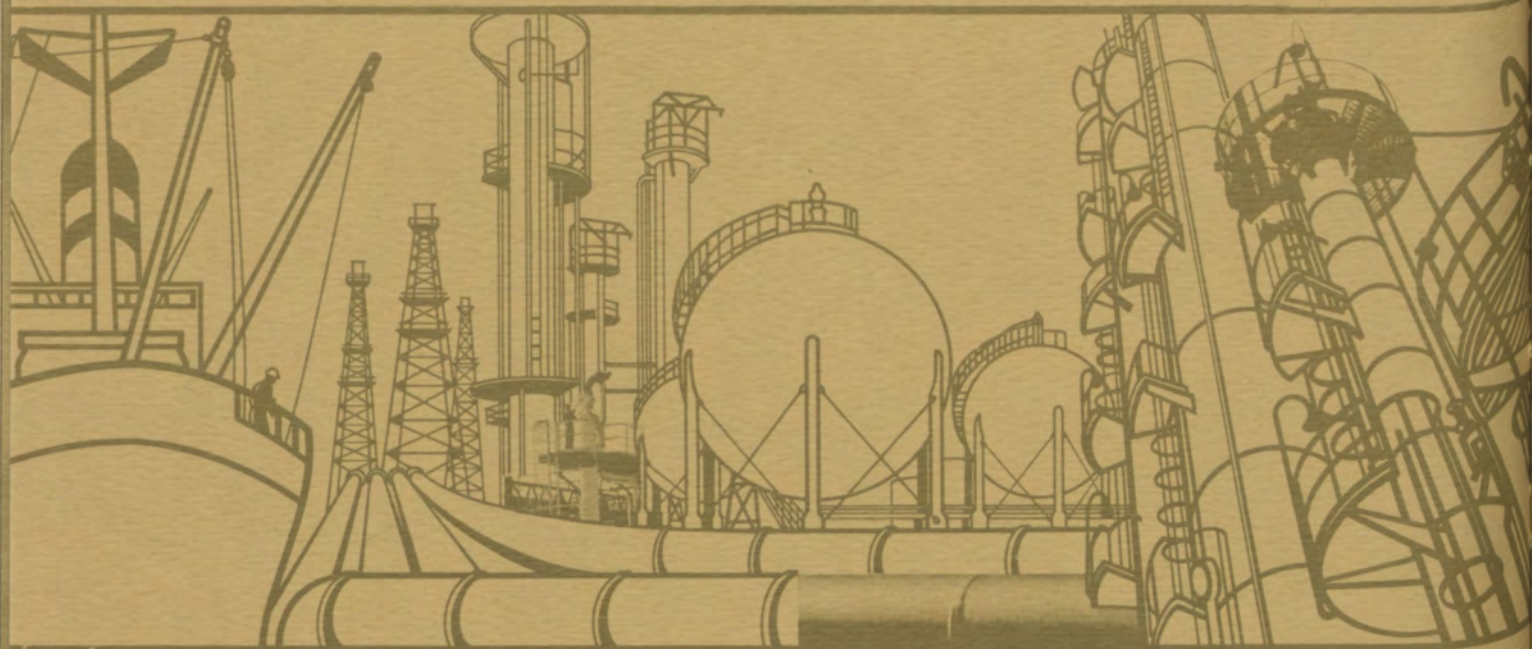
frederick sorensen

35.4.25





Since Frost Itself Doth Burn
Frost burns but seldom
Once the light of love
Is out
Nothing can revive it
When once the light
Has been put out
Only the eternal frost
Is there
Only the turning of
Unwilling thighs
Cold to any burning



In Steel And Stone

We are of the brood of the cities
 Spawned by their culture and by their indignities
 By their crime and by their filth
 We have come from their bowels
 And out of their mouths

We are creatures of violence
 And of terror and of hate
 Our cities have given us lessons
 In god-awful living
 And we are killing them with
 What they have taught us

The death of the Urban Man
 The doom of the metropolis
 Is ripening behind our brows
 Some day soon we shall die
 And the culture and its cities with us

That will serve us right
 For we have created them
 And they have created us
 And we are despicable
 In a morass of steel and stone
 daesen para

FUNERAL MANTRA

Sun rising
day breaking
night dying

All in one
All at once
life begins and ends
Throughout the day and night
Every hour

every minute
every second
Every millisecond of breath
is the first

And the last everywhere
all in one
all at once

Life begins and ends
with no beginning

And no ending
life and death

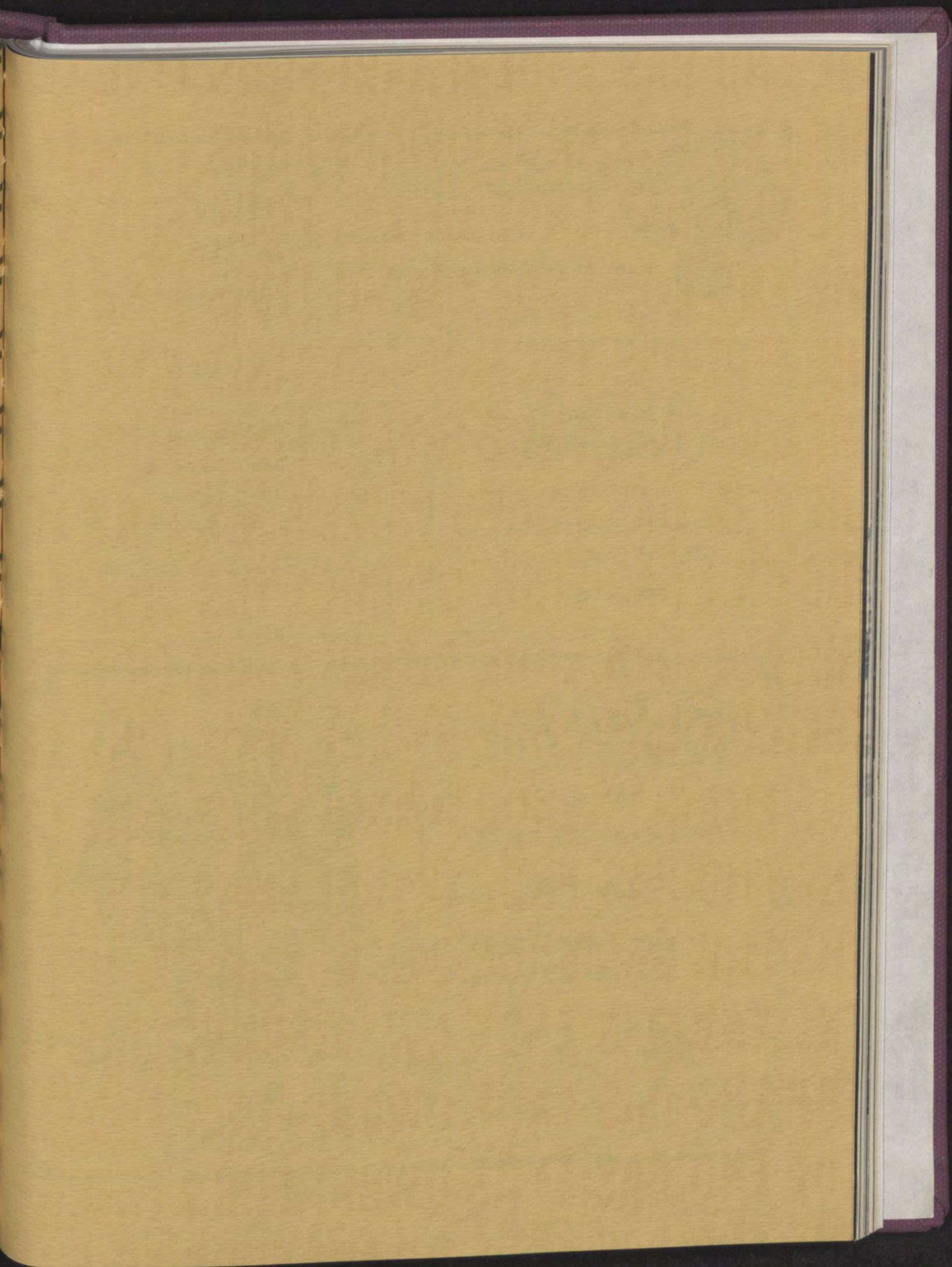
Run a race with no winner
Within the space of one spirit
With no beginning

and no ending
Binding all the living
and all the dead

All at once
All in one
day ending
sun setting
stars rising

charles griffin

THE END DAS ENDE OWARI FINIS FINE LE





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