

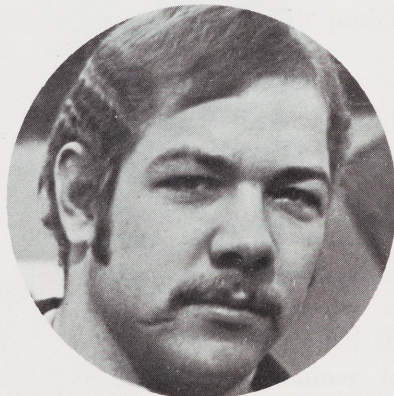
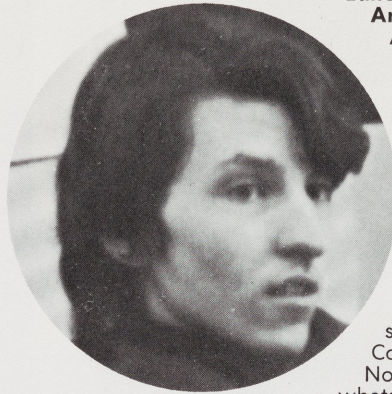


rebel winter





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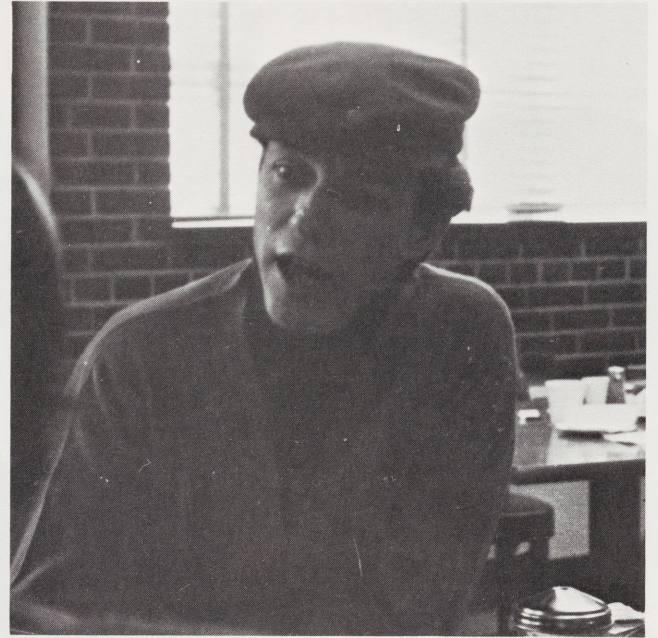


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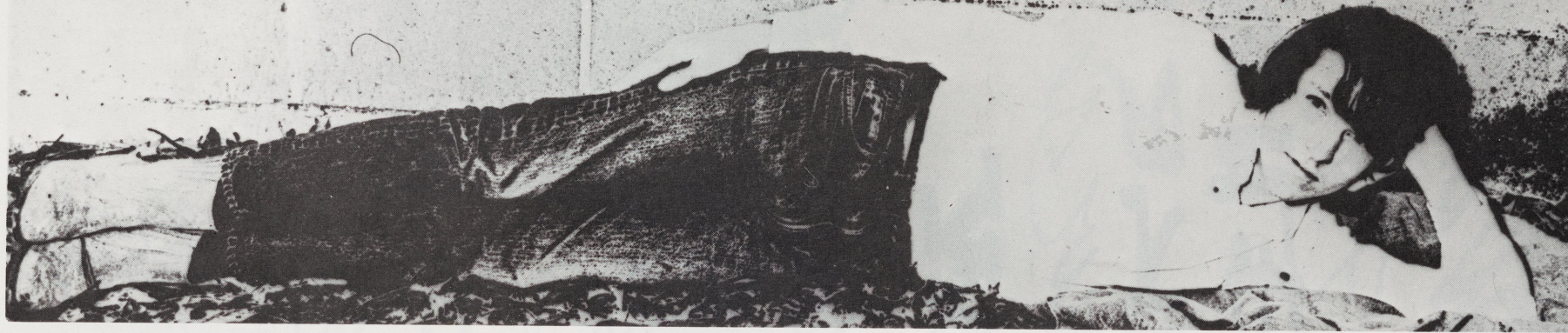
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EDITORIAL...



Our multisociety has entangled itself in a monumental pile of noncommunication. We have contributed individually to the confusion by adjusting our lives to the instant-reaction concept of our electronic lords: television, radio, computers, movies, and even stoplights, to name only a few. We have accepted the media of mass communication as entities in themselves, not as technological servants. We respect the media. It lies beyond our presence of mind to question anything we are told by it or to try to understand with any more perception than absolutely necessary. Our lords have so trained us.

Our problem: we are equating our “interaction” with communications media to interaction with people. It doesn’t work. A medium’s message cannot be affected by our response, be it positive or negative. The message, by definition of its carrier, is objective and cannot be altered or affected by the listener.

We have subconsciously chained ourselves to this idea of nonresponse so that our relationships with people have moulded to the same form. The Form dictates that all actions result from the same motives. It says “If you don’t understand a person, then assume enough about what he says to sufficiently satisfy yourself.” It says, “Don’t show your ignorance—you may embarrass yourself.” It says, “Keep your social habits instead of acting naturally while talking to someone—he may get the wrong idea.” It says, “Don’t look past the superficial to the basic—you may see something that disturbs you.”

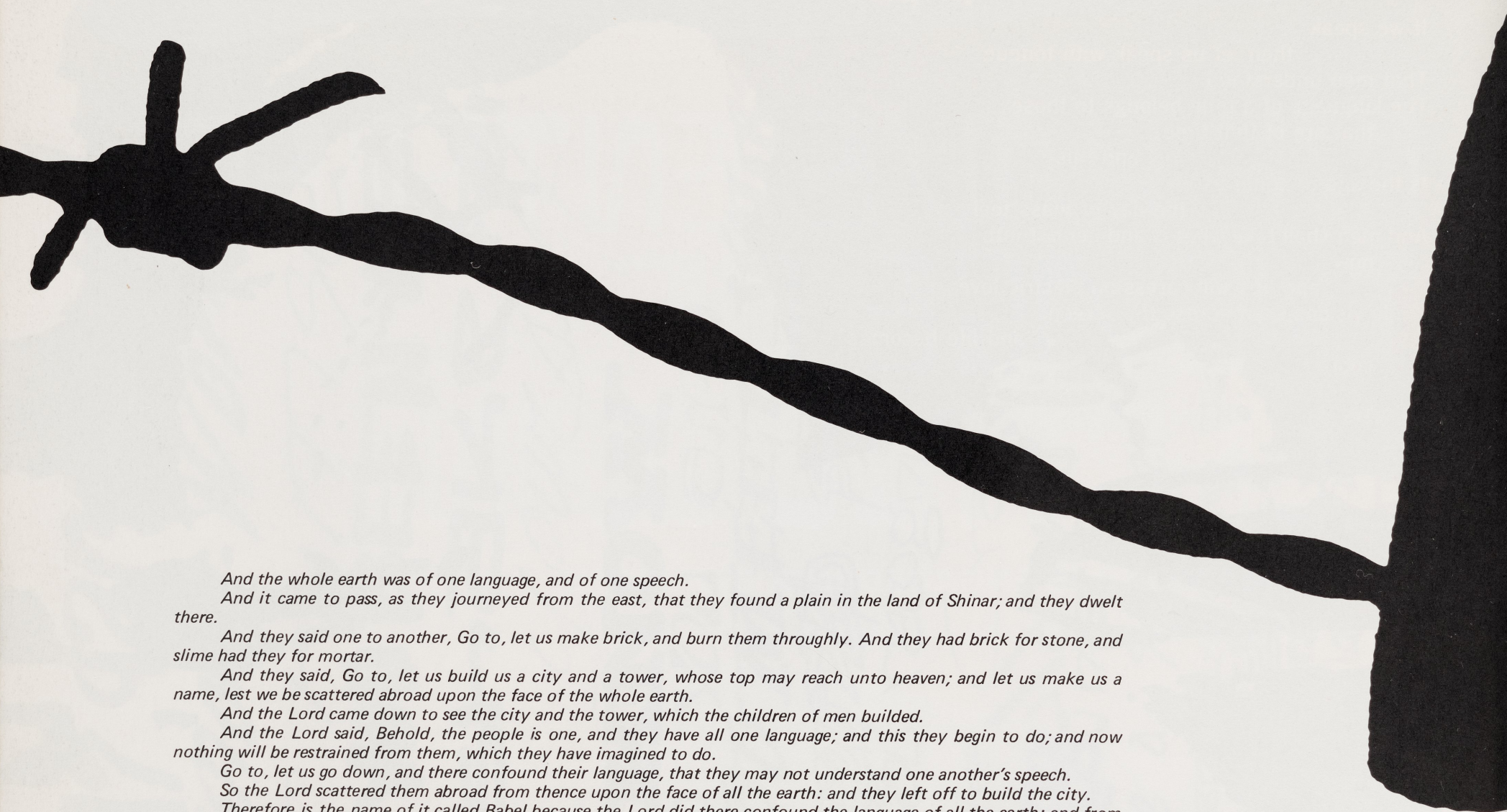
The Form pervades our subconscious. It’s called the Electronic Age. Like it or not, The Form will continue to isolate us from each other so that soon we will merely be living machines, following punch-card patterns of behavior. Interhuman communication will soon be dead. What are we going to do about it?

If we speak
then let us speak with tongues
That men understand
The language of a time belongs to those
that are of that time

and this
Is the age of aquarius
the day of mass feel
And men shall take what is and bend it into
now

and lips will caress an electric love
While visions scan across the screen
and life becomes
cool





*And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.
And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.
And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.
And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.
And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.
And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.
Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.
So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.
Therefore is the name of it called Babel because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.*

Genesis, Chapter 11, Verses 1-9

WE HAVE ENTERED THE AGE OF ELECTRIC MAN

**TODAY MANKIND IS ENGAGED IN A STRUGGLE
TO REBUILD THE BIBLICAL TOWER OF BABEL**

Drastic things are happening all around us. Confusion, indecision, and revolution seem to permeate the very air we breathe. Something is taking place within our minds, but what?

Since the genesis of Western civilization when the Ionic Greeks abandoned their archaic religious state and developed the phonetic alphabet, it has been necessary for Western man to put his thoughts in terms of concepts before he could use the system effectively. Until relatively recently, communication has largely consisted of either spoken or written words made up of characters from the basic phonetic alphabet of twenty-six letters. As expanding vertical communication increased our reliance upon the written phonetic word as a means of communication, our patterns of sequential thinking were increased. The development of the printing press greatly magnified the effect by eventually leading to common literacy.

For at least twelve years of their lives, most individuals are trained to think in conceptual thought patterns created by different languages of communication derived from the use of phonetic alphabets. The writer has an idea or concept and writes it down in a logical, orderly manner. The reader is supposed to receive exactly what the writer thinks, as if he himself were the writer.

The invention of electronic mass media, television in particular, has introduced Man to a way of thought formerly available only through art forms, syllabaries, and other such

media: **perceptual communication**. A person receives an image, not a concept. He relies on his own senses to interpret the meaning of the idea represented by the image.

For example, the word "east" is a conceptual term in the English language. Unless it is used in poetry, it is designed to be used in a linear or sequential connection with other words in a logical manner. It is not designed to be used alone. The Chinese character for east,



is a combination of their word for sun and tree.



The literal meaning of the characters is thus, "sun seen through the trees," the equivalent of our "east."

Obviously, the Chinese ideogram carries a much more profound perceptual meaning than the English word. Where the Chinese ideogram represents an idea in terms of sensual perception, the English word represents this same idea in terms of sterile conception.

Poetry is an attempt to present perceptions rather than conceptions

and the result lacks preciseness when viewed through the window of conceptual logic. As a consequence, poetry is not a conceptionally efficient form of communication. For instance, a math problem could not be explained through means of a poem. Poetry is, however, much more efficient at communicating the non-conceptual thoughts of feelings and emotion.

Electronic communications are now creating a severe conflict of thought patterns in Western Man. Today's younger generation seem to be having more violent problems in communicating with the older generations than previous youth have ever had. Because of constant exposure to perceptual communications, today's youth want to "perceive" for themselves instead of playing the observer's role of receiving the conception of someone else's perceptions.

Today's youth want to participate directly and to become involved. They feel tremendously constricted by the continual pressure to merely observe. They are the first generation to be raised under the watchful eye of the television tube and are displaying the massive effect it has had upon them. They are not satisfied with the concept of a rule or a behavioral requisite. They want to know **why** they are told to do some-

thing; they want to perceive and feel the situations that caused the reasons for the rule's existence. Unless they can relate the reasons directly to themselves, they disregard the rule's existence, and violence erupts.

The effects of electronic communications are not limited to youth. However, the perceptual thought patterns thus generated are picked up much more easily by them because they do not have to remove conceptual thought patterns first. Countries such as Russia which have not had a chance to become as highly literate as the United States are also finding it easier to adjust to electronic communications.

The "credibility gap" which the American government is experiencing reflects the struggle of the "conceptual-versus-perceptual" conflict on a young and old basis alike. Americans are finding it increasingly difficult to relate to or to be in communication with the ambiguity of the governmental bureaucracy when it opposes the much more perceptual images of youth in revolt or other active image appearing on the television screen, regardless of the opinions of the viewer. This is primarily because for them, the government exists on a conceptual rather than a perceptual basis. It demands receptive passivity and refuses ac-

tive function.

Another problem that governments are having as a result of this conflict is evident when for some reason the government would rather not have the general public to be aware of some particular set of circumstances, the instantaneous, global quality of electronic communications makes it possible for the viewer to "perceive" things happening which do not agree with the government's publicly conceptualized propaganda regarding the event. Some form of censoring that which the public is permitted to view will be necessary if governments are to maintain the opinions which they desire the viewing public to have.

Vice-President Agnew has dramatically shown what can be accomplished by creating a diversionary focus of perceptive attention regarding the American people. Additional influence was afforded Agnew when he capitalized upon the perhaps subconscious fears we have of the drastic changes in thought processes that television is creating within us. By using electronic media as the focus of blame for the massive dissent in the United States, he used television, a perceptual communication, to attack the "perceptualness" of that communication.

Exactly how electronic communications are affecting changes in thought processes is extremely diffi-

cult to determine. Marshall McLuhan, perhaps the foremost expert in the field of communications today, has written several books consisting primarily of a series of "probes" designed to explore possibilities. In a recent telephone conversation with this writer he described several rather startling probabilities.

He stated that because of the less literate aspects of the South, it will soon assume the vanguard of leadership of the United States because of the greater malleability to perceptual communication of less literate people.

Electronic communication will eventually tribalize society and turn the world into a "global village." We will be much more aware of our natural environment. This will reach such extremes as experiencing general disgust with pollution and a resurgence of Puritanism.

We will be faced with large scale divergences of opinion, anarchy, and the loss of governmental mandate.

The more literate North will be faced with a massive racial blood bath within the next three years.

Finally, he stated that in the very near future, society will be spending the major part of the national budget on headhunting, as the government comes to realize that in order

to have the control it wants over the minds of the public, it must resort to stronger and stronger forms of totalitarianism.

McLuhan bases the major reasons for his predictions on the ignorance of the American people regarding the changes now taking place within our minds.

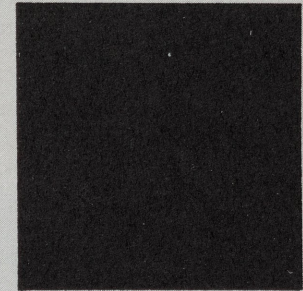
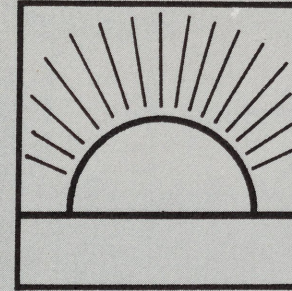
Rebuilding the Tower of Babel promises to be a difficult proposition to accept or to even recognize, but the foundations are even now being laid. The Western lifestyle is fading as fast as the structure of the Tower reaches skyward. We can only wonder if Western Man will survive the gradual disappearance of his way of life.

Bob Thonen

Tomorrow Is Yesterday

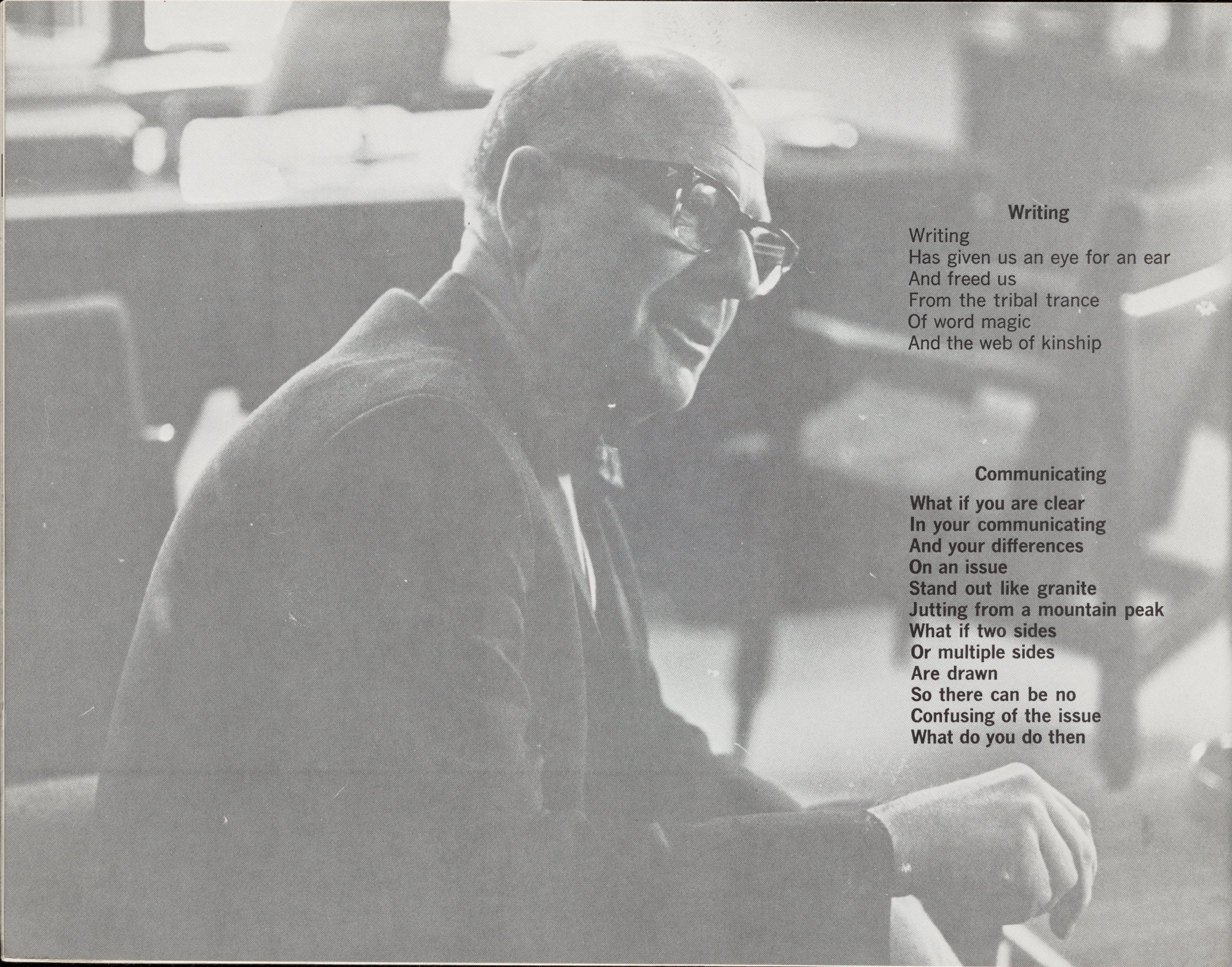
Tomorrow is yesterday
Some folks believe
All that will be
Once was
All that is to come
Has already been

I believe
History
Is a spiral
Some of what
Was yesterday
Will come again
Some of what
Will be tomorrow
Has been



Headlights peering through the fog
Illuminate the slanting rain,
like comets flashing through the sky;
Fiery balls with streaming tails,
Rushing and swarming headlong,
Exploding, quickly wiped away:
A futile attempt to create a place
Of permanence amid the constant change.



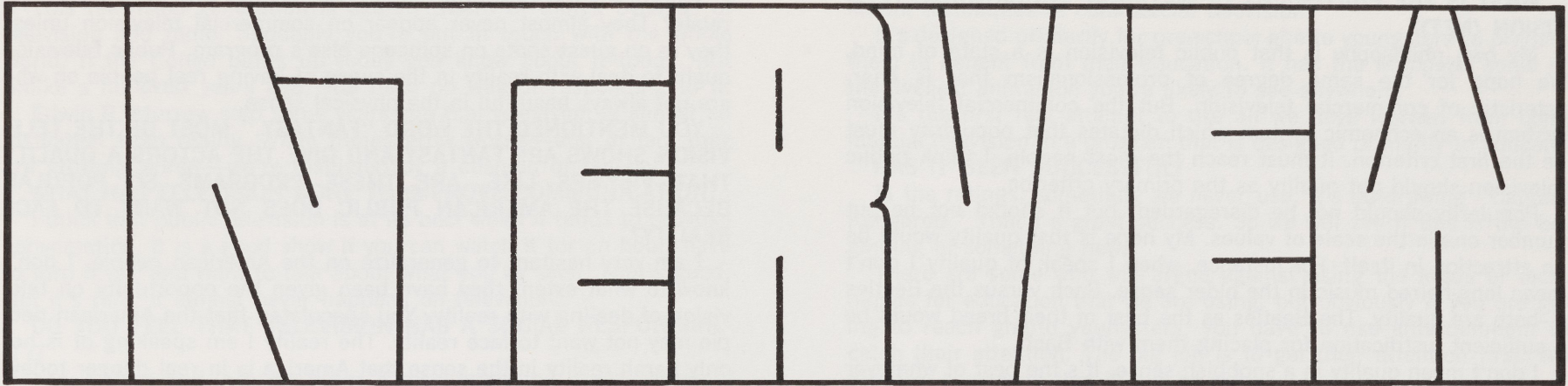


Writing

Writing
Has given us an eye for an ear
And freed us
From the tribal trance
Of word magic
And the web of kinship

Communicating

What if you are clear
In your communicating
And your differences
On an issue
Stand out like granite
Jutting from a mountain peak
What if two sides
Or multiple sides
Are drawn
So there can be no
Confusing of the issue
What do you do then



James Day, president of National Educational Television, is trying to find a new role for public television. He is an innovator rather than a copier of the "tried and true."

Communications is Day's life. He has worked for NBC, Occupational Forces Radio in Japan, Radio Free Asia, and managed a television station in San Francisco for 16 years.

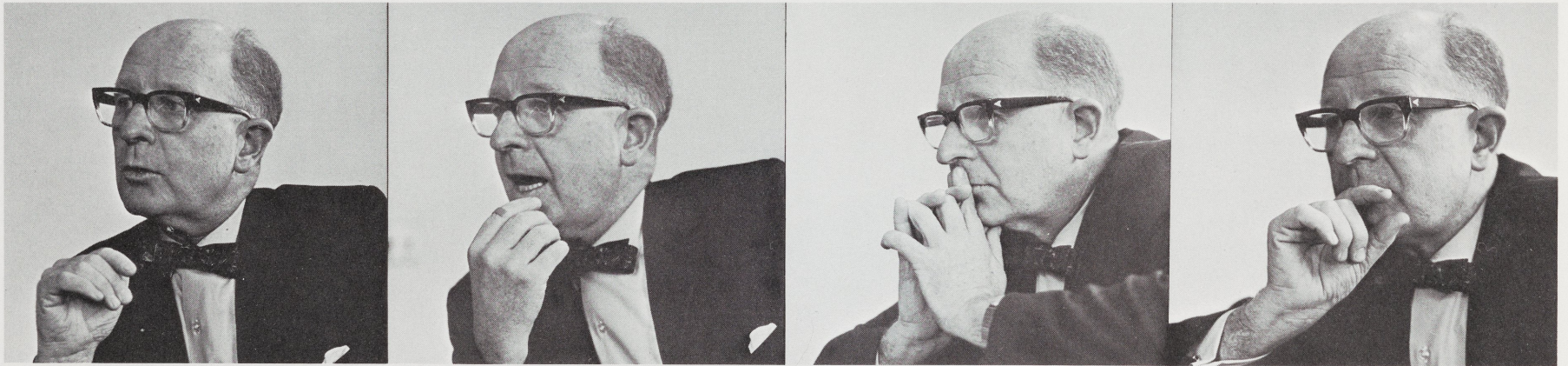
While evaluating the dilemma of today's television with one eye, Day gazes into the media of tomorrow with the other.

WHAT IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION (NET)?

My own philosophy is that public television is a state of mind. We hope for the same degree of professionalism that is characteristic of commercial television. But the commercial television system is an economic system which dictates that popularity must be the first criterion. It must reach the most people. I think public television should put quality as the primary criterion.

Popularity should not be disregarded, but it should not be put number one in the scale of values. My hope is that quality would be an attraction in itself. For instance, when I speak of quality I don't mean long-haired music in the older sense. Bach versus the Beatles—both are quality. The Beatles as the best of their breed would be a sufficient justification for placing them with Bach.

I don't mean quality in a snobbish sense. It's the best of whatever



you do, if it's humor, pop music, or whatever. Quality ought to be the first criterion. Each of us has an unserved area that can be appealed to and I would hope public television would do this.

WHAT DO THE THREE MAJOR NETWORKS USE AS CRITERIA FOR AIRING A PROGRAM? "JULIA" FOR INSTANCE, IS NOT ABOUT A BLACK WOMAN AT ALL BUT ABOUT A WHITE MIDDLE-CLASS WOMAN WITH BLACK SKIN . . .

The fare on commercial television is largely fantasy. "Julia" is fantasy. She is not a real person. Most of the fiction is fantasy whether it is space fantasy, spy fantasy, or whatever. That's bad enough in itself but most of the people who appear on television are not real people. Even most of the newscasters aren't real people. They're plastic; they're two-dimensional. They may have capped teeth, a toupee, and a blazer with the station emblem on it. They haven't been mixed up in the news; they're news readers.

Where are the beautiful people, the people with whom you can relate? They almost never appear on commercial television unless they're on guest spots on someone else's program. Public television ought to deal with reality in the sense of having real people on who are not always beautiful in the physical sense.

YOU MENTIONED THE WORD "FANTASY." MOST OF THE TELEVISION SHOWS ARE FANTASY AND GIVE THE ACTORS A QUALITY THAT VIEWERS LIKE. ARE THESE PROGRAMS SO POPULAR BECAUSE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC DOES NOT WANT TO FACE REALITY?

I am very hesitant to generalize on the American people. I don't know to what extent they have been given the opportunity on television of dealing with reality. You speculated that the American people may not want to face reality. The reality I am speaking of is not only harsh reality in the sense that America is in real danger today,

but also the joyous reality to which young people attach themselves. There's a real joy to reality as well as a starkness and I think public television should deal with both. Real people are a joy.

I think reality can be joyous; I think reality can be entertaining; I think reality can be exhilarating. It is not a matter of coming home at night and saying, "I'm not going to turn that television set on to public television or educational television. I'm just too tired." Well, tiredness has nothing to do with it. You know? The way to overcome tiredness is to engage in something else that is exhilarating: **thinking.**

DO YOU THINK TELEVISION WILL EVER INCORPORATE FEEDBACK?

Technically, lots of things can be done which won't be done. There's no economic pressure for feedback. The thing that interests me about this is the speculation.

This television generation is acutely aware of things because of television and radio. Suddenly you're put in touch with the whole world. If the Congo blows up today you know about it today. But unlike a hundred years ago, you have no way of responding to it.

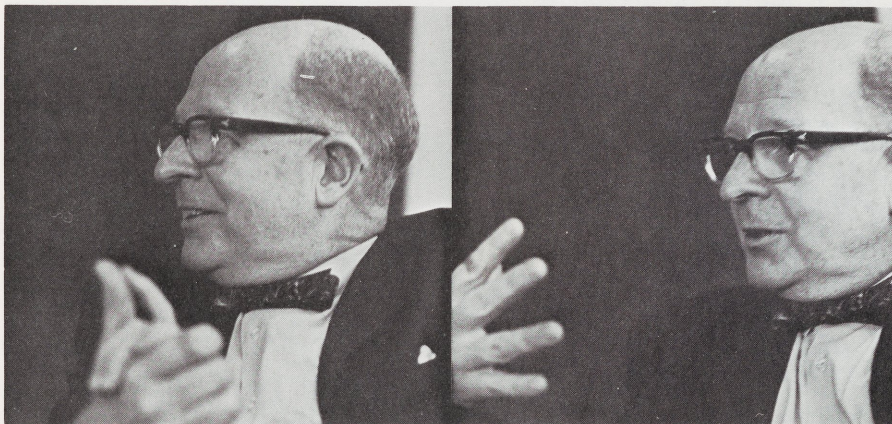
Edwin R. Murrow said some years ago that television is almost an insulation from reality. While things grow worse—and in fact they are growing worse—we're insulated by a cushion of fantasy.

WHAT HAS TELEVISION DONE TO IMPROVE COMMUNICATION?

I think that public television is at its best when it tends to provoke conversation. It is a good show if you can watch it for an hour, have to turn it off, and want to talk about what you've seen. That's good. But it's rare; it almost never happens on television.

DO YOU FEEL THAT TELEVISION HAS A SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY?

Yes, it does and in some cases it discharges this social respons-



ibility with magnificent news coverage. But it is a business and it's operated on essentially business principles.

The British did a study in 1962 called the Pilkinton Report. A group of distinguished citizens did the study which set forth the social responsibility of television in Great Britain. As far as I know, America has never undertaken such a study. Now this study became virtually law, that is to say, it became the basis for law. Broadcasting in America grew almost uncontrolled to what it is today. Public television here has been underfed in some respects and underled, too.

HAS ANYTHING SIMILAR TO A "HEADSTART" PROGRAM BEEN ATTEMPTED ON PUBLIC TELEVISION?

We have one now that appears to be a real sensation! Done by the ex-producer of "Captain Kangaroo," it's called "Sesame Street," and it is shown five days a week in color. It incorporates all the

known techniques of commercial television.

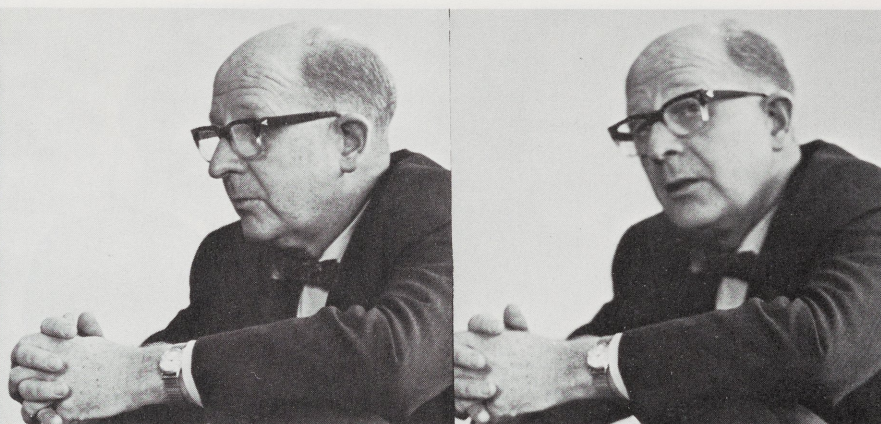
It's designed primarily for pre-school ghetto youngsters to prepare them to benefit from their education. It has the Muppets, some of the liveliest animation you're likely to see anywhere.

It's the first real attempt to use all we have learned from commercial television in a program that is designed primarily to educate.

HAS IT BEEN SUCCESSFUL?

In the ratings, something we never use, it's outdrawing "Captain Kangaroo." That's a great success. So we will see if this is the beginning of something new.

There are some who will argue against using the kinds of techniques for education that we are using, but obviously if you are going to reach ghetto youngsters, you have to use entertainment to catch their attention. The big job is to get their attention first. We are now convinced that it can be done.



WHAT TYPE OF PROGRAMMING DO YOU FEEL IS MOST FITTING FOR TELEVISION?

That's a very hard question to answer, and of course is the heart of the problem we face here. We are doing on NET what I think are the outstanding documentaries being done on television today. There's only one thing wrong with them—people aren't watching them.

The reason I'm in public television is that I hope to affect people, either to move them toward solutions to problems on the one hand or to make life deeper, richer, and more meaningful on the other.

HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?

One way is through other people. We can relate with someone on the screen who fascinates us, interests us, intrigues us. We need more of these kinds of people on the screen—young people who have not had a chance to be heard and older people who are never

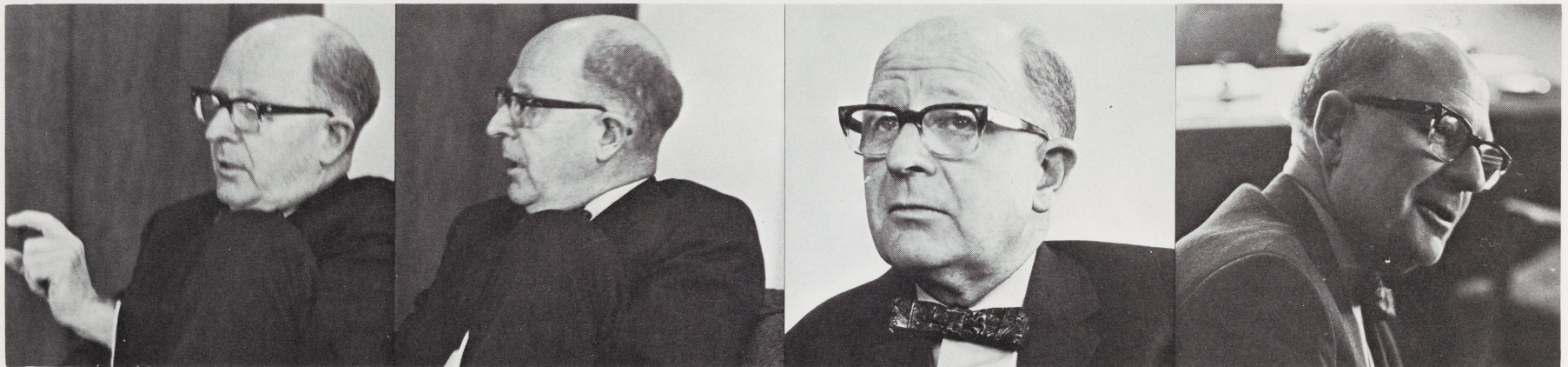
heard in that context. They may be on "Meet The Press" but never on a regular basis. It may be the only way of reaching a large number of people.

It may well be that more people are affected by a three-minute bit on "Laugh In" than all the documentaries that we do on public television. Laughter may be a way in which people can be reached.

WHAT WOULD YOU PREDICT TO BE THE NEXT MAJOR CHANGE IN TELEVISION FORMAT?

We started an experimental project about two years ago based upon the feeling that virtually everything in television today is derivative of other art forms. Drama really is staged on a stage and television cameras pick it up. It is modified for television studios but the television studio is a stage. News is really radio with pictures. Music is a concert hall performance.

But the question is: how can television draw a creative talent



unless it is a medium within its own right? A playwright would rather write for the stage than for television for the simple reason that he can say more on the stage than on TV because TV goes into people's homes.

So we got five artists-in-residence for a year and had them play with television. Out of it came a concept called "video space." Let me explain. When you think of producing a television program you think of a space which is the studio, but in video space you think of a space which is the screen itself. It doesn't need a studio. Secondly, it has to do with the manipulation of the system itself; it's electronic. You can't visualize it and there's no way I can tell you what it looks like visually. The closest thing to it perhaps is a light show, but the colors are created inside the system. The camera need not be focused on anything. You can manipulate the electricity to get images and colors out of the system.

This is what I see happening to television: it's going to look very different than it does today. There will be a great deal in it that younger people as they grow older will understand and respond to. It's going to be electronic.

IS THERE ANY WAY TO GET AROUND THE FACT THAT TELEVISION DOES NOT TREAT THE VIEWER AS A MATURE ADULT?

No, not under the present system which is based upon popularity by ratings. The most popular programs are the ones which give some support to the basis that we are not all adults and are not prepared for adult programming. Many of the programs that have been reasonably adult have failed in commercial television; they have not reached a large enough audience to justify their existence.

WHAT EFFECT HAS TELEVISION HAD SPECIFICALLY UPON YOUNG PEOPLE?

I have absolutely no doubt that television has a profound influence

upon young people, the television generation, those of you who have grown up completely within the age of television. I am inclined to agree with what McLuhan argues in this respect that it does make different people of you. I think your way of perceiving the world is undoubtedly influenced by television in a way that is beyond me. You tend to see things in a mosaic rather than in linear waves.

I think the all around sensorium, the desire to be surrounded by sensation, is the predominance of feeling over rationality.

THE ELECTRONIC AGE HAS OBVIOUSLY CHANGED OUR LIVES RADICALLY. WHERE IS THE ELECTRONIC AGE TAKING US?

A number of things might happen. If television generally continues unabated along its present course it may lead us to one of the worst disasters that we could possibly face: we will all grow bored with living. I think boredom is one of the real dangers that lie ahead.

One of my arguments against most of television is that it gives a distorted picture of life, two-dimensional and shallow.

When I say that television may lead us to ultimate boredom, it is easy to be cynical and obviously, as I have indicated, there is an awful lot of television today I don't care for. The best thing to do is turn the set off and do something else, in fact do anything rather than sitting slack-jawed and glassy-eyed and looking passive.



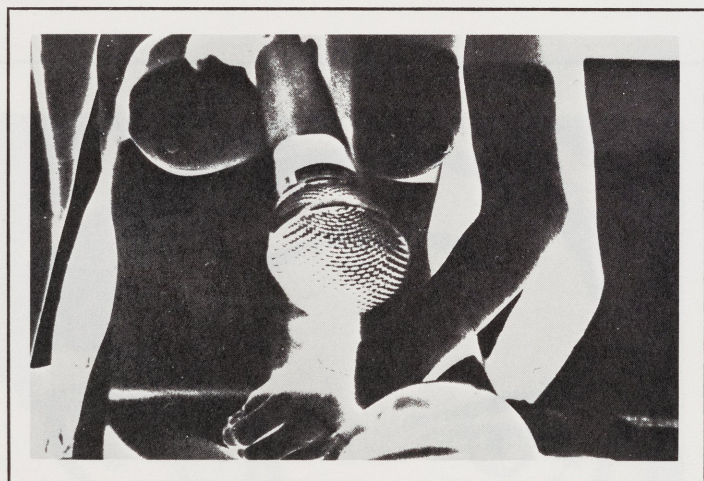
experiment

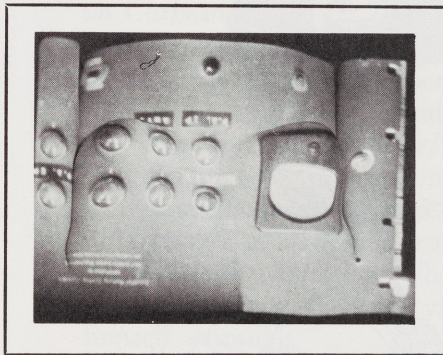
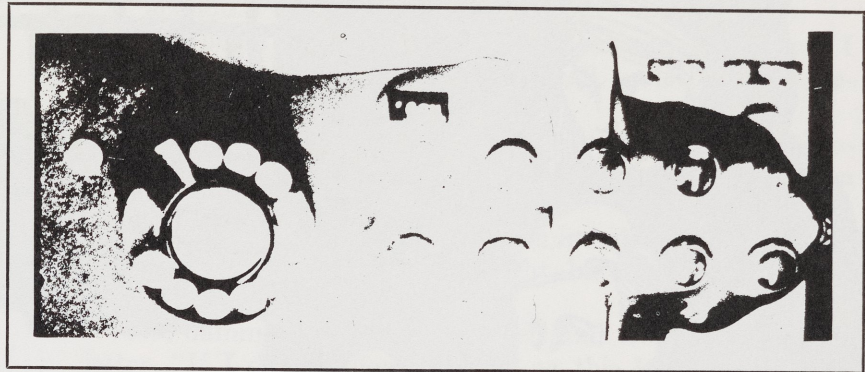
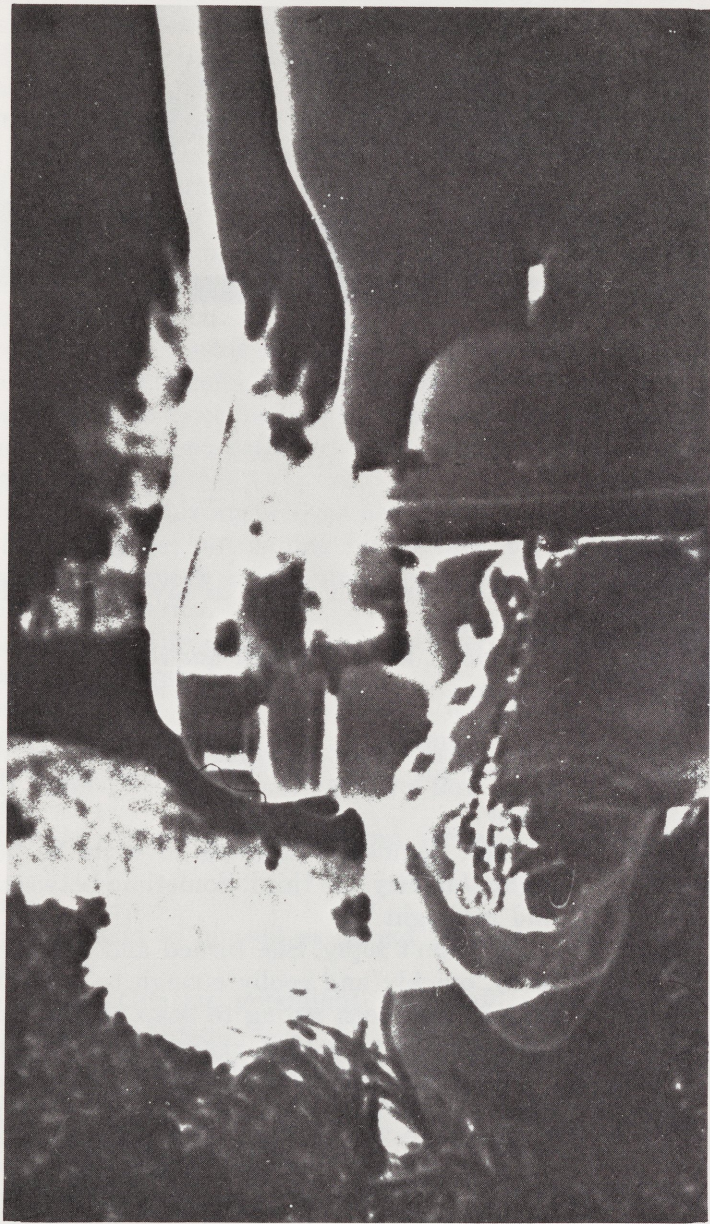
in form.

..... a graphic interpretation of the human's
intertwinement with communicative media.
Sid Morris Jr.











MEA CULPA

"What are you going to say to her?" Foster's wife asked.

"I don't know," Foster answered.

"Are you going to answer the letter?"

"Yes."

"I mean, are you going to answer it *now*? I know you will eventually write to her," she persisted.

"Yes, dammit, I'm going to write to her. Tonight. January the third. Sometime between 10:30 and midnight."

She didn't reply. She turned and left the living room, quickly and coolly enough to make it clear that he had been wrong to snap at her, and that she intended to hold it against him for awhile.

Foster brooded over the letter he had received from his mother. He hadn't called her long distance on Christmas day, and she had written a long, weepy letter explaining how she had waited all day through phone calls from all her other children until the "one phone call she had waited for never came."

Foster mostly ignored his mother. He told himself often enough that he loved her, but in his stinginess he added that he loved her because she was his mother. Furthermore, he secretly believed that if the person who was his mother wasn't his mother, he wouldn't like her at all.

Southern Baptist religion and her children had been the focal points of Foster's mother for most of her adult life. She believed in and swore by them both. But when her children had come of age and sloughed off the church, they essentially sloughed off their mother too. So immersed was she in the Southern Baptist dogma, that she felt it a sin not to constantly try to regain her children for the church.

Love her or not, Foster didn't like to write letters and he didn't like to make phone calls. Letters to his mother were little more than weather reports or medical reports on his children. After the first hellos, the phone calls were the same as the letters, only more strained.

He wondered if his anger over her letters was because he actually felt guilty for not calling his mother, or because she was once again with meek persistence forcing him to show love for her on her own terms.

"Foster?" his wife called from somewhere beyond the hall.

"Yes?" he answered.

"Foster."

"What?" he answered with more volume.

Silence. Having shouted his name, she would never shout the message.

"What do you want?" he hollered, irritation tingling all over him.

Silence.

"Shit!" he said to himself as he got up and went to see what she wanted.

"Come kiss Cynthia goodnight," she said as he walked into his daughter's bedroom.

"Goodnight, Sugar Bear," he said to his daughter.

"Goomah plee nuh mee mawk," she said as he kissed her.

"When will she learn to talk?" he asked his wife in mock impatience. "She's already eighteen months old."

"Shut the door on your way out so I can get her to sleep."

Foster didn't miss the clipped answer. It was a technique his wife had copyrighted. It told him his humor wasn't appreciated

since he had snapped at her earlier in the evening. It told him he had longer to wait for forgiveness.

He shrugged to himself and went back to the letter he had started.

Dear Mother,

No doubt there are some persons who can correlate phone calls with love. You seem to correlate the two with no trouble. However, I personally see no connection.

When I question my love for someone, the answer I come up with is never a phone call, or letter, or a present, or any of those things.

It would seem to me that my love for you is an absolute or constant you could always take for granted, an assertion which needs no proof.

Foster re-read what he had written in his first flush of irritation. Since kissing his daughter goodnight, his mood had changed and he crumpled up the letter.

"No, dammit," he said to himself and tried to uncrumple the letter. "If I don't follow through on this letter, she'll force me into phoning or writing a bleeding hearts apology for not calling on Christmas."

He continued the letter on the wrinkled paper.

And anyway, Mother, if you equate phone calls with love, why didn't you call me? Why must love flow in one direction? If this love/phone call bit is real, then you should have popped out of bed on Christmas day and phoned me and the rest of your unforgetting siblings.

"Christ," he said, and crumpled up the letter again.

"You tacky bastard. Why don't you call your mother?" He wondered, along with everything else, if he should be talking to himself so much.

"She's just trying to hang the guilt on my neck."

"Well, she must be doing it or you wouldn't be so mad about a silly phone call."

"Don't be so self-righteous. I allow other people their way. Why can't they allow me mine?"

"You're so wonderfully objective and open-minded. You make me sick."

"My trouble is that I can see attractive things on both sides of the argument."

"Your trouble is that you can't take a stand."

"Look, I'll call her. Why not? Why hurt an old woman merely for the sake of pride? That kind of pride is childish."

"You don't think her demands are mature, do you?"

"No, but why should two persons be immature because of one adolescent action?"

"Very big of you. You're rationalizing away the fact that she's stronger than you, that she's using your phoney maturity and guilt to get you to call her."

"I don't give a shit! I'll call her anyway."

He got up and started for the phone. "I'm going to telephone Mother," he called to his wife. "Do you want to say hello?"

Silence again.

"Now where the hell did she go?" he asked aloud.

"I'm in bed. Will you please be quiet? You'll wake the kids."

"You didn't tell me goodnight. I didn't know you were in bed," he answered defensively, allowing a wee bit of aggression to slip into his voice. He was beginning to feel bullied.

"Goodnight," she clipped again.

He flushed at the dismissal and closed the bedroom door.

His phone call to his mother was unsuccessful. Her patented melancholy and excessive forgiveness of his guilt easily nailed him to a cross of her own choosing and he too quickly promised to write and phone more often, a promise they both knew would be the occasion of more guilt since it was sure to be broken.

If Foster's phone call was unsuccessful from his point of view, it was a bloodless coup for his mother. She said goodbye by promising to pray for God's forgiveness when her son came back to the church.

He walked around the quiet house, agitated and not ready for bed. Impulsively, he made himself a sandwich and opened a beer. When he had finished the sandwich and beer, he ate a small jar of olives and drank a cup of tea. Finally he bathed, shaved, and went to bed.

He couldn't sleep. He mentally rewrote about ten *ex post facto* letters to his mother. He couldn't relax. He squirmed and turned, trying to do it without waking his wife.

"Will you be still?" she said, her back to him.

He expelled a long sigh.

He knew that if he made no apologetic overture of some kind for snapping at her, they would spend the next several days com-

municating through grunts and monosyllables. A spoken apology would be too much. She would suspect gratuity and remain cool. He offered to rub her back.

"Why not?" he thought to himself. Besides, he felt the faint nudge of the curse of Adam.

She didn't answer, but she didn't stop him.

It took ages before she relaxed under his rubbing. So long that he had grown sleepy and indifferent to his desire. But her relaxation was tintured with anticipation, so he moved over to her.

She didn't really get involved, merely accepted him, and her uninvolvedness kept him dispassionate. His dispassion allowed him to carry her almost mechanically through three levels of satisfaction and she lapsed into a cozy sleep, still in his arms.

Foster remained awake.

Under her weight his arms started to ache after about an hour and with a great effort he moved his wife to her pillow. His arm had fallen asleep and it tingled and stung when the blood started to flow again.

Foster was dozing off when he heard his daughter start to cry in the next room. He faked sleep so his wife would get up to see about the child.

The crying increased and he knew his wife was sleeping too soundly to hear. She had actually awakened at the first cry but realizing that Foster wasn't sleeping, she hadn't moved.

He got up, slipped on his robe, and eased into his daughter's bedroom. She was pointing to the dresser drawer and quietly crying. Two days ago they had taken away her pacifiers and put them into the drawer. Foster picked up his daughter and said softly, "No, no, Sweetie. No pacifier."

She doubled her crying and pointed at the drawer again.

Foster sank into the rocker and started to hum and rock.

"Shhhhhhhh; shhhhhhhh," he insisted quietly.

"Yahhhhhhhh; yahhhhhhhh," she wailed louder and louder, pointing to the only comfort left in the world.

"Shhhhhhhh; shhhhhhhh," he pleaded, rocking more vigorously.

"Yahhhhhhhh; Yahhhhhhhh," again louder.

"OK, OK, OK," he said as he moved to the drawer and extracted a worn Binky.

Her crying trailed off when he popped the pacifier into her mouth. She rested her head on his shoulder and started to relax. When her breathing was regular and rhythmic and ten minutes

had passed since her last sniff-sniffing, he gently put her back into her crib and covered her with her blanket.

Foster tip-toed back to bed and judged the time to be about 4:30; it was actually 2:10.

He had a great temptation to think that he had brought comfort to three women on that January the third and just before he fell asleep, Foster almost believed it.

Albert Peralion

Reviews



The Year of the People by Eugene J. McCarthy
(Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 323 pp., \$6.95)

Disgruntled sports fans of American politics salivated when they heard of the new book by Gene McCarthy on his 1968 presidential campaign. And it is a sumptuous new book: a symbolic dove on the cover, catchy chapter headings, and a carefully edited appendix. Seven bucks plus tax.

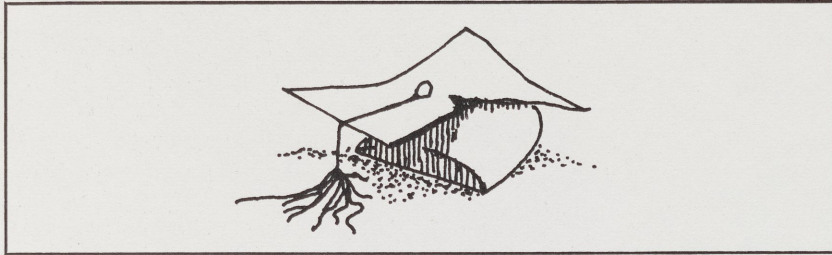
People, for some reason, are rarely objective on the subject of McCarthy. Was he the proverbial white knight (divested of sword and lance), or a tool of the New Left? The answer lies smoldering somewhere between these two extremes, but *The Year of the People* brings a notoriously ignorant public somewhat closer to the truth.

The contest for the Democratic presidential nomination turned into a rigged rat race, and left a lot of people disillusioned and disappointed. In this book Senator McCarthy attempts to dispel some of the disillusion which came his way by a lengthy presentation of his own political philosophy. Palatable stuff to most readers, but not when it is used to justify and banish the inevitable misjudgements made during the campaign.

The Year of the People succeeds in producing a measure of sympathy for the Senator which is difficult to suppress. At times he had to maintain two conflicting roles. One was the professional politician, who must get out in the garden and grub for votes. The other was a poet, guided by a morality and a sensitivity sadly unique among politicians. *The Year of the People* makes it perfectly obvious that Eugene McCarthy is a happier man recalling poems along the Maine Turnpike than juggling and scrambling for delegate votes inside a barbed wire fortress.

Switching off between these two views, *The Year of the People* chugs along and trails off. Methodical and dry when Senator McCarthy is speaking, but strangely whimsical and perceptive when Poet McCarthy pipes up. The book presents no conclusions, nor does it pretend to. It's an explanation of an unsuccessful quest for the presidential nomination, unsuccessful because in the end Eugene McCarthy was defeated by the totally unresponsive system he had dedicated himself to reform.

William R. Day



The Ideal of the University by Robert Paul Wolff
(Boston: Beacon Press, 156 pp., \$5.95)

Is a university a place to gain an education or is it a place to get a degree? Are the two compatible? Does a university fail if a student drops out, or does it succeed if he decides that *education* is not for him? What is a university?

Robert Paul Wolff is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University. He wrote this book after Columbia's student riot of a few seasons ago. He has co-authored another book with New Leftist Herbert Marcuse of San Diego State. So watch out, right wingers, this isn't your kind of book.

Wolff is not convinced that American education is working. He sees too many students struggling in high school for grades to get into that "college of their choice," then struggling four more years for the grades necessary to get into graduate school. And then their youth is gone. Suddenly they are one of Nixon's "Middle Americans" before they have ever had a chance to find their identity.

Grades to Wolff mean nothing; they are merely a convenient way by which society and the deans of admission categorize each year's batch of graduates. Wolff suggests that grades and degrees should be abolished. Then each man would be judged as he is, not as he appears on paper. But Wolff is a practical man and acknowledges that with America as it is, such suggestions are meaningless. He states, "Only a social revolution of the most far-reaching sort could free education from the twin curses of evaluation and ranking."

Among many others, Wolff makes these two positive and practical suggestions: First, destroy the multiversity. Establish separate schools for the sciences, the technologies, and the social services. Leave the traditional disciplines free to recreate the university. He makes this suggestion because he sees criticism as one of the important functions of the university. A university

which relies upon governmental grants for social and scientific research cannot offer criticism without endangering those grants. With the "national security" departments on their own, the traditional disciplines could fulfill their historic and important function as critics.

Second, abolish the dissertation in favor of a doctorate sans dissertation. America could then have the professors that it needs without subjecting them to the ritual of pseudo-research. The United States produces thousands of Ph.D.'s every year. It is impossible for each of them to make an "original" contribution to the body of knowledge without resorting to writing tomes on scarcely consequential matters. Recently Yale University apparently came to the same conclusion. That school has created the Master of Philosophy degree—a degree requiring all of the doctorate course work without the dissertation.

Wolff's book was written to provoke thought. It succeeds. Read it—it's about your life, your university—your rat race.

John Fulton



Woodstock Nation by Abbie Hoffman
(New York: Vintage Books, 153 pp., \$2.95)

Meet Abbie Hoffman, by self-admission "egotistical, horny, show-off, and Yippie non-leader." In great need of money for his Chicago conspiracy trial, he sat down and in five days came up with *Woodstock Nation*, a book so full of contradictions that it completely resists evaluation by traditional methods.

Plot? None at all. Characters? Leading man Abbie Hoffman himself, supported by a cast of lesser figures including John Sinclair, Richard Nixon, Woodstock Ventures, and many more. Setting? Amerika 1969, divided into Pig Nation (them) and Woodstock Nation (us). It's as simple as that.

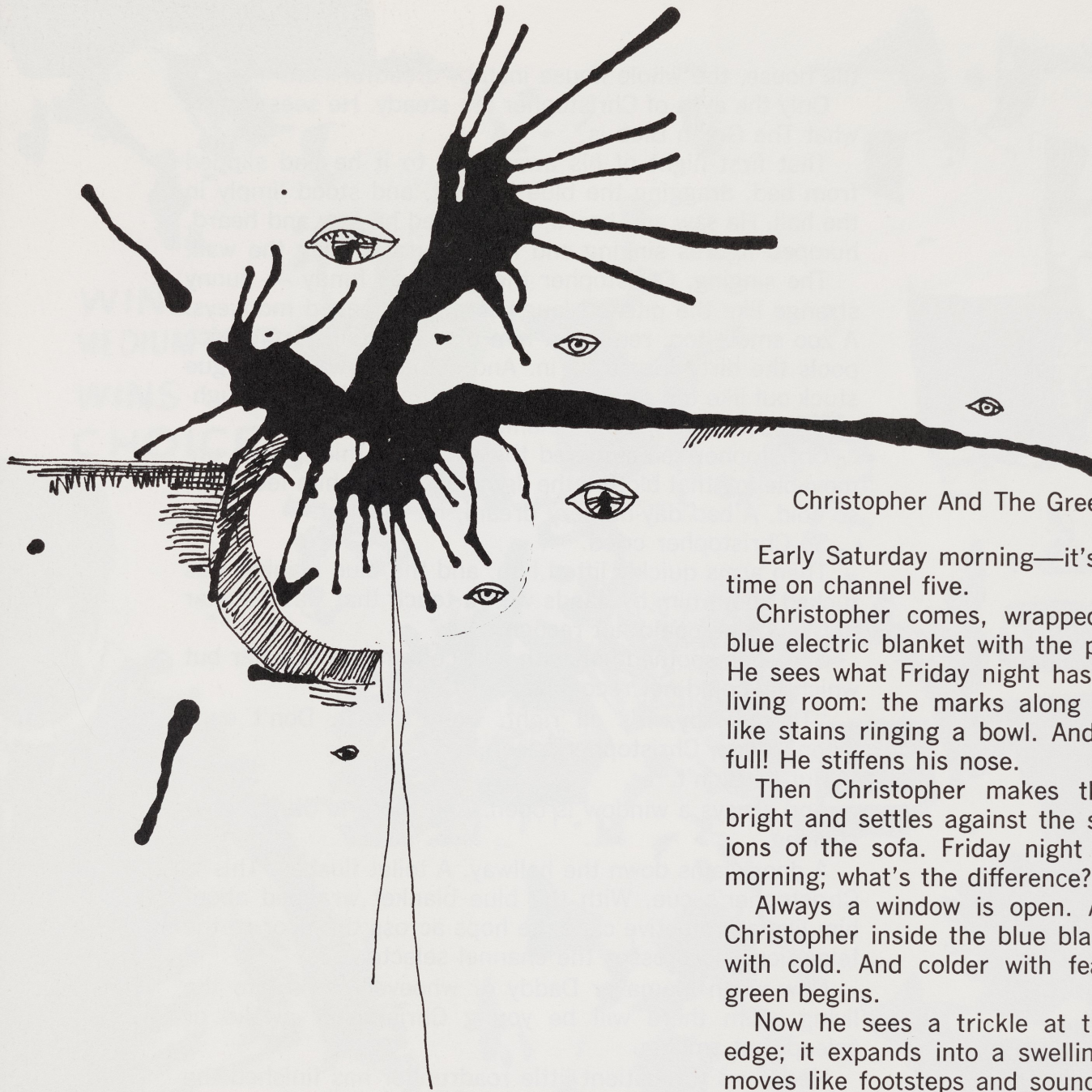
Abbie is this, Abbie is that; Abbie is the Tom Paine of his own revolution. He flits like Mandrake the magician through an un-

real world of H.U.A.C. hearings, Pentagon marches, street battles, and music festivals goofing on everyone in sight. He nominated a pig for President, asked a Congressman if he could go to the bathroom, and dumped money on the New York Stock Exchange. These were events designed to dramatize various absurdities by use of even greater absurdities.

So Abbie went to Woodstock, the biggest of the biggies, to set up a hospital and spread the cultural revolution to 400,000 potential revolutionaries. His only problem was that very few people came to dig Abbie Hoffman—they came to dig the music. When he got up on stage to harangue the crowd, Peter Townsend of The Who broke a guitar on Abbie's acid-tripping head and planted a firm kick in his backside.

Woodstock Nation is a kick in anyone's backside, even after the outrageous clowning. At times Abbie lets loose a few semi-profound statements, like this one: "The revolution is more than digging rock or turning on. The revolution is about coming together in a struggle for change . . . the old system is dying all around us and we joyously come out into the streets to dance on its grave." Abbie Hoffman won't be dancing on its grave—he'll be turning cartwheels naked on the tombstone chanting the Hare Krishna backwards at Spiro Agnew.

William R. Day



Christopher And The Green Blob

Early Saturday morning—it's test-pattern time on channel five.

Christopher comes, wrapped in the old blue electric blanket with the plugs cut off. He sees what Friday night has done to the living room: the marks along the wall are like stains ringing a bowl. And the bowl is full! He stiffens his nose.

Then Christopher makes the television bright and settles against the stained cushions of the sofa. Friday night — Saturday morning; what's the difference?

Always a window is open. And there is Christopher inside the blue blanket shaking with cold. And colder with fear when the green begins.

Now he sees a trickle at the drapery's edge; it expands into a swelling mass that moves like footsteps and sounds like whistling wind. It ascends the wall, the closed door; it forces beyond the cracks and takes

the house, the whole house inch-by-dreadful-inch.

Only the eyes of Christopher are steady. He sees clearly what The Green Blob is.

That first night of his awareness to it he had slipped from bed, dragging the blue blanket, and stood limply in the hall. He saw and heard, or believed he saw and heard, humped figures singing and rolling and striking the wall.

The singing, Christopher thought, was funny — funny strange like the pitched laugh-scream of caged monkeys. A zoo smell, too, reminded him of the strong turnip-juice pools the dirty fox stood in. And someone whose tongue stuck out like the plank on the edge of a pirate ship coughed and splashed his blue blanket.

Christopher remembered the smoke, a thick green unmovable fog that blotted the lights and made him feel cold, so cold. A bad day-nursery dream, he thought.

So Christopher cried.

Then arms quickly lifted him, and the blue blanket was tucked about him by hands with a touch that was familiar but which he could not recognize.

Someone soothed him with a voice that was familiar but which he could not recognize.

“There Baby, it’s all right. Don’t watch. Don’t even listen. Sleep, Christopher, sleep.”

But he didn’t.

And always a window is open. And there is Christopher shaking.

A door slams down the hallway. A toilet flushes. This is Christopher’s cue. With the blue blanket wrapped about him like a protective cape, he hops across the floor to the television and presses the channel selector.

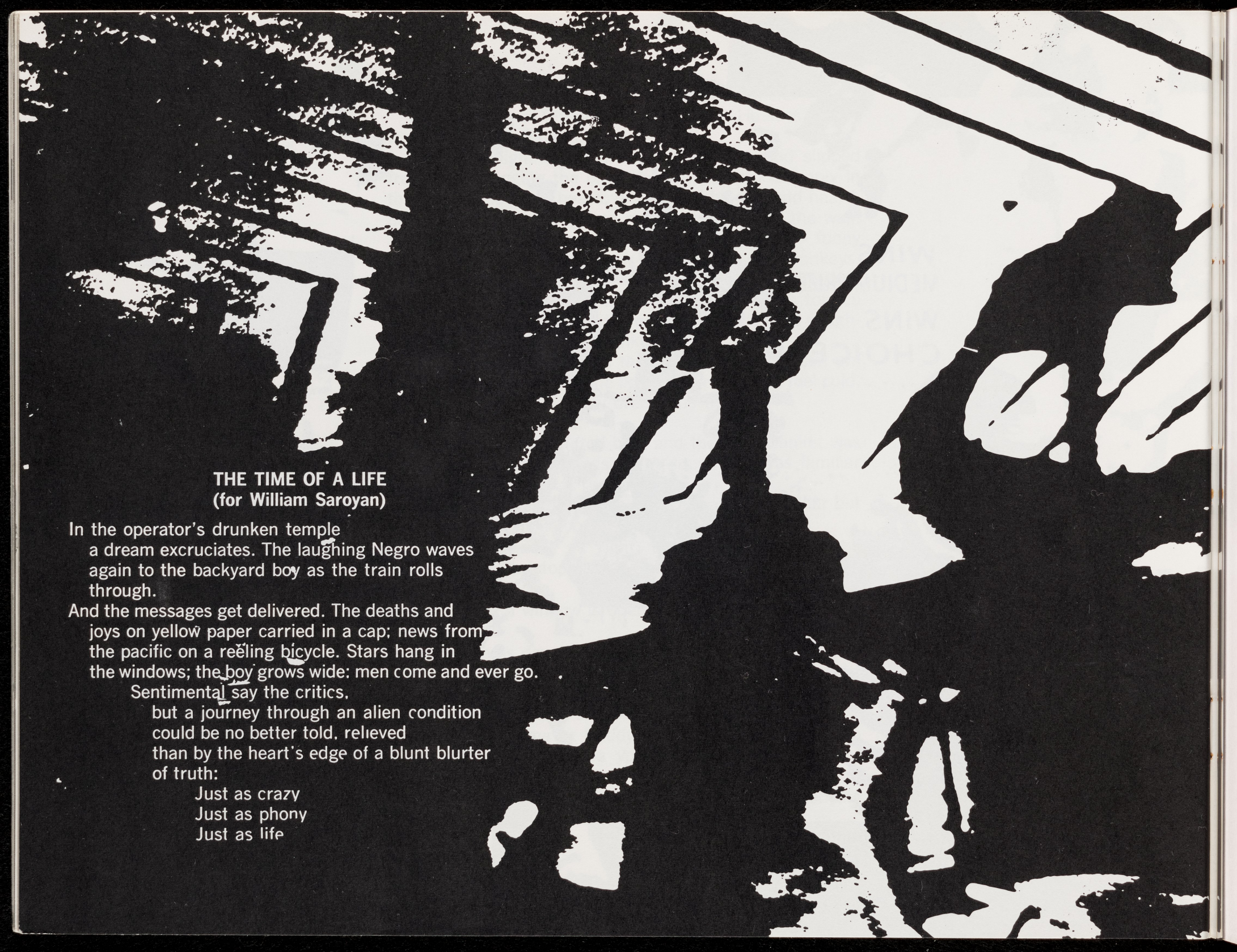
Now when Mama or Daddy or whoever steps into the living room there will be young Christopher awake or asleep, but smiling.

He knows the patient little roadrunner has finished the bloody old coyote for another week.

Lyn Colcord

WINS
MEDIUM PRIZE
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CHOICE





THE TIME OF A LIFE
(for William Saroyan)

In the operator's drunken temple
a dream excruciates. The laughing Negro waves
again to the backyard boy as the train rolls
through.

And the messages get delivered. The deaths and
joys on yellow paper carried in a cap; news from
the pacific on a reeling bicycle. Stars hang in
the windows; the boy grows wide: men come and ever go.

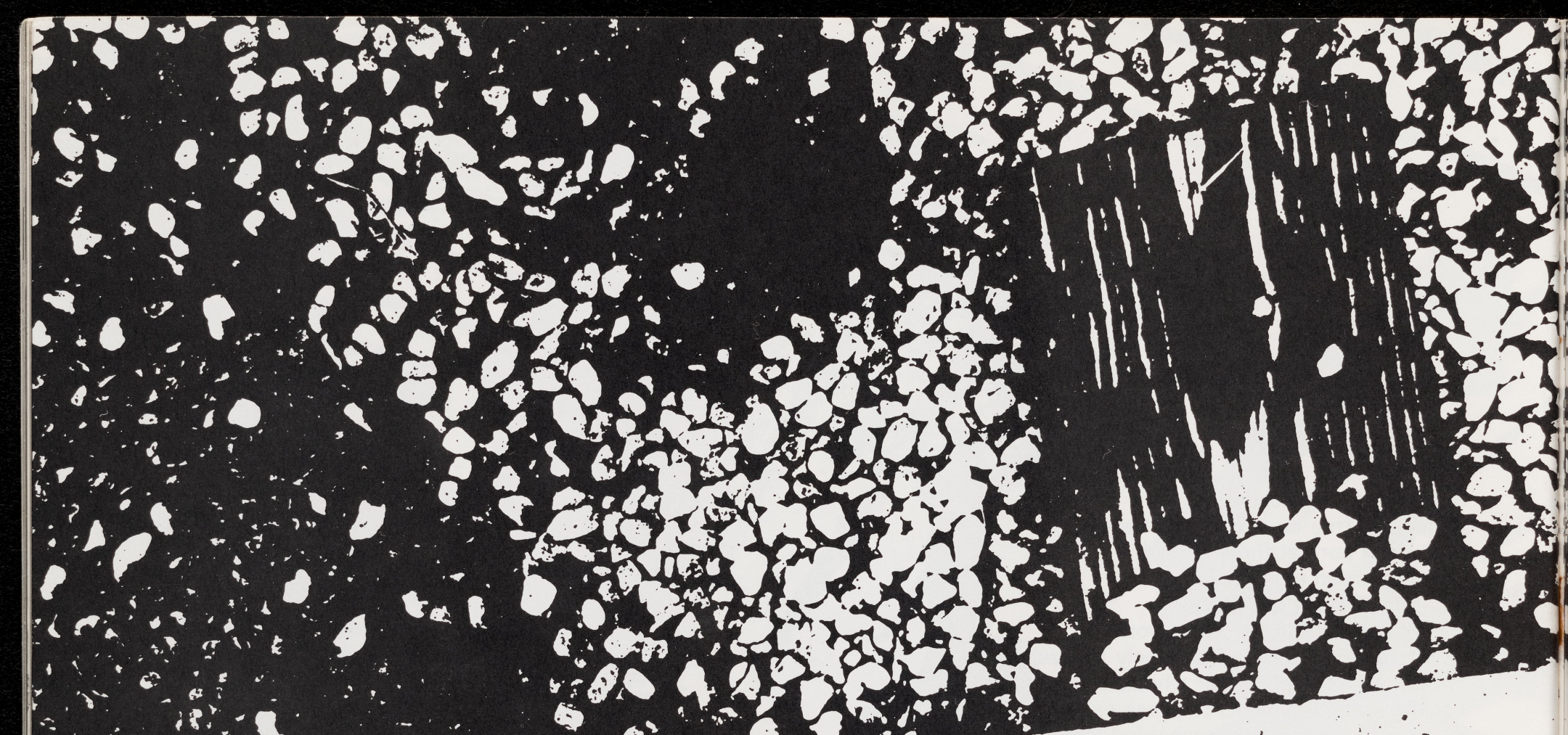
Sentimental say the critics,

but a journey through an alien condition
could be no better told, relieved
than by the heart's edge of a blunt blurter
of truth:

Just as crazy
Just as phony
Just as life

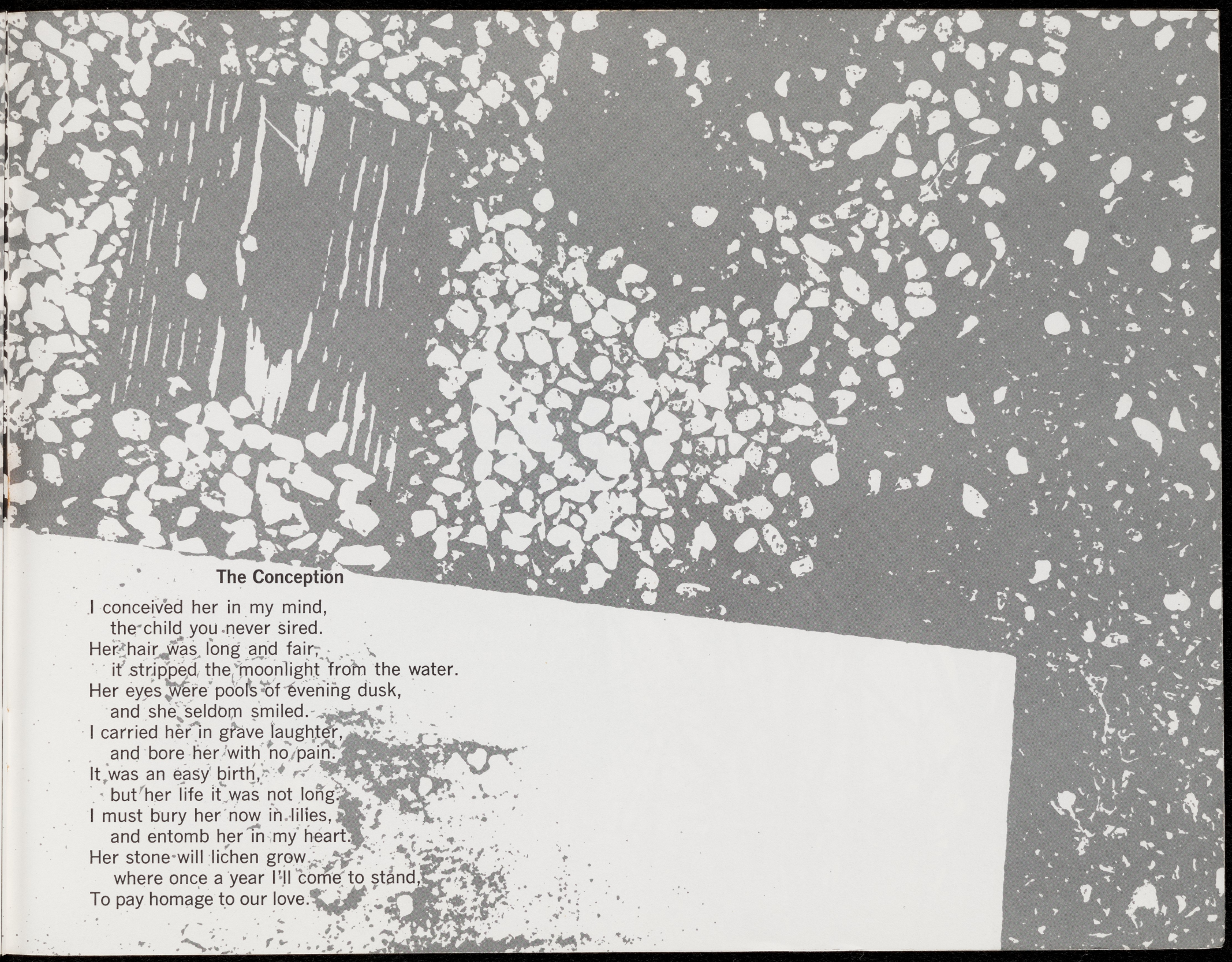
In March, A Lifetime Ago

Sitting in the speckled shade
Beneath a tree on a battered bench
In the city park at three o'clock
I search for an inner solitude
Wherein to think unridiculed
By the hectic hysteria of the world.
Enwrapped in winter's last lonely breeze
I listen for screeching car wheels to lurch by
For the splashing ducks to chase each other
To the shores of some enchanted land.
Smugly inhaling stale cigarette smoke
While straining to hear the funeral sounds
From a radio battery which needs to be
Replaced, until an hour has passed
And the tired sun crawls to rest under a cloud
Freeing the lion wind to freeze at its will;
And I can do nothing but quietly cry
Realizing this sought-after peace is a treat
Found only in death, a rare delicacy
That I dare not taste just yet. And now
Retracing my steps in the drizzling rain
And inwardly smiling, I watch with distain
The illogical world going slowly insane.



WOLFE

A boy walking university brickwalks,
Mind teeming, mouth open.
A leaf: the books moldering on the shelves.
A stone: the smell of their pages.
A door: ideas and people between the covers.
Drool over the delicious Jewess,
"Oh, my god, listen to that will you"
Hunt, hungry, through all the
Autumn cabbage patches of the world.
Altamont Brooklyn Monk
Voracious nicotined saint:
And lesions waited in the lungs.



The Conception

I conceived her in my mind,
the child you never sired.
Her hair was long and fair,
it stripped the moonlight from the water.
Her eyes were pools of evening dusk,
and she seldom smiled.
I carried her in grave laughter,
and bore her with no pain.
It was an easy birth,
but her life it was not long.
I must bury her now in lilies,
and entomb her in my heart.
Her stone will lichen grow
where once a year I'll come to stand,
To pay homage to our love.



To F.T.C., Jan. 2, 1967

I thought of
St. Francis among the birds,
when I saw you.
The grass was cold and wet
under my feet.
The rain fell,
like a soft descending wedding veil
of silver mist.
You smiled.
And I turned and fled,
the lace of my mantilla
streaming behind me.
Rain,
mixing,
with tears.



Tar River at Flood

High banks with the water
Snarling at them
Trying to tear them down
And invade the city
Broad brown expanse of swirling stuff
Eddies boiling to the surface
Water rushing to the sea
The pulse of the world
Sluicing through mighty veins
In the lowlands seaward
The water will cover the farmland
And destroy the corn and tobacco
Nature unmindful of man
Hail rushing down from the clouds
Water rushing wild from the river
Overflowing its banks
Men can but flee in fear
Before the oncoming flood

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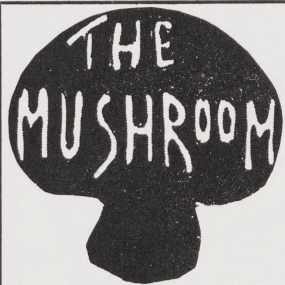
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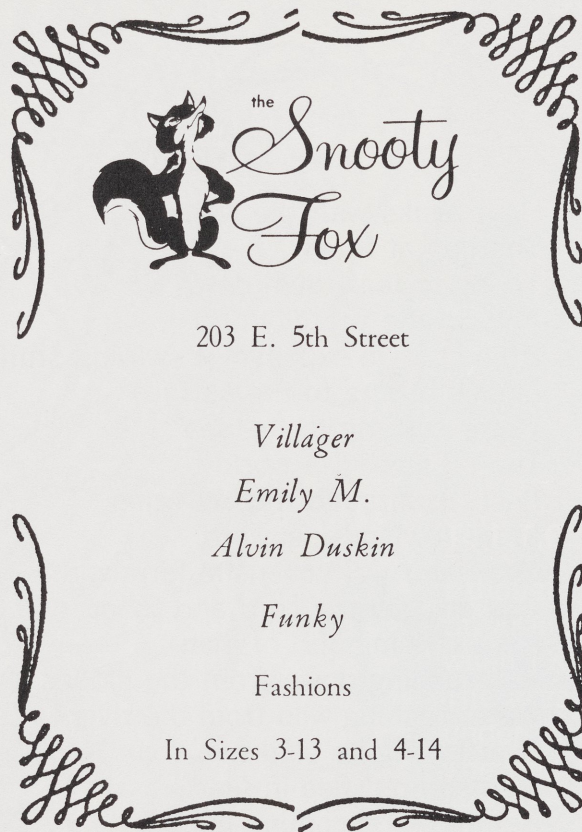


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