

THE

Crucible

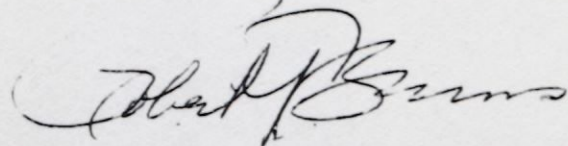
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We, the staff (editors) of the Crucible, would like to express our deepest gratitude to our advisor, Mr. Joseph Nicholson, for his undying encouragement and optimism throughout this seemingly hopeless task. There were times when the light at the end of the tunnel grew quite dim. But, thanks to his steady guidance, the Crucible has managed to pull through once again. We would like to urge anyone interested in continuing the tradition next year to go to Mr. Nicholson in room 311, Raub Hall, and express their desire to him. Thank you, again, to all involved in bringing this project to life.

Editor's Note: I would like to dedicate this effort to the memory of Abbie Hoffman. He was inspiration to a generation of souls in search of themselves and their place in this universe. He touched us all, in some way, with his struggle for freedom and equality. His life was an example of courage to be free and self-expressive; and that is what this is all about anyway, isn't it?

Robert T. Burns



Editor in Chief

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CYTOPLASM

The ocean floor is covered
with a sandy-colored shag carpet.
Broken, lifeless shells, tiny creatures
wand'ring about, and an array of
exotic plant life are embedded.
Particles of life forever settle here,
making a home for Time.

Ice cold currents flow swiftly, steadily
through the Darkness
carrying passengers to unmarked destinations.
Contentment and peace lie deeper.

-Carole Hricisak

A Modest Proposal
for Increasing Marital Compatability Between
Men and Women in the United States.

Carole Hricisak

Ever since my childhood days when I witnessed my mother's obedience to my father's laws, I have recognized that men and women were created for separate roles. My father, the intellect, the politician, very naturally accepted the roles of community leader, bread-winner, and authoritarian. My mother fit very naturally into her roles as childbearer, childrearer, and housekeeper.

My parents represent the ideal male-female partnership and should serve as an example for all married couples in today's society. My mother, unlike modern women, accepted her natural roles without comment. Today's women have adopted the absurd and horrifying belief that men and women should exchange roles! Women who would otherwise have become quite productive domestic creatures are now leaving the home to fumble about in business, education, and even politics. The disgraceful results of this misguided attempt by women to assume male roles include: a disintegrating family structure, untended and untidy households, divorce, adultery, deteriorating occupational efficiency levels, and limited occupational and educational opportunities for men.

Having the advantages of an appropriate childhood, an inquisitive and productive mind, and years of mature speculation upon this subject, I have developed a singularly efficient and simple solution to this deplorable problem.

My solution is as follows: I have been advised by a very knowledgeable New York physician that the female of our species is equipped with a minimum $3/8$ inch layer of fat cells surrounding her neck. This extra flesh serves no practical purpose and creates an unsightly bulge in a delicate area of a woman's anatomy.

I propose that upon the birth of a female child, this layer of fat tissue be summarily removed and replaced with a microthin band, computer-encoded with her unique identification information. The operation will entail minor surgery with a healing period of only two weeks, and the computerized band will be permanent as it will have the capacity to stretch as the female develops. This identification band will operate in much the same way as the metal bands operate that are inserted into library materials to prevent theft. The micro-band will be used to pinpoint the whereabouts of females at all times, thus allowing males to control the movements of their females.

Males (first the fathers, then the husbands) can equip the exits of their homes with micro-band detectors that will notify them if the female attempts any unauthorized excursions outside the home. Immediate and inescapable punishment for these transgressions will be administered and will, after a few attempts, serve as a deterrent to females' escape behaviors.

Since the females will be confined to the home, they will quite naturally readopt their intended roles of childbearer, childrearer, and housekeeper.

Certainly all men and women will enthusiastically favor this proposal because of the following benefits to both:

First. The divorce rate would decline because micro-band detection allows the wife to abandon her own interests and focus upon her most vital purpose - making her husband happy; and happy husbands do not divorce their wives.

Second. More occupational and educational opportunities would exist because it would no longer be sensible for women to receive higher education or join the work force. The computer market will experience a boom in micro-band and detector production which will increase employment. Since the work force will be greatly diminished and the work demand greatly increased, employers will be forced to pay significantly higher wages to the men, while the men will have no obligation to increase their productivity to merit these pay increases. In fact, since men will no longer be competing for jobs with women, they can actually lower their productivity and still merit the pay increases.

Third. By using the micro-band detector to control his wife's activities the father can ensure that his children receive all the adult contact they need during the day; thus, he will be under no obligation to spend his evening leisure time with noisy, demanding children.

Fourth. The wife will be more inclined to beautify the home since she will remain confined there upon her husband's faultless judgement. She will also have more time to complete these housekeeping duties during the day and her husband will not be forced to witness these mundane activities during the evening.

Fifth. The wife will feel secure because the husband will not have to resort to the favors and dangers of a prostitute when the wife is available at his whim. The micro-band of metal surrounding the wife's neck will be a more reliable symbol of a loyalty than the traditional wedding ring.

Sixth. Women will be more pleasing to the eye. First, the micro-band will create an attractive, slimming effect upon the neck. Second, the wife will have more time to care for her appearance and it will be a measure of pride for a husband to take his wife out walking. The wife will gain self-esteem from her husband's confidence in her.

Seventh. The husband can be certain, via the micro-band detector, that the wife is not spending her days in shopping malls, frittering away her time and his money.

Eighth. The couple will save money from the frugal running of the household--no babysitting bills, no housecleaning bills, no dry cleaning or laundry bills, no beauty salon bills, less dining out expenses because the wife will perfect her cooking and the husband will be satisfied with his meals, and no money

wasted on education for the female members of the family.

I can think of no objections to this proposal unless the subject of widowhood is a concern; however, if a husband should lose his mate to death, he shall surely acquire a new mate within two weeks time. This is possible because the structure of a successful marriage is based upon convenience and industry rather than on some philosophical notion of love. The grief that widowers of today suffer after losing a mate will be replaced by the productive activity of choosing a new wife and purchasing a new detector, much the same as an employer must replace a deceased employee.

Do not be suspicious of my motives for suggesting this plan. My situation is not likely to change by its implementation and my only wish is for the betterment of society by a return to the natural roles of men and women. I recently celebrated my 79th birthday and have been a widow for the past 15 years. My years of usefulness as a wife have passed; therefore, I have no desire to remarry or to seek out male companionship.

HUMAN STONE

Father never real, no passion.
Solitary woods he lives in.
Stone-like slowly, timely, changing.
Lines develop, gray murmuring.
Ancient Gran was stone-like also.
Long she lived without a whimper.
Stone exists without emotion.

-Ida Knepper

-Siff Miller

BAD WEATHER

Pouring rain splashes down
from darkened heavens,
Umbrellas pop open on city streets,
as maddened shoppers
Rush out from the stores.

And businessmen,
wary with worry,
button their khacki trenchcoats
and secure themselves,
from the dampness and chill air.

Smiling, suburban children
dance about in bright slickers,
jumping into puddles and screeching with delight,
at the wonderful wetness that brings life to their
spirit.

The smooth growing mud,
that feeds on the rain,
Spreads onto the streets,
and unfuriates the shoppers,
yet delights the children,
fascinated by it's beauty.

-Biff Miller

-Olan Steinhauer

(The Night of) The Schism

The black night,
Charmed by the tolling bell,
Eased its clumsy self
Around the town and fell
Into a tranquil rest.
Too dazed to watch the reciting
Of a dark verse in a prison cell,
From the mouth of the grey old man,
The lines he knew so well
Of a time when even he
Would stare at the sea
To listen and learn,
To twist and turn
To that magical rhythm.
The night of the schism.
The night he flew away.

He was carried away by angels
In darkness like tonight.
He looked down for the world,
For some sign of life
All beneath him.
He smiled in his blissful ignorance,
Content with all of the lies
That kept him in his peaceful trance
Under the tranquil skies
Until they let him slip
From their gentle grip.
He could hear them singing
To the beat of the bell, ringing
To that magical rhythm.
The night of the schism.
The night he fell to earth.

(And when he crashed to the ground,
The world heard his crying sound.
His dreams had all been crushed,
Never to be found.
The schism tore his life apart
And ripped the spark right from his heart.
It ravaged him like a boring mole
And poor King Louis was smashed to the soul.)

-Olen Steinhauer

MAKING ME

Jennifer's fingers wrap around me
Open-ended lines that are caging me
She trips on nearness on the blackest night
She trips on sex under my bedroom light
And throws me into a quandry
She smiles and thinks, "Oh my, how lovely."
And rips my heart with impassioned fury
Lighting her hands with priceless rubies
She takes them all into herself
Yet I am gone, back on the shelf
And I am crushed to my literal self
And I am me with that little help
Thank you, Jennifer.

-Olen Steinhauer

The Empty Chamber

The empty chamber
Echoes with voices
That emerge from the past
And a flood of memories
Comes rushing too fast
Reinforced walls crumble
Barriers are breaking down
The burden is too heavy
I feel myself drown.

The empty chamber
Holds the deepest secrets
And the loftiest dreams
Murmurs of pleasure
And terrified screams
I cannot escape
All these ghosts that haunt me
Or hide from the thoughts
That torture and taunt me

The empty chamber
Possesses a force
That makes strong men cower
And holds me captive here
A victim of its power
Upon one's arrival
one can't realize
The evil that lurks
Behind a disguise

The empty chamber
Has not time for laughter
And no time to grieve
Still time passes slowly
When you know you can't leave
Filled with frustration
By chains I can't sever
Unwilling acceptance
That I'm here forever.

-Shay Tressa

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

I watch the golden butterfly
Tripping and tumbling on currents of air
No final destination or goal in mind
Just to float and flutter
Suddenly stopping to taste and sweetness
You are Freedom to these watchful eyes
To this frozen heart that longs to burn
I reach out a cold trembling hand
And hesitate...
I long to touch you, hold you
Become you
But my grasp would be imprisonment
An end to your flight
What would I do then?
Put you in a case hanging on my wall
A display of beauty without soul
Bruised wings that will never taste sunlight
I may find contentment with this trophy
But I love too much your airy dance
That lazy graceful glide that carries my heart
You're an icy breeze in this desert
Man welcomes you
A cultivator not a sculptor
Whose only answer is metamorphosis
Let me break free from the cocoon
So that I may join the children of the air
We will blow with random breezes
Sometimes drifting far apart
But occasionally...
We will be joined.

-Mike Walton

Herstory

Wild geese and I
are carried by
the wedge of time
to our unsung
September.
We knew
the fate
of our dead
sisters once
and can't
remember.

-Barbara Wilson

Belief

Others tell me, don't believe
his clever lover's lies
that wander idly touching souls
like poisoned butterflies.

But I have heard too much of words
to trust your lovely lips
and felt enough of pulses
to believe my fingertips.

-Barbara Wilson

Barbara Wilson

I avoid
the children for
the sound of them
is full of pain
they need they
ask they cry.
Their laughter is
like fingernails on
chalkboard for
it sings a pristine
joy that must be
suffocated
so they will fit
the pattern.

I avoid
the children for
their future breath-
lessness
is me.

I avoid
the children for
I want them to
breathe I want
to save the laughter
and having lost my
breath I cannot so
I avoid
the children.

-Barbara Wilson

Women's feelings are
oceanic that is how
they have to be
in a pattern with no place
for them to go
and so
they simply
slosh around.

All emotion flows
from the impulse to become
a spring within the soul
that floods its landscape
with its waters and in men
is directed to the world.

In women all the force
of the pressured psychic spring
is turned on men
who contract to be bathed
within its lovely flow and
then turn outward once again.

Womens waters wash against
the fortresses that men build
to guard their deep canals
which turn the surge of women's waves
back upon themselves.

Men become rivers that
make pathways in the world.

Women sit there sloshing
unbecoming.

-Barbara Wilson