



Oh  
Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

## Those Last Few Days

Those last few days of a romance are the worst. That time which passes after you have the first doubts of its continued existence to the final words themselves is the worst time. For in that time you begin to see the parts of the sandcastle of happiness begin to wash out to sea on the tide of changing times. And you stand helplessly by; watching and knowing there is not a damn thing you can do, and wishing that there was. The fragments slip away slowly, in small pieces at first, then in larger sizes. While thru your thoughts runs the question of why. And in those last few days that question will come a million times.

A million times you'll stop and try to give a particle of an answer and a million times the answer won't come. The doubt itself will turn to fear, and fear will be only the broken hasp of a bolted door thru which comes a torrent of thoughts and more questions each demanding an answer. What do you reply because the answer drawer is empty? And how do you explain to demanding questions that you can't pay the price, don't have the price for their satisfaction. And the questions can't understand no answer.

In those last few days, you seek the missing pieces in the dark corners of the past, and the pieces are not there. You stumble thru the darkness of what was, hoping to find that one element that was missing, and you seek blindly because you didn't know what the element was; if it was there before. In those last few days you seek something or someone that will take up the slack of what was happiness. Something or someone to take up the slack in your thoughts after the final words are spoken and that certain something is not there.

## Bitter Dreams

What were happy moments now wear hard-heeled boots and go stomping thru the sensitive corridors of your mind. You are forced to bow to each one to show some respect for memories that were warm silk to the touch and now are raw chipped steel which stings to be near it. In those last few days a bitterness begins to build that will later ooze into an emptiness in your being after the final words are spoken. Slowly you begin to take the pictures of happiness from your gallery of recollections. You begin to stack the happy times in back of the closet of forgetting. There is a quiet reverence in all of your person for it is known that something fine is dying.

The truth will come slowly covered in a cloak of disbelief which parts all too easily before the stern gaze of reality. In those last few days you see the handwriting on the wall and realize now that it is covered with a dust of ignoring which didn't let you see it before. Somehow you do not want to see it now.

You begin to seek excuses to be with people because alone times are bad times. You begin to hunt things to do so that the questions which are constantly lurking nearby will not have a chance to present themselves to your mind. And you hope your friends will understand and not question because you really don't know what to say. Yet there is a scream in yourself down where you really live that wants to be heard. You want to run quickly into someplace in the future where the final words have stopped echoing thru your mind. You know there is no place to go, and a dread of final words permeates.

The songs which you hear bring back a gone time. You turn quickly to say something half-thought to anyone so that the words will hide a bad feeling starting inside. Your friends try a half smile to show understanding and you feel foolish. You start admitting to yourself the obvious truth that something somewhere in you has gone wrong.

## Bad Times

Now comes the time when you begin to examine all that you have believed. It was wrong, yet you were so sure it was right. You thought you knew where the faults, all the cracks, all the dents were in the relationship. But you have missed one someplace, and the entire answer you believed is now wrong. It is not partially wrong—it is completely wrong. It is the wrong key to a door you thought was always open. Now the door is locked closed, and you are outside.

The first cold gusts of wind have begun to blow, and you realize that the season of love is changing. You have sworn that you would walk carefully thru this affair and some where ago you trustingly dropped your guard and now stand committed and defenseless before the onslaught of final words. This is the place where wishes carry on weight in conversation. So you think "if" knowing full well that in the game of reality "if" doesn't count.

The only promises you have left is that the tomorrows will continue to come. As if the tomorrows were orphans you hope for them better treatment than the yesterdays are now receiving. There are no real answers to be given for what is done. You know the price that has been paid is worth what you have shared. You know that, because you are now regretting the ending of the affair.

In those last few days, you realize you had thought dreams fell with a loud crash. You believed that the shattering of a dream had a sound quite similar to the roar of four engines on a 707 jet. You sort of expected it to be at least the same loudness as thunder. The many tumbling pieces of a shattered crystal dream you thought should scream like the whine of a falling thousand-pound bomb. Yet now you know that a broken dream can make a sound no louder than the soft closing of a door.

## Literary Magazine Arrives, Surprises

By Barbara Jean Smith

Well, the UNC-C literary magazine "3" finally made it off the press. Yes, after being promised its publication since Christmas, students finally received the magazine last week—much to the dismay and disillusionment of many.

I eagerly awaited "3," only to find that after six months of work, the staff published a collection of "art" that to be could have been published in six weeks. The presence of perversion, dirt, and the absence of comprehensive language does not make literary art. There is a present misconception that as long as it's incomprehensible and shocking, then one has created modern art. No. Perversion has been around as long as man—it's not modern.

I do not wish to criticize all of the entries. There are some authors I would like to comment—among whom are F. N. Stewart, R. T. Smith, Dianne Scoggins, T. J. Reddy, Tim Britton, Bill Sloan, and perhaps one or two others. With the exception of two of those mentioned, there was only one entry each—I certainly would rather have seen the whole magazine comprised of these artists rather than filled with pseudo-modern artists. I also consider these writers, and others that we have on campus, quite sufficient to comprise the literary magazine without including collections of work from non-students.

While reading "3," I was compelled to consider many entries as "space-fillers." Under this category I would include such articles as the letter of Pat Harris'

## Surprises Come in Small Packages

By Mark Klafter

Caution: Don't underestimate the power, the creativity, and the overall ability of diminutive coaches and physical education instructors.

They can be devastating. Such a coach may be found in the form of UNC-C's Paul Fleming.

Fleming's spry, bouncy walk coupled with his abundance of cheerfulness and geniality forms a pleasant contrast with the deep involvement he exhibits as a coach and a teacher.

A consensus of the athletes that have been under him word it very simply—dedication. They all say coach Fleming is dedicated to getting the job done and is very successful in instilling that dedication in his athletes.

Fleming has spent all but two of his twenty-nine years in his home town of Cincinnati. As occurs with many boys, he received his introduction to sports in the Little League, at the age of seven.

Tragedy struck the Fleming family when Paul was thirteen years old, as his father, a former boxer, died from cancer. ("I never really got to know my father. Exactly when a boy really begins to need a father I did not have one.")

Rough times ensued but Fleming can pinpoint two ingredients that helped him avoid the lesser plights that many of his friends today experience.

"Of course, I owe much to my mother who did a wonderful job of raising me under the circumstances, but most

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but what was original was good. Along with most everything in "3," the photography lost quality as the magazine neared the end. Speaking of originality—in connection with one of the poses of "Nude Study," I would like to refer the photographers to one of last years editions of "Life" magazine. Again, concerning originality—some of the poetry smacked of Whitman and Rod McKuen.

In closing, I will reiterate the fact that I am not criticizing all of the articles and artists, but had the staff of "3" been more selective and perhaps more content with quality and not quantity, "3" would have been more effective.

(this belongs more in "Comment" than in a creative literary magazine). I would also include part of the interview with Bill Sloan. The interview itself is warranted. Bill is a very creative and exceptional person, but I do not think the length of the article was necessary. Also, only out of respect for the intelligence and creativity of Roger Grosswald, was I surprised at some of the art work and entries accepted for the magazine (such as Mr. Grunke's "Analysis of Humor" which I assume was to fill space since there was no other apparent reason for its presence).

The photography was a good idea, but the quality was less than good. There was little originality,

## I Saw You There

(name withheld by editor)

Ah my friend, I watched you on Monday. You didn't notice me because your eyes were full of fear and your heart, full of hate. I stood and listened as you used me for a device to strengthen your own thoughts. I spoke, but you did not hear me. You only lapsed into silence when you realized I did not agree with you. You spoke no more. I watched your eyes and your actions, and you may as well have been shouting your feelings. You looked upon others, not seeing, not speaking, just simply absorbing the intrusions into your small world. You answered no one except those who vaguely agreed with your ill-formed, fragmented thoughts. Only to these people did you allow slightly, oh, so slightly more than nothing. I watched your hands as you showed your knife. You thought you were safe and perhaps you were...from bodily harm. It was too late to save your destroyed mind. I watched as you became irrational, tense, and nervous. Like a disease you began to spread your thoughts to those around you.

Ah, my friend, I saw you, too. You listened when he spoke. He spilled his thought onto the ground, and you eagerly picked them up. As soon as you touched them you put them in your mouth. Were you not taught that when something has fallen to the ground it is dirty? I heard your heart and your mind. Without

knowing it, you told me of your parents, your home, and other programmed information to fit the situation. And yet you claimed these thoughts to be your own. Your thoughts were not capable of spreading. But your actions spread as you drew up those around you. When you turned to face me, I saw your eyes were blind, your body wooden, your mouth painted...a puppet. As my best friend played the puppeteer, you responded violently, angrily, and irrationally. I watched a tragedy in you, my friend. For what will you do when the strings are cut?

Ah, my friend, as I saw you sitting there alone, your head was bowed and your shoulders slumped. I watched as your hand clenched in silent resolution. I could not tell what you were thinking until you raised your eyes to meet mine. There was sadness that comes only when a man stands alone. For the first time today I was looking at a human to his soul. Without saying a word, without blinking, without moving at all, it was as if all your thoughts and fears were mine. In that short instant, I understood. Your thoughts would not spread to anyone. Your actions would go unnoticed. You walked past me as if I were an inanimate object.

An, my friend, you were not aware of me as I watched you on Monday. You did not see me as I wept for you. You did not hear me as I cried out for your hand. You did not know that I did not see the color of your skin.

## Attorney for the Defense's Position

The following document was handed to students entering the Union last week. Why We Support The Black liberation struggle

The Black Student Movement has submitted a list of demands to the administration of the University of North Carolina. The demands were arrived at after much deliberation by the BSM and grew out of a long history of attempts by blacks to initiate changes at the university end of delaying tactics, insincerity, and intransigence on the part of the administration.

Since the publication of these demands, there has been considerable debate over the "validity" of the demands, whether or not they are justified, and what tactics are justified if they are not met. Rather than add to that useless chatter, I hope to show that white students should not be concerned with the content of the demands but rather should be developing a program which will supplement the BSM's efforts to change the racist nature of the University of North Carolina.

To begin with, if students are going to practice as well as preach participatory democracy and self determination, they must realize that black student demands are to be arrived at by black student period. To attempt to evaluate black demands from a white, middle-class perspective is to deny a history of over 300 years of slavery, bigotry, and racism. For too long "well-meaning" white liberals have been telling blacks what they (the blacks) should want, instead of listening to the blacks. Black people alone have the right to shape THEIR world of blackness.

Another "hang-up" is the question of whether making such demands is reasonable. It boils down to this: the BSM demands are not just demands, they are necessities for survival in a country that has done everything physically, psychologically, and socially possible (with the exception of genocide) to destroy the black man. Is survival a reasonable demand?

This analysis shows why we should support the BSM in their struggle for liberation.