





THE FIORETTI CONSISTS MERELY OF  
WRITERS  
DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF  
LITERATURE.  
IN THIS AGE OF SPECIALIZATION  
WE ARE KNOWN AS THE STAFF – (some kind of disease)

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# NOTES II

With Hero as the theme of this Fioretti, I anticipated several variations in response — whether prose or poetry. My anticipation hinged on the flexibility of the word Hero, of Heroism, of the entire question concerning what is considered admirable to contemporary man, who his heroes are- if any.

A few contributions came in. Most of the content in this Fioretti was solicited. Some was “created” in the last moments before actual publication as a final attempt to present you with a magazine rather than a “flyer.” And there were not enough hands to work with what materials were available.

It seems very unlikely that a lack of response to, and concern about, the Fioretti is due to the lack of an interesting catalyst, a point of initiation, as the word Hero. Catalysts are meaningless if they have no purpose, whether the area be a scientific or artistic one. No word, theme, or amount of soliciting will give a purpose to our publication- only interest can do that. “Forced response” is an equivalent description to the present Fioretti situation. In our case, it is an unacceptable contradiction.

The cartoon on page 27 presents a strange “funny”, something I ask you to consider and possibly evaluate. Dig the ground deeper to make a grave, or dig the ground, the literary potential of the Fioretti, deeper.

Puns are easily made — resurrections require more than a clever mind. The Fioretti is only one facet of Marian College that has need of a resurrection. There are too many grave diggers; too many bystanders viewing the whole situation as comical. The Fioretti does aim at entertaining its readers. It will not become a comic book.

Tess Eichenberger



Laura, running through tangerine fields  
running from your lover, one, two, three  
now and then stopping, to pick a flower.

Laura, finding a gingerbread cottage  
somewhere where you were running, one, two, three  
from your lover, you hid.

Laura, an act of apples and pears  
an actress you never were, one, two, three  
running from your lover, an actor.

Laura, singing gaysong flowers  
alone in a gingerbread cottage, one, two, three  
stopping, waiting for your lover.

Laura, singing teardrops, cheek streams  
flowing in the cottage, one, two, three  
your lover is playing in a barn.

Laura, finding a little yellow bird  
singing chirps and cheeps, one, two, three  
and now another lover.

John G. Kirchner



# HUSTLER, PREACHER, PANTHER

"The hustler, the preacher, and the panther continue to make their pitches. And kids like Marlo and Elijah continue to dream a world they are unlikely to know." Marlo and Elijah are fictitious. They are names devised by Jonathan Rodgers. Very simply, they represent any black kid in any inner city black community. As Mr. Rodgers himself notes: "they are mostly the poor, uneducated, day-labor force— individuals caught in a web of despair they did not spin. They are lured to escape from it. Some cop out. They become disillusioned and the day becomes too long to drink it all away. Others find that there are not enough hours left to plot the restructure of Western civilization. Some become Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man, convinced that they don't exist because no one sees them. Some evolve into Richard Wright's Bigger Thomas, ready to lash out at anything white that moves. And others are like some of the people I lived with on West Madison Street on the eve of summer, 1969."

Jonathan Rodgers is an assistant editor on the staff of Newsweek. In the June 30, 1969 edition, Mr. Rodgers did a report on the texture of ghetto life today. Having read the article, it becomes apparent that the hero in the black community is an enemy to the white— the hustler, preacher, and panther.

The hustler "makes it". He is the hippest thing on the block— finger popping, slow walking, jive talking dude. From all physical appearances he's got it all; a "deuce" or an "El", fancy leather coat, "pimp" glasses, and a slick knit sweater. The hustler does it all; he gambles, runs numbers, pimps for women, steals anything but work. He is attractive because he beats the man. "The white man is just like the nigger-crooked." The best way to beat him is to be more crooked. And you learn that by watching the white man when he comes around to pick up the rent, or sells you rotten meat."

The black church is and has been the most established institution in the community. And the minister has been the most respected, and at times the most hated. In many cases he is as slick as the hustler and as dangerous as the panther. He has represented for the black masses some hope, some faith. For a long time he preached the pie in the sky jive, keeping the people in their place. But now he is dynamic, active, and heroic. The most non-religious must admit that it was he, the black minister, who charged racism and evil in the white community. And it is he who claims to know how to lead the people out of a land of bondage.

It's long been said that if you corner an animal and taunt him, he'll come at you with



all his might and strength. Much has been said and written about the Black Panthers, some favorable and some unfavorable. And it is a fact that they, as a group, aspire to be the Vanguard Party, in the destruction of oppression and racism. Today he, the panther, is hero. The appeal is great. Thousands are eager to join. And for these thousands, the panthers represent a way to get out, break out of the stinking mess and eliminate the root of all their evils.

The Hustler, Preacher, and Panther are heroes for some, and enemies for others..

Kenneth Rogers

Why is the moon covered with the entrails of humanity?  
Where are the bodily specimens of humanity on earth?  
The empire state building is molesting a giant signboard.  
The wheat fields of the Midwest are barren and sterile.  
The golden gate wraps its arms around an empty bay.  
This is the calamity of the thinking man's cigarette.  
For one day Tarayton smokers decided to switch rather than fight.  
And soon World War 4 was engaged in World War 3.  
They were married in the peace conferences of Geneva.  
Will it all end in the physical destruction of education.  
Or will eyes open and see Peter, Paul, and Mary in the sky  
Doing a concert on a triangle stage.  
While Joan Baez holds young Dylan beneath a guitar cross.  
The end is like a dirty window cleaned with Windex  
For people would live longer and happier if the window were not cleaned at all.

John G. Kirchner



*thoughts on the edge of a see*

*solitary is the word I'm afraid to be  
or to accept except in colored blue  
fearing alone the fear of it  
as if it were a beast I cannot control  
and stand naked before.*

*a child sits toying with sands that run  
too fluidly through pudgy hands to grasp  
to gasp unaware at the moment when  
cold wet water ambushed  
her little toe.*

*how verbal it is to speak of what no man is  
and how each has his brother to keep  
and what the sound of touch can be  
once the walls are down.*

*the glory of the human link within the chain of God!*

*a girl sits thinking with sands that run  
too fluidly through graceful hands to grasp  
to gasp unobserved at the moment when  
salt scent water ambushed  
her little toe.*

*not born of want or cradled in cynicism  
nor draped in wanton shades of saffron  
exhibited to show colors caught and balanced in the folds  
but just a reality facing through the mirror  
at the oneness that I am.*

*a woman sits feeling the sands that run  
so fluidly through strong hands that grasp  
to gasp unabashed at the moment when  
warm wet water embraced  
her little toe.*

Suzanne Harding



**Cave Man (10000 B.C.):**  
You're making a mistake. The idea of fighting with a stone tied to a stick has not been thoroughly tested. Development of

the club has not yet reached the stage where we dare risk the safety of our whole tribe by adopting it. To do so now would create a dangerous weapon gap between the fist and the club. There are too many technical bugs that still have to be worked out. What if the string breaks while you swing the club? Will it gouge eyes and pull hair? It may have some value in a wide-open free-for-all, but will you have room to swing it in these nasty toe-to-toe cave fights we have had lately? Suppose you swing and miss? You young button-down tiger-skin types should pay more attention to us old experienced fist-and-knee fighters.



**Cave Man Jr. (5000 B.C.):**  
It's too brittle, too complicated—and impossible to mass-produce. I see no future in this quivering sliver of metal—what do you call it, a sword? For cutting meat, maybe yes. For fighting, no. It can never replace our old reliable club. It can't be half

as effective as the club. If you strike with one of the flat sides, no harm is done. A glancing blow wouldn't be much better. So there are only two chances in 360 of getting in a solid blow. We'll never risk the future of our tribe on such long odds. Suppose, in the heat of battle, you happen to grab the wrong end? Besides, they're too expensive. You could never make one for each warrior. Do you want to send our boys into

# Weapons Gaps Through the Ages

battle only one in ten armed? Back to your lute, son, and leave war to us fighters.



**Swordsman (2000 B.C.):**  
I don't believe your proposal is serious. I'm not saying these dealers are trying to cheat our royal master, but what other reason do they have for wanting to sell all those horses for his army? The idea of trying to fight while clinging to a horse's

mane is fantastic. All of us experienced fighters know it's hard enough to keep upright with your own two feet on the ground. What if the horse decides to go one way and you another? Consider the logistical burden of such a scheme. Do you think the enemy will agree to a truce in the midst of a battle while we feed and water these beasts? If the royal treasurer must spend the king's money on animals, let him buy cattle whose flesh we can eat.





**Knight (A.D. 1000):** I tell you we are far from obsolete. The idea that a small pole, a string, and a bundle of twigs have any place on the battlefield is absurd. How can you believe a feathered stick will withstand a charge by armored knights? These archers are making false

claims. Not every arrow can find a mark. Some of our knights are bound to get through. Even if only one knight made it, he could slay all the archers. Another thing: if the king changes his mind after a charge has begun, he can recall his knights. Can an archer recall his arrow? All we need do is modernize the knight's weapons: longer lances, heavier armor, faster horses. Everyone knows the knight is the most forward-looking of our fighting men. Only he has sound judgment about these things. If the bow and arrow has any possibility, the knight would adopt it. Maybe we'll see if he can shoot an arrow at a gallop. But the whole scheme seems unsound to me.

**Archer (A.D. 1200):** You're right, sir. Our troops must have the most modern weapons, but why burden them with an improved gadget more dangerous to us than to the enemy? The facts speak for themselves. Gunpowder is too radical, too uncertain, too erratic. The bow and arrow has been winning our battles for years. This Oriental innovation is of no use to us. A



simple archer can launch a dozen bolts while the expert musketeer is still fumbling with his first loading. The bolt will go farther and straighter. Gunpowder is useless in the rain. When it does explode, the smoke and flash disclose the shooter's position. More often than not

he is also hoist by his own petard, as the saying goes. If gunpowder is used in any quantity, the smoke would obscure the battlefield. Tactical control would be impossible. Suppose—just suppose—cannon were developed to perfection. Then, in one blinding instant, both sides would be completely slaughtered. That's mass suicide, not warfare. I'm all for progress, mind you, but you can see there is no possible military future in gunpowder.



**Old Soldier (A.D. 1910):**

It does not have—in the slightest degree—the sturdiness and reliability that are essential to any military weapon. It is too complicated, too fragile, too vulnerable to ever amount to more than an expensive and dangerous toy. It can't fly at night,

nor in bad weather. It gets lost in the clouds and can't see through them. Even a grain of sand in the engine will bring it down. The driver is too busy keeping it aloft to find time for any military task. Let the Signal Corps have one to play with, if you insist, but don't encourage those notions that it can drop shells or carry supplies. Suggestions like these do not reflect responsible military thought. These functions are already being filled to our complete satisfaction by proved and reliable means. Why bother with an inferior device? Why waste time and money on an unproductive experiment? Gad, sir! We must think of the taxpayers once in a while!

**Guess Who? (A.D. 1964):** Guess what?

REPRINT

POPULAR SCIENCE, January 1964

# Guess Who? (A.D. 1970) : Guess What?





Often  
Wandering to this creek  
All frozen in a  
White tread-blanket  
I wish my tracks were the  
Only ones  
My eyes, the first to see  
Wild geese by melting ice  
The loudest sound would be  
Crunching snow  
From beneath  
Half soaked boots  
The only light  
Orange of the moon  
And orange ice streaks.  
But  
Other voices, cars, buildings  
Other endless tracks  
Cross this dream  
Leave me searching  
For a lamp post leading back  
And often, leaving,  
Don't I think  
    It's this going back  
    Makes me the Hero  
And always, leaving,  
Don't I know  
    I'll return again.

Tess Eichenberger

I stood there and cried  
like a baby-- a dying baby  
as our men shouted and screamed  
charging up that hill  
as if it were the only hill  
and hills were to be charged  
and men were to charge  
invincible  
"supermen" bouncing the bullets off their initialed chests

But they saw  
bullets didn't bounce  
they entered stealthily  
as buddies in death pangs  
announced reality.  
Listening to Life protesting in deafening shrieks  
declaring the lie  
they raged on  
as if it were the only hill  
and hills were to be charged  
and men were to charge



invincible

I stood there and cried

like a baby-- a dying baby

abandoned by humanity

James Asher

general garBage

specific filth

particular dirt

"Remarkable Likeness"

utter waste

see the Day

See the day tomorrow,  
when you can look— with veiled, aged eyes  
through Alice's looking glass.  
Everything mellow, faded, and misty.

Pains of childhood give us  
laughter and joy in our evening years.  
Embarrassing seconds in lost time - when a boy-  
is neither child nor man.  
Bitter struggles to exist - the 5 floor walkup,  
no hot water and a broken lock,  
burnt toast and greasy eggs-

Funny.  
those were the happy times,  
and all that money  
is not so satisfying  
as the oracle promised.  
How truly wise we would be  
if  
when happiness appeared,  
we could know it  
and live it  
fiercely.

Lynne Howard

*Tears tore down my candle's back  
as my eyes flickered in the shadows.  
It wept for me and all my sorrows,  
for I will never mourn.*

*It's dressed the room in black —  
with one scarred flame to eulogize,  
a dear, dear friend  
who lost her soul,  
whose laughter was the mourning.*



# BOOK REVIEW

## The Enormous Room

E. E. Cumming

If you haven't "learned anything new today," you have now. Yes, E.E. Cummings (or if you prefer ee cummings) is a novelist as well as a poet, and a rather good one at that, as *The Enormous Room* testifies.

Autobiographical in nature, Cummings wrote it in 1922 as a result of his six months of unjust and barbaric incarceration at a concentration camp in France. But *The Enormous Room* is more than a "war story," for Cummings himself says that he "uses war to explore an inconceivable vastness.. something incredibly more distant than any sun; something more unimaginably huge than the most prodigious of all universe- the individual."

Getting into the story, Cummings and his close friend were serving in a European Ambulance Corps before the U.S. entered World War I. Slater Brown had written some letters home which were critical of the French government and its war effort. These letters were interpreted by the French authorities and both were arrested, Cummings on the charge that he was a friend of the accused. (Three guesses who's not the hero of the book).

Confined to La Ferte Mace, Cummings' initial response to his sentence is "the thrilling joy which I experienced of being yanked from the putrescent banalities of an official non-existence into a high and clear adventure."

It is in the "enormous room" that Cummings meets the fascinating characters- the "Three Wise Men," (the Commission who would decide the inmate's innocence or guilt); Emil the Bum, (imprisoned for sputtering misleading information upon the probable destiny of the price of potatoes); and the "Delectable Mountains," (the Wanderer, whose wife and children came and begged to be made prisoners too, Zulu, a gentle and generous Pole, Surplice, a dirty, humble, utterly simple-minded person who plays the fool to the scorn of the others, and Jean Le Negre, a great and gay childlike Negro). It is in this exposition of the inhabitants that Cummings reveals the book's central meaning- the triumph of the individual.

Beside these unique characters, there's Cummings' cleverness with language that makes the book a real joy, i.e. the man with bushy eyebrows is described as having "three moustaches, two of them being eyebrows." Cummings' reply to the query as to when he preferred to die; "Pardon me, you wish to ask me when I prefer to become immortal ?"

True to the Modern literary philosophy, The Enormous Room's greatness lies not so much in the "action" but in the characters' response to that "action." Cummings illustrates what he means by "you've got to come out of the measurable doing universe into the immeasurable house of being."

Mary Rose Kozlowski

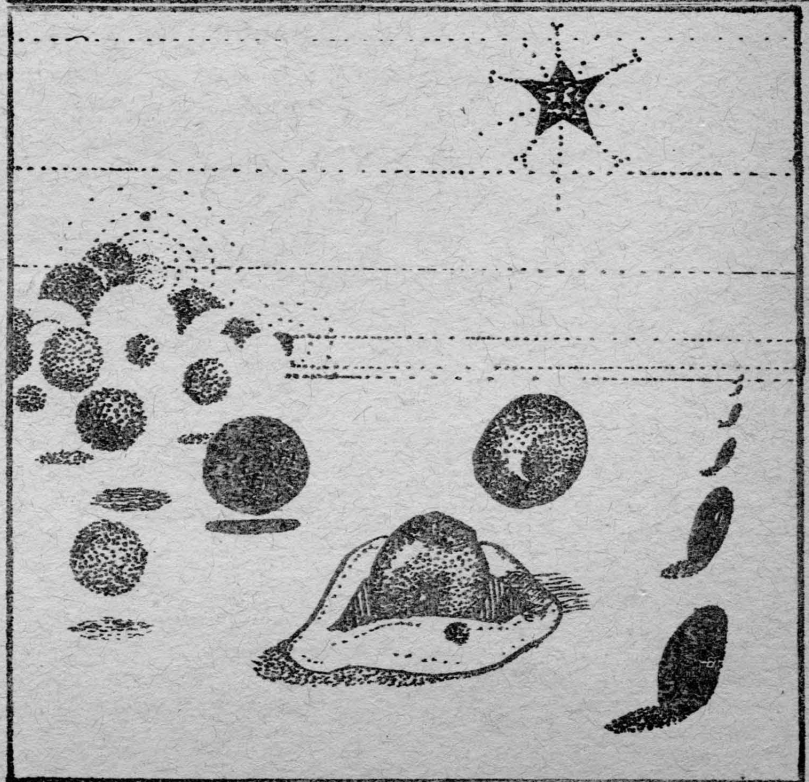
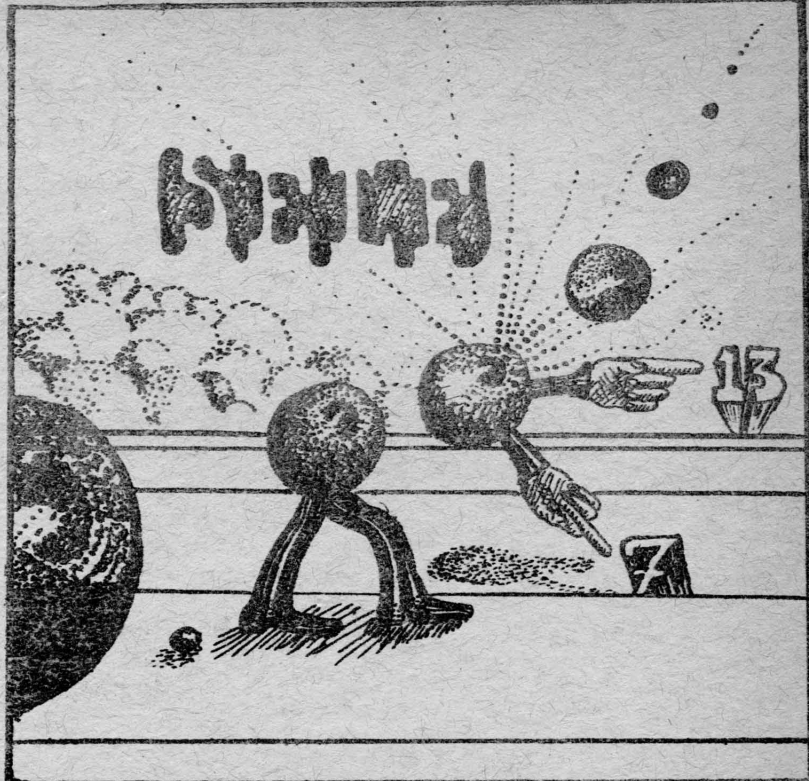
Ogden Nash  
Made a hash  
Of every little ditty.

He took a-bash  
At all kinds of trash  
And convinced everyone he was witty.

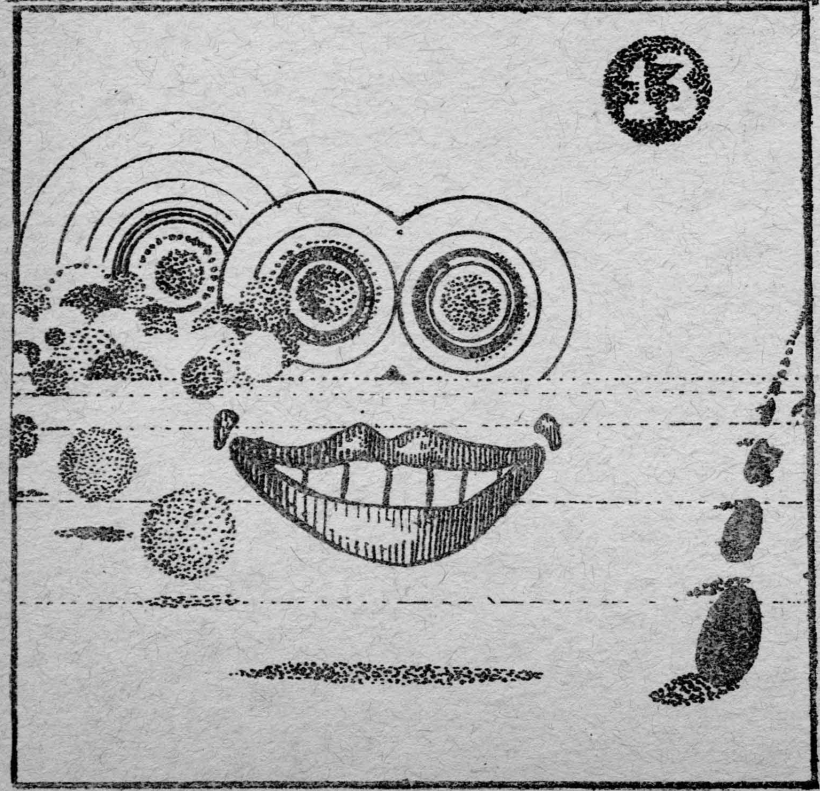
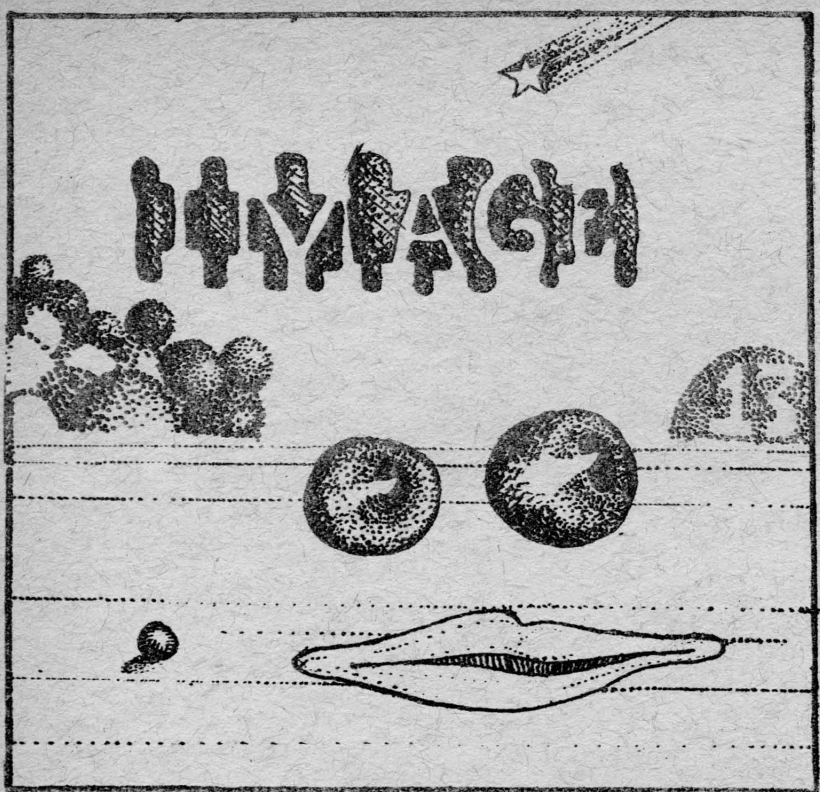
Ellen Dugan



# 'Self Image'



David Ebbinghouse





My idea of a hero is not the conventional notion that is accepted by most people. Sure, I respect people like John Lindsay, Eldridge Cleaver, Father Groppi, Julian Bond, and yes, even Ted Kennedy, but these people are not my heroes. They are merely distinguished figures or adolescent idols at best. No, my hero is no one person, but a conglomeration of ideals, concepts, and the status quo. My hero is a number of things, or my hero is one definitive subject, but most of all, my hero is something with which a young man can identify. My hero is the Establishment.

I believe in everything that the Establishment stands for, and I am dedicated to the principle that the true meaning of life can be found inside the system, a system that guarantees stability, and security, and asks only that its subjects be completely devoted to it. The system is not really asking much of you or me. All it wants is some bodies to carry on in the tradition and make certain that everything is thriving. The only thing you're really denying yourself is the freedom to protest, and what's left to protest? Blacks and whites are polarizing themselves from each other, so that issue is dead; air and water pollution is a much-discussed topic, and people will still be discussing it in 1980; Nixon's pulling troops out of Vietnam, and putting more in just as fast as he can, so you might call that a "stable" situation; and last, but not least, the rich get

richer and the poor keep trying to find out what a poverty program is.

So you see, there's really nothing left to protest. Everything seems to be pretty much in hand, so I might as well jump on "The Man's" bandwagon and try to see what I can get for myself in this land of opportunity before things get too crowded. After all, this bandwagon is supported by the majority, and the majority rules. Doesn't it?

Wm. T. Brodnax Jr.

**Kevin Kane**

1  
 amazing 1  
 just how e  
 i f  
 into a space in the sky  
 riding on a  
 friendllly bliiird  
 & then a love  
 past sunrise & set  
 to a newwon world  
 strange but familiar  
 i see at least three su(ooo)ns  
 and the clouds  
 dance & prank  
 as in a thousand p-aint-ings  
 here i can fly  
 without bothering the ground  
 yes it gets dark  
 but only textured shadows  
 like different dimensions  
 i can sing songs  
 that all rhyme (time)  
 with greengoldbrown  
 & others not discovered yet  
 lighting the whiting daaay  
 & gl(row)owing at night  
 here i wish  
 & in drawing i receive  
 here i hang signs  
 to point out wonderous doors  
 where you can touch  
 faith/wind/love/rain/honesty  
 if you need to  
 here i travel -discovering-  
 at the highest speeds of leisure  
  
 here i try to go  
 it's hard without you  
 but where i go  
 i bring all of me-y-m-0-e-U



# TRIVIA?

- 1) Abramowitz, Florence Lamont - opera broadcast in its entirety presented May 19, 1921 at 8:15 p.m. Martha sung over station QZAF, she sang Ruth.
- 2) Akeley, Carl Ethan - devised sculptural taxidermy method, mounted skins on special frames.
- 3) Lawrence, Claesse - 1st to translate Book of Common Prayer into the Mohawk language in 1715
- 4) Apponyi, Geraldine - 1st woman of American descent to become a queen. Married King Zog of Albania on April 27, 1938.
- 5) Brown, William Montgomery - Heresy trial of Bishop, deposed on October 13, 1925.
- 6) Shadrick, Pvt. Kenneth - 1st soldier killed in the Korean War on July 5, 1950.
- 7) Russwurm, John Brown - 1st Negro College graduate, 1826.
- 8) Doss, Desmond T. - P.F.C.- 1st Conscientious Objector to get a Medal of Honor.
- 9) Trach, M. - 1st editor of Daily Ukranian Newspaper in U.S.
- 10) Lussier, Jean - 1st person to go over Niagra Falls in a rubber ball on July 4, 1928.
- 11) Wittenmeyer, Annie T. - 1st President of a National Temperence Society.

# EPIC HERO OF ANCIENT GREECE

A superb figure, nobly endowed as to birth and wealth, possessing superior qualities of mind and body, living for renown and pursuing it with extraordinary vigor chiefly through war, solely reliant upon his own ability to make the fullest use of his powers—such was the hero of ancient Greek epics.

The Greeks of the 8th century saw something splendid and superhuman about what they supposed to be their lost past. This seemed to them to be filled with gigantic personalities whose mighty powers and achievements placed them somewhere half-way between gods and ordinary men. Their prowess and unsurpassable feats inspired poets to suggest that human nature, though far from divinity might yet come within reach of it. Glory (doxa)—applause and favorable public opinion—was the “metamorphosizing” quality by which the individual could become like the gods. It was the glory of physical and intellectual prowess, of military and athletic valor, of hereditary arrogance and aristocratic class privilege.

Such heroic aspiration is the keynote of the life of Achilles, the most illustrious example of the ancient Greek heroes. Study of his character portrayal in the Iliad will serve to delineate with greater clarity the concept of the epic hero. If we read carefully, it becomes apparent that every detail of the Iliad, as the story touches Achilles, gyrates around his quest for and insistence upon his own per-

sonal honor (arete) and fame above all other values. Born of a mortal father and an immortal mother, endowed with a physical and intellectual puissance second to none, Achilles makes honor and glory the driving force and aim of his existence—his whole career is an unremitting struggle, undertaken with all his manly endurance for the first prize among his peers. Conversely, denial of due honor is a catastrophe for Achilles, as for all Homeric heroes, living in a “shame” culture, peopled by David Riesman’s “other directed” personalities. In such a culture, a man’s behavior is guided by the attitude of his peers (rather than by the internalized forces of approval and disapproval stemming from a conditioned super-ego which is characteristic of a guilt culture). Therefore, when Agamemnon demands from Achilles the woman Brisias, who had been given him as a “geras”, a gift of honor, in recognition of his incomparable achievement in conquering and sacking innumerable cities, Achilles’ wrath knows no bounds. Agamemnon’s demand is tantamount to saying that Achilles is inferior to him, and this is a humiliation at the hands of the king, and in the presence of the entire army, those “other people” who confer status and identification. Unable to sustain such loss of “time” (esteem of people), he withdraws from battle and remains stubbornly aloof until it is quite apparent to Agamemnon and the whole Greek army (and the gods!) that without him they are completely helpless to save themselves from de-



struction at the hands of the Trojans. Although countless Greeks perish as he angrily sulks in his tent, no word of criticism is leveled at Achilles by either the gods or men—in the eyes of all, his conduct according to the heroic code, is justified.

The relations of the ancient heroes with other men were very much like those of the magnanimous man described by Aristotle in the *Nicomachean Ethics*: “..(he) must be be unable to make his life revolve around another, unless it be a friend.” Thus, Achilles is consistently haughty and insolent to Agamemnon, condescendingly friendly to his inferiors, and not entirely unselfish to his relations to his friend, Patroclus. To illustrate, when he finally agrees to take some steps to save the Greeks, and consents to let Patroclus go into battle in his own armor, he gloats over the fact that the mere sight of the armor will terrify the Trojans. He, moreover, is blatantly explicit on the point that he is sending Patroclus as part of a maneuver to reflect credit, not on Patroclus, but on himself:

“Return to me directly after you have swept the Trojans from the ships. Even if Zeus the Thunderer offers you the chance of winning glory for yourself, you must not seize it. You must not fight without me against those warlike Trojans— you would only make me cheaper.”

Then he makes a remark which reveals the colossal proportions of his egoism and the degree to which he puts his own personal glory above the welfare of his fellow Greeks,

“Ah, Father Zeus, Athene and Apollo, how

happy I should be if not a Trojan got away alive, not one, and not an Argive either, if we two survived the massacre to pull down Troy's holy diadem of towers single-handed.”

To the Christian mentality, such callousness and selfish indifference to others appears abhorrent, but to the archaic Greek mind, it was the accepted trait of a hero.

Violently emotional, of erratic temperamental stability, the epic heroes were never characterized by a remote serenity. Illustratively when Patroclus is killed by Hector, Achilles is so enraged both at the loss of a friend and at the insult to his honor, that he rushes out onto the field uttering battle cries of such blood-curdling intensity as to cause some of the greatest Trojan men to commit suicide on the spot! Raging, he chases his victims with the fury of a fiend, darkening the earth with their blood, pressing on “in search of glory, bespattering his unconquerable hands with gore.” Such blood baths are frequently described in narrations of heroic escapades; and the greater the hero, the bloodier the slaughter.

The emotions, violent in intensity, were equally extreme in nature. We have a graphic example in the revenge scenes of the *Iliad*. After slaying Hector before the eyes of his wife and parents, Achilles gives full vent to his violent feelings of revenge by dragging the corpse behind his chariot through the dust and stones, and by offering as a human sacrifice, twelve Trojan captives to burn on the pyre of Patroclus. Then in the last book, though fierce emotions still burn below the surface, comes the deeply moving encounter with Priam, the unforgettable vindication of his terrible revenge, as Achilles

calmly restores the body of Hector to his bereaved father and tenderly lifts up the corpse with his own hands to place it on the bier.

Despite the frequent barbarity noted above, an atmosphere of tragedy also surrounded the ancient heroes. There was, indeed, a pathos in the hero's struggle against his fellow human beings and against the fate to which even the gods are subservient. The last and most searching ordeal and the true test of worth lay in the death of the hero, for in it he fulfilled himself. Achilles, too, found the highest self-fulfillment in death. He had known from the beginning, as had Hector, that though of divine extraction, he was fated to die. In his resolute acceptance of this pre-ordained doom, however, he attained the true grandeur and glory of a hero whose spirit rises above the destruction of self.


Participating in the realm of both gods and men, at home really in neither, the life of Achilles and the other primitive epic heroes was both a glorious and a precarious existence, full of conflict, tension, and toil—the breeding ground of tragedy. It is in the heroes of the 5th century. Attic tragedies that we perceive the full flowering of the human spirit, already evident in the epic heroes, which proclaims that man can suffer and do amazing things by his own effort and his own nature; that he can almost rise above his own nature into strengths scarcely known or understood, that he can be “a little less than the angels.”

Sister Mary Norma Rocklage

Castles in the air  
Fluctuate with every passing breeze.  
A dream once shaped in  
Towering nimbus wrests from its moorings,  
Floats away  
On the sea of winds.  
A towering thunderhead threatens  
A storm of protests against  
A stronghold built with  
Too few stones and  
Too thin mortar  
All crushed and razed  
With a clap of thunder.

Ellen Dugan





AND SHE SHOWS YOU WHERE TO LOOK  
AMIDST THE GARBAGE AND THE FLOWERS  
THERE ARE HEROES IN THE SEAWEED

L. Cohen

Artwork: Rebecca Kremer

substance of . . .

the  
hero  
must  
be  
new,  
novel  
different  
from  
an  
experience.  
is  
he  
always  
sucessful.  
can  
he  
be  
sub-  
intelligent.  
must  
he  
be  
physically  
attractive.  
he  
involves  
action  
&  
reaction  
that  
is  
understandable.  
does

he  
have  
profitable  
times  
or  
knowledgeable  
ones.  
is  
he  
a  
myth  
or  
a  
real  
person.  
is  
he  
me.  
is  
he  
a  
subjective  
something.  
are  
all  
somethings  
good.  
is  
he  
a  
romantic  
or  
a

realist.  
is  
he  
creative  
or  
created.  
by  
whom.  
is  
he  
richard  
nixon.  
or  
timothy  
leary.  
or  
george  
wallace.  
or  
stokely  
carmichael.  
or  
joe  
namath.  
or  
all  
of  
them.  
or  
none  
of  
them.  
why ?

Kevin Kane



Here I stand-- before an uninvited judge  
He wears our clothes but  
dreadfully has chosen the immortality of nature  
He has relinquished his lot to the common human enemy and  
his utterances steal their certitude  
only from the strength of gravity,  
the power of the swollen river and  
the necessity of fear.

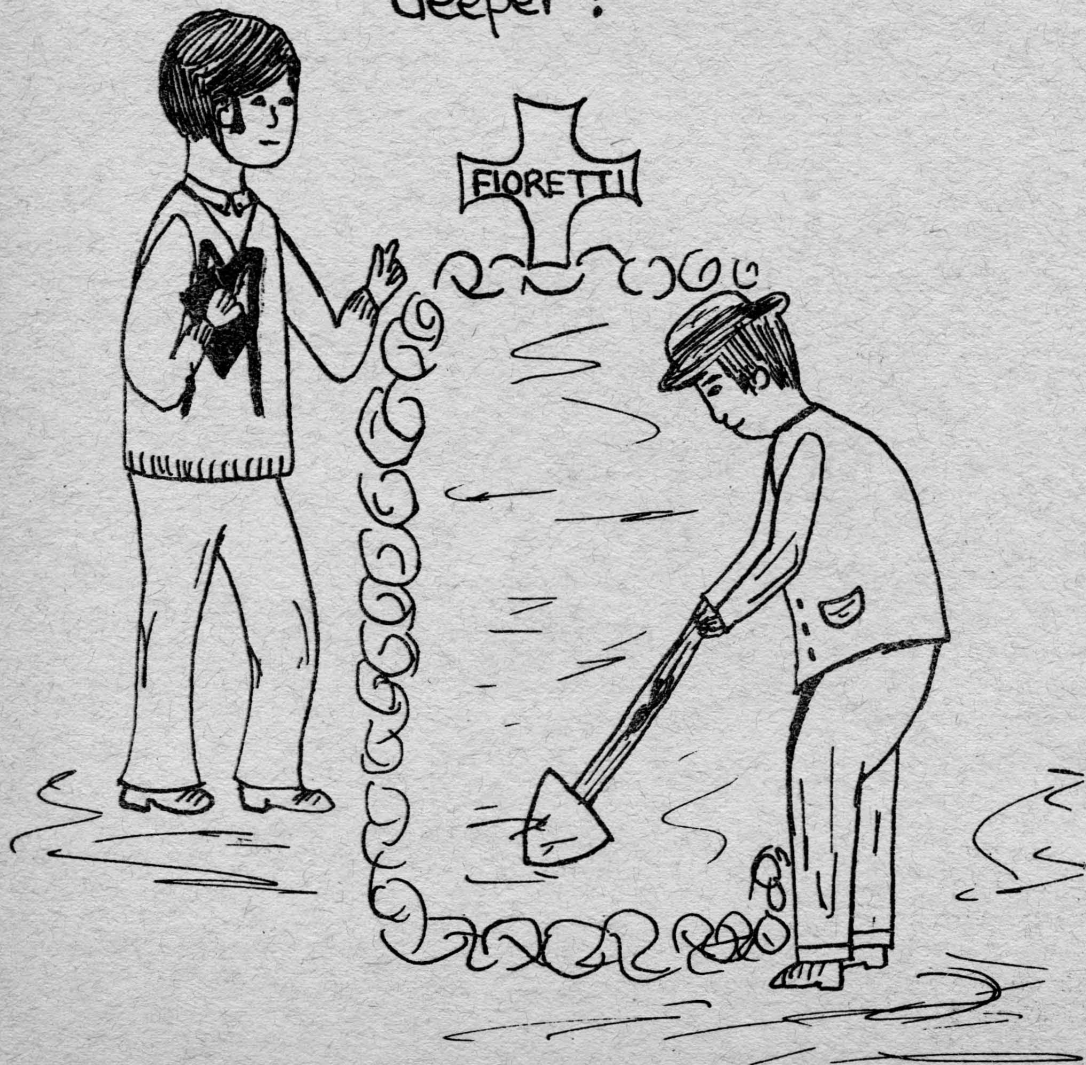
Here I stand-- too crumpled on the outside  
I am all inside  
I am translucent  
(the judge says he sees nothing)

Oh, I see you now, Black man hoping in our courts,  
poor man yearning through the glass,  
prisoner with your teeth so painful.  
I see you woman with your husband at war.

Where is our hero?  
There are no inside heroes!  
If there is no Redeemer,  
there is nothing.

Johannes de Silentio

Don't you think  
you should dig  
it a little  
deeper?





# To Have Had a Dream of Memories

## TO HAVE HAD

Asleep, the cathedral moans the hour  
No longer a beckoning cry  
Bygone oh days of restless watch  
And nights of restless sleep  
Twofold-- the perilous wants of each

No more to see the starved pass by  
Let wave a wrinkled hand  
Or bless the workers on their way  
From lunchbox clocks and doorstep wives  
The bicycle children in handaid cries

## A DREAM

Be in every tomorrow's each other  
As likeness of today's lovely self  
Counting the hours of love as seconds  
Or the moments of love as days in your daydream/eternal life

For I should rather than anything  
Coldly blowing  
Desire mostly and perfectly  
All and which I find you  
Springtime over and above  
The frailest pale yellowflower

## OF MEMORIES

A song that compressed my heart  
Will forever return in a scream

The scar of a laugh in my heart  
Shall haunt a wreck-ed way

Bill Divine

to evel knievel  
- hail to those in edge city

infinite fantasy  
intricate life  
j-j-jarring his hipbone  
into sloshing mindless mooouaths  
cramming into Their bloodstream  
needles & pins

he's just kidding  
                    skkkidding captain america  
hell's angels will never come here

cracking a parachute  
& a double triple dual engine

r  
 a i  
 h s  
 c m  
 a over the gap

snap  
down

```
evel : (e'v'l)
    resulting from or based
    on conduct; as in james
    joyce, lucifer, bela l-
    ugosi, edgar allen poe..
```

# TRAVEL LISTEN



canievel: (kne'v'l)  
meaning to be able-  
to; as in fox, cir-  
cus, maneater.....

his guts are slipping thru  
so many digits  
like split p/e/a soup  
spLLATtering anactionless edifice  
& oozing back to the sea.  
death        time        life  
are only screws in a motorcycle  
gu(gli)i(din)d(g)ing  
him over the Grand Chasm

x x

WARNING: x    this man isn't normal!  
x x    he's strawberry schiz-  
ophrenic, mangomaniac &  
decideddepressive, go-  
ofy grape gone.....

a short dream  
of all men infamous  
reborn as a harley  
& riding a beam of light  
from a hole in the wall

considering him a hero  
is like a road sign  
being sculpture  
is like a shadow from a candle

i guess.  
i don't know.  
but i do.

Kevin Kane

**Inspected By No. 20**



## Notes to Myself

the  
quiet nights  
of the quiet days  
    where the faces  
        the faces  
are pressed into ugly masks  
revealing the forces  
that nobody asked to compete with.  
and a tribute is forthcoming,  
    i believe it long over due,  
to the artistic merits  
    of such an endeavor  
and gaping in awe or  
    admiration,  
I extend my heartiest appreciation  
for the  
lines  
the blank eyes  
depicting  
    the confrontation  
of man and woman  
    and  
frightening vacuity.

Dan Holbrook

writing odes to you  
    is finding out many things  
forgotten in time.









Why does he want the things  
he wants?

Why does he batter at walls  
that won't break?

Why does he give when it's  
natural to take?

Where does he see all the  
good he can see?

What does he want of me?