

Churchly Crumbs And Spittle

All was quiet in the congregation, they had just finished a nip from the chalice. Tongues moved mechanically to dispel the malingering bread crumbs from the intricate crevices and cavities. It took a great effort of swallowing to will such meagre fragments down to their fated destruction in the bottomless pit.

"The law has been given" he had said, "live by the law." And they all drank to that, and had many times before. Spiritual cirrhosis had set in. Legs were crossed piously, a very genteel position was assumed; gentiles unknowingly choked their genitals. Arms likewise crossed, much in the manner of the doubting skeptic demanding enlightenment; hands lost in the folds of sumptuous clothing behind, idle, but back there out of mischief. Brows were knit and unknit, as much to keep the drooping oggles open as display a thoughtful attentiveness. Lips were clamped shut in humble reticence and no joyful noise, neither sighs nor laughter was heard, save from the children and an occasional winy nasal burp.

The good shepherd, focal point of the herd, readying for his message, secretively removed from his mouth what might have passed for an uncommonly large wad of gum, but in the spirit of truth was actually two very soggy and unrecognizable pages from John's Gospel. He said to them, "my people" in a way to capitalize at once on their probing and supplicant attention, and with a bit of a sheepish winning grin, "I've been chewing something over now for some time..."

And later, as the mass congested the aisles and besought the exterior, a man who had risen early that morning, much in the manner of a new day prophet as he himself thought, came and saw and waited on the sidewalk to conquer the hearts of some new day Pharisees. Setting his fervent gaze on my poor uncertain soul, and being led by the spirit of one thing or another to approach and save me, tried just that. Grasping my hand in both of his with sufficient vigor to crush a serpent, and rhythmically raising and lowering my arm at such speed that I fully expected the water of life to gush from my mouth, pump-style and without price, he said to me, while drooling and shaking demonically, "son, don't be a fruit that's cast into the fire, oh, give up your life of sin and open your heart, you too can see the light, oh oh happy day, oh oh. At this sublime moment he trailed off into a rhythmic groaning and muttering, jittering all the while. I was about to sneak off somewhere and hide, as he had charitably released my hand and appeared now to be enjoying some internal spiritual orgasm. I took a step to the left, like a cartoon character escaping from a haunted house, but stopped dead when Lionel launched into a new scene. Taking two giant steps backwards and bearing every tooth in his head and every cross imaginable, screamed, Apache style, "HALLILULUYA", drawing it out and dwelling on the YA for a full ten seconds. The many standing about, stood aghast, and as my mouth went dry, pulse doubled, and goose bumps appeared in great flocks, I was for a minute one of them. Taking off at a run, I didn't stop till home. When calm I thought, again and again it crossed my mind, and made a quiet sense,

"Seek the narrow way, for the way is wide and the gate is easy that leads to destruction, and those that find it are many."

Fred Joy

The Ideas of Christ Cannot Be Crucified On A Studebaker

by Michael Steiner

These days, the talk of the town is revolution. Interpretations are many, but there has been little true thought on the matter. Not to call myself a celebrated editor, congressman, or whatever; I have lots of idle time to think, so here's some thoughts, that's all.

My background was semi-Jewish, so I had little actual religious experience, other than what might be called a lot of doubt about God, the Christ, etc., during my childhood. In the past four years, I have fluctuated from a Jew, to an Agnostic, to an Atheist, to a believer in nature, and I believe I have reached some form of satisfaction in my mind to an answer. I now believe that Life, consisting of all forces,

universes, whatever; is self-perpetuating to infinity. To further explain, there is no logical explanation to any beginning, or a possible end to Life. Certain things existing within it like psychic phenomenon, have occurred too often to be mere coincidence. It is my firm belief that there may exist certain forces or vibrations that do not necessarily control, but do influence "natural" occurrences. This could explain perhaps the possible forms of Esp, Ghosts, etc. Further explaining Ghosts; I think that the mind consists of electronic vibrations that go off into the atmosphere after the body dies. The subconscious part of the mind may create hostile or peaceful, physically or mentally visible phenomenon; known to those whom it may choose to be seen by, for reasons known only by the subconscious part of the vibrations that once existed as a mind in a human being. This may also explain the possibilities of reincarnation in the form of a takeover of another being's mind or a second coming of another person's mind who once was dead. It is my belief that eventually, the ideas,

or the vibrations of the mind of Christ, and prophets before and after him will influence those minds of the revolutionaries today, and there will eventually be a "second coming" and true peace on earth.

I believe that what now is happening, is that mankind is finally learning how to exist without violence, and is beginning to live on a platform based on love and understanding. The older generations are now killing themselves in senseless wars and struggles for power. In a very short period of time, one of two things will probably happen. Either there will be a worldwide nuclear war, destroying all the participants, or within each of the big power countries, a struggle between the governments and the right-oriented extremists will create an attempted take-over in which all the participants will wipe themselves out. What will be left in any case, will be the empty stage on which the players destroyed themselves. What I feel we are doing, or should be doing, is to play the role of the instigator and at the same time; prepare ourselves for when it is our turn to

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SLUM F: A PLAY

by Beverly Dugger

SETTING: ROOM F-6 SLUM F
TIME: JUNE 12, 1969 Saturday 5:00 P.M.
Cast: DEATH

"You know, I have often come by this way, (X Stage Left) and wondered how people survived here. (Shakes head and X up stage left). I have often seen Mrs. Johnson sitting on the porch, her blouse half open and a dirty wrap-around skirt on her waist. There she sat yelling at Robbie. I heard her tell him to be back before night-fall; knowing that he wouldn't. (Point) Mr. Johnson, standing with his work pants on and a plaid shirt, was drinking beer, cussing at his wife. (X down stage right) Then there was Suzie. (smiles) When I first saw her she was 10 years old. She stood there with her long dark brown hair, looking oh so Black, in a natural. Her dark skin glistening in the sun. Then, I looked around (Pause. Steps slowly and X down stage) and I saw her environment. A big, fat, juicy, healthy rat ran across her feet. I saw all the Black neighbors with their heads out of the windows; beer bottles scattered over the sidewalks; children in alley-ways smoking; a junkie trying to sell some heroine. And there she stood; Suzie. Innocent and Pure. (X up stage left to chair) Well, here I am Suzie. Its 5:00 P.M. Saturday evening June 12, 1969. Nice little room she had here. Well kept and has a pleasant odor. Lovely wallpaper, too bad its peeling and turning brown at the edges. A dead, sick discoloration. Well, Suzie knew that I would come. She did enough talking about it. Almost every night. I just can't understand then, why she gave such a fight. My, the poor girl started screaming and crying. She acted as if I had come as a stranger. But as I look at it, I (Sits in Chair) saved her from a lot of heartache. Just think (Pause) she would have worked all of her life. Every morning the alarm clock would go off at the same exact moment. People (Rises and X stage left) would have justified her around; and probably some bastard of a man would have plucked her on her nice big round bottom, while she was on her way to work. And to really think about it she would be going to the same old job: no place. Well, It's 5:09 and I really must go on. There are more people that I must see. There is Mrs. Johnson, sitting in her living room, or is it the kitchen, she has a little black dress on now, and Mr. Johnson he isn't cussing; he has a jacket and tie on. And Bobbie well, he is just sitting looking at the wall paper. Well, my job is done so I must go on. (EXIST)

Chekov's Corner

Tuesday Brunch At The White House

by Chekov

One and one is three

Plus two

Equals 5...

Multiplied by two,

That gives you ten!

... 10 to 11 ...

... 10 to 12 ...

... 10 to 13 ...

... 10 to 14 ...

From 10 to 14 ... million people!

People in America!

Americans that are starving!

America is starving!

I heard this on the radio this morning.

P.S. 7 million are children -- have a good day.

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Thursday, Dec. 11,

9:30 AM - Room D