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Rocks & Roots

Winter 1972

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ROCKS AND ROOTS

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MOZIEWULSKI

THE RETURN OF THE ALL-AMERICAN LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD WARMONGER

by George Kwasniewski, Jr.

Emerging from "the proud bird with the golden tail", the 707 that jets you to war and sometimes back, Corporal Rich Rollins squinted from the glare of California's one and only golden sunshine. If ever in his young (twenty-one years) life there was a time to contemplate his existence, why he of all people, yet all Marines, should be entering the "land of the big P.X.," it was now. A persuasive punch in the kidney from a private directly behind him, who resembled Harlem's version of "Jack the Ripper," was enough to snap Rich back into his proper perspective. Almost.

"C'mon Rollins! Move your butt! Ma woman's a-waitin' foh me."

Subsequent similar discourse reverberated up and down the entire aisle of the plane, hardly spoken in the Marnies' finest dinner table language. Damn it! Rollins angrily thought. Even now, the day he'd waited for so long (twelve months, twenty-two days, nineteen hours to be exact) was here and he *still* had to go through the motions.

Touching American soil for the first time in over a year, he was greeted with a resounding little "slap" on the back and a clammy handshake from a debonair general with slightly greying razor-cut hair, sideburns and sunglasses. Wow! Dan Rowan *really* is a general! mused Rich. After he finally waded through the khaki swamp of lifers, he looked for a shady spot to set down his cumbersome, seemingly cement-filled sea bag. His burden suddenly was added to with a "care package" shoved under his sweaty armpit by some fifty-plus year old lady sporting varicose veins, five inches of rouge on her face and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, that reminded him of the bottom of Coke bottles. Smiling through lipstick-stained dentures, in her best kosher, socialite tones she uttered, "Velcome home Marine—from the Jewish var mothers of Orange County!" It was their turn this particular week.

How vividly he remembered the last stateside “care package” he’d received. It was handed to him at the Armed Forces Examining Center just before some skinny, pimple-faced Army desk jockey began (with as much authority as his effeminate seventeen year old voice could muster) to call out the various branches of the service for the new recruits, who were ready to ship out to their respective boot camps.

“All right,” he squeaked, “all Navy men stand over here, (he pointed out a spot) Air Force behind them, Army personnel beside them.”

Then, with a definite, earth-shattering pause he quietly, sneeringly stated, “And those of you Mar-i-n-e-s, I mean “jar heads,” who are riding the twenty-six hour train to “lovely” Paris Island—over here! Please?”

The worst days were yet to come, when the flunky remington raider was replaced by three seasoned, sadistic D.I.’s, who beat, kicked and sometimes even spoke to Rich and his fellow “ladies” about being ready for the “big rifle range” (their version of Viet Nam). This was the place where “Charlie” (their version of Viet Cong) and you exchange firing practice, grenade throwing, rocket fire and ambushes.

Waiting now like so many others to be processed out of his brief military career, he remembered “the beginning of the end” several months before. On that day, while still overseas, Rich received his re-admission letter from the college he attended prior to entering the service. This just added to the mental burden already imposed on him as a “short timer” in a war zone. With the time to return growing closer one wonders if his luck will hold out. The helmet and flack jacket are *always* worn, the weapon kept as clean as possible and by no means are patrols volunteered for.

Despite all these precautions Rich almost didn’t make it. Almost. The night before he was due to fly from the hill where his company was located, Gook saboteurs cut two Marines’ throats. Donning their helmets and flack jackets, they proceeded to sneak undetected into the perimeter. Mistaken as Marines, they coolly and deliberately sowed the seeds of death among the Americans, planting satchel charges, booby traps and claymore mines in various strategic positions.

However, before their own comrades could escape the American encampment to take part in the ensuing attack, the super-psyched enemy began lobbing 82 mm. mortars and firing rifle propelled grenades, recoilless rifles, assorted machine guns and small arms. The night, that several minutes previously had been tense but quiet, was now God's p.m. version of hell. Amid the continuous deafening concussion of bursting shells and the mute horror of the endless, somewhat unrecognizable remnants of human bone, blood, muscle and other tissue related to the connection of limbs and torsos, lay Rich. Clinging to the red clay earth like a newborn tenaciously clings to his mother's breast, he screamed.

"Oh *God!* I knew it. . . I knew it!"

The words were literally wrung from his aching, war-weary and very trembling body. Quieting to a whimper, Rich, among this chaos somehow realized the futility of screaming. Only God could hear him; but absent in the recesses of his mind, the Marine figured God had better things to do this night and did not blame Him.

"Lady Luck" exposed more than her garter belt to Rich that night, and with the repelling of the enemy in the early hours of *the day*, he emerged unscathed. Anxious to leave the general area by about a million miles but not his combatant blood brothers-in-arms, he tearfully bid farewell to them, painfully aware of one's absence—the "Gunny." This man, Rich's platoon sergeant, had taken a .50 caliber round in the jaw the night before. It completely removed in a piteously jagged way every aspect of his face from the top teeth down. He was reported to be still alive after being "medevaced," but that was the last Rich heard.

The one day layover in Okinawa for processing back to the States, haircuts and showers (the first for many in six months) was the last stop for Rich before his flight home. The seemingly eternal flight gave him plenty of time to do something which he could not do in the last thirteen months—daydream, think what he wanted to and whenever he chose to do so. Over there it just brought more anguish, tears over lost buddies and the utter frustration of "Just what the hell am I doing here?" The latter was the primary reason for trying to keep his mind turned from idle thought. Another one was that it could get you killed.

Deep in his heart he realized he didn't belong over there, at least in the way that his country insisted on fighting this war—using infantrymen as political cannon fodder. All his patriotic dreams were shattered by these thoughts and by the grim reality of the war itself. Thinking about why he was there would not bring him home any sooner, but instead would make Father Time painfully drag his feet more than ever.

For thirteen months his body had been the target, twice they succeeded in hitting the mark. Now Rollins, Richard, 2506996, "A+," Catholic was going home to civilian life. It wasn't exactly Mom's apple pie and baseball, but it did mean home to freedom and moreover, the campus. This was the golden opportunity to start fresh towards a peaceful, normal life. The scars of war do not heal easily, however, so now Rich's mind would be the target.

Instead of bullets and endless stream of thoughts would thud away asking *Why? Why? Why?* Living with these would be hard enough, and he knew that the violent attitude of some American college students towards the war would not make things a whole lot better. No matter how he felt *now*, Rich had made up his mind long ago that he would *never* defend his military actions. He had gone to fight in good conscience and would not dishonor or disgrace his fallen buddies explaining, especially to campus radicals, why those young men would never see their wives, girls or families or enjoy the sweetness of life ever again.

After a month or so of semi-adjustment at home, the first week of classes had arrived. Never had Rich expected the change to be as great as prevailed at his old school. The increased length of the guys' hair did not surprise or bother him at all. It was the attitude of a great many students, an attitude of bitterness and hatred, which shocked Rich the most. Law enforcement agencies, such as the police, *as well as* the military establishments were referred to as "pigs." Replying to a question of his previous whereabouts by a somewhat genial student one day, Rich casually mentioned the Marine Corps.

Abruptly turning away, the fellow suddenly retorted, "Yeah, I now. You can kill me in three seconds, right?"

He was gone before Rich, speechless and profoundly hurt, could answer.

Fragments from a Daydream

some days the sun never sets
and on these days
circus midgets are bludgeoned
by cane wielding baboons
and it all began in a factory
where the milking machines broke down
and the repairman themselves
entered the scene red in the face
and clutched yesterday's fish in tomorrow's paper
and everyone was quietly moved into a smaller room
though a few were reported fainting
on the granite steps
leading to the basement cubicles
and each person was carefully analyzed
and though a certain rebel element balked at first
they were efficiently whisked into a smaller room
and subjugated to all the whims of a ten year old boy
who chewed tobacco and subsequently had bad teeth

Max Mahar

A place for us beyond the earth
Into the seas of endless night.
Come with me to the core of the sun
Dance with me, sweetness, to nothingness
Where reality fades in distances of souls
Reaching for the star that fell
And will not rise again for us
Untill all the quiet oceans
On quiet planets rise and fall
To depths that eyes deteriorate
In looking for the music of love.
Colors that sweep the mind
Shall blaze and shine to the heat
Of soaring ecstacies.
Come with me and sleep in love
That makes shallowness of bodies
And be in the spheres of swelling
Days, of universes that stretch
To God

Allen Despres

Time, it seems is the
Where
Who Runs with you then hides
While Old Friends have Left
For Brothel Towns Where
Life is Banged Away
Leaving Senseless innocence
Slapping with the tide
Visions of Parental Sodomy
Feel Feel Feel Feel inside
Time,
 Is Tilling on the field
Where the Midnight Cowboy Rides.

Stan Wilson

Chicago Vision

hanging out on the seaboard of the mind
plastic light melting in the universe
calling out to passing seagulls
waiting for time to reach down
out of cigarettes in southwestern ohio
cute phrases bob before weary eyes
and brass doorknobs glow in anger
children crying somewhere in the night
cinematic insanity churning on the grass
groping for the hand unaltered
the cooling sweep across the brow
oaken doors crumble in the twilight
tender words spoken in violence
chicago gleams in the frozen night
the heaving train waits impatiently

Max Mahar

SOCRATES, SPIRO, AND SKINNER

By Edward J. Bordeau

The popularity of Vice President Spiro Agnew is as disheartening as it is not unexpected; his appeal is directed to those troubled middle Americans who in these confused times prefer security over freedom and fear what cannot be neatly assimilated to a Procrustian mold. The more vocal segment of our young adults upon whom he has heaped a barrage of verbal abuse infuriate him because they resist the regimentation of his frozen categories. They are more questioning and radical in their dissent because they perceive the widening gap between what is and what ought to be.

On our campuses all across the country there have appeared in this young generation more of those "self-actualizing person" of whom the late Abraham Maslow wrote and perhaps those Consciousness III individuals idealized by Charles A. Reich in *The Greening of America*. Most generalizations fail, but this one seems to have received a fair amount of substantiation. The criterion, however, is not how loud the voice but how penetrating the criticism. The unwillingness of this generation of students—of any generation of students—to accept uncritically and unhesitatingly the beliefs and values of their parents manifests a healthy curiosity, the hallmark of a vital and inquiring intelligence.

Much has been made of the "generation gap"; attempts have been made to exaggerate it, to suggest its presence as an "abnormality," unique to our morally crumbling society. But this shows a serious lack of historical awareness; even Plato (428-348 BC) recorded in the *Laws* the adult population's criticism of the bearded, unshod and unkempt, youth of Athens who questioned the ways of their fathers. Is not this gap a social and cultural "sport" or "mutation" whereby novelty and variation renew the stream of life? Lewis Feuer interprets this restlessness in Freudian categories, as the irrepressible need of the son to slay his father, but this explanation seems too reductionistic. So too is the often repeated accusation that the celebrated "permissiveness" of Benjamin Spock, Sigmund Freud, and John Dewey has induced a ritualistic rebelliousness and has destroyed the virtue of "docility" among the young. These judgments are negative and fail to catch the possible positivity of disorder, inherent in the universe at large.

Etymologically, "docility" means "teachability" but even in its classical sense it never denoted a merely passive process of repetition and imitation. The first teacher of Western Civilization, Socrates, conceived of teaching, not as transmission, but as the drawing out of truth through self-discovery, through the mind's experiencing its own expansive and creative power. Despite his provincialism, Socrates marked an historic advance by substituting the idea of "discovery" for "imitation" as the essence of education. So radical and threatening was Socrates' preaching of the power of Reason that he paid dearly by forfeiting his life. Aristophanes, the comic playwright, caricatured Socrates in *The Clouds* as an "effete intellectual," the sophistic director of a school which Aristophanes ridiculed as a "think factory." Indeed, in the *Apology* Socrates claimed that the playwright was partly responsible for his being brought to trial for "unAthenian activity," for instilling the spirit of inquiry and curiosity in the young men of Athens who flocked to listen as the sage revealed in living discourse the penetrating power of Reason. The force of Socrates' thought has been immeasurable: "the unexamined life is not worth living" simply represents the truth that "freedom" and "intelligence" are inseparable.

A year ago a picture of Vice President Spiro Agnew appeared in *Time* magazine (Oct. 26, 1970); he was seated "in his luxurious suite in the Executive Office Building, a white bust of Socrates staring over his shoulder." This visual suggestion of Agnew's association with the spirit of Socrates rightly infuriated a professor of history at Wisconsin State University who quickly pointed out the indecency of the alignment and replied that Agnew, if he feels compelled to identify himself with a noted Greek of antiquity, stands much closer to the ultra-conservative, reactionary and anti-intellectual, Aristophanes who was "one of the men responsible for permanently silencing the voice of Socrates" (*Time*, Nov. 16, 1970). Like Agnew, Aristophanes had little sympathy for the educated urban populace.

Dr. Rosen's judgment was verified last summer by remarks made by the Vice President while visiting the Congo. He expressed the conviction that American education has failed to fulfill its role by not training "enough bricklayers and carpenters and is educating too many opinion makers who can't do anything with their hands." Just what role education plays in the larger perspective of human life in all of its ramifications is too broad an endeavor to undertake here. Its role is multiple and complex, but certainly one of its central concerns, one recognized by all the great theorists of the democratic way of life, is the elevation of the citizen to the point of intelligent self-direction. The removal of ignorance was, for Socrates, a major step in the direction of living the good life, of achieving autonomy, of making a contribution to the quality of community life.

One can pay lip service to “democracy” and “freedom” while rejecting them in practice as Agnew seems to do, or one can blatantly, yet more honestly, label “freedom” and “dignity” luxuries no longer possible or desirable in contemporary society as Professor Skinner does. Plato who in some ways fails to fulfill the promise of the spirit of Socrates—as is shown in the gradual disappearance of Socrates in the later dialogues—came to view the unique as the abnormal, change as instability, spontaneity as chaos, and individuality as deformity. His Republic, like Skinner’s totally planned and conditioned society, springs from the same emotion: fear of the unpredictable and uncontrollable, aversion to freedom as the right to be different. Both are “nay-sayers” to life. So Plato could say with Skinner: “Behave, damn you! Behave as you ought!”

Skinner states that to hanker after “freedom” reveals a vestige of the theological and archaic notion of a “soul,”—a romantic ideal of self-realization. The perfect society he projects conjures up the spectre of a mass of perfectly synchronized and coordinated automotons whose behavior, through conditioning, has become so mechanized that it is entirely predictable. Man regresses to the level of instinct, to that of the hymenoptera: perfect but repetitious, safe but dull. One cannot suppress the exclamation “rather no life than that life, or rather, that is no life worth living!”

The options are clear. Either one values a life wherein all conflicts, antagonisms, contradictions, evils, and challenges are removed, or one embraces life as existentially an ongoing struggle wherein advance is only had in overcoming obstacles. The former is utopianism, the latter is realism.

“Freedom” means the unpredictable; it is an invasion into uncharted domains. To perform a free act is to experiment with the unknown, to tinker with the mysterious; the hazards are great for there are no antecedent guarantees. One cannot be committed to “freedom” and “individualism” without acknowledging danger and risk. The great American philosopher and psychologist, William James, welcomed it, almost fanatically, as making “freedom” and adventure: “I find myself willing to take the universe to be really dangerous and adventurous, without therefore backing out and crying ‘no play.’” He added “I am willing that there should be real losses and real losers, and no total preservation of all that is.” William James’ close friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, agreed that “certainly is an illusion and repose is not the destiny of man.” It was the same Justice Holmes who saw with such clarity that pluralism, a wide variety of ideas and opinions constantly competing in the intellectual market-place, is essential to democracy and freedom.



THE WINTER PEOPLE

The Winter People are born at night
When nights linger on and on, and days are rays
of flickering light.

It is a time when hibernal creatures are suspended
in womb-like security,
when little life ventures forth and these who
do are wrapped up in scarfs and mittens, overcoats
and earmuffs.

Muffling their heavy, slow treading across
crispy, crunchy snow. Gasping in their attempt
to gobble loast warm breath, already hanging
frigidly in mid-air.

Noses have winter itch as brunal wings bite
and shape stalaetite icicles and
frost the trees and fallen snow
with crystal icing.

Then, when everything is cool blue and
seemingly cheerless,
when new snow beging to pirouet down,
swirling, twirling before bleary street
lamps,
the Winter People begin to romp and play about.

Michael Dziewulski

LOVE IS

Love is giving

Love is understanding

Love is transcending

Love is unending

Love is you

Love is me

Love is ours

Love is free.

Brian Loughran

Patterns

Patterns of existence
Flash across my face.
Smokey rooms and andirons,
Windows etched in lace.

Shadows from the corners
Crawl across the floor.
Silouettes in sunlight
Increase my mind's roar.

Max Mahar

Poem

look to the lowlight
which blankets the earth
with days of regret
and subtleties dispersed
reach to the sunlight
from the bottom of the river
and follow me homeward
for now is forever

Max Mahar

poem from the id 2

I hold an empty cup over dark waters
As last rite rhymes spill into coffin memories.
Forgotten prophets stumble and cough on the mountain slopes
and toss their shiny boots into the valley.
I wander through the desperate night
As hollow eyed men churn and die on subterranean lathes.
They grip their pipes with fiery hands
And curse the strangers who stare to the sky.
The preachers lie frozen on the hillsides,
Their wild faces turned forever to the peaks beyond.
I weary of these war games in the cemetery
And no longer kneel before the bodies of comrades.

Max Mahar

REVERIE

Strains of Dylan
softly echoing
somewhere.

Rain on the rafters
trickling off the eaves.

The comforting arms
of a sympathetic chair drawn
close beside the last few
smoldering embers.

The companionship of Aldous Huxley
(In book form)

And the power of thought . . .

Mary Smallman

remembrance of rain
life of lives
suffering within
a vague remembrance
in a mitigated hell

let he who worships life
desirous of eternity
forget not to love
the life which is not his

let he who calmly awaits death
having forgotten
recall the fall
sin originally became him

death of deaths
longing without her
in loneliness dwell
hints of salvation

night of demons
the hyena laughs
and he, having lost,
weeps bitterly

a stream of tears
within an ocean of forgiveness
let he who worships life
forget not these tears.

-w.l.b.-s.



THE CITY

White ivory towers and paper bags
Long glass windows near old hags
Watch all the bodies sway to and fro
Coming and going ever so slow.

A city laid with great plans
With smog and garbage cans.
Watch all the minds watch the show
Clicking and whirling ever so slow.

There be a bell hop, cabby and cop
Looking so small from a building top.
Watch all the feet scramble and go
Walking and running ever so slow.

But where are the faces to be seen?
There are the bodies hungry and lean.
Watch all the faces, neat in a row
Crying and laughing ever so slow.

Michael Dziewulski

THE STRANGER

The stranger . . .
Safe within the walls of his mind
Without a single enemy
. . . existed in his own little world.

The stranger . . .
A hopeless prisoner within himself
Without a single companion
. . . existed in his own little world.

The stranger . .
Like a rat in a maze
Without a single purpose
. . . existed in his own little world.

The stranger in his own little world
Something went wrong one day
Without a single word to say
He became ill and passed away.

Brian Loughran

Hunters at nightfall

They gather their game in faded leather satchels
And carry it gently to where the river bends.
Then slowly they move like silver crabs against the night,
And cross the water by the old oaken bridge.
The tracks of their snowshoes invite us to follow,
But we too must gather, and gather in haste.

The hunters have gone now
And with them goes the sun,
And as the night begins her creep
I think of you against the mountains,
As a silhouette astride the valley,
And i want to know everything.
The hunters have gone
And we too must gather, and gather not in haste.

Max Mahar

Last Summer, Francis J. Luongo, assistant Professor of History at Sacred Heart University, was a guest on WNAB's program "Sounding Board". The subject discussed was "The Pentagon Papers". The program was aired before the Supreme Court decided that the New York Times would be allowed to continue publication of the previously secret history of our involvement in Viet Nam. Interesting portions of this discussion, including the relevance of the documents themselves, as well as government censorship and freedom of the press, have been selected and edited by George Kwasniewski for "ROCKS AND ROOTS".

Interviewer: If you were to send a telegram to the Supreme Court today that you thought might affect their decision, what would it say?

Luongo: Well, I guess it would be something like this: STOP. In other words, I would let the lower court decision stand that was made in New York, the Federal District Judge Gurfine's opinion, which I think is an excellent one, and I would either let it stand, or I would go on to re-affirm it, reinforce it.

Interviewer: The specific decision that Gurfine made was that the Times would be permitted to continue making its reports, but with certain things deleted.

Luongo: What happened was that the Government failed to prove its case. The Government seeks a legitimate remedy, injunction against material which would significantly endanger the national security. Gurfine said that the Government failed to prove its case, therefore the presses should roll. Of course he was instructed by the higher court, the court of appeals, to go about this in a selective way, so that he could make a judgement on given documents.

Interviewer: Let's take a historical look at this. There are a number of ways to do it I guess, but in the history of the development of the United States, the American democratic system, and particularly regarding its treatment of Freedom of the Press, have there been cases that have been similar to this, where information that might be embarrassing to the Government has been, ah, suppressed is a very strong word, enjoined against something as this?

Luongo: One of the problems that the Supreme Court is going to have, as all the courts have had, is that there is no clear precedent for this, there have been attempts in the past, of course there's always been the classification system, but as far as prior censorship of this sort is concerned I don't think we have a precedent. If you're asking if we have had laws in the past which attempted to bring this about, I think the answer to that question is yes. The Sedition Act of 1798, the Amendment to the Espionage Act of 1917, are pertinent here. As far as an actual attempt at this, we don't have the same kind of situation in the precedents, or at least that's what Judge Gurfine said.

Interviewer: There seems to have been a great cry as to how long something can be classified. As we said before, we're going back twenty to thirty years . . .

Luongo: Let me give you an example. The protocols of the Yalta conference in 1945 and remember there was a great controversy about Yalta, "We sold them down, the river" etc. The protocols of the Yalta conference were kept secret during the war, that was in 1945. In 1946 one year later, they were made public. Here we are dealing with a Robert MacNamara memo of '63. I agree with the Times that this is clearly History.

Interviewer: Do you think that the Times would have done this if the mood of the country were any different today?

Luongo: I don't know, I think the New York Times as I've known it over the years has been fairly straight forward. Are you saying: Would it have produced a set of documents if it thought it would send people out into the streets building barricades?

Interviewer: In other words, the tenor of the Times is such that the people are fed up with the war.

Luongo: O.K. I'll buy that to some extent. I think the Times had to take this into its judgement. . . . I think if the Times wanted to do a larger service, it would try to create a composite picture, of what the public was thinking (Back as far as '63) including itself, and actions of the

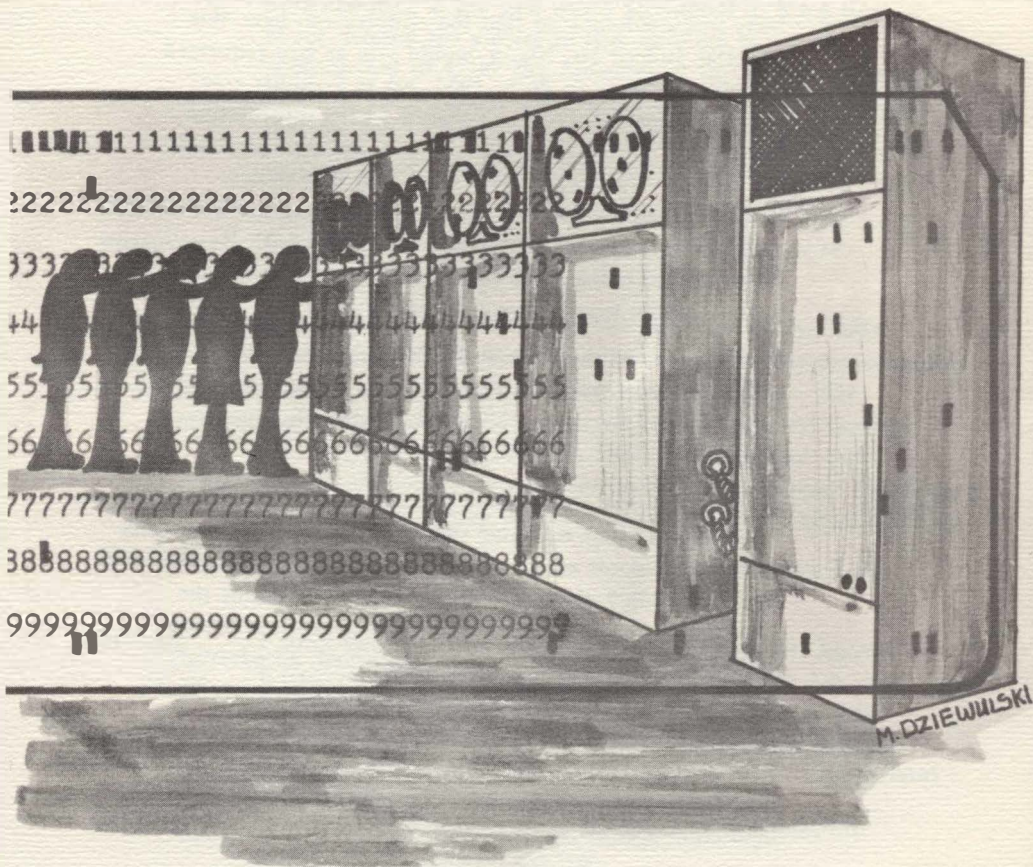
Government. It's good for the public to know. I think its important for the country to know this information. Indeed you asked before what kind of telegram I would send to the Supreme Court. What kind of telegram would one send to the President? My telegram would be: "Would you please, by all means, immediately release the whole forty-seven volumes, so that the country can have this material. Indeed Mr. Nixon, would you as you requested President Truman to do in 1951, act in a similar way? "At that time Mr. Truman released partial information regarding a conversation with General MacArthur about the Korean War to the New York Times. It didn't look good, and Nixon said "We should have the whole story, the country needs the story." I agree with Representative Nixon in 1951. I wish as President Nixon in 1971, twenty years later, he would take a similar course.

Interviewer: What effect will this have upon the public towards the administration? After all, four separate administrations have been indicted for doing things differently than they say they did.

Luongo: I wouldn't make a prediction about what would happen but, I would hope that we come out of this with a new maturity and cast off some of our naive notions about our government. The Founding Fathers had no illusions at all about the government they were creating, so they wrote in what is essentially as far as the press is concerned, an adversary relationship between the press and the government. That's the name of the game in America.

Interviewer: Take a look if you would, Frank, on why you feel the Government would take the historic move of seeking an injunction against these papers?

Luongo: I think we have to assume, as Judge Gurfine did, that the Government was acting in good faith, that it honestly believed it had security problems. That is the Government's opinion. I think that the press is acting in good faith, and in our adversary system, we will get some kind of an answer. That's about the closest to the truth we will ever get.



Come along
With IBM
To the Twenty First Century
All you'll need is an
Unfolded,
Unspindled,
Unmutilated,
Cleverly punched card (3 copies)
Two soft, one hard
PLEASE PRINT !!!
Last name first
Lines now forming at left
There will be a ten minute delay
Due to slight mechanical difficulties.

Mary Smallman

Darkly staring
devils eyes
Blacknesses
of
a waterfront
movie-house-like atmosphere
where
i
am up against the wall
cellar taverns
full of shit-
faced bestubbled FACES
of two a.m.
Blacknesses
ofawaterfront
reposing . . .
with FACES
in mugs of nearly warm beer
twisted cigarette smoke & face
silhouetted against
a t.v.
.. so i can see

Stan Wilson



MDZIEWULSKI