

REFLECTIONS

FROM NCCU

BY MARY BOHANON

MARY BOHANON

TO A GUY NAMED JIM
They said it was the booze.
No!
It was the damnable fake
Of the empty promises that
Life plays on the born poor,
The unborn minority, the
born Average.
Living on a street with others
Like yourself, a street

blocked
By dead ends and crowded
with
People going nowhere, no one
to
Listen, so how could you
know
That fate plays checkers with
Our lives or is like the witch-
es

Brewing ritual gruel to what
Our ambitions appetites, so
That we gorge on the ingredi-
ents
Swelling our realities into
Gargoyles of illusions.
No!
You'll prove yourself, you'll
Analyze yourself, you'll
Vindicate your ways To man:
Milton's was a tiring task,
Success, debatable, but yours
a
Pitiable catastrophic gesture.
To invert Milton? rather seek
A oneness with sanity,
Because, my boy, the world
Of man is indeed an ass
Braying nonsense.
Yes?
In desperation you sought the
friendship of a mutt.
Hip-eared he looked at
You trying to understand, at
least
He listened, until simply as
muffs
Do, grew animal old, flopped
Over and died; his time piece
Had run down—back to the
booze?
Yes!
You sought material bric-a-
brac:
A house on a paved street
with
Neighbors who lolled on their
Academic degrees and strip-
ping
Mortgages. You took three
Jobs: Manual, spiritual and
mental.
Only the manual rendered
deluded progress: the
House, fast vanishing
Symbol that it was, held its
own.
The mental became a confus-
ed
Array of blues and greens
egged
On by the too occasional
booze
To foster sleep. Still no one
listens
The spiritual had long evap-
orated
With the passing of the mutt.
Yes!
It was a Sunday morning,
Looking out on your razor
edged
Lawn you saw the mutt's
prother:
You thought, "It can't be
true!"
Not your costly foliage that
Twenty hours of overtime
had
Bled you, but it was:
Piece by piece the mutt's
brother
Was digging up the Chinese
holly,
The hibiscus and shrubberies
whose
Names you had forgotten,
Piece by piece the mutt was
shaking
Your greenery into shreds,
lapping it into his mouth
Then spitting it out.
You started toward the door,
Intent on stoning the mutt
Away, when an uncontroll-
able
Dizziness stayed your course,
Spun you 'round like a circus
go-cart,
Zig-zagging you from side to
side,
Making you grasp vainly to-
ward
The door knob.
You went crashing into a
French provincial velvet
Seated chair. Your shaking
Fist broke through, shattered
A bevelled mirror as the ice-
circled glass made jagged
blood lines in your hand.
Violent foaming vomit
Spewed from your mouth as
You tugged at the knob to

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E. L. Kearney

"T"
By RUDYARD KIPLING
If you can keep your head
when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming
it on you;
If you can trust yourself when
all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their
doubting too;
If you can wait and not be
tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't
deal in lies,
Or, being hated don't give
way to hating,
And yet don't look too good,
nor talk too wise;

And risk it on one turn of
pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at
your beginnings
And never breathe a word
about your loss;
If you can force your heart
and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after
they are gone,
And so hold on when there is
nothing in you
Except the will which says
to them: "Hold on;"

If you can dream — and not
make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not
make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph
and disaster
And treat those two imposters
just the same;
If you can bear to hear the
truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a
trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave
your life to broken
And stoop and build 'em with
worn out tools;
If you can make one heap of
all your winnings

If you can talk with crowds
and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose
the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving
friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you,
but none too much;
If you can will the unforgiv-
ing minute
With sixty seconds of dis-
tance run—
Yours is the Earth and every-
thing that's in it.
And—which is more—you'll
be a Man, my son!

open the door;
You opened it.
The mutt was tripping down
The street, deaf to your cries
Of why.
Yes.
They found you there, eyes
open
Staring at the same blocked
Street where you first
Breathed life: "dead, dead,
dead," they cried.
No!
Your final beginning.

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Kael—Deeper Into Movies
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Hour of Lead

MONKEY STUDIES

ATLANTA, GA.—Lana, a chimpanzee at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research center here is learning to "talk" in a newly created language—Yerkish—with the aid of a computer. Seven scientists from three institutions, led by Dr. Duane M. Rumbaugh of GSU, have been working on the project more than a year.



COMMISSIONED—Van Stitt, Jr., a 1972 graduate of Johnson C. Smith University and a native of Charlotte, N.C. is congratulated by Lieutenant (junior grade) James M. Clark, Minority Recruiting Officer for the Navy Recruiting District,

Raleigh, after being commissioned as an Ensign in the Navy Medical Scholarship Program on May 16, Mr. Stitt, who is presently a third year medical student at the University of North Carolina Medical School will receive tuition, fees and a four hundred dollar a month stipend for the duration of his medical school studies.



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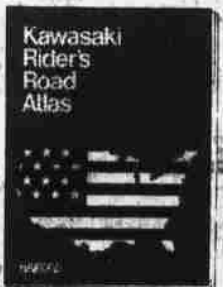
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