

The College of Wooster

Open Works

Alternative Voices

Special Collections

5-1960

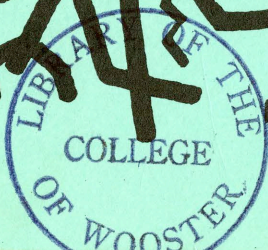
Thistle: Thorn (Vol. 1, No. 1)

Follow this and additional works at: https://openworks.wooster.edu/alternative_voices

Recommended Citation

"Thistle: Thorn (Vol. 1, No. 1)" (1960). *Alternative Voices*. 17.
https://openworks.wooster.edu/alternative_voices/17

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at Open Works, a service of The College of Wooster Libraries. It has been accepted for inclusion in Alternative Voices by an authorized administrator of Open Works. For more information, please contact openworks@wooster.edu.



THORN



THORN

Editor	Erik Sandberg-Diment
Assistant Editor	Joe Mortenson
Art	John Woodall
Business	Bill Tanner
Copy	Sue McNeill
	Ellie Kuykendall
Fiction	Bill Thompson
Photography	Ian Whitlock
Publicity	Jayne Bennett

Readers

Jan Borgia
Robert Hawk
Edwin Kagin
Robert Kurtz
Terry Spieth
Fon Vestal

THORN is published four times a year by The Vine Press in cooperation with The College of Wooster, but without any affiliation with the College.

Volume I, Number 1. May, 1960
\$.35 per issue

The brutal brown thorns
of freedom
Are pricking away at the lives of people
with nothing to do.
The more they run to their possessions,
the deeper the thorns do dig.
Let them once more sit in the woods
and listen to the quiet sounds of nature.
For a moment let them revel in a world
with nothing to own and everything to do.
Then bring them back and let them look,
from the outside,
At a little white sign,
tied with green,
to the corner of the world:
DO NOT OPEN TILL SANITY

--Erik Sandberg-Diment

THE LATE SHOW

Night is the Schweppervescence depending.
Asphalt likening absence,
 silent quivering...
Isolation becoming nomenclature
 ruttet in infinity
Without the barest movement
 to ripple eben solemnity.

A cat oozes through shadow—
 sinuesity padding.
A drop of It, formless, envelops Babylon.
Wait.
Pillows threaten demons,
 demons forever hemorrhage Fear.

Id swimming, submerging paths scar vacuity.
Kaleidoscopic emotions pretract my struggle,
Couched in the corner, wall-eyed,
 mind-grasping.
The essence seeps ever Nowhere; I succumb.

I despair, empty of hope, clutching my noose
God, Athene, whoever...portent of salvation,
Change somewhat, hear—bring vengeance,
Bring.....something.

—St. Market

LIEBESLIED

Ach! du liebliche Gestalt
Die ich vor meinen Augen halt;
Du kühlst meine fiebrige Stirne ab,
Du wärmst mir auch mein Herz.
Wie rein du kommst zu meinem Mund!
Wie süß du schmeckst an meinen Lippen!
Du brausest immer glücklich auf,
Du begleitest meinen Lebenslauf,
Du füllst meine Seele mit Begier:
Du bist mein schönes, kaltes Bier!

--David W. Seaman

1960—YEAR OF DECISION

In any election, behind the razzle-dazzle facade of slogans, speeches, and spectacular campaign stunts loom the fundamental issues of administrative policy and legislative purpose which the voter should examine critically before casting his ballot. In the 1960 presidential election, perhaps more so than in any other election in the last one hundred years, the American voter will be confronted with problems and issues of tremendous magnitude and far-reaching consequence. The solution of these problems and the resolving of these issues might very well determine either the survival of our nation as a world leader, or the demise of our entire free world society.

One of the most widely discussed issues is the debate on defense. Eisenhower Administration critics charge that our nation's defense program has lagged and that soon the Russians will be able to destroy, or effectively neutralize our retaliatory power, thus eliminating any nuclear war deterrent existing now. In a side-stepping rebuttal, Republicans point out to their Democratic rivals that any basic lag in the program was a legacy of the Truman Administration under

whose auspices the missile race was begun. In the last few months, however, the Democrats have fired a counter-salvo based on Congressional testimony which indicates that the Administration, in an attempt to satisfy its budget-balancing mania, knowingly juggled intelligence reports of Russian strength in order to avoid further increase or expansion in our defense and missile programs.

Two sideshow issues of the defense debate circus are the questions of consolidation of the armed services and the problem of disarmament. Unification of the military services, so it is argued, would facilitate a more intense program of missile and rocket development and would eliminate senseless competition and costly duplication which now exists under our separate programs. The whole problem of disarmament with a foolproof inspection system has been soft-pedaled in the cacophony of the arms race; it could become a major issue, however, at any time.

In the area of foreign policy and world leadership, the main question seems to be, "Have we had any?" Until recently, the nation has been suffering from a chronic case of drifting brinkmanship, interrupted by spasms of erratic reaction to Russian activity in scattered areas of the world. Lately, in a flurry of exchange visits, the President

finally assumed his rightful role of the chief formulator of policy and precipitated some global glad-handing. There is no doubt that this has done something to boost our plunging prestige abroad, but good-will tours alone, it seems to this writer, are no substitute for a positive foreign policy and cannot provide adequate competition to Russian economic rivalry.

The question which both political parties must answer concerning civil rights involves the use of the term "States Rights." How long is this term going to smoke-screen the denial of human rights? The credit for the first civil rights legislation since Reconstruction must go to the Congress. The nation awaited the comment of the President on the Supreme Court decision of 1954. In 1957 when that comment finally came, it was an expression of regret, indecision, and apprehension. The nation had waited for bold leadership; it had waited in vain.

The issue of a balanced budget is bound to be bandied about this year. Tied directly to it is the Administration's favorite scare-word, inflation. Budget-balancing was the reason given for the Administration's axeman-ship on bills to provide housing, aid to education, medical insurance to the aged, national defense, and a host of other needed

public expenditures. The cry of inflation was used by management and the Administration to combat wage-increase demands of labor, particularly in the recent prolonged steel strike, in which, by the way, neither labor nor management showed any sense of responsibility to the welfare of the general public and the national security. What management and the Eisenhower Administration neglected to tell the public was that recent increases in insurance company rates and banking interest rates which the banks and the insurance corporations received from the friendly Administration were just as inflationary as labor's demands for higher wages and, in some cases, actually precipitated those demands.

This brings up the issue of objectivity and fairness in government regulation. In the area of federal regulatory agencies we have witnessed another Administration leadership failure. Staffed by those whom they are supposed to regulate, these agencies have ceased to be the sentinels of our society. But for the conscientious work of Congressional investigating committees "Payola," rigged quiz shows, flagrant violations of conflict of interest laws, and forms of favoritism would still continue unhampered. The malfeasance and negligence of the Eisenhower-appointed agency heads is truly shocking.

Certainly almost as shocking have been the results of Congressional investigations into the cancerous racketeering in the labor movement. In attempting to cure the disease, however, legislative physicians have not exercised sufficient caution to insure against the ultimate destruction of the patient.

On the farm issue neither party has been able to come up with a real solution to the problem. A series of stop-gap measures dating from the New Deal have only served to complicate the situation where we have too many farmers producing too much food at too little profit. The government is spending almost twice as much money for farm aid, i.e., purchase of crops, soil bank, "loans," and storage of surpluses, as it is currently spending for foreign aid. Compounding the problem is the disproportionate rural representation in the state legislatures and in Congress.

Finally, the issue of party philosophy will be important in the coming election. The so-called "New Republicanism" of the Eisenhower-Nixon team has been unimpressive. Their Administration has been characterized by a general "no go, not now, veto" policy. New Republicanism has evidenced a basic leadership gap, a mental paralysis, and an intellectual poverty.

On the other hand, what direction and purpose we have achieved has come from the Democrats in Congress. Their attitude is that "we have much to gain,...not that we have much to lose." They believe we must do for the people what they cannot do at all, or as well, for themselves. The Democrats, despite all of their intra-party weaknesses and short-comings, offer action instead of reaction; they offer positive programs rather than calculated stagnation. In the words of Chester Bowles, the Republicans are the party of "memory," the Democrats, the party of "hope."

In 1860 the voters of the United States made their decision; a civil war resulted, but national union was achieved. In 1960 the voters of the United States will again make their decision; the result will not be the same, but the consequences may be as equally portentous.

—Al Klyberg

This biased piece of political writing was included as a study in style, and to perhaps arouse some controversy on this otherwise apathetic campus. It does not necessarily represent the opinion of any members of the Thorn. All rebuttals are welcome and will be considered for the October issue.

E. S-D.

SCIENCE AND THE PRESENT AGE

Sophocles knew long ago
Of rational misery,
Of the thoughts of men who did not know,
Of men who would not see;
And sought for higher things
Than those that logic proved
And left behind
Broken idols of the mind
That tried to rule his will,
The will his spirit moved.
But now
The people have another Baal:
A slide-rule truth that cannot fail.

An Augustine is needed now
To bind the spirit to the mind,
A blind Tireseas must rise
To see a people's error, and to warn
That science's cold heart is blind.
Socrates must ask again,
"What do you know of any worth
Beyond these mundanities of earth?"

A new Prometheus must give
A free fire of spirit that may burn
The heart from this unseeing rock of tyranny,
So rational man again may learn
To escape infallible test-tube truth,
That enslaves the "Modern Mind",
And give us once again
The will to live as men.

Then Phoenix-like from off the mire
Of hopes turned ashes, thoughts may rise
Above the knowledge we acquire
And seek the solace of the skies;
Thus purified may man aspire
To leave blind, vain, and haughty cries
To the destruction of the fire.
A science of the spirit may begin
And give us once again
The will to live as men.

--Edwin Kagin

GUM TREE

To please the stars the gum tree spreads
its solemn fingers humble wide;
To woo the rain in wisdom glistens
gum's old face of streaked hide
To scorn the mortal,
Laugh at time,
To smile on sorrow's sweet repine,
To hold the world in truth's white fingers,
life's own never-ending rhyme
The ageless gum forever pointing,
grey-blue fingers man anointing,
life's true signpost ours disjoining,
The simple secret to confide.

--Terry Spieth



FUNERAL

Along a geometric course a salty tear
redundant rolls,
parallel lines too straight for sorrow's
passion
Reluctant tears precision-matched pursue a
proper track
along a powdered nose too stingy with its
chalk.
YOU WHITE LUMP NOSE between your channeled
streams,
STAY your sniffs enough to smell the
TOO-SWEET mouths of red fat flowers
growing on an alien brass box...
screwed shut

Oh screaming dirge-candle, hide the ghost-
wet peeking faces,
Blot out old bible-face's droning
Hate the endless straight lines of tears,
the cool tears
drowning
a dead man

--Terry Spieth

POST MORTEM

Grief rises
On the cold night wind
Twisting mosaics of branches
Wrenching the torn, shabby clouds
From the moon.

--author unknown

Do you remember April nights
when we wandered the moss hills
seeking from battered books,
while anvil rain stormed the earth
with regiments of hussar drops
and dorm lights shone like candles
in a cemetery church.

--R. E. Hawk

Ce n'est pas lui qui était le coupable
C'était nous.
C'était nous et notre société, notre noyau.
C'était nous qui pensons que nous sommes
parfaits,
C'était nous qui l'avons tué--pas lui-même.
C'était nous qui l'avait arraché du monde
qui avait besoin de lui.
C'était nous qui l'avons volé de l'université.
C'était nous qui aimons croire le plus mal
des autres.

Pourquoi?

Pourquoi sommes-nous comme ceci?

Pourquoi sommes-nous coupables?

Pourquoi était-ce nous? Pourquoi?

Pourquoi est notre noyau comme ceci?

Pourquoi pensons-nous que nous sommes
parfaits?

Pourquoi l'avons-nous tué? Pourquoi?

Pourquoi l'avons-nous arraché du monde?

Pourquoi l'avons-nous volé de l'université?

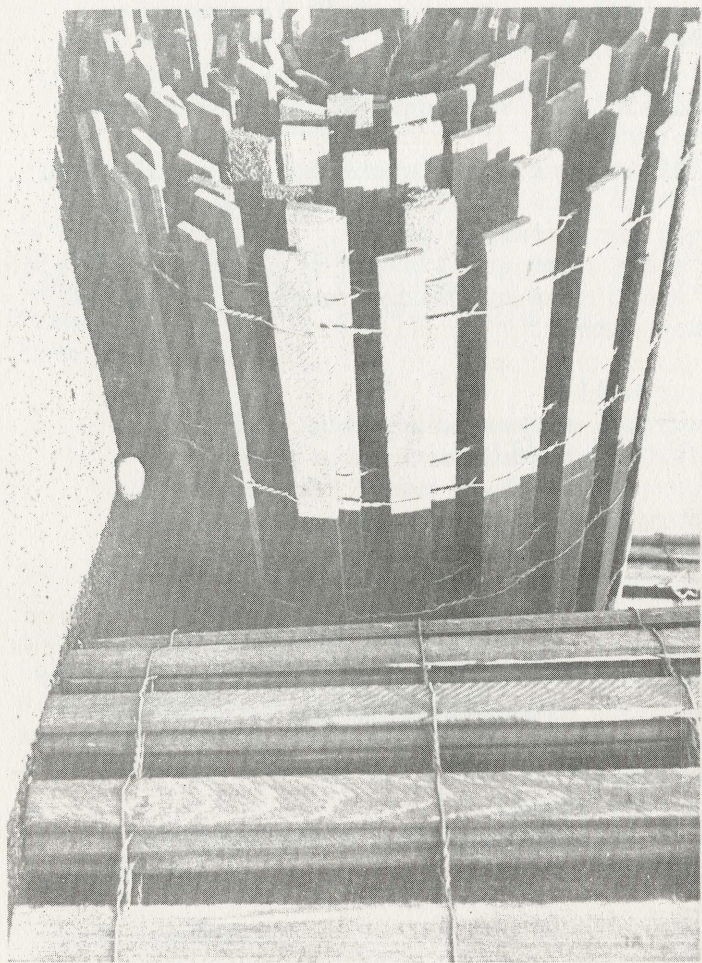
Pourquoi aimons-nous croire le plus mal
des autres?

Pourquoi?

Je vous dirai:

Parce que nous sommes des égoïstes
inguérissables.

--Barbara Beck



icon

eyeless icon
damn the gods
 my brother is dead
 black fragments
 hurled
 hell bent
 my brother is dead
damn the gods
 their names are nothing
 before the mountains move
damn the gods
 icons
 hewn of hell
 my sister dies a virgin
 the viper even lives
damn the gods
 whirling i
 i stand staring at the ashen sky
 and feel the mist on my tilted face
 yet feel the wet sand between my toes
 i stand
DIE, GODS, DIE

—F. J. Mortenson

분노의 시대
최재서

THE ANGRY GENERATION

Four thousand young angry lions
Swept to the Ahyun hill,
Leaped the walls
Like the youth of Sparta
Who swept the plains of Marathon.

Unbelieving and stunned,
The old shepherd could not trust his eyes.
Were these his gentle sheep?
Was the miracle, that long-awaited miracle
At last to appear?
Turning his white head,
He casts his amazed eyes upon the sky.
Upon the frowning forehead of the sky
Dark bits of cloud dashed about—
Perhaps they may send the rain,
Rain to feed this barren land,
The young angry lions,
Fed into the white dust—BUT,
Before the rain
Tears streamed from the shepherd's eyes
Wetting his old cheeks.

Who whispered into their ears?
Who is the leader that runs at the head?
Only a conscience that hates the wrong
Whispers into their ears.
Only a conscience that cannot ignore
The injustices they see
Leads them on their way.

From East, West, North, South,
The students gathered like whirlwind...
The wrong flew away like wind;
The dry leaf of injustice is burned.
Are these the angelic soldiers
Who crushed the Assyrians in the night?
Do not talk to them
Of outcomes and results.
The breath of the many raises storms;
The feet of the many cause earthquake.
Look, on the bank of the Potomac River
The angry waves hit the rocks.
At Number 10 Downing Street
The doors shook loudly.
And the free men of the world
Smiled at the rare taste of sweetness...

Listen! The vibrations encircle the world.
In Madrid, Lisbon, and Istanbul;
In Cuba, in Venezuela,
The dictators felt the sudden shudder,
And quaked like victims of the plague.

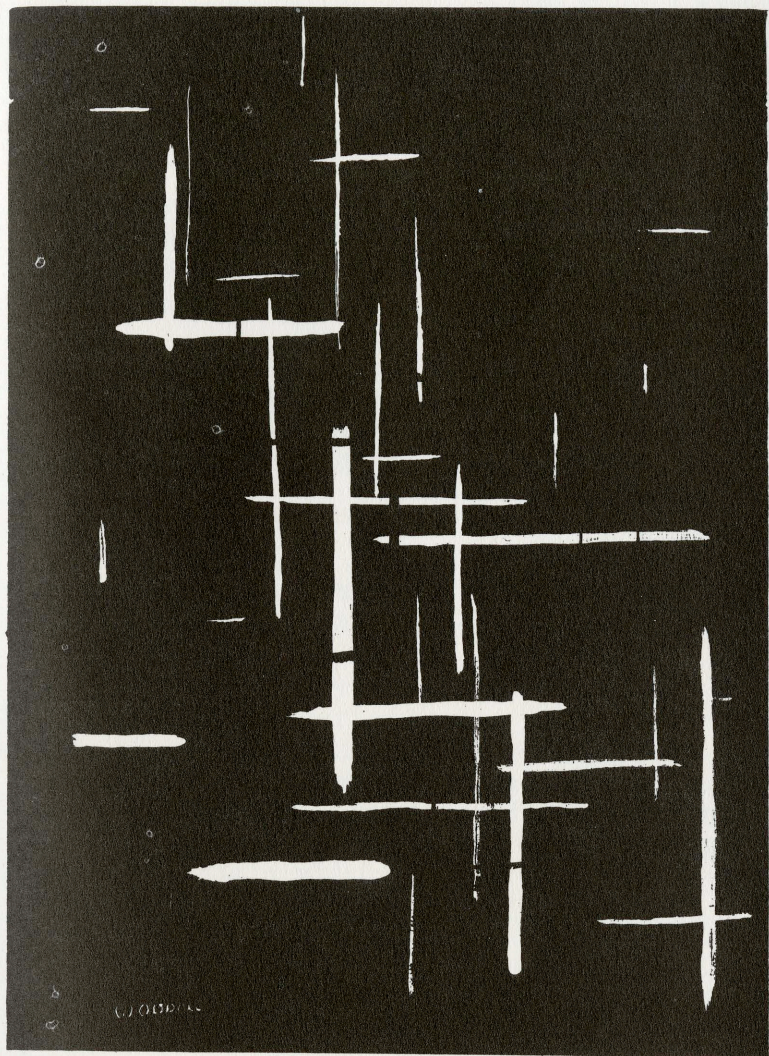
You who recorded the golden phrase
That even in the mire a rose may bloom.
Come and see
The wondrous flower
That blossomed from the blood of our youth!
What is the name of this flower?
We call it the flower of anger.

You who called this age
"The lost generation,"
You critics! Come, see and revise,
Revise your definition, and record in history--
"In Korea in 1960 lived an angry generation."

--Jae-Suh Choi*

Translated from the Korean by Sang Hyun Lee,
with Edwin Kagin

*Mr. Jae-Suh Choi, a leading authority on English literature and widely known writer, teaches in Yonsei University, Seoul, Korea. Yonsei is the second-largest university in the country and is Protestant-church-related. Its faculty, as well as its student body, actively participated in the recent student demonstrations. The above poem was written on April 21 and published in Yonsei Chun-Chu, the university newspaper, on April 27.



W. O. B. L.

PALM SUNDAY, 1960

"I am God," sayeth the Fool.

"We hear You, Lord,"
replies the mass of fools.

"I am Omniscient."

"We are ignorant."

"I am Omnipresent."

"We are insignificant."

"I am Omnipotent."

"We are weak."

"I am Noble."

"We are humble."

"I am your Master."

"We are your slaves."

"Fear me."

"We fear."

"I command."

"We obey."

"I am Good."

"We are evil."

"Hate evil."

"We hate."

But then a voice from the very depths
of the human heart crowd, crying...

"BUT I LOVE."

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

--W. P. Bishop

Sueño al principio

En la noche oscura, añoro,
Cuando están las estrellas desnudas
De sus mantos lustrosos de oro,
Pienso en todas mis dudas.

Mañana será otro día...
Un paso más sobre el camino
De la existencia mía
Que determinará mi destino

Dos ojos brillantes yo veo;
Una boca tan triste y querida...
Y el temor que yo tengo más feo
Es que se entre el amor en mi vida.

El futuro es libre y en calma;
La calle es sin barricada...
Pero tú, el ladrón de mi alma,
Puedes dejar la puerta cerrada.

--Liz Kranz

The night
Is beginning to crinkle
Toward this day
Like a sheet of worn crepe paper
Torn and greying
The irregular mosaic
Of green traffic lights
And pink neon
Is glaring
From the guilt of dirty
People of a night.

--Fon Vestal

MILTON:

"What if earth...
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and
Things therein
Each to each other like
More than on earth is thought."

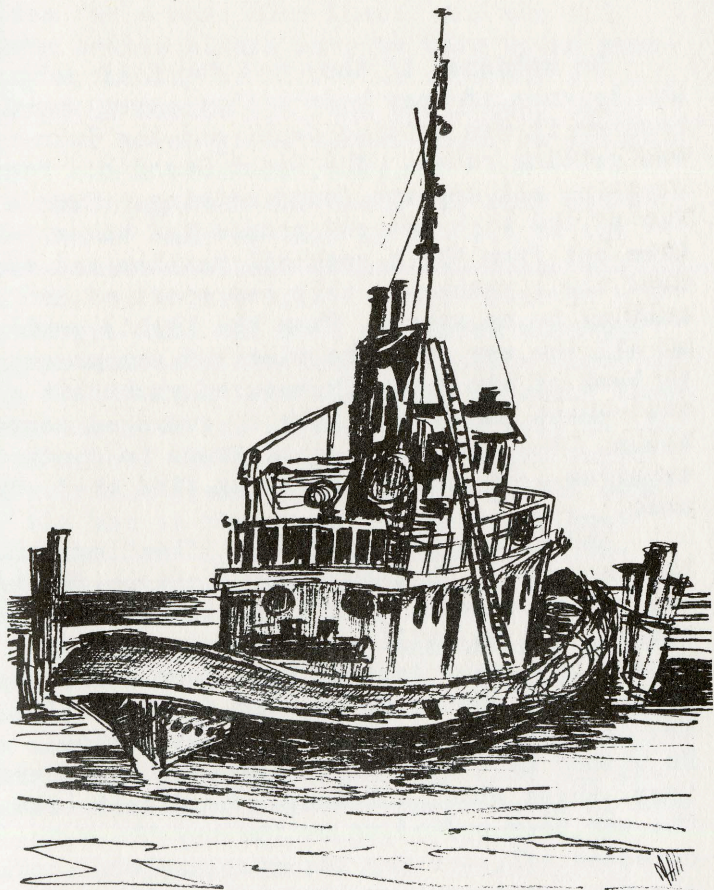
ALMOST.....
IN TOUCH WITH IT
LIGHTER
THE VEIL IS VERY THIN
THAWING
COLLECTING
UNDERFLOW

....ALMOST

--Jeannie Braham

The dark shadows of night approached a weary world like a coal-black shroud about to engulf a stone-faced corpse. Only a thin stream of light remained focused on a not-too-distant point with such intensity it led one to believe it was obstinately refusing to relinquish its existence to the all-consuming power which was following close upon its heels. The resistance of this insignificant ray of once-brilliant sun was as magnificent as any battle recorded in history, but defeat was inevitable. At the last instant a new glow appeared to illuminate the same spot, perhaps not with the same glory, but certainly with the same brilliance, as if to signify that not even that which is symbolic of the greatest pain and suffering known to mankind should be subject to the unseen world of total darkness.

--Julie S. Berglind



THE TROVER

He wondered if they had found it yet, and he knew if they hadn't they never would, because it was getting dark, and the lake was getting rough. The Coast Guard had been dragging all day and found nothing. Even a few of the high society people had taken time out from their cocktail parties and used their yachts in this new sport of body-hunting to no avail. Then the lights went on all the way down the pier and somewhere in back of him a poorly secured yacht hit the cement and moaned like an overaged courtesan. Bed time. A lot of traps to check tomorrow. He hoped they would find that guy soon.

And in bed that body kept floating into his thoughts. He knew it wouldn't be floating yet because it hadn't had time to decay enough, but he still saw it every time he closed his eyes, bobbing face down near the Puckerbrush Shoals or lolling rhythmically in the waves on somebody's private beach. He wished he'd never seen those other drownings, those other suicides. He didn't like the way they puffed up or the way the skin shredded off, the way the eyes exploded or the way the tongue swelled out of the mouth.

How could anybody want to have funeral services for a mess like that? And why did those bodies always have to turn up in somebody's fishing tackle or at somebody's beach party? He wished the lake would keep them. Superior never gives up her dead, he thought, until she's good and ready.

Morning came too soon. He only really started to wake up when he got out to the boat, where the lake breeze was brisk enough and the water was reily enough to crush his lethargy. The old scow shuddered when the engine started, the familiar mellow throb of the deck pulsed into his body, he swung away from the dock and headed for the hold in the breakwater. On his way out, a Coast Guard patrol boat passed him. He recognized some of the men as the grappling crew and knew that the body hadn't been found yet. The wind was stronger and the waves higher outside the wall.

Toward the east, the sun threw a silver bar between the gray sky and the green-black water. The tops of the waves glimmered with an aluminum iridescence and thumped through the wooden prow to burble away from the exhaust pipes at the stern. Rolling as it was, the lake twisted that band of whiter water into what looked like a dead arm dragging behind the boat, with its fingers falling away

into the turbulence. When the sun came up to the horizon he thought it looked like a huge pale head. Head and arm fused in a great undulating pattern when the deeper water of the ore-boat channel stretched like a long thin leg into the breakwater and the sunlight melted into a corpulent trunk. And there it was before him, that body of last night's dreams, caught up in nature's colors. It was part of the lake now, and she was claiming it with all she had.

Later, when he got to the first trap, that body looked different to him. It was no longer one individual but all the people Superior had taken blended into one sad monster. Sometimes it was male with all its robustness drained, but even more often it was an emaciated female turning nervously under a gray blanket and falling silent and dead again. Twice it was a child. The small winches groaned with the weight of fish in his nets and soon there was a splatter of squirming silver across the deck. He worked hard, sorting and discarding rapidly. You take from the beach and we take from you, he thought; we give you our garbage and you give us yours. Keep your garbage, lake. Don't put your human waste back on our shores. Keep your garbage and we'll keep ours. Take it if you must, for we take from you, but keep what you get. Keep

it. The trap hissed back into the lake and a gray cloud on the horizon billowed into the grasping hand of a man going down, flattened in the power of the wind, and struck a shadow across the sun.

In the deeper water, the traps were not so productive, but he had better results as he moved closer to shore. That huge body still hung in the water although it was less noticeable as the catch improved. The shiny bodies slid before him almost automatically and thoughts about the lake-deaths came less frequently. For the first time since he'd heard about the suicide he was almost enjoying himself. He reveled in the subdued odor of the fish, the cutting breeze, and the water sounds. Every frantic netful filled him with a new ardor for so much life and activity slowly dispersed his thoughts about death. The body-image grew less distinct.

When the last trap came up at Puckerbrush and was spilling the deck full of fish up to his ankles he broke out laughing. Out to the west he saw an ore boat silhouetted against the sun moving slowly out the channel. The wind had abated and the clouds had streaks of color for the first time that day. The body has left the water, he thought, Superior has thrown her garbage somewhere. Man and lake can start again.

The winch strained to bring the last net up and as the thrashing bulk teetered on the ship's edge he saw it. A great gray swollen body slid with the fish into the fleshy riot and lay there wan and torn with its empty eye sockets searching the sky. Oh God Superior keep your garbage. He's no longer a man and nobody wants him now. He had to close his eyes. Last night's dream ran before him and he saw the men, women and children he had seen that day again and more vividly. He saw the garbage tangled in a vacationing fisherman's tackle, on a private beach, under a yacht club pier, and when he finally opened his eyes, on the deck of his boat. She was good and ready, he thought, so she gave him up. You have no honor, lake, and no respect. Why treat man like this?

Thirty minutes later the sun had gone and he was twelve miles out from shore. He set the engine at an idle, picked up the spongy body, and threw it overboard. Keep it this time, you bastard, he said and went home.

—R. Abel Jr.

ON POLICY

Thorn was founded to stimulate thought and discussion at The College of Wooster. It intends to broaden the scope of student expression, not to compete with other publications. Reproduction of colored art in this medium is self-defeating, but Thorn will publish black-and-white photographs and drawings. To achieve its goal of broadened scope, this magazine will print both English and foreign material of good quality regardless of bias, with the understanding that the authors' opinions do not necessarily represent those of Thorn. This magazine is published in the hope that some feelings of interest or disagreement will arise on what otherwise appears to be a "don't care" campus.

--E. S-D. & F. J. M.

A LA RECHERCHE

I thought last night my universe submerged
Into the mirror of a melting face.
Time twisted down and faded, as this place
Of happenstance rose, flooded, and converged
On me in its disorder. Though I scourged
This trembling greyness meekly, its dark grace
Remained and still encroached. Still I embrace

A shadow only, still I have not purged
That throbbing and substantial memory
Of what remained of fright, cannot conclude
The rule of sinking doom in reverie.
Dimly the furtive vision I allow
Drowns me within the glimmering wind of now.

--E. H. Kuykendall

A fiery Corinthian cage on the shore
Where I land, nimbly, glinting gold--
Smile you with calm assurance?
Sad and low among cast-off shells
Your gently certain fright has sounded
In a tone of cold endurance.
A silver key have I, lady,
And beads of black for your lily neck:
Bribes to open the gate--
But a dead bird in the garden bush,
A stillness upon the winding path,
Forbid the word 'Create'.
Willows like bows had been unstrung
And nature to loveliness been wed
If but these gilded walls
Had been besieged and wings been burnt
And all hypocrisy been condemned:
Now in dreary halls
Our cries occur. No passion lit;
But love's strange round revolves again,
A happy seed encased in fear.
O what hot bolt has seared the gate?
What horror transforms your smile, and what
Are these weavers that tangle me here?

--William T. Parker

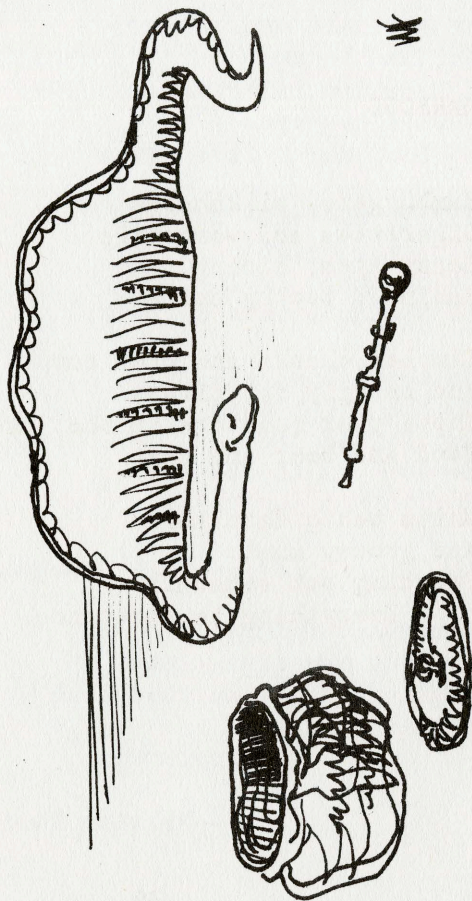
MANHOOD

Hamburgers, milkshakes
Cigarettes and worn tile
Beady eyes, hiding
Behind a toothy smile.

Dimpled cheeks and crew cut
And an ugly fat cigar.
Shove your quarters in the juke box—
Food and beer and sex.

White teeth dazzling
And groovy music
Pounding out sensually—
Everything is innocence.

—Anne Kopf



THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

An old, old man
Sat in the sun
His entire life passed
Before his eyes
It took about five seconds.

"If it was mine to do
All over again"
He thought
"I wouldn't take so long."

He tried his hardest
To die right then
But failed, so
He went in the house
For it was lunchtime.

—Martin Rossney

Tormented future
present memories...past
Sitting in accumulated flab
of confusion...

contented.

—William Thompson

