1-1966

The Lantern Vol. 32, No. 2, January 1966

Paul Sautter  
*Ursinus College*

Craig Bender  
*Ursinus College*

Sue Hartenstine  
*Ursinus College*

Mack Whitlock  
*Ursinus College*

Barbara Ann Bald  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern)

Part of the [Fiction Commons](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern), [Illustration Commons](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern), [Nonfiction Commons](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern), and the [Poetry Commons](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Sautter, Paul; Bender, Craig; Hartenstine, Sue; Whitlock, Mack; Bald, Barbara Ann; Bennett, Craig; Worthing, Barbara; Hofsommer, Bruce; Sullivan, Stephen L. Jr.; Wester, Howard; and Cliff, Nancy, "The Lantern Vol. 32, No. 2, January 1966" (1966). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 81.

[https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/81](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/81)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact sprock@ursinus.edu.
LANTERN

FALL 1965
Staff

Editor
Sally Campbell

Assistant Editor
Craig Bender

Treasurer
Gary Barrett

Faculty Advisors
Mr. Michael Foster
Mr. Melvyn Ehrlich

Contest Judges
Mrs. Jessie Miller
Dr. George Gilbert Storey
Mr. Howard Lloyd Jones
Mrs. Roger Staiger (Librarian)

Cover
Stephen L. Sullivan, Jr.
(First Prize—Art)
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>page</th>
<th>author</th>
<th>title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Paul Sautter</td>
<td>Mission 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>The Kiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Sue Hartenstine</td>
<td>The Dream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Mack Whitlock</td>
<td>Silence is Golden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>Self-Pity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>The Excuse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Barbara Ann Bald</td>
<td>Car Eighteen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Craig Bennett</td>
<td>Clothes Make the Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>The Place of a Just Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Barbara Worthing</td>
<td>Golden Gods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Bruce Hofsommer</td>
<td>The Journey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Stephen L. Sullivan, Jr.</td>
<td>Third Prize Picture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Bruce Hofsommer</td>
<td>Gone Now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Howard Wester</td>
<td>In Vain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>Deep Dying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Craig Bender</td>
<td>Marnie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Nancy Cliff</td>
<td>Rut</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Lantern, it seemed for awhile, was to pass into oblivion, to just fade out of the Ursinus scene—due to who knows what. The staff points the finger at the student body, yelling "Apathy!" in the most accusing manner. The would-be contributors shout back "Poor organization!" and the magazine goes on gasping for life. Whatever the causes, wherever the blame lies, finding them or placing it will never breath vitality into a dying cause. And so, those of us who really wanted to do something decided to resort to the Wonder Cure for all ills, the All Powerful Remedy—money! We ran this contest in order to save the Lantern from a sure and impending death. In the process we discovered and brought to light some of the most promising talent on campus (and enriched a few wallets in the bargain).

So here you have a fine issue of the Lantern reborn—what happens now is, of course, up to you. The contributors are the Lantern, and as long as they exist so will the magazine.

We sincerely hope you will support the Lantern—your efforts are needed. Help stamp out apathy!
The sphere glittered brightly against the blue of the sky as it made its reentry flight, flipped out its tripod landing gear, and settled gently onto the sand.

"Have made a landing on planet three of solar system sixty-one," said the voice at the controls. The voice belonged to Tunda Oela, fifth division commander of the Rocora Space Command. Tunda flicked a switch with one of his seven fingers, a door opened, and a ladder slid down and out onto the sand below.

"Make exploratory trip and search for signs of intelligent life," crackled a voice from the receiver.

Tunda unbuckled his harness and walked across to the door of the ship on his tiny, furry legs. He slid down the ladder to the ground. Tunda was frightened to see thousands of two-armed green creatures staring at him and his ship, ready to pounce on him and destroy him. Then he realized that the creatures did not move and could not because they had no legs and were rooted to the sand. Without fear he walked across the burning desert floor to one of the green aliens.

"Captain Tunda Oela, fifth division commander of the Rocora Space Command, exploratory mission 63. Take me to your leader," he repeated the stereotyped Rocora greeting to aliens. But the green creature said nothing.

"I am Captain Oela and I am happy to be on your planet," said Tunda politely. The two-armed alien stood there silently.

Oela was becoming angry.

"I have traveled 200 billion miles to come to your ridiculous conglomeration of sand and rock. Here, I present you with this gift from the Imperial Ruler himself."

The creature said nothing and the wind whistled through its outstretched arms.

"Why you big fungus, I force you to take this gift and speak," commanded Oela. When the alien silently refused, Oela swung his fist
at the barrel-like midsection of the creature. He spent the next hour and a half painfully picking long needles from his hand. He radioed command and reported that the green aliens were not the planet's intelligent life, although they certainly had a unique and effective way of defending themselves from irate captains.

He was trudging across the sands when he saw a long, cylindrical object coiled like rope in the shade of a rock. When the object moved, he walked over.

"Captain Tunda Oela, fifth division commander of the Rocora Space Command, exploratory mission 63. Take me to your leader," said Tunda.

The creature rattled its tail in acknowledgment.

"Wonderful," beamed Tunda. "Here, take the gift from Rocora to your leader," and he moved forward to give the small photo of Rocora to the animal. He knew his mistake when the fiery-eyed creature flung itself at him and chased him twenty feet along the dunes.

By this time Tunda was angry. The soles of his feet had been blistered by the searing heat of the sand, his legs hurt him, and he had not found any signs of intelligent life.

"Why didn't I take a desk job," he said and picked up the microphone. "I have found nothing on this miserable planet 3. Normal, intelligent people would have to be crazy to live in this desolation. I am coming home."

He flicked a switch and the door clamped shut, and the little sphere rose from the burning desert.

Tunda pushed the button that slid the heat shield across the viewing window and leaned back in his contoured chair. Had he looked upward at the screen of the televiewer above his head, he probably would have seen the black strip of asphalt that ran into the town nestled among the dunes and perhaps even the sign that read "You are now entering Las Vegas, population 26,000."
The Kiss

—Ira Bender

I was putting grammar tests into my briefcase when the child came in. She was one of the smaller sophomores. Not more than five feet. As if to exaggerate her small size, she diminutively pulled her shoulders forward. This, I imagine, served two purposes. One, to hide self-consciously her growing womanhood. Two, to emphasize her pettiness. She was, over all, a rather pretty, yet pathetic, picture. Her pretty kitten-like face was strained with lines of worry.

"Mr. Rizzo, I don’t know what to do."

"About what, Donna?"

"My grade. It’s not so good, is it?"

"No, it isn’t. What do you want to do?" I was about to sit down when the child suddenly charged upon me, catching me off balance, and dumping me awkwardly into my chair which screeched back into the blackboard.

"But I told you I don’t know what to do! I don’t know what to do! I don’t know! I don’t know!"

"Hold it, Donna. Okay. Now tell me what’s wrong. Slowly. Now we both know that the work isn’t too hard for you. So tell me what is getting in the way of your schoolwork."

"Oh, Mr. Rizzo. I know I’m mostly all lazy, and a silly little girl, and you probably don’t even like me, but I’m so awfully busy. I just can’t get my work done. My Daddy...uh...my father died last year. I guess you know that...."

"Yes, I know. But go on."

"Well, since that, Mom has had to work, and take care of all of us kids at the same time. So naturally she relies on me a lot. I have to do the ironing, get supper, and clean house every night after school. And my little brother and sister...they shout at me so hard that my ears hurt. And they won’t listen to anything I say. They just keep tearing out anything they want and leaving their junk all over the place. Oh, I hope you don’t think I’m just a crabby old complainer. Mr. Rizzo, you..."
just have to understand me."

"Well, you are going a little bit too fast for...."

"And my legs are going bad. I have arthritis. Oh, that’s right. I told you that before. Did I tell you I had to give up my modern dance lessons? The doctor said it’s too hard on my legs. I guess he’s right. Wouldn’t I look silly limping off the stage after an interpretive dance! But even now.... Well, do you know what the kids call me? Do you know? Chester!"

"But, Donna, you can’t take mere names so seriously. Actually I think it’s kind of cute.."

"But they don’t call me Chester because of my limp...."

"How do you know? How can you say that?"

"They call me Chester because of my chest." And she turned red. I still think I remained bland as she straightened out her shoulders to demonstrate what she meant. I noted that she was probably right. But what I couldn’t understand was why did she attempt to hide her symbol of abundant womanhood? And why had she felt compelled to show me? "Something is rotten in Denmark," I remember thinking, "But no. Don’t be crazy. She’s just a naive little girl with problems, trying to get someone to listen." I didn’t want to confront the possibility of anything but simplicity and good.

She went on. "Last week I was getting on the school bus, and my right knee just gave out on me, and I fell down. My books were all over the place. My girl friend Jean rushed down off the bus to help pick up the books. But I couldn’t get up myself. I became afraid I would never walk again. I think I started crying. I couldn’t help myself. Then the bus driver said, ‘O.K. kid, if you’re just going to sit there and cry, I’m leaving.’ I had to sit out there crying until Mr. March finally came out, and said that wasn’t good for me, and helped me back inside the school."

I was thinking about asking her what this had to do with her school work, but the kid did have a problem. I felt that I’d better listen to it. She could really use some help, someone who cared. What really aggravated me was that this girl—a pretty little girl—with, I was forced to notice when she mentioned the pain in her legs, pretty little legs—had arthritis so bad it make her knees buckle. It was like seeing a young child with an eyeless socket, or an ugly loose-skinned liver-spotted hand. It was a pathetic aura of old age that I saw attacking this girl. It really began bothering me. So much so I didn’t catch the next few things she said. I faintly recall her saying something about, "Life keeps flying at me like a bunch of rocks." But I didn’t hear enough to answer her when she started crying, "You weren’t listening, Mr. Rizzo. Don’t you care either? Won’t anybody listen to me?"

I tried telling her that I was thinking about her arthritis, and that
I was wondering if I couldn’t help in some way.

"You pity me, don’t you, Mr. Rizzo? Well, I don’t want pity. Nobody cares about me, they only pity me."

Then as the full wave of the lonely thought hit her, she started crying, uncontrollably. There she was, crying so hard that I didn’t know if she would stop. It was embarrassing to me because I’d never known what to do in these situations. Was it good to let her cry herself out? Or should I console her? Didn’t she want to be consoled? Wouldn’t that help her? Or would it make her expect favoritism from me? Was this a new form of brownnism? She kept on crying. It seemed like she was becoming hysterical. Then I felt that it didn’t matter if someone would call me softhearted or an easy fall or whatever. I just couldn’t bear to see the kid’s heart break so. I guess I actually had started consoling her when she started crying. I don’t even know what I said. But when I finally came to my decision to console the child, I heard myself already saying, “Oh Donna, Donna. Take hold of yourself. You can’t beat the game of life that way. Look here, Donna. Now, Donna, stop crying. Look here.” The kid shook her head and went on bawling; so I went on. "Look here, Donna. Listen, this is only the second report period. I can’t change anything now. Donna. Stop. Listen, Donna. The grades are already in the office. But you have a promise. Donna, for heaven’s sake stop! We’ll work together next marking period. I’ll give you special help. No, stop crying. Please don’t cry. It hurts me to see a pretty...uh...a nice little girl like you with your eyes all red with tears. Please stop. Donna...." I didn’t know what to say next. I already had my hands on her shoulders trying, I guess, to give her strength. I pressed her to me for a second like a big momma. Then I bent low to kiss her eyes, to sort of kiss the tears away. She stopped and then she smiled. It was as if a sudden peace had come. Almost like the eye of the hurricane I had been in once.

The child thanked me for my understanding, took me up on my offer to tutor her, and then left.

Her good-bye was a "Thank you, again, Mr. Rizzo," as her skirt disappeared from the door frame. I listened to the echo of her hurrying footsteps clatter hollowly down the terrazzo corridor of Roosevelt High. The endless repercussions of her echoing heels seemed to sound from the halls of time. I began to think proudly of the changes I could make in her life. I kept thinking, "And all it takes is a little caring."

* * * * *

I was in my backyard raking the last of the autumn leaves. The smell of the burning leaves wreaked its normal nostalgia upon me. I remember wishing I had an excuse to roll in the leaves just as I had when I was a child. I remember associating the smell of the leaves with cub
scout doggie roasts and with birch bark. Then I began reflecting on how one changes, on how relaxing it was to just putter around in the yard now. I was just sitting down to smoke my pipe and watch my offering of leaves spiral slowly into the heavens, so to speak, when the phone rang.

I rushed into the house, picked up the receiver. I swore lightly because my pipe had gone out; then I realized that it was "J. R. REYNOLDS here," principal of Roosevelt High.

"What's that, Rizzo?"

"Nothing sir. Just muttering about my pipe going out."

"Oh. O.K. Rizzo. If you say so..."

"Well, Dr. Reynolds, what did you have on your mind?"

"Come on, man. You don't know? What's this about you and the Bergman girl?"

"Donna?"

"What other Bergman girl is there?"

"I'm not sure what about her. She's failing sophomore English. She came in last night to plead her cause..."

"Yes, and you made advances toward her. Isn't that right? Mr. Anthony J. Rizzo, you'd better come down to the office immediately. There's a small matter we must attend to. We're going to remove some stripes."

HONORABLE MENTION—POETRY

THE DREAM

To sleep: to slip through patterned forms of light,  
To sift the drifting shadows as they pass;  
To reach to hold the shapes a moment more,  
Wanting to trace their outline; yet to dread...

The rayless light, the pulsing shadow shift  
And deepen where the bounds of knowing close;  
Images roil, unsounding dissonance—  
Fear wakens shrieking, while the darkness waits...

—Sue Hartenstine
Silence Is Golden

—Mack Whitlock

SCENE: A physics laboratory in a small college. There are laboratory tables set up with electrical equipment about the room. At the front of the room is a blackboard and a demonstration table in front of several rows of desks for students. The clock on the wall reads 2 p.m. Students trickle in 2 or 3 at a time with worried, bored, or disgusted looks on their faces. They take seats at the desks farthest away from the blackboard. The bell rings and the professor, a tall, thin man with a dark complexion, in his early fifties enters. He is wearing a dark grey suit, a green, red, and orange plaid tie and has chalk dust all over his hands. He begins the lecture.

PROFESSOR: Today's experiment concerns the phenomenon of the resistance or friction presented to electrical flow or current in a wire by the wire itself as first demonstrated by Ohm who explained the concept of friction in a wire as extremely important in understanding the concept of resistance since it can be demonstrated that a wire in which an electrical charge is flowing will give off heat in much the same way that any frictional force gives rise to heat in the material or medium in which it presents its own resistance, so to speak; therefore Ohm presented this hypothesis in the formula V=Ri where V is the electromotive force in volts, R is the resistance in ohms, and i is the current in amperes which I will now derive as follows: . . .

(The professor continues speaking in this manner throughout the lecture profusely illustrating his points with rough diagrams and formulas on the board, pausing only occasionally to blow excess chalk dust from the tip of his piece of chalk. The students proceed to find something more rewarding to do with their time. One student takes out a copy of "Time" Magazine and begins reading. Another takes out a transistor radio and listens to a rock-and-roll station. Several students sit together and be-
gin playing cards. One student eats a banana. Another takes a guitar from its case and practices runs and trills, swearing vehemently whenever he makes a mistake.)

PROFESSOR: Calorimetric analysis conclusively proves therefore that a direct current passing through a coiled wire placed in the inner cup of a calorimeter with a known mass of water and a heat equivalent of .985 calories liberates sufficient heat to raise the temperature of the water and is directly proportional to the amount of time the current flows through the wire provided of course the circuit is not broken and can be illustrated by use of Joule's Law which relates the difference between the potential energy that the current had at A in diagram I and the potential energy it had at B as being unity or more simply the difference of potential between points A and B is one joule per coulomb or one volt of electromotive force...

STUDENT (playing cards): I'll see your six and raise you six more.

PROFESSOR: ...so that i cannot vary without delta t varying concomitantly or vice versa...

STUDENT WITH GUITAR (after making a mistake): Bastard! Sixth fret (plays again) Ah, that's better.

PROFESSOR: ...as the resistance increases to infinity the wire obviously presents an ineluctable barrier to the flow of current as I will now elucidate...

TRANSISTOR RADIO: She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah!

PROFESSOR: ...parismatic reverberations of the fortin of the potentiometer illustrate the intensity of the electrospartic farce (shakes head in annoyance) force!!, so that...

STUDENT (reading "Time"): These movie reviews really crack me up.

LAB ASSISTANT (making out with female student): Let's go into the apparatus room; it's quieter. (They leave together.)

PROFESSOR: ...the oscullimeter measures the relative equipartialities of the current flowing through the hemispherical coils of the tangent galvanometer in millimicrofarads...
TRANSISTOR RADIO: She sewed my new blue jeans!

PROFESSOR: ...the coaxial dial of the radiometer rotates concurrently in indirect proportion to the chemilitical coefficient of force acting on this mess (shakes head again) mass!! and therefore illustrates the internal resistance to currents in the electronic circus (shakes head) circuits!! of most gyroothicons...

STUDENT (from back of class): Why doesn’t he shut up?

STUDENT (playing cards): That beats my full house.

PROFESSOR: ...and now to today’s lab...

(The students immediately cease their activity, get out notebooks and copy the professor’s instructions for doing the lab. When finished, they rise, break up into groups at the various tables and perform the lab in 10–12 minutes, turn in their results and leave. The clock reads 5 p.m.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THIRD PRIZE—POETRY

SELF-PITY

Small child in
Self-pity, the world
(held inside your lowered lids)
is not so small and
crushing. Look up
from your shoes. See!
I’m smiling.

—Craig Bender
FIRST PRIZE—POETRY

THE EXCUSE

Brown Child,
whistlin' down the street,
harmonicas follow your feet. While
your bright white eyes see
your clown brown world
which I
have made you. These sad harmonicas play for you a
time of slow reality.
Some white man with a grand-pa
voice sings about freedom and the cage of life. And a law-abiding man cages you with brass knuckles (or iron)
while
I am here singing of freedom-singers. Someday, when you are grown, I'll shake the bars of my cage and break free.
Then... I can free you too.

—Craig Bender
SECOND PRIZE—POETRY

CAR EIGHTEEN

Flamboyant shades of red, chartreuse, and blue,
Accented by scores of blazing lights, clash,
As vendor's shrill outcries and ricochets
Of bull's-eye bullets schemingly conspire
With the deafening drone of Tilt-O-Whirl,
Wild Mouse, and Whip to shatter night's serene
And stately silence. Gulls, screaming frantically,
Endlessly search the horizon. Crushing
Combers pound the shore; then pull back
To expose the nakedness of piling barnacles.
Here, whipping ocean winds, smells
Of cotton candy, salt, of pizza, pretzels,
And people combine. In shadows lovers cling.
Parents push stop-and-go buttons
As their children race in wild confusion.
Thus, amid arcades, discarded
Cups of popcorn, and exploding
Excitement, crowds clamor for fresh action,
While within the Tunnel of Love, a youth,
In car eighteen, lies murdered.

—Barbara Ann Bald
HAIRCUT OPTIONAL

CIGARETTE (ALWAYS PRESENT)

STUBBLE (MORE IMPORTANT FOR FRESHMEN & SOPHOMORES)

PIN-STRIPE SHIRT

WOOL "LUMBERJACK" JACKET (A MUST ITEM)

WIDE BELT WITH FANCY BUCKLE

TAN JEANS

WELLINGTONS (INSIDE OUT)

THE WELL-DRESSED:
PSEUDO-NON-CONFORMIST
U.C. VARIETY, TYPE #1

"CLOTHES"
SECOND PRIZE—ART

GIRL FRIEND’S SORORITY
PLEDGE HAT

FRATERNITY SWEATSHIRT

BOTTLE
(EMPTY,
OF COURSE)

BELLY (BEER)

PIPE

SNEAKERS
(OFFICIAL ONLY IF WORN
WITHOUT SOCKS)

THE WELL DRESSED:
FRATERNITY MAN

C. BENNET

LIKE THE MAN
The Place of a Just Man

—Craig Bender

Once every say ten, twenty-five years there comes into every nation a man like Moses or Amos or Paul. And he steps out into an unjust, rationalizing, quarrelling, neurotic world. He may be a big man, a railsplitter. And he looks down and about from his gaunt height and sees Negroes getting beaten with whips, women branded prostitutes because their skirts reveal their ankles. He sees a corporation break a small store or foundry, and corporation presidents sleeping with their office girls. He knows of Hatfields and Mccoys who tear each other apart with names and then with bullets. This big man knows an unjust world. He knows how a man rationalizes: "It's a dog-eat-dog world, and I'll be damned if I'll be eaten!" He knows how a man trying to keep his head above water sinks down into that whirling, littered cult of reality—opportunism. For all about him he sees poor people living or dying on the effectiveness of some quickly-brewed tea. He sees smudged kids coughing coal dust and he sees brown faced men and women in chains being ransomed for money on the barrelhead to some far corner of the land. He knows what it's like to be called a "nigger-lover". He knows that people sometimes can't stand his big nose or his high-pitched voice or his high-pitched view on life and justice.

Yes and every great while this big man of justice (justice in the perspective of the long, careful scrutiny of history) decides something has got to be done. So he goes out into this dirty, unjust world and tries to master it and lead it his way. Maybe he preaches like Henry Ward Beecher; maybe he philosophizes like Ralph Waldo Emerson; or maybe he manipulates the scalpel like Joseph P. Lister; or maybe he wades right into the thick of it—politics. And there he sees a man defeated in an election, ruined in life by a rumor that might have been true, but wasn't. And he sees prices being fixed, and Tweed bosses running men like machines, and Senators working for a new local road rather than a new national emancipation of all individuals from poverty or discrimination or slavery. He knows he might be smeared and smashed with slander,
but he goes into politics anyway, and loses maybe five—six—seven times. And suddenly he's successful, and he begins doing things. From his position of power he says, "Black man, go free." And when the men of the South revolt and try to divide the United States' house of unity, this big, sad-eyed man tries to put it back together. This big, just man lives in love. He understands the import of his initiative and tries to compensate. He says, "Look now, I'm not going to go stringing up every man of you for being disloyal to what I think is right. I forgive you. Come on back in the union. We and the black man will start once again to rebuild our government and our union." He understands.

But somebody else doesn't and he lines the inside of this man's head with gunpowder. Poor guy! Maybe it would have been better if he had never spoken so boldly. That's just what some hermit said a couple of years later: "The best place for a just man in an unjust society is in a prison;" i.e.; clam him up. And a couple of years later a kindly grieving old woman named Dickinson explained it satirically;

Assent, and you are sane.
Demure, and you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

Maybe Thoreau is right. Who knows? This great emancipator might have lived to be seventy—eighty years old.

But somehow you KNOW it wouldn't have been better for him. This muscle-bristling, beard-bearing railsplitter would have hated it. To him it would have been like covering him up in the shroud of insanity and senility, and burying his soul fifty years prematurely.

And someone says, "So much for his peace of mind, what about Harlem's or Little Rock's? Here it is some hundred years later, and look at the fuss this Paul Bunyan of equality has created. Children and churches raped and bombed, people scared to death by the city they live in, bullets creasing and folding a person over into a pile of agony. And I haven't mentioned the blood and gore that spilled all over the fields of Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. Wouldn't it have been better to handle him with a chain?

And you sit and wonder and look at the years of agony, and you ask if the slaves weren't happier then. Then you remember how they sang and rejoiced at a funeral, and you think of the grief of two souls of the same blood being sold apart from each other, and you think of the tremendous business of the underground railroad, and you think of the sting and the warp of the whip. You see the distinctly white eyes of the Negro wetly desiring freedom, even by death. You look at them and they are still unhappy, but they no longer rejoice at death.

"What the hell do they want?" comes the frustrated cry. What
they want is a certain frame of mind—a frame of complete acceptance as a man. A frame of mind is something a just man, even in the highest seat of power, cannot legislate.

"And so why start something that can’t be finished?" You ponder, and you hope for an answer to this question, and then you realize that’s what the rail splitter hoped for, an answer. You realize that the only answers are to cover your conscience, close the shutters of your mind to the Negro problem, or to legislate a decision and hope—hope that society is sane enough to accept it. And still comes the nagging doubt—is it worth it? You look back sadly on the patterned quilt of history and see at times it was worth it. Even when a just man’s cause hasn’t been fully resolved, justice has been done and the world improved. Jesus Christ’s cause and John Wyclif’s cause and Martin Luther’s cause have never been resolved. The church remains an organization founded too often on superficial faith-myths. Yet without a doubt the world has benefitted from these men. The proclamation of history has pronounced them men of justice and good. Of those whose causes have been fulfilled are John Wilkes, less a moralist than an idealist of justice, who gave the unpropertied Englishman his right to vote; Ghandi, who broke down the class barriers in India; George Washington, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, who certainly worked in an unjust society (one-third of the colonists were active Tories, one-third supinely apathetic, and then, of course, there were the redcoats and the possibility of world opprobrium against a young upstart), and in this society they got rid of taxation without representation and, consequently, the British rule. The only retort to Thoreau’s statement is that the best place for a just man in an unjust society is in a position of national or international influence or perhaps in a position of publicized (yet unrehearsed) martyrdom. Only then can the cyst of injustice be laid open, and only then can the delicate knife of tact, diplomacy, and justice remove it. And after the wound heals, then can the soul and body of Mankind live again in greater comfort.
HONORABLE MENTION—POETRY

Golden gods
perfect men
have no purpose
hold no place,
when the world is wrong.

Society swims
in a sea of doubt
right and wrong
have no meaning
all is grey,
when the world is wrong.

War and peace
both alike
bring terror
all is red,
when the world is wrong.

Golden gods
perfect men
have no purpose
hold no place
have no
hold no
have
hold.

—Barbara Worthing
You are there now young man, old man. You lie in your bed facing the empty ceiling while the searing yet quieting darkness of coming death oozes through your limbs. You are drowsy now; deliciously, sweetly drowsy. You want to sleep but you can’t quite let go of the immediacy of life, no matter how painful, for the uncertainty of death. Are you tensing your loins to try to bring into being some mysterious will-to-live which you yourself have witnessed in watching over another’s demise? Are you telling those friends around the bed not to worry? Give them comforting words young man, old man. Tell them their friend is going to that happy land away from life’s troubles. Those sad, blank-faced people don’t understand as you do—go ahead, tell them. Now that that’s over young man, old man, think of the opportunity you’ve been waiting for all your life. Remember how you, in your good, living days, always searched for that next answer? You knew, didn’t you, that the real answer would always escape you until now.

Now concentrate friend. Forget those friends around you who gave you all things, all affection, all care so as to make your sojourn here more worthwhile. You want to let them know, these friends of yours, what it’s really like? Now you know they wouldn’t understand, don’t you. Yes, and they would think it highly irregular of you and, after all, you’ve already told them what they wanted to hear, so don’t make a fool of yourself. That’s better, relax. Look past your friends young man, old man. Don’t look at the ceiling, look through it—that’s it. Your friends think you’re cross-eyed but you don’t know—you only know you’re soaring.

The reality is coming clearer now, friend. You’ve been near before but have never been able to discover the whole thing. Before, in a fleeting, indescribable encounter, you thought you had it, but you didn’t. Now—my friend, my young man, my old man—now you see it coming. It draws nearer now as you concentrate, as you eliminate all outside thoughts. You grasp that one ultimate thought—hold on, friend, for this
is it. Now you see it clearly—the strength of its existence draws you yet further inward. It carries everything you have with it. You are there now, my friend. You are in the death consciousness stream. It is carrying you now my friend, you are part of it. Nothingness rushes by you; the howl of the void fills you with fear. You’re moving faster now. There is no stopping my friend, there can’t be. You can’t rest and turn around to see where you’ve been. You can’t look to either side. Neither can you tell yourself that this is the real existence. You are in the same state of being constantly. You find no new knowledge because you can’t think, my friend, because you can’t remember. There is nothing but an eternal, impenetrable greyness. Yet you penetrate—or seem to. You haven’t experienced a ceasing of life my friend, nor have you experienced the beginning of the greyness. You concentrated on the death stream to the exclusion of all other thought. That thought was life experience and orientation. Now, my friend, there is no basis by which to judge—you are now in a new entity. You will never know it, my friend, because the nature of this entity is its everlasting nothingness, its eternal greyness, its.... but you know all this already, don’t you.

Don’t you wish that you had sought that other power you knew existed? Maybe now you would be in another place—no? No, my friend, you were right the first time. You listened to my reason and my logic and you listened well. You’re one of the few friends I’ve had a pleasant time in helping begin the new life. Most give in to the other power and have a horrendous time in making the adjustment. You see, don’t you, that that other boy can’t do a thing more than I and yet he deceives all of you living. Yes, it is he who causes the pain and the anguish of dying.

You made the correct choice, my friend, and do have a pleasant journey—you’ve got an endless trip. Now I must return to the business at hand. Some of your friends are wondering over your old home.

* * * *

Young man, do you think it would be hard to go as peacefully as your friend here. Let me tell you a thing....
THIRD PRIZE—ART

—Stephen L. Sullivan, Jr.
GONE NOW

Here now the silent streets
No more feeling the laughs
Or the cries of a people
Who are living,
  dying,
  loving,
  losing
  their lives

Clouds darken, cutting off
The linger of calloused smiles
Of the sort only
Migrants wear—living,
  dying,
  loving,
  losing
  their lives

Gone, people of the season,
Many miles around the corner
Somewhere else now
Working, breeding, living,
  dying,
  loving,
  losing
  their lives

Wind blowing dried tomatoe leaves
Across streets, into open doors
Left by a people rushing to make a crop
Leaving behind the scent of a proud people...,
  dying.

—Bruce Hotsommer
IN VAIN

The sacred clan treads grieving to the barge
Of shallow destiny, of tears, of dust;
Their souls shall hang upon the Judas tree;
Their sterling gift from life—a cup of rust.

And people shed their tears—a rain of salt
O'er these courageous martyrs far away;
This futile trek into a barren soul
Shall turn their bright horizons pallid gray.

And countless mothers o'er the land shall grieve
For fervent hopes that crumbled into clay;
The hostile earth that holds their noble dust
Shall curse their mother land so far away.

And foolish man shall don a robe of black;
A guilty world shall rue the atom's birth;
A patient Power shall tear apart the sky
And angry gods shall vomit on the earth.

—Howard Wester
HONORABLE MENTION—POETRY

Deep

Dying

into the center of night

the scream,

echoing down the city of walls.

Light

floods
	hree windows above.

Heads, uncertain as newsprint,

swim to the night,

and then a shade rolls down

covering reality, retreating

Deep

Dying

into the center of night.

The scream

hangs

on the wind

which shakes it loose

into the flapping

folds of a flag.

In darkness

three silhouettes pulse in a violent passion

and a bright scream, hanging

on one note and suddenly,

silence

sharp as a knife.

Then

in the city’s blind blackness the

crunch and skitter of cinders, the

hollow clatter of boots echoing in

terror down the city of walls.

And always

the scream,

hearing yet unheard,

wheezing from the gaping slit

Deep

Dying

into the center of night,

the scream.

—Craig Bender
Marnie

—Craig Bender

Marnie and I went out hunting for bugs once for my Biology project in tenth grade. I told her that was awfully nice of her, but she didn’t have to. I won’t go and lie about what a nice day it was and how we walked through flowered fields holding hands. For one thing it was raining as if there would never be a better time. Marnie’s hair hung straight and sad like a beagle’s ears. For another thing we couldn’t hold hands because Marnie had poison ivy. Well, I guess I could have but... The meadow was flowered but the flowers didn’t look too happy. The petals kept falling to the ground like some unhappy autumn. And we were there.

I wouldn’t have been there except that I had to get these bugs collected for bio the next day. I felt like Huck Finn because I was playing hooky. So was Marnie. She loved to play hooky. She could get anything with those eyes. Just fan out those eyelashes on her cheek and let a tear trickle out....

I told her again and again, “I told you before you shouldn’t have come.” But she just smiled sheepishly and kept on looking for bugs. She really was good at it for a girl. She found a round white thing under a rock. It had a bunch of small legs. Looked real squashable so I did—squash it that is. Marnie wasn’t too happy about it. It was only a bug. O well.... She also found a whatyoumaycallitandyoumayhavet. It looked like a blob of cooked beef gristle. She picked it up and held it close to her nose for examination. “It already looks squashed already,” So she opened the jar lid, turned it upside down, and let the thing slip out. Then she covered it with a tulip tree petal. She did catch one bug that I could use. A fly. Probably the only fly out there in that rain. It was iridescent blue in back like the blue in a grease-puddle rainbow. She heard this fly somehow under the rattle of the rain and went drifting off toward the sound, one finger in the air and her eyes full of that distant searching look. It was like she was just getting an idea. You could see the whole thing clearing up in her eyes. She stretched out her hands together. She looked like a Greek goddess reaching for the golden apples. Her blouse (white) hung loosely like a wet toga. It was kind of embarrassing. There were these two red discs like wild roses... O well,
I needn't pretend that I didn't know what they were. They were beautiful. She excited me, and in that moment of pity (and desire), I loved her.

I've got to stop this stuff. It hurts too much to remember. This hill makes me remember too much. Marnie and I used to come up here and watch the shadows of the clouds cross the fields below. We talked softly and we did other things any normal healthy boy and girl would do ... on a hill. I can still imagine the smell of her hair. Musky ... sweet ....

A curious thing happened about three months after the bug trip. We were sitting and watching Grissom go into orbit. Marnie and I. I remember how I kept looking over at her. Her lip hung in some kind of wide-eyed awe. Through the tightness of her blouse I could see the gentle hyperbola of a breast. But it was different. I could visualize the pink, white glory of her idyllic pose in the field and the pointed pressure of her two breasts against my chest. I felt guilty. There Marnie sat, completely unaware of how I was mentally undressing her. Somehow I forced myself to stop. (Believe me, it wasn't easy.) I started watching Walter Kronkite talking to a mike, telling it how things were AOK and all. Then I saw a bunch of clocks and radar screens and I heard the clacking of teletype. And this other guy with electronic ear muffs on started shouting questions at Walter Kronkite. And you could hear Walter, old boy, yelling back the same stuff he just told us.

"God! I wonder when those guys pee. If I'd be out there with the wind whipping around my slacks, I'd have to pee."

"Marnie!"

"He probably uses a clothespin or something."

"Holy hell, Marnie! What a crappy thing to say!"

"Well, how else would he do it?"

"Maybe he's got a plug. I don't know. Maybe he wears water-resistant black pants, but that's not the point. What are you? What are you? Well, you talk like a fifty cent slut."

"Do I?"

"Yes."

"Am I?"

"Yes—NO! of course not."

"Then so what?" And she reached up, her index finger raised, and chalked one up on the tip of my nose. I smacked at her hand as if it were some pesky fly.

She was cute that way. Like having lollipops jammed down your throat. But now....

Why do I ever think about it now? Why can't I forget? She's moved boy, to California. It happens to everybody. Why does it have to bother me? Play it cool, they say. Why can't I? I don't know. I guess everybody's got something that makes them feel like a martyr—suffering alone. I guess we all do. I guess....
HONORABLE MENTION—POETRY

RUT

Starting slowly
Spinning smoothly

Silent surge of
Charging horses
Brightly painted
Smiling tigers
Lions cradling
Chubby children

Calliope calls:
Hiss steam whistle
Crash tin cymbal
Boom yellowed drum

Grab ring
Round ring
Brass ring
Gold ring

Around
Around
'round
'round
'roun'

—Nancy Cliff