

ed. note — The following editorials were written by the candidates running for editor of next year's U.H. News. They are printed in alphabetical order.

Flowers, Wish They May

by Mark Bauman

*While I sat in Liz's park, I watched the flowers play.
Dancing to, swaying from, the tree beneath which I lay.
The grass was green, the clouds did roll,
the sun set down a carpet of gold.*

*Time passed and the clouds did strangely grow.
Making it dark, the sun's rays could not show.
The clouds I said, "Know," and the flowers showed fear.
Standing still to listen, waiting, anticipating to bear.*

*Then, without warning it happened; Rain.
The flowers with pronounced dignity, showed pain.
The wetness of the rain continued on,
caring not, the ground sucked upon.*

*"Stop!" cried the flowers all but in vain,
"We protest," they murmured into the rain.
"We want the kind sun,
with all of its warmth for everyone."*

Towards A New Psychology

by Robert Clement

anti-aircraft. Up With People. earthday. Demonstrations are a drag. Demonstrations, once a distinct political factor of our youth culture, has now evolved solely into a cultural manifesto aimed at the inter-relationships of experience. Between the fan fare of anti-war/pigs/ establishment shouts and slogans, the development of demonstrations has aligned itself with the inherent need of the young to solicit meaningful and lasting identity with their peers — to gain a transcended identity of experience in which "I" and "we" are one and inseparable. Political demonstrations today are an attempt to gain an experience of psychological inter-dependency, rather than fostering any political direction. Woodstock Nation is not the nation of political activists, it is rather aimed at healing the human degradation which is the result of this society's aim to "normalize" everyone.

war seemed far from everyone's mind at bushnell's anti-aircraft demonstration last week. it must have been dampened by the late spring, and scattered about like loose leaves by the chilled breeze. everyone had come dressed for the occasion, flags, peace symbols, the whole gig. but the war wasn't there. the people were. wandering through the curious mixture of on-lookers, i came across a group doing sensory training. here they were happy; it was the real thing. they called me in, and centered me in the middle of the group, all were sitting down, knees up, their feet pressuring down on mine to hold me in place. i fell to one side, suddenly i was being spun around. eyes closed, the sensation paced quicker, and quicker, falling, spun around, the sensation of the jerks that forced me around. then as quickly as it had begun, we all left. abbie hoffman was still roaring in the background, but abbie is great, he hates seriousness. he's lenny bruce.

When there was McCarthy and Kennedy, there was

political activism on the surface, but more importantly, underneath, riding just as relative, there was the experience of human identification, especially with RFK. It was the successful fusion of man and his goals, the experience of man participating in his goal orientated drive, of others with him, fused into his being, his drives, his consciousness. It was the transcended experience, of I in him, and he in us. His success would be ours, we were one. Now they are dead, as they in us has been tarnished. The New Mobie has left Washington; Nixon's green political thumb is delving in ecology. There are only the skeletons of the movements left, not the experience. Out of this dissatisfaction has come a distaste of those political actions in which the political participation is of greater presence than the human experience. Experience. Alive. What is evolving is a new psychology of experience to combat the drive to "normalcy" of our present system.

we sat around & sang with helen songs of our culture, inside up with people were doing their bag, their version of normalcy. one cop asked me why we were so disruptive, i said we were a new culture—the Porno culture. he replied back that all generations were once like us, & we would outgrow it. but he was wrong, we already have peter max in madison ave.

The definitions of abnormalities have always run in alignment with those qualities necessary to run a technological society, those qualities of submission, of lost identity, of angst. The success of the technological society depends on those human factors which will operate subservient to the greater function, that of producing capital and goods. All through our lives we are bent, twisted, and dulled to become "normal," that is to become subservient to the greater whole, to operate outside of our consciousness and experiences, and to participate only in the GNP. This process is quite complete in the elementary grades. The teacher will cunningly phrase a question so as to emphasize the need for social solidarity in behavior, such as, "Which of you young gentlemen will open the door for our guest?" In their social pressure to be aligned, no young boy could possibly consider not being a "gentlemen."

*The trees, full of wisdom old,
lifted their arms to behold.
To taste sweet waters — rain.
A sigh was heard, as this gift caressed their grain.*

*Yet the flowers continued to complain.
Trying fruitlessly to reason with the rain.
Saying, "Can't you see what you have done,
you've robbed all the beauty from the sun."*

*The RAIN then spoke unto the flowers,
"A day will come when you shall cower."
And as abruptly as it began the rain stopped.
The flowers danced as the last water dropped.*

*The sun came out, but different it did seem,
knowing not why, the flowers still did beam.
The sun shone and the temperature did rise.
The heat continued until the flowers began to die.*

*And die they did in utter confusion,
the kindness they had wished for brought this conclusion.
And as I wiped the sweat from my brow,
I walked away, and all I could say was, WHY?*

The process is complete. Even worse than this is the school's role is demanding that form of overt competition which divorces any possible form of close friendship. If a teacher directs a question to a particular pupil, and at first he or she responds negatively, the teacher will harp on him to try again. Tense, nervous, the child isn't in control of his thought process because all the other students, his peers and potential identity figures, have their hands raised, ready to strike the last blow against him. The embarrassment, the cruelty, the training of children for competition, to fight against each other, to strive to be better. What is lost is the "I" and "we" experience factor.

Out of what once were political demonstrations has come the birth of renewed group experience. It is time to direct the energy of our culture into a new psychology, one based on that which we are all fundamentally striving for—the oneness of you and I. We must learn from our drug experiences and those who are now labeled abnormal to create the new state of awareness. We must learn how to experience the "I"—"WE" state. We must force our psychology department to think abnormal.

The Ruined Wall

by Fred Joy

As morning began to grace the hills of Sanaria, two footsore but determined travellers plodded silently up the last hill before the city. Balaric, who bent his gaze on the wisps of black smoke that rose above the hill, noiselessly moved his pursed lips in an old Sanarian curse and tightly grasped the hilt of his sheathed sword. Megan walked at ease with downcast eyes, his thoughts his own as he foremeasured each step with a swing of his staff. They reached the stony summit and below in the growing morning, the once strong and fair city of Sanar lay broken and bloody. Smoke wreathed the tower of Victor and here and there, peasants from the neighboring hills scurried about with bits of treasure like flies on a yet warm corpse. Barlatic stood motionless and silent for an instant as if watching the distant movement of a whip but hearing no sound.

Crack. The city he had loved as a father and