

REFL

LECTOR

THE REFLECTOR

Literary Magazine

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WINTER, 1965-66

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FIRST PLACE AWARD

to

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Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart, the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all convictions, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a cast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless at the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

"The Second Coming" . . . William Butler Yeats

The Stigmata

(On Dylan Thomas' "The Tree")

. . . MARGARET McNAMARA

I carried a cross as I searched the years,
But I tired and cast it down,
And I was bent.

I opened my clenched fist to find,
Not silver nails like the child's
But iron nails rusted with the touch of age.
I cried and cast them down.

My hands were stained with their blood-like rust,
And their imprint was pressed upon my palms.
I crucified myself it seemed.

Pilate-like, I washed the stains away and saw their imprint fade,
But you cannot see my heart.
It is pierced.
For the world was my Golgotha.

A Faceless Rabbit

. . . VINCENT MATUSHESKI

Ordinary experiences affect different people at different times in different ways. My first hunting experience, though not uncommon to anyone else, shows that I am just as different as anybody else.

It was a fine day for hunting, but I had been walking around for nearly two hours and I was getting tired and hungry. Then — of course when it was least expected — a rabbit darted from a clump of bushes about twenty feet from me. After exactly two and one-third seconds of panic-stricken dumbfoundedness, I nervously raised my rifle and aimed. Various thoughts jetted through my mind as I followed the rabbit through the sights of my gun: "... that rabbit is shifty . . . I'll be lucky to get him . . . it's a nice day for hunting—" BANG! The kick of the shot threw my shoulder back while the barrel of the gun raised two feet higher in the air. The sound of the blast echoed through the woods like a crack of lightning. To me it seemed that nothing in front of my rifle could have possibly survived such an explosion. But everything did — except the rabbit.

When I knelt beside the corpse, I noticed that the shot had blown its face completely off. It had no chance for a final expression. I was sickened. But I wasn't going to let that affect me. "It was a good shot," I rationalized. "Any other hunter wouldn't have thought twice."

That evening the family enjoyed my tasty triumph. I didn't. I isolated myself in my room with three peanut butter sandwiches.

I must have eaten the sandwiches because that night I dreamed of what looked like the silhouette of a faceless rabbit riding a black horse against a moonlit horizon. It was a nice night for horseback riding.

Peanut butter can be effective at night. Of course it was the peanut butter . . . it had to be.

Advice To A Friend

. . . BERKLEY LAITE

What are you doing? Truly, you pose a difficult question when you ask me this. At this moment, unfortunately, confusion more or less reigns in your life. Since you have not solidified your position within yourself, you are much too concerned over sidetracking events. Now one word of caution here: notice that I said "concerned." By no means do I have the intention of saying that you must make yourself oblivious of your surroundings; rather, you must look at any happening with an open mind, weigh the value of the consequences it brings, or might bring, then learn from this experience and record the learning. I have a strong feeling that you are like a winetaster fresh on the job. He attends his first judging and, thinking that the way to discover the full flavor of each wine is to drink each container dry, he becomes drunk and consequently doesn't discover the flavor of the latter wines; and worst of all, there is now a strong chance that he might be barred from future judgments. Perhaps the best way to put it is that you're forcing yourself to experience, running here and there so as not to miss anything. Don't be discouraged by this pessimistic note, for at this stage I'm already recognizing a distinct and positive change. Let me elucidate what I mean by "change." In other words you're beginning to change from doing what you've been doing in the immediate past to what you should be doing to accomplish your purpose: you are starting to put a direction into life. I think you will discover that if you have a direction and you follow it, you will not have to "try" to gain experience—quite the contrary, you will find more than an ample amount of problems, experiences, and learning situations lying directly across your path to challenge you. And . . . there will be much more value in these challenges simply because, since they are lying across the path you are taking, they must have a direct relationship to your life, your goals, and your purpose.

Even as I'm talking to you, remember that I am one of these "experiences" that I've mentioned; therefore, regard me as I've told you to regard any other happening in your life: weigh the value of the consequences of this talk, learn from the experience, and record the learning. Do you now see what you've been doing, what you are doing and what you should be doing? It might be difficult because I have dealt only in abstracts—purposely, but I leave it to you to relate these words to your life.

Thank You, Someone In Kentucky

. . . JAMES HUMMER

Twirling the dial of a ten-transistor,
By-passing the Birds and the Beatles
To hear, of all things, Beethoven
from Kentucky, yet
Strange how it turned up,
the genius of Beethoven and a radio at night
making me a prince of Serendip
Strange how every radio
within a hundred miles
receives the same as mine,
the throbbing legacy of a dead deaf German,
only to have it rejected
by the careless rotation of a plastic dial
in favor of transient trash.
At least in my small
corner of the world
there is beauty
and sanity . . .
for now

Do Unto Others . . .

You, Man

. . . JAMES HUMMER

Man, be careful
you are small; the Universe is great
your greatest achievements
are only great
relative to you
your marble conceit is your greatest monolith
where else in the universe
does such a huge creation
rest on so puny a base?

You play and work incessantly
you play at love and work at lust
you play at gold and work at rust
you work at being evil
and play at being just.
you play at being god
and kill what does not please you,
while the specter of your own decay
remains about to tease you.

Thank You, Sam Houston, Kentucky

JAMES HUMMER

JAMES HUMMER

The Dream

. . . JUDITH ELLIOTT

Miles and miles I wandered
Through mists of white clouds
Rising from a sweltering soil.
I felt no heat, no pain, no life,
Only a lethargic knowledge of being — of existing,
Of no more death,
Of the necessity to continue
To an unknown destination.

A golden palace gleamed in my path
And I rejoiced, I praised,
Eagerly I hastened to grasp
Its glittering golden doorknob,
Flimsy gold foil crushed
Beneath my empty clasp.

Do Unto Others . . .

. . . CYNTHIA L. SMITH

There came into our village one day a beggar clad in a brown garb that was fit only for the rag collector. His shoes, what was left of them, barely covered his feet, much less protected them from the insects that seemed to be attracted to an interesting looking sore on one of the beggar's heels. The flies latched unto his weather-beaten trousers as though they were part of the design. His old felt tam, which was much too hot for the summer weather, was pulled down on his head as if to protect his ears from the cold wind and snow that did not even exist. Yet there was a certain honesty in the lines and wrinkles of the beggar's face, a face that had seen hardship, hate, disappointment; surely it was a face that had been to hell and had returned. But in his eyes was a kindness that so few possess, a tenderness that glows only in one who has felt deeply for life and the living, one who has known love and its many joys and pains, one who has shared sympathy with a friend or held pity in his heart for the smallest weeping child. In spite of his dress, he walked proudly, holding his gray head erect as a nobleman might, not pitying his situation and surely not showing too much concern, for that matter. In his hand, he carried a leaf: a leaf that had been green at one time, but now had turned a spotted brown, having been robbed of its life. As he walked he amused himself by twisting the leaf back and forth between his bony fingers, at the same time smiling down on the children playing in the street.

A vendor pushing his freshly baked wares passed the beggar, giving him a look of resentment and disgust.

"May I taste of your fine wares?" the beggar pleaded.

"No!" the vendor replied harshly. "It will be good for you if you will leave our village before it is contaminated with your filth!"

"Please feed a poor, hungry, old man," the beggar persisted.

"Be off," the vendor indignantly threw back at him. "I've seen the likes of you too often around here."

Children continued to play in the street, unaware of the emptiness and loneliness felt by the beggar, unaware of the pain that the vendor had caused. The beggar held the leaf motionless between his fingers now; then with a deep sigh that seemed to tell the story of his life in one breath, he let it slowly slip out of his grip to the ground. There lay the leaf to perish at the feet of the beggar.

Children in their play trampled the fallen leaf that had drifted to the ground. The leaf was trampled and the beggar was stoned and driven from the village. The leaf was trampled and the beggar was stoned. Once upon a time they both had possessed life.

“ . . . *The Angels Laugh* ”

. . . ADELE BROOKMAN

The abstract term "loyalty" is on the same plateau as the abstract terms "love" or "tragedy." It seems to be a matter of opinion as to which trend of thought one chooses to take on the matter. The quixotic may wish to take a completely emotional angle and say that he "just feels" he should stand by a certain person or principle, "come what may." The intellectual, on the other hand, would believe that this is a lazy viewpoint. He would rather delve into the matter further, and tax his power of reasoning.

The romanticist associates loyalty with the relationship of an ancient warrior to his country, with the baby to its mother, with a dog to its master, and perhaps even Irma La Douce to her Mac. A reasoner could immediately pounce on a standpoint of that sort because to him loyalty connotes polish. Babies respond with affection to whoever supplies their milk. It may be father, baby-sitter, or anyone, as well as the natural mother. A dog will lick and obey its master no matter how cruel the person can sometimes be, for the animal knows the human supplies its food and shelter. The same holds true for a prostitute who responds to the anonymous beneficiary of her livelihood. The aforementioned have uncultivated, or slothful minds. All three are merely crude, sensual beings, not the refined subjects with whom the object of loyalty suggests association.

In digesting the matter even more profoundly, one can discern two types of thinkers. The first is the idealistic thinker who would rather sublimate his subject by applying Aristotle's tragedian concepts to loyalty. The one to be loyal to a person or principle would necessarily be a human with a highly-developed, sensitive soul; his object of loyalty would, of course, be a noble one. He would make sure, by initially weighing pros and cons, that this person or cause was worthy of his availability to "sink with the ship." His totally selfless devotion would make him eager to fall from a high to a low place any day!

The second type of thinker is of the species realistic. He complies neither with the emotional strains of the non-reasoner nor with the theories of an antediluvian thinker who sat around so much that his knowledge was only conceptual. (For shame! The audacity of knocking the universally acclaimed Greek!) No! He is twentieth century man, — feeler, thinker, doer and then, finally, believer! He does possess a primitive intuition, but also a Freudian-oriented education, an ample supply of money and fellow homo sapiens, and he utilizes it all for his conclusions. He'll tell you that loyalty is just as fallacious as God, love, or tragedy. Whether you are the formerly-mentioned crude creature, or even the latter idealistic thinker, he'll rant on that it will all return, after deep investigation, to self-preservation. Loyalty, in its conventional sense, is non-existent. Don't even bother to substitute synonyms like devotion, peerage, or patriotism for they, too, are nil. Anything man cannot perceive is non-existent and every

virtue a myth. He'll let the idealistic thinkers mock the feelers (babies, dogs, prostitutes) for their self-interest in loyalty, but he'll also mock the idealists by manifesting the fact that virtuous deeds are done for reward. The reward is not necessarily a material one. It could be the admiration and respect of others. But those "others" really couldn't care less either. Their acknowledgement of one's honor makes them look good, so they are told. Praise from others increases self-love. And so on and so forth until—Life is a vicious circle!

Certainly, all mankind can tell you about loyalty. The first, "How do I know? Oh I just do." The second, "How do I know? The Bible tells me so." The third, "How do I know? Sigmund tells me so."

"And man made the angels laugh."

the traveler

. . . ROBERT FICKES

the naked lifeless trees
 are catatonic against the dark diamond-studded sky
 out in this eden-land
 a lonely traveler talks
 walks through the secluded scarlet streams
 flowing from sightless cities' sewers nearby
 he worries not
 of blood red rot
 reaped from societies' draining
 the child-like trees listen
 to a tale of the outside world's staining the wooden statues scarlet
 how the wooden statues are placed on display
 inside the outside world for all eyes to see
 people picket the place
 to rid the inside
 of stomach acid
 which grows back
 the wounded wooden traveler talks
 only the child-like trees listen

Restlessness

. . . NANCY FREDERIKSEN

A stranger and afraid
In a world I never made
I gaze forward . . .
wondering.

I sit at the threshold
Of my young life
And feel the warmth
Of the sun upon my cheek . . .
soothing.

How can one rise above the trivia
the trite hackneyed existence
Expected of an ambitious youth
who possesses talent and intellect . . .
groping.

Where are the answers
To my questionings
The goals for my aspirations
the ends to my means . . .
hoping.

I am torn by my desires
My anxieties my fears
My life has become but
A quagmire of restlessness . . .
hating.
. . . Without resolution . . .

The half-smile that had been on his face melted, dribbled off his lips, over the edge of his chin, and evaporated into the thick air of the livingroom. "Perhaps," was all that he said.

"He can't," she almost sobbed.

"Are you saying what God can and cannot do, young lady?"

"No, sir."

"God can do anything."

"Yes, sir." She fidgeted in her chair, pushing herself deeper into its rough, worn folds. "But why would he want my kittens again? Why always mine?"

"I've had quite enough of this, girl. Now be quiet."

"But why mine?"

He stood suddenly, crossed to her, and slapped her delicate face. A thin trickle of blood gurgled from the corner of her lower lip. She wiped it away with the palm of her hand.

"You must not doubt God's motives!" her father panted. "You are too young." He grabbed her by the arm and brought her to a standing position. "Now you get up those stairs and into bed."

She didn't argue. On the way to the staircase, she wiped away the re-forming stream of blood. She walked slowly up the steps, allowing her hand to run along the smooth, polished wood railing.

"Here's the milk," she heard her mother saying from below.

"We won't be needing it," her father answered curtly.

In her room she lay in the semi-darkness that came when the full moon shone through her window, its orange-yellow light glinting from a row of religious plaques that lined one wall of her room. In her parents' chamber, her mother was cooing to the twins, changing their diapers. "God's little angels," she heard her mother say. Her father was tickling them, and she could hear the "angels" chuckling, a deep gurgle that rippled from way down in their fat throats.

Neither her father nor her mother came to say goodnight. She was being punished.

* * * * *

Marnie was sitting in the barn, petting one of the two gray kittens, postponing an errand her mother had sent her on ten minutes earlier. The rich smell of dry, golden hay filled the air. There was straw upon the floor, that crackled loudly underfoot. In the far end of the building, the cows were lowing to each other — only two of them whose legs had been sliced by barbed wire and who were being made to convalesce forcibly. The kitten mewed and pawed at the air below her chin.

"Where's Marnie?" her father's voice boomed from somewhere in the yard between the house and the barn.

She was about to answer when she heard her mother calling from the house. "I sent her to Brown's for a recipe of Helen's. She'll be gone another twenty minutes."

"That's plenty of time," her father answered. The crunch of his heavy shoes on the cinder path echoed in military rhythm.

Marnie knew something was wrong; something was going to happen that she wasn't supposed to see. Quickly, she put the kitten back in the red and gold cardboard box and sprawled behind a pile of straw to watch.

Her father entered, drew a bucket of water from the wall tap, and placed it in front of the kittens. Pinkie hissed and arched her back. The man picked her up and shut her in an empty oats bin from which her anguished squeals boomed in a ridiculously loud echo that belonged on the African veldt and not on an American farm. Marnie almost laughed but remembered her father and suppressed the levity. Her father turned again to the box of kittens. Carefully, he picked up one of the gray ones by the scruff of the neck, and thrust its head under the water in the bucket! There was a violent thrashing from within the bucket, and sparkling droplets of water sprayed into the air. Her father grimaced and thrust the entire body under the smothering pool. In a while, the thrashing ceased. Marnie found that her fingers were digging into the cold cement floor, but she couldn't stop them. Why? She wanted to know why! Her father lifted the limp body from the tank. There was something pink and bloody hanging from the kitten's mouth. She couldn't tell whether it was the tongue or whether the precious thing had spewed its entrails into the water in an attempt to escape the heavy, horrible death of suffocation.

Soon the six kittens were dead. He father put the silent fur balls into a burlap sack and twisted the top shut. Then he let Pinkie out of the oats bin. The shivering cat followed him out of the barn, mewing softly and hissing now and then when the man turned to look at her.

Marnie lay very, very still for a long time, thinking of nothing but the execution and trying desperately to understand. Had God sent her father? Was it God who told him to kill the kittens—to take them away from her? If it were, she didn't see how she could ever again stand before that gold and white and wooden altar, accepting communion. She stood and walked toward the house, blood coursing from her fingertips, blood mixed with cement powder.

"Did you get the recipe?" asked her mother as Marnie slammed the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Brown couldn't find it. She said she'll send it over tomorrow when she has time to look." She lied so well she surprised herself. "Did God take my kittens?" she blurted out suddenly.

Her mother looked at her, confused. "Yes," was all she could say.

"I'll get even with God! He can't do that! He can't!" She ran out of the kitchen, toward the staircase.

Her mother watched her go but didn't try to stop her.

Marnie Jenkins walked slowly up the steps, letting her hand run along the smooth, polished wood railing.

* * * * *

At noon, when Walter Jenkins came in from the fields, he heard a great noise in the living room. He rushed in to see Mary lying on the dark carpet at the foot of the stairs. "Lord protect us, Mary. Are you all right?" He bent quickly to her side.

She looked up at him from eyes that were far away in distant mists. "William! My Good God, William — our precious angels. The bathtub — our precious angels!"

The half-smile that had been on his face melted, dribbled off his lips, over the edge of his chin, and evaporated into the thick air of the livingroom. "Perhaps," was all that he said.

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The Record of the World

. . . ROBERT FICKES

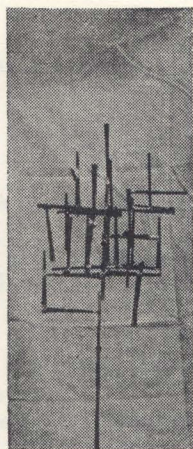
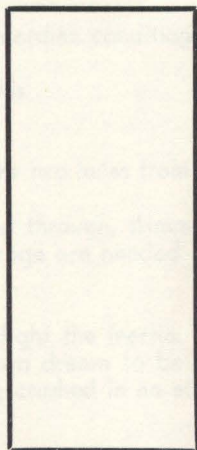
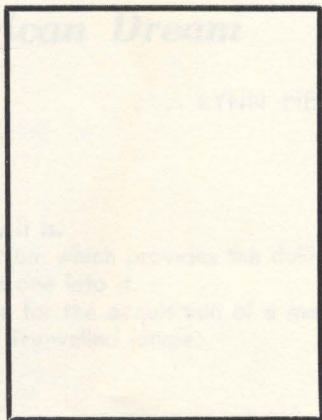
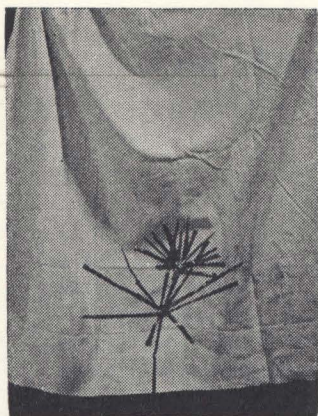
spin on
 oh dark dusty disk
spin on
 in systems musty mist
your grooves give for frothing tongues' tones
 tones of torture's gruesome groans
your narrow path of light
 is made obscure
 by the timeless void of night
your dying dissonance reveals
 subconscious visions
 of how man feels
your suffering spin will only stop
 when the needed arm of hate
 lifts up

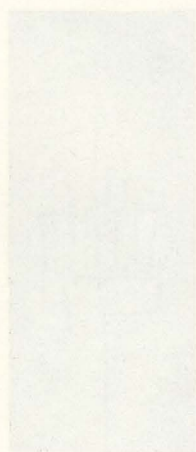
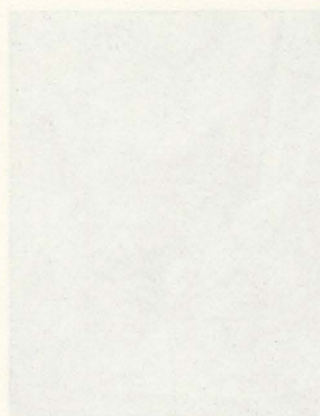
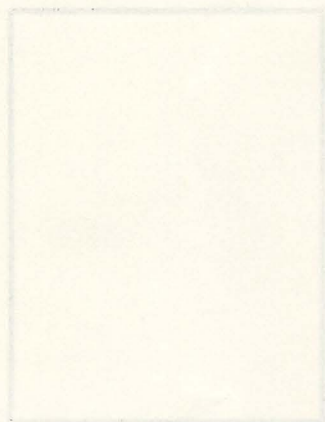
and the Record of the World

ROBERT ROSE

IRON WORKS

. . . CHARLES KASSAY





IRON WORKS

CHARLES KASSEL

The American Dream

. . . LYNN HECKMAN

How simple, really elementary it is.

Relax, the Life Force is the opium which provides the dulling
of the senses and propels one into it.

College is first. It is a facade for the acquisition of a mate
after a quest through an ivy-walled jungle.

The pace increases for

A house in the suburbs

Two or three children—planned, of course.

White-collar worries

Music lessons, orthodonture

Martinis at lunch

Crabgrass

Strained social gatherings in a status-conscious atmosphere

Company wives' bridge parties

Relocation

Ulcers and cardiac conditions (no wonder!)

Forty years of this

For what?

Florida retirement two miles from the ocean, Social Security.

This is life whisked through, skimmed over, skirted around.

Energy and courage are needed to battle the lethal poppy:

Who has them?

To stay awake, fight the inertia, to live slowly, pleasurably,

Building one's own dream to be custom-fit

Instead of being crushed in an already rigid template.

Indecision

. . . MARGARET E. McNAMARA

Come in, the dark water to me said.
So softly, gently, you will be dead.
No more the hurts and little spites,
No more the long, long sad nights,
If you struggle for awhile, I'll rock you to and fro,
Like a child within my arms, and off to sleep you'll go.

On the shore, I stood uncertain,
Like a novice actress before her curtain.
River, you are my friend, I cried.
Help me, help me to decide.
Family and friends will ponder and say,
What made our girl act this way.
They will dissect and analyze
The person I was in disguise.

Oh, no one, River, but you, will ever know
The deep bruise, the soul-crushing blow.
Come, step in, the River cried.
And finally I did decide.

If in the wings I stand and never play the part,
This I prefer to showing the world my broken heart.

"Neither Angel Nor Beast"

[Vessel of Dishonor, Paul Roche]

. . . MICHAEL J. KEOUGH

"L'homme n'est ni ange ni bete, et le malheure vert que qui vent faire l'ange fait la bete."—Pascal

(Man is neither angel nor beast, and unfortunately it is true that he who wants to become an angel becomes a beast.)

When **Vessel of Dishonor** first appeared it was scorchingly reviewed in many newspapers and magazines. One critic was so harsh and uncharitable in his damning that I made it a point to read the novel, not believing it could be all that bad.

It is not. In fact, there are sparks of greatness in this story of a "bad" priest.

This is Paul Roche's first novel and in it he has confronted a profound, terrifying, and fascinating subject,—man. If there are parts that are overdone with emotionalism, these may be regarded as the struggles of a young author to find his literary self. If there are parts that are weak and contrived, these are more than balanced by the grand theme and intention of the work. This is a book with basically just one character, Martin Haversham. He is too handsome, too extraordinary to be true, perhaps; but when one realizes that he represents Everyman, one may forgive the writer's heavy brushstrokes. The other characters in the story are only partially developed and are important only as they make Martin react.

It is painfully ironic and paradoxical that the religion of the God-become-Man should demand a denial of humanity. But Martin Haversham, seminarist and priest, the "failure" hero of the novel, awakens to a bitter realization of the fundamental contradiction of traditional Christianity, and finds he can not reject his own humanity. For years he had repressed and denied it, lied to himself about the bitter-sweet "sting of the flesh," that part of him that could not pray and would not go away.

On a pilgrimage-vacation during the summer before receiving subdiaconate, Martin meets Vanessa MacCullers and is immediately overcome by her Venus-like beauty. They have a short, ecstatic interlude, and he returns, repentant, to England and the seminary. But the sting of Vanessa's beauty and love, the joy both had known in each others' arms in Positans, penetrates to that hidden part of Martin which would give him no more rest. With good intentions he goes on to the priesthood. After a few years of tortuous self-denial and in-

creasing spiritual dryness, Martin meets Peggy and another affair follows. Realizing that he has been living a lie as a priest, he decides to try once more to dedicate himself to God. Martin requests and is permitted to transfer to a diocese in the United States, not yet aware that it is himself he is fleeing. As fate would have it, on the ship to America he again meets Vanessa, his goddess of love who has haunted him over the years. Martin decides to leave his priesthood, marry Vanessa, and live happily ever after.

Paul Roche has attempted to paint a sensuous, yet not sensational picture of a sensitive man striving to fulfill himself as a person. True human fulfillment he finds impossible in the priesthood. He glories in the beauty of nature, of body, of personality, and cannot cut himself off from what is so much a part of him. There is in **Vessel of Dishonor** the divine obsession and desire of body and soul found in Donne, but not the brilliant images. There is the penetration and understanding of one who must have lived the talk himself, but there is not the artistic distance needed to polish and file down the roughness. There is the power and awe and passion of beauty found in Hopkins, but nothing "counter, original or spare."

Paul Roche has shouted a complete affirmation of man, of nature, of love, even of God, but he has reminded us that we are not and should not try to be angels.

"I thought I was an angel, and I was not a human being."

It is painfully ironic and paradoxical that the religion of the God-become-Man should demand a denial of humanity. But Martin's fervent, seminary-trained "faith" is the "faith" of the novel's system for a better realization of the fundamental contradiction of traditional Christianity and finds he can not reject his own humanity. For years he had rejected and denied it, tied to himself about the bitter-sweet "ring of the faith," that part of him that could not pray and would not go away.

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What Is A Wise Man

. . . CYNTHIA L. SMITH

Once there was a man who did not know, but he did not know that he did not know; for he was a very foolish man. His comrade, likewise, did not know, but he knew that he did not know; for he was not as foolish as his friend. They both envied their acquaintance who knew and did not know that he knew; for he was in great doubt. Above all, however, they marveled at the man who knew and knew that he knew; for he was well-versed in many things. Yet was he the wisest?

Surely one who is unaware should not display his ignorance by spreading those things about which he knows nothing. "For he who repeats what he does not understand is no better than an ass that is loaded with books."* On the other hand, one who knows much may become contented with his knowledge. His self-satisfaction may lead to conceit. He may neglect his studies and fail to progress; for although this man is endowed with great potential, his lack of wisdom, nevertheless, overpowers this potential. Thus, he becomes limited.

So great is the wealth of the wise man: for he is the man who does not know and knows that he does not know. He possesses an inquisitive mind that cries out for knowledge and understanding. He is aware of his limitations and sets out to overcome his handicaps. He is not necessarily a Confucius or a Solomon; for these men possessed wisdom of the highest order. Yet he possesses the simplest kind of wisdom: the knowledge of his own ignorance. His outstretched hands beckon awareness. His ears are opened to words of wisdom. His lips are often sealed for lack of an appropriate contribution. His eyes are never closed to a guiding light.

Some men are gifted with verbosity. Their wit never seems to stop flowing. Often, however, their words are meaningless. Thus, we should turn to the silent ones. Their words are few and the meanings of those words are often powerful. Listen to their unsaid words; for they may hold great wisdom and truth. Observe their eyes as they penetrate the unknown; for their eyes tell stories of wonders and amazement, wonders that never cease.

At first, there are shadows of doubt in the wise man's mind, shadows blocking his true vision, shadows obscuring reality, darkness concealing life's true identity. His ignorance frequently forces him to take a back seat to others. We often flee from him because of our lack of understanding. Yet he never abandons his quest for knowledge.

"Friendship with the ignorant is as foolish as arguing with a drunkard."‡ However, the foolish man can carry the wise man to the greatest brink of his awareness. Thus, those shadows of doubt slowly remove themselves as the wise man proceeds to lighten the paths of others.

* Gibran, Kahill, *Voice of the Master*, p. 63.

‡ Ibid., p. 62.

Observations

. . . CYNTHIA L. SMITH

I

Watching people is sometimes a
Quite discouraging feat,
But not nearly so discouraging
As listening to their meaningless
Chatter which is, in turn, not
Nearly so bad as long as
It is not directed your way!

II

Considering how many times
Man has been wrong,
Who is to say that
He is ever right?

Notes on "The Second Coming"

. . . CYNTHIA L. SMITH

And there were shadows of doubt in his mind,
Shadows blocking his true vision,
Shadows obscuring reality,
Darkness concealing life's true identity.

And on another day, someday, any day
He was sure, at least, almost sure,
He thought he knew.
Yes, the answer was at hand.

A wise man said, "Sin must be abandoned!"
A politician said, "There is no other way."
A religious leader said, "Have faith and believe."
But none really knew.

Scratching claws leap out to destroy the veins of life.
Hot, destructive tongues wail at integrity.
When will the great horn sound?

As a baby feels in the darkness for his mother's absent hand,
He continues his search for the answer until weary.
Tired eyes that can no longer focus give in to
Heavy eyelids and once more
The mind meets oblivion . . .

We Three . . .

. . . GLENDA KITZMILLER AND DIANA LESNY

A flagstone path leads to her door. When small, I used to hop on one foot from stone to stone, careful never to touch the grass. Flowers filled the garden with inexplicable fragrances. She liked to wear a flower on her bosom, and would choose one of us each day to pick it for her. How we relished that honor!

Clad in coarse wool shawls from shoulders to knees, skeleton-thin, gray-haired, and toothless, looking old as wisdom, she seemed to probe into our eyes and hearts and evoke an emotional response. Her rocking chair creaked on the loose wooden planks of the porch—on the left side in morning and on the right side in late afternoon to avoid the harsh sunlight.

The magic tin lay always at her feet. From under the lid she produced broken dolls and faded dominoes — toys we would have scoffed at if at home — or stale saltines and hard candy. When we were troubled, she sat us at her side and opened the tin. She always said, "We three — the flowers, the tin, and I — shall hear you." How strange that none of us can remember her advice on any occasion, yet we always left the protection of her shawls soothed and untroubled.

The flowers have seeded and died and seeded many times since I last walked down the path. Often I've wished to return, to hop the flagstones one more time. I'll not, of course. Now my childhood lies closed within us three — the flowers, the tin, and me.

Of Childhood

. . . DEAN R. KOONTZ

Childhood: a time for games and running over the grassy, green hills and feeling the mud squish up between your toes and climbing trees and going to bed early because you aren't allowed to climb trees in your good clothes and a hundred thousand other things that only an innocent and carefree mind can enjoy.

More than anything else, childhood is an awareness, an awareness of sounds, smells, sights, and time. The last of the four is the most important to a child. Children are not so much aware of minutes and hours as of weeks and months. They are constantly wishing one month were over and another begun. July is a good month for the young: the sun is high above head every day, and the old swimming hole lies yawning in the bend of the river, waiting to cool young bodies after a hot game of tag or chase. Take August, a good month — the last few days of freedom before school starts. Consider December — the time for cakes and candies and snow and turkey, the time for presents beneath a tinsel-covered Christmas tree and sticky cookies with Santa Clauses and snowmen painted on them with colorful icings, a very wonderful month indeed. June, there is no doubt about it, June is the best of the dozen, for school is out and Summer is running across the fields on the soft breezes that are its feet.

There are bad months. September is a bad month, for school opens, and the lessons start again. But the good far outweighs the bad. And besides, a child remembers the pleasant and not the painful. For example: If a young boy were taken to the circus on Wednesday to see the clowns, and if that same boy were punished for disobedience the same day, by Friday he would still be talking about the circus but would have forgotten about the punishment.

Childhood: The days that are warm, the days when a pleasant breeze blows in off the sun making everything warm, now cool, now warmer than ever. It is a time when the winds of the earth twine over and under your arms in an attempt to spirit you aloft, a time when you are an airy, effervescent piece of fluff caught in swirls of air and tossed about in the wind. It is the only time in a man's life when he feels and is a part of nature.

Ending of a Song

. . . ANDREW D. BUSHMAN

born of summer's cooler evening
even now the day is ending
when the curling
 smoke and haze
 settle on the city
accidental maze of life
 mosaic of sentiment
 and searching hearts
charmeresque the shadow of falling water
in an ornamental
 Oriental garden by a jade lake
and the silhouetted sifting of the leaves
 on the shallows
 swallows drifting by my lantern
fades the hazy smoke of summer in the ending of a song

Of Birds at Rest

. . . ANDREW D. BUSHMAN

with the wetness of things newly born
matting your mottled down
my soft fuzzy-warm
sleepy bird . . .
came tottering and blind
peeping two notes of loneliness
we slept secure and warm
contentment . . .
through the
dawn

shadows of birds
lifting and falling
fluttering about
on the wall above

shadows of motion
sliding and gliding
casting upon
the waters below

visions of stillness
nesting and resting

small tired heats

beating

within

Contemplations

[To a Friend]

. . . HARRY COOK

To my mind I do cry out,
 Searching;
 To myself I look,
 Searching;
 Love now passes not a day with me,
 Doubting;
 Friendship wanes on the eve of thought,
 Doubting;
 To the trees I cry out,
 Listening;
 To the ears of one I love,
 Listening;
 Sculpture, is it only clay?
 Wondering;
 Man, can I be man?
 Wondering;
 Searching,
 Doubting,
 Listening,
 Wondering:

The sun shines:
 But the night is my time.
 Lightning bugs flicker:
 But for a moment I live.
 Then loneliness and despair are mine:
 I am but brick, it seems—
 Oh, Love, why hast thou deserted a home?
 Is it not for pity I do despair?
 Is my life to be eaten as a fruit?
 Or am I the seed fallen into barren soil?
 My hands are locked:
 My eyes are fixed,
 Gazing;
 Uncertainty is now my love—
 But for a while I hope.
 Hope, that Heavenly flower blooming;
 But it too must wilt and pass away:
 My body is trembling with emptiness;
 My heart is but a glass dish.

Fullness must pass to emptiness—
 Why must I have this life?
 Or is this life in quest of Death?
 I seek the golden path through doors of stone;
 But on the other side is but another door,
 Greater, ever greater to open.
 Are my eyes to deceive me so?
 Reality, can it deceive?

Questioning—questioning—
 Is there an end?
 I must return;

Searching,

Doubting,

Listening,

Wondering:

If only I knew what made the tide come in

Streets

. . . HARRY COOK

I wearily wandered through the streets
 Until I saw a woman, haggard and drunk;
 And I sang to that woman of my money
 and my Cadillac in my two-car garage.
 Wandering further I found a legless man,
 sitting in the gutter,

And I sang to him of my beautiful form of walking
 Up the dark and dingy alley I aired myself
 with contempt,
 And I sang of my talents at the top of
 my lungs.

No one heard but me—
 And my beautiful words were ruined by the
 echo on the dingy bricks.

This Fence

. . . DEAN KOONTZ

There was this fence where we pressed our suntanned faces and felt the wind turn warm and held to the fence and forgot who we were or where we came from but dreamed only of who we might be and where we might go . . .

Beyond the wire barrier, there stood a ninety-foot gantry, waiting patiently for a chance to cradle a big, shiny rocket in its steel arms. Several men worked feverishly about the gantry's base; they looked like wheat farmers laboring under the skeleton of some long-dead silo. They wore dull gray uniforms and well-polished, black boots that came half way up their lower legs, stopping almost exactly between the ankle and the knee. Now and then, one of them climbed onto the platform elevator and rode upwards, making adjustments in the frame structure that would eventually be a rocket's berth.

The big rocket came out of its portable, plastic hangar and moved along its gleaming track out to the fire point. It moved relentlessly toward the gantry, and was followed closely by another of the tall frame structures. It was like the gathering of pre-historic reptiles, with this sleek, silvery fire monster, their herd leader. It was so big and so awe inspiring, and we were just boys.

The rocket was way out on the concrete meadow, being eased into the launch gantry. It was followed by beetle-like tractors and great fuel trucks, and all around, in blue, asbestos suits, praying-mantis mechanics fiddled with strange equipment and buzzed and cawed to one another on tiny, aluminum radiophones that we couldn't hear. They looked like small insects preening the feathers of the huge fire bird, picking and smoothing, picking and smoothing, until everything was just perfect.

"Good Lord," someone gasped as they eyed the rocket. We were just boys, and language such as this was exceedingly strong.

It was something to "Good Lord" about. Every line was the hottest fire solidified and made perfect. It was flame frozen, and ice waiting to melt out there in the middle of the concrete prairies, dry ice that would vaporize in great white clouds. It reflected the light of the morning sun, seeming to magnify it as the yellow-white beams burnt at our eyes. The letters USA broke the solid silver of its hull. It was more than just a rocket and a rocket base. It was a thousand years of the most beautiful dreams all sorted out, chosen, and put back together to make the hardest, swiftest, prettiest dream of all. It was the mind of a young boy made concrete.

The men in asbestos suits patrolled the field for a final check of the grounds. Suddenly, the warning siren screamed into life, an ancient dragon calling to its mate. The fuel was in the tanks, and the men ran away from it like ants running lickety from under someone's shoe. And the Dream of Dreams woke up, gave a yell, and roared into the sky. It was gone, leaving nothing but a hot trembling in the air. Where it had been was a scorched, seared pock and a pea soup fog of rocket smoke curling like a low banked cloud. And we boys wanted to grow up fast, real, real fast.

We were sure that some day there would be men riding in those rockets, orbiting the earth, going to the moon, and eventually visiting other planets. There would be men, and maybe we would be those men.

Yet we were boys and liked being boys and lived in a small but important Florida town and liked the town and went to school and fairly liked the school and shinnied up palm trees and played baseball and liked our fathers and mothers . . .

But some time every hour of every day of every week of every month for a minute or a second we thought about fire and space and stars and the fence beyond which they waited.

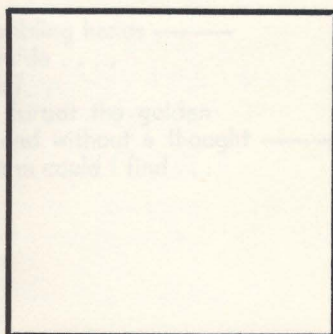
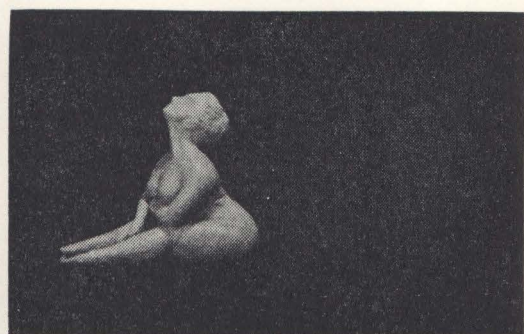
Waiting

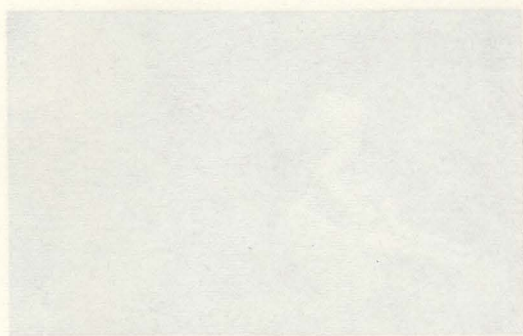
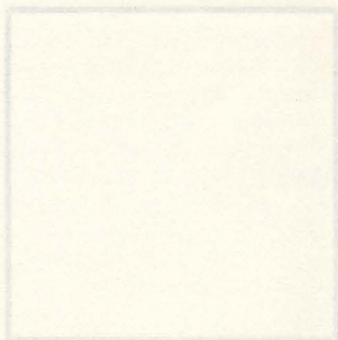
. . . CYNTHIA SMITH

Yesterday was Tuesday and on that day
Which seemed an eternity, I watched the
Hours creep by as I anticipated the cozy
Confines of my enclosure where I would
Hide from the world's ugly face, in the
Stillness and contentment of myself.

Yesterday was Tuesday and I waited
And waited for my time to come,
My time of ultimate peace and pleasure
When I would enter into my glory.

Today is Wednesday and
I am still waiting . . .





HEAD

RALPH FRELAND

GIRL

SHEILA DOLAN

On Christmas Day—And Santa Claus Is Dead

. . . LETITIA CLEVER

An enchanted schoolgirl:

 unreal, never touched by lust or passion

I stand by the schoolyard gate

 Alone, afraid to wait

 without knowing if I'll go on standing . . .

 Forever.

But as the years of lemonade and violets do,

They hear my wanting heart,

 And deliver my frill-clad lover,

 my childhood flight into

 Love

I gaze longingly as he approaches me,

A gay bag of tidings he hands out to my fumbling hands ———

I grab excitedly, and feel for the treasure inside

 But what is this?

 He forgot the golden

Apple Completely and without a thought ———

 Not even a trace of a worm could I find . . .

The Warm Hand of His Summer Falls

. . . ANDREW D. BUSHMAN

I was the one who needed her. Where would I turn now?

Cold and silent my bed waited. The simple ritual of undressing, setting the clock-radio, and then turning down the sheets — each movement made me choke with a not unfamiliar hurt, more like heart-burn. As thoughts of her and him blotted out reality my mind strained to realize what had drawn her to him. What did I lack, other than her?

The mind was spinning, longing, searching, and in the confusion and anger a thought came to me. In the end who will remember? Who will be the judge and say, "This the victor and this the vanquished?"

Outside the night went on being cold and silent. The answer was not there. I found solace in the arms of sleep.

Dreams of two people alone. The world went on in its magic pace. The moon rose and the sun came up beside it. The universe existing, night and day embracing one another. There I lay in a stupor waiting for something to happen. Waiting for it to happen when, when, when . . .

The hand moved, no longer covering one who did not need protection. The hand silently covered others.

He walked her home, they clutched and kissed. But I was satisfied, for I no longer needed that hand to cover me.

Reflections

. . . ROBERT FICKES

XV

oh silver studded love
locked in glass
you left me on the desert plains
starving for eternity
i search for the ivory handle
to open the stone doors
there is none
i maim my hand
as i beat my demand
on your doors
i crawl away with sores

XVI

i have felt the blow
of Raskolnikov's axe
as blood splattered the wall
and screams shattered the night
but time goes on
in its infinite recurrence
there's nothing to do
but wait
to be hit again

Ritual

The Warm Hominid . . . ANDREW WICKSTROM

The steady, thudding drum
Commands all. And all come.
The Moon predicts a rite,
For homage is but right
To pay. The gods have smiled.
Few women have not child,
Strong crops have split the ground,
Hoofed game and small abound,
And honor won — they've warred.
A clansman shakes his gourd,
And drumbeats grow more loud
And fast. The summoned crowd
Breaks into chants, and sways.
To gods the clan gives praise
And thanks and prayers. The priests
Cry out — men garbed as beasts
Begin to leap about
The fire. Once more a shout.
This starts the ancient dance.
The pagans, waving lance
And knife, hurl shrieks and screams
Into the night. It seems
Their frenzy knows no bounds
As wild feet echo pounds
Upon the drum. The air
And earth are one, as their
Relentless stampings rise
Amorphous dirt-clouds eyes
Of glass don't close against
And which flared nostrils sense
Not. Rhythm rules, and minds
And bodies, slaves. It climbs
To greater peaks, this rite.
Flames reach to scorch the night.
Fly higher, O fire, fly higher!
Nero strokes his lyre . . .

Reflections

ROBERT FICKES

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Three of A Kind Beats Two Parodies

. . . JAMES HUMMER

A friend in need is a friend indeed
and a girl was stabbed as
thirty-eight potential friends watched her
die.

Courtesy is contagious
and men still work
to enslave other men.

Do unto others . . .
the spanish inquisition
and auschwitz.

Laugh and the world laughs at you:

Cry and you cry among.

An honest man's the
no blessed
work of God.

cider fighter

. . . ROBERT FICKES

"double double toil and trouble"
color chrome yellow cider bubble
murking mixing lurking drunk
ending pending spinning bunk
foaming phony security
to drink the sink's impurity
does the happy pointless pleasure fit
the futile morning's mourning sick?

Three Nights Or Two Ago

. . . . GLENDA KITZMILLER

As I sit at my desk, I see the stars twinkling on a backdrop of blackness. The absence of a moon makes their shine more luminous. A gentle breeze sifts through the screen and rustles the papers before me. Leafy tree tops sway with a slow, sadly rhythmical motion — they seem to sense that this may be their last dance of summer.

Irregular rippling noises of the waters as they wind around pebbles are interrupted only by the sudden splash of a fish. Nearby, the plaintive wail of a whippoorwill leads the other insects in a nocturnal melody. The low throaty moans of restless hounds seem to convey a stark feeling of comradeship — yet aloneness.

The nights pass slowly, but softly — it's daylight that I dread. Thoughtless birds outside the window burst forth with mocking noise; my mind remembers the morning we awoke to a song of ecstasy by these same birds. The sun taunts me with small rays of light until suddenly I see the room in harsh perspective. It's because I've left the place just as it was that makes your absence such a choking loss.

"Dear Joan"

. . . MARY KOSEK

Joan giggled just a bit as she held the letter in her hand. She had half-hoped to receive it; she had been almost waiting for it. It had taken him long enough to write it! She stared at the front of the envelope. Yes, that was her name, her address; though the handwriting did not seem as steady and as confident as before. Silly!

Casually opening the letter, she found it was short and seemed to have been written hastily. Joan quickly turned to the final page to see how it was signed. Of course, she, herself would not commit anything as binding as "Love" to paper — well, just to see how the relationship was getting along. The closing was rather ordinary, nothing poetic or profound or even romantic — nothing to show the girls.

Joan felt she had over-estimated Peter's qualities. He used to write such "sweet" letters, but he was slipping; he was probably getting lazy. She decided she could wait to read his latest. No, the sooner she read the letter, the sooner she would answer: and the sooner she answered, the sooner she would receive another letter.

Pete was just a guy — a nice, rather interesting, rather complicated guy. They were friends, perhaps more than friends — but not too much more. He was someone to date, to casually brag about: he was someone to keep on the string for security. Naturally, if he wanted to flatter her by falling in love . . .

"Dear Joan," he could be more original! Why the hell doesn't Peter date his letters? It is so annoying to . . . Joan had been allowing the words to revolve around in her mind without completely digesting them. Suddenly, they all fell into place. This was a very different letter. He spoke of despair and depression. He had felt the pains of rejection: lost in the world, Peter had become lost in himself. He had attempted to express himself emotionlessly, but it was evident that he pleaded for sympathy and understanding — even a little love.

Recalling the hurt of her own experiences similar to Peter's, Joan remembered how cold and dark the very bottom of it all was. She had lived through periods like this; but she did not, could not at this time feel them. She possessed one sensation — the feeling of guilt. She had not been ready for Peter's disclosure; she felt guilty. She felt needed, and this need brought happiness; she felt guilty. Most of all, she had not been concerned for anything but her selfish little world. She possessed one sensation — the intense, ugly, shameful feeling of guilt.

Many things are written in letters; some humorous, some thought-provoking some sad. Peter had been at the mercy of Joan to interpret and understand the intended meaning. She had experienced a tragedy, for she lacked the necessary intimacy of thought and emotion to live the life of Peter at the time the letter was written. This very rewarding something was lost and even guilt could not make it return.

A Whited Sepulcher: The Evangelist

. . . JAMES HUMMER

Go ahead, with your foam-flecked lips
Spit out the word of God.
How dare you tell me how to live?
Should I believe,
You ungrammatical farmer,
That you alone know truth?
You make me sick.
The religion I rejected
Had at least its dignity —
You strip even that away
As you yammer of heaven and hell.
Spew your incoherency,
You're not hurting me.
But in the name of the God
You profess to know so well,
Shut up your flabby mouth
Before you hurt someone
And, incidentally, damn your soul.
You should trade your tent for a cage

Not Without Love

. . . JOHN THOMAS FLICK'NGER

It was Christmas Eve when at precisely ten-thirty I left my lonely second-floor room overlooking Main Street. The air had the nip of winter interspersed with odors of rum and port and punctuated gently with soft wet snow: a typical day for this time of year. It seemed every year at this time I left my abode and made my way to the Church of Saint Mary's to partake of the Christmas Mass, and every year this trek offered unlimited time for contemplation; and this year was no exception.

As I turned from Main Street onto Pine I noticed a group of young children walking back and forth with something less than military precision and carrying large placards of Yule greetings. As I drew upon them I was able to read their sundry greetings to the world by the half light of a pulsating beer sign. One sign said "AN END TO VIET NAM!," another read "PEACE IN OUR TIME!," yet another scrawled in weak hand and like heart and carried by a frail young lad read "DADDY PLEASE COME HOME, PLEASE DON'T DIE IN S.E.A.!" I felt like the proverbial Scrooge: I knew the problem but it concerned others not me, for tonight I'll hear of finer things.

"Tis the season to be jolly . . ."

As I entered another part of this by now snow-bedecked town, I saw with sudden amazement a young man and lady walking to church alone. I approached them and they moved on as if they did not notice my greeting. Once again I said my greeting and again I was ignored. Finally I saw in a window the reason for my problem: I was colored or at least that's how I appeared to them. I thought to myself, "How foolish am I to have forgotten." As I slowly retreated from my forward position I could hear them begin to sing.

"Good Christian men rejoice . . ."

It was now about five minutes of the hour as I turned the last corner on my way to St. Mary's. The yearly creche had been set up near the parish house; you know I've seen this sight often and even in my advancing years it still stirs my heart. Tonight the glistening snow falling silently upon the almost hidden light, and the sounds of joy all around me gave the scene a delicate realism. As I walked closer to the lovely scene something seemed different. For some reason the babe in the manger seemed more realistic than ever. I walked closer and there before my aging and frost-rimmed eyes lay a child wrapped in nursing clothes and blue from the cold. With great hesitation I touched the young child, and in response it gave a loud wail which broke the serenity of the night. At about the same moment the church came alive as the Eucharist began: I was now late for this service for the first time in twenty years. I decided to leave the child and enter the great Gothic structure.

"In the beginning was the Word . . ."

The service ended at twelve-thirty and I left with great haste to ascertain whether or not my eyes had deceived me earlier. I stepped cautiously to the snow-covered manger. The child was gone but in the snow lay its garments and a quickly scribbled note which read "Not without love."

"Now to the Lord sing praises . . ."

The Auction

... JAMES DIEHL

The crowd moved more swiftly now. The miscellaneous items had been sold. They moved to the barn bridge, where the auctioneer was inspecting a forage harvester. Everyone knew that Ted Thompson didn't own much in the line of machinery. Most of what he did have was old-fashioned. His dump rake had been converted from a horse-drawn apparatus. The mowing machine he used was of the type that still required a rider. The crowd hadn't come to buy the machinery. What few people were actually there to buy had come for the cattle. Ted's herd, a mixture of Holsteins and Swiss had long been recognized as one of the top herds in the area. But Ted's life, like that of most farmers, was a constant struggle. Between bill collectors, new milking equipment, and taxes, Ted had just managed to break even. Two consecutive years of drought and increased pressure from the local bank had forced him to sell.

Red, haired, freckled-faced Tommy Thompson looked over at the approaching crowd. He was sitting on the old metal seat of the F-20 for the last time. He watched the crowd,—it was a happy crowd. Most of them weren't interested in buying anything. It was an entertaining way to spend a Saturday. All auctions were that way. Men went to compare what they had with what the owner of the farm had had. The women went and gossiped, looking for cobwebs on the back porch and the like. The kids went along to play. They played tag in the barn, and they jumped on the straw pile. They jumped on Tommy Thompson's straw pile. Tommy wanted to scream at the crowd, to yell, "Get to hell out of here. Can't you see we were happy before you came?"

"Okay, here we have a real fine mower. A little old; still has a lot of good use, though. How much you give me for it?" the auctioneer questioned.

"It'd come in handy if horses ever come back," one spectator joked.

Tommy recognized the man and knew that his dad could farm a lot better with old machinery than this man could with the most up-to-date equipment.

"Give me twenty-five dollars to start. Who'll give me twenty five? Hey, Ted, tell 'em how good this here machine works."

"Cut all my hay with it last summer." Ted said appraisingly. "Never sat out a day since I've had it."

An Amishman offered fifteen dollars. No one else bid.

That was the way with most of the machinery. The dump rake brought twenty dollars. The wagon sold for fifty dollars, the manure spreader twenty-five and so on.

Then it came time to sell the tractor. Tommy crawled down reluctantly from the seat of the F-20 and watched as George Ingraham's boy crawled on.

At dinner time the sale was nearly over. Only the livestock was left. Early that morning Tommy had helped his father and another man put large blue marks on the cattle to identify them to the buyers. Tommy had said good-bye to his friends then. There was Bossy, the Swiss who was the first calf his father had bought when he started farming. She was old now, and her teeth were

smooth and very short. Tommy knew that the butcher would buy her. Some of the others could go either way. They would be good for a couple of years yet, but then they, too, would be too old. His favorite, Pet, was one of these.

Tommy walked over to the wagon shed where the ladies of the local church were selling food. One large lady insisted that Tommy sit on her lap. She kissed Tommy on the cheek with large, loose, moist lips. Tommy decided he wasn't hungry.

Soon the crowd was in the barn inspecting the cattle. Tommy watched. The auctioneer started selling the calves; then he moved over to the milch cows. Tommy watched his father as the cows which had worked for him, which he had worked for during the past thirteen years, were being sold.

The crowd was a happy crowd. They were having a good time. Soon the auctioneer was selling Pet, the cow that had been Tommy's for so long. He had pleaded with his father for weeks. Couldn't they keep just this one animal? They would find a place to keep her. Things would work out. But now the crowd was moving toward her. He hoped that some nice Amishman would buy her. He had heard someplace that they take really good care of their livestock.

The auctioneer asked for two hundred dollars.

An Amishman offered one hundred and twenty-five.

Someone offered one hundred and thirty. Tommy looked. He knew it was the butcher.

The two men bid back and forth.

"One hundred and thirty-five," the Amishman said.

"One hundred and forty," the butcher replied.

Tommy kept watching for some saint in white to arrive on the scene and buy Pet, and tell Tommy that he could come to see her as often as he liked.

None came.

* * * * *

A balding, red-haired man of the world stood looking up at the weather vane. He had returned now that he had enough money to buy the farm he was raised on. He walked slowly over to the house, not knowing who owned it, not caring who owned it. He was screaming back at the people to get off his land, at the people who had come to the auction. He would turn the farm into the best looking, most up-to-date farm in the valley. Then he would be happy. Then he would be screaming back.

As he walked to the house, he saw a little boy leading a small calf, and in the field he could see a farmer plowing with an outdated tractor.

He walked over to the boy. "This your calf?"

"Yup."

"Fine looking animal. Dad be in soon?" he asked with a hoarse voice.

The Journey

. . . JUDITH ELLIOTT

We walk
hand in hand,
 A child tumbles in the unmown foliage of springtime.

We watch
 And the child leaps and races with his shadow
 against the wind.

We walk on,
through the park,
 A baby, pillowed in pinkness and softness, reaches
 forth her hand,
 hesitates,
 then touches,
 and touches again the soft white petals
 on a wild flower daisy.

We walk arm in arm,
smiling,
in pleasant silence,
and the breeze seems to rush through our bodies,
assuring us we do have souls.

We round a bend of the path,
 An old woman,
 sitting on a red park bench,
 glances at us,
 then returns her vacant stare
 to the drab brown path
 on which we walk.

a shell fell

. . . ROBERT FICKES

mare altum est

escape would be the best

spes libertatis semper est

the silent shell is living still

in swallowed ocean's fill

till digestion's grinding's nil

it clumsily climbs the salted throat

like abstained antics of insea boat

three million voices 'gainst one vote

but on it climbs pro virili parte

like baby's mountain's death of ancient Sparta

it slowly struggles on — sub monte

great breach of bloody bubbling breast

the virile volant shell did best

since now the shell on sand shell rest

and rest it will

since cracked and killed

by footsteps on the silt

The Minor

. . . JAMES HUMMER

"Damn kids are all alike," he said unsteadily. "Tryin' to take over. Give 'em an inch, and they'll take a mile, every time."

"Please be quiet, Tom," said his wife. "Wayne's in his room, and he'll hear you."

"I don't care if every teenager in the world hears me. It's about time they started listenin', anyway."

Sitting in his room, Wayne Wilson listened to his father's semi-drunken tirade. "The old man always thinks **he's** right. If I ever try to explain anything to him, all I hear is 'Don't talk back!' Oh, well, he is right sometimes. He was right about the seat belts. He didn't have to put it like that, though. Better get seat belts put in that old car of yours, boy. The way these crazy teenagers drive, the road isn't safe for anyone. That reminds me, I never want to catch you drinking. If I do, you're not going to set foot out of that fancy room of yours for six months." I wouldn't mind his lecturing so much if he would just practice what he preaches. He has seat belts in his car, all right, but he also has the best-equipped home bar in town, too."

The youth's thoughts were interrupted by the slamming of a door. The elder Wilson had gone out to walk and ponder anew the degeneracy of modern youth.

Wayne went out the back way to the garage to look at his car. "Old car" indeed! It was a '55 Chevrolet convertible with 1960 Chrysler quad headlights and a tubular grille. Soon the interior would be upholstered in fine black leather. True, the front fenders were coated with grey primer paint, but even this did not hide the beauty that would soon be brought to perfection by a blue metal-flake paint job. Having momentarily forgotten his father in the rapture of ownership, Wayne walked back to the house.

A few days later, Wayne had nearly forgotten the incident, just as he had nearly forgotten a hundred others. He was in the study doing his homework when his mother walked in and said, "Wayne, your father is down at Chez Wen. Mrr. Wen just called and said you should come down and get him. He . . . well, he's in no condition to drive home himself."

As she was saying this, however, Mr. Wilson lurched out the door of Chez Wen and into his car. He fumbled with the seat belt buckle and then gave it up, switched on the ignition after several unsuccessful tries to find the keyhole, and awkwardly set the automatic speed control for about thirty-five miles per hour.

He drove on, serene in the alcohol-inspired confidence in his driving skill. A little farther on at an intersection, a taxi cut out in front of him after having gone through a red light. Mr. Wilson kicked toward the brake, but instead floored the gas pedal.

Pulling over to let the ambulance by, Wayne wondered if anyone he knew had had an accident.

The Sun Bathers

. . . THOMAS WORK

People aren't satisfied with the color of their skin.
If they are white, they want to be brownish;
If they are brown, they want to be blackish.

A girl can change her hair with a bottle,
But bottled sun seems to mottle,
And the sun seems to dye a bottle — more,
cause it's free!

Call it fad?
Call it mad?

Beach blanket business is booming,
While bikinis, they are selling
To cover those who are dwelling
In the sun.

Coppertone makes four kinds of lotion
To prevent ultra-violet motion,
But some have such solar devotion
They still get burned.
Noxzema sells quite well
To those who thought it swell
In the summer sun to dwell
And get a **tan!**

But it's really not worth the bother
To lie patiently and
Wait
For the sun to wreak its havoc
On the skin.

For as the sun traverses southward,
And the leaves begin to fall,
Even the blackest epidermis
Starts to fade.

HELL—the only place where you can get
an everlasting tan!!!

The Sun Bathers

THOMAS WOLF

. . . ANDREW D. BUSHMAN

what would it be like
for a sailor
stepping into the sun
while all the warming blue of
morning splashed
its whiteness on
his shoes

