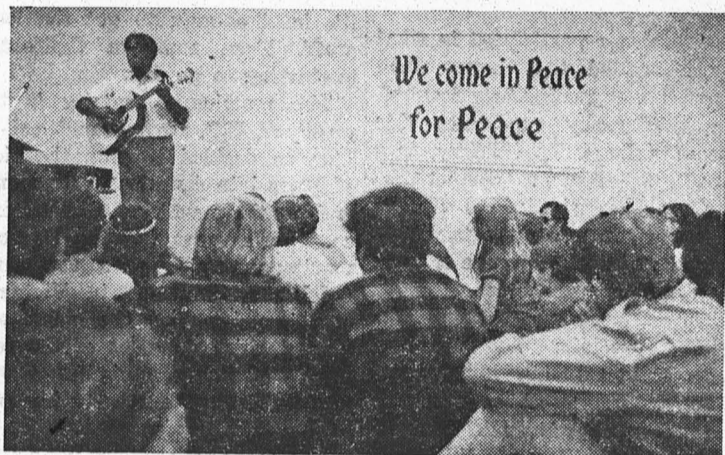


Musings on M-Day

By DAN ROONEY

Sipping unimpressive coffee, as the cafeteria slowly fills, I sit back voyeuristically watching the blue denim parade file by. It seems these demonstrations have become the calendar by which I record the passing of my days . . . The black preacher's massive frame and voice overcome the inadequate; and using techniques learned at the pulpit bastion, of fire and brimstone, he screams for his desire to have people come together in love and peace. He sighs; the participants respond warmly, eagerly . . . I see this huge man call for an end to the war and I think of my childhood and the mystique of toughness I lived by; the rough and tumble games, the giving and receiving of split lips during super-

rock. The impressive growth of the peace movement portends as much danger as promise (for the movement). If it becomes as easy and as flowing a process to become a participant in protest emotion, a catalyst for the barroom Met fan, might not the movement become an entity as harmless and as innocent as baseball; a substitute outlet for excess energy and emotion, a catalyst for barroom discussions, a progenitor of numerous folk heroes . . . I return to



They Came in Peace

fluous stands in schoolyards on chilly, sunless afternoons; the belief that a man fights while the woman sits behind. A man, it was said, was hard, pugnacious; a woman soft, gentle.

I look at the man and laugh at the folklore and characterizations that surround us. If love, gentleness, peace must be personified, it might be more accurate to envision them as a child engendered upon nature by the bloody rise of man to civilization; the progeny

of the cafeteria and hear a sloganeering smuck say, "All the power to the people."

I leave . . . reflecting on the day's events I see the participants as communicants in a religion whose tenets are empathy for one's fellows, belief in peace and understanding. One which demands compassion for all men, which proclaims man's freedom to roam about unmolested, which glorifies life and looks approvingly upon



The Other Side

of barbarism, a crown prince born of rape and heir apparent to all man's accomplishments; a child growing towards maturity, its life endangered by the violent jealousy of its father . . . Early in the afternoon I go upstairs to watch the day's other diversions, the World Series. In the elevator the young brats raise hell.

Many of the participants in the day's events appear to be fadlists, drawn to the peace movement through its flimsy relationship to drugs, hair, new fashions, and

love. It is a religion groping about in an attempt to vanquish its devil—war and oppression.

The question is, can it. Will ritualized political constructs and litanies summon forth the necessary strength? Will sacramental marches trample evil into its grave? No, it is more probable that the battle must be fought personally; that the final repudiation of War can come only in lonely, individual defiance of it; in silent, sullen duels not seconded by rhetoric or allies.



Prof. Lenny Quart (center) with Students.