

T H I S

**This is not a disease, requires no
protection, has been proven safe for
human consumption, contains no
additives,
preservatives, toxic waste or infected
blood. This is simply a forum, a
collective discussion, a creative
expression and the free domination
of
words, ideas, pictures, philosophies
and
attention. If you seek solace, crave
creativity or desire diversity...
Welcome.**

IS

A

MAGAZINE

Driftwood '90-91

The contents of this magazine are not representatives of the ideals and beliefs of St. Thomas University but are rather the opinions of the university's students and affiliates.

Driftwood '90-91



Spain

Across the water,
over the raging blue,
I found myself
in twisting streets of color.

Among dark haired beauties
gnarled stone, stained glass
and gargoyles,
I fell in love with the past.

Mad Catholic Warriors
and the divine right of Kingbirth
wrapped in lace
of Flamenco beauty.

Cool nights blowing and swirling
like waves of fine black hair.

Insane western missiles
nestled in the homes
of long dead conquistadors
in a land of dust
olives, dance and indomitable
spirit.

Andrew Adair

Winter-Haven Images

Our seasonal coolness finally woke up colder
And dry one December dawn,
As green-brown morning grasses danced
Quick, bright, reflections,
We couldn't wait, "We only need three
nights of fourteen."
Frost-chilled wooden floors chocked
our adolescent hope.

Our hidden cow-pond rested safe,
Snuggling among breasted hills.
Electric excitement paced through
young and hungry bodies.
Today we qualified and class became
A suggested, academic hibernation.

Some skaters raced across the
chopped sluicing mud at two p.m.
Others poorly fastened boots ironed brown-black leaves
into stretched fossils, at least till thaw,
And vernal sun recycled its heating.

Marred sticks, scarfs and shavings
Filled the grey day
While soft and hard grunts bubbled
over their damp heads.
This slow, tense exhaustion pleased
And dulled steaming bodies.
Edging up the hill at vesper time,
Purple-red clouds led them to quiet, slowness.

Frank McGarry

Around One Girl I Know

Lightning strikes on even cloudless days
Around one girl I know, whose laughing ways
Upon her heaps disasters. Trouble stays



Rolled up in nylons on her closet shelves.
Every now and then, though, passing drunken elves
Locate a gem, and bring in dwarves, whose delves



Just touch upon the buried treasures there.
Eyes that shift from blue to green, whose lair
Another world might see, and yet so fair



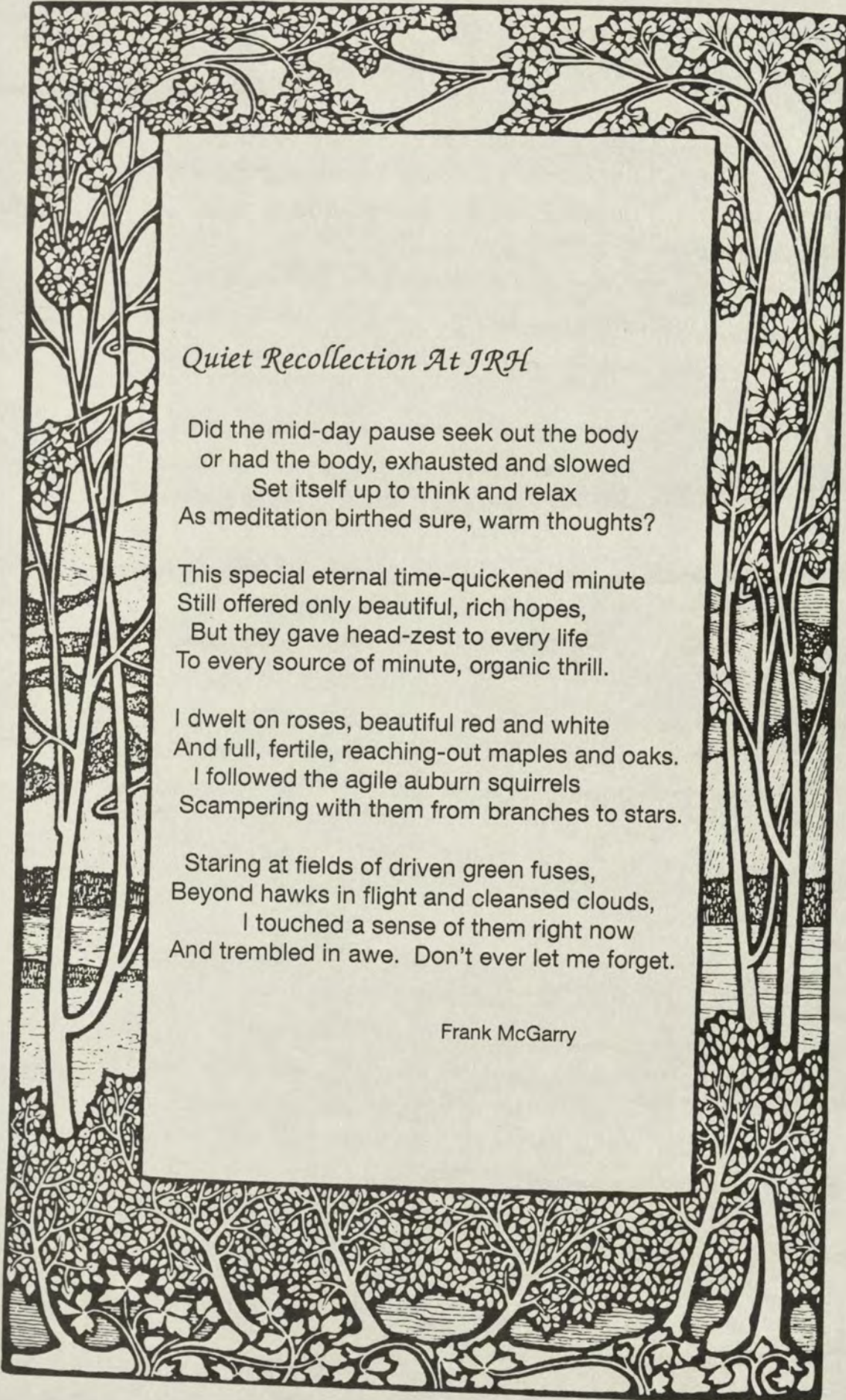
Not even God could quench that flow of passion:
Quidnuncian she is, whose soul is portion
Under what must be the height of modern fashion.



Illusion is her life at times; the thunder
Now rolls near. But still she laughs, as asunder
Neath her fingers grows, and fails, such wonder.



Douglas Quinn



Quiet Recollection At JRH

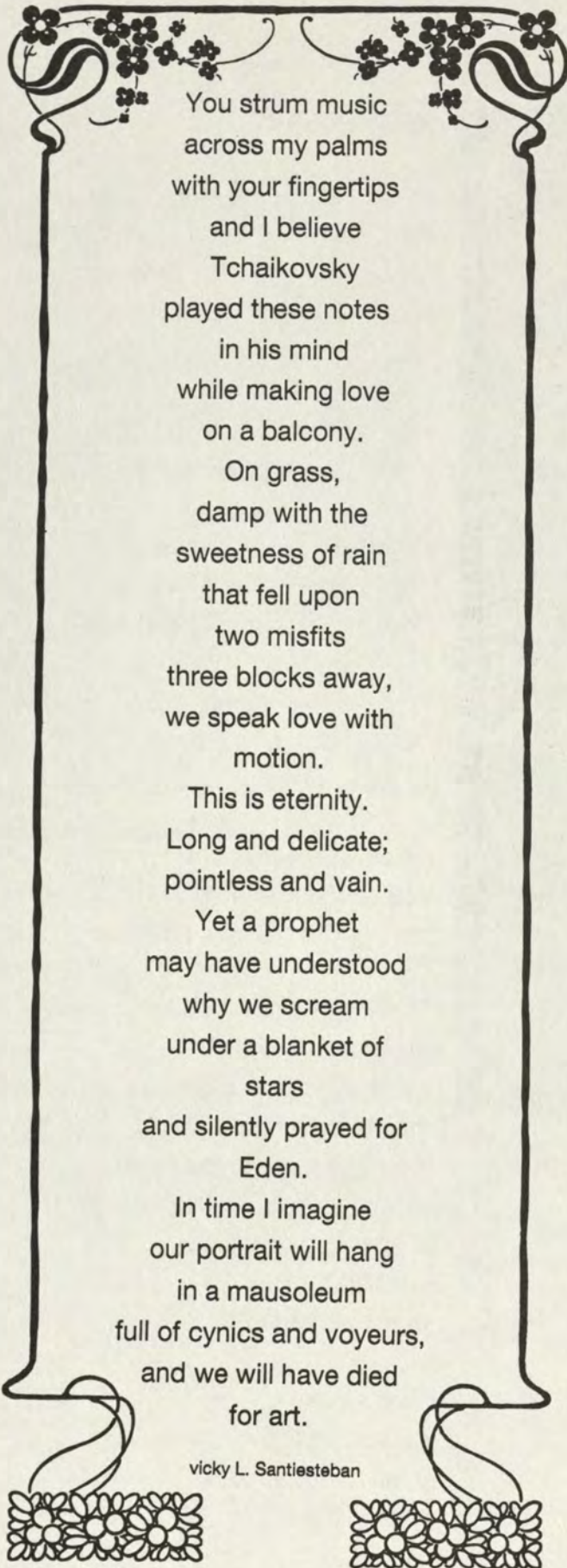
Did the mid-day pause seek out the body
or had the body, exhausted and slowed
Set itself up to think and relax
As meditation birthed sure, warm thoughts?

This special eternal time-quickened minute
Still offered only beautiful, rich hopes,
But they gave head-zest to every life
To every source of minute, organic thrill.

I dwelt on roses, beautiful red and white
And full, fertile, reaching-out maples and oaks.
I followed the agile auburn squirrels
Scampering with them from branches to stars.

Staring at fields of driven green fuses,
Beyond hawks in flight and cleansed clouds,
I touched a sense of them right now
And trembled in awe. Don't ever let me forget.

Frank McGarry



You strum music
across my palms
with your fingertips
and I believe
Tchaikovsky
played these notes
in his mind
while making love
on a balcony.
On grass,
damp with the
sweetness of rain
that fell upon
two misfits
three blocks away,
we speak love with
motion.

This is eternity.
Long and delicate;
pointless and vain.

Yet a prophet
may have understood
why we scream
under a blanket of
stars
and silently prayed for
Eden.

In time I imagine
our portrait will hang
in a mausoleum
full of cynics and voyeurs,
and we will have died
for art.

vicky L. Santiesteban

FIRST COMING

When the sun peals the sabbath
to my ears, and the wind filters notes
of distant cheers, and the campaniles
of dust come pounding at my bones

I know

--that the psalm trees speak
into the earth, gripping it
with their beaked roots,
--what crickets mean
spraying their trebles up
like small tridents, and dogs
looping their vowels
like long nooses,
--what even the day
and night signal to each other
through the years,
are all but testament
of a descent to man
greater than human birth.

That hand which holds
the snake curled
within a woman's breast,
that figure of beauty
the earth makes, revolving
among angels, are not separate
elements of creation,
but two phases
of the same dust.

That smirk
graven on the sur face
of all things proves
-this is the art
of god.

David Cantillo

jenny lee smith



THE EARTH'S CRY

What can I do to reach out to you
my people.

I am dying, and you are too
dear people.

I hate to say it, but I cannot carry on
my people.

Look around, all my species are gone.

The ozone layer has been depleted
as you know.

People I'm not one to say, "I Told you
so."

But when you kill the trees,
there's
nothing to cure the disease.
And when you pollute the seas,
my fish can't say, "Please Don't
hurt me anymore. You don't
know what is in store
for you when I die.

I must reach out to you
my people.
I am dying and so are you
dear people.
I hate to say it, but I will not carry on.
Not when all my species are gone.

Francine Powell



CENSORED

AMENDMENT I [1791]

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO PEACEABLE ASSEMBLY, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.



Jeremy Morris

Many people discuss the highly controversial issue of censorship, not from an objective angle, but rather from a subjective one: the hot-blooded American, freedom of the press mentality. I sometimes wonder if censorship is not merely a method of suppressing the views of the lunatic fringe reformists, gasping for political air in our suffocating society of money and power. But censorship also proves to be a method of protecting our society from its very components: the human beings.

Enough hearing about 2 Live Crew; enough hearing about Judas Priest and their supposed subliminal messages. When are the real culprits to be marched in front of an ethical guillotine, placed at the mercy of the decent common folk and made to answer for their crimes? What is the real threat to our purity; the cornerstone of wickedness in our evolving culture? It is the despicable mind that willingly advertises dairy products on national television networks.

After finishing the third cassette of a series titled Meditate with Mannie, I felt partial to a round or two of mental sparring with my fine upstanding roommates; what better competition than in the form of that illustrious show Jeopardy? We were all shocked when suddenly all that epitomizes the need for censorship appeared on our screen, an advertisement for embryo - lactose products.

The sight of a young, vulnerable, confused child standing before a mirror, a mirror that is able to transmit images through time (obviously some form of Satanism, witchcraft or sorcery), is being induced to drink fluids drawn from a living animal (reflective of oral - sex between consenting adults) in the hope of growing broad of stature and in time fulfilling his destiny of becoming one with his beautiful, blonde girlfriend of the future.

Is it not this kind of perversity

and degenerative influence that we should protect our children from? To find lyrics of a song offensive you must already understand what the words mean, and therefore, one must assume logically, the seed of wickedness has already been planted. But when a message cuts to the core of a person's essence and threatens the force that makes that person whole, sexuality, then the censorship cannons should be loaded and an all out offensive against the scum of our airwaves and prompt media should be launched.

As is often said to the young children: It is the bad apple that spoils the barrel. It is these same children that we need to protect from the spreading sickness. Censorship is a must; censor everything. Expression affects others. There is no such thing as freedom of the press; it is freedom of the Satanists and they must be stopped at all costs.

Kenneth Stibler

Although we Americans generally think of censorship in regard to Rap records, Art Exhibits and articles in student publications, censorship actually takes many different forms in our society.

We have all witnessed the extremes of censorship in the current actions of the self leveled "Moral Majority" zealots who seem to possess the unique ability to detect a Liberal, Atherotic, Communist plot to undermine our culture in such threatening books as: *Tom Sawyer*, *Little Red Riding Hood* and *Catcher in the Rye*, American classics all.

I don't believe however, that there is a single student, faculty or staff member at St. Thomas who would want their ten year old son or daughter exposed to the vulgar gyrations and lyrics of the "Two Live Crew" or to the so called artistic expression of the Mapplethorpe Art Exhibit. Despite my revulsion at the

above mentioned, there is an issue of much greater long range significance that should concern us in the way our courts deal with such issues

Where is the Orwellian "Big Brother" we are going to entrust with deciding what we as citizens should be allowed to see and hear, in effect to become the "Keeper of the National Conscience?" In my lifetime I have never seen an American Leader, Political, Business or Religious whom I would entrust with this awesome responsibility.

Should Miami residents be allowed to burn Art Museums not because they disagree with the content matter of the painting, but the political orientation of the Artist? Cannot a portrait of the nude human figure (made to God's image and likeness) be viewed by some as a threat to society and placed on someone's forbidden list. Obviously impressionable children should be protected from the possible dangers of smut and pornography, but the American Constitution and Bill of Rights were designed to protect people whose political, religious and artistic views varied from the majority in our society and this is what makes America different and great.

Another form and perhaps a greater threat is a more subtle form of censorship. Prominent politicians such as our former President denying the "Public's right to know" by such obvious tactics as feigning a sore throat and cupping a hand to his ear as a Military Helicopter revved up on cue to enable the President to avoid answering pertinent questions on National issues presented to him by the press. In the same vein "60 Minutes" in the September 30th program

presented detailed coverage with on the scene documented interviews with Panamanian citizens who had lost family members during the American invasion. The program showed films of mass graves which held the bodies of several thousand Panamanians killed during the bombings of the so called surgical strike with the catchy "Madison Avenue" title of "Just Cause." We like our wars neat, clean and casualty free and surgical strike is supposed to have described our operation. This censorship or controlling of the news would not have been possible if the

Bush Administration had allowed the Press Corp. to accompany our forces into battle. The press was denied access for several days until the mess and lies could be covered up. This form of Censorship was given birth during the Reagan Administration invasion of Granada, in actuality one of the most disorganized, fouled up operations in American Military History, which was passed off to the gullible American public as a smooth, well coordinated operation until the facts began to surface.

Unfortunately under the previous administration there was a movement to pervert the process of Freedom of Speech and the press by making the press the culprits for reporting the truth about public officials and their activities. The effects of this effort are still seen today as press members fearful of being cut off from good stories, instead of questioning Administration reports and policies fall into line and automatically print the rosy administration scenario even though they the press know the information they are releasing as fact is frequently questionable to say the least.

Former President Nixon forced corporate sponsors to cancel the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour T.V. program because they poked fun at his political actions. Sure sounded like censorship to me.

Remember, in the case of Hitler and all the others, the first thing a Dictator and his followers do in attempting to take over a nation is gain control of the county's newspapers, radio and mass media so that they can control the peoples' minds.

A February 7, 1990 editorial in the Miami Herald mentioned that when former East German Leader Erich Honecker erected the Berlin Wall in 1961, he had more in mind than just averting a mass exodus to the West. The now deposed "Stalenist" ruler also hoped to keep Western ideas from filtering in.

Tragically such dogmatism was not the exclusive domain of totalitarian societies. Under the influence of the McCarthy era, in 1952 the U.S. Congress erected its own legislative wall allegedly to protect

Americans from leftist and other so called subversive ideas. That wall was in the form of the infamous McCarran - Walter Immigration Act passed over the veto of then President Harry S. Truman.

Among the laws ugliest provisions was one under which some foreigners were barred even from visiting the United States because of their political beliefs. Over the years, thousands of persons, including acclaimed International writers Gabriel Garcia Marquez and Graham Greene were denied U.S. visas on these grounds. Thus the government also denied its own citizen's right to be exposed to all ideas.

Recognition of this fact led Congress belatedly to temporarily repeal that provision in 1987 and '88 over the objections of our State Department and finally repealing it in January 1990. New York Democrat Patrick Moynihan led the drive to repeal in the Senate. He reminded his colleagues that for more than a generation the provision inaccurately had "made the United States present itself to other nations as a nation of fearful, muddled intimidated citizens." I feel that the American system can withstand any new views or concepts from abroad. Isn't it just possible some of these ideas might be able to improve our society, or are we so close minded we resist all new concepts?

At any rate you will all go to sleep safer tonight knowing that our Vice-President, Dan Quayle, came into Ft. Lauderdale on October 5, 1990 praising Sheriff Nick Navarro's "Moral leadership" in the 2 Live Crew recording episode. Quayle was quoted as saying "Let me tell you something, my kid better not bring it home. as the parent of these young children, I appreciate local officials who have the sense to know what is obscene and what is not obscene." Obviously Quayle is not referring to the sexually explicit anatomically correct wooden carving of a man he purchased in South America.

Frank Malek

I supposedly live in the land of the free and the home of the brave, but it seems to me more like the land of the oppressed and the home of the coward. The censorship issue has recently sparked controversy in many areas of these fine United States. It is the First Amendment right of every American citizen to be able to express him or herself in any way he or she sees fit. What is happening in this country is the bored politicians and "holier-than-thou" book burners are telling us they deem certain things "offensive." As far as I can tell, the First Amendment mentions nothing about what is "offen-

Instead of feeding the hungry, they label records with "parental warnings." Instead of saving the environment, they burn books. Instead of fixing the economy, they ban paintings, pictures, and various other forms of art.

sive" and who, if anyone, is able to determine what is and isn't "offensive."

I have only two things to say to these people: Who are you to tell me what is "offensive" and what is not? And if you don't like what I'm saying, doing, watching, or listening to, then leave me alone and let me enjoy my First Amendment rights. Nobody has the right to tell me what I can or can't do, but these great crusaders seem to think they can have ultimate power and play games with my constitutional rights and basic freedoms.

I am supposed to live in a country where democracy and freedom rule the land, but these people who try to tell us what we can and cannot do are the real enemies of the land. Instead of feeding the hungry, they label records with "parental warnings." Instead of saving the environment, they burn books. Instead of fixing the economy, they ban paintings, pictures, and various other forms of art. Freedom of expression will soon become extinct and creative people may just have to become conformists and write, print, paint, and sing what the "do-gooders" dictate!

This country was founded on the fundamental rights of the people and nobody can take these rights away from us (or so it seems). If we allow these people to take away our rights, we will be nothing more than a country of robots conforming to the every whim and command of the "great crusaders." It is up to every citizen to make sure these rights are kept for our future generations. With all of the reforms taking place in the world (Russia, Germany, Romania) you would think our "do-gooders" would wake up and smell the coffee. Unfortunately, they are not. At least now we can all enhance our typing skills because of these people and their refusal to let certain things be printed. We now get to fiddle with those funny little symbols over the number keys of any keyboard. So, to those people who stifle creativity I say to you:

&&&%*(^\$#@#%^&*&&*&&
(when translating these symbols do not get too carried away. Someone may deem YOU as "offensive!")

Michael D. Vivian

The eternity of it

The brevity of it

On eagle's wings I fly through it.

Freer than the bird which carries me;

The "moral" majority

clip away at

the wings which support it.

Who are they to kill my eagle?

Vicky L. Santiesteban

I vividly remember the first experience.

I was five years old, the primadonna of

Miss Rusk's kindergarten class. Dressed in flowing skirts with the lace around the edges.

I was new. Real new.

The boy sitting next to me was named...

well, I know this much-he had a name. He used to follow me into the kitchen area. You

know the type. Big, green, plastic broccoli,

Tupperware, aluminum cook ware, and those

iridescent burners as hot as any individual imagination would have them.

"Don't touch that burner, Melissa. I am

trying to cook plastic corn on the cob and if you don't leave me alone I'm gonna have to split."

I would never say anything like that. As your average virgin lipped kindergarten classmate, I was pretty passive saying things like, "That's okay, Melissa, you can hold my

hand down on the burner because in my mind the burners off and I don't care if you say you can smell burning flesh, you're still my friend."

But not the Boy. He threatened sexual advances with volatile words to anyone who dared tamper with his vegetables. He had Melissa as a subservient member of his vast

entourage of fear ridden five year olds. But not me. Sometime between asking me to show him my new slip and his gentlemen like tenderness, promising to catch me should I fall from the monkey bars if I could just hang upside down for a couple more minutes, he poisoned my mind with the sweet scent of obscenity.

"Hey Mama, don't touch that burner because it's hot as s**t and if you do I'll just have to spit."

And what happened next is what I vividly remember.

I'm being led down the hall way against my will and the bathroom door is flung open so hard that it comes back into my

mother's face which makes her really mad and she's saying

something to me like, "The right word is poo-poo," and I don't understand what the hell is going on because I'm only five years old and I know the difference between the kindergarten kitchen and the one my mother was making dinner in during one of those memorable mother/daughter cooking experiences and I don't know what poo-poo has to do with all this, and I only wanted to protect the hand that is now taking a bar of soap and if I wasn't screaming I guess that same hand would have to pry my mouth open but I am screaming and the next thing I know my mouth is the victim of a thorough cleaning.

The boy was my boyfriend until the first grade. That's when he taught me the "F"

word and my parents had to come in for one of those principal conferences. And although I can't remember his name, I'll never forget his words. Or his hand gestures. To this day, I'm not sure if I was in love with what's-his-face or

if my heart first belonged to a captivating means of expression.

From those impressionable years on, my mouth was washed out with soap many times. Sometimes it was for saying the right thing if front of the wrong people. Other times it was for writing the truth rather than a flowered simile. I soon developed a taste comparable to that of a connoisseur's palette. I could tell the difference between one brand of soap and another much the same way one might distinguish caviar from cat food. I soon found myself bending over my sink the way a self-induced vomiter would stand over a commode. I was experienced. I was out-spoken. I was often in trouble.

Now, I snip coupons. I read newspaper advisements. I steal hotel soaps (they're so convenient and no one ever notices). In a little known but here to be confessed fascination, I am a glutton for suds.

I have my favorites, but my mind and my mouth are always open to new brands. I find my self standing outside of supermarkets before dawn when I know a new product will be featured.

Over the years, I have had an intimate relationship with soap and each brand has a different effect.

Days when I'm moody and having a difficult time getting started, I reach for a bar of Coast. Nothing like the scent of my blue buddy to revive my still sleepy senses.

And there's nothing quite like the feeling I get from Ivory. Since I lost the lace lined socks of my yester-years and opted for sweaty feet in a pair of sneakers, I revel in the magical qualities this soap has to make me feel like a virgin

"Safeguard is my first choice when showering with strange men."

again. Not to mention the fact that with Ivory I can blow bubbles larger than with any other brand.

Sometimes, I feel like having a pint of dark brew or springing leaks in public, and though no one sings, it's at these times of fleeting emotion that I reach for a bar of Irish Spring.

Tone is great for when I'm feeling a little flabby or for when I've been gorging myself on high calorie soaps like Mr. Bubble.

Caress is one of those soaps of which I can't get enough. It has a tendency to stick to my teeth, but when one's feeling lonely, repercussions take a back seat to a little pleasure.

Dial helps to alleviate some of the red-eye I'm prone to when I've had a little too much Irish Spring.

And although I hate to admit it, I figure I should let the public is in on a great safe-sex secret of mine. Safeguard is my first choice when showering with strange men.

Alternative brands include Pure and Natural for when I've been really bad and the Ivory just won't do while Lava absorbs any unwanted eruptions, Dial has no important characteristics and Soap-on-a-rope...well, I'll leave that one alone.

The only real soap that I find

offensive in taste, texture and foaming ability is that all too familiar brand, Censorship. Its popularity is often misunderstood by intelligent consumers. Its sales are high only because it's cheap. Its public relations are usually run by a group of self-indulgent hypocrites. It's sold through propaganda, folks. I don't recommend it. In fact, I've found the only thing it's good for is as a highly toxic soap great for bathing flea infested pets.

Daniel! His name was Daniel! All these years and I finally remember the name of the little boy who helped me to develop a vicious vocabulary. The boy who protected me from innocence. The first boy to ever see my slip. Plastic vegetables.

Melissa. Memories. Soap. Censorship.

Carolyn Guniss

MY SIDE

*I want to climb up the
Highest mountain and shout
In a mighty voice,
Hallelujah to the most
Holy, Jah.*

*I want to sing praises for
the only one that is true, For the most
Righteous
of all must hear me
Rejoice.*

*And if I must use a Konga
Drum to signify my glory to
You, then let the beat of the
Drum sound.*

*And if I have to strum a
Guitar to honor you, The
Supreme One, then let the
music play.*

*And if I want to use my
mind and my hands to express
my innermost feelings for You
Oh Jah, then I will put paint
And canvas together to follow
The path in my mind.*

And if electronic data and technological
Equipment is the medium I choose
To exalt You Dear Father, then
That will be the medium I will use.

I want to climb up the
Highest mountain and shout
In a mighty voice,
I am free to believe and
Appreciate the concept of
Diversity.

I want to be free to show
You that the gifts I received
From you, glorify You,
The Almighty.

Ted Hudgins

THE FIRST AMENDMENT AND
UNPOPULAR IDEAS

We, the people of the twentieth century, have an inherent limitation when one of us tries to interpret the first amendment. The words are simple, powerful, and facially understandable by virtually all who read it, but the real meaning of the first amendment has to be one of the most elusive concepts our society has ever confronted. Does the language speak in terms of absolutes, or rather, is there an implied limit that the framers omitted because it was too obvious. Maybe the drafters intended to create controversy to encourage vigorous debate, thereby ensuring proactive government. Regardless of the intent, we have the duty to give those few words the widest latitude possible so as not to violate a possible intent of the people who devised our government's system.

There must be more polarization on this simple paragraph than almost any other of the current "burning issues" of our day. One group would allow the people access to a limited "approved" set of works, while another group would like to believe there can be no limits on what we can say or hear. Somewhere in between these two warring factions is a happy medium that allows authors or artists the freedom to express ideas that may skate on the fringe of acceptability. We recog-

nize most new thoughts as fundamentals an enlightened society; progress through the dissemination of new ideas is the cornerstone of growth and stability. These two extremes cannot exist very long without the other, but neither is capable of the balanced analysis necessary to protect all of our rights. A world ruled by Larry Flint is just as scary as one ruled by the Rev. Donald Wildmon or Senator Jesse Helms. OK, we're in the middle somewhere, but then how do we define the limits our society feels comfortable with, and just who do we pick to set these elusive middle ground standards?

The best solution so far has been to leave the limits up to a group of people we trust, either the judges on a court or members of the general population and their power in a voting booth. Fortunately, both systems have worked reasonably well so far. Some politicians crusade for more rigorous controls if they feel that will get them elected, and others decry the restrictive nature of zealots who want to confine our reading to Jack and Jill when it suits their political aspirations. The reality of political life and elections places the politicians in the middle ground but unfortunately, no one comes out and says how funny Andrew Dice Clay is for fear of incalculable repercussions. This is not how the system is supposed to work. Someone has to speak up for the unpopular ideas because those are the ones that need the protection the most. You don't need the first amendments protection to defend popular ideas. Because so few elected officials will defend these fringe figures in public, the judges and the courts are the only hope of free expression's deliverance.

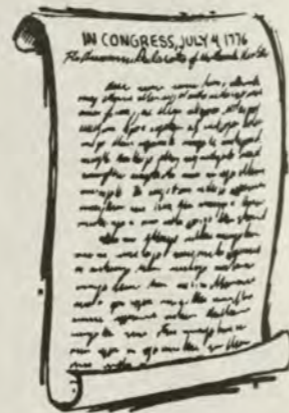
When they're confronted with a law they're unfamiliar with the first thing most lawyers and judges do is to examine the legislative history to ferret out just what the drafters of the law intended when the ink hit the paper. this system works fairly well when there's a recorded legislative history to work with, but several constitutional law scholars take great pains to note that the minutes of those past meetings were summarily destroyed to prevent the comments from becoming a very persuasive and powerful secondary law with a life of its own. We can't very well ask the members of the first Congressional Congress what they

were thinking about when the final draft emerged from the hushed committee meeting because the drafters have been dead for almost two hundred years. Maybe that's a good thing, because our society has to deal with issues such as abortion and Debbie Does Dallas that were inconceivable to the citizens of colonial America. I doubt very seriously the drafters considered the ramifications of protecting a Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit with the same fervor as a political statement such as "Tell King George to stick

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his crown..." but it is.

The only thing we have is the language of the amendment itself with the attendant jurisprudence of several different Supreme Court justices. The case law that has emerged from these divergent courts, with their



own mandates, is really a microcosm of American history. Conservative courts have restricted the right of the people to voice fringe ideas by calling the speech "seditious," or labeling it as a "Bad Tendency." Liberal courts, such as the Burger court have swung the pendulum the other way by allowing political acts the protection of the first amendment when other courts would have incarcerated the defendants for life. I make no bones about hiding my leanings: the liberal courts are correct in defending unpopular speech and symbolic acts, because the system needs to be prodded by minority ideas. If the courts won't protect these ideas, we might as well have a stagnant society and forget about any intellectual progress unless its approved by a committee of brown-shirted censors.

One of the most eminent of the Supreme Court's Chief Justices was

**"An unpopular idea has a
finite life span unless its
kept alive by zealots on
either side of the fence.
Unpopular ideas will die an
unnoticed death and the
people will continue about
their business none the
worse, as long as its left
alone."**

Judge Holmes. His legacy has survived to the present in the vernacular of the court when they quote his "clear and present danger" test to see whether the speech should be protected by the court. Justice Holmes recognized the importance of defending the unpopular ideas as far back as 1919 when he said:

we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check

is required to save the country.

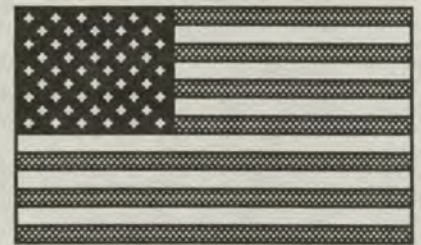
If Holmes were alive today, he most probably would argue for further extensions of the first amendment rights because the country is so stable now, we can afford to explore the outer limits of free thought without worry of anarchy.

An unpopular idea has a finite life span unless its kept alive by zealots on either side of the fence. Unpopular ideas will die an unnoticed death and the people will continue about their business none the worse, as long as its left alone. This is where the far right has a poor understanding of the general population. The conservative minority believes we are not smart enough to see crap for what it is and to ignore it as it fades until oblivion. That is nothing short of insulting. We are one of the most educated societies in the world, and the specific individuals who patronize a Mapplethorpe exhibit, or denounce U.S. policy in Central America, are probably some of the most educated people in our society. How dare these cretins deny us the right to ignore the garbage and praise what we see as important. The far right only knows what they don't like, and then it's labeled as "anti-family" or "un-American" or some other nebulous term. If the Jesse Helms' of the world had their way, the only thing on T.V. would be Pat Robertson and Debbie Boone. Now that's obscene!

I say we not only have a right to defend the unpopular ideas, and the authors/ artists/ activists, we have a duty to defend them in the name of democracy. I hate 2 Live Crew because its lyrics remind me of a first grader who just learned his first group of four letter words without knowing how to put them together in a sentence. I also hate the American Nazi Party because they advocate something so anathematic to my own ideas its scary. I will, however, fight for their rights to say something juvenile or repulsive because both of them deserve protection and both of them will go away ignominiously if we refuse to give them any attention. But thanks to Jack Thompson's malicious crusade, and Sheriff Nick Navarro's desire to protect us from those dirty little words, we can look forward to record sales of "As Nasty As They Want To Be." Thanks a lot guys.

Ken Kupstis

Hello and welcome to the United States (Bienvenidos al Estados Unidos) please fill out your alien registration form and your W-2 form so we can get our piece of your pie and please remember to register for the Selective service board within Thirty days of your eighteenth birthday or you will face up to five years in prison and/or a fine of not more than \$5,000 and please make sure any property you acquire is registered with us so it falls within necessary zoning requirements and property tax purposes and make sure any music played on your property does not exceed 60 decibels in volume in accordance with federal state and local noise ordinances and I'm sorry you won't be able to smoke that doing so is a violation of state and federal law with maximum penalty of seven years in prison and the confiscation of all your property We've received reports that your child is being educated at home but under our mandatory attendance laws he must attend public school by this date or face a truancy violation and be sent to reform school No I'm sorry you're mistaken domestic surveillance is no longer illegal the FBI is monitoring your house in cooperation with the DEA in the drug trafficking probe And although no controlled substances have been located yet We have found banned and obscene literature in your possession which must be confiscated Hey put that away what do you think You're DOING BLAM BLAM BLAM hakk! gurgle THUD.



CENSORSHIP

This
Is The
Disease



Night Travelers

Rushing madly, streaking through the night , black denizens of the night.

Lost in our own useless ponderings we are moving through the very fabric of the obsidian evening that encloses us all.

Some are filled with thoughts of bright reunions, others grasp for the fleeting reality of solace, while I am entombed by the crushing melancholy of my memories.

Bright reunions and solace are only dreams to me now. Dreams that sneer and mock at me in the hollow vastness of my mind.

The cold granite reality of her loss to me smothers me from the inside.

Thoughts of her red dress and intriguing blend of woman and little girl bring me only pain and regret. Never again will I feel her nibbling at my chin or her sweet breath on my cheek.

Half forgotten memories of plans, faith, and warm contentedness well up and consume me.

Morning brings the sights of weeping plains and wet grass and I am moved almost to tears.

I, who have swam the hot burning seas of desire, felt the stabbing pains of refection, smelled the scent of my own burning flesh and the tearing caress of asphalt on my cheek.

I, who have felt all these things without tears, think I shall weep until my heart breaks and my soul is burst asunder.

Andrew Adair

DELUSIONS OF A POLAR BEAR IN SPRING

Ice cracks with birdlike cries.
White hairs and ice bright
as the light. The nuclear mass
of ice fields, throbbing enough

to resemble my heart, suffers an imbalance:
a dance of unknown pressures too

original to be predictable, or like my fur,
blur minutely with the virginal

snows. There lies immersed
in the first fiery summer glows

the long awakening to hunger:
longer days in snow dunes, among

which my winter thoughts - too frail
for words, shall lose in savage
gestures and snarls their veil
of lazy delicacy. A gaunt age

surprised me while I slept, but now
the sober impact of my bulk
shall be a loud truth as I stalk. And how
the arching sunlight burns! I sulk

beneath my fur, wishing to be apart
from its core of fire. Were my heart

ice! To sing in birdlike cries.

David J. Cantillo

First Winter of the Polar Bear in a Zoo

Noise from the wings of the moist
tiny creatures - landing
startled upon this flatness like curdled
ice, woke me - to the fury of slight eyes

from the frostlands of sleep. Birds flock
to the rocks that contain me, and grunting among

their chirps, I dine on dry meat; my jaws
yawn because they yearn, not the herbs

of their feathers, but the warm
alarm of their tangy entrails. For a year

on this rock I have slept, but a north wind now has flung
blunt instincts back, brought stances of a province

where blood and ice are not a memory. Distance
thaws the heart to a numb
beat. Here, nothing is left to chance:
there is no colony of seals, igloo slum

to disrupt; no pregnant otter, separated penguin,
mad sea lion to hunt; no sudden slow flurry,
fracturing ice field, thawing tundra to battle; without kin
my fur has flawed to a yellow melt. I hurry

beneath my pelt to a wilderness apart
from this tame hovering of feathers. Had my heart

choice! To open wings where it lies, poised.

David J. Cantillo

THE CONTINENT

The green grass as strong as the wind
I ran through the brush
My black feet swiftly
running, running away
The heat encompassed my
and engulfed my soul
and yet I ran faster
hunted like a savage beast
I heard the heart beats
of the men that hunted me
Now in the blinding light
That glows against the black skin of the natives
I looked up never to see that sun again
stolen from my homeland
no more tribes to be found
the colors of the dashiki
shattered and mixed
like stained glass
a gunshot fired
once a free bird
but now just a pawn
not man but property
Sold, naked and shaking
The sounds of the continent whispered to me
Africaaa, Africaaa
I awoke in a cold sweat
Damp like the night
Again I was running
to the sounds of a new land
hope whispered in my ears
and through the field
I ran away to be free again

Pamela Segal

Bathed in sweat
the heat of my soul
evaporates
off the back
of your neck.

Vicky L. Santiesteban

Clouds

Sensing a spiritual monotony
In my quiet, quest for eternity,
I still wake up in the morning,
wondering is it just today,
or has it silently become forever?

A yearn or desire for constant light,
As each age and wrinkling becomes steps
Toward a greater, smother process,
Aren't we all beating and huffing,
Sleeping and aging to prepare for always?

Part of me screams at routine aging,
Part of me sees it as a metaphysical struggle.
Perhaps eternal law says we all do it.
(At least I like the fairness of that.)

But I can't wait for endless silver time,
A piece not subject to change or wind.
A wind that stimulates, and not depresses
A new morning that has always been there.

You fool me by killing my body,
Slow, wearing, sometimes sweet but constantly
less.

But I won't believe I die, although,
God knows, I'll probably surrender.

Agitated, my romantic ascetism bursts,
Screaming words, "Yo u will not take my life."
It is too precious, too beautiful
too religious, too personal, too sacred.

The people in the cemeteries are only pictures
Playing at death and posing in coffins.
I know they are flirting everywhere,
Buoyed by love, while still caressing

Those of us with our squat noses
Pressed against the cloudy glass.
Can you this once take back the curtain,
Unveil the joy of constant, free, open,
Always, wordless, burning intimacy?

Will you at least hear my words
And sense my unnatural desire?
I am to be as You,
'I am to have Your only Life!

Are my loves here below a part?
Are sharing and closeness some of Your
crumbs?
I'm angry I'm in the dark,
Open a damn window!

Frank McGarry

FIREWORKS

It's the sound at the edge of water
That keeps barging in.
Over the radiator
That doesn't perform as it should.
The faucet that keeps dripping
Water in my bathroom sink.

The turnings that sound more like the road
Every day.

I'll leave, he had said, but
Stayed behind with the faucets et al.
And the plumbing was bad like
The windows and the drafts.

This time I'll pull through, she'd said,
And the sky was blue.
And the horses were pulling.
But then
Recessed like a shadow in a corner
A glass
Managerie
When the light is out.

Intentions must come of their own accord.
If feely chosen their serial number
Will stick like the glued edge of a manila envelope.
Against the grain of things.
A stop-sign
In front of the truck that will be leaving shortly.
Or my hand in front of the cellophane

Against the window.
Panes won't hold the wind.
Like the dripping of the faucet
My heart's
Punding and
Although the street is dark
A gush of lightning is all
There will be inside.

Elizabeth Ferraro



THE LINE

Throughout my life, I have walked The Line-
A narrow path that stems from here to eternity.
There are only two sides for which I see-
On the left, the light of happiness.
On the right, the darkness of Purgatory.

I have walked this line many times
Hand in Hand with Depression.
Step by step with Death - Mr. Reaper, to me.
As to which side I will go to,
Only time will tell.

These are my only two friends in this life.
Depression has always been at my side
It has never left me.
He understands how I feel.
We walk together...

Death is at my side, also.
For every problem, or for every situation
He shows me the way.
With sickle in hand,
He points towards the horizon.

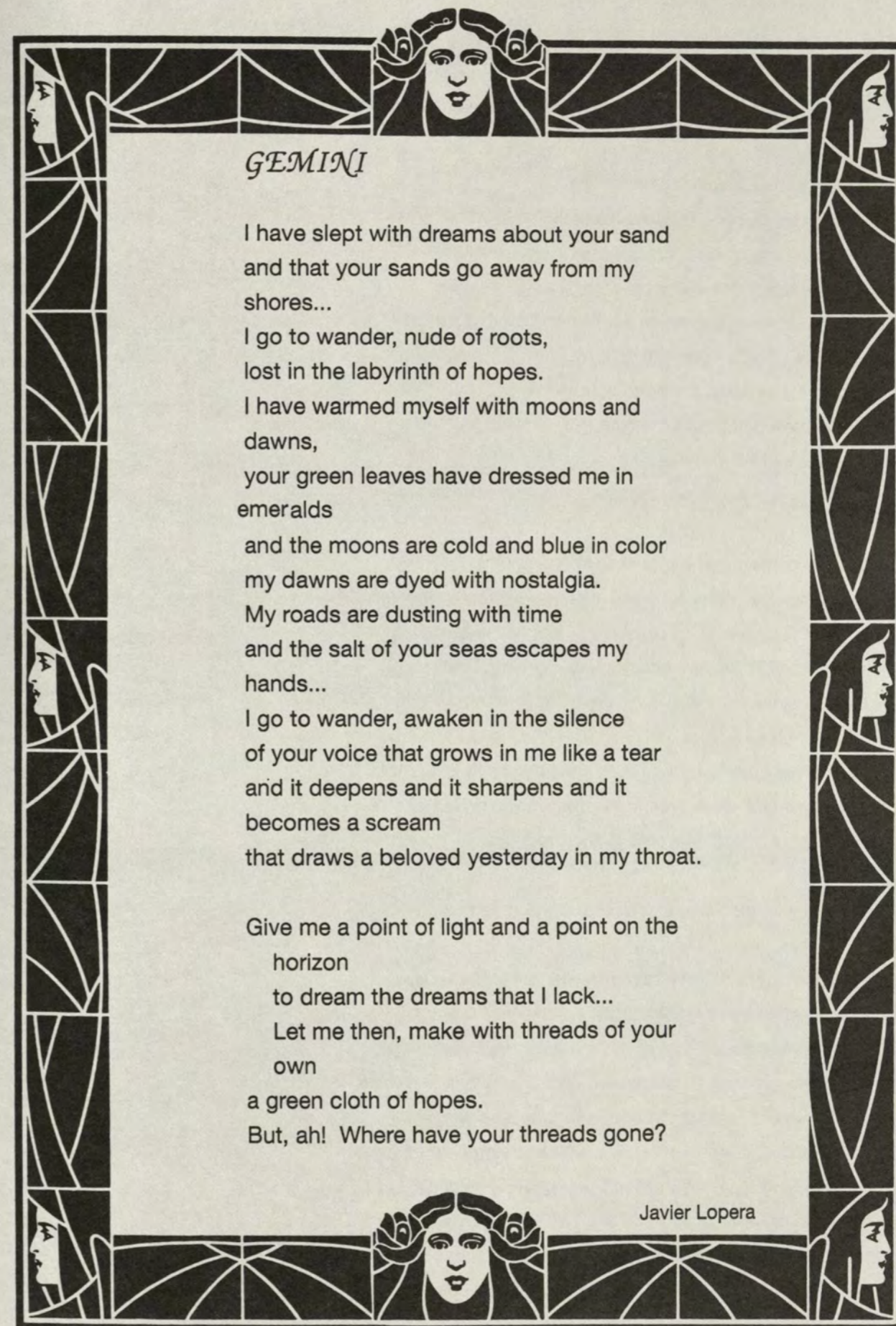
The Line is for those who have no hope left.
It is for those who wish to escape.
Whatever the outcome of their adventures,
It is by their choice.
I am one who fits this description.

The same place as I was before,
but more desolate than the other.
Winds blow me closer and closer to either edge.
They are stronger from the left.
Those are the winds of betrayal, being alone and being trapped.

There is no end - to this cycle - that's known to
reality.
But there is one escape that I only know.
I have used it many times, but have failed
and for every one that fails, The Line becomes
longer.
I have no strength to take another step.

I am alone...
I have been betrayed...
I am trapped
Forever and a day,
I walk The Line...

Henry Vargas



GEMINI

I have slept with dreams about your sand
and that your sands go away from my
shores...
I go to wander, nude of roots,
lost in the labyrinth of hopes.
I have warmed myself with moons and
dawns,
your green leaves have dressed me in
emeralds
and the moons are cold and blue in color
my dawns are dyed with nostalgia.
My roads are dusting with time
and the salt of your seas escapes my
hands...
I go to wander, awaken in the silence
of your voice that grows in me like a tear
and it deepens and it sharpens and it
becomes a scream
that draws a beloved yesterday in my throat.

Give me a point of light and a point on the
horizon
to dream the dreams that I lack...
Let me then, make with threads of your
own
a green cloth of hopes.
But, ah! Where have your threads gone?

Javier Lopera

THE MANTIS

On the night of the evening I turned twenty-two
As I walked across campus and watch'd the mist rise from the grass
And the moon waning shone faint through the glare of the lights;
I walked the roads and ran the walks past O'Malia hall, all dark
And stopped at the Library, illuminated spot! with its stone perches
Shadow'd in the low-water lake level with the eye of fish and authors;
Grass between my toes I sat at the edge of the sidewalk and listen'd,
The words of God have tiny voices at night, like crickets and frogs
(O how we have frogs at St. Thomas, like unto Pharaoh!)
And to me comes my Mantis, to sit, and pose, and pretend to pray.

With legs as fine as comets hair and feet as sharp as glass
It grasps me, crushes me, pierces me with its prophets dead embrace
Created, grown in the jungle it had come from seconds before;
Climbing, discovering a towering vantage upon my naked toe
The Mantis stops and surveys, lordly, his absolute kingdom
Shared unwillingly with frogs and men;
Sly Manits! whom every dieter would envy such thin body possess'd
Yet eating as if insects were a scarce commodity, or going out of style
(Do Weight-Watchers milkshakes come in chocolate grasshopper or key-lime
sand fly?)
And thus perch'd my Mantis sits, and poses, and pretends to pray.

A part of the kingdom, as Golgotha to the insects the Mantis prays for
Transformed my toe becomes, a wild and suddenly terrible place
Made wholly anew in his thin-limb'd body, image of twigs and wings;
Sensing victory, seeing prey past the lighted banner of grass, it is gone,
Vanished into the dark faster than it came, a faint buzz of wings
Ending quickly, silenced in an attack and death and victory all its own;
Thrusting into shoes I ran blindly not noticing roads or O'Malia hall
Or darkness or patches of cast light and stop, afraid, near Casia
(Is there really nothing but flashing planes and stars above us at night?)
And like my faithless Mantis I sit, and pose, and pretend to pray.

Doug Quinn

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"Come to Daddy"

Dr. Fernandez: "Fairchild One"
full page photography 1988

Jenny Lee Smith: "Winter Roads"
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Driftwood '90-91

