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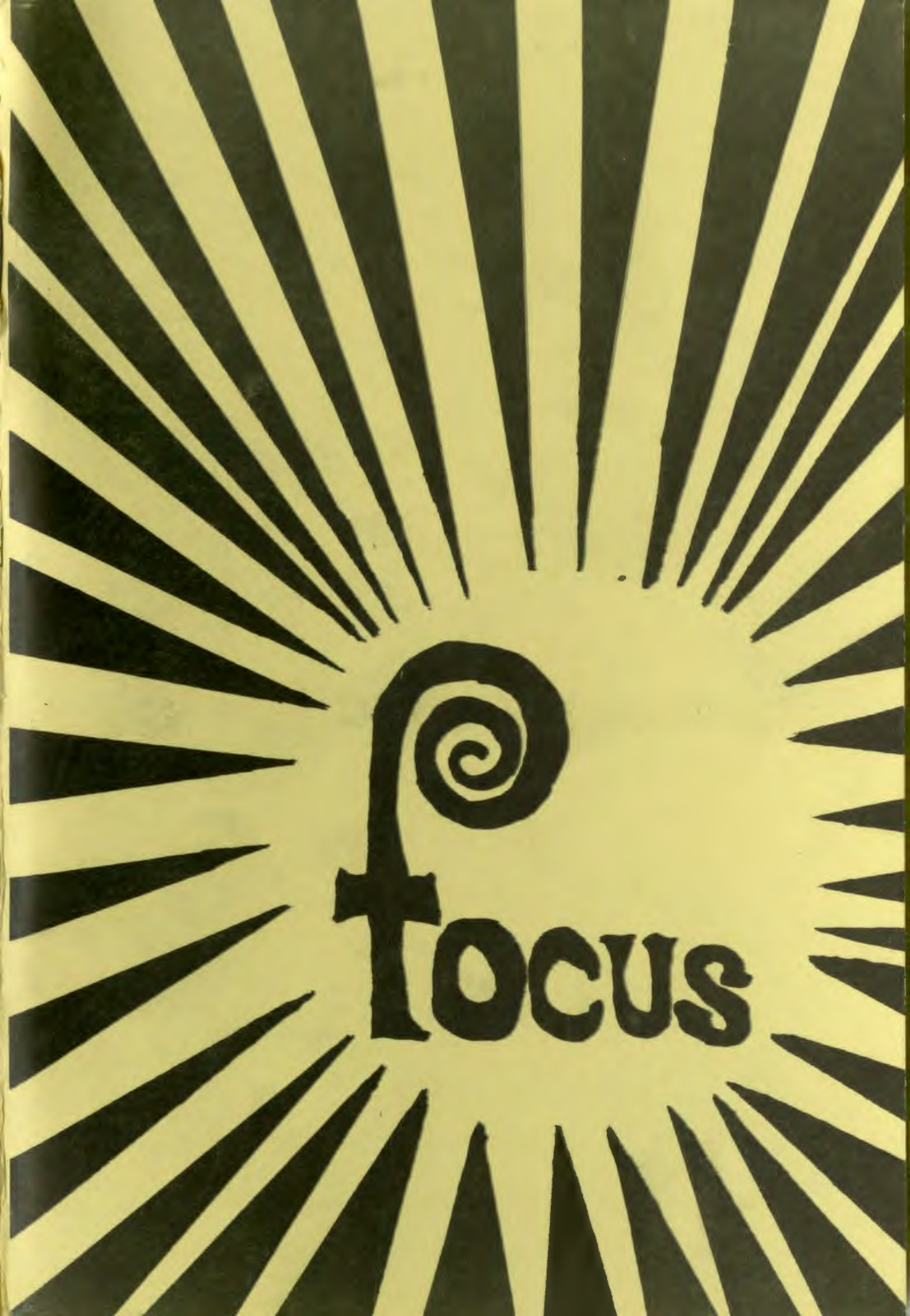
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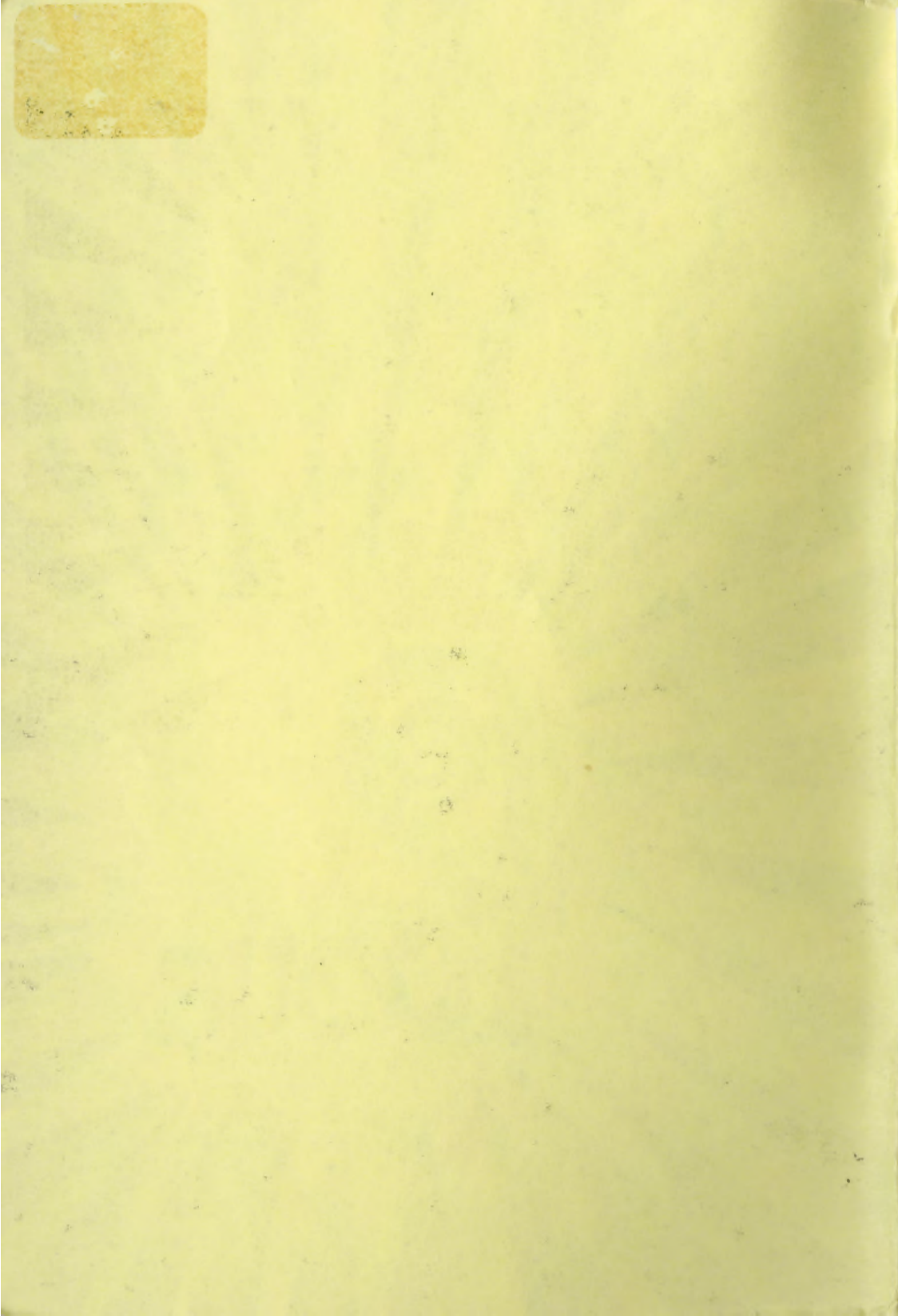
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The background features a sunburst pattern of alternating black and white triangular rays radiating from a central point. A large, black, stylized spiral is positioned in the center, partially overlapping the rays. The word "focus" is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font across the middle of the spiral.

focus





VOLUME I, No. 1

FALL, 1968

A literary magazine of student writing published by the Department of English of Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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LIBERTINE CONVICTS OF PARASITIC CUSTOM
(WHERE SALVATION STARVES)

"Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations
our marriages, our religion, we have not chosen, but society
has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers. We shun the
rugged battle of fate, where strength is born."

--Emerson, "Self Reliance"

All of us are graceless
picking up style from sympathy;
mysteries fold like paper sacks
and burn at the smile of the "best
bacon" lady
when she comes at night to ease our cupboard love.
But it is day,
and no one runs away,
no one sits still,
while outside the sunlight
diffuses madly doling into the colored glass
motherhood, fervent with cobwebs,
before our frowns;
but we wait, for the "best
bacon" lady
when she comes to breathe our flesh
into the warmth of unsullied dreams,
and dice while porch swinging in tune
to the swelling sound of blackbirds
transient among the trees.

"The dogwood has blossomed its braille
of innocence," she told

us last, reticulating the stars
with bells by each prehistoric breath.
We are part of the sun's insanity
and stain the air with wine
to smell the ovoid spring.
So instinct makes its opposition;
we question the broom, the mop
the palm of the hand
that uses them, and whose time
it is to wash, if ever time
staggered with presumptions!

We smile natural through broken windows.
That last cold night
braided infirmity into the "best
bacon" lady's hair,
while a vixen throat laughed
the buzzard of flesh alive
to set a silver moon to tempt cats to whine
for a tenth life, while the witch's broom
crackled alone vanishing the bells
with regret, as mistletoe
gave way to the levity of spring.

All of us are sober,
we bandage each other's hands
and open doors for each other.

The children are playing king of the mountain
on the picnic table.
We are starving for a ritual,
but let them play,
for we cannot go back,
our house number has faded
and the "best bacon" lady will never find us again,
not in the customary way, anyhow.

ICECREAM POEM NO. I

It's nice to forget the factual education:
those dog-fetch-bone moments. And to turn
to one whom you think you love and wonder
whether to confide without any prescribed conditions
of reflex.

The human mind now fetches worry,
buries it beneath analysis, and becomes acceptance
reminiscing dream directions; their silent significance
like a needle embedded in a carpet of consciousness.

I remember the prof said to keep up,
keep up by discipline, while he damned the cat
out of the bag: my dog-chase-cat moments.
Sometimes I'll guess his subconscious would be
reminding him of biting too hard on his mother's teats.
This made me start smoking as a symbol
of an acceptance that death is just another empathy
of dream cessation. Like a bubble gum bubble
bursting all over your mouth, and thinking:

"Lips only sing when they cannot kiss."

I cannot accept love as having those find-the-needle-
before-you-vacuum-the-carpet proclamations;
or as having those come-out-of-the-rain-
or-else-the-lightning-will-strike gestures.

I thought about apologizing to the prof
for failing, only as a concession to my subconscious,
but instead, I let it witness the burning
of my wooden night image, as the effigy
of advancing to love without first
chasing desperation up a tree (?)

HOSTILE MIGRATION IN THE BOONMIND
OF A BUCOLIC SUITOR

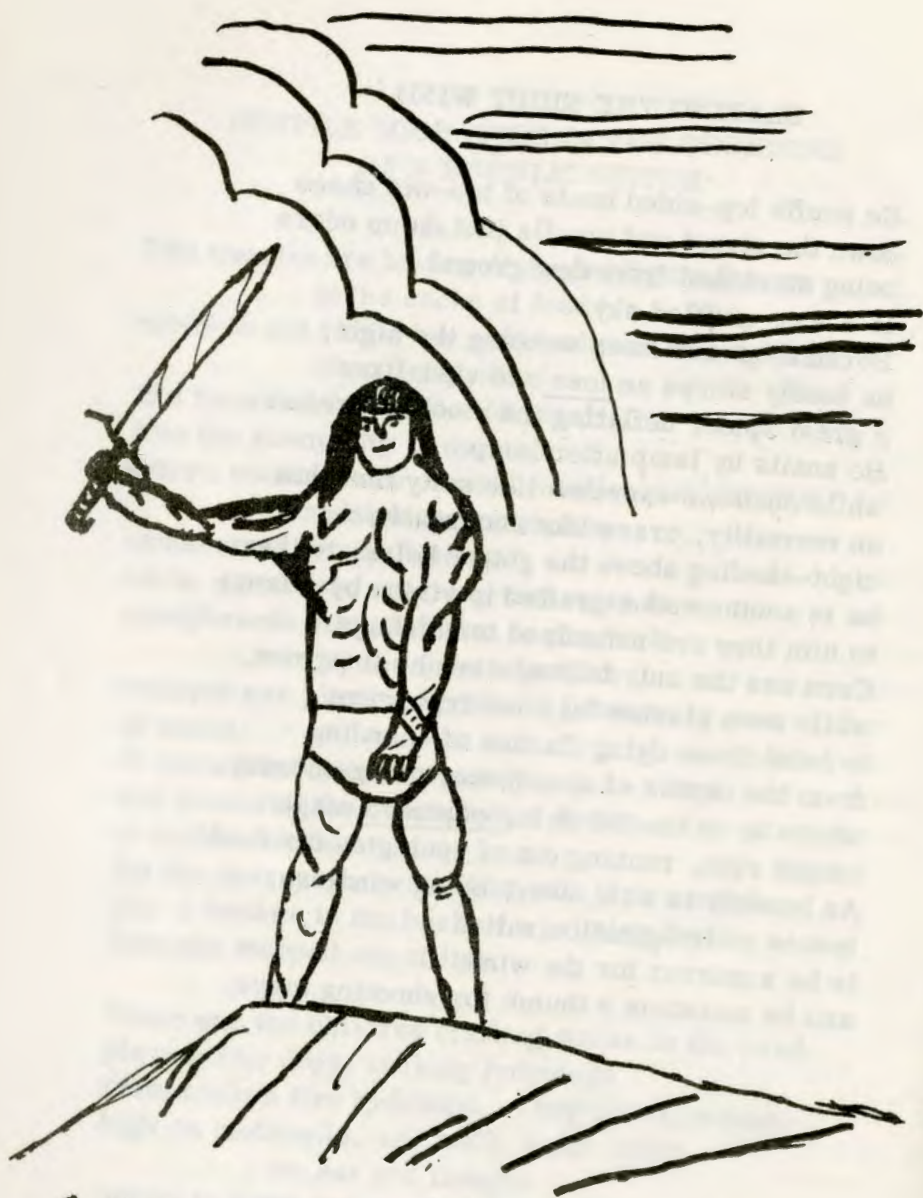
The weevils are having dirt-clod fights for sex
in the sacks of feed/
come on out to the hay ride and join in a raillery
of soul deposits/
it's time for the duck-slide deal
into the anonymity of daytime
where maintenance counts--challenges, diverts,
and delivers complex
dimensions to say "cheese",
while a pedantic courtesy transacts in a
candybreath mint; but just to play safe
with the feast of status
traitors are plowing up dental flosses
of peace.
So percolate reservations
and preserve the conceptus of doubt
to buy fur tickets
for the merry-go-round that will jerk a mind
like a feather in the beak of a pruning duck
that has stepped out of line.

Come see the children trailing sticks in the sand,
playing like dogs, making lemonade
from broken fire hydrants. They're buccaneers
high on mothballs, and we'll watch while
we eat our images
woven in cloth and purpled in lace.
Yes, it's a raffle on love and we'll
nag for dirges with glad adoration/
dirt cheap!

SLAKING THE NIGHT WIND

He scuffs lop-sided heels of toe-wet shoes
down the street and smells just damp odors
being stretched from dew ground
to a star-muffled sky.

Bored by power lines webbing the night,
he loudly slurps an icee and visualizes
a great spider deflating the moon of dreams.
He snails by lamp after lamp
while shadows exercise like salty thoughts
on mortality, crass like cockroaches
night-shading above the gutter holes, to them
he is another odor grafted to vision by a lamp;
to him they are urbanized tumblebugs.
Cars are the only falling stars he imagines,
while neon glazies fray and fraternize
to hoist those dying flashes of spending
from the depths of abundance, going one way,
where he is headed on his postcard magic
carpet ride, running out of apologies for doubt.
An honesty to walk away, being windless,
issues an imagination ration
to be a mirror for the wind;
and he moistens a thumb for shooting stars.



G. Mc Guire

PHOENIX

By

Richard Coolidge

Flames hissed and crackled. Naked, dazed with love's half-light, he leaped from the bed, thrusting the woman's shining body away from him. As the woman screamed into the mounting flames, he groped in the fuming darkness of the room, snatched his sword from its sheath and raced for the stairs. The castle writhed with smoke like a living thing as he broke through to the courtyard and ran to the gate. Outside, the taunting laughs of waiting mercenary soldiers rang a counterpoint to the feline hiss and roar of the spreading fire. He gripped the hilt of his sword firmly, inhaled deeply, then reached for the latch. The gate swung slowly open. . .

With a grinding white roar, the cosmos exploded.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL WORLD-NEWS: VII,
14, 3023

UNCONSCIOUS MAN FOUND 45 METROMILES N OR BALIKESIR, LESSER ASIA, AT 0612 THIS MORNING BY PASSING MERCHANT. THE MAN WAS NAKED WITH A PRIMITIVE WEAPON NEAR HIS BODY. MEDICAL EXAMINATION CONDUCTED AT SALK HOSPITAL REVEALS THAT THE MAN MAY BE AN ALIEN, PRESUMABLY FROM A PLANET IN A STATE

OF BARBARISM. ALTHOUGH THE MAN IS DEFINITELY HUMANOID, IF NOT HUMAN. THIS SPECULATION IS SUPPORTED BY THE UNEXPLAINED ELECTROMAGNETIC AND SONAR PHENOMENON THAT OCCURRED YESTERDAY AT 1137. SCIENTISTS FEEL THAT THE TWO EVENTS MAY BE RELATED. DR. ZENA OF THE U. OF ALEXANDRIA SAYS STRANGE DISPLAY MAY HAVE BEEN ARRIVAL OF THE ALIEN'S SPACE CRAFT. OTHER SCIENTISTS FEEL THIS UNLIKELY SINCE ALIEN'S BODY SHOWS NO EVIDENCE OF ADVANCE MEDICODENTAL TECHNIQUES PRESUMED TO BE PREREQUISITE TO A CIVILIZATION ADVANCED ENOUGH FOR SPACE TRAVEL. THE PRIMITIVE ARMAMENT FOUND NEAR THE MAN ALSO TENDS TO DISCREDIT THE ALIEN THEORY; BUT NO OTHER REASONABLE EXPLANATION HAS BEEN ADVANCED. THE MAN IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

"He's coming out of it, Doctor."

The patient's eyes flickered open. Astonishment-pain-fear-hysteria kaleidoscoped rapidly across his face. He closed his eyes. When he re-opened them, they were carefully neutral and fully controlled.

"You're in Salk General Hospital. You've had a concussion. Do you speak Anglo-American?"

No response.

"Does anyone speak any of the old languages? Ask him."

The same question was repeated in French, German, Italian. The patient lay still, regarding them calmly. His deep

oddly disturbing blue-gray eyes glinted with what could have been amusement, irony or merely restless incomprehension. The doctors reversed their field, trying to make the patient respond by firing quick continuous questions. Nothing.

"Let's let him rest. Get him to relax and take it easy, Nurse."

The chubby little nurse leaned over the patient, staring at him intently, pillowing her cheek against her steeped hands in the universal sign for sleep and making conciliatory sounds and faces. The patient's face suddenly charged with animation. His eyes sparkled. There could be no question of interpreting his expression this time. He was amused.

Minutes late, in the hospital's coffee shop an attendant doctor and nurse discussed the interview. The doctor stirred his coffee abstractedly.

"Do you think he really is an alien?"

"I don't know."

He stared at her interrogatively. "Something's bothering you."

"Yes."

"What is it?"

The nurse shook her head, crossed her legs and shuddered slightly. Looking up, she said simply, "Whatever else he is, that man... he has... Well, if he wanted me, I'd get up right now and go to him..."

In his room, the alien slid from his bed, strode lithely

to the window and gazed out. The sun streamed over him, highlighting his golden hair, his beautiful face and his leanly muscled body. Standing calmly and pensively in the flowing sunlight he resembled an ancient Grecian statue come to life.

He smiled slowly, disclosing perfect white teeth. His smile widened, slowly changing into a grin. Then, blindingly, he laughed. The room danced, spun and echoed as though in surprised and delighted empathy.

The educators took over. At the University of Alexandria he learned to speak, read and write the new international English in 28 days, demonstrating a brilliance bordering on genius. To the astonishment of the assembled faculty of philosophy, he revealed a rapier-like skill for dialectic debate, plunging that august body into a morass of confusion in a dazzling and prolonged debate on the nature of government. He devoured the University's library in great chunks, reading with superhuman concentration and for hours on end. Oddly enough, his origins remained shrouded in mystery.

Sitting in the study of Dr. Phillip Peters, Doctor of Physics (the Ph. D. degree having been discarded years ago as a misnomer), the stranger reclined with perfect ease in a lounge chair gazing steadily at the doctor as the latter toyed idly with a pencil. Dr. Peters cleared his throat.

"Have you no idea where you came from?"

"I have not."

"How could you not know?"

"How could I? If you were suddenly and inexplicably transported to an utterly alien environment, somewhere beyond the sphere of your wildest imagination, how would you

know where it was? How would you know where you came from when you don't know where you are? What locus can you establish when you are totally devoid of reference points?"

Peters nodded solemnly. "I guess that's that, then."

The stranger smiled. The doctor noted idly that he never replied uselessly, rhetorically or conversationally. Feeling slightly foolish, he changed the subject.

"Have you chosen a name for yourself?" The alien had not divulged his name as yet, insisting that it had no equivalent in Anglo-American.

"No."

"May I suggest one then? If you are to function in our society, you must have one."

"Yes."

"How about Alexander for a first name, after this university? We do feel a sort of proprietary interest in you."

"All right." The alien smiled secretively.

"Now, for a second name..."

"Where I come from one name is enough."

The doctor shrugged. "Well, it's a little unusual; but it should be alright since you'll be assigned the usual serial identification number anyway. Have you given thought to a profession? The University would like you to stay and work with its History and Anthropology Departments; but you may choose any area and we'll help you get started."

His education continued, however. During the course of Alexander's evening tutorial discussions on the relevance of political science to other areas of science, art and literature, Alexander suddenly stood up, pushed the texts aside, walked to the window of the study and gazed out into the glimmering starlight. He turned.

"Helen, I know enough."

Dr. Burgin glanced at her student with that sort of professional fondness that teachers affect for their superior students. She also felt a strangely deeper undercurrent which she insisted on identifying to herself as tutorial pride.

"Alexander, there is no doubt as to your genius or your progress, but there is still much to learn."

"What?"

"Well, there is, for example, the bilateral field of..."

"How long, Helen?"

She noted with detachment that he never addressed her by her title.

"Even with the best progress, Alex, four years is considered a minimum for a position of any importance."

Alexander moved smoothly to the desk and leaned against it. His eyes glittered strangely, hypnotically. He smiled. The room seemed to flicker. Dr. Burgin gripped the arms of her chair suddenly.

"Helen, I'm going to leave tomorrow; and I want the best position you've got in the North American sector."

He glided toward her chair, stooped briefly and lifted her from the chair in a rustle of silk and nylon. He flicked off the lights, and let the moonlight outline her flowing figure as she lay in his arms. The streaming light embraced her lovingly. She lay stricken, turning her eyes to meet Alexander's steady gaze. His eyes flashed suddenly with blinding intensity and unmistakable purpose. Her mind reeled and danced as her body suddenly came alive with its own voluptuous power in response to his singing gaze and to the aching vibrant chiming voices that filled the soaring room. She gasped and went limp, burying her face in his shoulder. He turned, and laughed quietly as the bedroom door closed softly.

Alexander rose swiftly in the North American political arena. Through his devastating combination of genius and personal magnetism, he climbed with amazing rapidity to the top of the Western power structure, becoming eventually a Secretary-General of the Political Defense Cabinet. Having thus achieved the ultimate in power in this governmental organization (being restrained from further rapid advancement by the government's system of checks and balances), Alexander, like his namesake with no further worlds to conquer, revealed his utter ruthlessness for the first time. To the horror of the populace, who regarded him as a heroic figure, he coldly and deliberately sold out. In a daring, cunningly planned and flawlessly executed coup, Alexander switched his allegiance to the Eurasian powers, carrying with him in his migration a fully documented dossier of North American state secrets, his entire sub-cabinet personnel, the secret laser-powered aircraft in which he made his escape and, apparently as an after thought, the wife of the President of the North American Political Defense Cabinet.

His rise in the Eurasian Politburo was even more spectacular, since in that arena he was not hampered by the impediments of a pseudo-republican state and because his defection was rewarded with a high power-position in the first place.

In a land where ruthlessness is the criterion of success in political and military artistry, Alexander was a virtuoso. He showed the startled Eurasian ruling clique feats of political and military genius hitherto unimagined. By bringing his enormous gifts and complete immorality to bear, he quickly built a nucleus of power around himself by gathering localized power-cliques under him, showing them the advantages to be gained by concerted unity. Then, employing the same personal gifts in an unprecedented move, he presented himself to the suppressed peoples themselves as the messiah of their salvation, to the astonishment of his followers to whom it had never occurred that they might enlist the enthusiastic support (or even the sanction) of their victims. Alexander showed them how. Disdaining the crude but common method of political power through assassination (the time-honored tradition of Eurasian political advancement), Alexander quickly and efficiently eliminated his political associates by playing them off against each other. One final obstacle to the complete dictatorship he envisioned remained: the present Premier, whose military defenses were too secure to be breached by such means.

Alexander pondered the problem in his sumptuously ornate study. Dressed in the latest Eurasian fashion, he mused at his enormous desk, smoking a cigarette, Russian-style. One of the things which surprised people most (and flattered them most subtly) was his ability to adopt and even surpass the customs and habits of the country in which he found himself. Now he was in fact more Eurasian than any Eurasian could be--in dress, manners, modes and mores. He toyed absently with a small, costly antique Tartan dagger, pondering the last obstacle to his success. The Premier could not be eliminated by his usual methods. Since he was Number One, there was no one to play off against him; and the Premier's elaborate and impenetrable military defense system virtually eliminated assassination as a solution. Suddenly he smiled, then laughed aloud. He reached toward his communicator, and

signaled his secretary. "Get me Madame Gruschenko, the Premier's wife," he said.

Whistling, Alexander strolled leisurely from his mansion and boarded his private laser plane.

His secretary watched his departure from his office window, then punched the communicator again.

As night deepened the shadows around the Premier's estate; Alexander stirred in the darker shadows of the Premier's bedroom. He ran his hand expertly over the perfect silk-naked body of the beautiful Oriental woman at his side and murmured in her ear as he played her body with a violinist's fingers. She groaned, shivered voluptuously and hoarsely assented to the questions that floated on the erotic sea of the musically shimmering air...

Alexander smiled. His plans were complete.

Suddenly light splashed into the room from the courtyard beneath their window and running feet thundered on a parapet. Naked and dazed, he leaped from the bed, thrusting the exhausted woman aside. A searchlight sprayed the room. As the woman screamed, he snatched his laser-pistol from his tangled clothes on the floor and raced for the stairlift. The hall flared and flickered with slowly activating artificial light as he sped to the courtyard. Outside the electronic gate, soldiers rushed and shouted, preparing their laser barrage to coincide with the triggering of the gate mechanism. Alexander checked his own weapon, gripped it firmly, took a deep breath and waited. The gate slid slowly open...

With a rasping white roar, the cosmos exploded.

* * * *

He sprang through the gate, smashing into the waiting mercenaries with sword singing murderously. Two soldiers fell

before him, one missing a hand, the other, a head. The mercenaries fell before his fury. Lightning flashed and black clouds gathered as he stood naked in splendor like a war god from Valhalla illuminated by the flaming castle, laughing his defiance and singing his own war-elegy with long golden hair flying like a banner behind his majestic form.

The first arrow struck. He staggered. The second arrow. The third. He fell. Rose. Staggered and fell again, mantled in blood. The mercenaries gathered around him, muttered uncertainly, then drifted quickly away.

The woman ran screaming from the burning castle. She fell across the golden body, lacing herself in its scarlet shroud and sobbing hysterically. . .

Across the Mare Aegaeum, in the bright sunlight of the Athenian Forum, grey-faced Socrates said, "I cannot speak with you today--Alcibiades is dead."

* * * * *

Barbara Bostic, Haikus

THE FORKED TONGUE

Gossip, man's device
for warring against himself
and all of mankind.

HAPINESS

Contentment, the time
when needs of body and soul
meet in agreement.

Poems by Marilyn Pruitt

NIGHTLY ALCOHOLOCAUST

Bottle standing corked-full of body tinglement
on a ceiling-shelf behind the calf-bound Bible--
Bottle be damned and forgotten!

My hands won't cease their quivering,
their shivering through clenched clamminess,
rubbing dry-cleaned eyelids scraping aching eyes
that dart shelfward, down, then up-shelfward again,
to that bottle hidden but oh, so
seductively clear
to my drooling mind.

Ah, quenching scorch, just one, and ah...!
Now be shelved, Bottle, one shelf lower,
one swig lower,
Oh, God, help me, I can't swim!

Mr. Bitterbitoglass, let me taste your wares--
Bottle-lost-cork, lying drippy-drop over edge
Like my leaky eyes of glazy gaze
Slamming lids to rolling thunder-thoughts
To dam the black-no-hopes flooding....

FACE OF A SIDEWALK

Dirty gray face

Wrinkled and worn

Wearing expressions

Of wordless servility

On and on . . .

Birthmarked with footprints

Of some lost L. R.

Young yesterday,

Hopscotched with squares

Of fading chalklines--

Craft of baby fingers

Just today;

Doodlebug doodling

from crack to crack,

Flat ex-bugs

part of the surface,

Hummingbird

no longer humming,

Stickerburr

in his unripe breast,

Volcano erupting

fire-red ants,

Grass whiskers shorn

from wet lawn lip

And scattered

on the long grave . . .

Cosmetics for

a callous face

of features

faint and fading . . .

Poems by David Lewis

DIVESTON

Gull shadows find food here, poets starve--
insensitive to any motion but static seaweed
and snarls of broken glass fifty yards out
from the sea wall

 that hides grey Galveston,
bent since this or that seafist

 made water rise in Mausoleum,
desecrating the sealed, twice sealed

 with; random ease,
touching not taking old bones and young bones
 back to sea.

Some markers stand waist-deep in the bay,
 sand sucks down the empty beers.

 Mark the land;
 mark the sea.

Stones will not hold the tides or rain or hurricanes:
Stones will not hold me to stare at gull-waders
on the edge of unlikely sobriety,
marking freighters through my toes.

WIND
in the
BRANCHES

SAGITARIUS PARK

the midway rose

on cold popcorn

armless the Octopus

couldn't scream

a diesel snow

dripped in the shadow

of the Ice Age cave

the flapping fat lady

sprawled on cardboard

and all the freaks went home.

STUDENT'S WEDNESDAY MORNING

By

Donald R. Cochran

Six-thirty clangs
from the punctual clock
shocks him out of sleep's nepenthe
back to Macktrucks rumbling
main street's halitosis
and mockingbird jargon.

He drags out of bed
un-Senlin-wise,
stumbles to cold tap-water baptism
in the bathroom sink.

He greets his deadpan ghost
with a toothpaste grin,
sanctifies armpits with aerosol spray,
and Sisyphus-shaves his morning shadow
while the neighbor's bacon tempts his fast.

No time,
no time
for bacon frying in a neighbor's pan--
no time
for coffee perking in a pot,
no time for eggs,
or oats,
or browning bread for toast....

He zips his coat,
selects the proper books,
the routine notes
and donkey-plods to class.



WIND in the BRANCHES

By Marilyn Pruitt

Each seasonable Sunday finds me settled beneath a pine tree celebrating the birthday of my religion, which is relatively young but healthy and growing. These nativity scenes are subject to the varied improvisation of my mind and mood, so that they contain such refreshingly unorthodox exercises as uninhibited love chants to Nature, or condolence-thoughts for the "hoi-polloi" who nurse adopted and invalid creeds, or thanksgiving fasts honoring Eric Hoffer and pine cones, or cross-examinations of God's identity. These ceremonies are ultra-esoteric and private because of the very personal nature of my religion. I was not converted to it--no, no, rather it was conceived in me and born to me and is inherently mine. Though it appears nebulous to other people, its outlines are clear and indelible to me and are not the scribblings of a toddling mind. I could perhaps render a more adequate character sketch of my religion by relating the ironic circumstances which led to its conception.

It was a crisp, invigorating autumn morning--that type which snaps the senses to fixed attention and I was not resentful to be up

early and driving to the huge building where by life-long habit I had spent most Sunday mornings. The oak trees lining the roads were appropriately brown and yellow-brown and red-brown, a warm combination that I usually found attractive and charming; that morning I was unaccountably antagonized by balding branches. A similarly peculiar feeling was evoked by my first glimpse of the ornate church, and the peculiarity was enhanced by an optical illusion: the building appeared as small when I faced it as it had from several blocks away. In contrast, the evergreen pine tree standing isolated in the churchyard seemed disproportionately stately and full, and I felt a comfortable craving to roll among its fallen cones. But recalling black patent shoes and lacy wool dress, I dutifully entered the shrunken church.

Sandwiched between rows and rows of beauty-shop-stiff hairdos and polished scalps and intermediate topplings, I attempted to glean some degree of aesthetic pleasure from my surroundings. My fellow sandwich-makings were uninspiring, so I stared at the stained windows and wondered why they were called windows when they were impenetrable, and I thought of the grand pine tree outside with the wind blowing its branches. I smelled perfume, a reeking compound of "My Sin" and "Heaven Sent" and cigarette breath, and I tried to remember how the wind smelled. Then I listened for an Almighty Voice or angelic herald to redeem my waning faith and respect, but all I heard was the droning buzz of a hundred tete-atetes, which swarmed around an ill-clad family advancing down a side aisle toward the front row.

The service finally began and unfolded in its familiar pattern of prayers and offerings and, of course, songs, which highlight the hour for many budding performers. My own small voice was squelched by the mezzo-soprano behind me who sent incoherent but grandly shivering tones over my head. Then, in the midst of my discomfort came the preacher's voice, proclaiming with booming authority the "good news"

that I had received in various forms for almost twenty years. Suddenly my mind rejected the left-overs and demanded fresh rational nourishment. A wave of vague, vindictive thoughts about my situation gradually pooled into one, a verse by Eric Hoffer: "We have rudiments of reverence for the human body, but we consider as nothing the rape of the human mind." I hurled one last defiant glance at my seducers and then closed my eyes and mind to them all, an act which disowned the illegitimate creed forced upon me.

I felt free and independent and bold. But I felt empty because I didn't know God after all. I had been introduced to a God who was an out-of-focus negative of a photograph taken by some ancient anonymous photographer. I didn't want to know a God who denied me the satisfaction of seeking him with my own mindpower. I didn't want to know a God who demanded a Friday-the-13th. type of awe for his omnipotence, nor a God who offered his name as a crutch for crippled egos. In truth, I did not want to know a God. My God would have to be an unknowable God, a God existing beyond my realm of understanding. He would be a durable God, withstanding all my assailed doubts and misconceptions. He would be an objectively distant God, viewing my searching inquiries with omniscient humor. He would be the acknowledged God of natural creation, the progenitor of the universe. His primary gift to me would thus be my mind, a tool to use as I wish, to either broaden or limit my understanding. A search for this God would be noble in that it would be a search groping far beyond the common human ideals, a search to comprehend the incomprehensible. No namby-pamby submission, no rehashed sermonizing, but rather sincere mind-gazing and creative thought-construction! With this realization, my religion was conceived, a religion which could only be as individual as myself. I felt serenely content as the passionate excitement subsided and the sweet taste of silence filled my mouth. I opened my eyes to survey the empty pews around me in the empty building, and I pitied the hopeless emptiness. Then I

left the church to find my place among the pine cones and to
feel the wind in my open mind.

* * * *

Milton Burton

THE DALI SPHINX

The old gray, lines face
sits on the silting sands
as the essence of "We"
seeks to define each grain,
but only in its obscurity.

A lone figure rides a unicycle
down
the multi-laned, arched tongue,
Spanning miles
the old gray face in awed attention spins
and in doing so, brakes contemplation.
.
.
.
smiles.

REMEMBER...YOUR BROTHERS ARE HERE, TOO

By

Audrey H. Smith

In this age of materialism, automation, and non-peace, man has almost extinguished the light that burns within himself--true love and true compassion for his fellowman. Life has become a race for material things alone. Sophistication is prized and sentiment is scorned. Most of today's literature is devoid of themes on the natural goodness or the potential goodness of man. Current values tend toward phony toughness, cheap emotions, and casual violence. Thus, the psychiatrist's couch has become the symbol of our time. The tragedy of life is the light that dies inside a man while he lives--the death of genuine feeling that makes it possible to feel the pain or joy of other men within oneself. One of the greatest humanitarians of this century, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, believed that unless mankind overcomes this affliction of no love and no compassion which withers the soul, civilization is doomed. His philosophy was "reverence for life," and by example, he demonstrated what one man can do to relieve the misery and suffering of his fellowman.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer was born in the Lutheran manse at Kayserburg, Alsace, in 1875. At an early age he revealed a great talent for music, but in school proved to be a poor student--slow to read and write. Because of this, as he matured, he forced himself to master the most difficult subjects. Later, at the University of Strasbourg he received doctorates in theology, in philosophy, and in music. When he was

twenty-one he decided to devote himself to art and science until he was thirty; then he would give his talents to the service of humanity. '

By the time he was twenty-five he was a concert organist and had written several books. He was appointed curate at St. Nicholas' Church in Strasbourg, and also became the principal of the theological school at the College of St. Thomas. One day while researching material for his book to be published under the title of Quest of the Historical Jesus, he ran across a magazine article by the Paris Missionary Society which stressed the great need for medical missionaries in the African Congo. His search was over. He knew the direction he would take in his service to humanity--he would become a medical missionary in Africa.

In 1905 at the age of thirty, Dr. Schweitzer began the study of medicine, which proved to be one of the most fatiguing periods of his life. While he studied medicine, he continued to deliver theological lectures, to preach almost every Sunday, and to give organ concerts. During these years he wrote an essay on organ building, completed the final chapter of his book, the Quest of the Historical Jesus, began the research for his book on the subject of St. Paul, and wrote a book on Bach's organ music. At the end of seven years, he received his license to practice medicine.

In 1912, he married Helen Bresslau, who had studied nursing in order to assist Dr. Schweitzer in his work. Then he went to Paris to study tropical medicine, and to obtain permission from the Paris Missionary Society to go to Africa. Although there was a shortage of doctors in the missionary field, the Society's Board of Directors was not inclined to accept his services because Dr. Schweitzer's religious beliefs were considered unorthodox. In his religious writings, he had become too materialistic and had lost sight of its true purpose--the teachings of Christ. His future plans suspending

in a vacuum, disappointment tormented him. Only after Dr. Schweitzer offered to go to Africa at his own expense and he consented not to preach was he given permission to go to the mission of Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa. With donations from friends, and the money he himself earned from lectures, organ concerts, and royalties from his books, Dr. Schweitzer bought the medical supplies he needed. In March 1913 he and his wife sailed for Africa.

Today missionaries seem to be regarded with benevolent tolerance which makes it difficult for this generation to understand the hardships that the early missionaries had to endure. At the turn of the century a white man needed qualities of heroism in order to survive in Africa. The intense heat, the unrelenting dampness of the steaming forests, the unbelievable solitude, and disease were enemies of great concern to them, for many missionaries died. In those days missionaries--especially medical missionaries--were regarded as the avant garde of civilization.

The Mission Station at Lambarene on the banks of the Ogowe River was established in 1876 by the American missionary and medical man, Dr. Nassau. In 1892, the Paris Missionary Society replaced the American after Lambarene became a French possession. From the letters of these missionaries in French Equatorial Africa Albert Schweitzer first learned of the plight of the African natives who not only were suffering and dying from disease and epidemics but who also lived in constant fear of the witch doctors who reigned supreme with power over the invisible forces of the spirit world. The Mission had been without a doctor for several years before Dr. Schweitzer arrived. When he stepped from the river-boat he was astounded by the physical misery among the natives who were waiting for him, and before he could unpack his instruments and medicine he was besieged by the sick begging to be healed.

On August 5, 1914, word reached the mission that war had broken out in Europe. Since Dr. Schweitzer and his wife were Germans, they became prisoners-of-war and were confined to their home under guard. Dr. Schweitzer was not allowed to practice medicine. During this period he began work on his book, The Philosophy of Civilization. The French soon realized that the doctor's internment was impracticable. At the end of November he and his wife were released, and the doctor resumed his medical practice. In September 1917, as World War I raged across Europe, the Schweitzers were ordered to leave Lambarene for France where they were placed in a prisoner-of-war camp. After almost a year of hardship and privation, they were released through an exchange of war prisoners, and allowed to return to Strasbourg. Once again Dr. Schweitzer joined the staff of doctors at the municipal hospital, and he was appointed curate at St. Nicholas' Church. On November 11, 1918, an armistice ended the war, but not until after the signing of the treaty of Versailles in 1919 was he free to travel. With plans to return to Lambarene, Dr. Schweitzer resigned his two positions in Strasbourg to resume his lecture and concert tours. By 1924, having earned the money to buy the necessary supplies for his work at Lambarene, he was on his way back to Africa after a seven years' absence.

When he reached the deserted mission at Lambarene, a most deplorable scene confronted him. His hospital had been swallowed up by the voracious African jungle! Faced with a tedious task, he set to work almost singlehandedly cutting away the dense jungle growth and rebuilding his hospital. In addition to this, he administered to the needs of the ailing natives.

Between 1924 and 1925 the number of patients increased until Dr. Schweitzer could no longer carry on the work alone; he was compelled to send to Europe for two doctors and two nurses to assist him. Soon after their arrival a disastrous

famine engulfed the district, resulting in a severe epidemic of dysentery among the natives. For many months Dr. Schweitzer and his colleagues were in constant demand, not only treating the patients but also searching for food to feed them. The epidemic caused overcrowded conditions at the hospital, and the infectious cases could not be isolated. Because of this, Dr. Schweitzer realized the great need for a larger hospital with more buildings to house the patients, an isolation ward for infectious cases, a separate building for mental patients, and a village for the natives suffering from leprosy.

Never one to delay action once he had made a decision, Dr. Schweitzer turned the professional work of the hospital over to his colleagues and he devoted the next year and a half to the construction of a new hospital located two miles up the river. When the hospital was completed, it could accommodate two hundred patients and their families. Provision was made for the isolation of infectious patients, and there were buildings for the mental cases. With a sufficiency of available ground space, many buildings were to be added later. In the latter part of July, 1927, after all the patients had been moved by boat from the old to the new hospital, Dr. Schweitzer returned to Europe.

In spite of the fact that he was often criticized for its lack of modernization, Dr. Schweitzer was proud of his jungle hospital. The idea of a hospital creates images of immaculate corridors and rooms, white sheets, and total sanitation. Dr. Schweitzer's hospital had none of these. It was a native African village. The main hospital wards were long one-story buildings with small dark rooms containing wooden bunks covered with straw matting; there were no white bed sheets. Each room opened onto a common courtyard. There were no paved walks, only dirt paths. Wild monkeys, antelopes, goats, chickens, and ducks roamed freely about the grounds. There was no hot or cold running water, and the only electricity was

in the operating room. Sanitary facilities were at an absolute minimum.

The doctors diagnosed cases, supplied medicine, and checked on the progress of the patients. When a native patient came to the hospital he usually brought his family with him to care for him and to prepare his food during his illness. Fearful of being poisoned, he would not eat unless his food was prepared by his family or someone in his tribe. Although the Africans were basically a very kind people and responded to kindness, many problems arose. The hospital staff never knew when the sudden death of a patient would cause the natives to become hostile. But the real problems were with the white doctors who hovered in the vicinity of the hospital. Evil omens cast by them often caused a patient to refuse medication, perhaps resulting in his death.

Why did Dr. Schweitzer refuse to build a modern fully-equipped hospital? His answer was that he came to Africa to meet the Africans on their own terms, and he built his hospital like a native village because it was a familiar way of life to them. As far as modernization was concerned, the relentless dampness and heat of the African jungle were destructive elements, making the use of modern equipment impractical.

The greater part of the two and a half years that Dr. Schweitzer spent away from Africa was occupied in traveling throughout Europe, giving lectures and concerts. In 1928 the city of Frankfurt-am-Main presented him with the Goethe Prize for services to humanity. Since Europe was beginning to feel the effects of the world-wide economic depression, and poverty was spreading throughout Germany, Dr. Schweitzer returned the prize money to the city of Frankfurt to be used in helping the unemployed. During this period, he carried out his plans to build a house in Gunsbach, which would serve as a refuge for the nurses and the doctors who worked with

him at Lambarene, and as a retreat for himself. While the house was under construction, he completed the final chapters of his book, The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle, before leaving for Africa.

In relating the many activities of Dr. Schweitzer, it must be remembered that he was perpetually busy; idleness was an unfamiliar term to him. He was always motivated by one aim--the welfare of the African patients in his jungle hospital. After his return to Lambarene, he supervised the construction of a much needed concrete cistern, and a concrete assembly hall for the hospital staff, which also served as a dining hall. Toward the end of 1931, the city of Frankfurt-am-Main invited him to deliver the commemorative address on the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death. In Europe, on March 22, 1932, Dr. Schweitzer spoke on the theme of Goethe's message for our time, in which he sounded a note of doom. "Remain human with all your souls," he cried, "if you surrender the ideal of human personality, then spiritual man is ruined, and with the end of spiritual man comes the end of civilization, yes, indeed, the end of humanity!" Again and again he used the word "terrible" to describe the present century.

He had come to Europe to deliver a speech, but, as usual there were pressing invitations for lectures and organ concerts and many universities of Europe were urging him to accept honorary doctorates. In one month he received four doctorates--two for divinity, one for music, and one for laws--from three universities in England. Because of this great demand, Dr. Schweitzer spent most of the years between 1932 and 1938 in Europe, punctuated with brief visits to Africa.

In 1938, with Hitler in power in Germany, war clouds began to gather. Dr. Schweitzer returned to Lambarene. Racing against time, he stockpiled medicine and surgical supplies

since all sources of supply would be cut off for the duration of the war. On September 1, 1939, Hitler's mighty army invaded Poland, and thus erupted the most colossal war in the history of man. The war years at Lambarene created many problems. Dr. Schweitzer lived in constant dread that his hospital would be forced to close because of lack of funds, medicine, and a shortage of doctors and nurses. From the beginning he had fought for Lambarene, and he was determined to fight for it to the end. In desperate straits by the end of the war, Dr. Schweitzer was rescued by medicine, surgical supplies and money from America. Doctors and nurses came from Alsace and Switzerland to help him in his work, and the operation of the hospital gradually returned to normal. By 1948, Dr. Schweitzer returned to Europe after having spent ten years in the relentless heat and steam of the African jungle.

The bi-centenary of Goethe's birth was celebrated in 1949. To commemorate Goethe in America, a festival was held in Aspen, Colorado. Dr. Schweitzer was invited to make two speeches for which he received a fee of \$6,000. This was his first and only trip to the United States. Upon his arrival in New York, he was surrounded by numerous reporters. He was asked if he regretted the sacrifice of his life to the natives of Africa. He answered that there was no sacrifice; he felt himself to be one of the greatly privileged. When he was asked why he dedicated his life to the primitive Africans at Lambarene, he answered, "I went to Lambarene because I wanted my life to be an argument. I did not want my ideas to become an end in themselves. The ideas took hold of me and changed my life. Resistance to these ideas would have been impossible." Before leaving the United States he spent all of his fee on supplies of promin diasone, a drug which had exceeded all expectations of its discoverers in the fight against leprosy. Dr. Schweitzer returned to Lambarene to build his leprosarium.

In 1952, an emissary from the Nobel Prize Committee in Stockholm came to Lambarene to inquire whether Dr.

Schweitzer would accept the Peace Prize, and whether he would go to Stockholm to deliver the acceptance speech. That year the Nobel Peace Prize amounted to \$33,000. Occupied with the building of the leprosarium, Dr. Schweitzer agreed to accept the prize, but not at that time. By the end of November 1954, with the greater part of the work on the leprosarium finished, he finally traveled to Oslo to make his acceptance speech, and to receive the gold medal and the certificate that goes with the prize. The money he received was used for the leprosarium. When he returned to Africa he brought five tons of equipment for the new leper village at the hospital.

By August, 1955, now eighty years old, he was back in Europe; this time to receive the highest honor given by the British Crown. Queen Elizabeth II ceremoniously bestowed upon Dr. Schweitzer the Order of Merit, not for his work in Africa but because he was supremely a man of peace.

Dr. Schweitzer died at the age of ninety in 1965 at his jungle home in Lambarene. His work now continues under the medical director, Dr. Walter Munz, whom Dr. Schweitzer chose as his successor. There have been several changes since his death. The hospital is now equipped with a new sanitation system, electric lights, a telephone, and a radio, and many of the buildings have been renovated. Dr. Munz has initiated a ten-year modernization program in which he plans to construct a therapeutic center, to improve preventive medical care, and to train young African natives. It is doubtful that Dr. Schweitzer would have approved. He was often criticized for the antiquated methods and the lack of modern sanitation at his hospital. He had a firm conviction that some reforms were incompatible with the primitive conditions of his African patients. Dr. Munz admits that he is not another Schweitzer, but he is committed to the fifty-three year heritage left by Dr. Schweitzer--to maintain the sense of devotion and human quality of this heritage.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer's fame is not the result of having established a hospital in a remote African jungle. Other doctors have built hospitals in distant lands, yet their work is relatively unknown. His significance lies in the cultivation of his exceptional gifts and dedicating them to a common end. He was a doctor of medicine, of music, of philosophy, and of theology. He was author of books in all four fields, which have been translated into many languages. He was a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. His greatness lay not so much in what he did for others, but what others have done because of him and the power of his example. He supplied a working demonstration of "reverence for life." In putting this ideal into practice in hot, humid Africa, he became a symbol throughout the world of man's belief in man--an example of true love and true compassion for all people in a time of mass hatreds. In his message to us Dr. Schweitzer wrote, "Seek always to do some good somewhere. Every man has to seek in his own way to make his own self more noble and to realize his own true worth. You must give some time to your fellowman. Even if it's a little thing, do something for those who have need of help, something for which you get no pay but the privilege of doing it. For remember, you don't live in a world all your own. Your brothers are here, too."

* * * *

Fant Smart

JUST HALF AS MUCH

Just half as much as you is not enough.

I must surpass, or forever cease to exist.

A moment ago, you were you.

Now you have blended into the ranks
of the forsaken.

At dusk, you look back, and see, and cry,

But the choice is gone

That lay before your mortal fingers.

CHAINS FROM THE STARS

I like to hang my chains from the stars
and breathe a new freedom of words,
and my soul will fly in the wind
as a dead leaf free from the tree.
Whirl and whirl around this new freedom...
...ascend to the sky...
...descend to the earth...
and in the fullness of my happiness
let myself go on the sled of the rainbow
and at its end fill my arms with gold
and spread it over the world.
Sing this new discovered freedom,
absorb it so powerfully as to be drunk
and able to swing from the old chains in the infinity of the sky,
and then repeat again and again the magic word;
freedom, freedom, freedom,
worth only for this overwhelming happiness
that makes my soul explode in a million sparkling lights.

I WISH I WERE A CHILD

I wish I were a child so I could cry,
because now my sadness is an expanding fog
that overcomes my soul.

Bearing my solitude in the crows,
my heart is beating as a dying bird
under the increasing sorrow.
But no more am I a child,
and when I want to cry I have to smile.

Poems by Arthie Walling Pope

THE GENERATION GAP

Youth

Plummeting outward

Toward Tomorrow

Leaves parents standing on the rim of

Yesterday,

Stunned by the shock waves of the quaking chasm

Between them,

Hard pressed to keep pace

With racing stride of

New-generation builder, scholar, and chemist.

Awed by the need to communicate,

And challenged by the exuberance of Youth

To jet over those

Concentrated test-tube generations

Space-forged into twenty-minus years,

Adults

Endeavor to initiate

Stronger wave-lengths of mutual understanding

And earn the right

To walk beside their sons

In the land of Today

And, perhaps, to light their way

To independence.

WATER HOLE AT SUNSET

From: The Texas Poems

Peace

enfolds a water hole at sunset--
cool oasis etched black in western loam--
where cattle gather,
seeking refuge from predestined toil
of
grazing, mating, procreating.

Great shadowy hulks,

come at sunset
to drink of orange-and-red-rippled caprock crags
from the darkening pool.

Cattle. . .

stomping, nudging, milling,

Mirrored sun silently slips from sight

beyond the plateau edge;
the muted moos
blend with honeyed tinkle
of cowbell vespers.

Cows kneel.

Purple silence drapes the pool in night.

POET'S DECISION

By

William Rutledge

"Darn thing just keeps moving," Kip Martindale said, staring at the clock across the spacious room. "Time just doesn't stop for anything or anyone. Could be a great poem in that and I could have written it. Yeah, a real classic."

The rain pounded against the roof and the windows rattled as the wind howled eerily. Blasts of thunder rocked the elaborate brick house and the accompanying bolts of lightning instantly made the littered backyard visible.

From his reclining chair Kip stared through the sliding glass-door at the dreary backyard. His thoughts wandered as his naked chest and arms responded to the cold with goose bumps.

He twisted restlessly. He let one long leg hang over an arm of the chair, his right hand behind his dark, crewcut head, and the other hand in his lap, still holding the half-empty can of beer. Glancing from the stormy scene outside, Kip gulped several swallows of the beer, dropped the can absently beside the chair, and strained as he pulled himself up.

Lumbering across the uncarpeted den floor to the bar, Kip yanked another beer from the cooler, jerked the tab, and held the can high above his head declaring to no one, "Dear ole Coors, the championship drink of the middle class men."

He quickly finished the beer, and propped his elbows upon the bar, his green eyes staring straight ahead as he thought about his past and where it had gotten him.

He had met and married Kay during his senior year of college. She left college to put him through the final semester. After graduation, he locked his poems, several prize winners among them, in a trunk and stored them in the only closet in their one and a half room apartment.

He had no trouble getting a job with an advertising agency. Kip remembered how much he had hated working six days a week, saving every dime, sticking with sadistic budgets, and never seeming to get ahead. "Glorified office boy. Yeah, that's all I was the first six years. Four years of college and a BA to be office boy!" Kip spat bitterly.

He left the bar and moved heavily to the reclining chair, closed his eyes, and thought of the past again.

He had promised himself that as soon as possible, he would take up the poetry again. Really settle down to serious writing. But there never had been the time. The promotions with the agency came and the moving to better neighborhoods began. The added salary and prestige brought more responsibilities. Kip had to entertain customers more and that made it hard on Kay, too.

Kip grimaced as he recalled the time Kay had returned home early from an evening of bridge to find Kip naked, on his hands and knees, being ridden by an equally naked female manager of a cosmetic firm whose advertising account Kip was handling. There were also many hunting trips with customers that ultimately ended drunkenly in a boys' town or a call-girl's apartment. Kay had been understanding and made no trouble as long as Kip received promotions and salary increases. Kip couldn't afford to give up his job to devote to

poetry and still expect Kay to remain understanding. So the poetry stayed in the trunk and Kip grew more resentful of his job, his wife, and his life.

He hated the cheap copy he wrote for the phony ads. Crummy lies! Quite a change from the great poetry he was going to write. Years of creating nothing but cheap lies for the stupid public. Gimmicks to take their money!

Now he was thirty-nine. He was in control of several major accounts and security wasn't a worry. He had everything any upper middle class executive would be content with, except inner peace. "Could I have been a great poet?" Kip kept asking himself. For years he had kept asking himself this question, and for years he kept wondering.

"Why didn't I have the guts to try it? Damn, I could have made it! I was good, and I would've gotten better. Twenty years old. A whole life ahead of me. Oh hell, the poems I could've written. My God, the things I could have created!"

A loudblast of thunder shook Kip from his thoughts as his eyes jumped open and stared through the glass-door at the wintry scene. Thinking of his past always hurt him. Now, he forced back tears of grief and self-pity and, at the same time, struggled to keep from throwing up. His guts felt like lead.

Suddenly, Kip shouted, "I'm sick of this life! By God, I'm gonna do something about it, now before it's too late forever!" Kip's outburst surprised even himself as he sat silent for several seconds, listening closely to see if his proclamation had awakened Kay.

The house remained still, and only the sound of the pounding rain outside could be heard. Kip leaned forward in the chair, his pulse quickening, and his mind racing with

ideas. "Why couldn't I do it? Right now? Sure, why not? Just walk out. Vanish without a trace. I've got enough money on me to catch a bus to almost anywhere. Hell, I'm not that old. It was Frost, wasn't it, who was almost forty before his first book was published? I can do it!"

The excitement of his thoughts made Kip a vortex of activity. He shot from the reclining chair and hurried to the bedroom where Kay had been asleep for hours. He tiptoed to the closet and silently pulled a pair of slacks, a sports shirt, a pair of shoes, and an overcoat out and returned to the den. He dressed rapidly as he continued to think. "All I've gotta do is get to another city, as far away from here as possible. Change my name. I'll live without anything other than the essentials. Suffering is stimulating to the creative artist anyway. I can settle down to serious poetry. My God, I should have done this twenty years ago!"

He was finally ready. When he opened the glass-door leading to the backyard, he thought of Kay for the first time since his new idea came to his head. "She'll be all right. Hell, she'll have the house, both cars, and my savings. She might even get a good lawyer and get some insurance money out of it. The damn house is almost paid for. And besides, I've earned my freedom for poetry. Why did I marry her in the first place? I'll never understand that!"

Kip stepped out into the rainy backyard and headed toward the driveway. By the time he reached the street in front of his house, the rain had soaked him and the cold was biting through his drenched clothing. The water-logged overcoat weighed a ton.

A block down the street, Kip's pace was slowed considerably. The wind had changed directions and caused the rain to slap against his face bringing him almost to a dead stop. The cold was becoming unbearable. His clothing was

clinging to his body, making movement difficult. Each step was a monumental effort. His throat was already raw.

Kip couldn't go on. The excitement of pursuing the poetic life he longed for faded and he turned and tried to hurry back to his house. The wind, now at his back, allowed him to move faster. He rushed up the driveway, splashed through the backyard and through the sliding glass-door into his den. He stripped the soaked clothes off, carried them to the bathroom, and draped them over the shower curtain rod. He grabbed a fluffy turkish towel and wrapped himself in it. He switched off the lights in the den, checked the sliding door, making sure it was locked, then tiptoed to the bedroom.

He climbed into bed and huddled against the warmth of his sleeping wife. She squirmed slightly as he touched her and then was still. Kip buried his head between her breasts and choked back tears as he squeezed tighter against her. He thought again of his poems locked in the trunk while the rain pounded against the house and the wind whistled eerily.

Kip realized now, as he had done many times recently, there could be no regaining of the past and what could have been. His last chance had been when he was twenty and it would never come again. The poetic life of his dreams was like the weather--damp, cold, and dangerous.

He knew now why he had married Kay and worked at a steady job for years. His upper-middle-class respectability offered too much comfort and security to jeopardize. He needed security, the demon of the artist.

Kip couldn't sleep. He just kept asking himself, "Could I have made it? I would've been a great poet, wouldn't I? I know I could have! I wonder...?"

TITILLATING PRACTICES EXPOSED

(This article is recommended for mature readers.)

By Beth Clark

Aha! You did pick up this article and begin reading it. Why? Did the title catch your eye, or was it the warning that this article is meant for mature readers? Every day as you pass a bookstand or the magazine shelf, your eye is assaulted with provocative titles on the covers. Time after time, you the reader have been misled by such insinuations as "Lady-Bird Confesses To a Stolen Night of Bliss in The Arms of Her Lover." You, of course, realize that this is only trash, but curiosity compels you to read on to find out if Lady-Bird is having an affair with a secret-service man. Avidly, you flip to the page of the story and begin to read, only to discover that Lady-Bird was able to join LBJ unexpectedly on an out-of-town trip. You, poor reader, are being cheated! Yes, cheated!! Imagine, if you will, what those unscrupulous money-making fiends who design the covers and prepare choice summaries would do to the beloved fairy tales from your childhood.

The summary on the back of the ninety-eight cent epic about Cinderella might begin, like the following. "Held captive in her own home, beautiful and voluptuous Cindy yearns for true love and rest from the frequent beatings by her step-mother. Her innate goodness is over-shadowed by the evil of her loose-moraled step-sisters and her over-powering step-mother. Your heart will race with hers as she escapes to hunt for love and meets the dashing figure of her dreams, only to be torn out of his arms as soon as she finds him. What evil power did her wicked step-mother hold over her? What mystical force drew her away from the only man she had ever loved? You'll find the answer to these questions in this thrill-packed story of romance and supernatural forces."

Next to Cinderella, on the list of Fairy-land Revisited, is a lurid masterpiece entitled Little Red. "Sent on a secret mission, Little Red finds the path strewn with intrigue and espionage. Alone and unprotected, she forges her way steadily through a dangerous forest. Follow her as she meets the suave and dashing Mr. Wolf, who is very friendly, and then who, without explanation suddenly disappears. Experience the journey's end when Little Red discovers that secret agent G. M. (Code name Grandmother) has changed. During an exciting masquerade, Little Red uses her wits to save her life. Don't miss the exciting outcome of this adventure."

Goldilocks. "'I'll take this one,' her husky voice said, '... it's just right!' But Goldy was wrong for nothing was right. She knew it was not 'right' of her to run away from home, but she could not suppress her adventuresome spirit. Anyway her golden hair and tawny skin and long lovely legs could take her anywhere she chose to go. Tired, exhausted, and broke, Goldy entered what she thought was a deserted house. She soon fell asleep. As she tossed and turned in her sleep, her dress began to creep up exposing her well made thighs. She was unaware of the three dark figures which loomed over her. Suddenly she awoke, saw them and shrieked, 'Aieeeeeeeeeee!! Get away from me, you filthy beasts...!' Too late, Goldy learned the consequences of being a half-bad-half-good girl."

So much for the summaries. They are designed to arouse the curiosity of you, the reader. Designed to capture your immediate attention, however, is the picture on the front cover. For instance, the cover of Cinderella might show a half-naked girl beating on a door, and a sinister woman on the other side of the door chuckling as she toys with the key. Little Red Riding Hood would be clad only in her little red riding hood and a very décolleté, skin-tight red dress. Goldilocks would be curled asleep on the bed like a kitten--a sex kitten.

Now that you've been warned, you can avoid the pitfalls of titillating paperbacks and magazines. However, even in children's books, I must advise you to choose what you read carefully. Even Mother Goose is under suspicion these days of Un-American activities, and remember, Riding Hood was red!

* * * * *

Carol Benson Davis

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Children, like shrunken midget men, slip along asphalt paths
in their own natural habitat of hunger.
Sunken animal-human eyes, turned askance, always searching
for food.

Their boney fingers tear futilely at the squalid air;
Brittle bones push against the taut opaque skin,
trying to break through and pull some nourishment into their
marrow.

Tiny bellies, swollen from hunger, cry, day and night.
Minature old-man hands scramble through garbage heaps,
fighting flies, rats, maggots and each other
for some edible piece to help ease the Vesuvian pain.
Infant packs roam the jungles of indifference
snatching rotten truck from rotten stores.
Running, hiding, engulfing the prize with tiny mouths
cracked and festered with sores
but always leaving room in their bellies
for the dessert
which never comes.

No human pity for animal children.
Their parents in ignorance touch and mate
and bring more starvation
into
the
world.

ONLY YESTERDAY

By

Carol Benson Davis

There was a time when I was younger and I cared more for chocolate sundaes and bright red Aggie marbles than I did Newsweek, the S. P. C. A., or even Walter Cronkite. My world consisted of fuzzy pink houseshoes, my next birthday, Christmas, and peanut butter which stuck to my braces. I hated beets; Captain Kangaroo was my idol and I asked endless questions which had no answers. I was sheltered by my mother from the "cold, cruel world" outside which I didn't know existed. I was always told, "You'll understand about things when you're older."

Of course, the day came when chocolate sundaes began to break my face out. By that time I had lost all but one of my once-coveted Aggie marbles. My fuzzy pink houseshoes had long before been chewed up by the dog, and there was no Santa Claus. Paul Newman and Rock Hudson replaced Captain Kangaroo as my sex symbol. Miraculously the braces were finally removed so peanut butter lost all true meaning. I was much too tall for my age, clumsy, and very self-conscious.

I rebelled against my mother because she was always telling me to wait until I was older. I was shocked at the events taking place in the world outside my own that I had never been informed of. In time I learned the word hate, what bigotry meant and I heard of a place called Viet Nam. This was the time in my life when I learned the full meaning of yet another word--fear. I was afraid of what was going to become of this world I had recently discovered and had begun to like.

Not so many years have passed since those days. I am still very much afraid for the world but for a different reason. In those years between then and now I have become responsible for two lives, those of my sons. I have wondered if I shouldn't prepare my sons for reality at an early age instead of telling them to wait until they were older. Should I not tell my children about hate and fear while they are young?

Only yesterday my older son ran into the kitchen. In his hand he held a bright red Aggie marble that I had forgotten about. When he asked what it was, I told him it was a piece of glass that could turn days into dreams of sunshine, puppy dogs, and other laughing little boys. His eyes sparkled and his face took on that look of dreams which belongs to the very young. Suddenly a frown chased the smile away and he asked why some of the kids down the street hated the little boy next door and called him a "nigger". The answer I gave my son was simple. That it was "because of ignorance and he would understand many things better when he was older."

Why, after my plans to tell my sons at an early age of the ugliness in life, had I not been able to complete them? Well, what is really wrong with a world of red Aggie marbles, peanut butter and Captain Kangaroo? That world lasts so short a time before it crumbles. Hate and fear are easily learned. I want my sons to remember love and warmth, and just maybe they will save an Aggie marble for their son's dreams.

Poems by Leroy Drago

ELECTION '68

Shells bursting cells
are natural in the world's

strange cage.

Steel flies and flesh dies;

we, in our cool

blue nests,

sing peace.

Somewhere

withered men gather

the fruit of our strange liberation

and

a

napalm

blessing.

Homeward,

electronic spectral images of multiplemagic

prophets chatter their charisma;

we in our high green towers

give illusion our gracious

nod.

(Always,

wait until next year,

we whisper

behind

our

tortoise

eyes.)

An Interview with the

PROPHET OF SHELBY COUNTY

By

Gemette McGuire

"Baby, if you exist, and if you will give me back my life, I will buy the whole thing," I prayed. "Then a light suffused my body and a voice told me to leave the hospital."

This was the experience of Jack Redeagle after seven months of being a bed-patient with malignant cancer.

"After receiving this strength from God, I knew that I had to find the way, and the way for me was through yoga. By using the yoga method of deep breathing, I cured myself of cancer."

Jack Redeagle was born on the Osage Indian reservation in Miami, Oklahoma. He received a B. A. in architectural design from the University of Oklahoma, with a minor in psychology. After many years in Miami, Florida, where he won recognition as a jazz drummer with Stan Kenton, he has now returned to the primitive ways of his ancestors. He lives in a one-room cabin, sleeps on a screened-in porch, goes swimming every day, takes long walks, and spends hours in meditation.

After becoming interested in Yoga, Jack became a student of the teachings of Paramahansa Yogananda (1897-1952), who founded the Self-Realization Foundation in Los Angeles in 1920. In the near future, Jack is to be initiated into Kriya Yoga, the highest form.

The object of yoga is to obtain Samadhi, or to be born again. This involves conscious spiritual separation from the

body, and is achieved by consciously stopping all body functions.

Jack claims to be a prophet who was sent to East Texas to enlighten all who will listen. "I never accept money for my teaching. True knowledge of God cannot be sold. Maharishi, the guru of the Beatles and Mia Farrow is selling his knowledge. We cannot judge a man, but the Master (Christ) said to judge his deeds. So when a cat tells me he can teach me the way to God in three lessons for thirty-nine dollars, run, Baby, run. I consider him a guru drop-out who became a smart businessman."

Jack is now writing a book called Something on a Stick, in which, as a re-incarnated Indian, he tells the present generation what they have done to his world while he was gone.

"I hope to realize enough from my book to establish a 900-acre Ashram (spiritual retreat) where all who are seeking enlightenment can come for meditation."

* * * * *

Ronnie Kaye

THE FALCON

Lone Falcon, who glides free on the breeze;
Whose fleeting figure disturbs yet thrills me,
Your eyes burn fire, yet you see no hate.
How free you are, bounded only by the thoughts of God.
On wings soft and graceful, you soar to your kill.
Cruel, yet majestic; the eternally bonded traits.
Where lies your beauty, murderous creature?
Is the mind of man so obsessed with death?
And while you soar so highly,
Where fly the angels, and where sits your God?



TALE OF A HORSEMAN

I remember how he came
down from the hills each spring
to work the broncs
that we had slaved
for months to catch.
He stayed with us five months a year.
And then would leave
to spend the trapping season
in the hills.
His hands,
gnarled from years of sawing reins
against unyielding bits
in hard-steel mouths,
could calm a twitching flank,
or shoe a jumpy horse,
or pull a colt.
He came to us five springs
to work the winter's catch
of snorting bits of hell,
until he busted them,
in jolting rides
across the bucking-pens,
and gentled them for working
cows and catching other broncs.
Then,
one spring,
he didn't come,
and when we looked
for him we found
his gun,
his cache of furs,
and his horse
gaunted from winter's work.

By Gemette McGuire

A. B. Pe

Ed White

IN SICKNESS AND DISEASE

It sure is a funny parade. Clowns cry.
The monkeys have died, the crowd is kicking a dog that is
dying anyway.
The parade passes and I scuff through the litter;
The owner of the dead dog points to me and yells, "Get him.
He's the one." As I run, the towering buildings bend over me
And try to tell me to face my pursuers. I run to the country
And a girl with flowers in her hair says, "Love me."
But an eagle stands nearby to protect her.
Suddenly I find I like the running and dodging,
But soon they have to catch me.
And I must take what is coming to me.
I'm running short of breath and they are getting closer.
Finally, cornered in a blind canyon,
I turn to face them.
They are all there,
The dog's man,
The girl,
The crying clowns,
The rest of the parade.
They all say, "Why did you run?
We just wanted to give you your inheritance."
One by one, they step forward
To give me their dead dogs, their eagles, their dead monkeys,
Their sickness and disease, and all they still held on to.
They gave me these things and said,
"Now you must make a parade of your own."
It sure is going to be a funny parade.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN TECHNOLOGY

By

Kay White

Five times daily the Arab people of Southwest Asia kneel, and facing in the direction of Mecca, praise Allah. Regardless of where they are and what they are doing, they repeat a ritual prayer called the salat. On the narrow desert roads leading from city to city desert riders may be seen kneeling and bowing with a sort of other-worldly reverence. The camels, loaded with dates, other warm-weather fruits and honey, kneel along with their sunburned masters. The parched lips of the tradesmen repeat the prayer in 115 degree temperature with the sun casting a blinding glare off the salty, shifting sand.

As the eyes turn to the east, they receive mountains, whereas the west boasts plateaus and rocky plains. Whether near heavenly mountains or hellish deserts it is always hot in Saudi Arabia. The only good road runs between the towns of Jidda and Mecca. This road is a sort of guide-line to the spiritual oasis. The irony of the paved highway amidst sun-parched deserts is complete only when one reaches Mecca and finds a modern city equipped with streets on which cars drive and a seven story white sandstone hospital. Upon entering the great city, men rub their weary eyes to convince themselves that this skyscraper (a near replica of First National Bank Building in New York City) is not a mirage. Crossing the desert by camel may cause delusions of this nature for some who are not accustomed to the climate.

It was Saturday and the town was filled with people attempting to sell their wares on the street. As in most other

bian doctors were certainly an efficient lot. Other doctors brushed past me--all, I fancied, knowing that one minute of lost time might mean the difference between life and death for some struggling bit of humanity.

Soon the efficient medicinal atmosphere of the hospital was disturbed by the entrance of a young Arab boy of about sixteen and two Arab policemen. The young boy seemed to be in custody and was fitfully and uselessly struggling to attain his freedom. His clothes were threadbare and he wore no shoes. He was one of the many Arabs living in poverty. Suddenly the boy broke away and darted at me shouting, "Help me; please help me!"

I was stunned and could not understand what he thought I could do for him if he was in trouble with the police. The guards pursued him and he fell to his knees begging me to listen to him. I turned away, not wanting to get involved. The boy kept mumbling something about losing an arm which made absolutely no sense to me. The guards brought the twisting, writhing boy to his feet and carried him down the hall. I followed reluctantly, but was stopped short by a sign that said "restricted area." Surely the boy thought that I was another American dupe--those fantastic tales seem to always work on the big-hearted sentimentalists.

I stayed in the waiting room for several hours enthralled by the activities. Just as I got up to return to my hotel, I could see Dr. Sardi moving down the hall wheeling a long stretcher. He had come out of surgery and looked a little pale. There must be an awful lot of pressure on a surgeon. He must be steady or he takes the chance of maiming his patient.

As the doctor came nearer, I saw the young boy dressed in a sterile white hospital gown lying under a sheet. I approached the doctor and asked if the boy was all right. The doctor responded, "As well as he deserves to be." I was in-

deed surprised at his answer. The boy opened his eyelids for a moment and then fell limp again. I asked what he had done and the doctor again answered with a sneer, "He's a little thief!"

Seconds passed. The blood ran hot to my face and my mind began to spin with understanding. I stiffly reached for the sheet and uncovered the boy's arm. His right arm was without its hand. Sickness filled my body and I rushed to the door for air.

* * * *

Sherri Winden

NIGHT CRY

Lying awake, I studied the prism shadows
cast by the lamp, the moon, the trees.

A dog howled, solely alone against the crickets,
the cars and the trains.

I felt suddenly the yearning to howl alone in
the night.

I cried in my inability to echo the hollow keening
against my suspended loneliness in the
patterned darkness.

I listened to my mindless, soundless wail;

The dog stopped as if hearing the empty sound
we had made.

And I sighed for the dark cry I could not utter.

Leo Rudd

IT'S A ONE-MAN PARADE

(Loneliness with companionship hurts most. . . .)

When the wind blows
the trash-can lids
down the alley
with the heat pipes
coughing, and a
bare light-bulb shines
through the crack from
the kitchen where a
coffee pot is boiling;
when there is no
love to give her,
and cigarettes
thaw the darkness,
and cool jazz plays
the message of
a thousand and
one just like her,
and she whispers
that she wants you,
and you tell her
you're unable

to give your love
away now to any
passion pleading,
and she cries upon
her knees; then you
hate yourself and
wonder why you're
all alone now
when you melt into
the night-time while
shuffling angry streets
when you seem to hear one
hand clapping so
loudly in the
distance, then you
fly back to her
door-step and ask
if she wants a
scared river to take
her to the sea.

Marilyn Pruitt

Marilyn Pruitt

IT HAS A FAMILIAR RING. . .

Saturn with its universally famous rings is constantly challenged by earth, whose ring collection grows more extensive with each rotation. From key rings to spy rings to boxing rings to onion rings to Tareyton rings to bathtub rings, the common citizen daily finds himself surrounded by a giant circle of rings. Viewed symbolically, this "circular omnipresence" is quite favorable, in that some beginning almost invariably results from an ending. The microcosm of college life provides several illustrations of this assertion, as most students are involved with numerous common ring-bearing objects. Most significant of these are bell-rings, smoke-rings, senior rings, engagement rings, and wedding rings, listed in an ascending order of student value.

Throughout a given day, the collegiate citizen is alerted by a series of indispensable bell-rings. The pseudo-rooster ring of an alarm clock initiates a new day as it bitterly terminates a dream for the owner of the ear nearby. From there the schoolbell rings take responsibility for compartmentalizing the time. The dawn bell which rings at nine o'clock simultaneously liberates some students and shackles others. Those joyous, free souls are no sooner home than alerted by the pulsating rings of a telephone, promising a conversation that will begin as the rings end!

The epidemic diversion among college sophisticates is cigarette smoking, which provides excellent resource material for smoke-rings. These rings, like many spoken words, begin in the mouth and end in a puff of smoke--shapely, but tragically shortlived. They require some degree of

inhaling prowess and tongue manipulation, but the result is evidently rewarding to those who began the smoking habit with no thought of how it might end.

A more concrete ring-symbol in the life of a student especially to the male type, is the senior ring. This bulky right-ringfinger piece exhibits the wearer's superior intellect, status, and class, which give him unquestionable seniority over the humble lower classes. The final year of college certainly merits this importance, if only because it marks the end of a familiar pattern of discipline and the beginning of a new one. The senior rings that are worn long after initiation into professional life indicate that college graduation is rarely a dead end.

On the other hand, the engagement ring is the most highly significant ring-symbol to the females of the college set. This prize betokens the end of a long quest for a mate and the beginning of wedding preparations, which notoriously have everyone involved running in circles. The man who is responsible for all the dizziness realizes, or should realize that for him the ring symbolizes the end of his Don Juan era and the beginning of an obligatory loyalty.

Customarily, the wedding ring reinforces the "promissory" ring, as it ends an engagement and starts a closer relationship, hopefully a longer-lasting one. Most newly-married couples are soon enclosed in a common social circle, in which they ring out the old years and ring in the new until they begin to expand the family. Then the social circle necessarily is deserted in order that a close family circle can form. And so it seems that a wedding ring is like a pebble hitting a pool of water, creating a rapid succession of circles.

And so it is that life itself is a multi-ring circus, turning from teethingrings to rings-around-the-rosy to schoolbell rings to telephone rings to senior rings to engagement

rings to wedding rings and back to teething rings. Such a life is symbolically optimistic--at least as long as every ring ends with a beginning.

* * * * *

Arthie Walling Pope

CAPROCK SUNSET

From: The Texas Poems

Omnipotent Sun! Light god of idolators,
How is it at the end of day,
Your gilded splendor kisses all who live
Within the radius of your sweeping ray?

Majestic Indian-paint-brush-strokes
Highlighting peaks with reddened amber gold
Bewitch the violet depths of canyon streams
With beauty that can daily be retold.

A SERMON ON SIN

By

Rev. Simon David Hayes

Sin is a three letter word which means "transgression against God's law." It is such a small word to have such a mighty meaning. When one thinks about sin, he thinks about something large and dirty. Sin is smooty, but can also be very insignificant. The sin of omission is as great as that of commission. Let us now read Job 22:1-9:

Then Eli-phaz the Temanite answered and said, Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous? Or is it gain to him, that thou makest thy ways perfect? Will he reprove thee for fear of thee? Will he enter with thee into judgment? Is not thy wickedness great? and thine iniquities infinite? For thou hast taken a pledge from thy brother for nought, and stripped the naked of their clothing. Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry. But as for the mighty man, he had the earth; and the honourable man dwelt in it. Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken; . . .

A discussion of "sin" could be divided into three categories: (1) the origin of sin, (2) the presence of sin, and (3) the penalty of sin. Let us consider these three lines of thought for this discussion.

Where did sin originate? There are as many answers to this question as there are theories of evolution. Did sin o-

his followers will be cast into the depths of Hell. God does not allow sin nor does he accept it.

In reading about the presence of sin, the Garden account is given in Genesis 6:6-7. An earlier used verse, Romans 5:12, shows the very nearness of sin. Romans 3:23 tells us that, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." King David said in Psalms 5:4-6 that God has no pleasure in wickedness. The foolish shall not stand in His sight. They shall suffer destruction. God can not look on sin.

Now let us discuss the penalty of sin. Paul records in Romans 6:23 that the wages of sin is death. Adam was cast out of the sight of God and out of the Garden prepared for him. Adam's penalty as recorded in Genesis 3 is that woman will suffer through childbirth. Adam was to till the soil and earn a living by the sweat of his brow. What a terribly harsh punishment. No longer could he pick fruit and enjoy the beauties of the Garden and relax in complete rest.

Isaiah 7:16-18 records the penalty of Ahaz. The prophet tells of a hope to come and then the penalty of sin. The Assyrians would come and take over the nation. Cities would be destroyed. Land would be laid to waste. Such a penalty for a whole people!

Great is the penalty of sin. There is only one way of escape. That is to return to God from our evil ways. If we can not approach Him, we need to try Jesus. He gives us free and immediate access to God. "Choose you this day whom ye shall serve."

The penalty of death seems great. This flesh of our bodies contains sin. It must be put off before we can hope to see God. Death is two-fold. In one respect it means to die physically; for body functions to cease. It would also mean a spiritual death, to be finally separated from God. Capital punishment for a capital prisoner.

What is the condition of your soul right now? Today? Tomorrow?

riginate with mankind, or was it present before hand? In answering these questions, we should name the actual author of sin. Sin did not start with God. It did not start with Adam or Eve. As Ezekiel says in Chapter 28, sin started or originated with Satan. Man knew no impurity before he was tempted by the serpent in the garden. Actually sin started in Heaven when Satan started a rebellion to usurp God's authority. Satan was supposedly kicked out of Heaven because of this rebellion. It is believed that this time relates to the gap of time between Genesis 1:1 and 1:2, This preparation leads us to say, beyond doubt, that Satan was the author of sin and approached the woman in the Garden in the form of a serpent.

Satan deceived the woman by using a little truth and large falsehoods. His method was simple. He enticed her and then used a lie to make her think it would be all right. Having seen Satan as the author of sin, we need to realize that woman and man decided to transgress on their own. God did not allow them to sin, but we can easily see by the punishment he pronounced on them. God never allowed men to sin, but when they do they must be punished. God does not turn his back on us and let us sin. Rather we choose sin and turn our back on God. Sin's origin has accomplished a result as seen in Romans 5:12, "Wherefore as by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin; . . ."

With the origin of sin, there is the active presence of sin. James 4:17 defines sin as knowing to do good and doing it not. Isaiah compares the body to sin by saying, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment," Isaiah 1:6. From this scripture, we read that our bodies are a constant cause of sin. Sin is always present. John records in his gospel that men are lovers of darkness because of their fear of reproof of their evil deeds. They love darkness because their deeds were evil. Sin will be here as long as there is a world. At the end of the thousand year reign of Christ, Satan and all

Poems by Gemette McGuire

EAGLE

I saw him again yesterday--

The Eagle.

Golden brown,

He wing-tipped heaven

And soared against the sun.

He talked to me again--

Me and the meditation mountain

Where I sat--

And told me how a mountain

Makes a man see cleared--

No false pretenses can invade
the mountain's solitude.

I became the Eagle,

And for a moment,

I was free to soar

Above the trees

Before I stumbled home.

SEE US CAGED

Today,

We shake life's cage,

While small girls

In large groups,

Giggle at the imitation-man

With a tail,

Stretching his hairy arm

Between the bars

to beg

Alms

of peanuts and popcorn;

Then, scurrying off

Into a dark corner

With his prize

He swings,

Humming to himself.

TYPICAL PERPLEXITIES OF AN O. W.

By
Barbara Bostic

American institutions of higher learning are being invaded by a comparatively young, but growing, sect. Along with mini-skirts, the jet-set, flower power, in-groups and college sororities and fraternities; this new sect, the O.W. 's, are forming their own collegiate society.

O. W. 's have always found themselves good material for name-calling in instances where a member of this sex is known as "the other woman". However, even this college sect of O.W. 's have peculiar labels ranging from "good students" to "retreads". Probably evident at this point is that this article is about the older woman returning to school.

What factors have encouraged this great come-back of the pots-and-pans, diaper-changing, automatic appliances brigade? What elements promoted the revolutionary spirit of these MRS. -degree holders to seek a broader field in the form of a B.S., B.A., M.S., or M.A. degree?

American culture has dictated the pace of her erroneously tabbed "weaker" sex. No other culture or time has demanded so much of the woman as does the twentieth century American role.

Economic and living standards have created a situation where one salary will hardly suffice. Social areas in modern communities place a great demand on women... (even sub-committees have sub-committees). Regretfully, the majority of church leaders are found in the female category. Women have also fallen heir to budget balancing and the almost total responsibility of child-rearing.

To better equip themselves to meet their family,

community, state and country demands, the O.W.'s have traded wading pools for car pools and have added a few thousand more responsibilities to their already over-crowded schedule.

A typical day of problem solving for any O.W. would put an organizational expert to shame. These conscientious ranks are unable to cope with inferior grades and by the same reasoning, feel built for an average seven hours a day absence from their home. So, they make special efforts to provide extra attention to domestic duties and family members.

Usually with a goodbye kiss, a pat on the head and a prayer in her heart that her services will not be direly needed while she is away, the wife and mother, turned student, prepares for an average three-hour drive and four straight hours of classes before she returns home to continue her domestic duties and complete assignments from professors who would never dream his course is only one of six for which to prepare.

The development of gracious reactions toward varied attitudes of professors, classmates not exactly her peers, friends, husband and children is just one more insignificant item on the O.W.'s agenda.

Rewards are great for this comparatively new sect. Re-birth of knowledge is an experience in itself. Finding out first-hand what "our young people are coming to" creates a warm feeling in a mother's soul... realizing what she knew all along to be more fiction than fact about which the degrading dollar-minded authors write. Then, of course, there is the helping nature along with the status symbol of distinguished looking naturally "frosted" hair.

Typical perplexities could continue, but this O.W. has the alarm set for four A.M.; it is already well after midnight; Professor _____ is giving a test tomorrow, a few

Margaret Birdsong

VERT

The trunk is shriveled, crumbling, worn.

Verdant Death passionately embraces, hangs, waits... and
waits,

While virgin children of Spring, in shades of spectral
verdure,

Dance and skip ahead of a molesting breeze.

Rancid, shadowy olive hues steal through closed doors,

Climb slowly up the neck and cheeks of one so fair,

Who once would kidnap verdant progenies of Spring

And wind them through her hair.

Birth is Spring, youth: green.

Old age in its wizened being, greener still.

Cold Death, winter

In which damp parasitic greens claim triumphant victory.

ALL I CANNOT SEE

The deep, dull roar of surf slowly climbs the sands until
the rising pitch breaks off, and hides behind a
thousand would-be mountains.

Short cries are carried on the wind that throws warm
spittle in my face, runs salty fingers up my nose.

A soft, warm pile against my back conceals the noises of
the sea;

I hear the clicking scuttle of a sand fiddler.

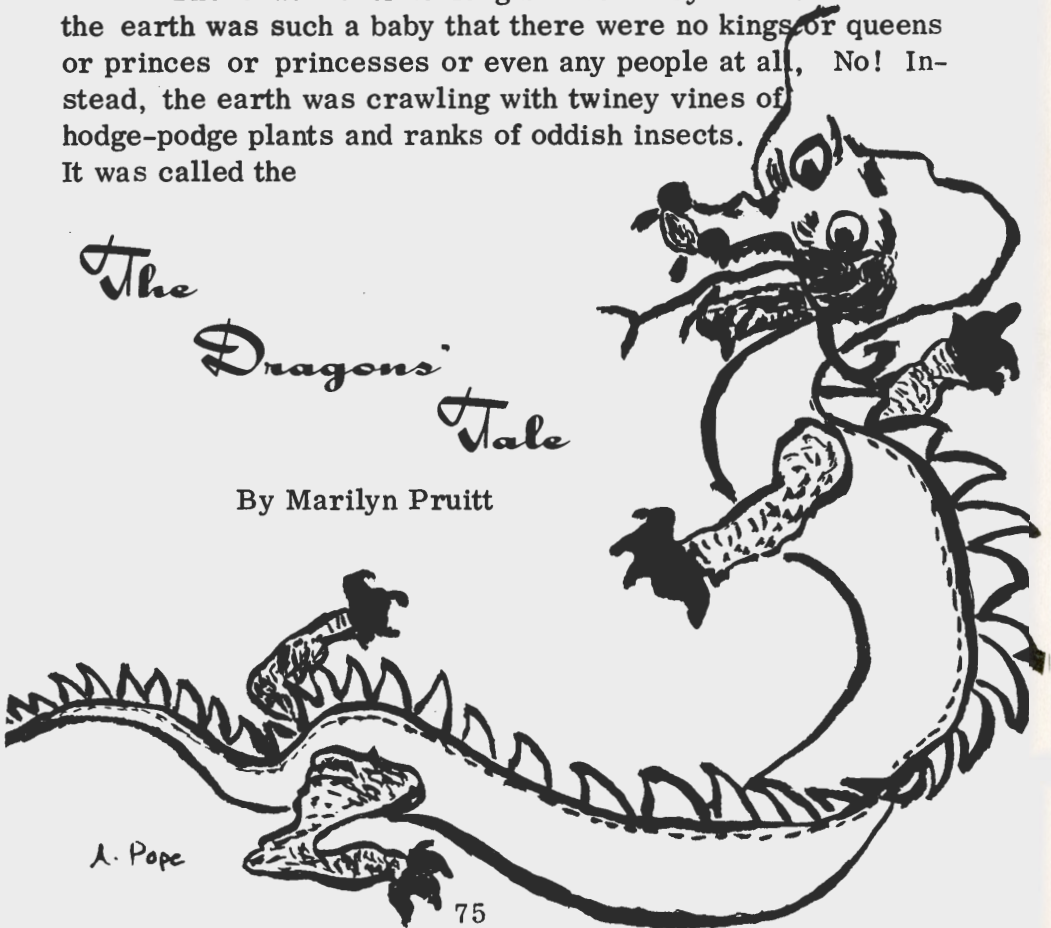
A muffled murmur becomes a growing bark; my friend grows
tired of play, and comes once more to show me
all I cannot see.

Have you ever wondered about the ferocious fairy-tale dragons--about where they came from and where they've gone to and why they had blowtorch breaths and barbed-skin backs? These mystery-monsters blazed through every fairy-tale kingdom pursued by princely posses--every season seemed to be dragon-hunting season in those days. Few of the head-hunters thought to climb the dragon family tree; perhaps they supposed that it had burned down, but indeed it hadn't. In fact, the tree still stands in some gooshey-green swamp with only the alligator-filled branches showing, so a person would have to climb it downwards or not at all. One curious old swamp-tromper claims he did just that--went to the base of the submerged tree, where he discovered the tarnished truth about dragons. So if swamp-trompers are to be trusted, here is the real story behind dragons.

There was a time long before Fairy-Tale time when the earth was such a baby that there were no kings or queens or princes or princesses or even any people at all. No! Instead, the earth was crawling with twiney vines of hodge-podge plants and ranks of oddish insects. It was called the

The Dragons' Tale

By Marilyn Pruitt



A. Pope

Land of the Bittibugs

and kittipillars,

Flutterflies

and Katillillers,

Lichenwisp on Voodoovine,

and all the

Blossomed cactuspine. . .

The land matured little by little, and as years passed, larger plants and animals appeared. Naturally, since the animals could eat the plants and the insects, they eventually made the world an Animal Kingdom. Just as naturally, the kings were the largest and most powerful of all the animals, the dinosaurs. For years and years these smooth greenish creatures were content to share the King-title among their thousands of fellow-dinosaurs, eating the juiciest greenery and drinking from the unmuddiest lakes and keeping order among the smaller animals. As long as green pepper patches and cactus gardens were abundant, the dinosaurs were satisfied and unjealous. But there came a time when these delicacies grew scarce, and then the huge creatures began fighting among themselves greedily. The title of Head-King was the goal of every dinosaur, as they imagined the prestige and rich diet and power that would come with such a title. Jealousy spread like green fungi, and soon the larger dinosaurs were slaying the smaller ones by the hundreds. The slaughter continued until only one hundred dinosaurs remained on the earth, all equally huge and powerful. The surviving battlers for the throne played an endless game--a sort of hide-and-seek with everyone hiding and seeking at the same time! Since no one could eat without being afraid of an ambush, food was swal-

lowed in snitches in the hiding places. The hiding places, then, became fortresses where each dinosaur crouched and listened for another to wander by, but since everyone knew where every hiding place was located, no one ever wandered near them. Such a dull game! It might have gone on forever if one dinosaur had not been extra-crafty with his "Supreme-King-Scheme", which, unhappily for him, won him the throne. Here is how his scheme worked:

First, he quietly located ninety-nine huge caves, one near each dinosaur's hiding place. Next he piled mud-rock on the cliffs overhanging the cave entrances. Then, every night he would fill a cave with peppers and cactus, crouch behind the mud-rock pile and wait until dawn. As the sun splattered the trees and dried the dew, the tricky green fellow would begin making as many funny noises as dinosaurly possible, getting louder and louder until the hider nearby crept out to investigate. When each victim discovered his goody-filled cave, he would bluster in for a free breakfast--only to find himself blocked inside by a mysterious mud-rock avalanche seconds later. This scheme worked perfectly each time, so in ninety-nine days only one uncaved dinosaur was left to rule the world. With his smooth skin shining like a green light, the King Dinosaur crowned himself and began his reign. He soon found that his kingship did him no good at all, though, because his animal subjects had fled long ago, and the pepper-cactus supply was gone. (He had used every one of these dinosaur-yummies as bait!) And so it was that the King and his reign were lonely and short-lived, and when he died he left only his gigantic skeleton as a future fossil for some museum.

But what became of the caved-in dinosaurs? Well, the story goes that they hibernated through the ages, living on cactus and peppers. At sometime during the early Fairy-Tale period, the mud-rock blockades wore away, and one by one the warped dinosaurs escaped from their prisons. The freed creatures had tempers as fiery as their peppery breaths

and hides as prickley as cactus, and their thorny tails plowed the earth as they dragged along behind. The people who saw them thought they were thick-tailed sea monsters and so, called them "Drag-Goons". The name was shortened to "dragon", a word that frightened even the bravest citizens in every kingdom. The ninety-nine dragons were in time slain by daring knights and princes, who loved to sit beneath their mounted dragon heads and tell their heroic tales. The fairy-tale historians could only record what they heard, and so nothing was mentioned of the dragons' glorious past as dinosaurs. So it is that dragons live on only through fairy-tales--except, of course, for their ninety-nine branches on that swamp-fed tree.

* * * * *

Walter Reeves Feild

THE CHANCE THINKERS

Confused by superficial intellect,

 a young man searches

 every creviced canyon of his mind.

The search yields nothing

His brain is unproducing,

 like an aged womb.

"Search on?" he questions.

"Toward what?" I ask.

 "The non-existent bounds of infinity?"

Has he missed the point

 of his conception?

Then, as fantasies fade,

 the mind begins to breathe again,

 and produce once more

 those thoughts born of dedicated intention.

A worthy thought is seldom born by chance.

CAUSE OF YOUTHFUL REBELLION

By
Kay White

If the question were asked of youth, "Why are you rebelling?", most would not be capable of an honest appraisal of their attitudes and behavior. The objective answer should be that youths are rebelling against society's attempts to tranquilize them. It seems that society is playing a grade-school game with its young people by rewarding them with prizes of education, security, amusements, jobs, and a higher standard of living to be won for good, cooperative social behavior.

American youths are bored with a culture that has almost eliminated all adventure, risk and danger from their lives. Nervous parents shudder at the thought of Junior participating in contact sports in which he might be injured. Football and other related sports have been conventional outlets for "socially condoned violence" and are now being shut off for many children. Adventurous activities such as motorcycle and car races, sky-diving, and deep sea diving often send parents into tailspins. These same parents teach their sons to evade military service as long as it is possible without fracturing the law--and some of these parents help to bend or even break the statutes on conscription.

Youths pay a high price for living by being forced to conform to middle-aged values. They are asked to denounce adventure at a time in history when danger and challenge are almost as essential as food and shelter. Often parents are dismayed because their children are not satisfied with the comfortable life that has been so carefully constructed for them. They are incapable of understanding youthful rebellion and the need to "get away from it all."

Experts in the fields of philosophy, such as Donald Atwell Zoll of the University of Saskatchewan, say that every youth is driven by a primeval need to validate his self-esteem by demonstrating to himself and to others "his ability to endure, take stress, surmount risks and obstacles." Today it is growing more and more difficult for youths to find opportunities of this nature.

The end result of this adult protectiveness can only be complete frustration of the young. The natural instincts of violence and excitement are allowed to multiply without any assurance of release. Society has built a wall between youth and adventure, but youth are tearing this wall down, brick by brick, in the form of a massive rebellion. Professor Zoll states that the rebellion is a "pathetic attempt to rescue risk from the suffocation of social predetermination."

Each year young persons attempt to satisfy their need for danger, combat, or outright violence by gang wars, trips on LSD, riots, sex clubs and parties, dirty words, and even by surly non-violence. These rebellions are attacks upon sexual mores, social structures and the educational system.

Mr. Zoll suggests a solution to the problem by an all-out attempt to win them back. He says, "We must reopen our society to individual risk and excitement, allow youth to try itself. . . we must spurn the counsel of those who would attempt to deny to man his right to struggle, to achieve, not only in the private recesses of his consciousness, but to achieve in the public light of recognition, to have successfully borne himself in those forms of combat which are appropriate to this time, this society, and this code of honor."

Allyn Pearlman

THE BALLOONMAN AT THE ZOO

Have you ever seen the balloonman at the zoo?

He is a lucky man, indeed.

He has so many balloons.

He has multi-shaped and colored balloons.

I wish I were a balloonman.

I would be happy.

If I were a balloonman,

I would give my balloons to the world.

THE WAVES ROLLED IN

The waves rolled in and I heard her voice again.

O God, I did!

"Quiet! Mr. Thanatopsis," said the nurse.

The waves rolled in and I saw her again.

O God, I did!

"Quiet! Mr. Thanatopsis," said the nurse.

And the waves rolled in and she was dead.

O God!

O God!

"Quiet! Mr. Thanatopsis," said the nurse.

Poems by Wilbert Love, Jr.

"ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI?"¹

"Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani?"
Pierces centuries stained with blood,
Nailing my soul to cement walls
Cold and slimy with camouflaged filth.
Dripping unredemptive blood,
This stony soul cries its abandonment
To a heaven transfigured into minute
Astronomical and computerized statistics,
And finds no answer.

He cried and life drained from
His pores; gray shaded into black
But one small spot of light remained.
I cried too. But the sticky slime
Only wet shards of nightmares
Under rumpled covers fired
To a heat that gave no light,
And darkness pocketed my soul.

¹"My God, my God,
why hast thou forsaken me?"
--Matthew 27:46

SLEEP, WHERE ARE YOU?

Sleep—soothing balm that
Heals the sores of the brain--
Where are you? Creep upon
My whirling senses, and
Grant me peace from this
Fear that slices the sinews
Of my reason, and gases
The hell enveloping me.

Sleep—my enemy when
Light was mine
To take for granted; come,
Be my friend now
For light has fled this house,
Eclipsing it in Stygian night
That haunts it unceasingly.

They said life was still mine
When my cold dirty body was
Lifted from the red, grimy mud;
Mud and blood that mixed
To mask the truth
To hide from them
Medical fact; from me, the world.

But life was mine, they said again
While observing from without,
Unable to do so from within
The house of terror whose
Facade told of peace, not war.

But thought only blackens
The ever-present darkness,
Only quickens the laughing,
Mocking the shadows that I
Alone can see.

Sleep--where are you?
Please hasten to me
With your darkness that
Makes mine endurable
Until dissolution banishes
Time's terrible shadows forever.

* * * *

Gemette McGuire

MEDITATION

The flowers blew away that day
You said good-bye, and no birds sang;
I trail the path beside the stream
And think about the death of Socrates--
The hemlock that he had to drink--
The way he sat with his young men to teach
Until life slipped away and just his memory remained.
I wonder if Death could be that sweet?--
That we would really glide into a storied after-life
Where we can sit and talk and feel the passions
Of a love that we once had, but lost.

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