Roaming pointlessly down concrete roads,
The old street walker
Tossed like a dirty paper scrap,
The old street walker
Thinks of other days.
He
Muttering unheard curses
Form the impotent filth
Facing pizza-eating lovers
Roaming pointlessly down concrete roads,
there is nothing like a common butt to get everybody rolling again,
their birthright, for their country. They are undisciplined, licentious,
And, painstakingly, after a record scrutiny of four days and ten
Painstakingly they examined the government, the attitude of the
hours, they concluded that the American system of education was at
we are placed second in the field of technology and science where we
about?
Twelve years later, Americans refuse to fight for their freedom, for
of the condemned,
and uncultured. Every post-Sputnik college graduate can state and
outlining Einstein's theory of relativity and nasm's code of ethics. The
average freshman can perform the most intricate calculus problem
Descartes had never seen. But this generation has never heard of
Dante and Rousseau, Wordsworth and Dostoyevsky, Socrates and Kierkegaard.
Consequently the youth of America can solve complicated
scientific problems, but not the problem of life itself. They are making a
farce of democracy with constant demonstrations and
outright indifference towards authority. They have Telstar accom­panying Sputnik, but they lack the backbone which a liberal
education gives.

A LOOK AT VIETNAM IN '69
or
THE EFFECTS OF SPUTNIK ON AMERICAN EDUCATION

Americans have always taken pride in their industrial and
technological advancements, and rightly so, for theirs is the mightiest
country in the world. Like at the peak of the Roman Empire, the
United States in 1957 was at a standstill — the people were satisfied,
fun-loving, and altogether happy. Unfortunately, unlike the bitter
decline that was Rome's, America had a rude awakening which sparked
the impetus towards a better education, particularly in the
field of science. Sputnik I brought the proud Americans something
to gasp for, and turned eagles into chickens.

No doubt this was a great psychological shock — to think that a
nation which dominated the earth for three quarters of a century was being
surpassed by a country seemingly filled with illiterates,
peasants, and barbarians. "But America will not be overtaken!" so
shouted the politicians. Surely this great land would rebound and
produce another savior, another Einstein. What was there to worry
about?
And so the upper class, ignoring the lower class, explored the
middle class to seek out the cause for this great humiliation.
"Painstakingly," so they said, "we have examined every aspect of our
society which could have created this unimaginable situation where we are
placed second in the field of technology and science where we have
been at the apex for an unprecedented number of years." Painstakingly
they examined the government, the attitude of the
public, the job training, the industries, and the research facilities.
And, painstakingly, after a record scrutiny of four days and ten
hours, they concluded that the American system of education was at
fault.
In panic-stricken times, the people are disunited, frenzied; but
there is nothing like a common butt to get everybody rolling again,
and the educational system really got things rolling.
Since their founding, the majority of colleges in America gave a
sound cultural education — a liberal education. Tribute should be
given for the wisdom of these universities because democracy itself
demands a well-rounded educated populace; a liberal arts course
produced the order. And so college graduates went out into the
world knowing a little bit about everything and a lot about one
thing. They were prepared; they carried this lowly colony to a
respected nation.

"But where are our scientists?" they asked. "We do not need
twentieth-century Shakespeares, but physicists, atomic specialists,
chemists, computer experts, and mathematical geni. In order to
produce these machines, they introduced advanced science and math
courses into the school system, eliminating some "out-dated" courses
such as music, art, and language, finally committing the ultimate sin
by phasing out Bible study. They even tried to replace English with
psychonuclearphysics, but the mothers, who wanted to understand
their children when they arrived home from school, wouldn't hear of it.

Twelve years later, Americans are still proud, contented, and
altogether happy. There's Telstar floating around somewhere, along
with Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Ajax, and Aphrodite. Thousands of
mathematicians, computer analysts, physicists, and rocket experts
are roaming the streets.

"America is first in astronautics!"

We give them thanks.

Twelve years later, Americans refuse to fight for their freedom, for
their birthright, for their country. They are undisciplined, licentious,
Day.
Whistling a half-dead Irish ditty,
The stumbling whiskey-wiskered bum
Of the long-ragged coat that covers him;
That lies beside the bum's untied,
To Simmon's College for Women.

To the M.T.A.,
No matches.

"No I haven't!"
Grabbing there, for a crumpled cigarette
Then falls to the black tar, shiny with wetness.

A bead of rain slips and rolls
To watch the pigeons
And sits on the straight-green-board park benches,
Stray cats hideously screamed,
Where it hangs momentarily,
That lies beside the bum's untied,
To smoke his crumpled daydreams,
To leave her be.

"No matches."
"No I haven't!"

No I haven't!

Boochoochoocico, baby, bye, see the stars in the sky, and please,
Don't pick your nose, Robert.

... But, it itched, father, and I forgot,

But, it itched, father, and I forgot,

EXERCISE NO. 3.

Boochoochoocico, baby, bye, see the stars in the sky, and please,
Don't pick your nose, Robert.

... But, it itched, father, and I forgot,

But, it itched, father, and I forgot,

Michael A. Rybarski

EXERCISE NO. 3.

Boochoochoocico, baby, bye, see the stars in the sky, and please,
Don't pick your nose, Robert.

... But, it itched, father, and I forgot,

But, it itched, father, and I forgot,
In his book *The Courage To Be*, Paul Tillich speaks about the meaning of meaninglessness. The world is meaningless when there is no good reason for a person to be, to exist. The meaning of meaninglessness is the negation of being. Concerning God: “The courage to be is rooted in the negation of being.”

Vonnegut Jr. has faced with the challenge ‘to be’ in the form of a 191-page, 127 chapter (paperback edition) book entitled *Cat’s Cradle*. The book clearly shows that the meaning of the cat’s cradle, which is made by looping string through your fingers, is revealed by little Newt Hoennicker, midget son of the inventor of the atom bomb: “No damn cat and no damn cradle.”

An accidental book with a meaningless title certainly provides the reader of *Cat’s Cradle* with firm roots in meaninglessness. The meaning of this meaninglessness lies in John’s discovery during the directionless course of the story, of a religion called Bokononism. John is told by the story of Cat’s Cradle as a Bokononist who used to be a Christian. Only a Bokononist could write a story as meaningless as this, because Bokononism is the religion whose members embrace the meaninglessness of life with the courage to be.

The basic unit of the Bokononist religion is the karass: “...to do God’s will without ever discovering what they are doing”. The karass is the structure of how he had set out (two wives ago, 250,000 cigarettes ago, 3,000 quarts of booze ago) to write a factual account of “what importantfacts about the day the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan.” The book was to be entitled *The Day The World Ended*. Instead, he has written a book called Cat’s Cradle. The reason for this turn of events is the same reason his name is John: “Two daughters ago, not because for others, but because somebody or something has compelled me to be certain places at certain times, without fail. Conveyances and motives, both conventional and bizarre have been provided. And, according to plan, at each appointed second, at each appointed place this Jonah was there.”

So what began as a factual, possibly meaningful endeavour in the field of history, ended as Cat’s Cradle. The meaning of the cat’s cradle, which is made by looping string through your fingers, is revealed by little Newt Hoennicker, midget son of the inventor of the atom bomb: “No damn cat and no damn cradle.”

The Books of Bokonon, *Cat’s Cradle* is this: ‘All of mankind on Earth, Given the Experience of the Past Million Years?’. People want to know why. What happened. And what has happened, as Bokonon simply states: “was meant to be”. *Bokononism* defies any body to find inestimable meaning in such a meaningless world. The *Fourteenth Book of Bokononism* is an attempt to show how a **person** can have a *thoughtful* mind and a human faith that is not based on faith alone but on what has happened. And what has happened, as Bokonon simply states: “was meant to be”.

“The Owl and The Pussycat” does act as a showcase for Streisand and Segal. As was seen, the plot itself is no masterpiece, than a piece of sentimental drivel. It makes no great comment on the social problems of our time. The film is just like him kids are all alike you know.”

“Greer”
tears

the night before
with friends on sofas

of laughter

stories
of former people
in happy times

remember when?

hazy
midnights with shapeless
acquaintances

for C.

I did find you
lurking behind
somewhere not
perhaps lurking

innocently
maybe troubled
whispering steps
I did not hear

and you claimed
it was only
a dance of some
sorts you knew well

Michael Paul

I, Pygmalion

IF as a person for a purpose
I be pushed and dragged naked
Over dirt or sharp stone;
IF alone I must will
To fill no wooden horse
To creep from to kill;
IF in the end I spill and breathe and pray
Life into the living
So that the living live for me;

Then I, Pygmalion, might sooth to death
Suicide's festering soreness
With beauty-life's new feel.

by Charles J. O'Neil Jr.

Cotton clouds
flirting with the blue
reflect on the trampled snow
below
ushering in those wintry blues
that hold my soul
watching you float
in the boundless sea of blue
seemingly you are so free
but those tradewinds unmercifully
drag you to nowhere
we are not the kingpins we think
we are but the footprints
we leave in the snow
we come and go
leaving only our marks
thoughtlessly created masterpieces
impressed in the crusted snow
If they gave me another chance
I too would be floating
in the sea of blue
at least the clouds
are creative.

Tom Magner

My Life is Living

The emerald grass that
is the blanket of my
bed lies beneath the
bough of a rustic maple
tree.
In the evening I sit
beneath this bough and
feel all
and rain filtered
through its branches
and sun curling its
leaves
and moon boring its trunk
hollow
and wind trimming its
bark.
The bough is curled and
mottled grey
and is the lumber of my life.

Philip A. Tetreault

Drinking thinking they got it made

There're all out there
making plans for tomorrow
next week
next year
me, I know better
just living today
forgetting yesterday
not worrying about tomorrow
they'll probably drop the bomb
by then anyway.

Tom Magner

Tears

plaintive recourse

the heart is a throbbing beast
melting in a potpourri of
filth, truth, fear
that constantly annoys
and forever you try to distort that message
from the garbage collector
disturb the message by
looking in mirrors;
building a house;
stepping on insects
stepping on litter
stepping on those that bring
the message to you ever
so clear
But you are satisfied not to know;
you know you must be satisfied to know is not to satisfy
but to be satisfied
and here we all become the child
T.V. cooks the mind to digestable medium well,
and the water is cooling us to 33 degrees F

Moderations Mitigate Mimes
we have no immediate wants — we have no immediate wants
for we want and want to be able to want; to crave; to covet
only to satisfy that which we only ignore
for we all have a kindling point
which is known only to us — sometimes
that we never reveal exactly
We have only to feel through scars
of countless repercussions of the original act
and fill the never changing heart once again.

John Bucknavage

Read Me

Tell me a story,
you know must be satisfied to know is not to satisfy
any child enjoys
a fantasy.
tell me you love
me,
and decorate it
with castles and
dragons
and give it an
ending,
happily ever after-
or tear each page
to shreds
and give me back
my catechism.

John Popoli

'71

dawn

the solitary pond

lies sullenly beyond

the natural road,
channeled insurrectingly
between a freshly
colored hollow,
i, resurrectingly,
follow.

skyles rhys

Your Room

open up
and you will see
you will see the shadow
image on the wall
come lonely plainly

open up your mind
and window for the spirits
let them infiltrate your room
rise from your seat
sorry positioning yourself
for grand endeavors

now catch the muse for musing
words and image on the — wall
one lonely shadow
dressed with words
the cruc of contemplation
in a silent dark room
not opened up
which now one sees
but i
with artificial lights.'

Robert Charpentier

Your Room

open up
and you will see
you will see the shadow
image on the wall

Robert Charpentier