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POLITICS

POETRY

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DRAWING BY LYN D WARD

REVOLT IN THE SOUTH

)))))))))))))))))) THIS ISSUE (((((((((((((((((((((((((((

M.K. Kistner THE GANDER-MOONER ... 3

Edward J. Hogan POLITICS & POLICIES OF THE TRUMAN
ADMINISTRATION (Review) ... 10

Lawrence Black FIRST LIGHT 20

Spec. Coll.

PS

1

A8

nos. 46/47

Dec. 1972-Jan. 1973

)) POETRY ((

Sally S. Anderson 6

Paul Dominguez ... 7

Robert Schalit ... 8

Ed Porter 9

John Hahn ... 15

Fritz Hamilton 16

Geraldine Sanford ... 18

Richard Latta ... 19

Henry Combellick 22

Rubin Zar ... 23

Anthony P. Nasta 24

)) ART WORK ((

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SMALL PRESSES ... 25

The People Inside ... 28

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THE GANDER-MOONER

He watched the thin but active hips approach him down the long corridor. The white, drip-dry uniform dissolved, and the hollow formed between the distinct hip bone and the not-quite curving belly drew a line down to the curling brown hair.

"You may return to Mrs. Hardy's room, sir," and the professional smile turned about and the flat rear-end led the way back to the labor room.

Christ, he thought. Six months ago I wouldn't have looked twice at a dried-up butt like that. But that was when he had Jayne regularly. Before the strain of the six-week moratorium which had stretched into eight because the baby was late. And before those months of acting like a fool, trying to make love to the swollen stomach and disinterested breasts, seeking a release from the lust and tension that drove him to it, but afterwards, afterwards that dirty, unsatisfied disgust that took him back to his 14-year-old straining for satisfaction before his first girl.

The uniform disappeared around the corner, and he faced his wife, pale and a little dazed looking, but the shot administered during his wait in the father's lounge had taken the edge off her pain for a little while. He smiled and asked how she was. She answered, "Just fine," and turned her head away. The engorged womb created a hump in the bed covers, and the head and arms lying against the white seemed unrelated to the bulge that dwarfed them. They waited motionless for a long time, until the nurse reappeared and politely asked him to step outside; she must check again. The examination lasted quite a while. He watched figures passing up and down the hall. Brisk-stepping uniforms, convalescent nightgowns stiffly pacing off their afternoon's exercise, visiting fathers. Poor bastards, he thought, while bitterly resenting that none of them had warned him.

The nurse stepped out of his wife's room straight past him and returned with the doctor, who nodded at

him sagely and passed inside. The mechanical smile reappeared and assured him that Mrs. Hardy was going into the delivery room soon and if he would make himself comfortable in the lounge or perhaps go downstairs for coffee, he would be called just as soon as anything happened.

Anything, he thought on the trek down the hall, passed the nursery window surrounded by staring visitors. What is anything? He sank into a chair and wished he was home with his tie and shoes off. Home, he mentally snorted. That three bedroom, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bath, $1\frac{1}{3}$ acre, suburban monster I'm paying \$250 a month to rent. God, it hasn't even been a year since we took it. A solid ten days of painting walls and sanding floors and refinishing cabinets. Jayne, he had protested, Why put in all this sweat here? We may not live here six months. And then the furniture. Some she bought, some her mom sent. They had furniture enough for four people. Did that mean that when there was three of them they'd have furniture enough for six or for nine? Did the number double or square?

They hadn't been there a month when the first neighbor, the athletic-built guy with the Jeep, had come over and none too subtly hinted that the long grass and dandelions in the lawn were offensive. The creep acted as if he had desecrated the flag. Hell, he hadn't even noticed the lawn. But come to look at it, it did need mowing and the weeds did need digging.

Incensed at the prospect of the work, he addressed Jayne. He told her to get off her ass and get out in the yard and work. "But honey," she answered coyly, "It might hurt your baby!" Baby. What business did she have being pregnant with the god-damned dandelions growing rampant. Sure, in a mellow self-satisfied mood late one night they had talked about having children. But that was theoretical, something in the future, something later. She had stopped her pills the next day. Even she was amazed at the double-quick results, though.

He was dry. He stalked back up the corridor to the water fountain. Taking a long drink he read the plaque

above it. The funds for the obstetrical wing of St. Luke's Hospital had been donated by the family of Edward R. King. A flash of pale blue caught the corner of his eye. He turned to see the sidelong glance of a short, dark girl in a nylon uniform of a janitress, carrying a bucket and sponge in her pink, plastic-gloved hands. The dress pulled tight over her thighs and cut in at the waist. He watched her swing around a corner and down a short hall to a broom closet. Then two low but loud moans and a higher scream shook him. The voice sounded strange, but his neck broke out in sweat and goose bumps pricked up on his arms and shoulders. The agony and moans went on. He headed down the hall to the closet.

He leaned against the door jamb and looked down at the full breasts swaying out as the girl bent over a wringer bucket. She looked up at him with a slight smile, and he stumbled words out, jerking his head in the direction of the sounds, "That bothers me." He stood and watched her work. The sounds were gone. She took off her gloves and smiled at him. "It's very quiet at my room. You could have a drink." He muttered he probably shouldn't leave.

"It's real near here. You'd be back before anything happens." He took a deep breath and looked at her.

"I have to clock out. Meet me around the corner from the main entrance. On 18th."

Her room and a half was disheveled, comfortably sloppy and just a little dirty. Coffee cups in the sink. Newspapers on the floor. Clothes on a chair. His head felt soothed and caressed. The rooms reminded him of the little place he had when he first left his dad's house. No one to tell him to pick up his T-shirts, to stop spitting in the shower. Beer in the refrig when he came home from work. And then the intoxicating idea that his paradise could be shared by a bed partner.

He hadn't noticed how Jayne's sterile cleanliness depressed and strained him. The girl's bed was beautifully unmade, the pillow mussed, the covers thrown aside. After

twenty soul-satisfying minutes, he came, as a discolored, obdurate head made its final thrust into the world at St. Luke's.

*** ***** ***** ***

Intra-uterine Cannibalism

We are like fetal sharks, my love,
fin to fin in our womb bed
cruel competitors
Siamese lives laced
serum flowing from
a single source--
of metabolic fusion
one of us must die
either you or I
having cut the other through
with blackened teeth
in aching rows and
seeking fish-flesh to consume
sated reinvigorated
shall move out into the sea
through the narrow exit
marked, "Passage for One."

Sally S. Anderson

Paul Dominguez

Saturday Night

Moon tries to break the haze
Crickets scream "Black Night"
Under a lamppost I cast a thin shadow
Moths beat their bodies against the blue light

Today
I said you were beautiful
and you like a house said thanks
and let my words bounce and roll off as if rain

Two Children

One child sees another -

Joining hands they run and stumble
To the ground in mounds of joy.

Playing in gay abandon,
Leaving their elders behind
To tread life's troubled paths.

Rising up, they glide together,
Spreading laughter through the air,
Entering the tall dark forest
Never to emerge again.

Robert E. Schalit

Four A.M.

Streets, wet with rain,
Splash freely as cars
From neighboring bars
Begin their flight
To wretched wives
Or those sound sleepers,
Not caring at four a.m.
Nothing matters but sleep,
Or, forgetting sleep,
Remembering your image,
Your soothing touch, Calypso voice,
Shattered by my flight,
And lost again as every drink
Slips slowly to the bowels
Like water washing
On an empty street,
Splashing restlessly at four a.m.

Ed Porter

Book Review: POLITICS & POLICIES OF THE
TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION. Edited with an Introduction
by Barton J. Bernstein. Quadrangle Books, 1970. 330 pp.
\$2.95.*

Reviewer: Edward J. Hogan

The editor and a number of other writers present in this volume several essays that represent a reappraisal of the general interpretation of postwar foreign and domestic policy under President Harry S. Truman shared by most American historians during the past 2 decades. Especially in the study of U.S. foreign policy, the latter group's viewpoint is reflected in the history learned by nearly all American primary and secondary school children; and it is shared by most of the politicians who have served near the top of our national government in the last 25 years, for it is they who helped to forge and sustain it. Because the writers in this volume have a different historical viewpoint concerning the post-war period, they are called "revisionist historians".

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE COLD WAR

The first four essays are part of a re-examination of the events--especially the diplomacy--leading up to the Cold War. Most historians who have written in the postwar period have found the Soviet Union primarily responsible for the escalation in tensions that resulted in the Cold War; the revisionists call the actions of the United States more seriously into question, partly because it is clear that it was the U.S. that emerged as the most powerful nation after World War II. It is their view that the U.S., acting in awareness of its superior power, made diplomatic and strategic moves that made a war-devastated Russia feel its own security threatened. The revisionists see a sharp division between the conciliatory inclination of Roosevelt and the provocative actions of Truman.

The events that have been woven together to form this outlook are far too numerous to mention all here, but they are taken up in detail in the first four essays. They are expansions, in the light of fur-

* This review has been planned for several months, and was not deliberately planned to coincide with President Truman's death.
E.J.H.

ther thought and research making use of previously unavailable sources, on the perspective offered by William Appleman Williams in *THE TRAGEDY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY* (1959) and other works. It is his thesis that the conception of American policymakers of the national interest produced the Cold War. "Williams emphasized that American policymakers had sought to impose upon the postwar world their own design for peace and prosperity. The American struggle to roll back Soviet influence, he stressed, was not a response to feared aggression but part of the larger strategy of trying to create a world in which the American political economy could survive." (Bernstein, p. 4)

Part of this design was the attempt by the United States to assure the continuance of multilateral trade on the part of the countries of Eastern Europe by pushing for the establishment of Western-style democracies there. Some of the actions the U.S. undertook to try to force Soviet concessions in Eastern Europe were: (1) the cutoff of Lend-Lease aid just six days after V-E Day, (2) delays and ultimate failure to aid in Russia's postwar economic recovery, and (3) refusal, once the U.S. had the bomb, to move to seek international control of atomic energy.

The Soviet Union regarded such pressures as an American attempt to deny Russia a sphere of influence in Eastern Europe that it was **determined** to use as a buffer zone to protect it against invasion from the west. This was a goal Russia had long sought, for in 1945 she could look back and recount three such invasions (by France under Napoleon and by Germany in 2 world wars) in 125 years. Russian fears and antagonisms were further provoked by the fact that the U.S. continued to maintain its own sphere of influence in Latin America while attacking Russia for any moves she made in Eastern Europe that tended to consolidate her influence, and/or control in any of these countries. (David Green, pp. 149-195).

Lloyd C. Gardner finds considerable evidence to support the thesis that American diplomatic moves were at least as much responsible for the eventual partition of Germany as those of Russia. As late as March, 1947, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov presented a detailed plan for the unification of Germany by means of national elections. There were continuing disputes between Russia and the U.S. (with less important roles played by France and Britain) over the level of German reparations to war-devastated Russia, and over the direction German, economic, industrial, and military recovery

would be allowed to take. (pp. 113-146)

Bernstein's summation of the emerging revisionist view of American Cold War diplomacy is that it "does not view American actions simply as the necessary response to Soviet challenges, but instead tries to understand American ideology and interests, mutual suspicions and misunderstandings, and to investigate the failures to seek and achieve accommodation." (p. 17)

DOMESTIC POLICY

The final three essays deal with two important domestic problems President Truman dealt with: communism and civil rights.

Athan Theoharis, in his two pieces (pp. 196-268), puts forth the following interpretation of the events surrounding the "Communist Menace". As President Truman moved from Roosevelt's policy of accommodation to one of open confrontation of U.S. interests with those of the Soviet Union (we can say that this was completed by 1947), he faced another job on the home front. For while a policy of confrontation required a strong American military presence in Europe, the traditional American tendency after a war has always been toward rapid withdrawal and isolation from foreign concerns. In line with this leaning, it was the overwhelming desire of Americans that all American servicemen return home soon, and that they stay home.

As Allied cooperation and consultation broke down in an atmosphere of mutual suspicion and hostility in 1947-1948, Truman had to gain public support for renewed (and longterm) heavy American military involvement in Europe through NATO. Theoharis states that "from 1945 to 1947 the tone of presidential statements...about U.S.-Soviet relations was conciliatory and reasonably tolerant." But "the information presented to the public after 1947, which in turn shaped the public perception of the Soviet Union and American Communists, became increasingly anti-communist." (p. 200) To build public support for NATO, among other things, President Truman and his Administration set out to deliberately fan American fears of Communism, both abroad and at home.

An example of the inflated rhetoric used by Administration spokesmen in 1949 was the following statement by Attorney General J. Howard McGrath: "There are today many Communists in America. They are every-

where--in factories, offices, butcher stores, on street corners, in private businesses. And each carries in himself the germ of death for society." (p. 215)

The strident anti-communist campaign was initially successful in achieving the desired public mood, but, Theoharis maintains, it ultimately backfired on the President. When the Korean war broke out, the Administration's militant stance against Communism "added credence, even legitimacy, to what became the McCarthyites' central demand for a policy based on victory, one which set no limits on American military power." (p. 217) In 1950, the McCarthyites had gained strength in the congressional elections. They continued to hammer away at Truman's alleged softness on communism. Truman's exaggerated emphasis on the danger Communists could pose to internal security, left him vulnerable to McCarthyite attacks on Communists in the government bureaucracy. "To have suggested," as the Truman Administration did, "that 'even one disloyal person constitutes [a serious threat] to the security' of the United States served to strengthen Joe McCarthy's numbers charges. If one disloyal person was a serious threat, didn't 205, 81, 57, or 3 demand urgent action, not apology?" (p. 221)

The final essay, by Bernstein, focusses on Truman's record on civil rights. He reviews the situation the President found himself in. The Democratic party was only a majority party with the allegiance of an uneasy amalgam of Northern whites and blacks, and Southern whites. Truman "shared the views of many decent men of his generation and thought that equality before the law could be achieved within the framework of 'separate but equal.'" (p. 272)

An issue very important to civil rights leaders after the end of World War II was the creation of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC) to continue the work done by the temporary wartime body that sought to ensure nondiscriminatory hiring practices by federal contractors. Truman publicly endorsed the idea on numerous occasions, but he never seemed willing to really put pressure on Congress to enact it. His reluctance regarding FEPC could perhaps be excused on political grounds.

However, Bernstein notes that while Truman "often...asked for [civil rights] legislation he knew Congress would not authorize, ... he frequently refused to use his executive powers to advance civil rights. ...Truman's effort to desegregate the armed forces stands as

the major exception, but even there his caution...must be emphasized. Despite his periodic requests for legislation to bar racial discrimination in employment, his own government seldom enforced these policies on government contractors." (p. 13)

After his election in 1948 with solid Negro support, gained in part by the famous 1948 Humphrey civil rights plank, the President made somewhat vigorous attempts to secure the passage of a civil rights program that included a permanent FEPC, the elimination of the poll tax, and an anti-lynching bill. Even though the beginning of his term saw less equivocation, his own shortcomings helped contribute to his failure to secure even these and other feeble reforms. "As a legislative leader on domestic issues," writes Bernstein, "he was a failure, unable to get Congress to do his bidding. He gave priority to foreign policy and had to temper his domestic program and offer concessions to Southern Democrats who endorsed his conduct of foreign affairs. As a moral leader he was limited. His sense of indignation was restricted, his voice muted." (p. 296)

What is remarkable about the Bernstein essay on Truman and civil rights is that it is for the most part harsh in its criticism, yet succeeds in portraying almost movingly the weak efforts of a President, unprepared by his upbringing and faced with the hostility of a sizable wing of his party, to still give some aid to a cause that had so very far to go.

* * * *

As a re-examination of the salient events of that pregnant period of our hate affair with Communism, be it here, there, or anywhere, and, to extend the implications of the book, down the mistaken roads this national fixation has lead us, *POLITICS & POLICIES OF THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION* is an absorbing piece of historical writing. If it helps the reader toward a still-uncertain (for many useful documents are still classified) but more balanced assignment of responsibility for the last 25 years of Cold War, it will probably have scored an important success.

INDECISION

Books

perched on shelves
in dusty-throated croaks
in the preening of variegated jackets
caw "Eat me,
I am the meat that causes hunger."
"Drink me,
though I will not quench your thirst."

Like Alice

I hesitate before a mushroom choice.

John Hahn

Simple Question

Why

If I am to piece my
Jigsaw puzzle together in your lap

Why

If I can hold rose gardens
In my soft hands

Waterfalls

Gushing through my fingers

Why

Can I not simply slip
Your pretty frame inside my vest pocket

Without

Playing havoc with my breast

My blood

Beaten into butter with

The happy cudgel of your smile

Fritz Hamilton

To a Friend Depressed

Eurydice

Why is it that

The red sun climbing slivers through

The split morning clouds

Writes

Your name in red shivers on

The East River

?

And why, Eurydice, is it that

You leave the Brooklyn Navy Yard roofs

Only

To be lost again in grayness

?

I'm not worried really

The clouds will go away and

You will laugh again

Riddles

We talk in riddles, you and I,
Expecting the other
To decipher and verify
All that we would imply.

We leave contrary clues along
The way and wonder
Why the other is waylaid in
The corridor or guesses wrong.

You provide an architect's sketch
Of the blind maze that you expect
Me to pursue, then cancel it
Midway in favor of another which

Leads another way. Which is that
Which leads to you? Which leads away?
What degree does your thermostat
Register today? It fluctuates

Too rapidly for me to read.

I cannot catch the key or pitch
You sound for me. I cup my head
And try to trace the echo's track
To your enigmatic pulse beat;
Only a question mark waves back.

Geraldine Sanford

a
corner
is
love
is
shelter
is
the reason
why the birds
are holding each other
is the reason
why
i am
now running
to embrace
you from a cold
chill
of
life.

Richard Latta.

First Light

by

Lawrence Black

The night air was warm. The moon was silvery and bright. Stars twenty light years away, their fluorescent rays distorted by ancient, cosmic dust, twinkling, studded the warm night sky. It was a lovely night. We sat on the wooden porch and talked and played and I sat between her legs and she combed out my hair and braided it. A breeze blew in from the direction of the ocean, not cool but warm and heavy. From where we sat you could barely see the line where night began and the water stopped. But you could tell that the water was the darker of the two. When she finished braiding my hair I rested my head back on her warm stomach. I could see her breasts rise and fall as she breathed. With the tips of her soft, moist fingertips she gently massaged the area just above my eyebrows. I could feel the gentle pinch of her smooth brown knees on my sides under the armpits. I could hear the distant throbbing of her heart. She bent over and licked my lips with her tongue. I did not resist, but returned and facilitated her efforts.

When I was in prison she visited me every visiting day. She never missed a visit. She had often appeared just when I needed her most--at the height of my blackest feelings of despair and bluest moments of anguish, when I cringed from the agony of deep, one-step-beyond loneliness, when I felt like weeping and longed again for the fetal position. She would be sitting at the booth with the phone already to her ear with big, bright, liquid, jeweled eyes, smiling, waiting on me. I would come in smiling for the first time in days, plop down, and pour forth neatly fabricated lies that everything was "O.K." and "I'll be out any day now...." She would simply nod sympathetically and tell me to "Hang on, baby." She wrote me faithfully, gave me money--I had to scold her sometimes for sending too much--and sent me

tons of homemade goodies. I remember one time she sent me four dozen cookies with a little tag attached to each of them reading: "for MY man...." While I was in prison she kept me alive and sane. She is my home and my obsession for living.

"Tony," she said suddenly. "We're pregnant."

I figured she expected me to be shocked and angry and rave about kicking her in the ass and leaving her, but I wasn't. I knew she was pregnant from her mother. She was my old lady and I loved her and I wanted them both. I needed her and that child more than she will ever really know. I was an ex-con, but I felt I'd earned another chance. I had paid my dues and I thought I deserved another shot at life. I felt society owed me another chance to square out. I had to see this thing through.

"I'm hip to that. But we're not pregnant," I said. "You are."

"You mean you know?"

"Uh-huh."

"But aren't you mad?"

"Naw. What for?"

"Well I just thought that since you haven't been--"

"Out of the joint but a month? Is that it? Yeah, I know. But that's O.K., we'll make out. I can make it if you help me keep my head above water, Lawanda."

"I'll help you, Tony. You know I will. I can work almost up until my time and you won't have to quit school."

"Right on, and I'm going downtown tomorrow and see about a part-time gig, too. We'll be all right. I'm gonna see to that."

Then she said something that caught me completely off

guard.

"Do you know who I really am?" she asked.

I turned and faced her with surprise. She looked deeply into my eyes without blinking.

"Yes," I said. "You're my old lady."

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'm your woman."

I smiled and corrected myself and buried my head again into her warm stomach and stared into the night sky and thought about my woman.

PIN BALL BABY

Shot out into the perimeter
of lights, bumpers, bells,
I'm shocked, rebopped, short
circuited, dropped down-out.
I try to make it up.
The score repeats "you lose fool,"
the paint-on-glass blond
suggests do it once more.
To prove I'm smarter,
that I can make it,
I try over and again
puking pinions and springs,
waiting for my lights
to be put out.

Henry Combellick

HONEST POLITICIANS
(OUR LEADERS)

We can get political leaders,
Whom we can trust;
Do away with our bleeders
Whose cheating is a must

We could get them to lead
Our deceived, abused nation
And forever get rid
Of those with a doubtful reputation.

But first we have to amend
Our own cunning lust;
Only then can we demand
That our leaders be just.

We get politicians to serve,
Only, the kind we deserve.

RUBIN ZAR

Bloated Birds Can't Fly

My furious flailing innocence is gone,
leaving me in the middle
of the maze of my life
Which way shall I go?

It's all so commonplace now
Where once a few crude words
would shine with a singular beauty
drawn-out dissertations
bring only tired sighs
and kneading of the brow,
needing badly of freshness,
something new and different,
for bloated birds can't fly

If I told you any and every thing
that has been on my mind
in time I'd make some sense
but would it bring us close,
or reveal some foul disease
for which there is no cure
to send you with feeble apologies
off to seek comfort elsewhere?

I feel that this is pivotal;
yes, I'm standing at the crossroads
with my life all around me
I'll have to start out walking
for bloated birds can't fly

Anthony P. Nasta

SMALL PRESSES/Edward J. Hogan

LEAVES OF TWIN OAKS: Journal of a Walden
Two Commune

Twin Oaks, Louisa, VA 23093. 12pp. 6/Year, \$3.00. (This issue: September 1972) Produced by the Twin Oaks Community.

TWIN OAKS is a rural commune whose members live, loosely speaking, under groundrules set forth by the behavioral psychologist B.F. Skinner, in his novel WALDEN TWO. Unlike the diffuse, anarchic preachments of the LITTLE FREE PRESS (See Oct-Nov ASPECT), the words the Twin Oaks Community uses to describe itself suggest a more practical and systematic attempt to deal with such human habits as greed, hate, and competition. The following is a paragraph excerpted from a pamphlet called "What is Twin Oaks":

We avoid institutions which promote competition, exploitation, or aggression. We reject the assumption that knowing how to make other people serve one's ends gives one the right to do so, and the notion that success consists of being envied by one's neighbors. We hold that superior intelligence or talent do not entitle a person to a ~~larger share~~ of the world's goods than other people, but simply oblige one to employ the talent for the good of society. We believe, not that everyone is equal (that is obviously not the case), but that everyone is entitled to be treated equally - not only before the law, as the U.S. Constitution tried to guarantee, but also in income and leisure and opportunities for education. By "education" we mean simply learning to use our minds and bodies fully and pleasurably without unnecessary limitations.

LEAVES OF TWIN OAKS devotes much of its space to relating the ways members have dealt with various problems that come up in the operation of the commune and in interpersonal relations. Thus, a series of issues is a chronicle of the community's ongoing life. This makes LEAVES not only of interest to the "layman", but also to others who are living in a communal lifestyle.

Twin Oaks is also making vigorous attempts to reach out to other similar communities to share resources and coordinate projects of mutual benefit, and there is coverage of this focus of

Twin Oaks activity as well.

I haven't made up my mind about--for lack of a better word--the rightness of behavior modification, but to read of the Twin Oaks Community is to witness genuine creativity in exploring other ways to live. I recommend your finding out something about Twin Oaks.

NOLA EXPRESS

Darlene Fife and Robert Head, Editors, published every other week; Box 2342, New Orleans, LA 70116. 35¢/copy, \$10.00/Year. (This issue: November 17-30, 1972) 20pp.

NOLA is a fine alternative newspaper of the same genre as the L.A. GOOD TIMES, Atlanta GREAT SPECKLED BIRD, and Boston REAL PAPER. It first published in 1968. Coverage is divided between local issues and national interests. The main focus of this edition was Environment. Notwithstanding some careless and indiscriminate statements by Barry Weisberg in his "Beyond Repair: the Ecology of Capitalism" (example: talking of "the vast sea of malnutrition and hunger resulting from the American economic colonization of the world" as if hunger and malnutrition wouldn't exist were it not for the U.S. Such statements are merely denunciation--not constructive and not conducive to offering useful information), the coverage of the subject is generally well written, and good, useful reading.

Other things from this edition: a survey of the presidential election returns in New Orleans ("In the all-black precincts, 80% went for McGovern. In the all-white precincts, 80% backed Nixon."); first-hand at Southern University confrontation; small press reviews; "Notes of a Dirty Old Man", fiction by Charles Bukowski; and some nice letters.

NOLA is the kind of publication that's more than a source of information. It's a point of contact with good people.

BLATS by Peter Finch

Second Aeon Publications, 3 Maplewood Court, Maplewood Avenue, Cardiff, cf4 2nb, Wales, United Kingdom. 75pp. \$2.50.

Peter Finch calls BLATS "a collection of non-poems. many of the items involve chance, the arbitrary finding of both significant data in magazines, newspapers, books, overheard conversations and the like. chance is the natural order of things. the best works are never made completely clinically." Included in this collection are short fiction pieces, concrete

poetry, chance plays (assembled from lines taken from a large number of other books), and very brief prose things (a line or a few lines). I picked and chose, and found much that I liked and much that didn't impress me. Much of the latter was the result of my stubborn resistance to concrete. The short stories were short, offbeat, and funny. There was a construct-of-the-absurd that I'll call "Is" that I liked which is too long to reprint here. But here are a couple excerpts from a kind of stream-of-experience piece called "& the road was long":

tones, values, atmosphere. thick smog of london for the first time. i blew my nose in a clean handkerchief and noticed the dirt in my nostrils. the science museum a gigantic playpen of electronics. we fought and jostled for a go on the static shock machine. on the train going home someone pushed my head through one of the seat lights.

bump creak halt. can go no further. the dockside had appeared suddenly around a corner. its water spreading out into the distance. shine. like coming to the edge of the world. oil, coal dust, tar. we went on a hundred yards or so and put up a poetry reading poster in the seamens mission.

INTREPID

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----- THE PEOPLE INSIDE -----

MADGE KISTNER is from Boulder, Colorado....PAUL DOMINGUEZ attends Houghton College, Houghton, New York....ROBERT SCHALIT, from Albany, New York, is a student in biology at Harpur College....ED PORTER lives in Poplar Ridge, New York....GERALDINE SANFORD, Sioux Falls, South Dakota....LAWRENCE BLACK, San Jose, California.....HENRY COMBELICK, Milltown, Montana, is at the U. of Montana working on an M.F.A. in Creative Writing....RUBIN ZAR is from Brooklyn, New York....ANTHONY P. NASTA, Ronkonkoma, New York. Thanks be to the state of New York, without which it doesn't look like this issue would have been possible!



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