

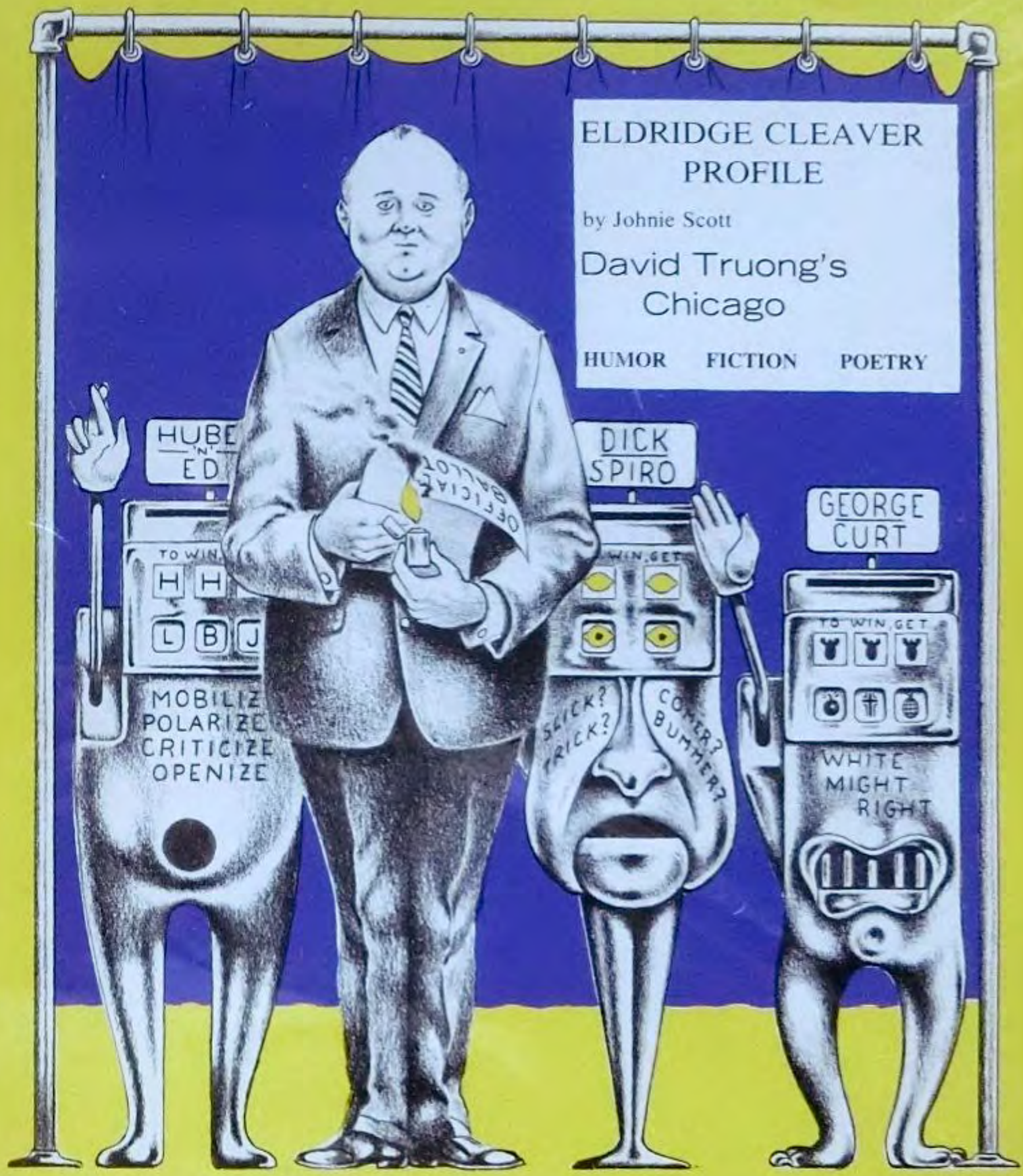
# CHAPARRAL

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER  
PROFILE

by Johnie Scott

David Truong's  
Chicago

HUMOR    FICTION    POETRY





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**THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL**

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the venerable one is entering his eighth decade, the clangs and thunks of the aged hammer proclaim a new youth, a second childhood. Upon his leather throne of bound Chappies, The Old Boy shoots his eye at these youths and at those who paused for work and continued on. Things, of course, have changed since the old fool himself would stand all comers in the angled wit that made him reknown. If the printed word proved weak, fool that he was, the well-weighted hammer was always close at hand to knock and flatten the boldest piece of ignorance. So this old buffoon knows well the

difference between full blown pomp of hot air and the solid stuff that created and presently renews Chappie. Though rarely nostalgic, the Old One recalls for us the self-assured clomp of Guilford Gaylord ever so calmly measuring his gait from issue to issue and Past Editor Michael Rugg who broke the hammer in a single thrust and, using the solid wood handle for a pen, created history two years in thudding work like *Groin*-cheered from the distance of Hawaii. And here before the bespeckled buffoon stands another crop of questioning, smiling, eager Freshmen. So once again he holds up the proud and flashing hammer of steel laughing and daring the Class of 1972 to wrestle the cliché and the slick, oily order of the day.



Scott



Alcorn

## CONTRIBUTORS



McCarten

John Alcorn fills his daytime hours building bubble chambers because, with the advice of his father, he moved into engineering rather than art. But his skill and love of drawing could not be muted, and after graduating with his wife from Rice in 1955, he arrived at Stanford and combined both activities. Though attracted to artists like Goya and Daumier, John increasingly nowadays finds he is turned on all the way to bitterness by political happenings, and he finds it irresistible to draw about the current shoddiness lurking in the polis. Drawing itself is his "emotional therapy," though he also devotes much time to carving model airplanes.

Graduating from Stanford with a degree in political science last spring, David Truong Dinh Hung went to work part-time as a news correspondent for CBS, and hence won admittance to the Chicago convention. While contending with Daley's pigs, David helped the McGovern forces fight for the losing peace plank of the Democratic Platform. His father is Truong Dinh Dzu, the runner-up and peace candidate in the last South Vietnamese Presidential "elections," whose recent 5-year hard-labor imprisonment scandalized every thoughtful person alive. His crime: urging an immediate negotiated settlement for the war.

Johnie Scott grew up in the Watts area of Los Angeles, and was the first black man to go from there straight to Harvard. Returning home, he wrote four poems for a TV special on "Angry Voices of Watts," for which he received an Emmy award. John is now at Stanford majoring in creative writing, and he has given poetry readings, with musical accompaniments, at Tresidder. Also drawing on his energies is Afro-West, preparing LeRoi Jones's "The Toilet," and Bullins's "Electronic Nigger."

Henry Marple has drifted in and out of a dozen colleges, including Stanford, Harvard, Williams, and Mississippi. Claiming himself unable to achieve a peace of mind necessary for academic rigors, Henry instead has devoted much time to observing and reflecting on the details of the events he lives through. Happily, he has contributed some poems generated by his reflections. Henry is now somewhere in Africa, aiding in a revolution of African nationals against entrenched colonialists.

A wandering goldbrick, a mouse among men, a champion of the overdog, all these and much less are Hugh John McCarten, newly appointed jester of the Chaparral's bug-ridden court. Responding to the generous boss of critics on five continents, McCarten, at the callous age of eighteen, turned a deaf ear to offers from sanitation departments nationwide, and, abandoning all he held dear—peaceful afternoons at the race track, cool evening walks to the welfare board, hopped on the only fast boat to China ever seen leaving San Francisco. He was stopped at the docks, however, by Chappie Editor, George Muser, who, cheerfully waving a foot high stack of I.O.U.'s, convinced Hugh that the Chappie still needed him. Looking down the shiny barrel of George's loaded shotgun, Hugh knew he had met his match, and the wedding will take place this week somewhere on campus. McCarten, when questioned about where he thought his ideas would take him, replied, "Ship me somewhere East of Suez where the best is like the worst, and there aren't no ten commandments and a man can slake his thirst." But he also added jokingly, "Semper ubi sub ubi."

## Chicago: Daley's Khe Sanh

by David Truong

"Pigs!" To that fateful word, blue-helmeted Chicago policemen, according to Mayor Daley, moved to counteract those irresponsible "terrorists' actions." Tear-gas cans and commercial-looking Mace sprayers were profusely used on "rioters" parading in front of the Hilton, and, in the midst of fleeing, panic-stricken youths, thumps of billyclubs landing on flesh provided an eerie drum background to the demonstrators' shouting and the buzzing of back-up motors for television lights.

Caught in the melee, I dashed at one point through a group of protestors to escape a club moving toward backbone. I suddenly became aware, as a friend from UPI blacked out under the impact of a cop's blow, of my nakedness, of my vulnerability to similar treatment because of all of the press credentials hanging around my neck. Ironically, these electrically charged passes, an invention of John Criswell, who was Johnson's appointee as the executive director of the Convention, supposedly stipulated free access for newsmen to every aspect of the Convention. I guess the Chicago police must have mistaken ABC's Peter Jennings' hair style for Abbie Hoffman's, one of the prominent Yippies of Grant Park.

In these minutes of excitement, there was a flash of remembrance, one of the beatings by paratrooper's rifle butts in Saigon of November of

1963 when I was a participant in the student movement which sparked the downfall of the late President Diem's regime. Choppers, machine-guns, and barbed wire were deployed in vast amounts to stop "unruly crowds" asking for a change of government.

Indeed, having lived for so many years in VietNam, one cannot help drawing similarities between events in that war-torn country and Daley's Khe Sanh.

On the week-end preceding the Convention, tension was mounting, between Chicago cops and Chicago's "visitors," despite the jovial mood which prevailed at the three presidential candidates' headquarters.

An olive-drab Huey chopper kept hovering over the top of the Hilton and descending madly to about 500 feet. Dave Halberstam, a former VietNam correspondent and a Pulitzer-prize winner, sarcastically mumbled to me: "Looks like the recon chopper is preparing for the big Marine landing." Some wise yippie overheard it, and came to ask: "Do you think they are just checking the infiltration along Richard Daley's trail now?"

I still recall Art Buchwald thinking, over a few drinks, about writing a piece on Mayor Daley defending Chicago to his best, in order to prevent the city from being overrun by native VietCong. Obviously, somebody has miscalculated the strength of the VC, and

proceeded to take rather harsh measures against the civilian population whose morale has been undermined by the provocators. Fortunately, nobody was killed, and there was no body-count.

By Wednesday night, when the expected nominee took a breath of fresh tear-gas from his window on the Hilton's twenty-fifth floor, much of the violence had oozed away. Fearful Chicago cops were replaced by peaceful-looking national guards. Later, about 500 frustrated delegates of the McCarthy-McGovern factions led a candle-march in support of the youthful anti-war dissension. Emotions were turbulently stirred against the Establishment despite the unwanted presence of a few yuppies heckling marchers, speaker, and National guards, denouncing vehemently well-known deficiencies of "the system."

While violence agitated Richard Daley's kingdom, the dance of the donkeys went full-swing at John Criswell's. I remembered JFK's words in his 1960 campaign about the Eisenhower-Rockefeller-Lodge-Nixon parade in New York: "You have seen those elephants in the circus. They have their heads of ivory, thick skin, no vision, long memory, and when they move around the ring in the circus, they grab the tail of the elephant in front of them. Well, Dick grabbed that tail in 1952 and 1956, but in 1960, he is running, not the Pres-

ident..." Although circumstances now and then could never be exactly the same, the disparateness between both shows is zero.

Here was the old group, Daley and company, the group under-fire-from-all-directions, Humphrey's, and the liberal dovish factions. Here were Pierre, JFK's former press aide, smoking his cigar as usual, Dick Goodwin, the Che Guevara of the McCarthy youth, Bill Vandenhouver, a close associate of the late Robert Kennedy—all coming out of the Blackstone from endless meetings on the VietNam issue. Although there was no illusion among most of them regarding the expected nominee, a good deal of dejection pervaded the air about the chances of the minority plank. All of us, including myself who has been helping McGovern unofficially, began to sound out various delegations and to sell the plank point by point, in and outside of the Convention floor: New York, New Jersey, Minnesota, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and several others. The most memorable visit was to North Dakota, the scene of a shouting match I had with its governor and some of the delegates over their ignorance on the Vietnamese problem in front of personalities like Kenneth Galbraith, Gore Vidal, San Francisco's Alioto, Texas' Yarborough, and Frank, RFK's former press assistant.

One wondered how much really did the Convention delegates

know about the situation in Vietnam as it is. One cannot blame Mid-Westerners for being more concerned by farm problems until some of the casualties suddenly belonged to their own communities.

The inability of the dovish groups to find some common ground with delegates sent by state machineries, or even between themselves, as well as the intense political uneasiness, proved to be the motive power behind the Draft Ted Movement.

It came to light in the maze of phone calls between prominent democrats from California and New York and those who were helping the dovish presidential aspirants. Former Ohio Governor Mike DeSalle was the official launcher of that particularly late campaign which could have succeeded if the press did not release the communique on the McCarthy-Stephen Smith meeting. It had to be a genuine draft, and it was dead, right at the moment Stephen Smith received press coverage.

Helping in the delegate-hunting for the draft, I discovered the willingness of many, if not of the majority, to push for a candidate who could really solve the nation's ills, instead of settling for one who could not breach existing abysmal divisions within the party. The desire was such that an affirmative answer from the man in Hyannis Port would certainly sweep the magic name of Kennedy through a

first-ballot nomination.

When I learned that Ted definitely turned it down on early Wednesday morning, I felt certain that the Convention was set for the great showdown with the old regulars. It was Teddy's refusal which boosted more than anything else the huge and noisy tribute to his late brother, Robert, and the considerable amount of votes cast for the minority plank.

Wednesday was, for most doves, the day to release their frustration and their disgust at Lyndon Baines Johnson's shadow over the Convention. It was not a dissenting minority on the floor. It was the birth of two Democratic parties.

Stark political realities were faced at Chicago by those who stood more or less for the politics of popular inclusion instead of exclusion, that is, for the adoption of a platform which looked more to the past than toward the future of this nation, and the nomination of a candidate who would open the door to a Republican sweep in November. One ponders whether the Democratic party, has ever found the proper direction and approach to today's realities, now that the nightmare of Daley's Khe Sanh is over. The question, that one should ask her, and which was asked after the Vietnamese Khe Sanh, is: "Which side was the winner?" Perhaps November will give the answer.

# BOLOMBO'S UPRISING

by Hekima Umoja

General Bolombo was sitting in an outdoor cafe at a table overlooking the main avenue of the capital—the Avenue of the Thirtieth of July. This street was completely dark except for the bright colored lights of the cafe which was named The Cheerful. Inside there was music and dancing. And at the tables there were many people talking loudly and merrily, but Bolombo was alone. A full glass of beer was on his table. He was dressed in khaki pants and a khaki shirt which had epaulets on the shoulders, but there were no decorations on his chest. Bolombo was a large man and sat straight in the wicker chair. His head was bald and his neck thick so that his head seemed like

a mortar shell coming out of the shirt. There was a large round protrusion spread across his forehead, characteristic of his tribe. His black face was composed and quiet and showed no emotion.

Bolombo had the evening newspaper spread across the table and was reading an article about himself. This article referred to him always as General Bolombo although that was a title he was unaccustomed to hearing from the men beneath him. It said that he was the stalwart leader of the Movement for the Liberation of the Republic and described how the party was daily making advances and how hopes were high for imminent victory. It recounted the striking success of a

recent guerilla operation in the Republican operation which Bolombo knew never existed. There was a quotation from Major Hama which said, "Soon the leaders of the Republic will die with bullets in their heads." The article ended by calling on the populace to support the freeing of their brothers to the south even though it might mean sacrifices to their own material development. With the article was a photo of General Bolombo shaking hands with President Natombi.

Bolombo closed the paper and stared absently into his glass. He was thinking how the ordinary people of the country in which he found himself did indeed resent the

support given him; they resented the fact he had more than they did without having worked for it or dirtied his hands. Once when the party car, a ruined Skoda, broke down in a small hut village, the crowd that gathered learned he could not speak their language and left him to manage alone. He had had to flag a ride with a white man back to the city. In bars he could not ask a woman to dance without getting hard looks from the men. There had never been fights, but they had sometimes been close and only avoided by his gently backing down.

While Bolombo was thinking this way, a large black Mercedes cruised noiselessly down the avenue and stopped opposite the cafe. A young man named Hakki stepped out and for a while watched Bolombo from the darkness at the other side of the street. Hakki knew Bolombo only as General Bolombo. As he now looked at Bolombo, sizing him up, it struck him that the man was older and fatter than he had remembered. At last he strode across the street.

Bolombo stood to shake hands. "Welcome," he said. "Please sit down. Please have a beer."

"Yes, thank you. I'll have one," said Hakki.

Hakki sat and leaned forward on the edge of the chair. He was dressed like a Westerner in a shiny dark blue suit. His hands frequently played about his throat, straightening his grey silk tie.

Both men spoke in English though it was neither of their native tongues. It was the only language they had in common.

"How have you been?" Bolombo asked. "You know I haven't seen you for many days. When was the last time? The Independence Anniversary celebration, wasn't it? Yes, it's been many days. How is your family? How is your work at the

Ministry?"

Of the two men, Bolombo was more at ease. Hakki continued to move about restlessly. In answer to Bolombo's questions, he simply said that everything was fine. He did not inquire about Bolombo's health.

When the waiter brought the new beer, Hakki at once took out his wallet, but Bolombo put his hand on his arm.

"Please," he said. "In my country we have the custom that the second man who comes to a table is always the guest. I believe your people do the same."

Hakki put back his wallet and smiled forcedly.

"Yes, certainly," he said. "That is also our custom. I merely thought..."

"I have the money," Bolombo said. "Of course, it is also mine." He smiled in return. "It is also our custom when meeting a man to ask how he is."

"Yes, of course," said Hakki. "I hope that you are well. But, you see, I have not come merely for sitting down and drinking beer. I have been sent by President Natombi. There is important business. The Committee has decided that positive action must be taken immediately. The countries backing our venture are becoming impatient. Do you understand? Of course you read the reports of the last conference."

"Yes, I understand. Must it be now?"

"Yes."

A strangely still and peaceful look came over Bolombo's face.

"The Fourteenth Garrison at Pimville is considered favorable. Here are our reports," Hakki said, laying a large manila envelope on the table.

"I see," said Bolombo. "It will be done. You needn't worry."

"You have made my work much easier. I do hope that you are well.

How is your family?"

"They are well," Bolombo answered. "I haven't heard from them for a year. They have stopped the mail. Our intermediary was killed. But I hope they are well."

"I'm sorry. The men in the Republic are horrible... I don't know the word in English. I'm sorry if I have troubled you."

"You are experienced," Bolombo said. "One learns to do these things better. Go well."

After Hakki had gone, leaving his fresh beer still on the table, Bolombo thought that perhaps he was indeed sorry.

Bolombo then walked back to the party office. Going up the avenue, he passed the fronts of the shops owned by the Europeans and Asians—the city's only grocery store, a record shop, several dry goods stores, a hardware store, and the Indians' curio shops with their skins, tusks, and ironwood statues for the tourists. In each doorway a black man lay sleeping, guarding the store's goods. They were dressed in rags. Each man had his rolled prayer mat beside him for when he would wake at five. Then the shops ended and soon after the tarmac stopped.

Bolombo walked down a street lined with mud and wattle huts. Storm lanterns and small open fires lit up the fronts of these huts where people were sitting on the ground talking. Every tenth hut had a green flag hanging outside which meant that the local cell leader for the national party lived there. He was the elder to whom the people came with their problems. Aside from the water tap in the morning and the local seller of native beer in the early evening, this hut was usually the place with the most people and the most animated conversation.

At the intersection of two dirt streets Bolombo came to a drum—



gining. Adriano, you will come with me." strained.

"Are you afraid, Adriano?"

"Yes," he said.

"It is well," said Bolombo. "At least you are honest."

Hama left soon afterwards. The car started up in the street. Adriano went to sleep in the dormitory on the second floor. Bolombo looked at the map and Hakki's information, then went to his room behind the office. When he opened the door, Maria was sitting on the bed crying. Their son was asleep in his cradle. Maria was not from Bolombo's country; she had lived in the capital all her life. Before she came to live with Bolombo, she had been a prostitute for the Europeans.

Bolombo spoke to her in English.

"You were listening at the door," he said angrily.

"You were listening at the door," he said angrily.

"Yes. I apologize. I kiss your feet," she said. Her voice was weak with tears. She fell to the ground. She embraced Bolombo's legs.

"No, get up," he said. "Get up, Maria." He raised her by the elbow.

Maria looked at him with her wet face "Are you really going to go?" she asked.

"No, Maria," he said. "I will turn back at the border."

On Saturday the nineteenth Bolombo and Adriano drove from the capital to the border town of Mbiru. They drove in the old Land Rover which had been a gift to the party from Nkrumah. It had been his only gift. They had a case of Chinese automatic rifles and ammunition under the back seat. There was also a case of dynamite from the GDR covered by a dirty piece of canvas.

The dirt road with its two thin strips of tarmac went across the plains covered with tall brown grass and scattered acacia trees. There were sometimes small villages of huts by the road. Near the villages women stooped over ploughing the baked fields with sharpened sticks. It was terribly hot. Heat waves blurred their vision. Away from the villages they sometimes saw wild animals, a herd of Thompson gazelles or wildebeests. Once they saw the shapes of three elephants shimmering in the distance. Then the road dropped down an escarpment to lower country. It became cooler. Far off they could see the dark mountains and green fertile land of the Republic. They both looked and neither of them spoke. Their hearts were filled with emotion.

It was late afternoon when they came to Mbiru. Mbiru had only one street, the road which went from



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the capital across the border. There were only three buildings—a government administrative building, a bar which had been the British club in the colonial days, and an Italian-owned gas station. The rest of the town was scraggly huts. On the far edge of town was a checkpoint. A quarter of a mile further was the checkpoint into the Republic. A square of barbed wire was built across the road with gates at either end. Inside the square was a solid brick building with windows above head-level. Pimville was two miles more down the road.

Bolombo left the Land Rover by the road and the near edge of town. He and Adriano walked the rest of the way. They stopped to buy rice and goat's meat from an old woman who was cooking on the street. They squatted with her by her braizier and ate. Two little girls carrying babies on their backs

came up and sold them bananas and oranges. Then Bolombo and Adriano went into the bar to wait.

The bar was a desolate, chummy place with stained wooden tables, broken leather chairs, and a dart board. It was still run by a wizened Englishman who had been there since his youth. He stood behind the bar constantly drying glasses. He grimaced slightly when Bolombo and Adriano came in. Then he forced a smile. They bought beers and sat as far away from the bar as possible.

"Where are the others?" Adriano finally asked.

"Don't worry. They will come," Bolombo said. "They have been held up."

"Perhaps they will be held up for a long time. Maybe we should go back to look for them."

"Don't worry, Adriano."

Half an hour passed and they

were still alone. Then the door opened and Mr. Greene walked in. He looked surprised.

"Well, well, hello. How are you?" he said. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Bolombo did not seem particularly surprised to see Greene. They shook hands.

"I'm fine," Bolombo said. "We are just passing through. How are you? What are doing?"

"I was just passing through myself," said Greene. "What a coincidence! Well, let's do sit down."

The three of them sat down and ordered beers. Then Mr. Greene asked them if they would like to play darts, and showed them how to play. They played for more than an hour. Greene won by a large score.

They sat and drank again. Finally, Bolombo looked squarely in Greene's face and asked him to say what he had come to say.



"Hama talked to me," he said. "He isn't coming. He said it was impossible."

"And Oivo?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"And what do you want? Why did you come?"

"Do you want me to come with you?" Greene asked.

Bolombo looked at Greene's face carefully. He saw the tight lines in his face and the glitter at the back of his eyes behind the spectacles.

"There is a gang of mercenaries near here—Belgians. I think I could get them to help," Greene added.

"Why do you want to come with me?" Bolombo asked.

"I want to do something," Greene said.

"No," Bolombo said. "I have lived with your people all of my life. I don't want them now."

Greene realized this was final. He reached into his pocket.

"I brought this message from your wife."

"She isn't my wife," Bolombo said angrily.

Greene put the scrap of paper back in his pocket.

Bolombo and Adriano left Greene in the bar. They went back to the Land Rover to sleep. Soon after they saw Greene's car pass in the direction of the capital.

"Who does he work for?" Adriano asked Bolombo.

"No one," Bolombo said. "That fooled me for a long time. I was sure he was an agent for the Republic. But that's his problem. His problem is that he works for no one. He wants to do something." Bolombo laughed bitterly.

Adriano laughed too.

"These white men are so stupid," he said. "They don't know what they want. What's more, he thought you were still going to cross the border."

"I am," Bolombo said slowly. "Greene knew that."

Bolombo could feel Adriano's sudden fear in the darkness.

"You aren't going with me," he said. "There is a bus to Goda in the morning. I will put you on it. Wait there for a day. If there is no message, go back to the capital." Bolombo reached out and seized Adriano's shoulders. "Understand something. Our people have no hope. They need hope. They are suffering. It has been many years since there has been any hope. Your father gave them some, but now it is gone. It has been crushed out of them. Without the people and their hope, we are nothing. Do you understand that?"

Adriano made a small sound in his throat like he was trying to speak, but couldn't.

"Aren't you afraid of dying?" he said at last.

"Yes, of course. Perhaps I'm not afraid of the pain of dying, but I'm afraid of what comes after. The belief of our people in the spirits has been educated out of me. But that doesn't matter now."

In the morning when Bolombo woke up he found that Adriano was gone. He searched all around the car. Then he smashed his hand against the fender, put his head down, and started crying. He didn't want to take any chances, Bolombo thought. He just ran. My God! What is going to become of us?

Bolombo didn't eat any breakfast. He drove the Land Rover off the road and crossed the border away from the checkpoints and came back to the road again. The car was lurching violently on the rough terrain. When he crossed the border, he had two thoughts. One thought was: I know exactly what will happen. The other was: My country, my beautiful country! These two thoughts ran side by side again and again in his mind.

He drove fast. The road went in a straight line across the grassy plain. Bolombo could just barely

see Pimville in the distance. A band of trees followed a creekbed from the border nearly to Pimville, but off to the left. After he had gone about a mile, he saw a figure on the road ahead. He raised the loaded rifle he had on his lap and rested the heavy barrel on the dashboard. It was Adriano. Bolombo stopped the car. He looked at Adriano furiously and lovingly.

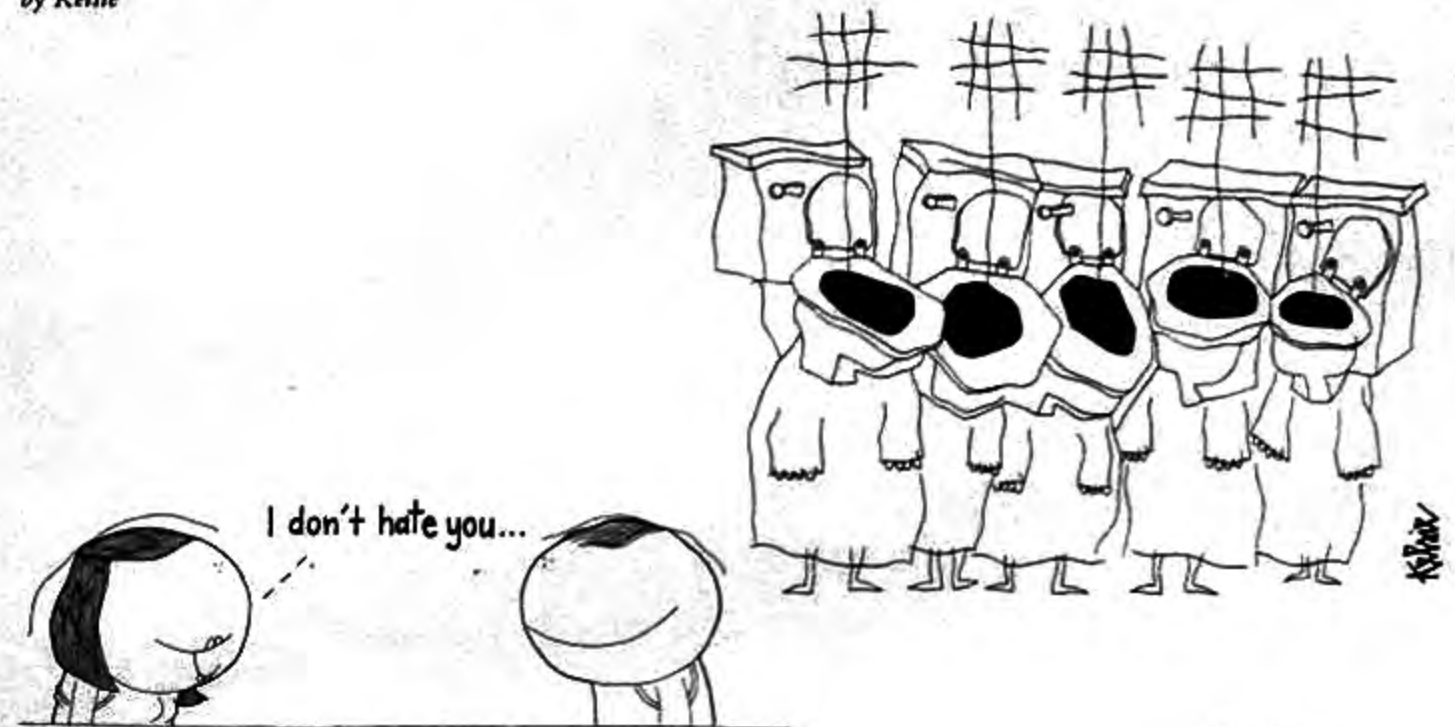
"I don't want you here," he shouted. "You knew that. Get back before it's too late."

Adriano got into the car. "I'm coming," he said. "You will let me come. I have your permission"

There was nothing else to be done. Bolombo agreed. He told Adriano to set the dynamite in the back of the car. They drove back of the car. They drove on. Soon they clearly saw the buildings of Pimville. Nearly the same as Mbiru. The huts, the electrical power station, the gas station, the club, two administrative buildings, and the large grey stone garrison. Bolombo told Adriano they were going to jump from the car and slowed down. Adriano clutched a rifle to his chest and jumped, but Bolombo stayed. He sped up and came almost to the edge of town. He aimed the car at the power station, then jumped out the door. He rolled hard on the ground and got up and started running through the tall grass back towards the border. Adriano was far ahead of him. He shouted at Adriano to run for the trees. He was almost there. Bolombo heard an explosion behind him. He was knocked down, got up, and started running again. He heard shouts. Men were yelling. Someone yelled, "Get those monkeys! Get those kaffirs!" The machineguns opened up fire and a line of bullets stitched themselves across Bolombo's back. Bolombo fell face up in the grass, blank eyes staring at the sky.

# CARTOONS

by Kelie



I.



II.



III.





God is Dead

God is Dead?

God is Dead!



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# FIVE POEMS

Henry Marple

## TRANSFORMATION

*Through chancels, black and giant-ribbed, of trees  
Arching in heavy darkness down  
Long evening streets, I wandered. How vague the skies,  
And soft and grey the town,  
And numb amid its silences!—so still  
Along the paving of the street  
The whisper of my presence seemed to steal  
from snow to sky, a flaw with in the night.*

*Heavy, the snow lay thick under my feet,  
A white path through night sky—too cold,  
Though myriad star-systems mesbed in it,  
for one who, in high August, called  
By sun, knew sky and blazing sand  
In golden unity, who saw the fields  
threaded with bottled bees, and felt the sun  
Flow through their harvest, intricate and manifold.*

*Grey marble now, the temple of the night  
Is bare of light, but from within  
A leaping spark clothes all the dusk—a note  
Struck in the silence of my mind  
Brings all the world to music, and flowering  
Into strange forms the snow-topped trees  
Emerge as crystal harps—their strings  
Pluck blossom from me sweeter than singing bees.*

## THE POET AS NARCISSUS

No moment now through all the living day  
passes, but time is held as in a pool  
Static for you, Narcissus, and your gaze  
Is held within that surface, still and cool.

Such sterile whispers as the cedars make,  
Enclosing here reluctant time with you,  
Reveal no long-sought secrets, merely mock  
your still unstirring form, the marble glow

That gathers on your slowly stiffening face  
As silence gathers in around the pool.  
Your hands are numb, your fingers thin as ice,  
Below your image beasts of decay now crawl.

## LINES WRITTEN IN LATE FALL

No life on the grey earth. A milky sky  
And blackened trees,  
The spread of other skies, vaster than this  
stretches my mind.  
A garden, gifted with white flowers, grows  
Wondrously blooming in the walled estate  
Of memory, impoverishing the now  
Repugnant back-yard sight.

The life that once stemmed petals, thin and frail,  
Is in grey ground  
Dispersed. No spurting forth in flowers is found.  
Leaves not yet fallen, fall.  
A subtle grace disturbs an afternoon  
Not apprehended yet, the garden glows  
In multitudinous colors, afar, unseen,  
In blossomed pomp it grows—

Above it quick and bright, through lifting trees,  
Birds dip and swirl,  
Fill air, alight at nests—at present, while  
The last grey leaves  
Drop, flutteringly thinly, leaving clawlike hands,  
Like gathered starlings in their raucous bands  
Words for me now.

## CEMETARY IN SUMMER

No stirring wind from lake or field  
Disturbs the air, no wisp of sound.  
The sun is Amon, now revealed,  
And heat, like dust, sinks to the ground.

Unknown of eye or ear, the dead  
Beneath the trees, beneath grey stone,  
In shadow sleep, the spirit fled,  
Now matter fails—the flesh and bone.


Impartial noon unveils its fires.  
Here where the light and darkness meet  
The searching mind itself expires,  
Sunk in the noonday's quiet heat.

## ASPIRATION

Desiring a barbarous country, a wilderness clime  
Glorified in great silence, where  
A thousand stars approach and come  
To terrible light beyond a diamond air,—  
I looked among our skies, and having sought  
Long one pure planet of such light,  
Reaching in hope I turned my thought  
Upon the vaulted spaces of the night.

Suspended in a womb of brilliant fire—  
Gem of great fire and heart  
Of light—this diamond suspires  
Transcendent mirror, with all-renewing art,  
Of laboring galaxies. Circling my parent sun—  
A mass of fading, yellow flame—  
I could not follow up and on  
My thought down vortices of stars, or climb

Soft and minute through tunnels of cavernous space  
Bounded by fiery eyes, in night  
Unshut. The yellow sun, its face  
Yawning with boredom, keeps the home fires lit,  
The circle perfect. Outside are the stars  
Traacherously glaring, ghostly,  
In long deserts of our fears.  
Breaking away, we break away to die.



---

# Tailor's Delight

by Euripides?\*

*A play in three acts, the last two of which were lost during a rather bacchanalian celebration of Franklin Pierce's birthday in 1929.*

## Drammatis Personarum

Fanshawe . . . . An anemic bloodcell  
Bigbill . . . . His congressman

*This play is best performed by persons with little or no acting ability—preferably outright derelicts. The setting should suggest that state produced by an advanced case of narcolepsy—an empty stage perhaps? This play was first performed in 1953 in the men's room of the Algonquin Hotel, to the intense delight of the attendant.*

## Act I Scene I

*(As the stage is lowered, Bigbill is seen seated at a desk, engrossed in the Morning Telegraph. Enter Fanshawe, after much coaxing and out-and-out beating from the wings.)*

Fanshawe: Dr. Duckbill?

Bigbill: My man, you have come to the right place. Duckbill was no physician, but he did have a head for figures, namely that of Nurse Unga, with whom he absconded to Bolivia last week. I am Dr. Bigbill.

Fan: Doc, I have this problem—

DBB: Don't we all? Name me one person you know who doesn't have a problem. Hah! I knew you couldn't do it. Peanut brittle?

Fan: No, Doc, listen. My problem is this; I was wandering around my attic the other day, wondering just who would fardels bear, when all of a sudden it hit me.

DBB: A brilliant idea?

Fan: No, Miss Hagstrom's flower pot.

DBB: I see, but I don't follow you.

Fan: Yes you do. *(gets up, leads Bigbill around the desk.)*

DBB: O Ho!

Fan: But the problem is this: how could Miss Hagstrom's pot have hit me when she

lives two floors below?

DBB: And how long have you had these dizzy spells?

Fan: Not dizzy spells, a pot hit me!

DBB: Well, well. Let's have a look at your record. *(Fanshawe hands him a 45 r.p.m.)* O boy! "Doggie in the window," my favorite. Fanshawe, I want to show you something. Look at his *(holds up a sheet of paper)*.

Fan: It's a blank sheet of paper.

DBB: Yes, remarkable, isn't it. But come, man, one can't be preoccupied with morbidity all one's life, can one? Shall we take in a show? Hmmmm . . . . "Rape of the Sabines" is on at the Bijou. I'll just call and—

Fan: But what about me?

DBB: Your problem is in your wallet.

Fan: My wallet? *(produces wallet and several 16 mm. films)*

DBB: Yes! Yes! Look! *(grabbing furiously)* That swelling. I must excise it.

Fan: Gimme that back. You try that again and I'll baste you one.

DBB: You will? A fryer or a broiler? I've never been able to baste myself.

Fan: It's quite simple really. You put the chicken in the oven at 350 degrees and after ten minutes you take it out and feed it to your dog.

DBB: Amazing.

Fan: But, Doc, you've got to help me. We've got to get off somewhere.

DBB: Will 125th Street do?

Fan: Doc, I'm through messing around *(pulling knife and several teeth)*. If you don't give me aid within ten seconds, you're going to begin a dance of death *(does a few steps of the tango to make his point clear)*.

DBB: *(writing in notebook)* Here patient became incoherent.

Fan: I thought you weren't going to help me.

DBB: I'm not, but I have to have some sort of records when the A.M.A. comes snooping around.

Fan: Doc, I've had all I can take.

DBB: *(handing out objects off his desk)* Please, take some more.

Fan: That's a pretty weak one.

DBB: You think I wrote this skit?

Fan: No, you're just *(breaks down)* saying your lines.

DBB: Fanshawe, you're a skillful rascal. In admiration of your courage, I will match pennies with you to the death. But first I must examine you to make sure you are in condition for the match. Open your mouth. Wide. Wider . . . Wider! Just as I thought.

Fan: What?

DBB: You have a tongue.

Fan: Don't you see the fix I'm in? The conflict swirling 'round my brain? It's *(sings like Elvis)* drivin' me insane! I'm gonna ramble down to Bammy just to see my big ole mammy noooooowww . . .

DBB: Get a hold of yourself. Why, your condition is worse than I thought. Modern man is going to the dogs. Just last week I saw a carload of people. "Where are you going?" I cried. "To the dogs," they replied to my immense chagrin. I have a rather large chagrin who acts as my man-servant.

Fan: Doc, let's end it all.

DBB: You mean life's not worth living?

Fan: It's not even worth subscribing to.

DBB: Let us, then, leap to our death through this open window here. *(they leap through window which has magically appeared on stage, and land outside.)*

Fan: Where are we?

DBB: *(majestically)* In heaven.

Fan: Looks like 7th Avenue to me.

DBB: Quite so, I forgot my offices were on the first floor; O, well, Rome wasn't built in a day, but if we start right now we can build a rabbit hutch in England's green and pleasant land. *(they exit to nearest bar for a stiff drink)*.

by Hugh McCarten

\* Irving Euripides (1939-1933) not to be confused with Euripides, the famed Greek florist.

# WAITING

4 by Tony Richard Sanchez

a startling white wall blandly blends into illumination seeping through cut glass. waiting. there's the door and its glittering knob with "i, a woman" grimacing recommended for the mature adult. waiting in. americal flag flowers lack-a-daisically on the closet door below the exit sign, while uncle sam commands join with his bird-finger greetings. waiting in the. the desk sunk in the corner, next to the spring-filled but yet lumpy-not-so-single bed. the desk settled on all fours, camouflaged by purple-dittoed directions, typing paper rolled in the carriage of the royal typewriter, plumped amidst undone beginnings and endings, unopened books piled next to the flourescent light turned off. waiting in the room. the closed books line the shelves among collections of timeless moments, while the colored-filled drawings of imagination running wild loom above, tacked to the wall. waiting in the room with. radio rocks with the throbbing beat of "nobody but me" on the dial, on the stool, singing to the basket across the cramped chambers, filled with waste from the newspaper, letters from home, candy wrappers unwrapped and all the other mesh of things that just don't count. waiting in the room with the. the tightly shut windows and rusty screens are divided by a double glance of veruschka with her cocoanut oiled covered nude and the daffodil plopped in the side of her mouth and the brown pentil-pen-painted moustache. waiting in the room with the creaking-creaking. a sudden glow from an object moving in the direction of a butt-filled ash tray to the lips of him. him. scene through a cloud of exhaling-carbon-dioxide smoke. him. a slightly pimpled college stern look covered over head with curly brown hair and thick side burns zooming down to the tips of his lobes. broad, burly shoulders, biceps, triceps, and torso covered with a work shirt from penney's. blue levis faded from every day use. him. waiting in the room with the creaking-creaking rocker. there upon the chilly floor lies the impercetibly crumpled message from her. "I've decided to come I hope you will be waiting in the room." waiting in the room. glancing out the window in standing position among the remain-the-same environment, he sees the taxi. he sees her. glancing out the window in sitting position among the omnipresent environment, she sees the room. she sees him. he sees her.

and nowever, as the second hand ticks to two, so his mind does rove. see her smile and laughe while he studies as the pitter patter of the fountain intersperses among the sounds of their conversation and the conversation held at dinner held everyday between spans spent at typing or just going to sleep-worthy lectures where ther's time to write—

## *The Portioned Pupil*

*I feel numb now  
briskly  
walking  
from class  
to class  
to class  
spending  
most of my time  
watching  
my breath  
solidify  
into fading mist*

—to think of the hours spent with her expressing what really counts and counting the number of pages left in the reading assignment whose author knows just as much about simple communication as he does about what things mean when she walks away into her her home and his home his family his parents perpetually pointing fingers at what should be done along with a leader who insists that the communist threat is evident in a southeast asian civil war and peace of taking

*a stroll on a christmas morn—  
Isn't it odd how certain things in life  
normally seeming so everyday  
ordinaire  
so routine  
can become as spectacular  
as a cinerama movie?  
Here I am just sauntering down the tractor-made path  
singing to the sky one of my most favorite songs  
stopping and starting among a grove of mandarins  
juicy fruit gum sweetening my mouth (as you once did)  
Just to climb the broken-down fence  
wade over the reddish crusty earth  
through the matted drying brush  
lie nearby the fast-moving Sacramento  
with her honking birds  
melted mountain snow water  
and the gentle gusting wind blowing down oak leaves  
on my still youthful looking face  
How is it that  
such a simple stroll in Redding  
away from the Christmas Family get-together  
can make me feel  
(as the L.A. D.J. would say)  
oh so "groovey!"*

— every morn waking up and with the tie of a shoe dragging down to breakfast and class and the class of watching her walk down the street for a sunday afternoon coffee date which brings back thoughts of her hair blowin in the wind or the date of walking amidst demonstrations against the draft and the draft blows through the room while he reads the daily campus news in one of his classes thinking of her and the book he has to buy at the book store and the possibility of a letter from her anxiously waiting at the post office to be torn open such as the dream of her tearing open and running towards him with open arms and hands that help each other eat a carameled-candied apple on the cable car in San Francisco or in the room with the clothes flopped upon the rocker their hands roaming among the sheets reaching out to each other's body as their minds give and take a stroll down the sandy beach with its multi-million grains rising and breaking salt-water waves and the sun that sets and the sun that always rises among the smoke from his fourth cigarette in a row while he draws sitting on a stool of the soul singer at the party and the parting from and then of the beating of the racket of hum-drum discipline of reading writing rithmetic and calling it quits and starting with her with her with her with her —

*there are sad times  
and happy times  
and this time is one of my happiest—  
this indescribably delicious joy  
without the almonds  
I guess I'm just a young  
sentimental old fool  
but oh how I wish you were here with me  
on this warm california christmas  
when the snow from nearby mountain tops  
melts in my mouth  
and in my hands too*

— waiting in the room with the creaking-creaking rocker. in standing position he sees the taxi. he sees her. in sitting position she sees the room. she sees him. he sees her. she sees him.

and paying the taxi driver with a paper bill telling him to keep the change, she doesn't stop to bang the door. she runs towards the structure across the freshly watered grass. he waits in the corner of the room with the creaking-creaking rocker. reaching the cracking-cement path she heads towards the two windowed doors. he smiles and laughs. under the magnolias flowing down the side of the building she reaches the door. he reads the message. opening the double doors and in the same action looking up the stairwell. the day they meet. she climbs the first flight. they kiss. and the second flight, higher, higher. lying sandwiched between sheets. down the long tunnel-like hall she runs. he studies and studies, studies. becoming smaller she looks for for the room, he sets his eyes out over the lake. fading in the midst of the hall. of the smoke from his exhalation. waiting in the room with the creaking-creaking of the rocker. waiting in the hall with the door face to face to her. the door, the door. face to face. him and her. face to face to face to face. as she runs to his arms embracing. embracing. their lips kissing theirs. their hands clasping theirs. their minds hoping he that she she that he feels as she does he does.



## *Land of the Babylonians*

*A Profile of Eldridge Cleaver*

*by Johnie Scott*

Eldridge Cleaver affects everyone. He affects white people. He affects black people. It may be said, since the Panther Party's return from the United Nations, that he has affected specific international statesmen. The focus of his impact, as both White and Black America is well aware of, is with the concern of humanity. This seems to be a statement that Max Rafferty

and/or Ronald Reagan would take issue with—their argument predicated upon inherent prejudices (assumed, of course, to reside in the black/white psyche) peoples have concerning the rehabilitation, supposed or imagined, of former convicts. I, personally, have no such qualms whether I am listening to, or accepting the tenets of, Mr. Cleaver.

In taking in the enormous amount of press coverage that this 33 year-old man has received within the past two years, one fact has emerged which speaks more profoundly to the social and moral significance-impact of Eldridge Cleaver (author, Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party, Peace and Freedom candidate for the nation's Presidency, black revolutionary) than any other.

This fact comes from a statement made by Eldridge Cleaver at the Peace and Freedom Party Forum on February 11, 1968, entitled "Political Struggle In America: 1968":

"I think you really have to get that distinction clear in your minds in order to understand that there are two different sets of political dynamics functioning in this country. If you don't make that distinction, then a lot of the activities going on in this country will be non-sensical."

What was this "distinction" that Cleaver directed himself towards? It embraced, quite simply, the notion-truism that America is in fact two separate countries. "I think," Cleaver said, "the first thing we have to realize, really get into our minds, is that it is a reality when you hear people say that there's a 'black colony' and a 'white mother country.'"

This is as good a reference base as any from which to draw a profile (or at least, initial sketches) of an individual whom I see as picking up the mantle once worn by the late charismatic Malcolm X. Though the white community, both academic and non-academic, might decry such a perspective, nevertheless the facts are there to be seen. The growing acceptance of the peoples in the black community regarding Cleaver more than pronounces the truth.

Eldridge Cleaver, more than "Maulana" Ron Karenga of Los Angeles, more than Cleveland's Fred Ahmed Evans, more than Harlem's Charles Kenyatta, more than Roy Wilkins, more the Whitney Young, is speaking to, and being accepted by, the growing masses of disaffected Black Americans the nation over.

He has come to the ramparts of the Black Movement in this country, and in the process has galvanized both Black and White America into realizing that, though the time is yet a bit away, an increased consciousness of self and location has seeped into the slumworld. And its inhabitants, for so long as disaffected and never-was-enchanted segment of the American populace, are now beginning to articulate a humanity that has been silent for more than 400 years—

and doing so in such a fashion as to cause the very world to stop and listen to what we are saying.

I made two statements regarding Eldridge—firstly, that he has picked up the late Malcolm X's mantle and secondly, that it is Eldridge who speaks to the needs and aspirations of Black America more effectively than any other Black man alive in this country today. I would like to delve into some background to show where such comparisons and statements might first take root.

Anyone who has read Cleaver's book, *Soul on Ice*, is aware of Eldridge's early beginnings. A black youth who never had been part of the social and political process that makes up the so-called American mainstream (back in the late fifties we called it after a television program, "Ozzie and Harriet"), Eldridge at the age of 18 went to jail. From that first time in jail, this in the urban slum known as Watts, Eldridge was to vacillate between the streets and the jailhouse. It was not an easy life, but then again, Watts and no other black ghetto has ever been held up to present an alternative to the life-style.

Rather than play or dally with word, the life-style referred to is there for anyone with eyes—the number of times mothers have gone to the Congress of the United States with their babies in their arms, asking for rat-control, their scarred and mutilated children mute testimony to the facts of life; the masses of black youth all over this country in the jails and prisons, victims of petty crimes committed in the ghetto, in the main against one another, unemployed and unemployable; the lower life-expectancy for black peoples in this country not the fault of medical science but the fault of, and only the fault of, the ways of survival in the slum jungles; the housing that cries out to be improved, only to be opposed in any number of state and national legislatures . . .

Eldridge was "busted" for classic crimes in the ghetto—narcotics violations (marijuana, always in the slums, whether here or in Tangiers, dope to deaden the sensitivities of the oppressed), and then, later on, the transgressing of one of this society's sacred cows. He raped a white woman and was caught. He tells it all in his book, the reasons why. Read the book and find out what that story was all about.

But then, in prison, this time for a change-over, or metamorphosis, Eldridge became a minister of God, of Allah. The Black Muslims

had penetrated the confines of the prisonyards through out America and black men, for so long without hope of any salvation, could now turn their faces to the East. Don't think this was any easy conversion. Black men, for all these years the forced bootlickers of American society, have been some of the most "hardened" anti-Christians the world has ever known. The concept of God, forced down the throat at an early age, made secure through forced attendance at the local Baptist church, then torn away as the male finally had to "hit the streets," is more than a simple anaethma to the black psyche.

Black people, having done this long without the help of God (whatever happened to the land of milk and honey?, or is St. Peter at the Pearly Gates just another white cracker waiting to turn back a black man?), have learned to take God, at best, only on Sundays. For the black man locked-up in a white man's cell, for committing a crime in hellhole made by that same white man, having been judged by a white man, and then remembering the face of the Saving Grace, again the face of a white man, God and his son Jesus Christ both become too tough to digest, raw, medium, well-done, or what have you.

What the Muslims had done, unique and in the future no doubt a feat for historians to marvel at, was to take these outcasts of white mainstream society (Tricky Dick's "forgotten man") and proffer an alternative. Not the religious fanaticism that William Styron coiffs upon Nat Turner, which never was/existed. Not the insane meanderings of post-World War I Germany, a man named Adolph on the rise. No, as Eldridge puts it, "Imagine the drive a man will have for a piece of beef steak when that drive is coupled with religious conviction as well as the memory of the past."

It was not coincidental that Malcolm X was the prison yard patron saint of black men, nor the Eldridge found Malcolm the most profound influence in his quest for self-identity and purpose (which perhaps, could be the same as identity, that is, purpose). Eldridge became, within Folsom Prison, a Muslim minister and when Malcolm broke from the Muslims, so did Eldridge.

From that point onward, the die was cast for Mr. Cleaver. With the death/murder of Malcolm X, Cleaver realized the fuller dimensions of manhood/black, living, vital surging, manhood independent of white guilt complexes and black neuroses. Cleaver wrote, wrote with a

compulsion that added to his words the strength of truth, truth beyond polemic and dogma. His "Letters from Folsom Prison," as they appeared in *Ramparts* while Eldridge was still in prison, revealed to the thinking public at-large the powerful mind that lay bound in the shackles of the jail.

Eldridge then achieved that which only one other writer in this century has achieved. He literally "wrote" himself out of prison, his freedom coming from his work. Only France's Jean Genet, from his book *Our Lady of the Flowers*, has accomplished the same. That Genet and Eldridge should both possess the same translucence of vision, the same insight into the human motif, and that they should, in so articulating, elicit such strong feelings from the peoples, seems and is remarkable unto itself/the deed, that is, the act of carrying out one's convictions and beliefs, these predicated upon a past ground and tempered in the hollowness of man's promises, the shallowness of man's treatment of his own.

So that now, today, when I am asked to profile Eldridge Cleaver, realizing that this is a man whose words are not merely strong but as well come from the actualised experience of death itself and the numerous subtle forms death can take (as in ostracism from the world,



not only the prisoner of, but a member of the ghetto), there remains and is but one medium for me to guide my own thought through. That medium/a black perspective, my own home only coincidentally of Eldridge, Watts, though Watts is but as Harlem or South Philly of Fillmore. I might best begin with saying that Eldridge is a world.

He is a world that the Ronald Reagans and Max Raffertys and, as well, the Jesse Unruhs and Alan Cranstons or Hubert Humphreys, cannot relate to, not ever, because their own beginnings, like the beginnings of so many who constitute today's "responsible leadership," are rooted in solid white American middle-class society. Moreover, this particular society is everything that the black ghetto is not. White society does not draw back from rats in the night.

White America does not draw welfare, nor is it dependent upon welfare subsistence to the extent that if it were withdrawn overnight, its societal structure would crumble. White America does not go around on mule-trains waving the Emancipation Proclamation talking of "We Shall Overcome." White America was not about to boycott the Olympics. White America was not a part of the feeling, the consciousness, in the blood's heat and then a part of the memory, which would move to take back its own land—that land being Africa, all of it, the South with its gold, its oil, its diamonds.

These are the issues that Eldridge Cleaver speaks to. Listen to his voice crying out in the Babylonian wilderness, over 20 millions of us still enslaved and undertand that Cleaver is but another of the many men of God the black race has produced (King was a minister, Malcolm was a Minister, Elijah Muhammad is a minister). What is it that you will find him saying, as he has so many times before:

"The beautiful thing about the slogan Black Power was that it implemented the dictum laid down by Kwame Nkrumah, in which he said, 'Seek ye first the political kingdom, and other things will be added unto you.' It's very important to realize that in moving to gain power you do not conceal or repudiate the land question, you hold it in abeyance. What you're saying is that we must first get organized ourselves, and then we can get some of this land."

Where a white man obviously would read such a statement and then begin to devise ways

of confronting/coping with Eldridge Cleaver, it is the black man who stands, listening on, slowing nodding his head, taking in the first seeds of awareness, expressed by Cleaver when he says that,

"Black people have never been able through any mechanism to express what their will is. People have come along and spoken in the name of black people; they have said that black people want to be integrated; they have said that black people want to be separated; but no where at no time have black people been given the chance to register their own position."

Now where I find Eldridge fascinating is in another respect—that of me as a black man moving in the following worlds and making observations all the while in these worlds as to who is who and what is what and where it is that liberalism is one more in the long line of shucks handed to the black man.

The first world is that of the obvious—the State as it moves to co-opt Cleaver. The immediate question is, can it do so? The emerging answers. Time and again, yes. Bring up the man's probationary status. Point towards the Bobby Hutton incident. Delve into his "demagogic writings" as the State did with LeRoi Jones after the Newark rebellion for evidences of anti-State sentiments. What of Cleaver as a possible teacher? One need but look at UC Berkeley, where the movement by the Governor and the conservative factions of this society (Unruh included) exerted enough influence to bring about a Board of Regents carefully-worded censure of the school for inviting Cleaver onto campus. Reagan, angrily, afterwards, on the television set, denouncing the hypocritical actions as "not nearly strong enough."

The second world—that of the black bourgeoisie, entrenched now on a front that Cleaver and those among us aware of its double-handed dealings have pointed at (the Poverty Programs, where the rich get richer and the poor stay poor). Mild murmurings in their midst against this "Cleaver fellow." Covering this up with, "Don't say anything bad about the 'Brother,' after all, we must have unity." Which has become a euphemism for fear. Moreover, their children, who are afraid to register their own convictions. Who, after all, have to "play the Game in order to make it through this White Man's System."

These are the kids on our large campuses today, self-styled as the "cream of the crop."

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Moreover, self-styled as everything but what it is that black people are and always have been, which is poor, alienated, outcast, on the bottom, with no way out, a race of Invisible Men. Far better to take up skiing in college, meet the proper socialites for later on in life, and the, establish the correct connections for that coming transition into the quasi-white life-style establishing them as just a wee bit better off than their own parents—who married outside of their race, did this not out of life, but personal interest and self-gain, left many a despondent black woman back there in the slums, never to be heard from again, a statistic for the sociology books now larding the shelves and bookcases of college and university libraries.

The third world is that of the white hippie. The people like Jerry Rubin, Mark Rudd, so many others. Maybe even Norman Mailer. They see this country for what it is and in so seeing have opted for "out"—"out" being getting out of the set ways of their elders and moving into the grey areas contingent to the black experience. But they have their problems, multitudes, and it is not my purpose to go into those problems as of now. Eldridge said enough of them when he

spoke, at one time, of SNCC (Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee) as "black hippies." Suffice it to say that SNCC took this as an insult and the merger between Cleaver's Panther Party and the SNCC organization shortly thereafter crumpled.

The fourth world takes in the white middle-class, of whom Stanford has more than enough, being the Western citadel of Conservatism though the image being groomed now is one of orderly demonstrations and a foot-in-the-mouth SDS more remarkable for its absurdity than its effects. Check these affectations of the grandiose—to plot revolution in carpeted rooms that are the very antithesis of poverty, of what it means and is. The demanding of Stanford withdrawal from the War in Viet Nam while racism runs rampant on that very campus. The same position that SDS's black peer group, BSU, finds itself in now that its "Ten Demands" on the University have been met—with headlines in every major Western newspaper on the acquiescence by Stanford University of black demands for more students, no mention of faculty professors, more money, no mention of money for those already here or money that will be there



to be had regardless of how many Federal war contracts are withdrawn from the University.

The fifth world, to move on, is that of the worker and what he thinks of Cleaver. I have spoken with blacks who say of Cleaver that, "If the White Man don't think that we dig the cat, then let the CIA off Eldridge like they did Malcolm or King. They'll wake up to find themselves with another black patron saint on their hands!"

Or the white worker(s), many of whom would like to see "that Cleaver bastard put in jail, maybe there somebody'll do everyone a favor and stab him in the back with a spoon at recess," while others see the coming impact of Cleaver as a definite threat, this aside from their own hesitations about the Panther program, so that they plan to vote either Nixon or Wallace come November and the Presidential polls. In either instance, the reactions are sharp, clear, and are predicated on the image given out to the public by the mass media.

Which brings me to an interesting facet of the American Way—the Mass Media. Television, newspaper, radio, newsmagazine. The fact that a great source for the news today comes from the campuses that dot this fair country underscores the impact of the mass media on the "thinking public." White reaction on the college campus ranging from paranoia to distaste, with the expected hippie "turning-on" to any change in the social climate that might blow one's mind. As Will Rogers said, "All I know is what I read in the newspapers."

Who are these people in control of the media, who can and often do shape and determine a man's image long before he has ever said a word in defense (which is as it usually turns out). The "reporter" today is a former civil rights correspondent who empathized with the movement yet whose basic orientation is that of his background, one of literary emulations, whose news editor has been sitting on the desk for 30 years—classically hard-bitten, the sort who must be convinced that the Black Panthers are not simply Pop Revolutionaries, and who definitely prefers giving front-page coverage to the effort in Viet Nam, maybe some G.I. giving a chocolate bar to a child whose home has just been bombed the kid's parents', their whereabouts, not about to be known. So that it isn't his "fault" if his story was not exactly favorable

regarding the Panthers.

(Besides, it's kinda difficult to sit and report objectively on a man who is calling you a "pig" when you belong to a profession which is, practically/economically speaking, lilywhite.)

So who is Eldridge Cleaver? Eldridge Cleaver is a lot of people, he is the way a lot of people feel inside about the racial myths and prejudices, how these myths act to cripple, cause pain and death. Who is Eldridge Cleaver? He is a former convict, he may yet go back to jail. He is a way of exciting white people, but then, black radical activity has always excited white people. He is a genius and a gypsie, should one move from his book to his face, the tiny pearl earring there in his left ear lobe, the rhetoric that reaches out with sounds and phrases—"We are trapped in the Land of the Babylonians, buried beneath Celestial Oppression, and shall not have our freedom until we band together to fight with Satan in Hell, even, if that's what we have to do to be free!"

Cleaver is a crowd-pleaser and, as well, a human being with no lack of style himself. All of which might come as patronizing praise, even from such as the Black Patronizers, until one sees that the seriousness of the situation today (Eldridge said, "We are living in the Time of the Last Go 'Round") does not allow for patronizers. The call which he has issued to the country, the mandate that now has become a part of himself, of the Panther Party itself—that "now is the time for the madmen to come forth"—will not allow for one equivocation to the right or to the left.

Simply, quite simply, what do I think of Eldridge Cleaver? I take the poet's license to invoke the voice of a white man, from the South, John Beecher, his poem, "The Shore of Peace," from the lines that spoke of a man who came and saw another and who felt, after feeling, who acted. It is how I see Cleaver thru least one of my eyes.

*"And when one stifling afternoon  
outside the Silver Dollar Bar  
Willie the Weeper flips his lid  
and shouts upon his knees  
for God to strike him dead  
while all his reeling cohorts circle  
jeering round him on the sidewalk  
you are the one who shoulders through the ring  
to lift poor Willie up  
and bear him tenderly away."*

Willie the Weeper, poor Willie, lost Willie, ostracized Willie, black Willie, all of you who are lost, who knew/know what it was/is to be, outcast, alone, and the fuller knowledge that "In Revolution One Wins or One Dies," you must begin to feel, perhaps to know and get into the heart of this man, taste what it is that has made Eldridge, move into another place, where Black Power is a Love Ethic, not flower children or hippies, or blowing your mind or Bob Dylan songs or the way Perry Como and Dinah Shore used to keep people up late at night just because a song sounded good (long before that thing, or force, racial consciousness, became part of what this country has always been about, the limitations it foists upon you through invocation of the hallowed word, "Tradition"). This, another "forgotten man," and not a cliché but someone who has been dying for a long time, now finally with someone who again will speak for him. As did Malcolm, who told of the junkie's life. Or King, killed in coming down to Memphis for the garbage collecting strike by black men.

Again, once again, the bitterness, and a man trying to temper this bitterness with words

born out of an Age of Despair, where so many have given up while the Status Quo would move on regardless of how many are left behind, who never had a chance to sit in the back, the back of it even. This brings us to Eldridge Cleaver, and if I haven't said everything that everybody might have wanted, or you might have been pleased to hear, then I'm sorry. I didn't plan to patronize. After all, in my own way, I see a little bit of Eldridge Cleaver in every black man, woman, and child in every black slum in this country. And it is a spirit I see, strong and hard but still afraid, for the skies of freedom where a man speaks his mind are indeed empty save for a few brave who would spread their wings, a spirit rising mightier even than those that have preceded it.

Yes, and I can hear its voice, with a song on its lips that those of us who have known not of plenty not ever in our lifetimes in our history are now beginning to shape, sing, and echo:

*"Power to the People.*

*Black Power to Black People.*

*Panther Power to the Vanguard."*



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## Mother's Son (I and II)

by scott m lubbock

### I

**I** was the apple of my mother's eye  
the answer to blind dreams,  
but unsewn, a wormy apple  
and a worse spectacle.

In those days  
there was much I did not  
understand: the evils of the  
world, the sacrifices of my  
parents...my father's donation,  
my bloated mother, my birth...  
the suffering and disease  
that held humanity in wait  
for my mother's son.

I was to cure them all.  
Fate destined me to be a doctor  
of sorts.

But then,  
someone told me about poetry  
and sex: how one writes  
and then has intercourse to  
ease the body as work has  
eased the tension of the mind.

And I decided to be a poet.  
Someone else told me about  
the biblical significance of  
my name: being cut from stone  
and Christ-like

I decided I would be a poet  
with a fixation, and I  
stared at  
my hands  
my feet  
my side

until I could see the historical scars  
until I could feel the historical pain  
and I waited until I could feel the

burden  
of my  
barbed-  
wire  
crown  
and I

knew I was ready to suffer for the  
world. On behalf of all drinkers,  
I made a temple of my liver,  
filled it with eternal flame  
and drenched it that the fire  
would never die out.

With respect to all mothers  
I begged a race of children  
born all of virgins, and not to  
forget the plight that haunts  
the vegetarian, I lived on grass  
and chemicals, avoiding all  
flesh at meals.

### II

**M**y mother  
loved me  
and sold her body to science  
so I would have enough money to  
go to medical school  
and be a doctor.

She was very generous in  
that way.

It was a very  
formal sale with  
a contract and a tattoo.

The money was a loan...  
she could have bought  
herself back before  
death if I had become  
a rich doctor or  
something,  
but instead  
I developed sexual  
relations with  
unhappy girls  
and did not pass  
the test.

I might have bought the contract  
as a Christmas present, or quite  
sentimentally for Mother's Day.

But then,  
I never became a doctor because  
I remembered the story of a  
boy who went to medical school  
and was accidentally assigned  
his own mother as a cadaver.

They say it changed him significantly.

In fact, I never became anything  
and only thought about buying the  
contract, and people always said  
I held good thoughts. I had an aunt  
who always came to visit us  
and when she was about to leave  
would say..hold a good thought for me...  
and my folks would say..don't worry...  
he is the best holder of good thoughts  
around...and that gave me confidence  
to face the world from time to time.

But she took the contract business  
all in stride, and when she died, which  
was her end of the deal, Orlen, my  
cousin in New York at med school wrote  
to tell me..I saw your ma the other day.

I guess in many ways I let mom down.

My family never said that, but I know  
what people are thinking. You can tell  
by what they say. I think people  
always seem to feel that way  
about saints who leave a  
few miracles undone.

# And What Did You Find There?

by Greene

That's when he died, the old guy, the grandfather. Right there in the middle of things. An old man in his youth, and always a young man in his old age. They didn't ask what he thought about dying because they never told him about it—how he was going to die there in his bed, not suspecting, and yet always suspecting at the last. So they didn't tell him, and he died without knowing, if anybody dies knowing. But he did—but maybe he didn't.

"They can put me on the table and cut it out. That's the way I want it. They're worried about my heart, but I don't give a damn. This isn't living, here in this bed—oh nice clean sheets, I'm not complaining. She's always taken good care of me—I guess because I've always taken good care of her—that's not love, I don't know what it is—but there's always been her and me—we've been a world. But they can just go ahead and take it out, whatever it is—I'd rather die right there under the knife than go on with this damn thing. In bed one day and out the next and then flat on my back again, sick 'til I think I'm out of my mind—that's not living. It's got to be right or not at all—that's why I'm scared—I can't be any more dead than I am now—it's not the two of us this way—it's only her, and me here sick. I'm getting out or I'm getting dead—that's the way it is—after eighty-five years, I don't need other people to be afraid for me. To hell with them, I'm making the decisions, and that's the way it is."

Everyone knew that was the way it was. "That old man's too proud. He's always been a proud man. So proud of his youth and his health. He can't stay this way—he'd die just from that. Eddie told me about the poison. He's got poison and he told Eddie. That's how it is with him—he won't put up with it—He's always been too strong. He won't accept it, that's all—that's why he's got the poison—and he'd use it, too."

Do you have a grandfather?

Yes. Two.

I have only one grandfather.

They operated, but they didn't take it out, and his heart was fine.

"There was a first time when they told me my heart was bad. Of course, there's always a first time for those things—for anything. But this was really a first time—because it was so very long before anything else was a first in that way. They told me to take off my clothes, and then I ran."

Around the courtyard with its high walls, and the two doctors standing there in white; and then he was standing there in his white, too: the white of skin that never saw the sun, and the brown of his arms and face, and the very dark brown of the back of his neck that always saw the sun.

"I ran 'til the sweat was all over my body and I could hardly breathe, and then they finally told me to stop. They listened to my heart and tapped my chest. Then the two of them standing there cool in their white suits, breathing normal—then they told me to run again. Around the courtyard, the walls running with me and the sounds of my feet against the pavement coming up through my body, and out to the walls, and bouncing against my head again. And they listened—the pounding wasn't my heart but the footsteps still echoing in my chest."

"You can't be in this army—you can't be in any army with a heart like that."

"What's wrong with my heart?"

"Your heart isn't right—you can't be in our army because your heart isn't right, and you can die when your heart isn't right."

He was discharged from the army for his heart, but he made it fine, made it for sixty years more, and made it through three hours, and went on and on, and made it for that next year.

But they didn't take it out. They just went around it.

"Some guys would let a thing like that ruin them. Not a matter of believing it. I felt that way for a while though. Kind of thing to make you slow down, say that's all, that's enough. Make a man old real easy, too easy. And I said it then, but I couldn't live that way. So I didn't die in a week, and I didn't die in a month; and it came back to me a little at a time. And then I started to believe I'd never die, the way anybody believes that—the way you don't think about whether you will or won't, but you just live like you will forever. And maybe it was because they told me I'd die that I just lived and forgot it, and kept on living—lived with that heart or somehow without it. I'm mean enough to do something like that. Besides, I don't have to run around courtyards if it came to that."

"Never saw a man like that father of yours—always big plans. You'd think he was a young man again. Of course, he liked the turmoil. But I just stay out of it. Always schem-



ing. He just won't accept that he's old. He retired just so he could go to work again—but he can't do that now. It keeps him young thinking he can though. So I let him go ahead and talk—always telling me about the next big plan—I just nod and ignore him. He and his son, two of a kind!"

"Man has to worry about a lot of things in his life—more than what a couple army doctors tell him—more than what a lot of doctors might tell him. Time I got a metal sliver in my wrist—that was another doctor."

"Got to take it out, boy. It'll go to your heart—kill you."

"So, take it out."

"I don't know where it is—might have to take the whole hand off."

"And I'll kill you."

So his brother stood at the table and waited and watched, and the doctor didn't amputate.

"I couldn't find it—you should have let me take the hand off—your life's worth more than your left hand!"

"Is yours?"

Do you see the irony of life in that? The goddamn doctor wanted to take my hand off—to save my heart that the other doctors said was no good! Sixty years without a hand—it would've been. So when I take a piss, I hold it with that hand and say, "That's a dead man's hand," and that's what I'd say to those doctors. "I'm a dead man, and this is my hand." I've waited sixty years for that metal to hit my heart, but I'm starting to worry about it now; if it doesn't hurry, something else is liable to beat it... that doctor knew I would have killed him, too."

So his heart made it fine, but they didn't take it out—they just went around it. The way you go around all the bad things in life. You just can't take them out because you'd be taking out the guts of most everything—and it'd all just cave in—it has to be there, holding up the good where you can see it pretty. And you just step around that bad—and it goes on holding it up until it consumes it—and you're consumed with it—sucked right into it up to your nose, and you breathe it in and smell it, taste it, know that it's there, that it was always there—you don't get out then, and it sucks till you can't breathe and you're under and you're drowning, and spitting and choking—you sink—you're gone.

"You know, he's a funny person, in a way. He doesn't have any friends. That's hard to believe—you don't agree at first, but when you think about it, it's true. Somehow that would be a compromise for him. People like him—that's no question—and he is a great character—but he never really gives of himself to outsiders—no friends. His life is his family. Nothing he likes better than big family parties—with noise and all the kids. For him that's the greatest thing in the world. He's built his life around his family—tried to keep them all close to him. A dynasty really—that's what he'd like. That old country attitude—big families and close. Of course, that can be rough in a way—never really letting his kids grow up. He'd be happy to support them all for ever. You hate to say it, but it's really kind of selfish in a way. I mean, you see why that would be."

You can go around cancer, but that doesn't get rid of it.

"I couldn't stand those attacks—fever and chills and then I'd turn all yellow—so yellow that it came off on the sheets. The shaking would stop, but it always took a long time for the yellow to go away—everything was yellow—everything I looked at had that yellow tinge—even after the pain and the shakes went away. How could I be afraid of an operation. But I've gone through the operation, and my heart made it—that's why they were afraid—but a person has to decide what scares him the most—living that way scared me more than dying from a weak heart—it was that simple for me. I'm pretty weak now, but I've made it, and now it just means waiting for the strength."

"It bothered me when I went to see him today. My grandfather has always been a point of strength in my life. Now he's very small and thin sitting in the wheel chair. When I talked to him, he looked past me, staring into nothing—as if searching for himself, somewhere a long way off. He'd come back, for a moment, and then he'd drift off again. I think he's dying—the doctor says he's not—not soon—probably another year. I wonder what soon is when you're his age."

Do you have a grandfather?

Yes. Two.

I have only one grandfather, and he is very old and weak.

"No, they didn't tell him—said everything

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was right now. He's so proud, now that he's gone through it—how would he take it if he knew? He wouldn't live with it—he'd use the poison for sure this time. But I don't know, how can they keep it from him? He's no dummy. What happens when the pain comes again? It's going to have to. Unless he dies first. It's terrible to say, but that would be a salvation. He's so weak now that he may never get well—his heart may just go—it would probably be best. Otherwise, he's going to know and suffer. It would be a blessing."

God bless us and keep us from distraction. Bring us salvation from his suffering.

And who will pass him the cup please?

You can go around it, but . . .

"When you're old as I am, every day is almost borrowed time I suppose—but you can't live according to that. It would get in the way—hang you up on little things. I go on living like I always have, like I feel I always will—it wouldn't be the same if I suddenly broke that continuity, if I suddenly become so terribly thankful for each day—that would be a kind of greed, just waiting to get through one day to see

if I'd get another. I live each day as much as possible like I've lived all my others—that's my way of being thankful for having it. Now with my strength again, I can do that—there's still a tenderness there, from the operation, but I'm well. It was worth the gamble for me—I'd rather take the chance on having my health than choose a sure ten years in sickness; just prolonging life isn't really living longer."

He was young and healthy, even at that age, but not inside where the cancer was growing. It was eating him up and leaving him a shell: a young and beautiful shell around a pot of poison.

"It's amazing how well he is, but I think he must have pain there. He said that his belt was irritating the spot."

"Yes, he told me, too. Sometimes I think he knows. He told me that he thought he had cancer. I just sort of laughed it off. It was like he was looking for reassurance—I told him that was foolish—but sometimes I think he knows . . ."

"I wonder what it's going to be like."

Do you always find another side when you

go around it?

"I've lived a year of freedom, and now I'm in this bed again, and again I'm yellow. But even this bed is freedom compared to the darkness of the hospital. I thought I was going to die—when I could think. I was there three days, but I can't remember them—just moments of light, and the rest darkness. There was a man in the bed next to me dying of cancer—already dead really. His wife came to see him but he didn't see her. He was always moaning, and sometimes he yelled. I couldn't stand that—finally they moved me. It's much better here at home. If I'm going to die, I'd much rather be here, comfortable. It is more work for her, but she wouldn't want me to be there. I couldn't stay there. But I've been this sick before—I'll get well—there's no difference—I'm very thirsty."

"He doesn't look as bad as he did in the hospital. Maybe he'll pull out of it this time, too. You never know."

"He'll never come out of this one. I've talked to him—he hasn't told anyone else how bad the pain is, but he told me. He'll never get out of that bed."

"You never know."

"I've seen my grandson everyday. He comes a long way to see me, but I feel so sick that we really don't talk much—I'd like just a small glass of beer, where is she—the door is open—I see her walk by—she watches—if I'm asleep, she doesn't bother me—she can see me in the mirror without coming in—Johnie's here, couple times a day, comes in from his work—we talk about what we'll do—this is hard on her—some beer, a small glass, my mouth is so dry—when I'm well—she watches so I'm not bothered—if I'm asleep she doesn't let them come in—Ben comes and talks, or swears—he's good, Ben—keeps me company—I'm not good company—I want to sleep, but the pain is bad—sometimes I want to sleep when they're here—I close my eyes—her face in the mirror, they leave—I open my eyes when I feel the pain—it's dark outside—she sits reading, looks up—no, all right—nothing—I close my eyes—it's light, my grandsons there—I thought he was small, but he's grown—yesterday he was small—where's John, not Ben—the mirror or her—lasked for beer yesterday—I don't want it today, why is she bringing it now—the pain again, makes the room yellow, sometimes red—

it's grey now—the beer tastes grey—if I could spit, my mouth is so dry—the light is on—day?—dark at the window—dark at the window—the mirror is dark—no, it is her, not the mirror—I called—no, nothing—all right—where's the beer—tell Johnnie to bring the beer—'

Do you have a grandfather?

Yes. Two.

I no longer have a grandfather.

I have two grandfathers.

How can there be room for two in this world? I don't think the world was big enough for one.

Do you have a father?

No, I've never had a father—I was born without a father, out of my grandfather's conception of a son.

You can't be unless you've had a father.

I can be—I shall exist because my grandfather is no more—perhaps my father shall also exist now.

And when you get around it...

"How's she going to make it now—she's always been so dependent. She certainly can't depend on him."

I went to his funeral—the kind of funeral he wanted, with just the family there, talking—about him, almost with him. There was no sermon, no reading, absolutely no formality—he had wanted it to be that way.

We were the last ones left there looking at him—his son and I. He had died quickly—perhaps his heart after all—and in his coffin he still looked good. The suffering hadn't been long enough to destroy his beauty—young, with all the light hair and delicate skin.

I stepped away to leave them alone, and he reached in and touched the old man, touching his shoulders and tucking the material of the coffin under them. But he didn't stay—instead, following me out. We stopped outside, waiting for them to get into the cars.

"You know, he told me that he didn't want to go out of the world broke—he laughed about that, and told me not to let him leave without at least a nickel—I put a nickel under each shoulder—not to go out broke—he didn't, did he?"



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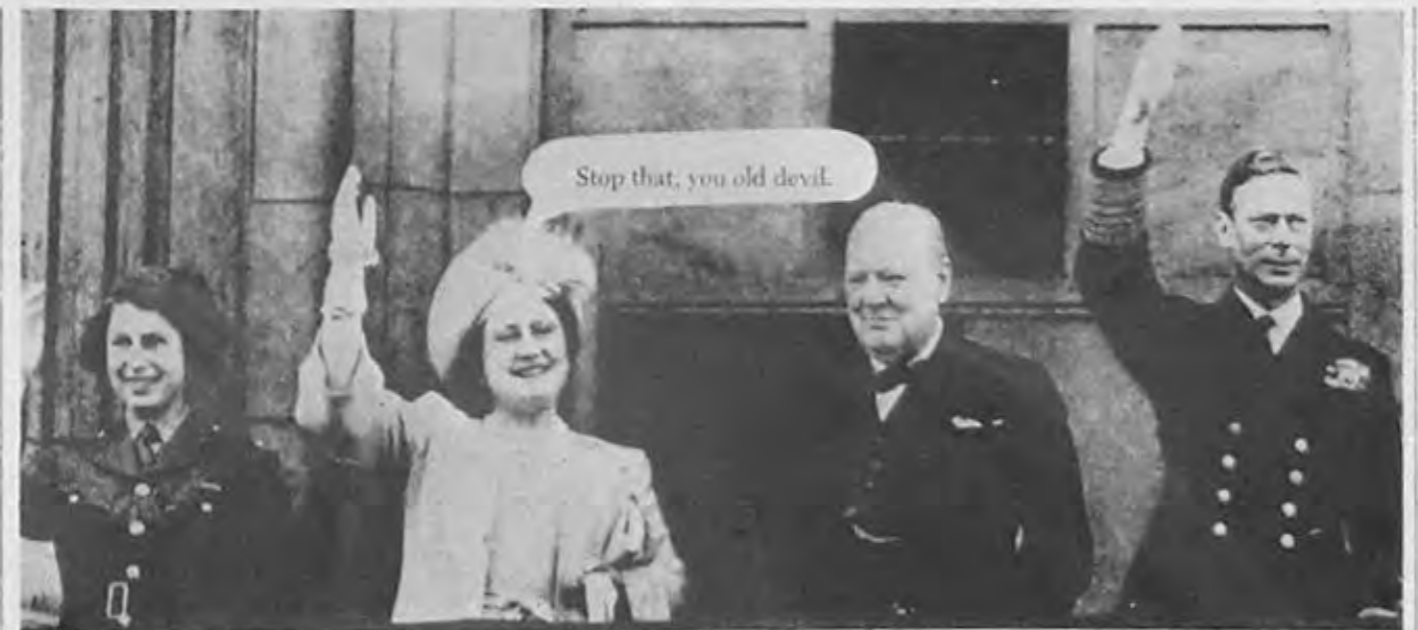
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