

*Alumni Office  
Do Not Remove*

**fioretti**

Winter 1969

**BLACK  
IS  
BEAUTIFUL,  
BABY**



# fioretti

Vol. XXVII No. 2

*The most radical of all forces in the world is TRUTH*

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*fioretti* design by Mary Sherman



## STATEMENT of POLICY

There is some ambiguity about the responsibility for the editorial policy of the fioretti. As the policy exists at the moment responsibility for any material appearing in the magazine lies first with the coordinators, then with the staff as a whole (including the advisor), and finally with the advisor as an individual. Controversial material is discussed and voted upon by the staff. In case of a close decision final responsibility rests with the editorial staff (coordinators). The role of the advisor is merely that: to advise, to offer another perspective, and to provide professional help. The advisor's opinions and suggestions are subject to consensus of the staff.

NOTE: As a matter of record, our advisor did not approve of the cover for the last issue.



## THE ANTI-EDITOR

### *Staff coordinators:*

Richard Gardner  
Dennis W. Pyritz  
James Widner

### *Staff members:*

Carolyn Brown  
Anita DeLuna  
David Ebbinghouse  
Tess Eichenberger  
Marianne Fleetwood  
Suzanne Harding  
Donna Kelsey  
Andrew Lewallan  
Angela Mauer  
Eileen McCalley  
Eileen O'Connor  
Kent Overholser  
Mary Sherman  
Diana Uhlman

### *Staff advisors:*

Sister Marie Pierre, O.S.F.

## THE ANTI - EDITOR NOTES

If our last cover was revealing, we hope that this issue will be even more substantially so. We have given the black community a voice that is theirs in any case. We have chosen to dedicate this issue to the struggle for Black pride and for White understanding. We have asked the Black community to express itself honestly to provide for at least a small indication of unity of purpose. This country stands at a critical

juncture. The Black community no longer asks, as the White community would have it do. It demands, as any man would demand. Is White America capable of swallowing its pride, admitting its mistakes, rapping itself on the back, and moving toward honest respect for the accomplishments of the Black man?

Does the Black man recognize the importance of building with one hand, while destroying with the other? Does he recognize that if he succumbs entirely to hatred, though not without reason, he will have achieved nothing more than credentials for entering as a card-carrying member into White America? The challenge is that of raising the level of human decency of the entire country regardless of ethnic ties. The challenge is that of confronting the beast, without weapons if possible, and yet winning for the sake of the beast as well as of the hunter. Black heritage is being built. It is becoming history, perhaps the most significant chapter in American history. Black is an entire culture, not just a color. It is a state of being, a searching. From what we have seen, Black is Beautiful. Are we capable of going beyond our own selfish desires? We have too long, all of us, chosen to isolate ourselves from the diseases of this country. We have too long soothed our fears with groundless hopes that a Golden Age of Reconciliation and Brotherhood would somehow blossom forth. We have perhaps waited too long for that vision, for the chance is nearly past. But there still is a chance, a very muddled and confused one. All we really have to do is to listen to the voices of Black America, and act. This is our chance.



Sirs:

My name is Richard Patrick Gardner. I am a human being. I am trying to be a better human being. It is very difficult. Let me explain.

I have been raised to believe that every human being is due equality of dignity, respect, and opportunities to pursue happiness. I have been raised to believe that I should be concerned about the welfare of fellow human beings. I have been raised to believe that what makes the United States great is its supreme respect for freedom and respect for the individual. I have been led to believe that I may believe what I wish, as long as I don't try to force that belief on some other individual, because he also has that same right to believe what he wishes. I have been led to believe that I am guaranteed a sacred freedom of speech.

I have believed in all these things.

But I am confused.

I care about my fellow human beings who have been granted the privilege of living in ghettos. I care about my fellow human beings who have been and continue to be victimized by a society that seems to value the dollar more than human lives. I care that my society does not seem to believe in the ideals it espouses. I care that I am allowed the privilege of voicing my . . . opinions only when they are in agreement with the desires of society. I care that I am told to kill whomever my government tells me to go to war against, whenever it decides. I care that I have the privilege of dying for my country before I am allowed to vote for the officials who may decide that I must die for it. I care that my society seems to endorse violence, and frowns on conscientious objectors. I care that my society thinks peace is a dirty word, and that ghetto is not.

I used to be a human being. Now I'm not sure what it means to be a human being. Do not try too hard to convince me that to be human is to be violent. I may come to believe you. You would not want that, because I would still be confused, but I would also be dangerous.

If you do not like what I say, then say you do not like what I say, and tell me why you do not like it. Perhaps you may convert me. But do not say I do not have the right to say what I say, because it would then follow that you do not have the right to say anything either.

Tell me what I believe in is right, or let me continue to believe what I now have come to question. At least tell me that I have the right to believe. Does it take four years to prepare one male human being to be cannon fodder? Does it matter at all that I have existed? If you care about my questions, then talk to me about them. Write down what you believe, and send it to the fioretti, the Anti-Editor. Perhaps we may discover something profound, that we can actually talk to each other.

**From a Confused American**

Sir:

In examining the question of Christian relevancy in today's world we are basically asking whether or not the person of Christ is acceptable—and important—to man today. When the acceptance of Christ is made, Christianity ceases to be discussed as a thing and becomes instead an involvement in His life. It seems that the real question could be stated as "do we believe in Christ enough to be confident of His presence among us?"

As Christianity is the celebration of each man's existence, so our own lives should be a celebration of Christ. And it seems, when we speak in terms of celebrating, there is little room for cynicism and negativism. If we are immature as Christians, we can very easily confine His presence to the pursual of remedies of world problems while not only omitting, but condemning the Christian community as ineffectual and sterile. This is certainly not to say that Christianity, viewed as the People of God, is unapproachably perfect in the context of contemporary



society. But it considerably narrows and restricts Christ to look for nothing but the emptiness of law and the barrenness of stodgy old men within Christianity today; when this occurs, we are not only denying the humanity of the Church but also Christ's own awareness of our humanity. Perhaps it is not the meaning we find in tinkling bells, ritual, and conformity to the law which is important but rather the meaning we bring from our own lives.

To concretize the concept of the "whole Christ" we might look at the Marian campus—not the particular dress of the nuns or the type of instruments used at the Eucharistic celebration, but at the living community. How many students profess to be unprejudiced yet consider U.B.I. a pushy racist organization without taking the trouble to find out its reason for existence? How many in the education program want to teach in the Public School system, not because they don't believe in Catholic schools but because of the higher salaries and fringe benefits in public schools? How many sit and complain about the slowness of renewal within

the Church, both here and in their home parishes, but do nothing to effect any change? And most importantly, how many find themselves surrounded by strangers and yet do nothing to interact with the people around them? How can we accuse the Church of failing to react humanely to human needs when we ourselves place ritualistic THINGS before the person of Christ in our lives?

The choice is really not between the law and the meaning of human life. It is instead the choice to embrace Christianity as it exists—admitting room for the Newmans, Kavanaughs, O'Boyles, Berrigans, Kungs, Aquinas', for Trent and Vatican II, for intellectuals, drop-outs, movers, the fools, the frightened, the reluctant . . . the whole Christ. We say that we cannot accept the lack of freedom within Christianity; yet freedom is the responsibility to actively BE—and this responsibility is ours, not the Church's. We are the ones who must first be filled with a positive and open love. We are the ones who must believe enough to . . .

**Suzanne Harding**

## KUDOS

"Snooky" Hendricks (Hakim Hassiam) and Ben Bell for their community work at the College Room.

Richard Lugar, Mayor of Indianapolis for his sensitive responses to the Black community.

Joe Smith, Kenny Rogers and Roger Lyons for their part in organizing Marian's first Afro-American club - UBI (Union for Black Identity)

Stanford Patton, Robert Cannon, and Robert O'Banion for their contributions to the formation of the Indianapolis Chapter of the Black Panthers.



NOVEMBER 13, 1968

How ?  
When did it happen ?  
We grew together, but I was  
fixed  
and walls were built about your  
mind.  
I care !  
You don't see brown  
but in one section,  
yellow, red, or black.  
All of these fit in places  
but not near the  
white.  
They may  
fade, melt, blend  
onto, into, around  
the white.  
Some people rule their lives  
as they sort their  
laundry.  
"Only white with white"  
black and brown together  
maybe even red and yellow.  
They don't care what happens to their  
odd pieces,  
just as long as they stay  
clean !

-- Donna Kelsey

# Balboa St. dialogue

*Suzanne Harding*

prologue

the conception of the plan began  
in the fevered heat of man nations ago  
deep within the ambiguities  
of one living with others.  
and then a cloud blew by  
of living consecration for Everyman  
and the fruit of his tree is rotting.

Agni: I do not want to kill  
on foreign soil in foreign blood  
for a reason not yet known  
in January when birth is old  
I am no Abraham

Kubera: have you no love for the fatherland?  
the son lives to guard the father  
each man's turn comes to defend the way  
to live in right we have found  
in centuries of discarding useless things

Agni: I am born a man  
a questioned priority before American  
we are not the center of the sun  
and we can't afford, anymore  
to ship off wheat—not bread—  
to primitives so they'll believe in  
democracy, too

Kubera: let the beggars starve and their cows,  
so sacred, rot if they don't want  
freedom



what else is that cracked bell about?  
haven't you ever carried a flag, boy,  
in some Easter day parade?

Agni: have you ever carried anything  
but your own heavy weight?  
or cried for anything but a broken toy?  
because your business is a war  
don't mould me your tin soldier

Kubera: don't rile me, brat  
with your high cost rot  
that'll never earn you a dime  
or give you self-respect.  
a coward can't face death

Agni: a coward can't face life  
just the barren sterile sweep  
of artificial lawns and plastic ornaments  
it costs too much to pay the tax

Kubera: you'll never earn the bread for tax  
because, in the future you forecast  
there'll be no boss or delivery man  
just dreams and Godlessness

Agni: don't you believe in him enough to let him  
carry his cross  
each day in his life?

Kubera: I'll get my just reward  
I've paid my dues, regular  
and given the buck I could have spent  
on cigarettes

Agni: and what about yourself?  
or is that a rent-free tax deduction?

Kubera: Christ! you're blind as sin  
and perverted, too  
I bet you even sleep around

Agni: on ground or bench  
I close my eyes to dreams I've never seen

Kubera: and you think that beads and beards  
mark you as a special one

Agni: I want to look like Custer

Kubera: scissors and a priest that's what you need

Agni: to wash away my love?

Kubera: to clean up all the filth

Agni: a building isn't bricks  
 Kubera: you don't even know you stink  
 Agni: or mud only dirt  
 Kubera: the last word's mine  
 Agni: the only Word is dying  
 Kubera: the cops will cool your mind . . .

### epilogue

small red not-yet-rivers  
 glob uncertainly with oil slicks and shreds  
 four horsemen sweep down the street  
 in contemplative pleasure  
 a used-up marching sign hangs up-side-down  
 in the still shaken dawn  
 the wounded have been moved  
 to other battle streets  
 to die again as victims of Ragnarok.

and he dangles crucified again  
 a red-eyed corpse dying  
 over the blindness of this atom  
 and the fruit of his tree is rotting  
 eli, eli, lama sabachthani?  
 eli, eli,  
 why have we forsaken us?



## MARY'S DREAM

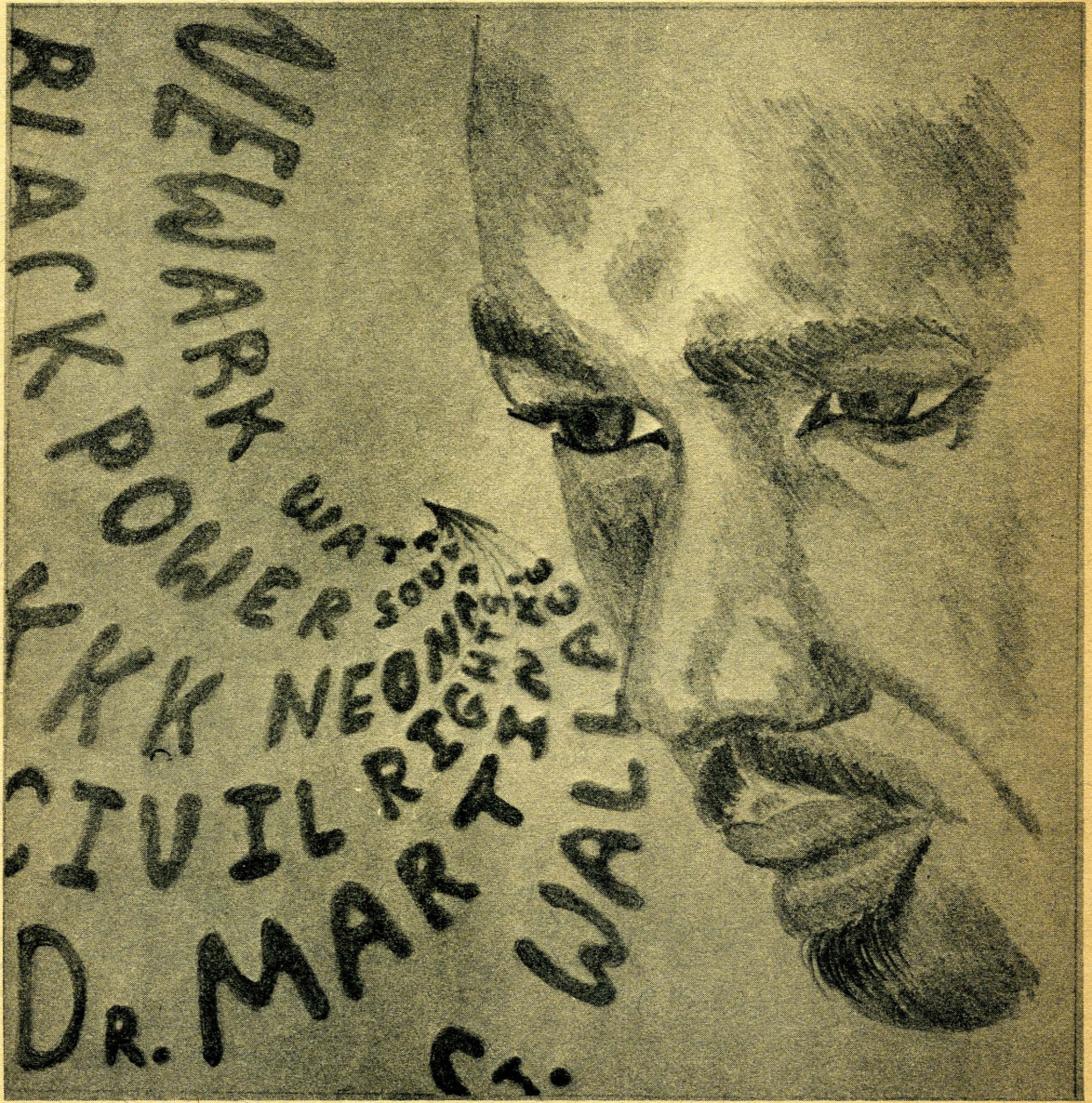
I want to buy a big, orange, felt hat  
and wear it all the time,  
you'd smile  
maybe even laugh,  
but I like big hats -  
hats so big I lose my face  
and all my identity  
within the orange brim.  
I could hide from you there  
and cry there -  
you'd never know  
maybe never wonder  
why I'm sad within my hat  
alone in my self-imposed prison  
where smiles are needed -  
but never gainfully employed.  
I could frown at God, scowl at reality,  
and fill my soul with hate  
you'd turn  
maybe never return  
so here when I need an anyone  
everyone would leave me alone  
to wipe my own tears  
on the brim of the orange felt hat.  
Will you stay with me, if I don't buy the hat ?

-- Mary Schulz

WILD  
 UNTAMED  
 RAGES the STORM  
 SYMMETRIC  
 DIMENSIONLESS  
 it  
 COMMANDS  
 RAGING  
 in the  
 NIGHT  
 like the STALLION, its BLACK  
 S  
 T  
 R  
 E  
 A  
 K  
 I  
 N  
 G  
 BEAUTY  
 THUNDERS  
 and  
 FLASHES  
 dauntlessly the  
 MIGHTY TEMPEST  
 THRASHES  
 and  
 RENTS  
 pardoning only that which weathers  
 the CHALLENGE

-- James Asher







# A SELF-CONFESSION

Do you remember how it was when you were much younger and you wondered what it was to be a member of the opposite sex? Or how much fun it would be anyone or anything else besides yourself? Well, if you don't, I do. I remember especially that I wanted to be white. I wanted to go to all those places where there were signs that read: "Coloreds are not allowed." I aspired to go to a great white college. I figured that the only way that I could make it was to do and follow the examples of those virtuous, and lucky white folks. And you know *then* I was *right*. That was the way to make it.

To be somebody I had to give up my blackness, my heritage, my food, my culture and my pride. I was a typical Negro trying to be white. But a new day has dawned. Now, some ten years later, I'm more encouraged and I have a lot more sense. I am going to make it, but I am not going to be a prostitute to white values, white ideas and white people.

Like many of my peers I am involved in a revolution, a psychological emancipation, a

liberation of my soul. In achieving our goals we will make use of black power and anything else that is necessary. For this means radically and outspoken denouncing America as a racist beast. Many others choose to show by their actions that they are more than able to be and function well as black men. And for still others there is the choice of rejecting and alienating white men and their ideas.

Malcom X, Nat Turner, Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, LeRoi Jones - they are my heroes. I have no use for such men as Abraham Lincoln, Columbus, Washington, or any of a number of other so called "great men". Perhaps you wonder why I'm so color conscious. It is simple. All my life I have been taught that black people were different, not just in status, life style, intelligence, etc. I lived that difference.

White man, you are all right. But I love my blackness and my black people. I would like to be Christian. So I will not hate you. But if bad comes to worse then I would die for my blackness. I would kill for it because in my blackhood is my manhood.

KENNETH ROGERS



## sub-sub sob-sob story

The ghetto  
 Belches  
 After gorging  
 Deprived  
 Depraved (?) humans  
 (sub?)  
 For so long a time

(what's your hurry, black boys  
 why the tears? it's only been  
 a hundred years .....)

Out to the  
 Cold  
 (sub?)  
 Suburbs  
 Echoes the  
 Eerie-feary-fiery-fury  
 Heart-cries  
 To warm the cold  
 To ease the freeze  
 To make it blaze  
 (To cast a light?)

"LISTEN, COLD, (sub?)  
 SUBURBIA  
 GROW, GLOW WARM  
 LET'S LEVEL ..... (elevate?)"

Noisy, nauseous ghetto-belch ....

"BURN, BABY, BURN !!!!!!!!!!"

\*\*\*\*\*

sub-men ..... yearn .....  
 sub-sub-suburbs .....LEARN ...?

--sistermfrancesca,osf

# question ?

calvin mitchell

Why did the white man name us "Negro"?

He named us "Negro" because he did not want us to identify with our African brothers and sisters. He named us "Negro" because he did not want us to understand who we really are, because once we do we will become free.

Why does the white man want us to continue to be "Negroes"?

Because he wants us to continue to have, feel, know, and understand nothing. Because he does not have a human feeling toward black people. It is in his nature to lie to black people. He does not have the backbone to tell us the simple truth.

Are Negro and African the same?

A "Negro" does not exist, the circumstance that does exist is this: the results of the slave trade caused some Africans to live in America and some in other parts of the world. The only difference is in the culture . . .





picture by Richard Gardner

## A BLACK MAN'S MESSAGE

*Hey boy! You, grey boy. I'm talking to all you white boys who may be reading those lines. I've got a message for you. You know you've got some good luck in foxes for playmates. Don't get me wrong, though because we got some good lookin chicks too. I mean you, your daddy, or your granddaddy probably know about that. Look around you. There are a lot of light-skinned persons whom you call "Negroes" walking around this country.*

*Well, dig it, bro', you've kept your women from me and my partners long enough. A lot of us are ready to make the big move. Our lines, charm, and love are powerful*

*weapons. You've got some competition. I realize, of course, you've been afraid of this for a long time. Some of you women are scared too. But don't be scared, baby, you might learn something. We're human too.*

*Personally, it's not my biggest ambition to marry some white broad. But the time has come when no longer will I hide my desires and passions for a young lady simply because she's white. This is a new thing for you Marian folks I know. But don't let it upset you, keep your cool.*

**- Uncle Tom**

My dream is simple.  
I picture many children  
Playing, running, jumping - naked.  
Ignorant of such things as  
Hate, fear and false modesty.

I see adults  
Becoming more like their children  
Stripping themselves of all their vices.  
Learning to love a person for himself.  
Throwing out hypocrisy  
To make room for honesty.

There are Caucasians  
Beginning to realize that  
White isn't always right.  
They are getting rid of their frivolous fears.  
Realizing that there are normal people  
Who are not white.

The Blacks  
Are getting to know themselves.  
They're learning to exist beyond all fears.  
To understand the other side of the fence.  
They are heading for the top  
Where they have never been before.

-- Linda Scott



## Ten Point Program and Platform of Black Student Union

*Endorsed in the Indianapolis Chapter of the Black Panthers*

We want an education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want an education that teaches us our true history and role in the present day society.

We believe in an educational system that will give our people a knowledge of self. If a man does not have knowledge of himself and his position in society and the world, then he has little chance to relate to anything else.

### 1. WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT POWER TO DETERMINE THE DESTINY OF OUR SCHOOL.

We believe that we will not be free within the schools to get a decent education unless we are able to have a say and determine the type of education that will affect and determine the destiny of our people.

### 2. WE WANT FULL ENROLLMENT IN THE SCHOOLS FOR OUR PEOPLE.

We believe that the city and federal government is responsible and obligated to give every man a decent education.

### 3. WE WANT AN END TO THE ROBBERY BY THE WHITE MAN OF OUR BLACK COMMUNITY.

We believe that this racist government has robbed us of an education. We believe that this racist capitalist government has robbed the Black Community of its money by forcing us to pay higher taxes for less quality.

### 4. WE WANT DECENT EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES, FIT FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS.

We believe that if these businessmen will not give decent facilities to our community school, then the schools and their facilities should be taken out of the hands of these few individual racists and placed into the hands of the community, with government aid, so the community can develop a decent and suitable educational system.

### 5. WE WANT AN EDUCATION FOR OUR PEOPLE THAT TEACHES US HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE PRESENT DAY SOCIETY.

We believe that if the educational system does not teach us how to survive in society and the world it loses its meaning for existence.

### 6. WE WANT ALL RACIST TEACHERS TO BE EXCLUDED AND RESTRICTED FROM ALL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We believe that if the teacher in a school is acting in racist fashion then that teacher is not interested in the welfare or development of the students but only in their destruction.

### 7. WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE END TO POLICE BRUTALITY AND MURDER OF BLACK PEOPLE. WE WANT ALL POLICE AND SPECIAL AGENTS TO BE EXCLUDED AND RESTRICTED FROM SCHOOL PREMISES.

We believe that there should be an end to harassment by the police department of Black people. We believe that if all of the police were pulled out of the schools, the schools would become more functional.

8. WE WANT ALL STUDENTS THAT HAVE BEEN EXEMPT, EXPELLED, OR SUSPENDED FROM SCHOOL TO BE REIN-  
STATED.

We believe all students should be reinstated because they haven't received fair and impartial judgment or have been put out because of incidents or situations that have occurred outside of the schools authority.

9. WE WANT ALL STUDENTS WHEN BROUGHT TO TRIAL TO BE TRIED IN STUDENT COURT BY A JURY OF THEIR PEER GROUP OR STUDENTS OF THEIR SCHOOL.

We believe that the student courts should follow the United States Constitution so that students can receive a fair trial. The 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution gives a man a right to be tried by a jury of his peer group. A peer is a person from a similar economical, social, religious, geographical, environmental, historical and racial background. To do this the court would be forced to select a jury of students from the community from which the defendant came. We have been and are being tried by a white principal, vice-principal, and white students that have no understanding of the "average reasoning man" of the Black Community.

10. WE WANT POWER, ENROLLMENT, EQUIPMENT, EDUCATION, TEACHERS, JUSTICE, AND PEACE.

As our major political objective, an assembly for the student body, in which only the students will be allowed to participate, for the purpose of determining the will of the students as to the school's destiny.

We hold these truths as being self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights within the schools, governments are instituted among the students, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of student government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the students to alter or abolish it and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experiences have shown, that mankind is more liable to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and force, pursuing invariably the same object, reveals a design to reduce them to absolute destruction, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a government and to provide new guards for their future security.



## The PERC

While I am sitting in the perc  
I am contemplating the question  
Why the people are chattering away -  
That I am a black man seems to be  
somewhere on cloud nine.

While I am here with the whitey around me,  
the whitey looks at me, but I just  
seem to be there (another colored boy)

One voice cries out and says,  
"Hey, boy !" - another voice  
creates the Freudian slip  
in saying, "Nigger !"

Should I be hurt ?  
A faculty member would take  
the point of view of a faculty member.  
A stone nigger would say, "Fuck you all!"

I am tired of this apathetic prejudice  
of the M.C. whitey.

It is time for whitey to be active  
If not, I as a black man  
would personally strike the first match  
that would burn the perc,  
and cry out, "Burn, perc, burn !"

-- Roger Lyons

## fioretti interview

*The following is an interview with three black children on the subject of their blackness. Terry, age eleven, is the oldest. Kelly is six and, though Gilbert is only five, his intelligence may put him at a near genius level. Roger Lyons conducts this novel experiment.*

Roger: Are you black?

Gilbert: I am not black, colored - no, but  
Negro people.

Kelly: Negro

Roger: Why?

Gilbert: It is an *ugly* color, 'cause it looks  
like burnt ashes.

Kelly: If you're too dark, then you only see  
your eyes.

Terry: Black is beautiful.

Roger: Do you like colored girls and boys  
or white girls and boys?

Gilbert: I like white, 'cause white people  
have blue eyes and blond hair.

Kelly: They're the only ones to play with.

Terry: They are both all right.

Roger: Are you a "nigger"?

Gilbert: I am not, I am Negro.

Kelly: I'm going to tell on you.

Terry: I am not, I am Negro.

Roger: Do you like the color black?

Gilbert: No.

Kelly: No.

Terry: Yes.

Roger: Do you like the color white?

Gilbert: Yes, 'cause it is pretty and clean.

Kelly: It's all right.

Terry: I don't know.

Roger: Do you know how to hate?

Gilbert: I like all my friends.

Kelly: I love everybody.

Terry: I like all my friends.

Roger: Would you marry a white person?

Gilbert: I don't know.

Kelly: I don't know.

Terry: I don't know.





picture by Wendel Field  
reprinted from *Spectator*

### Toward a New Definition of Obscenity

"The *fioretti* believes that only man has the potential of being obscene, not words." - letter to *Carbon*. "Sounds reasonable," you may think. But if you do not understand this picture, then you do not understand what we meant. The problem involves more than an alteration of a definition; it involves a change in our whole moral approach to life. The present concept of obscenity is loosely, almost superficially, rooted in words. Words are, of course, merely verbal and written symbols of thought processes, and thoughts can be vicious and ugly - obscene. But the symbols usually associated with obscenity are quite inappropriately, sexual. If America is to survive the convulsions of social change, violent or not, it must not only accept a new concept of obscenity, but it must also reorder, in the light of these, its list of priorities. America must come to realize that the real obscenities are domestic and foreign oppression, poverty amidst untold wealth, hunger in a nation that produces too much food, inexcusably primitive health conditions, (segregated) public housing, and hatred. The boy in the picture hates. He hates because he grew up with the obscenities of White America. If we do not care enough to seek to eliminate those obscenities, then we may as well admit that the greatest obscenity is ourselves.

- the Anti-Editor

## The BLACK AMERICANS

They were brought here by whitey  
 to make whitey's work so very light.  
 They slaved for whitey and for whitey they did sweat  
 until their backs became soaking wet.  
 They worked both night and day  
 during this unbearable plight,  
 while whitey looked over his glorious estate,  
 and fed them scraps from his plate.

They have suffered long and hard,  
 says whitey, as he pats his lard.  
 Who are they? Can you guess?  
 They are the BLACK AMERICANS seeking the impossible quest.  
 The quest to be free,  
 as other men be .....

-- Calvin Mitchell

A final prayer being said,  
 The flame of a candle goes out.  
 The thud of earth on bronze.  
 Suddenly

Total darkness ....

Complete aloneness ....

Why are they crying?  
 The living must go on living,  
 While I must go on alone.

-- Gretel Pinkney



## THE BLACK MAN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Pedro Alonzo Nino: *Navigator of the ship Nina, one of which was with Christopher Columbus in discovering America . . . 1492.*

Estevanico: *Led the first Spanish expeditions into Arizona and New Mexico area . . . 1539.*

Matthew A. Henson: *With Robert E. Perry during discovery of North Pole, Henson planted the American Flag . . . 1909.*

Pvt. Henry Johnson: *First American decorated by France in W. W. I with Croix de Guerre.*

Dorie Miller: *A Navy mess-attendant who took over anti-aircraft guns from a dying white sailor on the Battleship Arizona during the attack on Pearl Harbor, and shot down four Japanese bombers. Awarded the Navy Cross.*

Lewis Temple: *Invented toggle harpoon for whaling . . . 1840.*

Norbert Rillieux: *Invented a vacuum pan evaporator which revolutionized the sugar refining industry . . . 1846.*

Granville T. Woods: *Held patents for the Induction Telegraph which allowed communication to and from moving trains.*

Dr. Daniel Hale Williams: *Performed one of the first two open-heart operations in 1893 and founded Provident Hospital, the first Negro hospital.*

George Washington Carver: *Agricultural scientist who discovered a method for enriching the soil adding to the South's one-crop cotton industry by helping growth of peanuts, sweet potatoes and soybeans.*

Andrew J. Beard: *Invented an automatic coupler for railroad cars . . . 1897.*

Dr. William A. Hinton: *Developed the Hinton-Davies tests for syphilis detection . . . 1949.*

Dr. Charles Richard Drew: *Pioneer in development of blood banks.*

Jupiter Hammon: *First Negro American to have his poetry published.*

Frederick Douglass: *Diplomat, author, became U.S. Minister and Consul General to Haiti.*

Booker T. Washington: *Founder and first president of Tuskegee Institute. Author of many books including Up From Slavery.*

William Edward Burghardt Du Bois: *Founder of the NAACP and the founding editor of its magazine The Crisis.*

Richard Wright: *Novelist, wrote Native Son, and Black Boy.*

Ralph Ellison: *Novelist, winner of 1952 National Book Award for writing The Invisible Man.*

Gwendolyn Brooks: *Poet and first Negro to win the Pulitzer Prize for one of her volumes of poetry, Annie Allen.*

James Baldwin: *Best-seller author, playwright who wrote, Another Country, The Fire Next Time and Notes of a Native Son.*

Lorraine Hansberry: *Playwright who won the New York Drama Critic's Award for her play Raisin In The Sun.*

Le Roi Jones: *Poet, author of prize winning, off-Broadway plays.*

Hiram R. Revels: *The first Negro U.S. Senator elected in Mississippi . . . 1871.*

Clifton Wharton: *Ambassador to Norway . . . 1961-1964.*

Dr. Ralph Bunche: *The first American Negro to win the Nobel Peace Prize and become Under-secretary of U.N.*

Thurgood Marshall: *First Negro U.S. Solicitor General. The first Negro U.S. Supreme Court Justice.*

Carl T. Rowan: *Prize winning journalist and former director of the U.S. Information Agency. U.S. Ambassador to Finland.*

Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner: *Led slave revolts both of which failed, but began first real drive for freedom.*

Marcus Garvey: *Founded the Universal Negro Improvement Assn. and sought to promote Back To Africa Movement.*

Elijah Muhammed: *Founded Nation of Islam or Black Muslims.*

A. Philip Randolph: *Organized the March On Washington for both 1941 and 1963.*

Rev. Dr. Ralph D. Abernathy: *An organizer of the SCLC and its head after the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*

James Farmer: *Founder of the Congress for Racial Equality - CORE.*

Malcolm X.: *Founded the Organization of Afro-American Unity.*

Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.: *A founder of the SCLC and its first president. Won the Nobel Peace Prize.*

Stokely Carmichael: *Former head of the National Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee, an ardent militant.*

H. Rapp Brown: *Successor to Carmichael and ardent militant.*



# YES

## Bill Brodnax

Well, you did it, Whitey! You blew the whole thing. You let it slip right through your fingers. What? you ask incredulously. The answer is simple. You missed the chance to unite our two races after centuries of misunderstanding, distrust, and apathy. You watched us struggle, often alone, as we strove to advance ourselves from the barge-toting, bale-lifting, ditch-digging stage of our lives to our present drive for equality as citizens of the United States. You made a token effort to help, when your conscience nagged, perhaps, or when it was the "in" thing to do, or when you had your backs against the wall and there was no where else to go. Some of you truly believed in our cause, but you just didn't know how to go about setting us free.

You watched us inch upwards, step by step, on the ladder of civil rights, a ladder filled with lynchings, bombings, shootings, and other atrocities. You stood idly by and watched us take the non-violent road to freedom by means of sit-ins, pray-ins, stall-ins, etc., all the while suffering the indignities you hurled upon us. You spat on us, you cursed us, you kicked us, and you tried to kill us all off when everything else failed. We endured because we believed in our cause and we knew that someday "we

would overcome." We believed that you would eventually come to grips with yourself and realize that we deserve to be up on that pedestal with you. All you had to do was extend your hand to us as a gesture of acceptance acknowledging at the same time that we were members not only of the black but the human race, also. Besides, we had served our time in the prison of bigotry. We were overdue for a parole. Was it too much to ask?

But that was yesterday. Today we've decided that the long wait is over. We've withstood your weak assurances, your pats on the back, and your even weaker compromises. We've begun to burn your stores, your neighborhoods, your cities. In the end America will be nothing but dust, and its people will be no more. The blacks and whites will eliminate each other. Neither will be victors. The end is coming, Whitey. Don't try to stop us by asking us to wait three hundred more years. AIN'T NO WAY!!

But, it's still not too late. You can still save America. Give us what we've been after since the beginning. Don't deny us our rights after we've come this far. Do this thing now, while there's still time. Freedom, baby, that's all.

As I stand  
before my goal in life  
I see before me  
a racist beast

This beast will not  
let me reach this goal  
Because he knows  
my goal is to help  
my black brothers  
anyway I can

For many years  
we blacks as a race  
have been blind

But never no more  
for we are beginning to see  
(The Light)

We will stay down  
no longer.

We will strike out  
against this beast

And through force,  
if necessary, we will truly  
reach our (Goal)

And this land will  
no longer be

A White Racist Land

-- Kavendish



## The American Press and the Black Man

Newsweek, November 20, 1967. "What Must Be Done"

*This unprecedented 23-page report is perhaps the American Establishment press' most substantial contribution to the racial situation in recent years. The study "not only analyzes the problem in searching detail, but moves a significant step beyond to advocacy of a program for action." The editors viewed this as "America's greatest domestic crisis since the civil war" and their conclusion was that "to deal with the racial crisis effectively, there must be a mobilization of the nation's moral, spiritual and physical resources and a commitment on the part of all segments of U.S. society, public and private, to meet the challenging job." The different sections of the report treat the importance of black pride, the fact that the black man has not been allowed to participate in American life, the problem of black poverty, the concept of self-help, the deplorable situation of ghetto schools, and finally a definitive, if not urgent, proposal for action. The issue should be required reading for an understanding of the racial crisis in America.*

Look, January 7, 1969. "The Blacks and Whites: Can we Bridge the Gap?"

*The whole issue is dedicated to the problem, in beautiful and sensitive photography, and clear prose. The approach is enthusiastically cultural. A mere listing of the articles is sufficient: in response to the title, "Only If Whites Can Dig Black Power," "Not if Blacks Have to Turn White," "Black America's African Heritage," "Harlem's Yorubas," "The Radicals: Are They Poles Apart?" "Jimi Hendrix Experience: Black and White Fusion in the Now Music," Norman Mailer on Black Power, "Can a Nigger Love a Honky?" "Black Artist in a White Art World," "Godfrey Cambridge's Open Door Policy," "Black Beauty," "Black Brains for White Business," "The Black and White Cowboys," "Black Power Shakes the White Church," "In Gary, the Man is Black," and "Black & White Progress Report." Conclusion: the popular picture magazine medium measures up to its potential.*

Playboy, December, 1968. "Playboy Interview: Eldridge Cleaver"

*Little more need be said. When social critic Nat Hentoff and the most famous of the Black Panthers pit their very active minds together, the result is bound to be provocative. In the most complete interview to date, Cleaver expounds and defends the demands of the Panthers. Perhaps most crucial is Cleaver's justification of these ten demands (which include draft exemption for all black men, release of all black men from prisons, and trial of blacks by all-black juries) and his belief in the unfortunate inevitability of revolution. Nothing is barred and Cleaver proves to be an articulate and intelligent spokesman for the angry Panthers.*

Life, November 22, 1968. "The Search for a Black Past"

*The title speaks for itself. This provocative series which delves into the central characters of Black History is in three parts, the other two appearing in the following issues. The major article, "The Bitter Years of Slavery" relates the slow emergence of the black man from the animalistic bonds of slavery. Many events during the years of 1775 to 1865 are vividly related in clear and concise prose. Other features in the series include short vignettes on famous and little known black men whose actions affected the course of Black History. Articles included are: Nat Turner: agent of revolt; Harriet Tubman: Liberator; Frederick Douglass; Five Fighters Stood with John Brown. If nothing else, the series will enlighten your mind to the consciousness of Black History.*

## **BLACK** and WHITE

Pounded into our heads. Black and white. Bam, bam. Us and them. We live together, looking at each other, hating each other, needing each other - but rarely touching. The offshoots of slavery lie across our land. White denied Black full social justice and does not know how to stop denying. Yet, the ideological extremes - "Black Power" and "Blacklash" - both spring from the Negroes' essentially mild demands: individual rights and group dignity. The answer to our "race question" depends upon what we are willing to perceive of each other. The ability to bridge this chasm of color is simply the mark of a sensible man. The answer, then, hinges on an urgent, new alteration in the relation of man to man. It asks that we learn to reach out, to touch - and touching, feel that there is no difference.

Color contributes to your uniqueness  
Dispel myths valuing one over others

*reprinted from Look*



## Book Review

### Soul on Ice Eldridge Cleaver

William T. Brodnax, Jr.

Whether you think Eldridge Cleaver is an anarchist with visions of setting America aflame, or the only true genius to come along in decades, one thing is for sure: he cannot be ignored. He is a revolutionary of the highest magnitude. Some things he says have been written before, but never before in such a volatile manner. To use an antiquated (circa 1966) phrase, he "tells it like it is."

Cleaver's book is written in diary-like fashion, consisting of notes scribbled down while he was in prison. The subjects range from the sexual mystique of the black man up through, the black revolution in America today, with a multitude of stops in between. It contains every minuscule or grandiose idea that has ever drifted through the black man's mind.

He speaks of his new-found black consciousness as an "awakening, a Renaissance of the spirit." He is a man who has been in and out of prisons since he was eighteen, a man who floated through life unmindful of the world around him, living for himself, shucking and jiving, rapping and tasting, smoking and being slick. He began to take stock in himself shortly after the Supreme Court "decision" concerning Civil Rights in 1954. He also attempted to assess the role of the black man in general in regard to himself vs. society. As a result

of his rapidly changing viewpoint, he decided to join the Black Muslims, a radical group favoring the return to Africa and a return to our roots. The book relates of his eventual disenchantment with the Muslims, and of his decision to chart another course, one that will free his people from bondage. He became a militant. Malcolm X, of whom he speaks in reverent tones, was responsible for this metamorphosis. Malcolm proposed that we remain here and fight for our rights instead of "running away" to Africa. Cleaver immediately became his most ardent disciple, and after the assassination of Malcolm X, Cleaver became even more determined and even more militant.

Unlike most books written by blacks about the race problem, Cleaver's book is not directed toward the white man. He maintains that if the white man had his way, the black man would be on his knees forever. No, his book is directed toward the black man, urging him to raise himself out of his lethargy, to become a force instead of a stagnation. He condemns the Old Guard, the "Negro," the man who is either too old or too afraid to attempt any change. He calls on all the young radicals to assert their blackness, to challenge the system, to emancipate their souls.

As an aid to this emancipation, Cleaver devotes a chapter to the theme of black

man-white woman and white man-black woman. His theory is that the White Man, because of his fear of the Black Man, relegates him to the level of the Mighty Laborer, all the while enslaving his mind in order that the Laborer cannot think enough for himself to desire to better himself. Meanwhile, the White Man, or Disembodied Mind, pines after the Laborer's woman, herself a physical representation. He longs to reinforce his manhood, or rather to find his manhood, for it has certainly been lost in the scuffle for the improvement of his mind. He keeps his woman, the White Disem-

bodied Female Mind, away from the Laborer because he believes he will lose her if there is contact between the two. But can he keep them apart? This is the question that Cleaver asks, as he tries to pick apart the minds of his readers.

The book is devastating when it delves into the psyche of the black male, and even more so when the white male is probed. Cleaver manages to compress three hundred years of sufferings, joys, ideas, and dreams into less than three hundred pages. Impossible? Not if you are a genius.

*"We now have a Black Bookstore located at the headquarters for the purpose of providing the educational sources needed to create and nurture pride, identity, awareness, understanding of Black History, and culture, analysis of current events from the Black perspective; and to act as cultural magnets for the Black Communities to draw them together. The Bookstore has been a success in three areas: It is the first and only Black-owned business on Meridian Street, which is a prominent street in the city of Indianapolis. It can now serve as a model of the unique type of operation that can be created and sustained solely by Black People. The Bookstore has been significant in uniting Black People in the city, as it is a common source of educational and cultural enlightenment which has fostered a pride in Blackness never before seen in this city. The Bookstore has also been a major factor in creating an understanding between the Black and White peoples of this community—an understanding and respect which must necessarily develop from accurate information—the type of information which has never before been seen in this city."*

## Black Radical Action Project

2266 North Meridian St.  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46208

"Snookie" Hassiam, Chairman

923 - 4689

923 - 4116



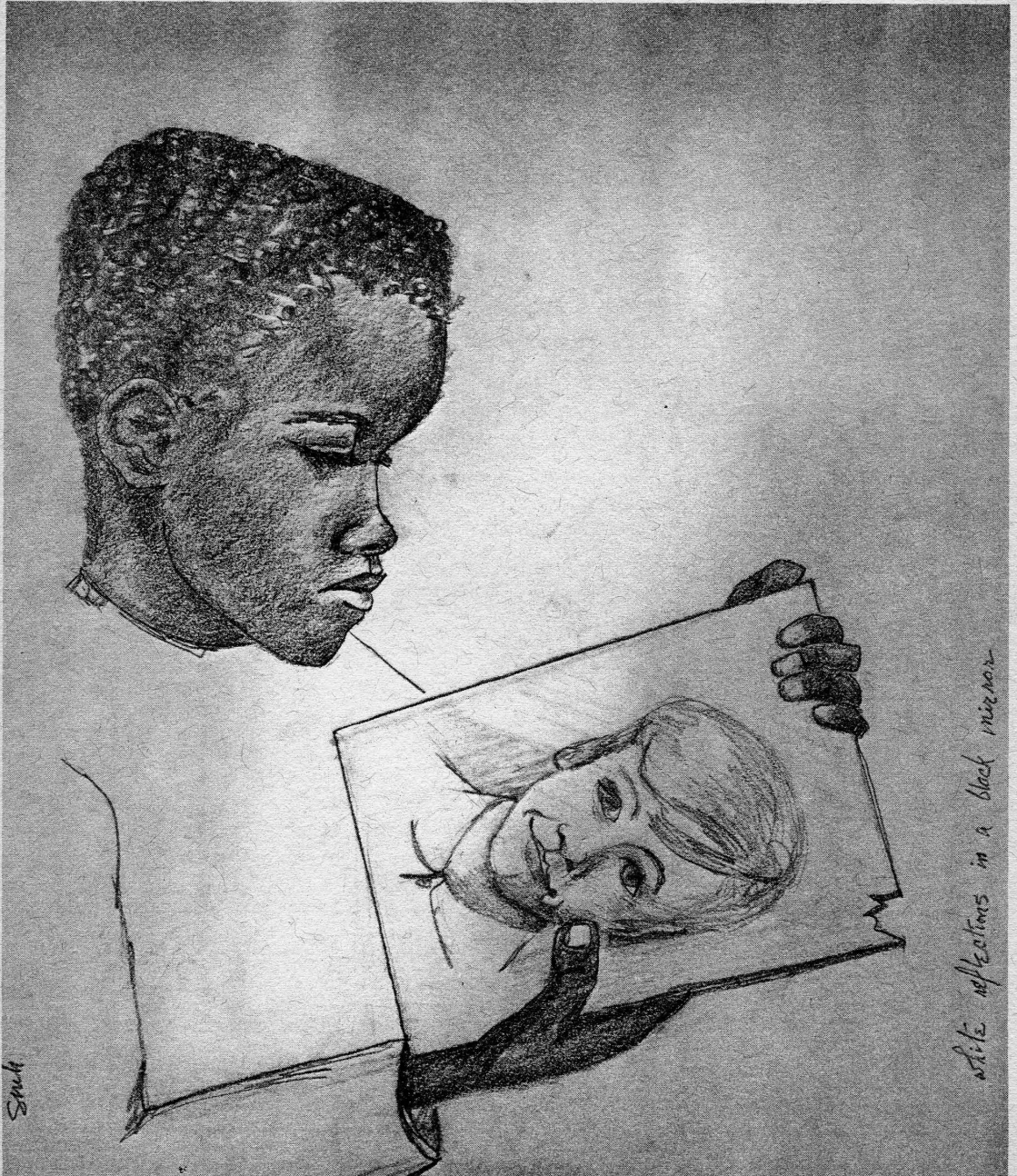
## IN SUMMARY

Valerie J. Geaither

Who said we needed you? Why should we? What have you done and what can you really do for us? Sorry, but if all you have to offer is your chairty and your pity, we can't use it. If you open your eyes, maybe you'll see that my sisters and brothers and I don't want that. What we need most is something none of you whities seem generous enough, sensitive enough, intelligent enough, in short, Christian enough to give.

Indeed, that perfect, supreme, all powerful facade of yours had us fooled. We thought the best and only way to achieve success and to be happy was to try to be like you. In trying to realize our equality, we subjected ourselves to your word, incorporated your values, abided by your means. But more than all of this, we denied ourselves all that was ours which was different from yours. And for what? - to achieve a goal, "equality", that was void, incomplete, and all too often made impossible for us by you.

What's wrong with your philosophy? It doesn't work. We know, we tried it. To us the white way is either static, inconsistent, or even Machiavelian. So, in brotherhood, we unite to construct a black way. A way that will testify our mutual love and common dignity, while barring your bigotry, because your way doesn't have what we want and can't give what we need.



white reflections in a black mirror



## NEWPORT BEACH: ANTIQUITY SACRIFICED

We arrived quite early.  
The sand had no signatures now.  
Elysium to ourselves and the white, winged nymphs.  
We joyously collided with the breakers,  
tasting Neptune's salty caress.  
Just sandwiches and brownies we ate,  
exchanging silence with the warming shore.  
The wind released three small, sunburned Pans  
who danced and shrieked with the teasing surf.  
The godlings then showered us with feeble sand crabs  
and these gray-shelled offerings scurried to shelters,  
knowing that They would soon descend.  
They did.  
Borne in Their chromed, wide-tread chariots,  
They holocausted us with veneered mirth  
and transistorized hymns.  
In Their orgy of determined enjoyment, They worshipped  
with empty metal decanters,  
unshredded confetti soured with mustard  
and Their Voluptuous Bodies  
adorned with gaudy harnesses.  
The Pans fled to distant pagan sand.  
Olympus thundered with unheard wrath.  
Neptune sighed.  
We left.

-- Carole Williams

## CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

### (answers)

Ken Kesey—*author of One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest and Sometimes A Great Notion. Kesey has experimented with LSD to understand the mind of a schizophrenic for his first book. He has since changed from the printed to the spoken word and his whereabouts is presently unknown. He is possibly in a California jail on conviction of possession of marijuana.*

Mark Rudd—*member of SDS, leader of the student rebellion at Columbia last spring.*

Jerry Rubins—*media manipulator, clown, and cofounder of the Youth International Party (Yippies). Rubin is over thirty years old and claims to be the type of person "our parents warned us against."*

Richard Farina—*folk singer, author of I've Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me, and husband of Joan Baez' sister, Mimi. He was killed in a motorcycle accident on April 30, 1966 after leaving an autograph party for his book.*

Leslie Fiedler—*literary critic, author of many books including Love and Death in the American Novel. Last year he and his family were arrested for possession of marijuana. Previous to this he had made an appearance at Marian College to give a lecture.*

Ed Arzman—*Marian's back-porch philosopher and most famous and probably only Conscientious Objector from Marian. At the moment he has been assigned to perform his CO duty in Hammond filing papers instead of teaching philosophy. Ed is also distinguished as one of the original architects for reform at Marian.*

Eric Clapton—*one of the world's best blues guitarists; worked with John Mayall. Most recently he was lead guitarist for the new retired Cream, one of the most versatile and creative of the hard-rock groups.*

Jean-Luc Godard—*producer, director, critic and leader of the French New Wave filmmakers, which has almost entirely rejected the old rules of film making. He has been a constant leader in experimentation of style. Film credits include Breathless and A Woman is a Woman.*

Capt. Howard Levy—*Army surgeon who refused to instruct medics for the VietNam War and was consequently court-marshalled and sent to an army prison.*



Peter Weiss—*famed German playwright and author of Marat/Sade and The Investigation. Also wrote The Death of the Lusitanian Bogey, which was recently preformed by the Negro Ensemble, a repertory of Black actors and actresses.*

Huey Newton—*Minister of Defense for the Oakland Chapter of Black Panthers Party, who was charged with the murder of a police officer.*

J. R. R. Tolkien—*chronicler of the Middle Earth, author of Lord of the Rings, an adult fantasy-trilogy with dwarves, elves, Ent men orcs, evil wizards, good wizards, and, not least of all, Hobbits.*

Linda Miller—*formerly Sister Roberta of the Franciscan order, left the Marian convent to seek a higher and more challenging relevancy of the outside world.*

Philip Berrigan—*Jesuit priest and intellectual, war critic, now serving sentence for pouring goat's blood over selective service files.*

Saul Alinsky—*noted white organizer of labor and ghettos.*

Eldridge Cleaver—*minister of information of Black Panthers in Oakland, spent nine years in California prisons, presidential candidate, author of Soul On Ice, disappeared before being returned to prison for alleged parole violations.*

The United States of America—*it is a band, not a country.*

Paul Krassner—*editor of the Realist, critic, and precursor of uninhibited underground journalism.*

Arlo Guthrie—*son of Woody, troubador and satirist, Alice's Restaurant.*

John Kenneth Galbraith—*noted economist, war critic.*

Bob Konstanzer—*sought to make Christianity relevant through experimentation in human relations, instructed to withdraw from Student Services post at Marian by the Archbishop.*

Jan Pavaar—*leader of the student revolt in Czechoslovakia, contributing writer to Ramparts.*

Raped by the sun  
 Lying on the canopied shore  
 Propositioned to return  
 To the sensuous sands  
 Promiscuity  
 I give my body, take its tan  
 Until pragmatic evening  
 Leads me back  
 To an empty bed  
 While the rapist  
 Sneaks around the world

-- Tess Eichenberger

(A RADIATOR)

The silver organic accordian  
 warm, vibrates and breathes  
 ikiru

flowing waves of heat  
 that vibrate the room

i love you radiator  
 let's spend the night together  
 (though we may have strange  
 children)

-- Kathy Cahalan



# Variations on an American Dream

Richard Gardner

performances of insanity  
all around the clock  
extraspecial purposes  
and people made of rock  
voices out of stock  
prophets line the gutters  
divining their last drops  
of ethereal whiskey  
apathy 1929  
uncork  
praise bacchus or cockus  
or whatever your god goes by  
and knock your head  
against a wall  
fall  
pick yourself up  
dust yourself off  
and go plodding on  
ass first

answer dinner bells  
and dog whistles  
buy flowers for the wife  
say hello to the kids  
try for junior executive  
get a woodpaneled office  
and a secretary that works  
late  
likes to illustrate  
do those extra little things  
compete with blind men  
and cripples  
by all means be christian  
throw bubble gum  
to the natives  
as you go tramping over them  
smile and hurry away  
before you start to think  
creative thought is  
dangerous  
ideals are to be assigned  
by the state department  
and carried out by  
your local draft board  
daft board  
patriotism swells  
to fever pitch in graveyards  
time marches on  
backwards  
into the days of  
the golden past  
and cavemen go clunking by  
die  
and be born again  
of the flesh  
and blood  
and the almighty dollar  
wear a diamond studded  
dog collar  
keep your beliefs on a leash  
and whip them soundly

every time they make you  
 aware  
 they're there  
 aren't they  
 screw your soul into the ground  
 and forget  
 or sell it  
 close your eyes  
 and pull the trigger  
 tell yourself it's a nigger  
 pride yourself on your  
 accomplishments  
 sit by the fireplace and  
 dream  
 preen  
 perform for your  
 fellow inmates  
 be grateful  
 for what you have  
 for what you've been had  
 care  
 but don't let it  
 get the better of you  
 care now  
 you may not have to later  
 grab a cold drink  
 from the refrigerator  
 chug it  
 sit back  
 and think  
 check the nearest  
 idiot card  
 smile to the director  
 and relax  
 take exlax  
 get rid of the facts  
 dedicate yourself to humanity  
 and see if you can find it  
 remind yourself that  
 man is ingenious  
 it's true

look at the bomb  
 and the fantastic array  
 of governments  
 all dedicated to  
 the betterment of  
 their citizens  
 some of whom  
 are aware of that fact  
 and keep the rumor alive  
 some of our more prominent  
 businessmen  
 who operate the dives  
 and speak of lives  
 as if they were  
 dollars  
 be proud  
 take a look around  
 take  
 take  
 take and eat yea  
 for this is my spirit  
 can you hear it  
 crying from the distant guns  
 eat of my flesh  
 satisfy your craving  
 for human flesh  
 ignore the facts  
 i died for you  
 this is the new and eternal  
 testament  
 take and eat yea  
 of each other's flesh  
 is this to be your epitaph  
 to hell with the script  
 ad lib a little  
 screw the director  
 the audience won't understand  
 anyway  
 except perhaps a few  
 who understand  
 the belief of a man



## THE FABLE OF ANTAGON

*Don Merrill*

My name is Antagon and I live in the jungles of Africa. Being a mouse makes survival even more demanding and taxing. In this world of beast eat beast, along with the survival of the fittest, one finds it hard to make and keep a living. The jungle is no place for the timid or weak of heart. I have made it through nine distrusting years in this place and with luck I hope to go another nine. With danger lurking behind every corner and vine, I cannot take too many chances.

On this particular day I am trekking along in the underbrush when all of a sudden and out of nowhere comes a blood-running-cold piercing cry. This scream stops me in my tracks and leaves me there, hair standing on end, with my tail in the air. Not being one to panic and stampede away, I timidly cower and make my way toward the portentous sound. From behind a leaf I take my first look at the creator of the uproar. It is a lion. He is lying on his side grimacing in pain. Building up my wits I prepare to move in closer to see the cause of the king of beast's anguish. Drawing nearer I observe a thorn about half my size imbedded in his left front paw. Seeing that he unable to get up and chase me, I say a little prayer, "angels and ministers of grace defend me," and begin pulling up to eye level. Upon my appearance old Leo breaks out in overwhelming joy and shouts, "Oh, little friend, please help me remove this thorn and I'll be indebted to you for life." That's a proposition I couldn't bear to pass up. I immediate-

ly began tugging at the thorn and finally withdrew the unwanted deposit. "Oh, thank you, little friend." He kept saying over and over again, "Oh, thank you, little friend." After a while we went our ways each of us satisfied with ourselves.

It was not more than a week later when in the same neck of the woods I again heard those same flesh-creeping, teeth-chattering, spine-chilling cries. In a slightly different way I ambled along, keeping in mind the events of nearly a week ago. Sure enough, upon arriving at the scene of the accident, there was old Leo again. It just has to be a carbon-copy of his last mishap. Once again I come to his rescue and removed the vexation. This time he can not stop thanking me. He invites and insists upon my coming back tomorrow to see him. I agree only because he seems such a nice enough guy and I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

So sure enough the next day I arrive early and await his arrival. Here he comes now, the king of beasts, massive and yet indebted to me, a lowly mouse. He is about to speak when an astounding re-echoing sound shatters the noise of the jungle. The lion drops in his tracks without a whimper. Blood dashes from his newly acquired wound long after he gives up his final breath. From the underbrush comes the hunter pleased at the outcome. He reaches down to me and hands me my reward of cheese. I scamper off around the pool of blood, and into the jungle.

## fioretti marketplace

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