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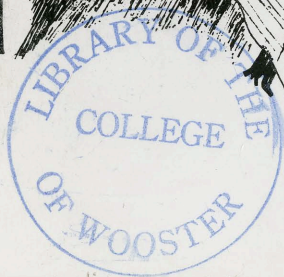
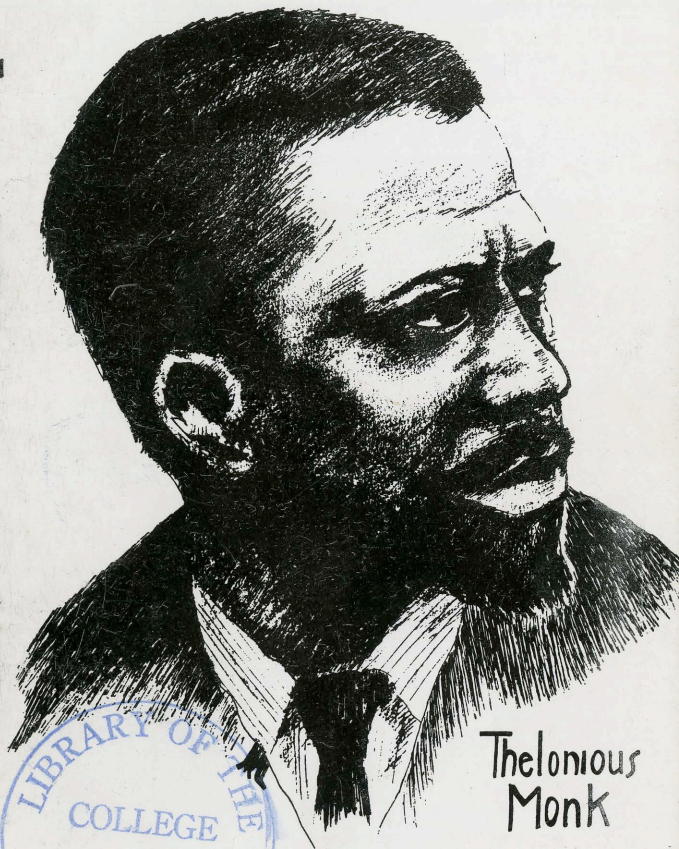
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THORN



Thelonious
Monk

1511

24

THORN

Staff

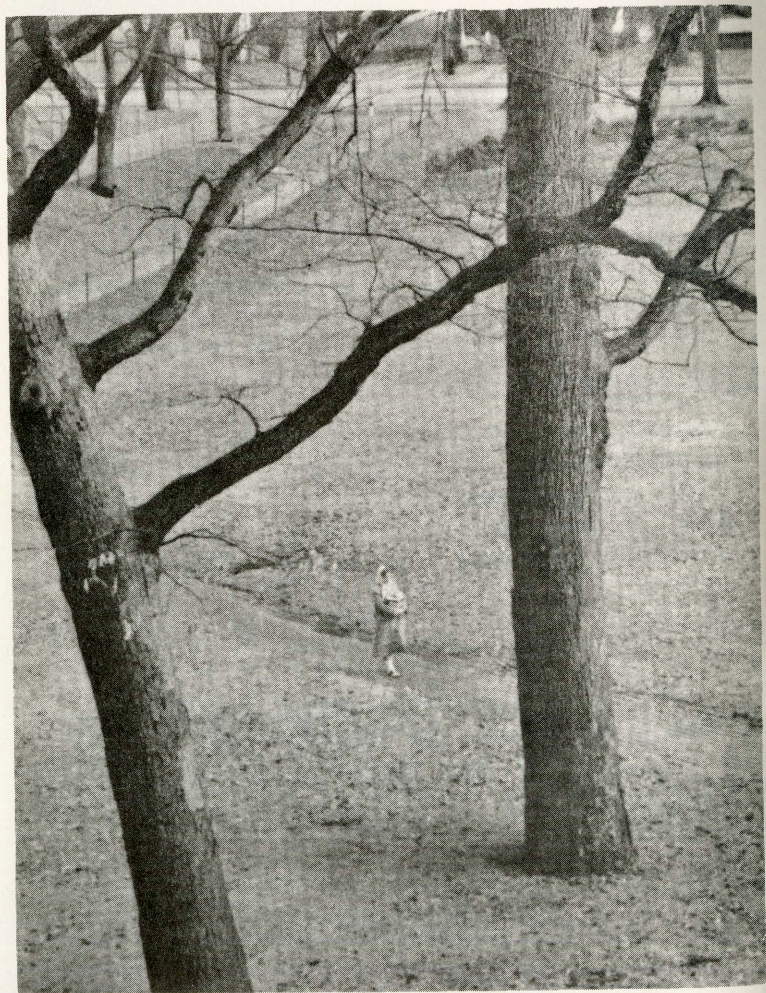
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SOMBRE SPEAKS THE AFRICAN:

"THEREFORE MY HEART IS CLENCHED"

I should not be writing these words; for the sun has set, and I have not yet forgiven you. I have not yet forgiven the scorn of a world that would not understand me. But I must speak, because you must seek to understand my motives, and because I must know, before it is forever too late, I must know how to live.

Once I knew. Once I believed in a power that moved mountains and cast clouds into the sea, and walked in the way of the wind and the waters. I believed in that power through which all things live and move and have their being. A power that giveth. And a power that taketh away. And of that power I was afraid. So that the owl cried in the night and a twig cracked in the deathly silence of the jungle gloom at midday, and the wind—almost no wind at all and therefore uncanny—touched the southerly fronds of the palm and touched no other living thing. And the soul that dwelt in the thatched eaves of my hut wandered away by night and returned no more. And I did not dare to walk alone on the jungle path the next day. But now I am not afraid of the terror

that flieth by night, nor of the pestilence that wasteth at noonday. I am afraid of the scorn of the world for my superstition. For lo, it is written, thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

Once I knew. I believed in something a little like a soul—a shadow, brief and slender, a shadow of life across the face of death, a shadow of tangible pain and fear across the empty unfeeling spaces of eternity. I believed that in the night, lost souls were found again; for I heard their voices in the night winds, heard the haunting call of the exiled crying in the wilderness of desolation at the edge of the forest clearing. But now I am not afraid of the loneliness of my death and my exile. I am afraid because my soul is no longer a miracle, and there is no faith without miracles. I am afraid, because I fashioned my soul of the clay of the earth, when, lo, it is written, thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

Once I danced, and the rhythm of my heart was caught up in the silver strands of moonlight and soft jungle glooms, and spun into the fabric of a cosmic hymn. I defied the silence and the dark with the throbbing life of the call drum and with the flickering lights of jungle lanterns.

Once I knew.... But now my lantern has gone out, the drum is silent. And I no longer dance for my salvation. And I am afraid...of stumbling in the dark. For I have lost that by which I knew once how to live.

I should not be writing these words; for the sun has set, and I have not yet forgiven you. I have not yet forgiven the scorn of a world that did not and does not understand me. And if I did not care, I should not be angry. But I care. Therefore my heart is clenched, and I am angry. Angry that I despair, when despair is senseless and futile and inhuman, and all too terribly, too sadly, human. Bitter, and angry that I might be bitter when there is no time for bitterness and self-pity and lost, repented-of illusions. Nor shalt thou make unto thee any graven image. Therefore I must know, before it is too late, I must know...how to live. And you must seek to understand my searching, for there is no time for misunderstanding.

You, who are of the West, what do you know of how to live. I have seen your towers of Babel unfallen, and your proud thoroughfares. I have heard your trusting mottos and your unthinking creeds. And

I have seen the intellectual amongst you despair, and heard the echo of his dying plea that he knew not how to live.

He is like me, my brother. He is like me for he seeks not less than truth. He is pitiless and scornful of all pretence. Therefore he is like me; and like me he knows not how to live, for that by which he once knew how to live he has discovered to be a graven image. And it is written, thou shalt not make unto thee graven images. He has no longer faith in mere ideologies, for they are only words. But lo, against the connotations of soft-spoken words men have been broken. Therefore there is no time for the soft cruel words that are a faithless graven image, nor for the scorn of misunderstanding. There is not time now for Golden Rules, nor metaphors, nor mottos. There is time left only for love.

All these things I know. But now I must know how to live, before it is forever too late. There is time left only for love. Do you understand, my brother? There is time left only for love. But how can you love him whom you do not know? And we are strangers, my brother.

—S. Meye'elan

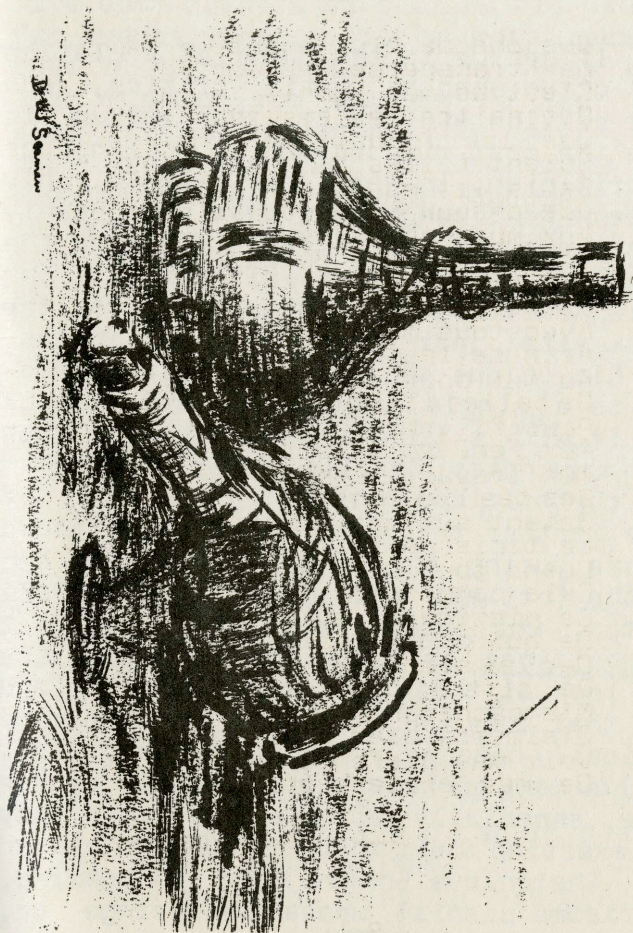
Shadow clings to shadow,
Fusion becomes night.
From green balconies
Moans
The lone lone wolf.
Embankments of the moon
Tip ominously,
Conceived,
Disfigured by creation,
While the waiting
Waiting
Moans become submerged
In night and cloud
Mosaics.

—Fon Vestal

Que chaque clou planté
Me transperce le coeur
C'est de mon agonie
Que naîtra la demeure
Que les fondations
Soient faites de mes doutes
Seuls ils me sont fidèles
Que chaque idée nouvelle
Aux murs ajoute une pierre
J'irai jusques au ciel
Défier leur vérité
Je ferai les planchers
Avec tous mes espoirs
Afin de les fouler
Au mur pour décorer
De belles illusions crucifiées
Pour filtrer la lumière
Aux fenêtres éclairant
Mon travail de damné
Des désillusions
Jetant sur mes espoirs
Le tapis de l'amour
Quand tout sera fini
Cela commencera
Je pietinerai enfin
Ce qui peut-être vie
Car les sièges couverts
De tissus d'amitié
M'empêcheront de m'asseoir
J'aimerai bien pourtant
Voir mes plafonds se piendre
De mes anciens scrupules

—A. de Maynadier

Well Season



MONK

If genius is the term of adulation most often used by music critics, and jazz critics especially, then genius is also the most misused word in the language of criticism. In jazz, for example, only three or four men at most have been unanimously awarded the title for steering the music in genuinely new directions: the Louis Armstrong of the twenties, as the first vital jazz soloist; Duke Ellington, for his unique ability to use his orchestra as a single instrument and arrange for it with a true jazz sound rather than with mere notes; Charlie Parker, who pushed the rhythmic and harmonic boundaries of jazz farther than they had ever extended before during the halcyon days of bop in the forties; and perhaps Jelly Roll Morton, who wrote the first true jazz compositions as long ago as 1910. One can look at these men in retrospect and see that they were geniuses in that they radically changed the whole course of jazz. But how many geniuses can we readily recognize, especially at the time when they are exerting their most profound influence?

Thelonious Sphere Monk is a gnawing, worrisome pianist whose wanderings on,

around, and between the keys of a piano have both pleased and puzzled his hearers for twenty years. It is only recently that Monk has become fashionable among jazz hippies, not because he has been slow in developing his own style, but because he has made no compromise with popular tastes. Some of Monk's most important single records of the 1940's have been reissued in a two-volume long-playing set (Blue Note 1510 & 1511) under the title "Monk, Genius of Modern Music." The term seems to fit Monk well. His creativity is not limited to melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic—it embraces all three. Monk has always been able to write charming melodies as attractive as his "Round About Midnight" (a classic at an early age) or as catchy as "Epistrophy." And who else would have the daring to write a tune based almost entirely on one note, underline it with the most advanced of dipping, sliding harmonies, and call it "Thelonious"? Rhythmically, Monk traces back to some extent to the Harlem stride pianists of an earlier era, and this roaring, rolling spirit is often in evidence in his work. Yet his more reflective and spare playing seems to be almost arhythmic.

Monk has been playing his brand of

jazz piano since 1940, when at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem the searchers Parker and Gillespie came together with Thelonious and others in a series of informal sessions that changed swing to bop, opening the door to the whole of modern jazz. Says Art Blakey, himself a frequent visitor at Minton's, "Monk is the guy who started it all; he came before both Parker and Gillespie." Opinions concerning Monk's contributions vary greatly. Jazz writer Leonard Feather cites as Monk's major achievement his original compositions, which hang together on the basis of harmony rather than hinging simply on a jaunty melody alone like most of the tunes produced during the bop era; and while Feather acknowledges Monk's lack of virtuosity at the piano he states that Thelonious has so perfected his unique style as to become one of the most important figures in jazz today. Critic Don Cerulli has written of Monk's music as "highly personal; now brittle and spastic, now firm and outspoken; but always uniform in conception and overall sound." Critic Martin Williams, perhaps jazz's most astute observer, calls Monk "the first major composer in jazz since Duke Ellington." But a British writer stated that the "angular

nagging piano" of Monk leaves him completely unmoved. He and many other musicians feel that Thelonius' technical limitations prevent him from expressing himself fully.

"Bags' Groove (Prestige 7109), from a date led by Miles Davis in 1954, presents Monk in a more informal situation since he is not hampered by the three-minute time limit imposed by the 78's of the Blue Note set. One track alone is worth the price of the album. On a nine-minute take of the title number, a medium tempo blues, Miles had asked Monk to lay out during his (Miles') solo, and Monk, in a rare flash of temper, was insulted by the request. After a beautifully logical and forceful solo by Miles (backed by bass and drums alone), Monk enters rather timidly behind Milt Jackson's vibes solo, and then constructs an amazing string of piano choruses, tossing rhythmic figures around as if he were in a tennis game with himself. He drops out again after Miles re-enters, but only after he has climaxed the piece alone.

"Thelonious Alone in San Francisco" (Riverside RLP 12-312) is all unaccompanied Monk, including some of his own originals, three new blues, and an amazing version of the old warhorse, "There's Danger in

Your Eyes, Cherie." This album makes the best possible introduction to Thelonious' recorded work. "Monk's Music" (Riverside RLP 12-242) is another example of Monk originals given extended treatment by a group of master jazzmen. It is perhaps an indication of the strength of the Monk personality that so strong and distinctive a musical voice as tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins is completely overshadowed by Thelonious. "Town Hall Concert" (Riverside RLP 12-300) is a generally excellent recording by a small orchestra (including French horn and tuba) which Monk led in New York a year ago.

Often the crucial test of the abilities of a jazz musician comes during a live performance in a club or concert. For the past six years Monk has headed a quartet in the New York vicinity, only occasionally leaving the area for appearances elsewhere. He is one of the few prominent jazzmen who has not made regular trips abroad for concerts; he explains simply that he can do all of the playing he wants in this country. And Monk loves to play! Last fall this writer had an opportunity to visit the Jazz Gallery, one of New York's better rooms for live music. Monk's quartet was alternating

sets during the evening with another band. By ten-thirty the other band had played two sets and Thelonious had not yet appeared at the club. His bassist and drummer warmed up in the corner, and the room was barely half full. People talked quietly around me, perhaps wondering if Monk had gone absent-mindedly to Milwaukee or St. Louis, as he has been known to do. All at once the man arrived, striding rapidly through the front door, well dressed and engaged in earnest conversation with his saxophone player Charlie Rouse. He got a glass of water from the bartender and went straight to the piano. He took off his topcoat, but not his hat, and ran his hands up and down the keyboard several times while Rouse put his horn together. Not more than thirty seconds after arriving at the club, they were playing their first number. After a tricky unison chorus, Rouse whistled off a fine series of variations, and then Monk soloed. He hunched over the keyboard, he tapped his big foot, and he bobbed his tiny pointed goatee during one of the most amazing and exciting performances I have ever experienced. His playing, occasionally camouflaged by a poke of the elbow on the lower keys or a startlingly

discordant note, seemed to reflect the entire jazz tradition—a capsule history of jazz written with authority by a man who embodied all the joy and sorrow of it. A ballad, a standard, two fast ones by Monk (with impenetrable titles like "Well You Needn't" and "Humph") and the set was over. He left as quickly as he had come,

For many years only Ellington had the distinction of becoming an adjective, "ducal" in lower case. Now Thelonious Monk seems to share that honor. To recognize the work of some jazz performer as reflecting a "monastic" influence is high praise indeed. This artist is no quisling to the cause of honest jazz. Monk.

—Paul Blair

UJJIE

(an experimental poem)

- Ujjie, ujjie, uz,
- A little creature oozes along.
What is that creature oozes alone?
Really, Ujjie the Maggot?
- She is beautifully different,
She is mildly different.
Above all, she goes a-oozing.
- Ujjie, Ujjie, do you like me?
Of course, I inquire in Maggotite;
Everyone knows those things.
Really, Ujjie the Maggot?
I will put you in a inkbottle,
I will punch a hole in the temple.
Now, Ujjie oozes a-inkbottle.
- Ujjie, Ujjie, what are you doing to me?
You oozed a hole in the lid,
- And the oozing blood stained me red.
Really, Ujjie the Maggot!
- I will bandage you nevertheless,
Here is a little filth you like lass.
So, Ujjie goes a-oozing in a-inkbottle

—T. C. Dan

ENVIRONMENTAL

A song of brothers innocent,
born half a holy world apart;
who both were called, but one was sent;
and blessed are the pure in heart.

* * *

She knew when she awoke that morning that it was going to be the day, but there were no pains yet. She moved very slowly; it was nearly noon before the beds were made and the kitchen redded up. She was sitting in the kitchen by herself, eating a ham sandwich with a glass of this morning's milk, not yet cold, when the first breath-taking contraction gripped her. She could not finish her lunch—it went flat in the dry roof of her mouth—so she tooted her man up from the valley field and sent him for the 'wife.

It was hot that afternoon in the kitchen. She sat in a wooden chair and gripped the edges of the table, and her chin dripped sweat onto the old white oilcloth, where a fly rubbed his hands together over a bit of ham dropped from her sandwich; at midnight she produced her first-born, John.

She slept poorly all night and awoke sicker than usual. She sent away her

breakfast tray without touching it because the smell of the boiled egg made her feel worse. It was going to happen today, at last; she was relieved and very much afraid.

She called her husband home from the office at noon, and they drove as fast as she would let him to St. Joseph's. It had all been arranged, of course; so they were expecting her. At midnight she shared a world of pain with a girl she would have blushed to meet, and when it was over, she named him Jonathan.

* * *

When he was only twelve, John barked his first squirrel: he passed the bullet under the bark directly beneath its belly, and the concussion killed the nervous little creature just like that. His father was very proud of him for it because it was so neat and saved the meat, but it still bled through the mouth on the way home and messed up his coat pocket. For that he was sorry, especially when his ma saw it. But whippings cannot alter facts, and the fact was that John was a very good shot.

Jonathan's father was very proud of him when he was only twelve; all by himself he built an electric telegraph system

between the breakfast nook and the library. He even learned Morse Code, and he and his father spent hours dot-dashing messages back and forth between the two rooms. Their enthusiasm was little dimmed by the fact that his father never did learn all the letters, and Jonathan was not too good a speller. He was a very clever boy in science.

* * *

"Greetings from the President of the United States!" And so he went and did his time and saw the world and still he did not know he did not know, except that it was good to be home again when he finally got home. Spot was dead and buried in the orchard; there was a new tractor; Laurie had been unfaithful, of course—with Henry Baumiller—but Henry was in the army now; so he married her and built another house on the place, just under the hill near the corn patch. Every morning saw his cows long milked and his good ground a-working.

Forty-three of the men in his graduating class wore blue-gray uniforms to the commencement exercises. His parents were robin-chested with pride, and in January he reported. He married Laurel on his first long leave, and they lived on base. Every

morning found his dishes cold in the sink and the great silver birds a-winging.

* * *

The afternoon strung out behind him as long as the rows of shocks he was putting up. The sun began to slant downward; he felt the first chill of fall creeping up from the shadowy creek bottom. The squirrels would be moving this evening. He quit early and tramped up to the house. He shrugged into his great hunting coat with the big pockets full of shiny old shells and bits of fur. His boots swished in the dead oak leaves. At the top of the ridge, he came to the foot of his favorite old tree and settled down to wait. He was still known as a very good shot.

It was black as V-Mail ink when they finally left the briefing shack. The jeep roared importantly down the line to the apron where the great machine stood, all lit by floodlights. He zipped his suit all the way up to his throat and squirmed into the satiny down oversuit. Fleece boots clomped on the entry ladder. He clambered into his place, with the hundreds of dials between his knees, and the glaring pads and pencils. He was still very clever in science.

* * *

Almost sundown; he shivered in his greatcoat. Then he heard a faint rustling, and a slight movement in an old oak caught his eye. The muzzle came up very slowly, beady black eye fixed upon its supper, rested there. The finger—a deep breath, let it halfway out, and—squeezed...

It was almost dawn up here, but still black and quiet down there. Forty below zero. The stars were blue fire all about him, but he could not look. Just the white pads and wriggling figures and dials. A blip burned his raw eyes: the ghostly, ghastly electronic snout was sniffing out its breakfast. Then, suddenly, it found it, and the animal crouched, flicking its tail from side to side. The finger—that buckest private in the long chain—pushed the little red button...

* * *

The squirrel screamed a tiny scream until it hit the ground—thump—like a shoe hitting the floor.

The sleepers who awoke in time to see the world die screamed a tiny scream—tinkle—like breaking china.

* * *

i've sung my song; my song is done;
one man was here, and one was there.
And i would have you choose, for fun:
which do you think the worse for where?

—will lange, iii

COMMENTS

To the majority:

Everybody thinks—all twelve hundred students of us included. But why, why so haphazardly, putting words together only when a) a paper's due, or b) a publication deadline is brought to our attention, in which case a few miscellaneous phrases are jotted down with the thought, "What the hell—it's pretty poor, but it might get published."

Judging from the bits and pieces that drift in on deadline day, 3% of the College of Wooster "thinkers" has anything to say, and is brave enough to say it in print. Maybe 33% takes time to read what the "3%-ers" have to say.

Now the question is this: is it just that we haven't gotten around to creating lately, even though we'd like to—in which case, maybe it's time we just sat down once in a while and instead of playing that everlasting bridge game worked at the art. Or is it that we decided a long time ago that nobody's thoughts are speakable or publishable—in which case yours truly and staff might as well close up shop and go home to "introspect" in a corner too.

What do you think?

—E. S-D

SEEMANNS TODESWUNSCH

Du bist ein Meer

in dem des Sommers Sturm

oktobert

wird dann des Winters

echtes Nichts

in dem der Frühling

kommt stets immer an

wo in Tausend sanfter Tropfen

es fällt wie Kindertränen

das gelbe Sonnenlicht

in das die Ströme fliessen ein

voll reinen Weins—

man trinkt wie Wasser davon

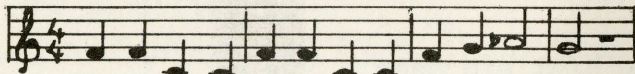
doch verwirret sich nicht

Der Schiffbruch mir ist süß in diesem See

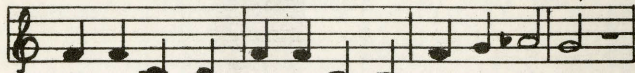
—D. W. Seaman

Ho Young Rider

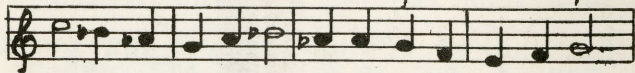
(Czechoslovakian)



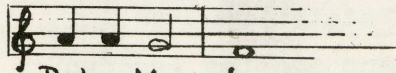
Ho young rider, apple cheeked one, whither riding?



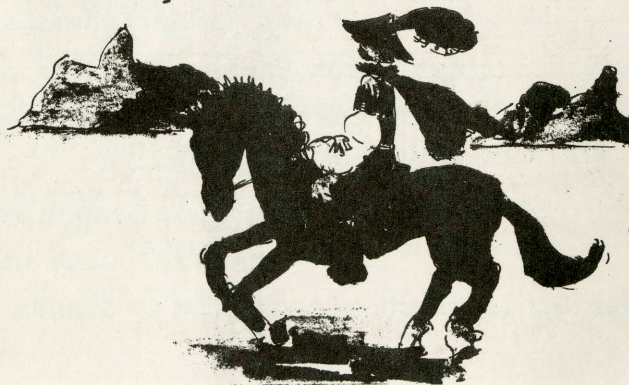
With your steed so black and prancing, whither riding?



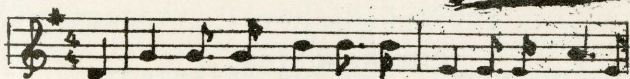
What matters where I ride, Slovak mountains are my pride,



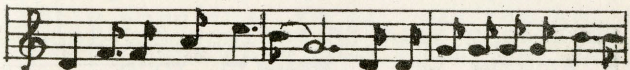
Dusha Moya !



Foggy, Foggy Dew



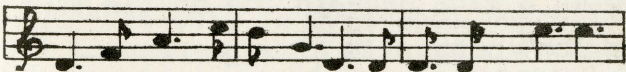
When I was a bach'lor I lived all alone. I



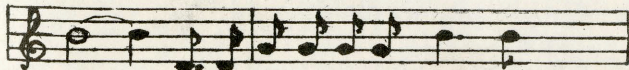
worked at the weaver's trade. And the only only thing I



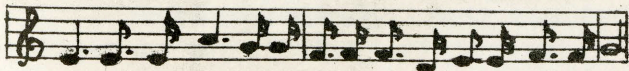
did that was wrong was to woo a fair young maid I



would her in the wintertime, part of the summer



too... and the only only thing I



did that was wrong was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

CONVERSATION

The sparkling talk in endless soliloquy
walks around the flame-lit room

(Have you read the novel, Bill's gone—
pale faces and sightless unicorns)

and pauses to learn a clever quip
or spawn a line beneath the bottle lamp

(Tillich's problem is great you know—
the self and assorted problems)

while hands are held between the drinks
and laughter keeps the silence dead

(Shimmering words, and pauses—
what was that you said again?)

—Rob Hawk

SØREN KIERKEGAARD'S "STAGES ON LIFE'S WAY"

(Søren Kierkegaard, Danish theologian, philosopher, lived 1813-1855)

"Christianity has undergone such a thorough evolution that churches are little more than YMCAs, and the crucifix hardly distinguishable from the sign of the Red Cross. The sign of the cross which once led men into martyrdom is now commonplace jewelry. To revitalize religion, Madison Avenue AdMen would suggest a new name, new symbols, and new slogans.

"Not only is the symbol outdated but the terminology has decayed. Sin, salvation, and redemption are little more than cliches. This confusion persuades many that Christianity died with Jesus. The Christian world-view has lost its power to interpret experience."

This introduction could have been written by an atheist existentialist, an agnostic existentialist, or a theist existentialist. Existentialism is another cliché in our language. No one group can claim exclusive copyright, and all use it mercilessly. But it does locate an assortment of contemporary thinkers. All existentialists begin by some revision of the

Socratic directive, "Know thyself." Sartre would say "Be authentic," Camus--"Accept yourself," Heidegger--"Exist!" Søren Kierkegaard would exhort his reader to "Choose thyself."

This directive to choose yourself means a decisive action, one in which the individual is faced with an either/or. Either he must do this or do that; each action is opposite of the other and there can be no synthesis of alternatives. No rational decision is possible. The intellect breaks down the dilemma into many possible solutions, solutions that are mental processes but not decisive actions. In this choice, S.K. is not interested in what object is chosen, i.e. whether to be a Republican or Democrat, but in the existential situation in which the subject must choose. The action of choosing involves subjectivity. This first insight into S.K. is summed up in his words, "Truth is subjectivity."

Freud shares a position similar to that of S.K. Both are interested in personality formation and in discovering the principles of action or of choice. Freud states that all action is biologically stimulated, that the individual operates upon the pleasure principle. This parsi-

mony of the naturalist will ground our inquiry in flesh and blood reality. What Freud does is to show that the principle of action and choice is located in the libido, in the realm of unconsciousness and not in the austere and angelic world of the rational. This is analogous to the delineation of existence by S.K. Our actions are directed by our existential selves and not by our intellect.

For S.K. there are two realms—the realm of the intellect and the realm of existence. To confuse these two categories is a most serious error, for existence precedes essence. An example of this confusion is to define prayer as an intellectual activity. Prayer is not theorizing, but rather the longing of the existential self for God. Another common evidence of this confusion is to set up a "system" of ethics. One can think ethical thoughts; but the thinker is probably living in a small shack next to his intellectual castle. It is the individual's attempt to appropriate his existence. This is of the highest value for S.K.—to live in the castle that one constructs. He writes, "I assume that there awaits me a highest good, an eternal happiness.... I have heard that Christianity proposes

itself as a condition for the acquirement of this good. Now I ask how I am to become a Christian" (Postscript 19,20).

S.K. has constructed a theory of personality which is based upon distinct levels of existence--the aesthetic, the ethical, and the religious. The aesthetic stage is characterized by the individual's attempt to posit his existence outside himself. He does not appropriate his existence; he seeks ultimate meaning in wealth and status or pursuit of pleasure. The goal of the aesthetist is to enjoy life. He identifies his life with pleasure, love, health, or happiness, and becomes undialectical. "These words either/or are a double edged little dagger which I carry with me and with which I can assassinate all of reality. I say namely either/or. Either it is this, or it is that; and since nothing in life can be either this or that, it is not at all.... One may explain away everything--in this way one may help oneself splendidly. The art is always to live in such a manner that one's personality has a little of everything" (Papier III 179-62).

This is a nihilistic passion. The world presents itself as a contradiction--no, not exactly; the individual projects

his own contradictions into the world. Though he frequently suffers despair, that passion is to be excluded in favor of happiness and love. S.K. analyzes the aesthete's dilemma as that of not being able to appropriate his existence; he has not made the initial decision between either good and evil or no choice at all. When he does make that decision, or "leap," he acquires a history, a continuity to his life.

In the ethical stage, the individual is directly responsible for his existence instead of holding it at arm's length. In the leap from the aesthetic level to the ethical level of existence, the individual judges all actions in terms of good and evil and renounces all external commitments. Since this either/or (good/evil) is immanent, it cannot be communicated by one person to another, nor can it be institutionalized. "This treasure is deposited in thine own inner self: there is an either/or which makes a man greater than the angels" (E/O 11 149).

The "Knight of Infinite Resignation" renounces everything. This is a movement of the passion, a "pathetic movement," for he wills to despair. This movement, this resignation, is a break with the temporal,

It occurs in "fear and trembling," for the individual chooses to despair. The despair which occured in the aesthetic stage was not appropriated; it was merely poetical, not integral to existence. But "when one has willed despair one has truly chosen that which despair chooses, i.e., oneself in one's eternal validity...for I never despair by necessity but by freedom" and thereby does one win the absolute" (E/O 11 179).

There are individuals who S.K. called "exceptions." In his later years, he believed that most men are these "exceptions." Such a man when he comes to make the leap into the ethical stage finds that his feet will not leave the ground. He must acquire the ethical; but he sees that for him the ethical has been broken and violated. He has chosen to despair, but the ethical category has lost its meaning--for, by his sin, the individual has placed himself beyond the ethical. For him to restore his own innocence--to repent is to appropriate one's ethical self, to confess that all of one's actions have been deliberately determined--is ethically impossible.

"When I despair, I use myself to despair of everything; but when I do this, I cannot by myself come back. It is in this

moment of decision that the individual needs divine assistance" (Postscript 230). This is the movement of faith. The "Knight of Infinite Resignation" has abandoned the temporal; he is transported back to the temporal as the "Knight of Faith." The individual cannot do this through his own appropriation, for he has renounced all; it must be accomplished through the will of God. This movement of faith is the moment of revelation. To the temporally bound intellect it is absurd. "God can only show himself to man in miracles, i.e. as soon as man sees God he sees a miracle. But by himself he is incapable of seeing miracles for the miracle is his own annihilation. The Jews expressed that pictorially by saying that to see God was death. It is truer to say that to see God, or to see miracles, happens by virtue of the absurd, for reason must stand alone" (Journals 498).

It is possible to construct a religion in the ethical stage. S.K. has characterized this as Religion A. This religion is concerned with the elevation of man through moral perfection. God is immanent and is characterized through ethical categories. The religion is non-dialectical and non-paradoxical. It is not Christianity,

which S.K. characterizes as Religion B. The God of Religion B is transcendent and incapable of being conceptualized. To the intellect this religion is "absurd." God comes to man's assistance instead of man elevating himself to God's assistance. The religious stage is essentially suffering. "Suffering is posited as something decisive for a religious existence, and precisely as characteristic of the religious inwardness; the more the suffering, the more the religious existence" (Post-script 256).

Thus a brief description of the three stages shows the aesthetic existence to be one of enjoyment; the ethical, essentially struggle and victory; the religious, suffering.

This article is a condensation of a philosophy comprising twenty-four or more volumes into a highly simplified sketch. It is my hope that the reader will be challenged to turn to Kierkegaard's works and enter into discussion with one of the most fascinating and devastating minds of modern literature.

—Hewett Mulford

forge oh fire of friendly fury
forge oh fire of fiercest flame
bend and break our blackened bodies
bow and bend our boastful brows

phantom figures forming forward
forged by fire of former fame
growling growing groping grouping
forged from fire of fiercest fame

bend and break oh blackened bodies
bow and break oh boastful brain
phantom figures forward falling
forge oh fiercer fiery flame
growling growing groping grouping
burning burden boast and blame

—W. Thompson

MISS SMYTHE—INSTRUCTIONS FOR OPERATION

The intangible, untouchable

Miss Smythe will not.

Does not.

Never has.

Never will.

Until she meets her husband (overripe,
and frightened as a Frigidaire)
upon her wedding bed.

She says so.

She has a very deep regard for
her conclusions,
and this is a good (cerebral) conclusion,
based, she says, upon intelligence,
and not upon old-fashioned principle.

She is a thinker, too, you see.

She says so.

If you ask her.

And sometimes even if you don't.

Intangible, untouchable...

you see the key:

the intangible is touchable.

Very.

The world's best argument cannot convince
a made-up mind in skirts.

Not cerebrally.

You must be cerebellic.

You must be absolutely unscrupulous.

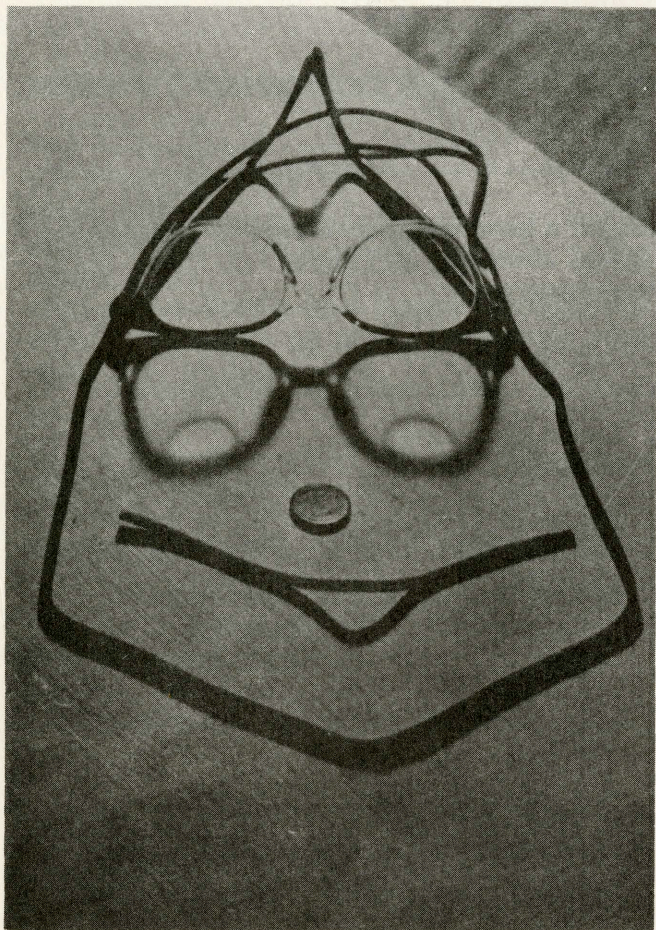
Or at least somewhat
opportunistic.

i am.

At least, i mean.

And Miss Smythe is a big fat liar.

—will lange, iii



FOR PANTHERS

A boy alone walked on the road:
A blue-jeaned boy, a dry clay road.
He knew the turn ahead.
A pause to skip a stone
Into mumblings of the brook.
A pause to make the pleasure of the bridge
More keen.

The wooden slats creaked secrets
Whispered at each step.

Today the words were promise,
The walk turned to a skip.
Skipping fused the pictures
Of trees and grass and stone.
The blend made quick the journey
Into a lonely clearing,
A silent glen by water
With a sun-bare rock of grayness
Onto which he slowly climbed.

The sun went down and there he sat
Removed from barns and fences.
His thoughts had stayed in quietness
In that circled forest floor.
The visitation that he sought
Appeared between two trees:
A fawn of shining white
And by its side
A small black panther cub.

They came in evening sunset
As from a banded sky.
They merely drank and slowly—
Turned away.

The boy would daily come and wait
To watch these beasts sip water.
A thousand questions in his mind
And none upon his tongue:
Of why the fawn allowed
The presence of the cub
And why the black furred creature
Had not ripped away the flesh.
He never asked but only watched
And grew to know respect
As held by each for each.
They'd tamed each other, surely,
In some past and tender way.
Perhaps in some all-knowing means
They tamed the boy as well.

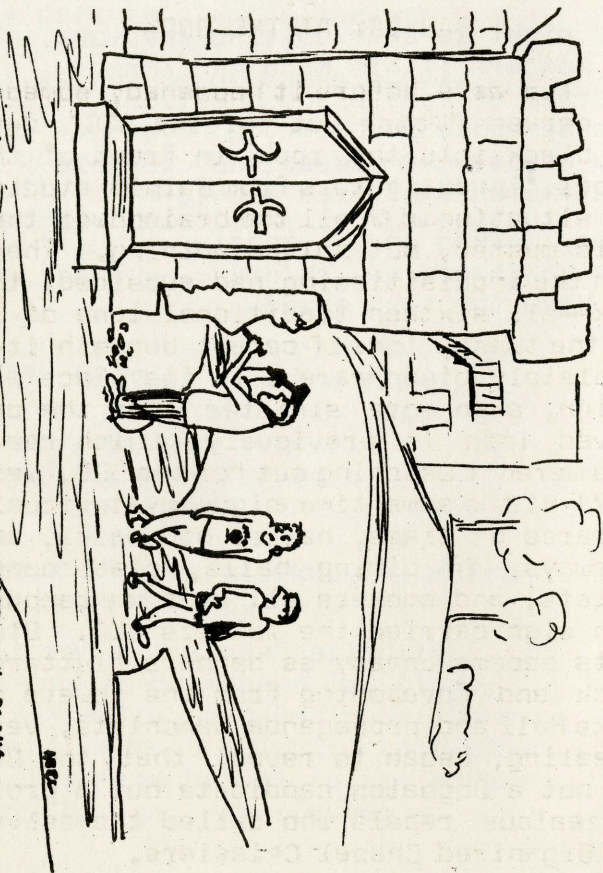
The creatures vanish silently
As taped to moonbeams drifting.
The boy slips down and rubs his eyes,
Tear-blind he runs through well-known woods
The whispered bridge is run across
Before his gait is slowed.

The night is calm outside the wood.
He wonders if his mind had formed
A dream of beasts and questions.
His thoughts went home, his eyes saw lights,
His steps were slower now, to hold
Last moments of free night.

A boy walked on the road;
A blue-jeaned boy, a dry clay road,
He knew the turn ahead.

—Fon Vestal

THAT'S FREE - HE'S MADE A REAL ART OF CHASEL



THE WOOSTER INCIDENT: 1965
OR
BAD DAY AT THE ROCK

Two days before it happened, someone had carved "Watch Out for the OCC" deep and black into the rock in front of the Chapel. Investigators from Galpin studied the situation with all the brainpower they could muster, but solved nothing. Then, when the inquisitioning had subsided, the Rock—all sixteen traditional tons of it and the twenty tons of cement beneath it—completely disappeared. In its place was a sign, even more sinister than the one carved into it previously, which read: "You weren't watching out for the OCC, were you?" At the same time signs mysteriously appeared on trees, halls, sidewalks, and doorways; in dining halls, classrooms, toilets, and smokers all over the campus. Each sign carried the letters OCC. Students became uneasy as banners fluttered black and foreboding from the towers of Kauke Hall and propaganda pamphlets, very appealing, began to reveal that the OCC was not a Dogpatch candidate but a group of zealous rebels who called themselves the Organized Chapel Chisellers.

Calm tolerance began to give way to

terror as during the next week all four chapel speakers mysteriously disappeared and black-clothed students picketed the Chapel: OCC rejects chapel; Galpin unfair to the OCC; down with the Chapel; the OCC needs you! Occasional muggings and stone throwings seriously concerned the Deans but before they could discuss the social problem in chapel, the IVCF started a counter-picketing program that, on the following Friday, turned into a full-scale riot on the Quad. Weekend tensions built feverishly as factions formed for and against the OCC and several chapel monitors were shaved bald or branded, depending on the condition of their heads beforehand. On Sunday, dining halls were closed to prevent bloodshed and the OCC took advantage of this by flooding the campus almost immediately with new propaganda centering on the slogan: "Food for Thought, but None for the Stomach—Down with Asceticism."

Galpin was in a turmoil. Public Relations had to hire four extra men just to answer the letters and telegrams from irate alumni. The Admissions Council gave up its usual routine to organize and distribute counter-propaganda; they had particular difficulty in putting down the OCC publication entitled "Adventure in What?" The

Deans' office was busy mapping out a security check; the campus police force was purged; guards were placed on the Chapel steps; a central intelligence agency was set up in lower Galpin. Phones rang constantly.

In the maintenance building, the situation was even more hectic. A squadron of the OCC had seized the building, and although they were unable to take it, they made off with valuable supplies. Dean _____ received a frantic call:

"We did our best down here; we were able to keep them from entering the doors and windows all right but we couldn't stop them from coming through the roof. They got a lot of tools and two trucks. There are some casualties, but I think we can hold them off for another time or two. No, they didn't even bother to check out the stuff they took. We can have an inventory taken if you like, and inside of two months we can let you know what's missing."

On the campus, students were moving to and from classes in small patrols and everywhere scuffles broke out. Center Kauke was a madhouse between third and fourth hours. The Library lights were mysteriously out. Bells did not ring at

appropriate times. The Heart was torn up several times. Fire alarms were constantly blaring false warnings in the dorms where the fire alarms worked. Intercampus communications were terribly muddled as anyone who dialed 337 got 404. Students had to wait for hours to get laundry. The Student Union had somehow been shoved into Beall Avenue and the traffic was snarled for miles. Speech, sociology, philosophy, and Liberal Studies classes were torn by arguments on the relative merits of the OCC and if the OCC really existed. Laboratory classes were broken up by homemade bombs, booby traps, odious smells and neurotic subjects. Other classes were not attended. The Voice had new competition as another free newspaper, Other Voices, suddenly hit the newsstand. Thistle and Thorn went bankrupt. The coffee-maker was stolen from the Shack and the juke box and four vending machines disappeared from the Student Union. The Student Senate started a compulsory draft that failed and the dance they sponsored with the newly levied taxes turned into a brawl. The SCA couldn't satisfy everybody. Room checks revealed that old beer cans and liquor bottles were being turned into Molotov cocktails. Food riots were frequent and dormitory pianos

were played during quiet hours.

Galpin stringencies, even the increased chapel fine, were not taking effect. It was discovered that the OCC, which originally appeared to be a spontaneously formed faction, was well organized. Secret service agents captured OCC spies that had affiliations with national fraternities and sororities, but could get nothing from them. Alliances, they realized, had been made with other colleges and state turmoil or peace depended on whether or not this uprising could be handled. Faculty members began to disappear. The propaganda from the OCC was prodigious; posters were being put up immediately after the other posters had been torn down. The air was filling with the sound of constant hammering and ripping. Girls' dormitories were broken into and the women who waited anxiously or apprehensively to get their panties stolen were disappointed or elated to find that the breaking in was done by other girls who merely tacked up posters, wrote OCC in lipstick on the mirrors, and smoked in the rooms.

The battle raged for a week with the OCC on the verge of victory three times. On Monday, they took Maintenance but had to give it up when they couldn't get all

the leaves raked before the snow fell, or figure out how to repair the torn-up Heart. On Wednesday, they came within two rooms of overtaking Galpin, but the treasurer would not issue checks until the following week, so supplies ran low, and the Dean diverted a strong group of OCC girls by leading them on a panty raid on Douglass Hall. On Friday, the OCC took the Library, but such heavy demands were made on the reserve rooms that the strain could not be withstood and the lines fell back in disgust.

It was on this same day, Friday, that the OCC made the blunder that led to their defeat. Inadvertently, a contingent of OCC raiders making off with a good haul from the Bookstore did not follow the brick walks and carelessly trampled across the lawn of the President's home, uprooting his tree in the process. This action, unfortunately for the OCC, unloosed the President from his neutral position and he rallied forces against those "who so wantonly destroy all that Labor Day stands for."

This regrouping of the OCC's enemies was immediate and effective. By Sunday morning, the dust of battle had subsided and the Reverend _____ was able to carry

on as usual before a full house. The Student Union was operating again with a juke box that couldn't be played that day, and a few stunned Shack rats were revived with coffee from a new maker. The panties of the freshmen boys were returned. The campus was calm, and clean, and normal again, except for the yawning absence of the Rock, and a tattered poster that blew slowly down a snow covered walk, catching itself occasionally, so that one could see, if he noticed it at all, three large black letters against the white snow.

—R. Abel

GRANT ME A FAVOR....

Why not in peace allow me lie
Where for centuries work the worms,
More abiding, faithful than thy
Cathedrals where in thine own terms
The tune of my blood callest thou,
Eternal compromised by Now?

Raise the shadow of my splinter
(The stain lost in chameleon game
Pink fades in snow of the winter
Of my red, warm gift, wrapped in shame),
If it pleases, remembrance keep.
But I think I prefer to sleep....

—A. R. Schneider

