



5-1964

The Lantern Vol. 31, No. 2, May 1964

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Recommended Citation

Bradley, John; Flint, Bitsy; Martin, Lynn; Christman, Roy; Bender, Craig; Hartenstine, Sue; Evans, L. Noll; Pollock, Elwood R.; Peek, Carl F.; Whitlock, McDonald L.; and Campbell, Sally, "The Lantern Vol. 31, No. 2, May 1964" (1964). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 87.

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THE
LANTERN



SPRING 1964

21

The Lantern

URSINUS COLLEGE
May, 1964

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Goodbye, Shroeder

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Some time ago the editorial board of *The Lantern* decided, in a moment of frivolous idealism to sponsor a writing contest for Ursinus students. In order to have the most objective judging, we asked, begged and cajoled eight impartial faculty members to select the winners. Four categories were decided upon, with Drs. Miller and Storey judging essay; Drs. Allen and Doane, poetry; Mrs. Staiger and Dr. Kirkpatrick, short story; and Drs. Armstrong and Fletcher, cartoons and line-drawings. A ten dollar first prize was offered in each category.

The following are the winners as selected by the judges:

Essay: Lynn Martin – *Sceptic*

Short Story: John Bradley – *The High, Forbidding Wall*

Poetry: a tie between Sue Hartenstine – *The Music of the Drum* and Craig Bender – *Portrait in Gold and Black*

Art: no entries, therefore no winners.

The Lantern intends to sponsor a contest of this sort annually, or as long as the capital is available, and it is our hope that more interest will be shown in the future.

To the winners: *Fortuna bona sit dulcis et aeterna*

To those others who entered: seek solace in the tired, but true Ursinus adage, "But still try, etc. ad infinitum."

The High, Forbidding Wall

—*John Bradley*

The Mexican sun had been risen only a short time when the old man left his small hut and started down the mountainside toward the village. The coolness of the night was quickly giving way to the heat of the bright sun, but the old man held himself close as if to keep the daylight from entering within. He kept his head down as if he were watching his step, but there was no need; he had traveled this path countless times before. He lifted his head once on his descent, revealing a deeply weathered face that seemed to be frozen in a scowl. He removed his shapeless sombrero to scratch his head and bared his shaggy white hair which, receding on either side, was sworn by the villagers to conceal horns.

He looked towards the tiny village below him. At the center was the church, bleached white as the bones of dead animals in the dunes, and surrounded by a high, forbidding wall. The belfry had a large golden cross which caught the searing gleam of the rising sun. Around the church were the few huts and the market place that comprised the village. The old man did not look long, the brilliancy of the cross hurt his eyes.

He quickly glanced at a group of children playing with their dogs behind one of the huts, and proceeded slowly towards the village with his head still bent toward the ground.

"Look, chicos!" shouted a small boy. "The devil, he is coming! Run! El Diablo is coming!"

The old man heard the shrieks of the small children and the barking of the dogs, and drew himself tighter as he continued toward the village. The dogs started towards him trying to scare the old man away, to let their young masters play; but the old man continued on. The little girls ran to their huts or to the village; but the little boys, pretending courage, remained a minute before scattering to toss a few stones at El Diablo.

The dogs barked and nipped at his heels; the boys threw their stones and ran; El Diablo continued walking toward the village—but now, with a tear winding its way down his deeply wrinkled face.

He walked along the dusty road that ran through the village to the

market place. He looked at the crowded market place where the villagers had brought their produce and handicraft to sell to one another. Market day was more of a holiday than a business day. Here, the villagers got to see old friends and hear news and gossip. For the past few weeks, the villagers could speak of nothing but their forthcoming pilgrimage to Guadalupe Hidalgo. El Diablo watched all the festivity, glanced at the searing cross, and drew himself closer as if he could detach himself from the activity.

He noticed a group of men whose faces were familiar, and he drew closer as though he meant to talk with them. He remained a short distance from them, however. Perhaps if one of the men had invited him to join them—but they talked on as if they didn't notice him.

"Are you going on the pilgrimage, Juan?"

"Sí. I think everyone in the village is going, no?"

"It will cost mucho dinero."

"Especially for me. I have eight muchachos to feed, besides the woman."

They all laughed; and if one looked close enough, even El Diablo managed a smile. But no one looked close enough. If they did look, they saw only the scowl. El Diablo then moved on to buy his supplies.

"Do you think El Diablo will be on the pilgrimage?" one asked jokingly.

"Ha! That would be a sight. The devil on a pilgrimage," another laughed.

"Besides, he wouldn't part with any of his gold if he could ransom his soul from the clutches of hell." The men continued to gossip and joke as Diablo bought his needed supplies.

The wet season would be starting soon, and the mountainside would be swept by cool winds. Diablo needed a blanket. He looked around and saw a cart with blankets hanging from supports. He approached it.

"Jesu María!" the woman at the cart exclaimed as she saw El Diablo approaching. She crossed herself with her gnarled brown hands and sent her daughter away. "Go, chica. Quickly. The devil comes." The little girl left.

Diablo saw all this and was deeply moved. He wanted to be able to speak, to explain; but after finding a blanket that he wanted he could only hold it up and look into the woman's fear-stricken eyes.

"Cien pesos," the woman haltingly told him the price.

Diablo placed the money on the cart and started walking back along the dusty road towards the mountain. As he was leaving the market place he heard a woman admonishing her child.

"See, muchacha? That is the devil. If you do not obey mama, he will come in the middle of the night and snatch you from your bed. Then you will burn in hell for all eternity."

El Diablo left the village as he had entered. The dogs barked and nipped at his heels; the boys threw their stones and ran; and a tear tried to wind its way down his deeply wrinkled face.

As he was climbing the steep path that led to his hut, he heard the voice of a young girl calling him.

"El Diablo! El Diablo! Wait!"

He turned and saw the young girl running and stumbling up the path. She had fair skin, long black hair, and a smile that never left her lips even though she would stumble. As she neared him she said in a sparkling, out of breath voice, "May I walk with you?"

El Diablo was shocked. Never had a villager asked to walk with him, particularly the children. He kept his solemn, almost gruesome composure, however, and said, "I can not stop you."

The smile never left her lips. "El Diablo, why do you try to appear so gruff to people?"

He looked at her. How brave she is, he thought. "How do you know it is only appearance, little one? Es posible that I am really the devil."

"I know that you are not the devil. Even Padre Ortega has told me that you are a good man," she said in her sweet, childish way.

They walked on towards his hut. Was there a twinkle in his eye? No, not in Diablo's eye. It must have been a reflection. He looked at the bold, little girl. The late sun caught the brilliancy of her sparkling yellow hairband, and the sequins reflected the rays so that Diablo could not rest his eyes on it.

As they reached the hut Diablo told her to sit by the door until he milked one of his goats. When he returned, he handed her a cup of the rich liquid. When he noticed how much she enjoyed it, he gave her another cup and said, "So that is why you have come to the hut of the devil."

She looked concerned for a moment, as if she was afraid that she had overstepped good manners. But, when she looked at El Diablo, she knew that he was teasing. She laughed, and there *was* a twinkle in Diablo's eyes.

"Tell me, little one, where do you live?"

The little girl answered, "Since I have no parents, I live in the Church." She saw his face sadden, and added, "But I am as happy as I could ever be. There is only one thing that I regret; that is, that I can not go on the pilgrimage to Guadalupe Hidalgo because the Church can not afford to send me."

"There will be other pilgrimages, little one," Diablo said trying to console her.

"Si, I will get there one day," she said with the ever-present smile. "I have plenty of time. Are you going, Diablo?"

El Diablo drew himself closer again, suddenly resenting the unfamiliar personal nature of a conversation. "No," he said rather sternly. Then, again, "No," he said, this time sadly.

"No matter. I am sure you will go some day. Perhaps we will go together," she said.

She looked at the sun lowering in the sky and said, "I must go

now." She quickly threw her arms about his neck, kissed him on the forehead, and ran down the path calling back, "Adios, Diablo."

"Vaya con Dios, little one," Diablo said softly.

He sat there for a few minutes watching the sun settle. He placed his hand on the spot where he had received her kiss of love and innocence. It was still warm and moist. I was that way once, he thought. Why no longer? He remembered how as a youth he had been so happy. He had lived in the light of God's Presence and Peace. Then, suddenly, he was floundering. He had sought for understanding, meaning; he had sought to gain again the Peace of God so that his soul would no longer be tormented by unsurety and anguish. But he had not found it; and soon, his soul would be like the sun now disappearing from view.

He ate his meager supper, then went to sit outside where he always contemplated and prayed. The moon was full and lit the mountain-side, but Diablo's senses were dulling with age, and he could not hear or see the Padre climbing the path to his hut.

"El Diablo! Are you here?" a voice shouted from the night.

Diablo recognized the voice of Father Ortega, and indicated his presence. He was glad Padre had come tonight. Padre Ortega always seemed to know when he needed company. The Padre greeted him, and they sat in silence for a few minutes before speaking.

"You know, Diablo, that you are the only man I have not been able to understand." Diablo shifted uneasily. "Why do you wish to conceal your true name, and prefer to be called 'the devil'? And why do you insist that I tell no one about your donations to the Church? I know that you keep very little of your earnings for yourself. And why do you not come to the church? I know that you have a strong faith. And why do you so wish to be buried in the church-yard?"

The Padre knew that he was making Diablo uncomfortable, but he knew also, that if Diablo did not reveal himself, the Padre would not be able to help him.

El Diablo remained silent for a few minutes. Padre Ortega was afraid that he would not speak; but then, in a voice so sad and sincere that it unmistakably came from the soul, Diablo began his explanation.

"Padre, forgive me, but as to my name I can say no more than that El Diablo suits me well. My soul burns and is tormented as if it were already in hell. As to the donations, they are for God, not man; therefore, why should man know? You are right when you say I believe. I do believe, and I wish with all my heart that I could attend Mass. But, Padre, when I even approach the holy ground my soul unbearably torments me. Perhaps, if I am buried there, I may somehow be forgiven, and made part of the Church again."

The Padre listened intently. This was the first time Diablo had revealed his thoughts. The Padre wanted to shout for joy for the progress he had made just in getting Diablo to talk. When Diablo finished speaking, the Padre didn't know what to say; but suddenly he said, "I fear for you, Diablo. You are so intent on serving God that you overlook the ways in which you can serve Him. Your donations are for God and not man, but

what can you give God that is not already His? You serve Him not in your thoughts; therefore, neither do you serve Him in your actions. Remember, Diablo, that God requires mercy, and not sacrifice."

They were silent for a few moments, because even the Padre had been surprised at what he had said. He thought that this would be a good time to leave, so that both he and Diablo could think about what he had just said. He got up to leave.

"Padre," Diablo pleaded, "please pray for me."

"I have been praying for you ever since I met you, Diablo. Adios."

Diablo's mind began to spin. Could he have been wrong all these years? No! Impossible! Yet, what the Padre has said is true. Did he enjoy being persecuted by the villagers? No. How sad he had been. Didn't a tear come to his eye when they rebuffed him? Yet, what had he ever done to deserve their love? He had given his earnings. What more could one ask? Of course, he did feel more like a martyr when he knew that he fed the school children and they would throw stones at him. But wasn't that what he was supposed to be? No. Mercy and not sacrifice. No. Sacrifice is essential. How sad he was. Oh, God. I am so miserable. Everyone else is happy. I am sad. I suffer for others. That is my duty. No. Mercy. Not sacrifice. Mercy. Mercy. How could he feel merciful? To whom?

His head spun and spun until he fell into a fretful stupor. Everything was hazy. Clouds. Then slowly, a clearing developed up ahead. There is someone there. Who is it? Why, it's the little girl, all alone. Crying. In the middle of the dusty street. See how her tears streak her dust laden face? Why are you here, alone and crying? Don't cry. Where is everybody? Please don't cry. Please. They all went on the pilgrimage? They left you alone? Please, don't cry. It hurts me so, when you cry. Can't you go now? No, it is not too late. No.

"No! No! No! No!" Diablo yelled to the clear sky. He was awake. There were tears streaming from his eyes—tears of compassion, not of self-pity. "She will not be left behind," Diablo resolved.

He then laid his shaggy head on the hard ground and slept soundly. The moon shone brightly on the mountainside; but if one looked closely, it was shining a little brighter on the hard ground which gave rest to El Diablo.

The sun shone brightly, and paled the blueness of the sky as Diablo walked briskly down the mountainside toward the village. He looked down on the village and saw the children who seemed always to be playing at the end of the village with their dogs. They looked up at him and chattered to one another.

Who was this old man walking so briskly with his head held high? Surely, it cannot be El Diablo. See? The dogs do not bark and run after him.

Diablo heard their chattering as pleasant, soft music. Yes, it was a smile. He continued along the path that led to the church. Yes, it is

Diablo; but, it is not. Look! He is going to church. El Diablo, the devil, is going to church!

Diablo walked past the dumb-struck children and their confused dogs. He walked past the staring villagers, to the portal leading to the church door. He paused, but only for a second. He crossed himself and pushed open the church door.

The church was empty except for Father Ortega, who was lighting a candle.

"Padre, last night after you left I dreamed that the little dark haired orphan girl was left behind. I could not bear to see her cry. Por favor, take my burial money and let her go on the pilgrimage."

The Padre was amazed. Diablo had finally come to church—and had compassion in his heart, not confusion and self-pity. But, he said, "What orphan girl, Diablo?"

"I do not know her name, Padre." Diablo looked troubled. "But, she said that you had talked to her and told her that I was not an evil man. And she wore a yellow hairband in her hair," he added, confident that the last would especially identify her.

"I talked to no one about you, Diablo. You had asked me not to, remember?" They stared at each other as Padre Ortega said in a voice trailing off into silence, "Besides, there is no orphan girl here."

El Diablo slowly knelt in front of the cross above the altar and crossed himself.

But the villagers had been told of the comedy—the devil in church. They started crowding into the church, laughing, joking.

"He thinks he will die soon, and he wants a last minute reprieve."

"It's too late. The devil already has his soul."

The Padre tried to quiet them, to let Diablo pray in peace. But, it was too late. Diablo realized that he could not pray here, so he left by the side door.

Before he knew it, he was at his hut, wondering in amazement at the miracle which had befallen him. Then, a profound feeling of thanks came into his thoughts, and he prayed.

"Oh, God, for the first time in my life I thought not of my loss, my sacrifice, but only of giving what I had to another. For the first time, also, in my life I feel Your Presence and Peace."

Diablo then wondered why God performed a miracle instead of permitting natural events to invoke him to mercy. He continued to pray and wonder as the sun completed its tour through the sky and disappeared from view. He did not hear the band of men talking a short distance from his hut.

"Are you sure the old man has money hidden?"

"Si, I have known him for fifteen years and have never seen him spend as much money in all that time as he makes in one year from the selling of his goat's milk and goat's meat."

"Es verdad, but we must be careful. He is very strong. I have seen him push his plow across his fields with as much strength as a bull."

"Do not fear. I will shoot first and search afterward."

* * * * *

The Padre found Diablo's body the next day in the midst of the shambles of what was once his hut.

Slowly and thoughtfully, but not sadly, the Padre said, "Well, Diablo, you have found the Peace that you had sought. But this girl. Who was she? Did she cause you to have compassion, to let you find peace before your death?"

The sparkle from something in Diablo's lifeless hand caught the Padre's eye.

"What is this? A yellow ribbon."

SONNET ONE

Look to the sun that in the morn doth rise
To envy light which shines in lovers' eyes.
How bright and warm it shines in springtime days—
The light that radiates their love these ways.

So gently flames do leap to start the fire
That swallows up their heart with fond desire.
Who could resist this all-engulfing heat
That through the eyes and hearts of love doth meet?

If conflagration of the young grows cold,
I pity waning fires in hearts of old;
But if our love and life walk hand in hand
Through coming years, then true love shall withstand.

So let the fires which burned in you then
Rekindle, and engulf your lives again.

—*Bitsy Flint*

Sceptic

—*Lynn Martin*

In the beginning, there was I. And I was without form and void, and darkness was upon the visage of I. And I was a spirit disembodied, thought without any object or concept of which to think, pure emotion without any experience to which to attach that emotion.

And so many eons passed. Or perhaps no time passed at all, for men measure time by the disintegration of a radioactive element, or by the turning of the earth, or the tick of a watch, or the phases of the moon, and for I there was no measure, no element, nor earth, nor watch, nor heavenly spheres.

Neither was I aware of space, for I had no conception regarding that idea, nor was possessed of appendages which might move through space and feel the existence of the space thereby, nor was I conscious of light or darkness, for I had neither eyes nor any notion of the nature of light. I heard nothing, for, even were there anything to hear, I had no ears. I saw nothing, felt nothing, tasted nothing, smelled nothing, nor had I any idea that such senses could exist. I had only untaught, untested intelligence, unaided imagination, and the most primitive basis of emotion.

At some time, if indeed any points in time existed at all for I, its emotion drifted gently toward a faint boredom, for boredom is the recognition of the absence of meaningful stimulation. Although I had no concept of the nature of stimulation, yet as the infant who has never known the nipple cries in hunger for some unknown gratification, so did I yearn for unknown sensation. I's intelligence longed for challenge; its imagination longed wistfully for some reality to build upon; its emotion pined for satisfaction, but there was no salve for the boredom of I.

When the dissatisfaction became more acute, I found within itself potentialities of which it had not suspected the existence. The imagination within I flowered and bore a fruit. I thought an entity, and the entity was a line. A straight line, with two ends. A line neither large nor small, for size was not to dimensionless I a meaningful concept. A line without color, for I had no idea of color.

The experience of such a thought was a great surprise to I, and

the universe of I expanded. Before, there had been no realization save a gentle dissatisfaction; there were now the concepts of a line and of the emotion surprise.

Perhaps five seconds or five million years after the invention of the line, I's mind bore again the same line-concept. The reaction this time was the surprise-emotion again, as well as the remembering of the other happening of the line-concept, a recognition of the concept of memory, and an intellectual realization of the repeatability of line-thoughts. Upon further experiences of repeated line-thoughts, I learned to produce them at will.

Again, as an involuntary production of the imagination, I thought two lines together. Again, I thought redness, and again, a red line. I began wilfully to superimpose different thoughts and sensations upon each other: red surprise, straight-line boredom, black redness.

I thought time, and then it was possible for I to think motion. I thought a moving line, a moving red cube, a moving green surprise, a moving brown croaking lily-squatting creature. I thought mathematics. I thought space, which I had accepted as a medium for motion, yet accepted without realization. I thought sharpness and light. I thought beauty.

I thought life. I thought man and sight and radio reception, love and hate.

I thought God, and I thought a universe, a fulness of space.

All these and many other things I thought.

But there came a point when these thoughts were not enough for I. I, who thought companionship, desired the possession of companionship. I, who thought hardship, desired striving and hardship, failure and success. I desired involvement, feeling keenly the unreality of its imaginings and desiring at least a semblance of realism.

Carefully, I constructed in thought a whole universe, with challenge and opportunity, with pleasure and anguish, with stars and microbes, with people. I thought the actions and emotions of a multitude of people, the actions of each person affecting the others. I imagined itself as confined within the boundaries of a specific human body, and imagined itself as communicating with the other people through spoken words.

But even conceiving itself as the guiding spirit of a human body had little satisfaction for I. It found no real challenge, for it controlled the entire panorama, and could moderate any difficulty. It found only moderate interest in the conditions of its universe; since they were of its own making, they held no elements of wonder.

So I thought a solution to its boredom. I decided to divide itself into two divisions, a Primary Entity and a Secondary Entity, the Primary to be the planner and coordinator of sensations to be experienced by the Secondary. It planned that the Secondary Entity should be wholly disencumbered of any knowledge of the original I or of the Primary Entity, and should believe itself dwelling and deliciously involved in a universe, never knowing the origin and actual nonexistence of its reality.

Accordingly, I set aside a portion of itself, which it called the Secondary Entity, and divested it of all memory, also of the capacity for

thought without benefit of externally imposed, or Primarily imposed, stimulation. To increase the degree of challenge, the Secondary was limited severely in the amount of intelligence which would be available to it. The Primary planned also to limit the receiving of sensory impressions by providing only five levels of sensation. The Primary limited the quantity of physical strength which the Secondary would be allowed to draw from. As a further challenge, the Primary provided for that powerful center of destructive desire, the Id.

The Primary Entity then conceived a universe. It planned that the Secondary experience infancy and childhood before the attainment of maturity. It planned a formidably complex social structure to which the Secondary would find it necessary to adjust. It planned the entrance and emergence of many human units from the structure. It planned a result from every cause. It planned overpowering emotions. In all its planning, the Primary kept consistency as its cardinal principle, not wishing the intangible structure of its universe to be discovered by the Secondary through flaws in the structure.

When the Primary Entity had completed its planning, it began to project subconscious signals to the Secondary Entity, then conscious-level signals, sense impressions of breaking forth from a mother's womb. The Primary sent deeply blurred visory signals, then a pain signal. With close attention to the projected thoughts of the Secondary Entity, the Primary provided an impression of the opening of a mouth and an auditory signal of a weak human cry. These latter impressions the Primary correlated very closely with the desires and intentions of the Secondary, so closely that the Secondary, with its limited intelligence, felt that it was exercising free will in the act of opening its mouth and crying.

And so it went, throughout the ersatz life of the Secondary Entity. The Primary busied itself with maintaining continuity in the universe, both external to and inside the human body associated with the Secondary, also with faithfully interpreting and providing signals for the expression of the Secondary's intellectual, creative, and emotional desires.

The divisory endeavor was a success from the viewpoint of the Primary. It was deeply satisfied with its success in upholding the illusion of a real world. It found constant challenge in its role; it devoted its complete attention to the impersonation of Atlas, providing only temporary and partial relief for its intellect by requiring the Secondary to spend periods of time in sleep. The Primary also received a generous amount of pleasure from vicarious enjoyment of the reactions of the Secondary to the impressions.

Meanwhile, the Secondary fell into deep involvement with the universe. The Secondary laughed and wept, all unaware of the great deception.

And what of the future for the Secondary? Surely, one day the Primary will tire of its fantasy and withdraw the Secondary from earth, or rather withdraw the sensations of earth from the Secondary. To keep firm its tradition of an ordered world, the Primary can be expected to use the sensation of death to remove this universe from the Secondary. Perhaps, after the death, the Primary will wish to experiment by placing the Sec-

ondary in a different sort of universe, with a wholly different rational structure, or perhaps in this world but possessed of the body, intellect, and emotion of a dog, or of a flea, or of a different person. Or perhaps, if the Primary is concerned strongly enough with continuity, it will provide sensation in keeping with the expectations and the religious beliefs of the Secondary. Thus, if, as the time draws near when the Primary plans to withdraw the universe from the Secondary, the Secondary holds Christian beliefs and is devout in practice, and therefore expects, in an ordered universe, to attain heaven, the Primary would provide continuity by supplying impressions of a heaven or a purgatory. It is probable, although not certain, that the Primary would not wish to maintain a heaven for an eternal time, but there would come a time when it would tire of that concept as well and effect another change. However, the character of the Primary is presently unknown and unknowable. If the Primary be sadistic in enjoyment, it is within the scope of possibility that it, feeling itself wholly separate from the Secondary and partaking only vicariously in its tortures or pleasures, might have the inclination to maintain a hell for all of eternity, thus exposing the Secondary to the great immortal irony.

And again, perhaps after the sensation of death the Secondary will find itself reunited with the Primary, reunited with itself, once again an unsullied spirit, receiving all the knowledge of the Primary, though the Primary know only that nothing exist save I. The Secondary would be exposed to total nothingness of sensation after death, although the spirit survive, and though it gain, or lose, all knowledge.

And today the Secondary Entity walks and loves and calls itself L. Martin, and believes that her history may be hidden as well in the jealous mind of the Primary Entity as in any Mind of God, Creator of Actuality, or in any biological-chemical-physical phenomena. The Secondary Entity calls herself Lynn, and calls her philosophy scepticism, and knows not which direction to turn in search of a certainty of reality.

THE WITCH, THE PRINCE, AND THE PRINCESS

—Roy Christman

Once upon a time in a tiny country in Europe lived an old witch, who was terribly ugly and full of warts, and moles, and acne. She was out gathering hops for her brew one day when she saw a handsome prince walking arm in arm with a young fair-haired maiden of eighteen.

The witch grinned evilly as she watched the couple walk toward the shadowed woods. She reached for her magic wand, laughed out loud, and smashed a field mouse on the head as it ran by.

CONTEST WINNER—POETRY DIVISION
Shared with *The Music of the Drum*

PORTRAIT IN GOLD AND BLACK

Skyscrapers,
 tenements,
 factories
 smokestacks,
 dominoes . . .
All black parts of a skyward jigsaw puzzle
And this swirling sunset
 decorating a world with its delicate golden touch
This golden street funnelling the sunset
A street hiding in night
Ribbons and cloaks of light
 sliding across the snorting, clanking traffic.
Light caught by wet cobwebs in window corners
Pigeon silhouettes whirling and weaving—
 trapeze artists of the rainspouts
Car windows like rising bubbles glistening with a moving prismatic
Twilight city of gold and black
—yellow-jacket city—

—Craig Bender

CONTEST WINNER—POETRY DIVISION
Shared with *Portrait in Gold and Black*

THE MUSIC OF THE DRUM

The drum's staccato batters at the mind
Commanding it to break, unchain the dark
And savage demon dwelling in each man.
The mind obeys, succumbing to the rush
Of crude emotion and the id-born urge
Created by the rhythm of the sounds;
And man himself becomes the demon freed—
The drum has won!

The dancing fire breathes harshly through the dusk;
Its grotesque leaps are but a savage mock
Of man's strange dance, an answer to the drum;
Its reaching fingers streak the sweating men
With shifting patterns, dark and vivid light.
The flesh tires not; the summons of the drum
Must be obeyed—all reason seems to die;
The man is lost!

At last the drum is stilled, the embers sleep.
The demon lulled, man again is a man
And not a beast; the frenzied dance is done.
The clouds are stained with color by the sun—
Like orange scarves they drift across the sky.
The wind creeps through the brake on noiseless feet
And strokes the glossy leaves with gentle hands.
The day has come.

—Sue Hartenstine

SWEAT IT, JACK

—Roy Christman

Okay, it was rough on the frontier. You'd sit there in your cabin or sod hut, or maybe by some campfire if you were a trapper, and you'd hear this owl. Then you'd sit there some more wondering whether it was an owl or some Indians prowling around getting ready to jump you.

The Romans had no picnic either when the Goths or Visigoths or some other barbaric tribes came bopping in and did the town. You just know that more than one little Roman wench was had.

Then there were these battles like Gettysburg where all the men in this company would get theirs except some private, and he'd be wounded in three places. But nevertheless, Jack, and hear this, everywhere before you could fight back, or at least run. I mean, you didn't *have* to sit in London during the blitz.

So now you sit at your desk pushing for a pol. sci. hourly and it's late—11:30 or so—and the siren goes off, and you get this chill and you wonder. And then you run to the window and look for the fire, and you hope it's some stupid barn or house with six unattended kids or a big wreck on 422 or any goddam thing but *that*. And you turn on the radio and Joey Reynolds—beautiful lovely wonderful Joey Reynolds is selling "Tackle."

You go back to your desk and sit there and wonder what in God's name you will do when it comes, and when you get nothing on WKBW but that highpitched whine, and you frantically turn the dial, and you hear "This is no drill," and you have a quarter of an hour—just fifteen minutes to say goodbye to your life.

COLD BLUE AND THE MOON

Silence, the earth a white void, the black heaven, pierced by the moon
but uttering nothing

Reflections, the world a glittering unreality, half-objects hidden in a
shroud of darkness, but smiling in a light which reveals their hidden
nakedness

Sound, a crack, and the perfection of the still lake of snow is broken by
a step, two steps

They stand and stare, together but strangers, each desiring an answer,
but lost on their own islands of existence in a crystal ocean.

Theirs souls kneel in the snow, they bury their longing hearts in the icy
white, their tears melt it

They look at one another, their eyes stare deep into the sadness of them-
selves, and all humanity, as a silent earth waits

Eternity rests in the moment when love descends, a world stops to allow
an emotion to be born, two people truly see each other, hands enclasp,
and all is answered.

—*L. Noll Evans*

ANOTHER CARPENTER: CIRCA 1963

Sound and signal drift sonorously a'top
the fog with ball-bearing swiftness, as
the limb grasps its weighty burden
tossed sullenly from below.

Hemp encircles the outstretched gallows'
arm as the geese in the valley
rise majestically above the grey light.

This is the Day of the Second Going.

Individual strands pull ceaselessly upon
each other as His neck gains a new and
final collar. Eyes brighten, breaths quicken,
horses nod emphatically: the Justice
of the Land is about to be served.

Children gather party-like upon the branch-high
hill so to see more clearly every line
draw itself on His face in this last of all
great Agonies.

For this is the Day of the Second Going.

Men squabble and push over the palate-pleasing post of executioner; ah, the fortunate horse who had no say over his honor—he was chosen for his ability to start at the least bitter word. Cloud and cover carry heavily the sorrowing silence of the future, but

This is the Day of the Second Going.

And yet, before the horse is loosed, the torturers enquire of Him what words He would dare speak.

As the heavens rumble and the dumb creatures sob, speaks this Victim of ignorance and hate:

Would that you knew me by my name,
And could see me in another day;
Would that our language were the same,
Then, ah, then surely you'd pray.
I harbor no hate nor desire release;
As you do this to insure your Peace;
To gain freedom, you I'd not woo.
Carry on quickly, for you *know* what you do.

Yes, they hung Him this day until He was life-less, then strung Him to a rider-topped horse to drag His body through the streets . . .

This time because He was Black.

—*Elwood R. Pollock*

AT A CONFERENCE OF COLONIAL HISTORIANS

For them all time has stopped,
And entering into lives long dead they die themselves;
Learned zombies,
Animated now among their kind.
They do not need to fear the bomb
For the bomb is not invented yet,
Nor even ironclads.

But passion is achieved,
And arguments are heated.
One wonders what this means—these arguments;
These controversies raging in a soundproof room.
And laughing angels dance upon their pin.

Perhaps I am unfair;
These men do love and live and die.
They brush their teeth.
They vote and smoke and drink.,
And they vomit when they sicken.
The assistants lust at college girls,
The scholars laugh at dirty jokes . . .
And yet they have withdrawn.
The locus of their life goes back,
They illuminate the past,
But reflections on the present are only dimly cast
And the future remains murky.

Reality is shut out
—blocked with books and letters,
—with speech and after-dinner chats,
—with slow-sipped drinks and pleasant chats.
The grating noise of now is gone.
The clacking bones sound louder.

—*Roy Christman*

PINELAND PLACES

I want to walk through pineland places,
To tread on acres yet untrod,
To search for old historic places,
Learn from Nature, dream of God.

Walk where some have been before me,
Run where others ne'er have been,
Joy in bog, in sand, and tree,
Wander near forgotten fen.

* * *

Wander through majestic mystery,
Conjure towns of long ago,
Joy in living life long history,
Listen to the branches blow!

—*Carl F. Peek*

DIASIA TO DEATH

Should skinless snakes hie to the heart,
As the pounding pool of passion grows;
Then swiftly, so swiftly, must you and I part,
'Ere the venom to the soul swiftly flows.

For the poison of parting proves not to be mortal
Nor the pain to be so very strong;
So quickly, go quickly o'er the portal
To the land where you rightly belong.

'Tis better that you should go't alone
And be not bound tightly by me,
That then without fear you'll be free to roam
When e're you be called to the sea.

But, that we are not in the land of the snake
Nor fear any poisonous bite,
Our love and dreams need we not forsake,
Whilst we rest here in the warmth of the light.

—*Elwood R. Pollock*

Hey! What if walking in newly fallen snow
Was considered a very out thing to do,
And people went around contemplating the
Surfaces of virgin jars of peanut butter?
Why then people would happily die of starvation
Rather than bite into a red ripe pear or
Allow butter to melt, even.

You know, people probably wouldn't even make
Mistakes any more because they wouldn't
Be able to bring themselves to use a new
Eraser for the first time. Then, think
How people would feel about each other . . .
But then again they might start going
Around wanting sunsets to freeze or something.

Aw, forget it.

—*McDonald L. Whitlock*

THE HOUR

This is our time
If we would ever run across a field
 laughing at life
 It must be now
Before the sun is gone,
Before the night.

We close our eyes
And lift our faces to a warmth and light
 That soon must end.
 This is the hour
Come love here in the sun,
Before the night.

There is time yet
The grass is soft and green beneath our feet
 And we are free—
 But stay too long.
I'll love you just this hour
Before the night.

Now comes the dark
And we no longer laugh, but should we love
 Another time
 It must not be
An hour in the sun,
But through the night.

—*Sally Campbell*

I'll not return.
My choice is made.
Death has won—
His merits weighed.

He wooed me long
Till I succumbed.
Life has lost—
His merits numbed.

He promised worlds
Of all unknown.
Life has lost—
His merits flown.

He promised peace
Within my soul.
Life has lost—
He has no goal.

He promised dreams
That would not fade.
Life has lost—
His line has frayed.

I'll not return.
My choice I've made.
Death has won—
His merits weighed.

—*Gabrielle*

