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RABADASH

On the Road Again

Vol. 1

Released Semi-Periodically in Wooster, Ohio

No. 8

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May

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calligraphy
by Emery Odell

The hell with May flowers!

In the Canterbury Tales, Geoffrey Chaucer brought together diverse personalities from the 14th century England. And even though each pilgrim on the way to Canterbury possessed a unique individuality, each one also possessed a universality, for we know people like these characters.

It is striking that Chaucer's people got along so remarkably well. There are moments of tension and reprimand, flurries of anger, times of disgust, but these are background noises in a tuneful, happy harmony. The pilgrimage is certainly somewhat artificial social situation, and in itself gives rise to a certain spirit of brotherhood in that all the pilgrims are on a similar quest. It is something of a class equalizer. This set me thinking. If Chaucer could find a way to get a microcosmic society to maintain a happy existence on the road to Canterbury, why could I not contrive a device for getting a contemporary group together in much the same way?

So I took ten people from our present society and got them ready for their journey. I do not know where these people would be going together, and no matter where they go, I doubt if they will get along as amicably as Chaucer's pilgrims. I doubt if they have any common quest. But they are all together now on a road everybody travels, and a road where everybody meets everyone he ever will.

Literature evokes many responses, provides infinite inspirations. Here, then, is my reaction to the Canterbury Tales, a prologue of the contemporary pilgrim.

All in white,

the colour wildly whirled to spring-time clouds,

the colour worn with pride by virgin brides,

With pointed capped body hooded heavenward --

stands a Grand Imperial Member of the Ku Klux Klan.

His hands emerge from underneath

the cloak of purity.

On many a Southern Calvary have these hands laboured.

In incendiary fervour has their handicraft brazenly blazed,

To crucify America

As the body of Jesus Christ.

gook.

Richard Morgan.....Editor in Chief

Nancy Morrison.....Art Editor

Pete Meister.....Poetry Editor

Ray Langenbach.....Prose Editor

Jan-Pieter Stuyck....Reviews Editor

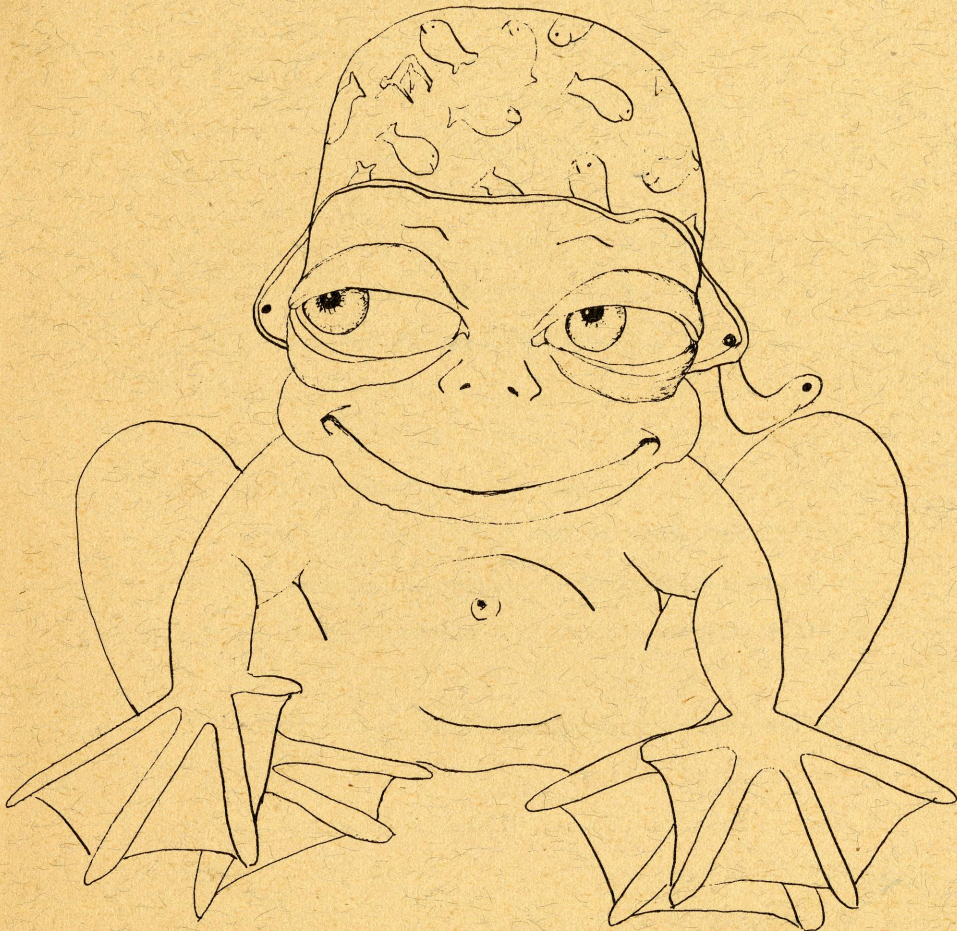
Malcolm Macdonald....Business Manager

Gunnar Urang.....Scapegoat

Julia Osborne.....Typist

His eyes are tearless tombs
for murdered civil rights workers.
For they have seen the secrets of death.
They read the hymnal's soothing words: "We are
washed in the blood of the Lamb"
And in the blood of Medgar Evers,
Dr. King, and countless others.

His hands and eyes only can we see outside the
heartless cloak.



"Grobblemugwumpschirrupflogglism!" says
the politician
from his lily-padded platform.
He is a frog in a well-tailored suit.

Remarkable mouth, this man;
could catch whole flies or whole opponents --
or feet.

His throat is stupendous. It swallows huge gulps
of polluted air and chirrups
words of America the Beautiful.

He is squat, and his eyes, like the frog's,
look in two different directions.
He eats, smokes cigars, and kisses babies
and they hate his bad breath.
He goes to conventions, rallies, and bed
with his wife
sometimes.

Grand-daddy of stagnant waters
Trying to get to the clear-running stream
And stuck in the mud of his own foul body
and the good earth.



The priest wears his religion proudly
around his neck
and it is choking the life out of him.

His hair is thinning and his paunch is growing.

He still thinks in Latin and preaches in English --
at the end of the service he
extends a hand that is losing touch with
His people

He makes the sign of the cross
In empty air over the baby the rat bit.

He wears his clerical turtleneck on
the street and is treated with deference;
How he smilingly blesses those who bless him.

He soothes himself at night with
sacramental wine. It does his heart good.
The good father goes to bed without a wife --
but he has known women
who used the pill.

Good father, who are your children?

He's been educated about the world.

Now's his chance to see it. Too bad he has to carry a gun instead of a camera.

One official long brown thin U.S. Government letter brought a happy life to pain and may bring it to end. It is his duty to serve.

This soldier is scrawny. And the tears of leaving his first love home around the corner roll over the splotchy hillets and valleylets of his face in rivulets. The remembrances of chocolate sodas.

They measured his head before the Haircut and now his hat wobbles idiotically on his stubbled head and perches almost on his nose.

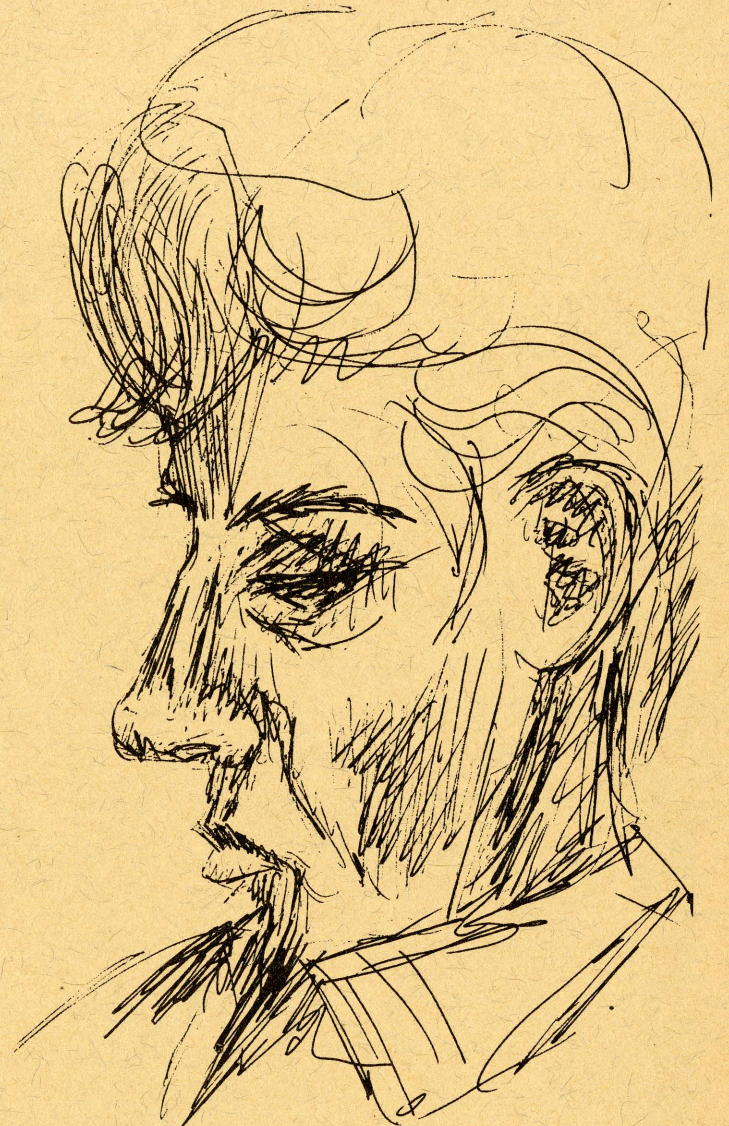
He never cursed before this hat.

The local Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars gave him a dinner.

How proud they were of a hometown boy.

"Kill one for me, Son."

Quietly, he wished to retch up their food.



Born a thirty-five-year-old
spinster sired by state college,
Miss Dobson (known to her closest friends
as Miss Dobson), teaches children.

She wears her hair in the style of any yesteryear
but even a sixth-grader whistled
when her skirt slid above her knee
in social studies.

Don't think the science teacher hasn't noticed, too.

If she has said it once, she has
said it 200 times:

THE BOOK IS CORRECT. THIS IS THE WAY WE LEARN.

THE BOOK IS CORRECT. THIS IS THE WAY WE LEARN.

THE BOOK IS CORRECT. THIS IS THE WAY WE LEARN.

Input equals output. That's a law -- don't think about it.

Because she really doesn't care -- it is only
children she is teaching. She could have
enjoyed having a baby and watching it expand
and grow into a child, into an adult.

She could have enjoyed being a child... especially one
who found a misprint in a book.



Sometimes
I feel like -
Hey - you
whose eyes - eyes
wandering
catch mine and
once again am
lost in the wonder
of you

WHITEY'S NIGHTMARE GOES TO TOWN

(Hello, Chief,
our piano's out of tune.)
Hello, Chief,
these black thugs are lobbing bombs
into my lobby, letting loose
geysers of blue windows
& charred televisions
and even this phone booth is shit hot.
Christ, hurry willya.

Firemen pull in at
the gagging hell,
till suddenly their hoses' spittle
spatters the fan of flames.

The neighborhood coughs up
a brown milling crowd on the street
and kids from next door
drop shooting fouls
to pick up jagged stones
as more fire trucks howl to the scene.

and, say Mister, where you
yesterday unwound, a girl
comes choking down a ladder,
and through the stairs a boot splinters
with the rooms tumbling down
to the wall to wall carpeting
of fire singeing the sullen rain clouds.

High in the shell
of the good night sleep Hotel
dangles an elevator
like a human stove.
Come, Mister, stroll in the vomit-haze,
don't you wonder who the devil did it?

A thin suspect stumbles
sprawling into a litter of firemen's snakes.
This white cop snags him
and slams him against the fender,
shakes down the kid in green silk pants:
what are you doing here, you bastard
where were you going where do you live.

The firemen braved the promiscuous advances
of the, yes, oh baby,
let me light your fire
and civic-minded ladies keep the fighters
alive on coffee in the rain-rot
that afternoon.
Take cream? she gleams at the grimy faces.

Gen Rainsley

Plantation overseers whipped
the psyche of the blackman
raising black welts
like the fire-escapes on the wall.
The whip snaps back in the swirl of smoke,
the survivors zigzag down the scale
and, oh good Moses, the stories rang with song.

The brown dust sears as it blows
around "Duke", a shepherd dog,
tethered to the railing,
who pads over the blistering ivories
of Sheraton's tin piano,
its last flames shrieking
like nails pulled from 2 by 4's.

The finishing chord
struck the dog's owner down:
the Negro pianist pedaled out.
Duke's paces rasp across a riff
built on five story legs
piercing the cement & sepia bottles.
He throws back his head
and lets out a yowl
full of glass
ground into silence.

by Philip Gore

Two dead hermits
talk of a god
they don't even know,

While prancing bitches
parade in shop windows,

And wall to wallstreet
businessmen sell
their souls
short,

Yet, children's laughter listened,
and died
from
old age.

Scott Ellis

KEEPING DRY IN THE CITY

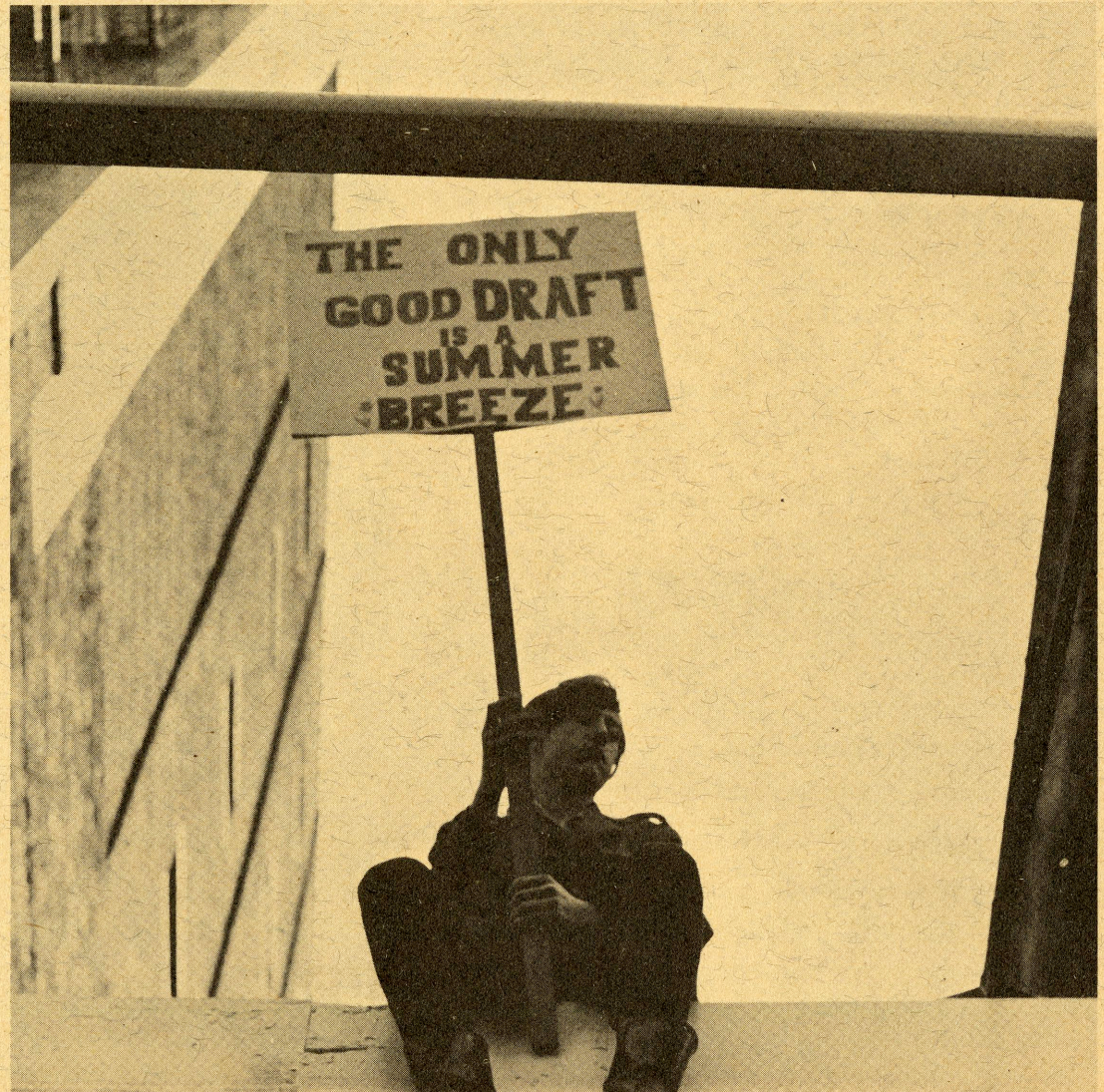
Homeward,
Through the windy rain
And streets splashing,
I fought me a path
With my umbrella.

Yet, as I dashed
Round new-mixed mud,
The less I thought
My foe the wet,
For did I sense me
Fighting my umbrella.

Could any face
Be so worthy
Of the class war
To stay dry,
Which my arms
Wage so morally?

Sometimes I wish
I'd answer: No!
And get me
Thoroughly drenched
Like all the others.

-James Grabill



SOUND

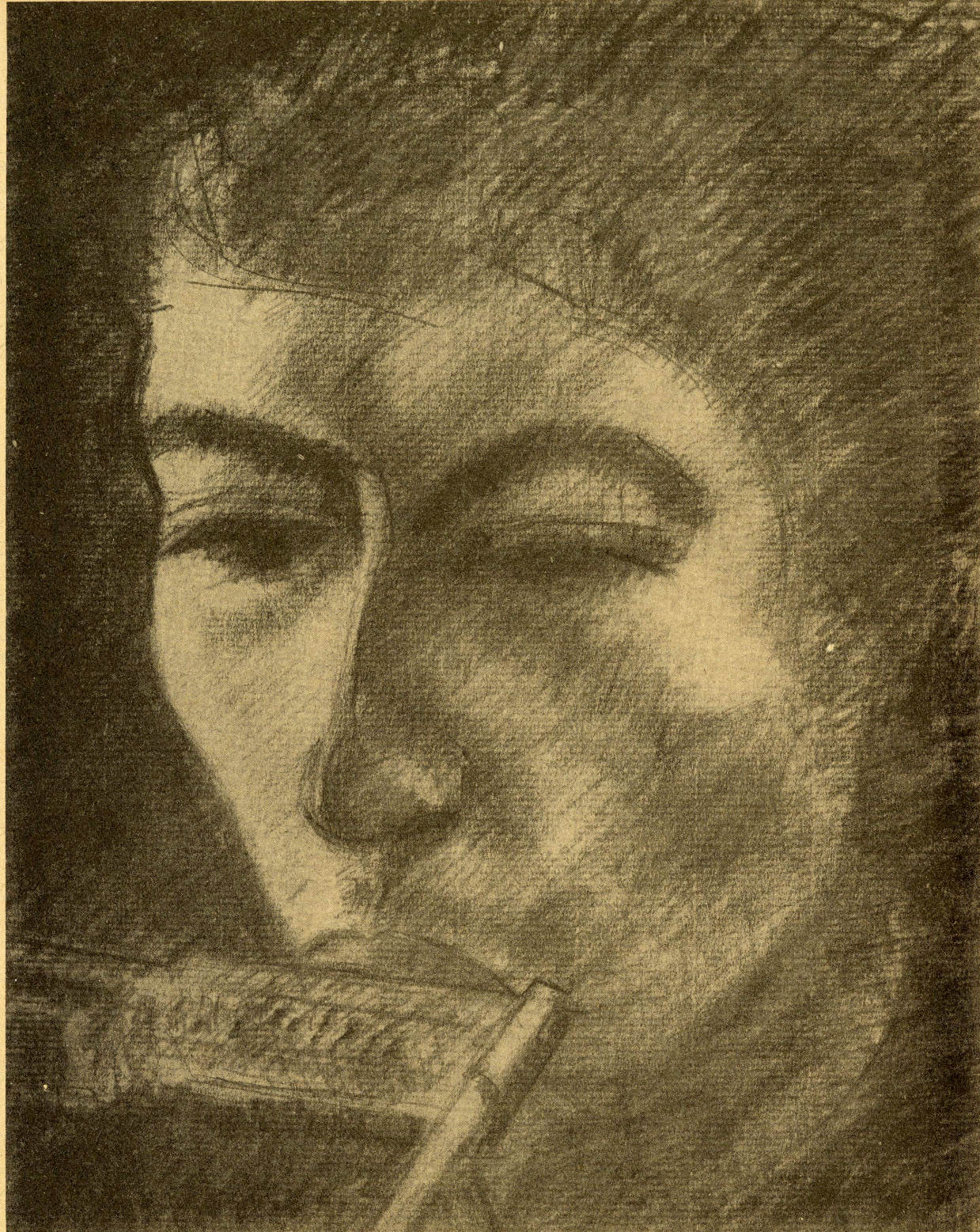
"Nashville Skyline"
by Bob Dylan

The cover smiles a shaggy, older, bearded Dylan tipping his hat to you and grinning content. If you keep the plastic on long enough and if you hold the cover at just the proper angle, your own face joins Dylan's, and you are forced to smile with him. A little too much to the right and your frown can take over, A little too far to the left and it's all Dylan. It's right in the middle, right where the two faces meet that you should listen to Dylan's new place.

The ground of this new place is solid. Good, earthy earth. It starts with taking you to a "Girl from the North Country" that you met back in '62 when ol' Bob was still freewheelin'. Back then it was different. Back then, you kinda had to frantically sandwich her in between lookin' for answers in the wind and damnin' the masters of war. Now there's time to take her slow and easy like. An' bring Johnny Cash along 'cause he's had a bit of experience in the field himself. An' so what if he blows a line or two along the way 'cause that's part of the beauty of it anyhow, an' what the hell d'ya 'spect ol' Bob an' Johnny t' sound like, Sonny and Cher? Then a little goodtime hoedown music, and then ol' Bob's doin' a funky fifties thing about to be "Alone with You". You might get a loada "Peggy Day" while you're there as well. ("...man, that girl is outta sight/ Loveta spenda day with Peggy Night...stole my poor heart away/ Loveta spenda night with Peggy Day").

Dylan once was our angry-street-poet-prophet-spokesman. But now he's got a new place to take us. It's that peaceful-content-soul-mind-place he's discovered after his near fatal accident. When you hear "I Threw it All Away" and "Tell Me that it Isn't True" you remember the Band playing "Music from Big Pink", and you travel back to that big pink house in Woodstock, N.Y. with Dylan and the boys for a good ol' fashioned country dance. The gentlest evocation of the new state of mind with the tender "Lay Lady Lay" ("Lay, lady, lay. Lay across my big brass bed").

cont. p.15



MOVIES

R&J—THE DIFFERENCE IS WITH THE YOUTH

Incidentally, if you leave wondering if Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey, the youthful players of Franco Zeffirelli's Romeo and Juliet could in reality ever make it together, don't worry...they did. Perhaps this actuality is a comfortable and apropos consequence of this filming.

The dynamism of youth, particularly youth in love, as idealized by Whiting (17) and Hussey (16) is placed in stark contrast with the inexplicable arms-length squabbling between the Montagues and Capulets. We see and feel the rushed intensity, impatient touching and rapture between Romeo and Juliet as they scramble to each other on the balcony, hungrily sharing their existences, as meanwhile Tybalt and his Capulet cohorts indulge in deathly jest with Mercutio. These opposing elements characterize Zeffirelli's intentions to utilize age appeal. "The story is of two urchins crushed by a stupid, banal quarrel with origins the adults don't know. In love, the young couple found an ideal—one they could die for—and youth today is hungry for ideals."

I found that this Shakespeare was much more enjoyable on film than on stage, with no lost lines or miscues and "presence" was compensated for by sensitive camera work and enhanced with personal identification. Many lines seem to have been chopped and rephrased, but the effect is negligible, and by the last scene, I found myself wishing that Zeffirelli had even meddled with the inevitable Shakespearean ending.

Hence, if you're feeling amorously involved and dig Shakespeare, make this Wooster syndrome seem completely irrelevant, and see Romeo and Juliet.

Stephen Hark

I tell you, Mother,
That you are barren now;
That your teeming earthen wombs
This spring will be empty;
That kaleidoscope webs will never again,
Sparkle with morning's jewels;
That birds yoursilence
Will not threaten with their unfettered joy.

All broken white grasses
Crash against each other under a futile sun;
Leafless trees now entreat the stark sky,
Begging for the sap to flow again;
Your streams all are stagnant
With filth that once was alive.

I tell you, Mother,
That over your bounteous body
Your most favored and most foolish child
Has spread a Sudden Shrieking Death.

Miriam Jennings

(Delight:

as the consciousness

as the hope as consciousness

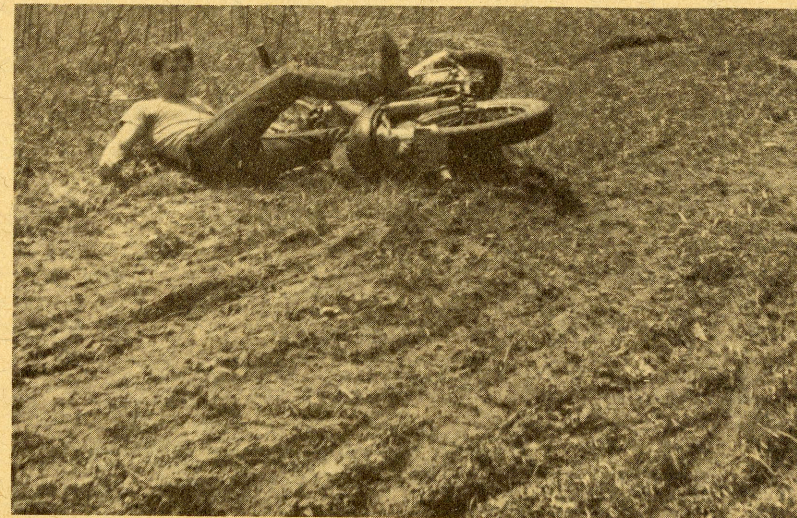
within perception)

Delight!

What can he do that I can't?

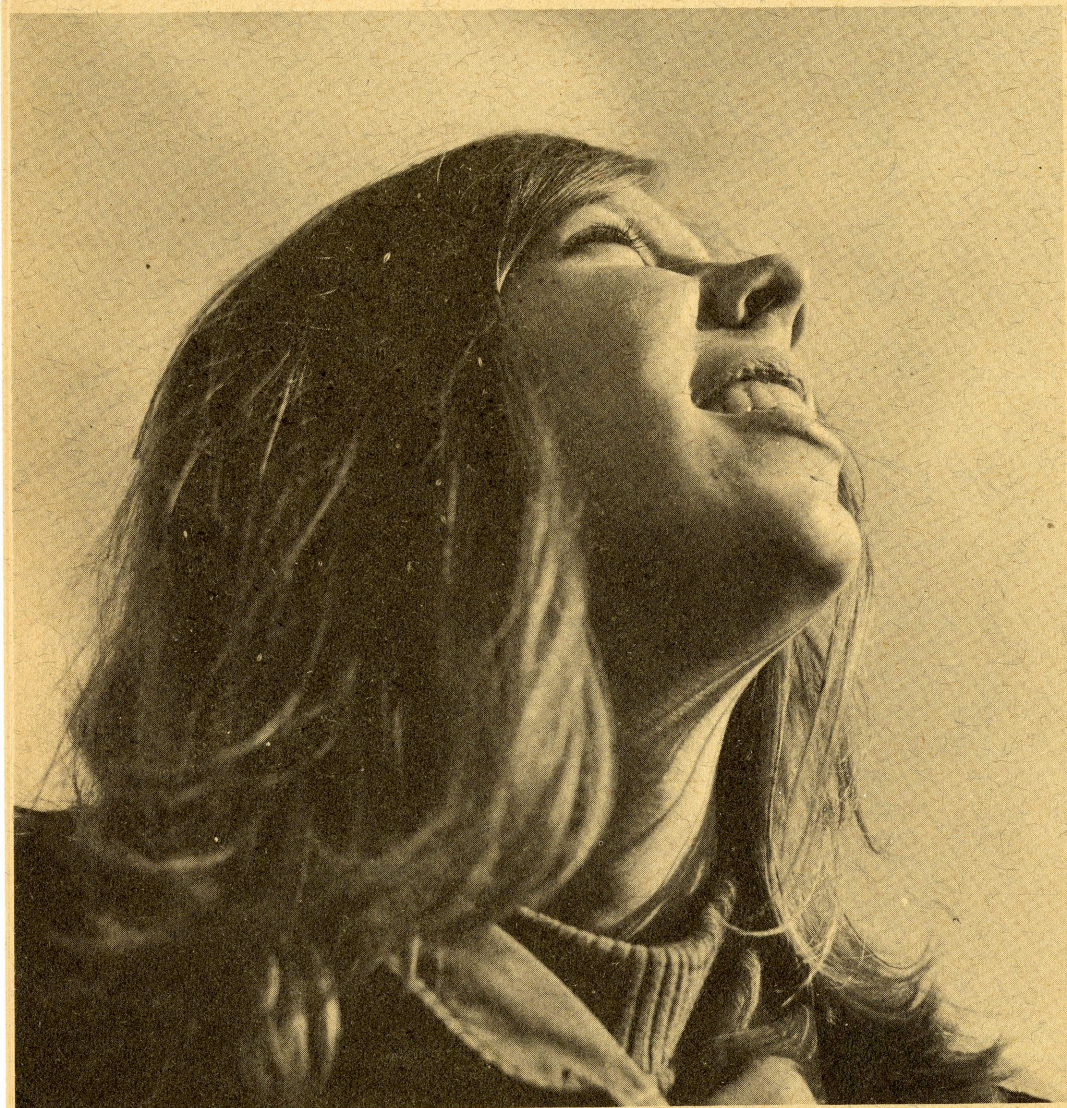
Who?

You!



Interview of sorts with Michael Benedikt Poet

Michael Benedikt, the poet who read here, April 24, was blind-folded after his performance and led to a giant hole in the ground where awaited Wooster's own Literary Inquisition. Below are segments from the questioning:



Dutlinger (learning MB also wrote songs): which one of your poems would you put to music?

MB: I think that's a very hard thing to do. The thing I learned from song lyrics is that things have to develop very naturally. You have to have just enough surprize. It has to lay in very straight, very criso, very clear. They (poem and s ong-writing) are parallel activities; you have to make the jump between them.

Brashear: Did you always write in a loose form or did you start some other way?

MB: I had been deep in Medieval stuff. I translated Medieval verse----I really liked doing that--which influenced my verse. The only strict meter and rhyme I ever did.

Kaven: Do you have any preferences to form?

MB: I do want an open form where a lot of things are possible.

Kaven: What determines a line for you?

MB: When I get bored with it really. It's not a metrical thing at all. I'm very interested in uneconomical language. I'm mostly interested in writing very carelessly, but that's only because I was writing very carefully for awhile. when I say careless, I mean a control within the openness.

Kaven: Do you do much drafting?

MB: Yeah, I do draft. I do try to throw out poems when they're not working. I'd rather go off to something else...I know my poems have meter, though. Once someone showed me a poem of mine written in strict iambic pentameter, and I was rather embarrassed, really. It was meaningful to me though because it was natural. Meter is not my primary concern. I think I'm more interested in imagery. What you can do when you delve into a metaphor.

Brashear: How do you get inspired?

MB: I usually start with things around me. Like morning glory growing a foot away from my desk. I have a cat who sort of goes to my ear and goes mrghsc, and I wrote a poem about it. Sometimes I turn on the radio and am inspired by the first line I hear.

Wenger: Were you always so easily inspired?

MB: It used to be hard. I used to think I had to write poetry. Now that it doesn't matter, it comes easy.

一
路
平
安
救
的
朋
友

"Have a pleasant journey, my friend."

Wenger: You take poetry pretty seriously?

MB: Oh, sure. It's the most important thing.

Wenger: But it should be fun...

MB: One of the processes of redefinition. Poetry doesn't have to be a hassle. That's the great revelation to me...I'm probably closer to my own consciousness. That's where my long lines come from. They're not free association, that's a bad term, it's a type of control I have to have. But control doesn't interest me unless there's expansion. I think it's Carlisle who talked about the bit and the horse. "We see the bit, now where's the horse?" I'm more interested in the bit and horse. Expanding and holding back.

Wenger: If you hadn't gone to college, would your mind have produced the same work?

MB: NO, I wasn't aware of what I was getting when I was getting it. I do feel that poetry changes you. But to know what changes you, you have to know what comes before...There are other ways to get your mind moving. I found college useful, although I didn't appreciate it at the time.

Saven: Have you any feelings about today's poets?

MB: A lot of people are walking around dead, and they don't know it. That's why you don't have to kill them.

Saven: What do you think of Roethke or Wallace Stevens?

MB: You named the two American poets who would be in my top ten. Roethke also taught at Bennington, and I find his ghost here and there.

Brashear: Do you consider yourself a romanticist?

MB: In a way, but most my interest in poetry came from a classical background. What I'm doing now sort of surprises me. I used to hate the Romanticists. A lot of what I'm doing is influenced by them... I like Wordsworth very much. I think he's absolutely amazing. It's too bad people always think of that damn poem, The Daffodils; they'd like Wordsworth a lot better.

Brashear: What about levels in your poetry?

MB: I want levels, but I want the first level to be the one that gets through. That seems to be the difference between my poetry and my contemporaries'.

Saven: You were talking about the poet wearing a mask...

MB: The idea of masks makes me sick, frankly. There's a sense of being something else. There's a sense where you don't know yourself. But it's not the sense of adopting masks. It's not done deliberately like becoming the girl who sells flowers in Grand Central Station...I think Jung says that every word we use is loaded with decision and uncertainty because we all use words in different ways. It's a problem we're working with, which words to use. Everyone does it, and so everyone is a kind of a poet.

Brashear: Do you go through periods of long frustration?

MB: When I have periods of frustration I usually go on to something else. You should be ready not to write poetry. That's one of the great options a poet has. I have to keep in touch with my own head by trying every now and then to see if I'm in a good period or not...I always had this general attitude that poetry is enjoyable. And if you're not enjoying yourself, why should anyone read it? And enjoyment is something I'm all for.

Molstad: Do you rely much on other people's opinions?

MB: Usually, I try to come to my own conclusions. I do have people confer with me to see how they look at things.

Wenger: Are you trying to get anything else across besides that poetry is fun?

MB: Yeah, poetry is not fun. It's not like rolling a hoop along a lawn. Let's say it's more fun than people think it is. The reactions to my poems are very different. Sometimes women burst into tears over some of the same lines you people thought were shrieks, and you're both right. And I want that ambiguity, because experience is like that. It's fun, but I would say it's a gas. Fun is too specific...I never know how an audience will react. I'm thinking of signs like they have on TV shows. Have a little guy run out with a sign saying "Laugh, everybody". A little crude as a method...

Lawrence: For better or worse, poetry seems to be an academic experience...

MB: I don't agree with your premise. Not only is poetry not confined to the campus, I don't think it's confined to the page. I've been giving my poems as happenings lately. One on West 26th Street, I projected by rear projection some rather scandalous films on a translucent screen on a third story loft window, and had the audience stand down on W. 26th St. looking up with the cars coming by with music coming out and poems coming out. Not

confused, but a very planned thing. And cars would come to a screeching halt. You have to do it very fast. Do it and beat it. I also have been giving clean happenings... I guess that's what I really think I'm doing. I'm a serious poet using materials in a witty way.

Peter: Will the artist be an individual from now on, or will a group of people get together and work on things?

MB: I think people will work together in groups and do work. The question is, will people live together or get together once a week. I like collaboration very much.

Kaven: How do you manage to stay alive writing poetry?

MB: You (looking at K.) call that dying? I call that flourishing. If you're one of the dying around here, I'd like to see the living.

I am somewhere else;
come and find me.

End



People have been very kind to me
today

You must run your own course

I too must run
still wanting to share
that poetry of minutes
that smile

that...

but You must run your own course
and People have been very kind to me
today.

Tomorrow - Easter
tomorrow
just as He rose alone
so must You
and I
alone.

Another today
You will run with another me
but People have been very kind
and yet -
no.
You must run your own course
today.

3/26/69
Martha
Balakutak

USA ABM: yes or no

This personal reaction to the ABM written by Keith Forsyth does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Rababash staff. Any arguments to the contrary will be considered for future publication. - Ed.

The anti-ballistic missile system presently being debated in Congress is known as "Safeguard", a relatively small and inexpensive (\$6 billion) one compared to the heavy ABM proposed by the Johnson administration. At this time, passage is fairly certain in the House, but the debate rages in the Senate.

All ABM systems have the same basic technology. A long distance radar network picks up an incoming ICBM, and through a complex electronic system, directs an ABM toward it. The ABM is guided toward an interception above the atmosphere, and as the missiles approach, it detonates its own warhead which sets off the enemy weapon. Should any missiles get past this screen, a small, fast ABM attempts the same process. There are many variations of this system designed to counter several types of enemy missiles, but they are basically the same. "Safeguard" is designed to protect our missile sites against very light attacks. It also offers some minimal protection to the rest of the country.

To understand the arguments about the ABM, it is necessary to know what the "deterrence" system is. Under this system, an aggressor is prevented from launching a nuclear attack because he knows that his opponent can inflict unacceptable damage upon the aggressor by means of a retaliatory strike. The only way of breaking this stalemate (which presently exists and probably will continue in the foreseeable future) is the acquisition of a "first strike" capability by one side. This means that one side must amass such a powerful offensive weaponry that it can prevent retaliation by being able to destroy almost all of the other nation and its weaponry.

In this context, ABM is not as defensive as it sounds. A heavy system would not only make it much harder for the enemy to develop "first strike", it would also give us great freedom to attack since we could probably prevent a retaliation. A light system, such as "Safeguard", would have the same effect but only on minor nuclear forces such as China will have in a few years. Also, the fact that protection is being afforded missile sites and not cities shows that we are less interested in protecting people than weapons.

The purpose of "Safeguard", therefore, becomes a bit confused. The Defense Department claims that the system is designed to defend against attack by the Chinese in the 1970's or against an accidentally fired missile, both unlikely occurrences. A Chinese attack within the foreseeable future would be suicidal, with or without ABM, since we possess such an overwhelming nuclear superiority.

The process of firing an ICBM is quite complex and contains many safety factors, a system unlikely to be set off by chance.

The Administration has repeatedly suggested another reason for ABM: Russia. The real pressure for ABM began when it was learned that the Russians were working on their own ABM and were contemplating deployment around Moscow. In the campaign, press conferences after the inauguration, and the Senate hearings, the possibility has been raised of using the ABM as a bargaining tool with the Russians, or later expanding it into a heavy system. Defense Secretary Laird has already attempted to prove that the Russians are driving toward the achievement of "first strike", in contradiction to testimony given by Johnson's expert on weapons systems. cont. p.15



Two Ladylove Poems



My Ladylove Sleeps

Hush!

For my ladylove sleeps
in her chair
where the floor
is too far for her feet.

Her feet
(in sleep)

gently rise
gently fall

she's six again
she swings again
barely missing the mud spring ground.
beneath her
she

digs in her toes for that one final push
and rises till she scatters and shatters
the brown paper wrapper
that covers the sky.

In sleep,
she's six again
she swings again.

Hush!

For my ladylove sleeps
in her chair
where the floor
is too far for her feet.

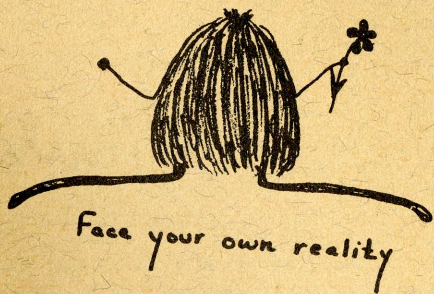
Bob Brashear
4/69

She Smiling Springlike

She smiles an exploding smile
(the one I call my ladylove
though quite surprised she'd be
to hear that name
supplied by me)
and jumps a bit as well
to hear me tell
of a day soon to come
with borrowed brown horses to ride
and a borrowed bower to hide inside
and eat some spring
picnic things

most likely it will be a good day for flying kites
after all , who can tell ?
and I hear we can borrow his stream
as well
and maybe we can fish about
for hidden speckled silver trout
or silver apples that fell in the stream
last night while the moon was skinny-dipping

Bob Brashear
4/9/69



(ABM cont.)

At this point, it is necessary to mention that any ABM system can be nullified by expansion or modification of the enemy's system, and at a cost not out of proportion to the cost of ABM. This is a possibility for Russia and China. It is easy to see how an ABM would be countered by a corresponding expansion of the opposition's nuclear force, initiating a new spiral of the arms race.

Not only can the system be countered, it may not work in the first place. ABM, even in the light of safeguard even in the light of "Safeguard", would be the most complex technological system ever developed by man. As such, many prominent scientists have serious doubts that it would work and feel that it can be properly tested only by a nuclear attack.

In short, the proposed system is directed not towards China nor an accidental missile firing, but towards Russia. The proposed thin system would have no effect on the Russians other than stimulating them to begin construction of their own system. "Safeguard" is only a base for later expansion into a heavy system which might not only fail, but also would begin a new stage in the arms race, a race to gain the ability to destroy the enemy utterly. It has been pointed out how this so-called defense would, in reality, be an offense, enabling the U.S. to strike with little fear of retaliation. The system would act not so much to protect the people of this nation and the peace of the world, but to line the pockets of certain industries which thrive on war, and to further expand the mili-

tarism of this country so that we may pursue a policy of aggression rather than one of peace. end

(Dylan Cont.)

The most familiar place happens with "Country Pie" which takes you to ol' Doc's (before he moved it to Willie's and went back to med school) for a little bit o' drinkin' an' watchin' them painted women hustlin' the country boys in for a night on the town. Or, the good ol' Sportsman's Bar with cribbage old men and pool greasy youngers. Or, late night raps at the ol' (all night) Min's. Or, cowboy live music at the Pipeliner. Or, tattooed funnypaper hamburger arms at Dot's. Hmmm, yes.

Hell, you might be so surprized at "Dylan's second octave" that you won't enjoy yourself at first. So, listen to it again. And again. And again. It's definitely a good trip to a good place all the way.

As Johnny Cash says,

"Herein lies one hell of a poet
And lots of other things,
And lots of other things."

reviewed by in many ways envious
bob brashear

"Don 't you know what's going on out there? Can't you hear it? And even if you can't hear it, it's going on just the same."

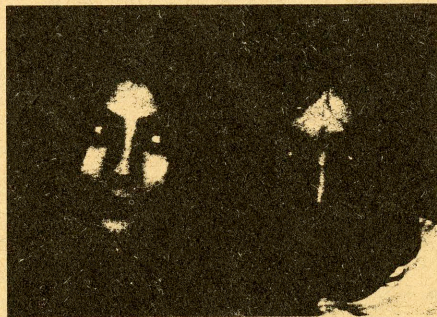
-Gloria and Esperanza
by Julie Bovasso

Teenager Calls Rock'n' Roll Music Plot by Reds to Control Minds

To the Editor:

I am a typical Columbus teenager writing this letter as a last effort from a dying freedom.

Before you read on, I might mention that I said a typical teenager. I am with one exception, I am interested in the future of my country. I loved rock 'n' roll music until I found out what it was. I practiced intentional teenager rebellion, and so on. But during spring vacation, I went to Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C. This is a nondenominational religious (Christian) university.



maidenform

They finally did it! Somebody made a bra big enough to fit the Statue of Liberty, no less. Joey Skaggs, a New Yorker who likes to shock people, first hung his forty foot creation between Wall and Law Streets. Threatened by a few embarrassed people who apparently disapprove of employing underwear for other uses such as kite tails as well as sculpture, Joey rehung his bra between the Treasury Building and a statue of George Washington. Inevitably, someone called the fuzz who sired in, looked at Joey and his friends, and carted one off (the hairiest, perhaps?) for "conspiracy to commit an undermining of the morality of alltaxpaying Americans," approximately half of which, wear bras themselves.

(This interesting tidbit of info was found in the 2/28/69 East Village Other in "Decomposition" by Da Latimer.

Closed dorms promote homosexuality

Crush all smokes
dead out

THIS CAN be stopped by cutting down on the support of this "Communist propaganda," censoring our television, and simply controlling the teenagers' wave lengths."

Jeffrey Groff.
Columbus.

WED., APRIL 23, 1969 ** Columbus Dispatch

(I)

High society's handsome child held his beer tightly and folded his legs underneath the chair. The barroom at 'The Skier's Paradise' is especially cozy on a cold, windy night during the season; it is dark and elegant, but there is a cheap Alpine look about it: the fireplace is authentic but the bartender's Swiss mountain-climbing shorts are not.

The bartender was shining glasses and not paying attention to the two boys talking at intervals over a center-room table. At six P.M. the room was usually empty, everyone eating supper somewhere or resting in the rooms of the hotel.

"Have a pretzel." Tad flicked one across the table. Gaynor put the stein down and lifted the pretzel slowly, looking at the fake snow glued in the little window panes now.

"I gotta get drunk tonight...where'm I gonna get some Vodka," splitting the pretzel into many parts and gently tossing them into the ash tray. "Gotta have something besides pretzels."

Tad ate a pretzel. "I like them." A minute elapsed. Although Gaynor was markedly better looking and many times richer than Tad, they looked two of a kind in the barroom; they both violated the niceness of the beer mugs on the wall and the dirtless atmosphere of upper class taste. Gaynor smelled slightly of cologne and the collars of his red mackinaw were turned up. He felt as clean as he should be.

"Hey gaynor...is she sort of stupid?"

Gaynor tapped his fingers, annoyed at the question. "She's pretty smart. She gets straight A's at that place she goes to...Miss Quimbly's or something. She's smart, she just gets horny once in a while."

Tad chewed on another pretzel. "You sure of this?"

Mark Gaynor turned his head to stare at the cheese and crackers on a table in the corner. His stomach felt too queasy to want any; they looked pretty, though; five different kinds of crackers: Sesame, Ritz, Tris-

"Hey Gaynor, yes or no?"

"I'm pretty sure...her mother's kind of a whore, been married a few times...She doesn't have a father either, I mean, he comes and sees her once in a while. But she's nice, I mean, she's really really nice."

"You'll get her."

"Fuck you."

"Don't get pussy about it....What is Mister Gaynor so righteous about all of a sudden? How many times has it been you told me so much about?" Mark's mixed and unmoving guilt was not to be bullied. The rites of manhood had tickled the remnants of guilt into submission anyway. "Many, many times my friend." This was a lie.

"You won't even let a friend in on a good thing."

"You think she's a prostitute or something? She'd probably pass you over even if she was....God!... Hey Wendy, this is my friend, he would like your bod." Gaynor leaned back in his chair. "She's got a few friends she might let you touch."

"Thanks a lot."

"Anytime..." He suddenly drummed a heavy rhythm on the table and whispered a one-note song, "Oh man,, I gotta get drunk, yea I must must." etc. Tad yawned while the pounding continued. Gaynor closed his eyes and swayed his head to the beat of his new song.