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1967

The Vehicle, 1967, Vol. 10 no. 1

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Recommended Citation

Waite, Catherine; Pappas, Astaire; Nelson, Sharon; Mertz, Charles J.; Rourke; Evans, Molly J.; Jones, James T.; Muchmore, Dennis; Czeluscinski, Bruce; Metcalf, Milo S.; Owen, Dave; Lacy, Jean; Carey, Jane; Nelson, Byron; Zulauf, Roger; and Bower, Christy, "The Vehicle, 1967, Vol. 10 no. 1" (1967). *The Vehicle*. 16. <https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle/16>

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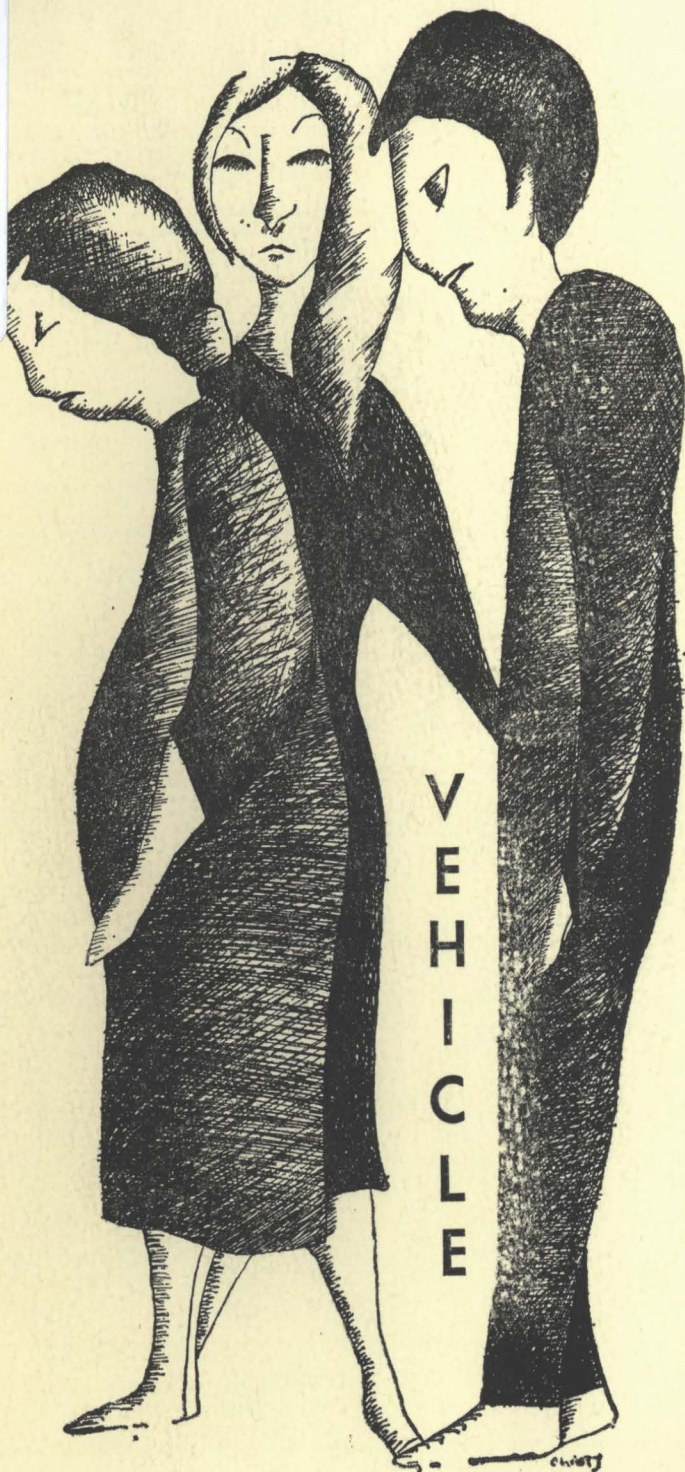
Catherine Waite, Astaire Pappas, Sharon Nelson, Charles J. Mertz, Rourke, Molly J. Evans, James T. Jones, Dennis Muchmore, Bruce Czeluscinski, Milo S. Metcalf, Dave Owen, Jean Lacy, Jane Carey, Byron Nelson, Roger Zulauf, and Christy Bower

Archives

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no.1
1967





Vol. 10 No. 1

VEHICLE

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CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

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The City

A forest of steel, sculptured by man
Swallowing the crowds into its rigid form.
And neon lights dressing the world as a gaudy Christmas tree,
Blinking on the people passing.
The scream of a tire of auto or bus,
As it whizzes by the silent form of people in mass,
On to distant destinations;
Their fumes mixing with asphalt or tar, the stream forever coming
and going,

Clogging the highway with an endless movement.
The small child standing alone
Looking aimlessly at the grey dirt of many buildings,
Wondering—what is the color of spring?

Catherine Waite

A New Deal

With lady-like hands he dealt the cards in crisp, measured movements. Two down, two up. Everyone matched his bet, although he had a pair of queens showing. The fourth card came around and three folded, leaving only the dealer and another who called his 10-cent bet. On the final round he flipped another queen and gave his opponent a look which seemed to say "I dare you." He bet and the other called, matching the buck on top of the pile. The cards were rolled and the fourth queen was there, giving him four-of-a-kind and another three-dollar pot.

All night he played, dealing every fifth hand as they played until dawn. He raked in more than he lost, was beginning to feel like a winner.

"Let's raise the limit," he said. "Let's do away with that buck and go to five, or even ten. We'll be here till tomorrow at this rate."

No one answered his challenge. Instead, they picked up their bills, stuffed them in their pockets and walked out; leaving him sitting there with the fellow propped up on a chair in the corner as his only companion.

"You. Hey, you," he called.

"What you want?" the fellow asked.

"You play. I mean, will you play? Got any money you want to lose? I'll even let you name the game. Sit down. What'll it be?"

"Five card," he answered. "Five card is all I play."

"So it will be," the fellow countered. "It doesn't really matter what we play. I'll win just the same."

They played five card for what seemed like days, but it was only hours. The big winner was now the loser and he didn't like being taken.

"Give me another card," he nearly screamed. "Damn it, why a six? Aren't there any face cards left in that deck?"

He had lost again—two pair to an ace high bunch of nothing.

They played on into the night and the crowd had returned. The big winner, the guy who had always won, was getting taken. They wouldn't miss this for anything. It had been a long time coming.

A whisper moved through the crowd. "Who's the kid?" it asked. No one knew. "I've never seen him," an old hand said.

"Me neither," another with nearly as much time under the low-hung lights added. "He's real young," another noted. "Yep, he sure is," it was seconded.

Finally, just as day was about to break, it was over. The winner had lost nearly three grand to the one the old bystanders called "the kid." They watched him fold the bills in four neat rows. Ones, fives, tens, and twenties were set apart. He stacked them all in one big heap, snapped a rubber band around their girth and forced the wad into his pocket.

"See you," he said, and out he walked. Once in the pale light of the coming day he stopped, rubbed his eyes once and then again, and headed down the dirty cement walk.

A flashing "hotel" neon signaled his stop. "I'd like to take a quick bath, and shave," he told the clerk. "Do you have electric razors for rent?"

"Look, Buddy," the clerk replied, "this ain't the Waldorf, or its first cousin either. Matter of fact, it wouldn't pass for its second, third, or even fourth cousin. We don't have none of those services. Just provide a rack, a sheet, and a blanket, we do. Nothing more, nothing less. Hell, what ya want for three bucks? Room service, too, I imagine."

"I was only asking," he said in cautious tones. "Where can I get a shave and a bath?"

"You can get the bath here, but it costs three bucks. Comes with the room, you see, but we can't help it if all you want is the bath. Most guys coming here want a rack more than they want a bath."

"And the shave?"

"Well, there's a barber of sorts down the street four doors, but he won't be sober this time of day. You'll have to wait till noon for him. Then there's another one about two blocks and three doors down on the other side. He can handle your business."

"Here's three dollars. Where's the bath?"

The clerk guided him up three flights and into a cubicle just big enough for a pre-fab shower stall, a basin, and a stool. He thanked the man and ushered him out, shoving home the bolt. Quickly he stripped, and adjusted the temperature of the spray. He was inside the metal stall in a matter of seconds.

The shower soon rid him of the numbness he felt after the night-long stint at the table. He dried and dressed hurriedly and found his way back down the three flights and was again on the dirty walk. He looked for the barber's shop that the clerk had

said was two blocks and three doors away. He found it, went in, and was settled in the chair.

As the chunky barber swabbed his face with the hot lather, he thought back, seven years. The farm was still there and it was a Sunday morning. His mother, brother, and two sisters were out of bed early and eating breakfast when the telephone rang. It was the Mother Superior of a Catholic hospital somewhere in Kansas. She told his mother that his father had been killed in an automobile accident. His mother didn't burst into tears, she just thanked the woman and turned to them.

"Your father is dead," she said. "He's been killed in an automobile accident. He won't be home again."

None of the group realized what she was saying except him. He was fifteen then and the oldest. Slowly he moved toward the door and walked into the humid, August morning. Through the barn and past all its dairy stalls, he found his way into the back pasture with its tall soft maples and oaks with all their shade. He stopped beneath his special tree. His father had told him once, "You'll be running this farm some day. No matter what you do don't cut this tree. It's a white oak and the only one left around here." He remembered that day now and those that had followed it.

The tree had stood throughout his childhood and it was still standing for all he knew. The farm was sold the fall after his father's death and he didn't get to run it. It was gone forever.

Out of the barber's chair, he paid the man and went back into the street; heading for the bus depot

"Barstow, California," he told the clerk. "One way."

A yellow ticket came out from under the grill across the window. "That'll be \$46.53," the clerk said. He paid and headed for the loading zone to wait.

"You're three days late," the Sergeant bellowed as he walked into the Orderly Room. "Where you been? The Captain turned you in as AWOL yesterday. Said he couldn't wait any longer. I told him he'd waited too long the way it was. Just couldn't keep playing the rope to you. You'd hang yourself and him too on it sure as hell. Look, how did he know if you were going to come back today, or wait three months? Even three years!"

"Didn't expect him to wait," the answer came, "I'm no different from the others."

Anonymous

The Penny Ride of Carnation Pink

Where the hell is Clark?
A right turn, a left, and then a right.
But Clark isn't there.
Only an end
With hollowed truck vans,
Broken whiskey bottles
Trash.

The other direction: lights
Not death.
The other direction
No longer the other;
The other already forgotten

Not too fast
Clark must not be missed
Only thirty minutes
Not to be late.
But there's so much else
Not to be missed

People
Rushing for their thirty minutes
Impatient waiting in bus lines
Trying to forget
The smell, noise of machinery.

Mini-skirts, paisley ties
Colorful blurs
Rushing for the last show.
All the purposes, the gains . . .

Did I miss it?
Clark I mean.
Stop, ask the mechanic
The look of no-sale disappointment on his face.
Politeness, smiles
Even a flower
Pink carnation
Though it smells like a funeral.

Fullerton Avenue and right on Addison
Fifteen minutes not to be late.

God, the rushing is hateful!

The heat, the carnation
The smell of the end.

New people, new lights;
T-shirted foremen
Drinking beer on front steps
Trying to forget the heat
The carnation

Windows opened wide
Giving a hint
Of other mysteries.

Addison! Sharp right,
Five minutes not to be late.
Left on Clark, two blocks,
And finally the end.

The parking, a problem
But not really;
A ticket and the rest to walk
No time, not to be late.

The walking becomes a run
And the heel, lost in a grate.
People stare; I wonder
Because of the running?

No, its too late
And in my hand
The carnation
And not even a thank-you.

Astaire Pappas

Rape

lying in the deep, lush-earth greenness
eddyng slowly between May-green tufted
tendrils
new budded breezes cover the naked limbs
enveloping innocence.
washed light ever-warm filters
down between fat pastel clouds
seeping into a whiteness—
on a hill—
waiting

Sharon Nelson

Born Again

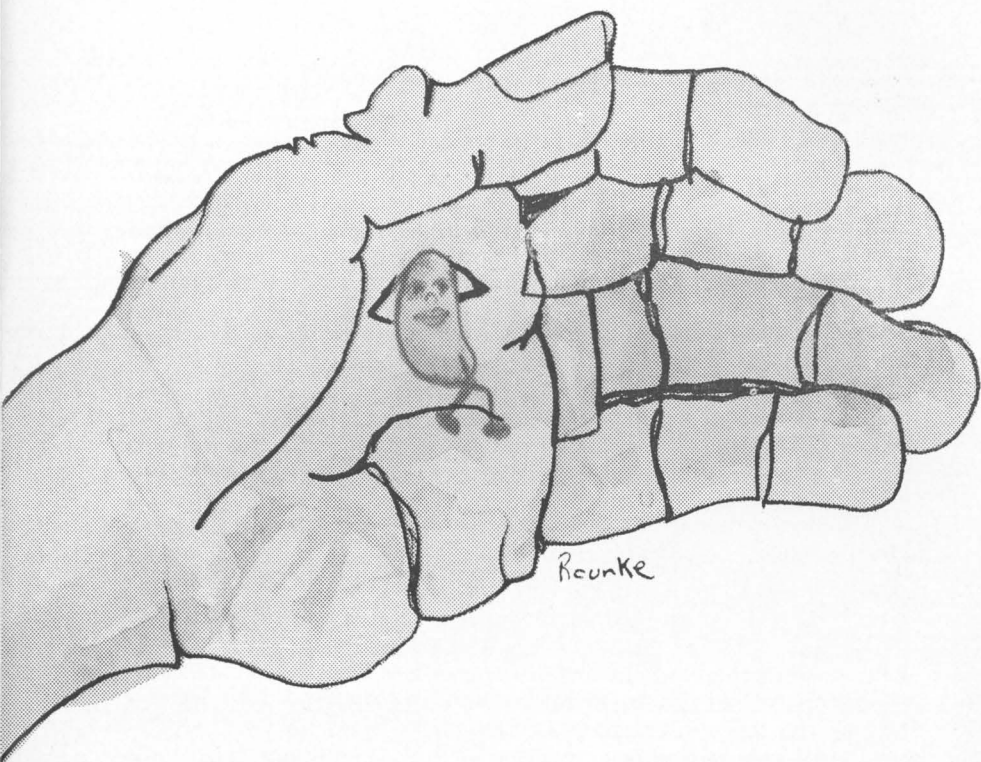
Did you ever think while taking out nails
of some old thing that's worn,
that he who drove those nails in there
was dead 'fore you were born?

What strange communion you two share
as fingertips entwine.
A handshake 'cross a span of years.
His handiwork—Now mine.

Or would it be your own firm hand
perhaps once feebly grown?
And here again arrayed anew,
twice travels, now, your own.

And did you ever guess that what's grown old
after many years, and's worn,
with a coat that's new—a nail or two,
you'll find it's been twice born.

Charles J. Mertz



a jelly bean asked me to love it one day

it is not easy

it is not hard soft clean dirty . . . just natural
Rourke

Dialogue

"I feared I'd not see you today."

*"You gave me the impression . . . well,
I thought that you just couldn't tell . . ."*

*"When winter's sun has one warm ray,
One doesn't wish the sun away."*

Molly Evans

Seldom

Two start and a sliver of moon
 rising in a grey-blue sky
 with wisps of cloud and a hint of summer sun
Cast down gently upon sleeping trees
 a random loving light.

The scene inspires in simple souls of man
 a scarcely fixed emotion
Which stirs his inmost nature to awareness
 of troubles lost and new love found.

When wonders manifest themselves as such,
 the joy comes not with thought,
But in feeling what is felt.

My life is real, yet filled with such events
 that stifle every explanation formed:
So I conclude that life must not be reasoned out,
 but rather reasoned with,
 that one might feel alone in its uniqueness.

Jamse Jonse

The Difference

"If you have never wondered why you are here, then, forget about your soul."

The sound of the sharp statement rebounded off the hollow walls of the small room reverberating continuously and creating a chain of sound farther off than he could imagine. He attempted to close his ears to the sound but for many minutes it continued to echo in his mind. Forget it, forget it, that was all that was recognizable. Then, quite as suddenly as it was shattered, silence shrouded his vicinity. He crouched in the corner and as his hands covered his face he wept. . .

. . . For a great length of time he remained, grafted to the corner with only a nearly inaudible sob to arouse the quiet. Then he noticed that the darkness had finally been just barely interrupted and now a very slight haze edged the limits of the night.

"Ah," he cried, the new light hurt his eyes, even as barely perceptible as it was. He had never before experienced any difference in the darkness.

"Quiet," the great voice boomed its demand. "You are not allowed to talk and *you know it.*" Once again, instant silence overtook the room and all again became very quiet.

Suddenly, another voice popped out of the still and a soft "yes" was heard. This was sudden knowledge to him, for now he realized that he was not alone, there were others in this plight. With this he felt the need to stand and search for his fellows, but when he attempted to he was severely knocked to the floor. As he lay writhing with pain, all became silent once again.

He rested in the same spot on the floor for a few minutes attempting to recover his senses. When finally the pain had subsided, he checked his body to make sure that all was intact and well. As he felt his legs he discovered the floor in a way that he had not understood before. He grazed his hand over the surface and discovered that it was quite strange to him. It was a cold, hard surface and as seemingly infinite as the darkness his experience encompassed. Here on the floor his mind felt of little consequence, the room seemed cold and forbidding, and his position rather useless and greatly unimpressive. As he pondered his woe-begone nature he realized that something strange was happening to him. Before this, he had felt nothing in his personal being to induce thought, but immediately the forbidding nature of the floor had spurred thought and question to appear within his own personal make-up. Why had the floor suddenly become something noticeable, for he had never felt such cold. He thought back in his mind and remembered that most of the time he had been huddled defenseless in the corner. But the corner had not been that cold, for although it had chilled his body, he felt that his station was of some warmth.

Suddenly, he thrust himself to his knees and immediately a rush of warm air came to him. He could feel the tremendous difference in the altitude of the room and the comparison between this height and the floor was somewhat graduated instead of extreme cold to warm. Now he realized that the room must be of great height. Still on his knees, he explored the walls he had spent so much of his existence attached to when he had crouched in the corner. The more he searched the more he came to realize that the walls were not infinite, that they had breaks and jags in them, and that the top seemed to be just beyond his reach. Although he could not see the top, he knew it was there, but how to get over it was seemingly unanswerable. Finally, exhausted by his search on the walls, he collapsed again. Again he felt the cold and his mind hesitated. As he lifted himself up, the warm air once again stimulated thought and he began to reason out his plight.

What would happen if he were to stand up? He thought on this for awhile and finally realized that the voice would knock him down again. But why, why did the voice react in that strong a feeling towards him when he tried to stand? Why? Why? And as he pondered this question he began to fall into sleep.

When he awoke, the answer appeared as clear as the image his eyes had now perceived. The voice would knock him down because it had some innate fear of either him or what he might say or do. Now he knew the reason, fear, fear of him. But this was uncomprehensible to him, he could not understand the voice fearing, why should it fear? After all, was not the voice far superior in strength and intelligence, and what did he know about anything other than the floor and the wall. He couldn't even see where he was or what he was in. Why fear? Again the strain of discovery tired his mind and body and with the question still on his lips he passed into sleep.

When he awoke, the answer was strikingly clear to him. Why was the voice afraid, of course, it now appeared to be all so simple. If he stood up and declared his being, he would become an equal. That was it, that was the essence of the situation, equality and freedom.

Quickly now, for he felt that his chance might never come again, he jumped up.

"I am a man. I am your equal. I am free."

And with this all became clear, the light overtook the darkness and he saw that the room was but a fragment of the universe . . . Here, many were left, and as he passed into the light he heard the voice thunder to others crouched in their corners.

"If you have never wondered why you are here, then forget about your soul."

Dennis Muchmore

First Love

Winter is bitter,
the skin is tight:
wind flight smite;
tho sun does glitter.

The body to fold
as past thoughts told:
of warm soft showers,
& sweet summer flowers.

Now surrounded & confounded
by bare trees which to bloom;
while a lone voice to moon
emits anguish embedded.

Bruce Czeluscinski



“Immorality of Troilus and Criseyde”

Chaucer's most famous love story, the tragedy of **Troilus and Criseyde** is neither a tale of true love . . . nor of courtly love. It is rather a tale of passionate love. . . .¹

No person adhering to the doctrines of Chaucer's period could regard the passionate love of a woman with anything but disfavor.

The code of morality of *Troilus and Criseyde* had been condemned as heretical more than one hundred years before Chaucer wrote the story. Chaucer and his contemporaries adhered to the writing of Gregory the Great. Chaucer also adheres to Gregory's classification of the seven cardinal sins. This Gregorian classification was “siiiagl (superbia, ira, invidia, avarita, acedia, gula, luxuria),”² pride, anger, envy, covetousness, despair, gluttony, and lust. Chaucer writes in the “Parsons Tele” that the sins, “spring from pride in the following order: ire, envy, accidie, avarice, gluttony, and lechery.”³ Thus, by comparison of these two classifications, one may see the parallel between the structure of them in Chaucer and Gregory.

Chaucer surely had the Gregorian classification of sins in mind when he wrote *Troilus and Criseyde*, for it was a part of his world. Thus, if Chaucer may be assumed to follow Gregory, we are given warning of the vulgarity of the work from the very beginning. Chaucer in Book I calls on the muse Thesiphone to come to his aid, saying,

To the clepe I, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruel furie sorwyngre erere yn peyne,
Help me that am the sorrowful instrument
That helpeth lovers as I kan, to pleyne.⁴

Alanus in the *Anticlaudianus* had made the furies leaders of all vices. Chaucer calls for aid to Thesiphone who signifies the libido which desires pleasure. The time of year in which *Troilus and Criseyde* is set is also a clue to the vulgarity of the story. The month of May was associated with flowers, love, and lechery. Further, May was associated with lust, one of the seven cardinal sins! *Troilus and Criseyde* is inspired by and takes place in lust, as signified by the month of May and by the call to Thesiphone.

¹D. W. Robertson Jr., *A Preface to Chaucer* (New Jersey, 1962), p. 472.

²Morton W. Bloomfield, *The Seven Deadly Sins* (Michigan, 1952), p. 72.

³*Ibid.*, p. 88.

⁴F. N. Robinson, ed. *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer* (Boston, 1961), I. 8-11. (All references hereafter to *Troilus and Criseyde* are from this work).

Let us now look at the seven cardinal sins, as found in *Troilus and Criseyde*. Let us look at specific vulgarities. Let us see why *Troilus and Criseyde* met with the disapproval of many of Chaucer's contemporaries.

Pride is the root of all sin.

The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness:
and the evil of his talk is mischievous madness.⁵

From pride springs forth all of the other sins and each sin springs from the previous one. Pride is the sin of rebellion against God. Pride is evident in *Troilus and Criseyde*.

The chief vice of the tragic hero is pride. Thus, the style of *Troilus and Criseyde* itself is typified by the primary sin. Although pride is most often seen in *Criseyde*, we face pride early in the story. *Troilus* is so proud when he enters the temple of Palladion. He struts through the crowd gaping at love and lovers—and eyeing the women. Pride, though, is most often seen in *Criseyde*. She will only love to flatter herself and further her interests. It is pride which leads her to submit to *Troilus*, for he is a man of “estatroial.” Pride also leads her to submit to *Dromede*, for he is a conquest of “grete estat.” *Criseyde*'s pride is evident when she thinks, after *Pandarus* tells her of *Troilus*' love, “I am oon the faireste, out of drede, and *goodlieste*, whoso *taketh* hede, and so men seyn, in al the town of Troie.”⁶ Likewise, *Criseyde*'s pride is shown in the bed chamber of *Deiphebus*' house when it is said,

For which with sobe chiere hire herte lough;
For who is that nolde heire glorfie,
To mowen swiche a knight don lyve or dye?⁷

Later, in what seems to me the height of pride, *Criseyde* assures *Troilus* that for every woe he will receive a bliss. *Criseyde*'s pride rules her so much that she is most concerned with what others think of her. Thus, when *Troilus* suggests they steal away, to prevent their being parted, *Criseyde* will not do so for they might be accused of lust and cowardliness. This would destroy their images. Pride, the primary sin, is quite prevalent in *Troilus and Criseyde*.

Anger, the second of the cardinal sins, is quite readily found in *Troilus and Criseyde*. *Pandarus* speaks of ire when he is striving to find what is wrong with *Troilus*, “And for thyn ire and folissh wilfulness,”⁸ *Troilus* has dreams of violence about the

⁵Holy Bible, King James Version, Ecclesiastes X. 13.

⁶*Troilus and Criseyde*, II. 746-748.

⁷*Troilus and Criseyde*, II. 1592-1594.

⁸*Troilus and Criseyde*, I. 793.

fickle maid, has treated him thus after he did her such service. The majority of the scenes of anger come after Troilus realizes that Criseyde is not returning. Megara, the sister of Thesiphone, exchange of Criseyde. He is wrathful that Dame Fortune, the the fury of wrath catches Troilus at this time, but does not fully engulf him until Troilus sees the brooch, he gave Criseyde, on Diomede. Then Megara captures him and leads him to the battlefield to seek Diomede. As can be seen, this ire is closely related to the jealousy of carnal love. The Bible states, "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."⁹

It is written of envy, "For where envying and strife is, There is confusion and every evil work."¹⁰ It is evident that envy is present in *Troilus and Criseyde*, for this is one of the vices which flees from Troilus when he falls in love, "Thus wolde Love, yheried be his grace,/ That Pride, Envye, and Ire, and Avarice/ He gan to fle, and everich other vice."¹¹ It may then be safe to assume that, when Troilus loses his love, the vices return to him. This vice, envy, in partnership with ire leads him to his death.

The covetousness in *Troilus and Criseyde*, though not vastly abundant, is still quite plain to see. Pandarus tempts Criseyde with rumors of prosperity when he tells her of Troilus' love. Criseyde speaks of covetousness herself when she talks of how she will return to Troilus. She can fool her father into letting her return for, "My fader, as ye knowen wel, parde,/ Is old, and elde is ful of coveytise;"¹²

Despair or spiritual slouth, the fifth cardinal sin, may also be found in *Troilus and Criseyde*. Pandarus tells Troilus not to despair as he is striving to find what is troubling Troilus. He often reassures Troilus, after finding the trouble, by telling him not to despair. Despair has a large part in Book IV. Troilus despairs that he is to separate from Criseyde. Criseyde despairs that she is to be separated from Troilus. Troilus turns to the final act of despair—suicide—as the only solution to his problem. Criseyde also considers suicide. Again, when Criseyde swoons, Troilus is on the verge of committing the final act of despair. Criseyde is sunk in the depths of despair when she speaks of leaving Troy and her love,

And thus she spak, sobbyng in her compleynte:
 "Alas!" quod she, "out of this regioun
 I, woful wrecche and infortuned wight,
 And born in corsed constellacioun,
 Must goon, and thus departen fro my knyght."¹³

Gluttony, the sixth sin, is not very plentiful in *Troilus and Criseyde*. Slight undertones of gluttony may be seen however.

⁹Holy Bible, Ecclesiastes VII. 9.

¹⁰Holy Bible, James III. 16.

¹¹*Troilus and Criseyde*, III. 1804-1806.

¹²*Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. 1368-1369.

¹³*Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. 742-746.

Gluttony is evident when Troilus and Criseyde wish to hold back the dawn—so they will have more time to enjoy one another. Pandarus plays the role of glutton throughout the story as a part of his role as master manipulator. In Luke we find the statement, "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life."¹⁴

The last of the cardinal sins is lust. The Bible says, "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world."¹⁵ Troilus, in book one does not love Criseyde! He has never met her. He has no grounds for love. When Troilus saw Criseyde he was "astoned" by her figure. This is what he fell in love with—making the love solely sensual. Troilus saw Criseyde in the temple, "And sodeynly he wax therwith astoned, / Adn gan hir bet biholde in thirfty wise. 'O mercy, God,' thoughte he, 'wher has tow woned, / That art so feyr and goodly to devise?'"¹⁶ Troilus loves Criseyde for her pleasing figure and her virtues as a bed mate.

Criseyde when she sees Troilus for the first time is struck by his prowess. She began to think of the sight of Troilus,

And gan to caste and rollen up and down
Withinne hire thought his excellent prowesse,
And his estat, and also his renown,
His wit, his shap, and ek his gentillesse;¹⁷

Thus one may see that at first sight the spark of sensual love was struck. The prowess spoken of is undoubtedly prowess with a sword. This prowess may safely be assumed to mean significance or note in battle. But the sword is a strong phallic symbol and the battle might well be the battle of love. Likewise Criseyde is struck by the same feature upon her second sight of Troilus, "To tell in short, hire liked al in fere, / His person, his aray, his look, his chere, / His goodly manere, and his gentillesse,"¹⁸ Lust made Troilus notice Criseyde; Lust made Criseyde notice Troilus! Lust brought Troilus and Criseyde together! Lust led to Criseyde's submission to Diomedes! Lust led to Troilus' death!

It may be clearly seen that, to a society embracing the teachings of Gregory the Great, *Troilus and Criseyde* is at the heights of vulgarity. This story has embodied within its pages all the cardinal sins, all of the don'ts, and few of the do's.

Milo S. Metcalf

¹⁴Holy Bible, Luke XXI. 34.

¹⁵Holy Bible, I John II. 16.

¹⁶Troilus and Criseyde, I. 274-277.

¹⁷Troilus and Criseyde, II. 659-662.

¹⁸Troilus and Criseyde, II. 1266-1268.

Answer Unknown

Adrift on a life raft for seeming eternity,
I contemplate life, but this have I done before.
Now made wiser by the result of my rash action,
I can not say that I wouldn't pursue the same course again.
Rationality confirms that my destination does exist
Just as land is at the ocean's end
But many a man, having used all provision and despairing
 of hope
Has never been comforted by the sight of those distant shores.

I was a passenger on a proud vessel of the sea.
A beauty she was. All human needs were attended to
By a staff ever aware of all conditions.
Yet I grew weary and wanted change.
Boredom became the predominate theme in daily activities.
Often now, as the waves lap at me, I ponder
Where I found bases for my discontent.
Then again I realize that disquiet would pervade
Any situation where I did not have to fight for survival,
Where everything was handed to me by smiling,
 yet faceless beings . . .

Then one day it happened. I spied her in the west.
A ship so beautiful as to make my heart quail.
Desire struck forth. To merely be a mate on such a vessel
Seemed the ultimate ecstasy.
I formulated by plans—I knew my action could never
 be rescinded.
I forsake my home with few regrets
And paddled furiously toward my goal.
Too swiftly it moved for my bare means.
Turning around, I saw my native home sailing out of sight.
Ahead, my hoped-for haven moved into the mist.

Thus my predicament arose.
I am made a captive of my desires.
Afloat now for eons, I welcome change, any change.
Countless vessels ply these waters.
Reason assures me of eventual recovery.
A voice, seeming uniquely familiar, I often hear.
It says, "Don't worry. Someone will save you."
Already I am emaciated.
"When?" I ask.

The blue sky above does not now seem as friendly as in my
childhood.

The warm breeze brings but cold chills down my spine.

Clouds form naught but haunting monsters to taunt me.

The birds above seek only my carrion; the fish below desire
my flesh.

I question the possibility of my survival.

Has anyone ever been rescued?

Dave Owen

I Am Lost

Where am I? I do not know.

I have not seen this world before

Yet, I have been here always.

I cry, but I shed no tears.

I ask for help, But no one hears.

I am running, but do not progress.

I am lost, but I have been here before.

Where am I? I am lost.

Where am I? I am in a world of wonder.

I have answers, but no questions.

I have knowledge but no strength.

I am surrounded by darkness, blinded by sunlight
deafened by silence.

I can not live for dying.

I am lost. Where am I?

I am in a world between worlds and

I can not escape.

I can not go forward,

I can not retreat.

I am tired of the past but

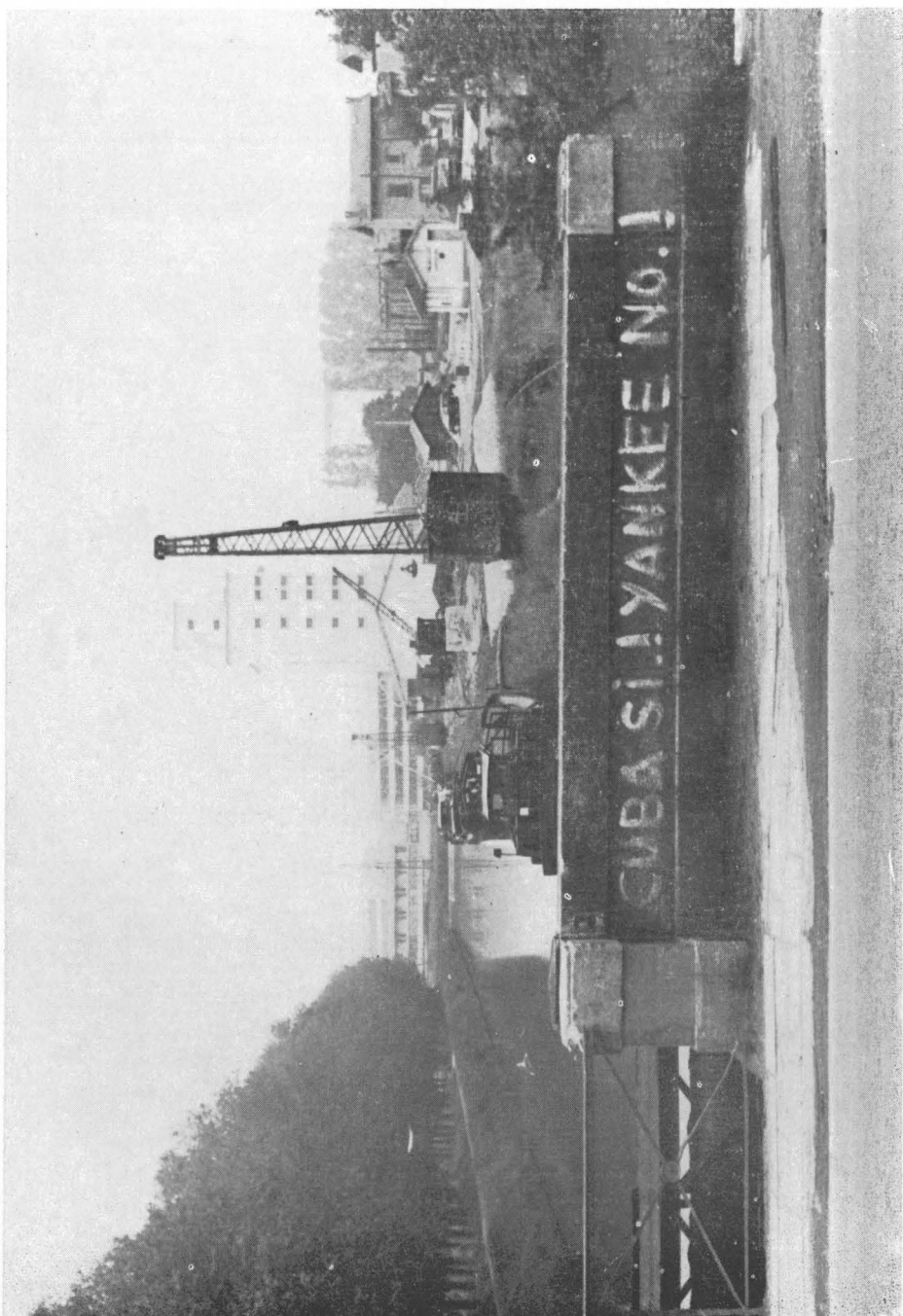
I am afraid of the future.

I want to leave, but I have not arrived,

I want to live, but I have not been born.

Where am I? I am lost.

Jean Lacy



On the Eve of No Tomorrows

The mark of hate is cast upon the shore.
The tide of optimism shall cleanse no more.

The eyes are deep and silent as they lay.
To catch me unaware as time I slay.

But I, the smarter of the three, exult,
Ignoring signs and praying on their faults.

The faults that glow, but cannot be defined,
Are not solely to man or child confined.

They stumble on my countenance hereby,
And seal the death that constant I defy.

Defy—defy—defy—

I will not criticize, catechize, realize, or penalize.

'Twas on the eve of infinity when the existence was
commanded to cease.

I was contracted to play the death-horn because
of my manual dexterity—

No one knew that I was blind and could not read the
hate-notes.

But the great god of nothingness commanded my performance.

The great sun star was to burn itself out when I hit
the last note of my dreaded song.

And along with it was to go the earth and all the rest
of the corrupted solar system.

I'm still playing the death song and will continue until
my lips give out—

The years are going tortuously fast, my friend—

Count

Them

Well.

Jane Carey

Unrelated Twins

Perfidious perversity produced a cloud
From connotative nothingness and shroud
The room with empty vowels and discordant groans
Which were repeated in unvaried tones.

A few caskets,
A few baskets
Of flowers
And the hours
Are done
For one.
The sobs betray
The short display,
And the ground
Has found
The Clay
Will not pray.

A woman dies;
A man cries,
"Cold and Old!
She will not hold
My hand again
Or use her grin."

Will Cathy Barclay speak to you, Sweet Will,
From moister dust beside the mill
Or change the syllables of your address
Because you miss the long caress.
She bubbles springs, not lovely things,
And waves with many passing rings.
She tells of Coney Island—that of long ago—
And other places you and she alone do know.

A man dies;
A woman cries,
"Teach words to me that I may curse
The savage fate that hires the hearse.
The woo of tongue and tale
Does ultimately fail:
Be constantly in conflict and rage and rage
And you shall break your arms against your cage,
For we are as the players of a game who rally
But too exhausted fall short of the grand finale."

What, Cathy, dear, is thought behind the crystal tear?
Do you sustain the fear you will not serve the beer
He drank, once more, on that one night a week you met?
Is this the thing you live for and do not forget?
Your pain is soothed by coldest dreams but Will is warm.
Proserpina is stolen from her mother's arms;
Hence, kiss the wall between the lips of lust,
And then you may return to ribs and dust.

A man is dead.
A woman is dead.
There is sound from Not-a-Person,
But tomorrow The Thing will worsen.

Prodigious proclivity pervaded the wave
Of ephemeral ego which misgave
The will of lonely tongues and unattached men
Who were defeated by orderly din.

Philip Bosinney, architect and buccaneer, rest in peace.
Byron Nelson

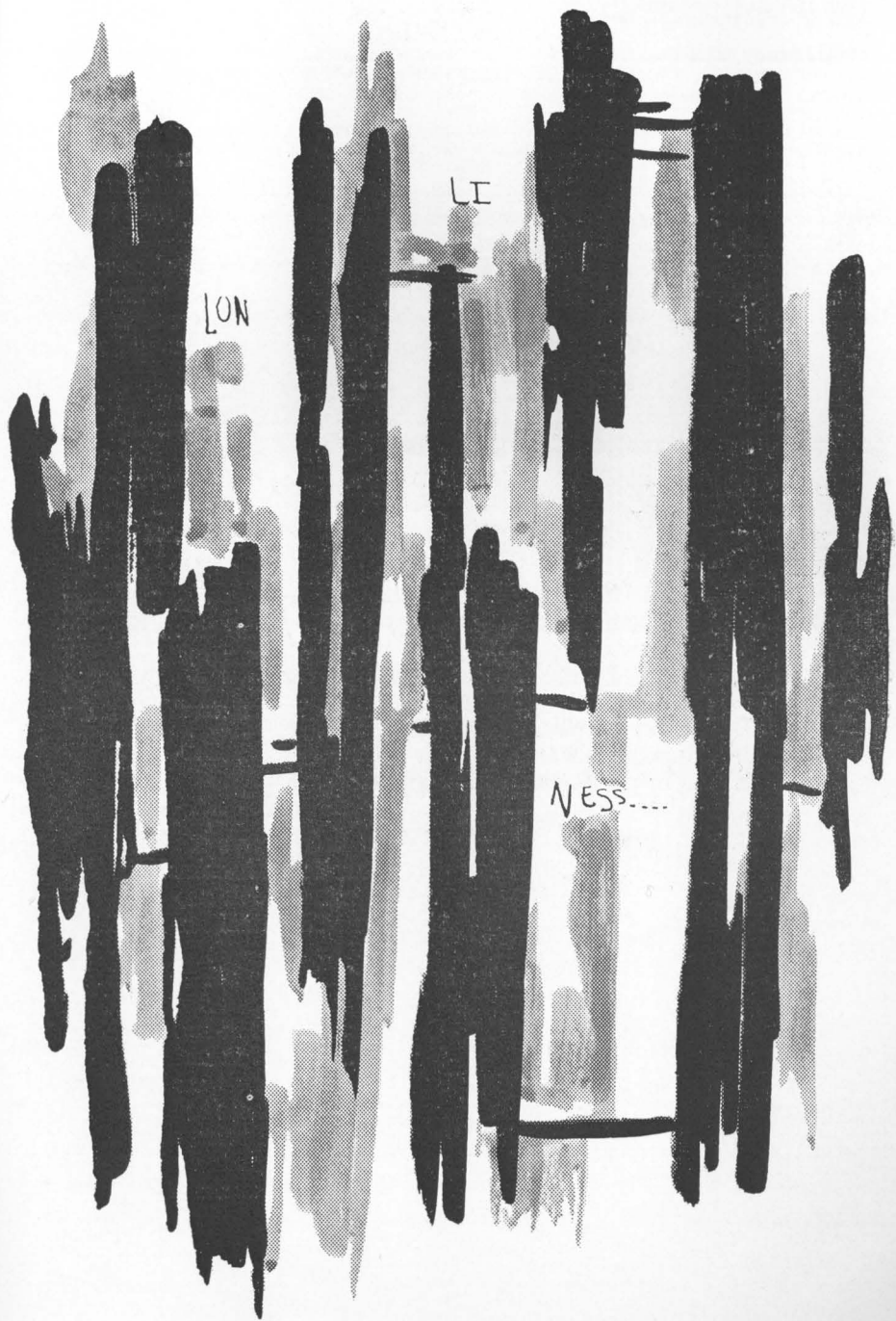
if i sit

Why,
Oh God,
Do I
They
We
Hate
Camouflaged in love of you?
Roger Zulauf

if i sit

*if i sit and wonder
why God has made this hell,
this pit that consumes all i know or do not,
then surely i will discover the way.
but often as is the mode of human behavior,
the sun may darken and the way is lost
where now to turn
where now to go and what to see.
should i turn to faith,
for faith is but a word.
should i seek my God,
for God is but a man-made image,
to which i, a mortal, can ascribe no logic.
man must turn within,
he must review his own nature.
therefore, if man is to survive,
he must rely upon his own.*

dennis muchmore



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