

THIS IS AMERICA

The press in Chicago

As in previous nights of unrest, newsmen found themselves targets of police action in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. At Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street, a young photographer ran into the street, terrified, his hands clasped over his head, and shrieking, "Press! press!" As the police arrested him, he shouted, "What did I do, what did I do?" The policeman said, "If you don't know you shouldn't be a photographer."

—New York Times
Thursday, August 29



Barton Silverman, New York Times, took this shot of Chicago police sergeant lunging at an unidentified cameraman. Below, a policeman, far right, sways MACE at Chicago photog Paul Sequeira. (Photos from Editor and Publisher)



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Registrars change within the university
Weaving Blue in hypocrisy.
Won't you remember me

At any convenient time?
Funny how your memory skips
Looking over good transcripts
And you keep handing out refusal slips,
DEEP IN your pride and security.

Look around

Leaves are dead

And the sky is a hazy shade of red.

—Anonymous

♥ spades down ♠
♥ by Tom Murphy ♠

THE COMMUNION

The early morning Sunday sun poked its way through the slim opening in the bedroom curtains. Jim twisted his head as the light beamed across his eyes. He shook the sleep off his shoulders and slowly opened his crusty eyes. An exhaustive yawn made it easier to move himself around and look at his sleeping wife. The blankets and sheets lay in a chaotic pile at the bottom of the bed.

Tenderly, he peeled off the crumpled flimzy nightgown without drawing so much as a twitter from Mary. He loved to look at her — it wasn't lust, it wasn't cheap, he thought. It was just love. For eternal minutes, his eyes smothered her everywhere with kisses. Then using his right forefinger as a piece of chalk, he drew an imaginary line from her throat, between her breasts down to her navel. To complete the cross, he drew a horizontal line which just touched the tips of her enchanting bosom.

"Ah God!", he muttered to himself.

As if to convey the meaning further, he wrote in capitals, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE on three various places across her belly. He then pillowed his head on her chest, and soaked up the warmth, the life-giving heartbeat. Mary nudged him gently without awakening. Jim gazed at the ceiling which didn't quite seem to be still. Then in a rather energetic movement which was accompanied by a verbal "oomph", Jim swung his legs over the edge of the bed and stood up. So as not to spoil his accomplishment, he quickly buttoned his pyjama tops. In three or four stops, he was at the untidy dresser. He broke the seal on the bottle of Rose Wine, and poured a little into a coke glass. After sipping it a bit, he grabbed a couple of crackers and nibbled at them.

By this time, the sun had made a wide diagonal band across Mary's chest. Miss Universe, thought Jim—there lay the queen of the universe. The pillow formed a wrinkled but worthy crown for the queen's head. With the coke glass in one hand, the crackers in the other, he walked to the curtains, and in two quick sweeps, the full sun exposed the beautifully nude body of his wife.

Jim jumped on the bed which startled Mary only slightly. Her wide open eyes blinked in an attempt to adjust to the streaming sunlight. Jim gave her a wee shake. "Come on—get up—sun's up". She slowly bent forward and propped herself against the pillow. As her nightgown floated down to her waist, she flung her long and tangled hair over her shoulder.

"Here", Jim said as he snapped the crackers in two, "eat this." Jim, erect on his knees lowered it to her hands. She raised the cracker to her mouth and bit off a piece. "Thanks", she replied while reflexively sweeping away some crumbs that had fallen between her knees. There was a oneness as they gazed at each other.

With both hands on the half empty coke glass, he lowered it to her lips. She clasped both of his hands, and gently tipped the glass toward her, allowing her to take a swallow. The little gush of wine helped wash down the cracker fragments. She looked up at Jim, and smiled.

"Awake now," he asked.
"Sort of", she answered. Jim, lay down beside her, tugged away at the blankets at their feet. Mary lay back. Jim, squeezing her to him asked in a weakened voice. "Church this morning?"

"No," Mary replied as she stretched her arms around him, "we'll live this morning instead."

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STU B vs F
STU A vs A
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