

# How right you are . . . by Karl M.

"The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion." — Thomas Paine.

The above quote is being used because it is a lofty, emotive statement apt to dispose people toward granting credibility to the user of such a statement. These kinds of statements are usually used in preambulatory comments made to uncritical, bourgeois minds. If you have been drawn in by the quote, don't feel foolish or defiled; you have been doing it all your life. If you hadn't been doing it, there would be no justification for its use. Man, because of his imposed petti-

ness, is usually disposed toward awe when lofty ideas are placed before him. There is a catch to the whole game, however, and it is important to note this carefully: First, let us give our game a name — let's call it "BULL" (Better Understanding of Linguistic License).

When a politician, mandarin, or social commentator wants to insure your non-involvement in supposedly crucial areas of human interest, he simply describes the situation as being extremely complex and intricate, and not soluble overnight. Certainly, any twit does not anticipate a solution by dawn on the

tomorrow. But that does not preclude the basis of the tactic which is to frustrate action and direct participation in progressivism. It also frustrates analysis because one can never visualize action coming out of one's analysis. You've got to admit that its a pretty clever trick—eh?

University students are particularly susceptible to these kinds of games. Firstly, because the environment flatters their vanity and places them a cut above the average man on the "john". Secondly, because they are enthralled by the jargon of their discipline, and do not wish to leave the security of their isolated mental workshop. This attachment to a perversion is difficult to break, and those concerned viciously protect their jargon, because to yield to anything else would lead to extreme despair. Don't condemn them, sympathize with them because they have been forced into this situa-

tion by the mandarins of psycho-political manipulation. (disregard this last statement as facetious, since I was only attempting to demonstrate the tactical methods of those in charge of the controlled society.)

Now that I have led you through this pseudo-psychodelic exploration — there we go again! Let us look at the university structure once more, and see why it is structured in such a metaphysical manner.

It is important not to be fettered by historical allusions, because this is simply another aspect of the 'games'. Surely, we structure our institutions on the basis of reason and not on the basis of history. See I've just sucked you in again, the foregoing statement is emotive and flattering and certainly is not entirely based on fact — but then again, we manipulate facts don't we? Frustrating

isn't? (However it is intended that you are placed on the horns of a dilemma.) Such can be the exasperation which which the individual faces and the unfortunate consequence is that he will succumb and become a "good citizen".

A cursory view of universities will reveal that they have been achieving their objectives well. Furthermore, the segmentation of knowledge in the guise of disciplines has succeeded in fractionalizing knowledge. Yet, I defy you to show me the sociological, psychological, religious, and psychedelic parts of man. Evidently, it is not how you play the game, but when you lose! Remember, that united we stood, divided we are falling. There is one bright aspect to it all, however, and that is that when you fail a sociology test — it was only your sociological part that failed!

## DOWN THE LINE

by Hubert Tersteeg

Dusty roads, sand blowing into nostrils, heat vibrating the air. Ghaza strip, brown Bedouin children in rags, smells everywhere, undefinable smells . . . Playboy magazine, middle page. Gorgeous blond, nude, lovely hair, perfect breasts . . . Heat, blowing sand. Water truck going down the line. Medical sergeant, bleary-eyed, too many beers last night. Trying to forget those people down the line . . . Lovely legs, smooth columns, carrying this provocative body. Pearly teeth, wide smile from red lips . . . A young woman, down the line. Her baby, three weeks old, dying, mother's breasts, no nipples left. Some sort of infection. Too late for the sergeant to do anything. Just try and stop the infection from spreading. The baby cries, such a tiny sound. Nobody hears but the sergeant. Cringing inwardly, swearing aloud. Goddamn it, forgot the penicillin . . . lights a bit stronger in the back please. Want more from that side, makes the hair look blonder. Less light here, bring out the cleft between her breasts. Beautiful, stretch that leg slightly, nice. May I have some water please . . . Damn flies, all over the baby. Crawling in her eyes, her ears. Hand me those drops from my bag will you? Hold it, man, we haven't too much water to give them, there are more people waiting down the line. Keep this kid out of the sun, her eyes are in a bad shape, direct sunlight is murder for her. No shadow in this God-forsaken place. Jesus, what am I doing here? O.K. let's go . . . Pretty, real pretty, the readers are going to like this picture very much. Thank you darling, see you for dinner. Wear something sexy. Something sheer and black, goes so well with your complexion. Great . . . Great God, not again. Those tires are no damn good in this climate. Must be at least 102 degrees. Let's get back to H.Q. The mail should be in, wonder if Playboy has arrived yet?

## Germany 1933

—to Pablo Neruda

First the trucks sirens skulls  
like electric bulbs bursting  
Behind gas chambers and ordure  
and pyres of corpses: flowers of nightmare.

Lost therefore the rose the multifoliate one  
The rose bled white that year.

And yet you heard them go  
long long ago  
You heard them go  
the feet the steady tread of feet  
down every city street  
echo of love's defeat

The feet the feet down every cobbled city street.  
Your retreat?

Beerhalls cigars plump flesh in garters  
still houses, in suburbs houses so still.  
Swastikas pirates black monocles prussian eagles  
in green valleys Austrian hamlets dazed in sleep!

The year requires no day-to-day expatiation:  
The camps; burning crosses of books;  
Mann hounded, Einstein in shameless exile...  
Horror multiplied, tabulated, analysed, loses cogency.

It was like this:

A high machine-gun nest  
Eyes of efficient duty  
Three heros of the Fatherland  
A male trinity  
Watching  
The barbed corridor where  
In mud  
Five small children behind  
A Jewish grandmother  
Limps.

Then the trucks sirens skulls . . . silence.

It was like that:  
bewildered guilt  
hope

and such wild loving

o cover up the bleeding faces  
mine eyes dazzle

After such knowledge, great forgiveness.

—Reshard Gool

