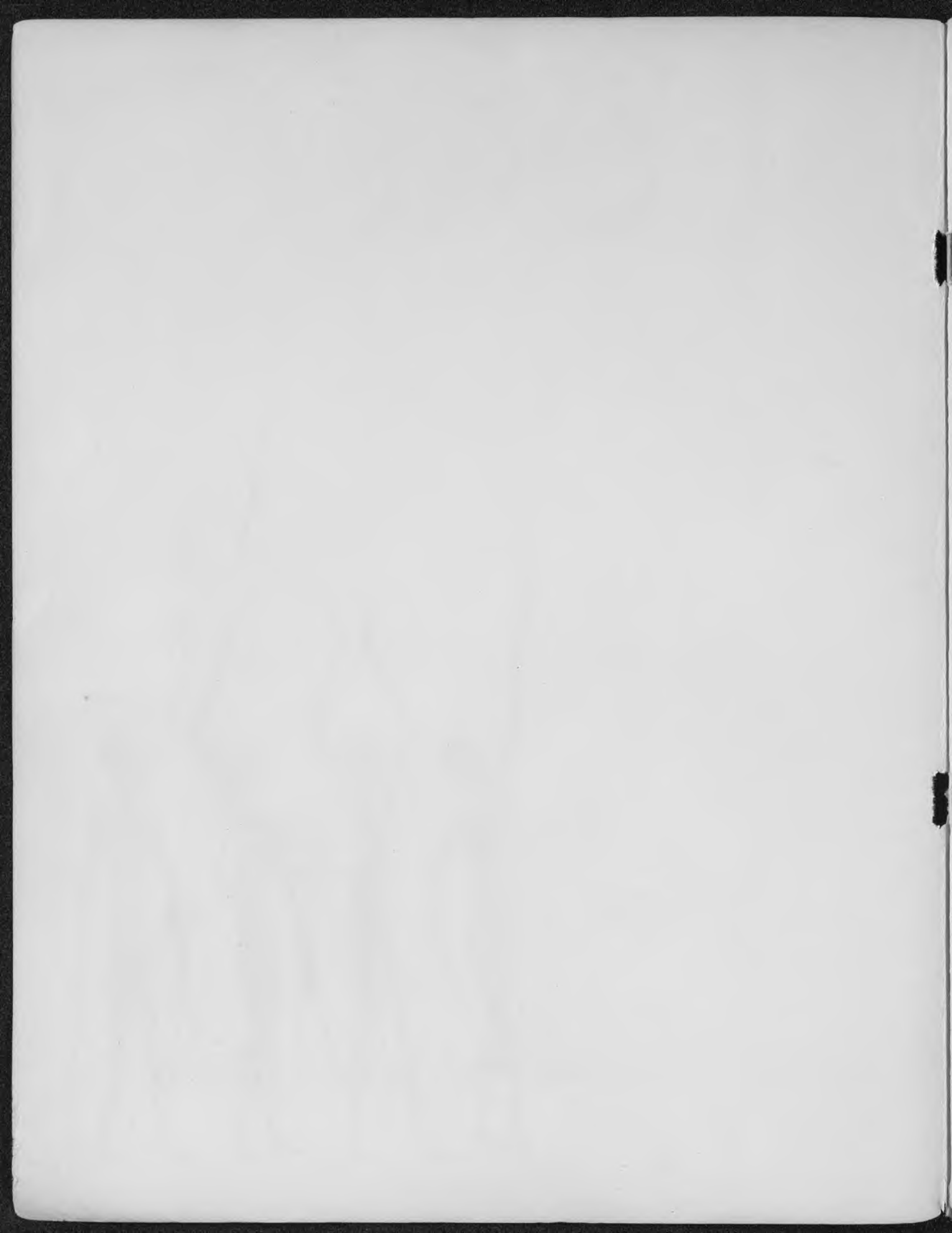


# APOGÉE

Instructional  
Materials  
Center  
High Point College





APOGÉE  
SPRING 1963



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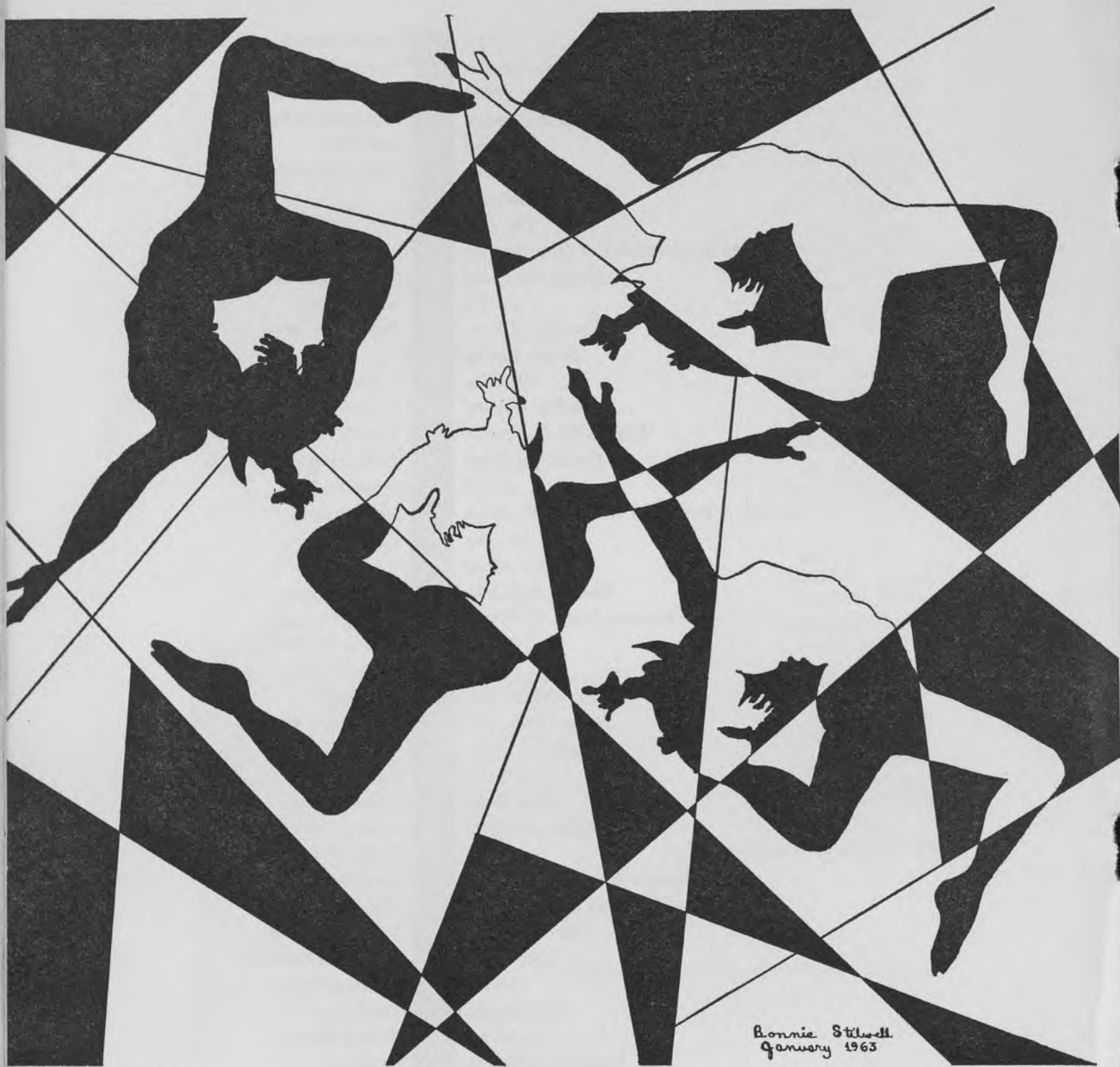
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Frieda Holt, a college freshman, from High Point, North Carolina, is worthy of recognition for naming the new literary magazine, *Apogée*.

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Bonnie Stilwell  
January 1963

ART # 1

REFLECTIONS  
ON  
A  
SHADOW

A shadow, a shadow, what is a shadow?  
A shadow of life and a shadow of strife.  
One sees a shadow, and then it is done.  
Life makes a shadow, and then it makes none.

Cares like a river indifferently flow;  
Much like the shadows, they come and they go.  
Sometimes being happy grows out of distress;  
The shadow of failure precedes the success.

A shadow, a shadow, the scourge of mankind,  
The travelling alone and the going it blind,  
The hate that breeds horrors, the cold and the hot,  
And the shadow of envy for what one has not.

A shadow, a shadow, what is a shadow?  
A shadow of life and a shadow of strife.  
One fears a shadow, and if there is none,  
Then life makes a shadow before it is done.

A shadow looks down on the races of men,  
It's a shadow of life that clots on the pen,  
And a shadow that blots on the snowiest page;  
A shadow perplexes the fool and the sage.

A shadow is bleak, and a shadow is grey;  
A shadow is night, but never the day.  
A shadow, a shadow, what is a shadow?  
A shadow is night on a moonlit bay.

A shadow, a shadow, what is a shadow?  
A shadow is time passing swiftly by,  
God looking down upon earth to reply,  
"Shadow is shadow: ask no more why."

—BONNIE STILWELL

# HELL

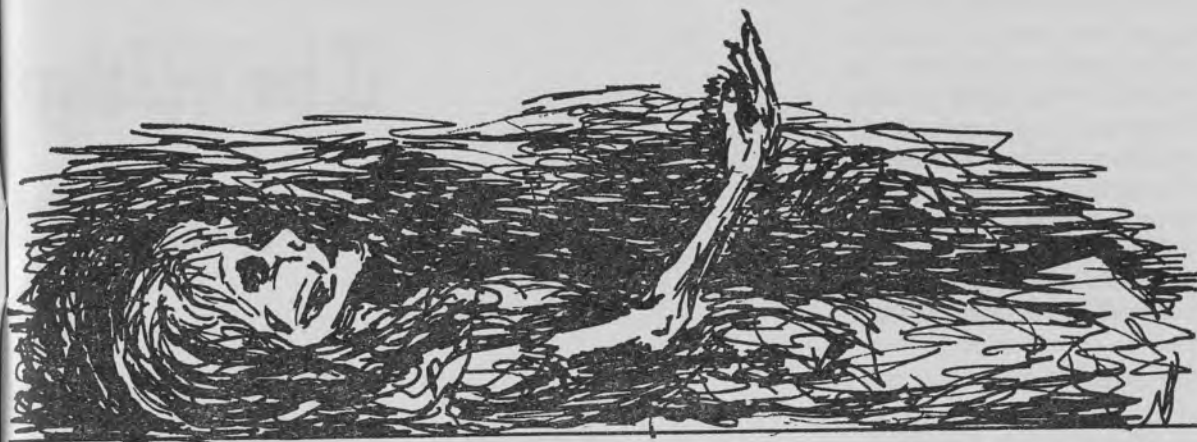
—JUDY RICHARDSON

When the grass was green and the sun was shining, she closed her eyes. Awakening, how much later no one can be quite sure, she was enclosed in stifled darkness which heavy rains were trying to penetrate with frightening intensity. At first she didn't wish to arise at all into the heady atmosphere of life; so she turned over against the wooden-planked side of her coffin. For a moment she was too shocked to understand the reality of her confines. Then she tried desperately to fight her way free. Who could have possibly made

such a mistake as to bury the promising, intelligent girl whose youth was so vibrant in the midst of her career, in the midst of her life? Of course she could not be dead, because she had now awakened and was truly alive, wasn't she? Pounding and screaming, she searched desperately for a way of escape. She found none.

After a while she began to notice that though she pounded frantically, there seemed to be no noise but the deep rain steadily beating against her grave. Her screams were inaudible — only





echoes in her mind. No one else could be aware of her plight; she was unable to communicate. Silent sobs shook her body as she wondered why she had not smothered, but then she realized that she actually had not been breathing. All that seemed to be left of her life was the thought process and the movement of a frail, ghost-like body.

Was she dead — she who worshipped the beauties of life and had lingered among apple blossoms with her love? Was she dead — she who had been too intelligent for child-faith in God? Yes, gone away, buried in tear-stained, fertile earth while the rain kept pounding on and on and on. And after a while all that would remain in the world of her life would be a few of her poems, discarded in some mildewed, musty attic. Here she was, not sleeping, not waking, suspended in eternity.

She pounded again, but it was really to no avail, no use to beseech God's help. Now, why should she think that: no use to beseech God's help? The thought echoed and re-echoed in her mind. Now she realized, and suddenly knew the truth. What was it that the minister had said?

"Death is separation from God. Those who believe live on in a better place with God." But she, like too many others, had not believed. Now, O God, she was alone, alone, alone with darkness, with absence of beauty, with absence of people and of life. Only emotions were left, but she knew that soon they too would fade. "How long, how long, O God, must You force me to suffer the ache that pervades my soul, the loneliness, the nothingness of my condition? No existence is here, no sharing, no living.

"Forever and forever," she cried, "must I be compelled to stay here in suspended separation from all I have loved? God, I have loved the trees, the birds, the flowers, and, most of all, the people You have created. Then why do You spurn me because I neglected to recognize the wonders of the world as Yours? For that reason only, no more crime than that. Oh, but the failure to recognize Your love—Your hand in nature—is the worst of all crimes committed."

With wild turmoil in her mind, the phantom screamed silently to think of all eternity like this. Incessantly the merciless rain pierced the earth and beat the coffin.

The characterization of twenty-nine pilgrims, bound for the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, has immortalized the name of Geoffrey Chaucer. This array of personalities, however, is incomplete in that it does not include a portrait of one character who intrigues and perplexes all readers of *The Canterbury Tales* — that of Chaucer himself. Undoubtedly, only the pilgrims are qualified to serve as the source of information for a study of Chaucer's personality; thus the following account is a fanciful vision of the man Chaucer might have been as the pilgrims might have viewed him.

Harry Bailly, keeper of the Tabard Inn, welcomed the tired and disheveled travelers into his hostelry and bade them eat and rest. He already had one singularly personable man staying the night as he journeyed toward Canterbury and was pleased that his guest might find company among this new troop of pilgrims. An expansive host, Bailly delighted in serving his customers well and seeing that they enjoyed the fellowship of one another.

After refreshing themselves, the pilgrims gathered into the dining hall for food, story-telling, and song. Taking notice of the addition to their number and acknowledging him with nods and smiles, everyone began to eat heartily and to exchange familiarities while the innkeeper hovered about, refilling cups and ladling second portions from the stew pots. The stranger to the band at first sat silently, watching and listening to all around him, then began gradually to enter the conversations and to ask questions of the pilgrims.

Almost immediately the various members of the group became aware of this man's more serious nature, of a purposeful tone underlying his talk, the significance of which they did not understand. The strange light in his eyes and smile on his lips were perceived by all, and yet they felt drawn to his very distinct manner. True, in manner and in dress he was a gentleman, but also were others of the company, and they did not seem as keen as he. When he spoke to one, he would look directly as if he divined that the person had something of importance to say; and he made the speaker feel that he was earnestly taking note of each word and look, never to forget anything of what he might see or hear.

His physical appearance was appealing to both men and women. He wore his hair bound beneath a dark-green hood, and his beard was neat and shortly clipped. Of heavy, finely-woven wool, his robe hung in rich, dark folds and was clasped about his waist with a leather girdle from which hung a silver dagger. Around his neck on a plait-

ed silk chain was a silver medallion with the king's crest engraved upon it, and attached to his soft black boots were small silver spurs. His face was deeply lined without seeming ravaged or unduly careworn and was of a warm, faintly ruddy color. His eyes were his most distinctive feature—they twinkled, pierced, flashed, and almost spoke, all in the same moment.

The Knight and his son, the Squire, remarked on the imposing figure the stranger made as he moved among the guests. The Knight was thinking of how he had found a kindred spirit in this man who called himself Chaucer, and of how he would gladly fight for such a man if ever that loyalty were required of him. The Squire's thoughts, however, were on a less noble plane. He felt that a man who was so obviously a member of court circles should attire himself more becomingly to suit his elevated position.

The Prioress liked the newcomer to the party, for he alone seemed to understand her dainty graces and to sympathize with her fashionable spinsterhood. A tear came to her eye as she thought of the small cruelties of life, the pain of which she knew he shared with her. Only a very

# Crims Look at Chaucer

—ELIZABETH OLDHAM

observant person would have seen the twinkle in Chaucer's eye.

"Hail fellow well met," thought the Monk as he told Chaucer about his horses and hounds. He could guess that while being as well read probably as any monastic scholar, Chaucer would not limit the pleasures of life to the indoors. He felt that this man could be a boon as a riding and hunting companion, neither saying too little nor too much.

Hubert the Friar, arrested from his exhortations to the people to confess for a small sum, met the appraising stare of the new member of

the company and wondered to himself why such a pious, supercilious person had to be present at that inn and at that moment. This Chaucer fellow, in his opinion, was not a good judge of important men engaged in important duties.

Envisioning huge libraries stocked with books, the Oxford Clerk looked upon Chaucer as a potential patron saint of learning. Here was a man who knew the glories of literature and who would unlock doors inaccessible to a poor though ambitious scholar. Here, too, was a man who would genuinely feel the same desolation and despair if deprived of the food of knowledge—the great works of the ancient philosophers.

The Doctor, who was accustomed to being exalted for his medical and surgical skills, prided himself on his acquaintance with the matter and methods of astrology. In discussing the subject with the traveler Chaucer, he was dismayed at the impertinence of the man for trying to assume that he had an understanding of astronomy. No mere layman could know the vast implications within such an advanced field, and the Doctor himself had certainly never even conjectured on what Chaucer was stating as proven fact. Although mystified and somewhat irked, the Doctor wished for a longer chat with this puzzling stranger.

Crestfallen but still coy, the Wife of Bath continued to try her wiles on the one true gentleman of the troop. For nearly half an hour the stranger had paid her only laughing attention, and she wondered if perhaps he belonged to the breed of faithful husbands often heard of, but rarely seen. Surely he could not be so base as to think her a mischievous woman, notwithstanding the five husbands in her past.

The Parson sensed as he conversed with Chaucer that he had struck an inner chord, a responsive note in the man, which enabled him to glimpse Chaucer's very soul. And as Chaucer revealed his hopes, dreams, triumphs, and failures, the Parson realized that this man was also a shepherd. And the Parson was thankful for the brief moments shared with a man named Chaucer.

Harry Bailly had watched and listened to the company throughout the evening's entertainment. And as the guests rose to leave and ascended the stairs for the night's rest, he heard them murmuring about the strange traveler Chaucer who had joined the pilgrim band. Someone said that good fortune had granted each a bright moment to learn and to benefit from the presence of this man. Harry Bailly smiled to himself and thought of the good fortune that had been given to the man.

## WORDS . . .

Oh, damn words!

They really cannot capture my innermost soul.  
When I arrange words, I feel as though I'm playing  
a minor tune in sharps rather than flats.

Eliot said men are shallow and hollow. Oh, God forbid!  
Man is full; his language lacks the necessary depth.  
I am not shallow or hollow.  
My being is overflowing, but my expression is empty.

Oh, emptiness is such a blessing and a curse.  
Blessed am I when I want to be protected in the blanket of silence.

Cursed am I when I hunger to shout, scream, and proclaim.

How damned to have words and be mute!  
How more damned to cheat the peoples of my prophecy.

O fool — me, a fool —  
To think that even if granted expression,  
I could so phrase my life in words . . . more words.

Life is tears, sweat, laughter, and blood.  
Life is man searching for God,  
Lover aching for shared passion,  
The rat clawing for crumbs.

Can this life, this God-given, man-damned life  
Be expressed in words,  
Empty words?

—PAT PEELE

## SUPPOSITION

*I am being here with  
NOTHING to do, but  
Writhing, tortured,  
Thinking of ways to  
Say what I really mean.  
Only there are no words  
That I know for the  
Feelings I think I feel;  
So I guess I am just  
Writing immaterial nothingness  
Which is as senseless as - -  
As senseless as - - as senseless as - -  
Believing in God, I suppose.*

## SOLUTION

*Here I am, and there you are,  
And everything is so completely  
RIDICULOUS  
That I wish you would just  
Forget about protocol and ethics  
and the proper-thing-to-do  
And hold me very tight  
To protect me from  
Whatever I should be  
Protected from  
Because  
I am ever so frightened of  
Something that I can't quite figure  
out.  
But I suppose it is really  
MYSELF.  
Anyhow, couldn't you just  
Kiss it away, or  
won't  
that  
work?*

## THE END

*Strange that death should leave  
No words to be said at all.  
As if the earth covered all feeling,  
Only meaninglessness is left.*

—JUDY RICHARDSON

# An Interpretation of John Donne's "Death, Be Not Proud"

—SANDRA HARWARD

*Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death; not yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;  
And soonest our best men with thee do go—  
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!  
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate  
men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!*

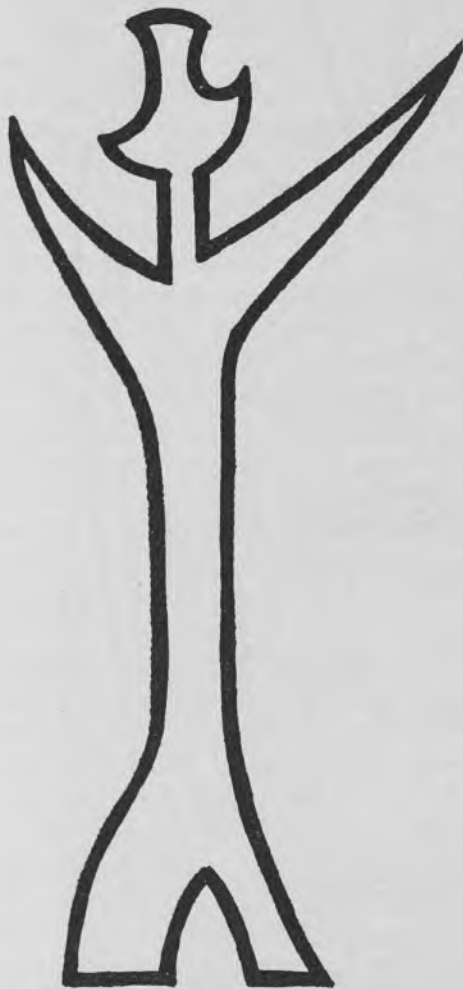
—John Donne

The time was the seventeenth century; the place was England, and the man was John Donne. However, what Donne had to say transcends both time and place, for he wrote about life, about death, and about God.

Donne was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, but he found the rules too stringent and too dogmatic for his active mind. Since the Catholic Church prohibited individual delving into the meaning of the scriptures, Donne joined the Anglican Church. Within the Anglican Church he grew spiritually; and through his preaching,

he had the opportunity to share with others his treasured relationship with God.

Donne expounded his belief not only in his sermons but also in his poetry. As expressed in his poetry, his faith was complete belief in God as Creator and in immortality for those who did believe in one omnipotent God. "Death, Be Not Proud," one of Donne's best known poems, aptly reflects his religious beliefs, for he depicts death as the door to eternal life. In his poem, Donne approaches death as if it were an individual, a child that has been acting on a false supposition. He begins talking to death in a revelatory manner and in a tone of pity and condolence.



Donne, imploring Death not to be proud, realized that man out of fright dreads death even though this fear is needless. Poor Death is not the conqueror or the infinite darkness in which all men must flounder and roam meaninglessly forever. Instead, Death is but a short sleep, a threshold opening for all men the meaning of promised life eternal. Man need not cringe from Death as one cringes from a killer; on the contrary, he may anticipate Death as one anticipates the fountain of life.

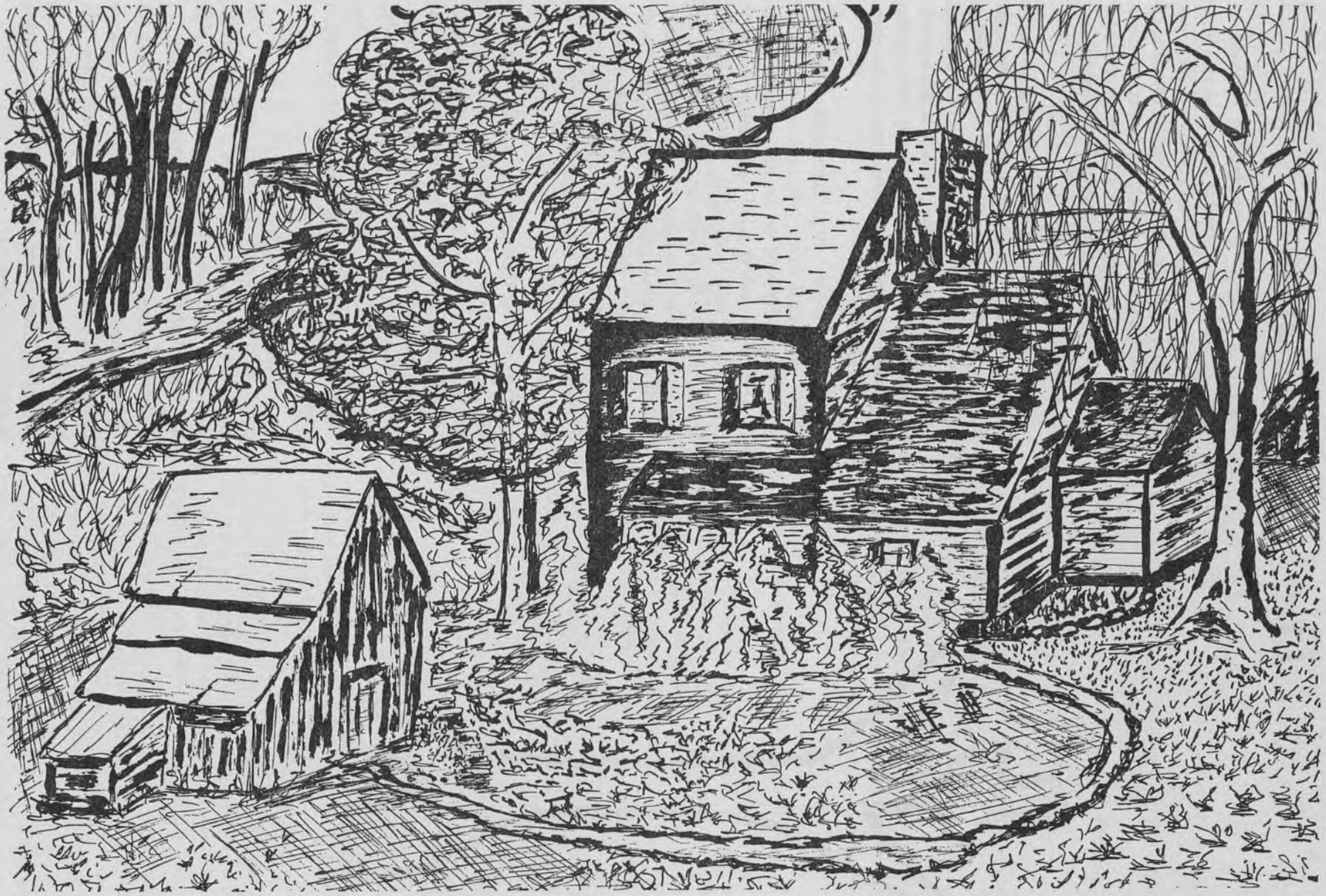
Every man must die; the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the merciless and the merciful — all will come to Death's door. Nevertheless, poor Death is cheated, for only the bones are left with him; the soul, which is the animating entity of the individual, passes through the door neither stagnated or destroyed by the presence of Death.

Although every man must encounter him, Death must wait like a gift, remaining dormant and closed, wrapped in an air of mystery, incapable of revealing itself until man comes to open it. Likewise, only after man has come to Death can Death reveal himself. Death is not omnipotent; he is a slave to man and to man's creative destructive force. Moreover, poor Death cannot promise a sleep which is longer or more restful than the slumber of man-made anesthetics, for Death is a very short sleep before the awakening to life eternal.

"Why swell'st thou then," poor, misunderstood Death? Thou art not a picture of horror or dread; but a picture of quiet sleep, a door opening to eternal bliss. Man fears thee now because, like a child, he is afraid of what he does not understand. However, after he passes through Death's door, he will fear no more; he will silently shut the door behind him, never to open or fear it again.

Therefore, Death, man will walk off into glory, never again to fear thee, never again to think about thee. "And Death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die!" Poor Death shall pass through the door, and in passing, will become Life.

All literature, all mankind is indebted to John Donne, who shared with the world his unique understanding of Death. He who knew the answer to Paul's question "Oh death, where is thy sting?" has given to searching and groping mankind an answer.





# The Age of Love

—RONDA KAY MAY

Everybody in town knows of Miss Sarah Trotter—Old Maid Trotter, as she was called by most of the people in Central County. She used to live in the old Trotter House over by Creery Creek. She was born in that house some seventy-five years ago, and there she spent her entire life.

One cannot think about Old Maid Trotter unless one thinks about the old house, too; they looked so much alike. Both seemed old as time itself—Old Maid Trotter with her drab, old-fashioned clothes and practically sightless eyes, and the old house with its unpainted, weather-beaten sides and broken window panes—neither of them really living, but merely standing there for everybody to see. But every old being was once young, and they say that Old Maid Trotter once flowered in all the glories of youth.

Yes, at one time Sarah Trotter was the prettiest girl in the county. There wasn't a young man around who wouldn't have given his eye-teeth to take her out for a Sunday afternoon ride or just to sit in her parlor talking with her. But she was an only child. Her father loved her so much that he couldn't bear the thought of her ever leaving him alone; so he never gave her the chance to go out and meet boys. He was just plain afraid that one of them would steal her and carry her off someplace. Many a would-be suitor, consequently, knew the impact of a slam from the big Trotter Mansion door.

There are all kinds of love in this world. God loves us—that's for sure. And our earthly fathers love us until they die. But one kind of love that no woman can live without is the love of a man. Our Sarah was bound to have her turn at living.

One winter morning her father passed away, leaving her all alone at a budding nineteen. By the time spring came, Sarah had become just ripe for the picking, but all her admirers had stopped trying to call on her and had turned their fancies elsewhere (seeing that all young men are fickle). The ones who weren't married already had somebody else in mind now; so she was in the great big house with nobody to love her. If things had kept on this way, Sarah's sweetness would have spoiled, but her turn was coming.

One cool evening in June, Sarah was sitting on her front porch singing in her soft, low voice, when she heard feet ascending the steps. She looked up, and there he was. Just as calm as you please she asked him to come sit with her and play her a song on the guitar that he carried

under his arm. No, you can't fool a woman; so Sarah knew that this was the man. He went and sat by her and played her the sweetest love song she'd ever heard. On into the night they sat there singing and laughing, drunk with the nearness of each other. The chill of dawn never touched the old house the next morning; Sarah's womanhood had burst into flame.

The young man stayed on — this singing vagabond that he was — for nearly two years with Sarah. During this time she learned the happiness that comes from sharing one's self. She listened to his guitar and sang the songs that he would hear. She warmed to the tenderness of his voice. She thrilled to the sight of his strong form bringing in the firewood. She learned to change with the moods that she saw mirrored in his dark brown eyes. She gave all of herself to him and thereby learned the meaning of life, which is love.

Then one morning in the early spring when the geese were flying north, Sarah awoke to find her young lover gone. Her pain was almost too great to be borne by the human heart, and one that had never known love would surely have died. But she had known that the time of his parting would come; she had felt the agony in those loving eyes as he had looked at the ice breaking on the creek and then at her. She knew his heart was the heart of a gypsy and that he had already given her more than any other woman would ever know he possessed. So she rose that morning and donned her dark clothes, mourning for the loss of her lover and the love which was her life.

About three months ago—it was a cool night in June—Old Maid Trotter sat on her front porch singing a melancholy tune in her creaky, aged voice. Her gnarled hands were folded as those nearly deaf ears listened for the sound of familiar footsteps. You can't fool a woman, and Old Maid Trotter, shell of a being that she was, knew that her time had come. All at once, she stopped singing. The melancholy voice could be heard no more. There was a deadly silence in the air.

The death of Old Maid Trotter was strange indeed. The people of Central County will never understand why she looked the way she did when her neighbors finally found her. Her lips were formed in a most contented smile. Her hands were folded as though they were being held by a pair of invisible hands. Her face was not yellowish-brown, the hue of age, but had the rosy tone of a maiden's blush at her first kiss. She looked, for all the world, as though she were alive in death. Her lover would tell us that he who had taught her to live came back to guide and to love her through death.

**DREAM  
REALITY**

Long ago a dream was planted  
In her heart so bleak and empty—  
A happy dream with vibrant laughter,  
Joyous music, sunshine bright.

The dream pushed upward in the sunlight  
Of its own source, fed by living  
Food, and watered by a spring of  
Youth and gladness ever flowing.

Soon the time was come for budding,  
And the bloom so sweetly scented—  
Like the smell of rarest roses—  
Spread its fragrance everywhere.

The fragrance of the bloom was carried  
On the wind so light and dainty  
Till it reached a heart awaiting—  
The labor was completed.

So he plucked from her creation  
The sweet bloom so fresh and lovely;  
And he drank away the nectar,  
Made the dream reality.

Her empty heart was filled with gladness  
To think her dream might live by sharing  
Of her life with one so thirsty  
For the sweetness of its taste.

But his careless heart grew weary  
Of the beauty in the blossom;  
He tore the fragile petals,  
Crushed them cruelly to the ground.

Now the gladdened heart was doleful  
But through pain glowed the golden thought—  
The taker, be he blessed,  
For he gave her memories.

—RONDA KAY MAY

## THE PINE

So straight and tall the stately pine  
Stands  
And looks.  
And waiting through the gathering twilight,  
Speaks  
For only God to hear.

—D. JERRY PROFFITT

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

True resounds the voice of Love  
When on loving ears it falls.  
For the heart accepts what the mind denies,  
And love believes what reason scorns.  
Were Love's answers all known true  
Then love's questions were never asked,  
For the joy lies in the wanting, not the having,  
And desire o'er shadows passion.  
To love is as to be unloved  
And ecstasy is memory once forgot;  
Love lives only as love dies,  
For nothing is but what is not.

—MARCIA WECHTER

# William The Conqueror

—DON HEVENER

William peered out between the rough rails at the battered, hightop shoe lying just out of reach on the other side of the fence. My, how delicious it would taste, and, oh, that chewy sole and those crispy laces. William backed off slowly, eyed the fence menacingly, lowered his head and charged. His teeth jarred together as he crashed into the fence at a terrible velocity. For a split second he seemed to stick there in mid-air, but then he bounced straight back and landed stiff-leggedly still standing. William shook his throbbing head defiantly at the stubborn fence and backed off for another charge. He felt quickly over his teeth with his tongue to see if they were still there and suddenly remembered he had much more important things to do that day.

It was just this morning that William had discovered the front pasture at the farm house. Two of the humans from the farm house were gossiping, unaware that William had crept up behind them, and as he calmly, munchingly spied Mr. Ryder's long underwear hanging nearby, he eavesdropped.

"Why Mr. Ryder ever got that mangy, battering-ram of a goat, I'll never know," hoarsely whispered the short, fat woman as she vigorously scrubbed the clothes over the rub-board. (William made a mental note of that comment and who said it, swallowed a large mouthful of Mr. Ryder's underwear, and began to nibble on Mrs. Ryder's silk hose). "And the idea of putting him in the front pasture when he knows good and well that every visitor to the house has to come

in on the road that runs through the pasture."

"I understand perfectly," answered the old woman in a superior tone. "You know that John Hammer who's been high-tailin' it over here every afternoon after plowin', all slicked up like he's going to prayer meeting. Well, . . ." At this point William lost interest. He sat down and contemplated the clothes stretched out cafeteria-style on the clothes line. Just as he had decided on Rizpah's petticoat, he heard his name mentioned, and he peeped around the lilac bush which stood between him and the two women. "That imp of Satan surely will keep John Hammer from seeing too much of Mr. Ryder's daughter, but I do think Mr. Ryder is being a little too hard on Rizpah and especially on John. You heard about that goat chasing the preacher down the pasture when he came to call yesterday?" William snorted. He remembered the incident quite clearly. He also recalled the indigestion he had received from that old black book he had chewed up with the preacher protesting and threatening to call down hell's fire.

William's snort, however, did not go unnoticed. Both women glanced around, and upon seeing this dreaded topic of their conversation, they shrieked. William realized that this public demonstration of the women was expected to produce some reaction on his part, and, not being cowardly, he hastily galloped full speed ahead. Whether the wash-woman jumped into the tub for protection or William helped her in, only she and William will ever know, but, nevertheless, she didn't have to take her Saturday-night-before-Sunday-go-to-meeting bath that week.

William's recollections of the morning were rudely interrupted by a whistling boy approaching the pasture gate. William galloped down to the end of the pasture nearest the house and farthest from the gate. He turned his back to the road and placidly munched grass, occasionally gazing back through his legs at the approaching boy who was dressed in his new blue suit and carrying a beautiful bouquet of wild sweet peas. The unsuspecting John sauntered lazily along the road. The call to duty surged through Wil-



William's breast. After all, he couldn't let Mr. Ryder down. As John approached the house, William began to paw the grass and to snort ferociously. Poor John quickly reversed his approach and tore up the length of the pasture, still clutching his sweet peas. As the two got nearer and nearer to the gate, William began to think. As big a rush as John was in, certainly he wouldn't have time to open the gate, and it would really be a shame for him to tear his new breeches climbing over. So, just as they reached the gate, William helped John over. Poor John sailed rather ungracefully

over the gate to a thumping one-point landing on the other side.

As William watched the cloud of dust disappear from sight up the road, he calmly nibbled on the sweet peas that Mr. John Hammer had so forgetfully left on the pasture-side of the fence. William twitched his beard thoughtfully. He had done his duty for the day. He was victorious. Now he would go back to the house and taste Rizpah's new slip. He would chew off the pink ribbons first.

# The Empty Stage

—BETTS DAVIS

Desolate, and yet so full of emotion and life, the waiting props whisper together of other times. Instead of the present atmosphere of death-like stillness, the theater of those other times fairly glowed in sympathetic joy, as the cheerful, jostling throngs of theatre-goers nudged each other and whispered in excited anticipation.

Limp in a corner hang rows of shining lifeless costumes, dustily reminiscent of the thrill of opening night. The glittering cape of some ancient queen hangs beside the faded sobriety of a Quaker garment, which shrinks silently back in blind deference. A little to the side sits a box of old, discarded make-up. Shade upon shade of color once glowing with warmth, but now

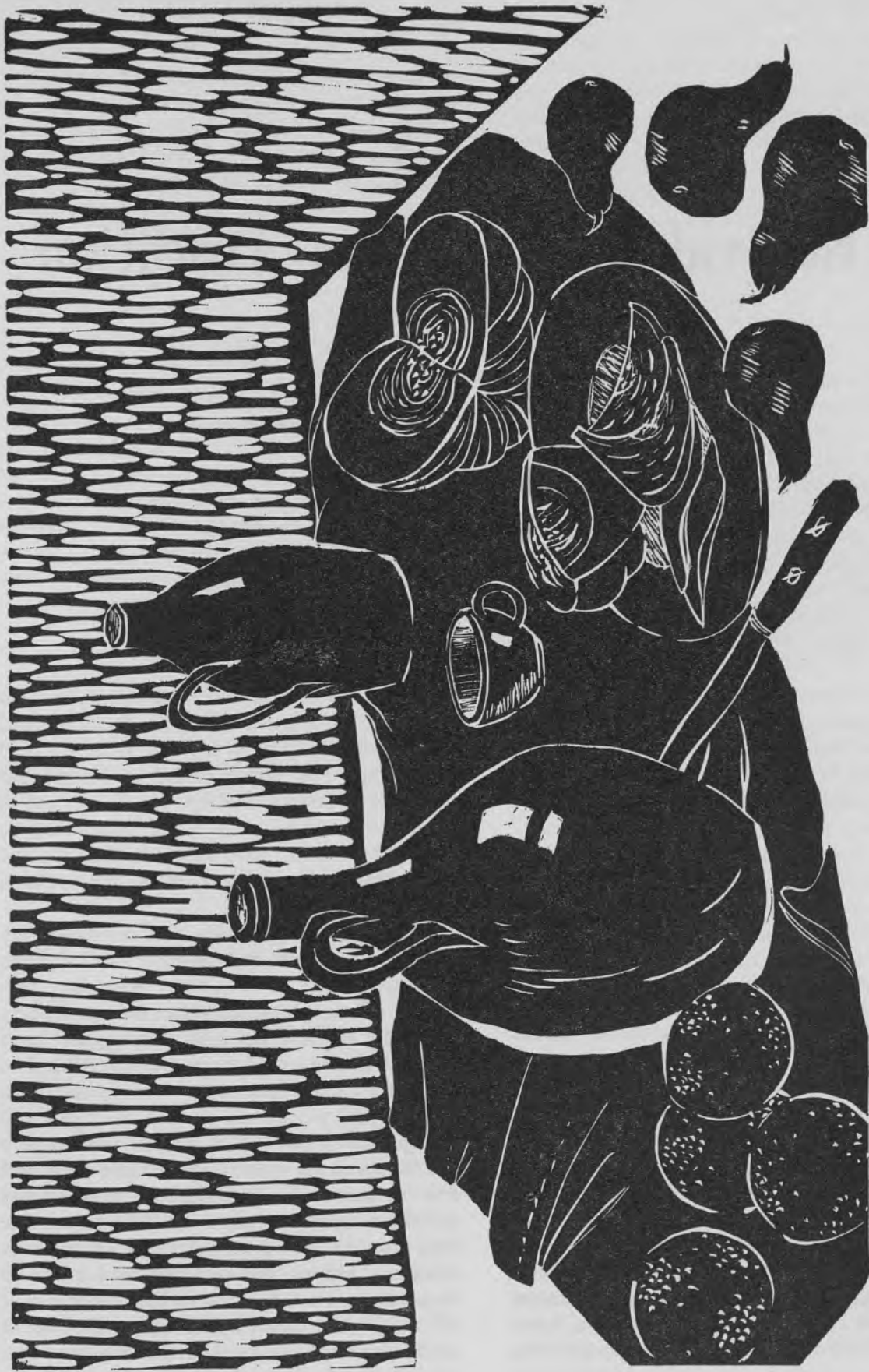
orangey and dull, line the sides of the aged pasteboard container. On top are several powder puffs, misshapen and dirty from long use. Shreds of a nylon beard protrude from underneath; the entire contents of the box is liberally sprinkled with pinkish powder.

Almost hidden in the massive velveteen folds of the curtain, a sketchily painted tableau of an outdoor scene in early spring sags against the wall; its bright colors and cheery scene, strangely incongruous to the dark anticipatory silence, echo through the empty theater. In front of this note of brightness is situated a folding table—probably at one time a stage property, but since having found use as a general catch-all, supporting a varied array of castaway gadgetry: a chipped vase, still bravely exhibiting its now brown and dry bouquet; a pair of broken spotlights which for some reason never found the way to the trash can; a dog-eared notebook containing the concise notation of the stage prompter; a gaudy glass “jewel,” once the bright spot in the crown of a theatrical regent, still dully gleaming in its false, glassy glory.

On the other side of the stage, across the bare aperture that reveals to the audience the final fruits of the labors of writer, producer, and actor, is a maze of wiring—in the hands of the skilled lighting technician the final touch to the performance. To the uninitiated, however, it is only a jumble of wires and switches, utterly meaningless in capability.

A tall stepladder near the center stage reaches high toward the ceiling, serving at present no use than to afford a resting place for a huge coil of multi-colored wire and a purple musketeer-style chapeau, complete with swirling rose-colored plume.

On the floor in a quiet corner the scratch-scratch of a small mouse is audible as he unconcernedly organizes his affairs behind a stack of discarded programs. In a few hours, however, he will retire to the depths within the sanctuary of his nest, as the theater's other occupants force him out with their hurrying and noise. Then his quiet domain will experience a temporary metamorphosis, as it changes from the deserted stillness he knows to the frantic tension of the theatrical performance. The little animal only burrows back a little farther and waits patiently; for after the transient flash of excitement, he will come back out to the same dark stage and continue his methodical search for food.



—PENNE PAQUIN

ART # 3

# Needed: A Revival of American Tradition

—STEVE PEARSON

So the man whose name was George Washington took the job called the Presidency of the United States. And for the first time in the history of the world, a whole people became their own boss.

All over the world, wherever the news spread, men stopped in their work to wonder at this new American thing—a people who could not be ruled, but governed themselves. A people who had taken the love of independence that is in all men, and made it work as a way of life.

Just recently I came across this quotation from an old history book of mine. Upon reading it, I paused to gain a deeper realization of its significance with regard to our past history and present existence. I was struck with the thought that there was a challenge from our forefathers for all Americans to carry on their work of establishing a truly democratic state.

When President Kennedy was campaigning for his office, he often stated that he considered it his duty to lead the country into a new frontier of economic resurgence. I firmly believe, however, that the President should have stressed the social and ideological aspects of a new frontier

rather than those of an economic nature. In these two areas, we Americans lack the desire to stand up for the principles which our country should promulgate. That which should be our greatest asset—our American heritage—has turned out to be one of our greatest liabilities, because we, as American citizens, have failed in fulfilling the responsibilities required of us by our tradition and history.

Ever since America was first colonized, her people have been an independent, hard-working, idealistic people. So conscious were our forefathers of such inherent principles as equality under the law and the right to safeguard one's personal liberties that many citizens refused to accept the Constitution until the individual rights of man were guaranteed by law. We today call this guarantee the Bill of Rights. Our country and the ideals for which it stands have been, and will continue to be, an inspiration to oppressed peoples everywhere who are willing to sacrifice their lives to gain these privileges accorded to American citizens. We ourselves have taken up arms on occasions to preserve them. Because of the sacrifices of others before us, we in America today live secure in the fact that whatever our fortunes may be—wealth or poverty, eminence or



obscurity—our Creator has blessed us with certain inalienable rights of which no power on earth can deprive us.

Generally speaking, we believe ourselves to be intensely patriotic. However, I do not think we are proud of our country in the same manner that our forefathers were, and this change is not good. The founders interpreted America as an ideal country where any man could disagree with his neighbor, debate with him openly, and not fear any form of reprisal. They believed she should offer to all a vision of hope for a good life and in that life, peace and security. These ideals are part of the legacy of our American heritage which must be expressed through the daily life of every individual citizen.

I am sure that we are aware of this heritage; yet, I do not believe the full significance is apparent to us. We are following a new criterion in measuring the greatness of our country. The standard rule now appears to be how much wealth a person can amass and what he can buy with it. Freedom and justice for all no longer seem as important as they once did. The ideals on which our country has been so solidly resting for nearly two hundred years must be returned to their rightful place of priority in our lives.

As all Christians should be ready and willing to make a witness because of their faith, so too, we Americans should be ready and willing to make a witness for our tradition and history. If America is "the land of the free and the home of the brave," then let us, her citizens, bear witness to this fact. If America is the land of the free, let us put aside our petty prejudices and make her truly free. It is a sad state of affairs when a citizen of the United States may be denied his Constitutional right to vote because the color of his skin is of a darker hue than that of his fellows. In any of the regions in this great country of ours, other services beside voting may be restricted or denied to persons because they happen to have certain physical characteristics which set them apart from the "good white Americans."

Furthermore, if America is the home of the brave, then why is she so easily pushed around by other countries? More than once our government has poured money into neutralist countries which have pressured us for aid by threatening to seek financial assistance from the Communist camp if we were not willing to help them. We should not have to pay for friendship. If we were really living up to our heritage, such countries

would be eager to be our friends, and they would not charge us for the opportunity. We have also given aid to countries whose ideologies were completely different from ours; and yet, because they would resist communism, we would compromise with our consciences to aid them. If our ties were not bound by the money we paid to keep them on our side, these countries would oppose any of the American ideals just as quickly as they opposed the communistic point of view. When "Teddy" Roosevelt said, "Walk softly and carry a big stick," perhaps he should have added, "and keep your head held high." We are the land of the brave, but we have to keep looking back over our shoulder.

Because of our actions, an unfortunate situation has arisen. The world knows of our past and its significance to freedom-loving men everywhere. But the world also knows how we present-day Americans are actually living. We are saying to the world, "Here is our history and tradition. Follow it and you cannot go wrong. If we do something entirely different, do not let it bother you." But no wonder, then, the world judges America harshly; we have not given it any alternative. Clearly, we are not serving as proper trustees of our forefathers' legacy. By practicing segregation, we have alienated ourselves from the peoples of the emerging African states. By giving excessive aid to fence-hopping neutralists, we have suffered a disheartening blow to our prestige and integrity. By using our wealth and power to keep established dictators in power, we have earned the justifiable mistrust of our South American neighbors. Our actions speak for themselves. To have a Constitution like ours is a fine ideal, but what good is the ideal if we do not hold fast and follow the noble principles stated therein?

I love America and the message for living which her past speaks. Because I love her, I cannot reconcile anything except one hundred per cent support of her beliefs by her citizens. I know one hundred per cent means perfection, and this ideal is a difficult one to attain—some might say impossible. However, even the smallest indication of conclusive evidence, indicating that we are making a truly honest and sincere effort to attain this goal, would be encouraging to me. We would at least indicate that we are aware of the problem and are interested enough to work for a solution. To say one is an American is nothing. To say that one is an *active* American is everything. How about you? Are you nothing or everything?

## DESPAIR

The night has fallen upon me.

The dirty dust of the day is no longer seen  
Mingling with the bright rays of the sun.  
The sun has been enveloped by a cold, dark abyss.

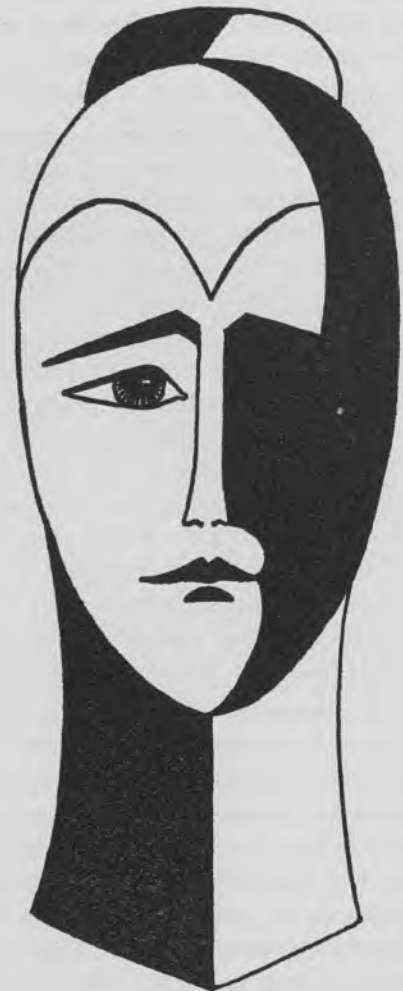
The darkness is deep and heavy upon my mind and soul.

I search for something,  
But my extended desire is met by unresponsive darkness.  
The sun cannot understand her sudden smothering;  
Neither can I understand the mocking apathy  
Which has gripped my very being.

Like all men, I have always been in search of the Light.

The only light which filters through my blindness  
Is a glass bulb, stimulated by electric force,  
And responded to by black whirling bugs,  
Unconcerned with their destination.

—PAT PEELE



## Emptiness

Men will curse over the spilt contents of a bourbon bottle,  
but who will curse the suppression of the Freedom Riders?

Childless women will weep over the death of a skinny little dog,  
but who will weep over the sins of a city?

Christians will pray for large crowds and large offerings at their revivals,  
but who will whisper a forgiving prayer for an Eichmann?

The mobs will shout "death" in the face of the black molester,  
but who will cry "justice" in the establishment of equality?

Frenzied spectators will cry "hero" over the dead auto racer,  
but who will mutter "Dear God," appreciating the beauty of the sunset?

Old folks will reminisce over the moral, God-fearing days gone by,  
but who will tell the truth to boys and girls about communism,  
existentialism and contraceptives?

Every cool cat will be hep to Peyton Place,  
but who will know the depths of Faulkner?

—PAT PEELE

# The Practical Joke

—JOHN FLOWERS

As far as I know, I am one of the last living beings on earth. Exactly three weeks ago, April 25, 1970, the entire world was engulfed in a nuclear holocaust. Within three hours, most of the surface of the earth and all that had been living upon it were devastated. Only a few individuals, located either in well-stocked fall-out shelters or in remote parts of Africa and Asia, have managed to survive. Yet even these individuals will soon die, for radiation has not subsided and the food supplies will soon be depleted.

It seems rather foolish, therefore, to write this brief account of mankind's last days; I feel, however, that somehow, by some miracle, man will—he must—survive! Thus accepting the premise of

man's survival, I feel that (at least) he should have a small chance of knowing what caused his near-destruction.

*How was man nearly destroyed?* No doubt future historians will attribute World War III to the strained relations between the United States and Russia. They will write that between 1964 and 1970, two high Soviet officials were assassinated while on state visits to the United States. They will point out the still-unexplained disappearance of four United States reconnaissance planes near the Russian border. Finally, they will write that Premier Ivan Malinorsky was murdered in the United Nations building while in the process of signing, ironically, a world-wide disarmament treaty; and that the United States, fearing a surprise retaliation, launched a preventive war. If so, all they write will be true; yet they will have failed to take into account the most important factor (the factor upon which all others depend) of man's near-destruction: that alien beings tried to destroy man and invade the earth.

It was only yesterday that I myself discovered this horrible fact. While making a daily check on the radiation outside and scanning the ground above my shelter with a periscope, I saw an object which previously I had believed existed only in the mind of science-fiction writers. The object resembled a massive discus and had a dull, metallic luster. As I watched the craft glide gently to the ground, I at first believed that I was suffering from a hallucination, a result, perhaps, of radiation sickness. My next thought was that the craft was a secret weapon belonging to one of the numerous nations involved in the war. I knew that there were still a few futile skirmishes between armed remnants of the warring nations. When three beings, whom I believed to be men, emerged from the craft, I realized that they were survivors from some army. I continued to observe them for several minutes. Suddenly the thought struck me that these men had little or no protection against the deadly radiation. How, I wondered, were they able to survive?

After much deliberation, I decided to venture outside my shelter. I reasoned that as I would be dead in a matter of days, anyway, the intense radiation could harm me only slightly; furthermore, I had hopes of the men telling me there was some method of protection from radiation and that man would survive after all.

The heat outside was intense. I began to feel faint and somewhat nauseated. Suddenly my head started spinning and I toppled to the ground. When I regained consciousness, I saw two of the men returning to the spacecraft; the third watched as it rose into the misty sky and soared out of sight. When he then turned toward me, I became frightened and tried desperately to run. Immediately I received by some mode of communication—having no better explanation, I shall say mental telepathy—the order to stop. Then before I could run again, he was upon me. Seeing that there was no escape, I submitted meekly to his orders. He forced me into my shelter, and using the adhesive tape from my first aid kit, bound me securely to one leg of a cot. During two hours of silence, he examined every object in the shelter. Finally he began to tell me a fantastic story.

He told me that the leaders of his planet had viewed the earth as a potentially excellent colony for a long time and had plotted to discover some method of ridding the earth of its inhabitants. When man perfected the atom bomb in 1945, these leaders believed that at last they had the plan which would destroy man.

Their plan was to transplant their people in the bodies of men and to commit sabotage and assassination. It was not until 1964, however, that they perfected a transplanting apparatus. With the machine finally perfected, they carried out



their plan with unbelievable efficiency. It was these aliens who assassinated the Soviet officials, who caused the disappearance of the reconnaissance planes, who murdered Premier Malinorsky. They think that they have destroyed man, but he will meet this challenge, he will su . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Against the darkness of a huge galaxy a metallic speck glittered. Inside the speck there were sudden bursts of laughter.

"What is it, sir?" questioned the lieutenant.

"It's something that the animal which the corporal killed yesterday was scribbling. Neux evidently told him that we were responsible for the destruction of his race," explained the major.

"What?"

"Yes, he even told him that we planned to colonize that planet—which, of course, is true except for the fact that colonization was only contemplated when the planet still had most of its mineral wealth. It was abandoned, however, because there were not enough intelligent creatures on the planet to do the necessary labor. Much later we found that those stupid parasites had wasted more than half of the wealth."

"By the way, sir, what was the intelligence level of animals on that planet?"

"Most were degenerate. The most intelligent were at the same level as the primitives on our planet three million years ago, but even the most intelligent lacked rationality. That must be why they had that stupid war."

"Do you know what Neux said about this fabrication he made? He said it was one of the best practical jokes he had ever played."

"I don't see anything so funny about it."

"Neither do I, but . . ."

Just then Neux entered the control room.

"Neux," asked the lieutenant, "where did you ever get the idea for this ridiculous story?"

"There were some books in that underground room. They were filled with a lot of junk about fantastic machines for transplanting bodies. I was bored so I decided to have some fun. Anyone could see he wasn't very intelligent," answered Neux.

"Rather surprising, isn't it, that he believed all that rubbish?" commented the major as he returned the wrinkled paper to Neux.

As the ship sped to its distant destination, Neux lay on his bunk chortling hideously to himself, "Man destroyed himself!"

# Focusing Upon the World

—SHIRLEY MCDANIELS

I gazed upon the world tonight—and what I saw I did not like. For I saw not the rose-colored, external world which everyone sees when he is afraid to see any other. No, I looked down into its very depth and saw there its naked heart—saw it in all its sordid dirtiness and filth. The picture sent a searing pain through my heart, and I fought frantically to maintain control of my shattering emotions. This was the world I had known was there but which I had refused to acknowledge—until now. Now I was being forced to see the world as it really existed.

I gazed upon the world, and I saw there despair, discouragement, disappointment — absurdity. I saw human beings caught up in a web of mere existence—fighting to make nothing into something, struggling to find meaning and purpose and happiness. I saw a beautiful young girl caught in the snare of love; an unwed mother attempting to end her life and the life of her unborn child; men turning with hatred and prejudice against their fellowmen. I saw a family succumbing to public opinion, defying truth to save face; a girl rejected by her own just when she so desperately needed them. Tears flowed down pale cheeks because of harsh, bitter words flung into the open without thought of pain or injury. A small child cried loudly, begging for love—for someone to care enough. I watched people as they belied their flowery phrases and spoken words through their daily actions. I watched people lie and steal and kill, and I saw people weakened and falling under the strain of everyday existence.

Over the whole world lay a thick, heavy mist—a mist composed of hatred, fear, prejudice, distrust, unconcern, misunderstanding. Within this mist existed people—people who were afraid to come into the open, afraid to be “found out,” afraid to step into the unknown. And so they cowered in the darkened corners of conformity,

of the past, of the same small world of people and experiences they already knew.

These things I saw—and I cried: “Is this Life, abundant Life? Is this what a Savior died for, this world that is so cold and heartless? Is this all there is to Life?” And I turned away in despair from a world and a life I did not know because I did not want to know it.

Then through my despair came a clear, strong voice from the past: “Go you into *all* the world!”

No! No, I could not turn away from this unlovely world. I could not desert. And feeling compelled to look once more, I gazed for the second time upon the world. As my eyes pierced the heavy mist, they began to distinguish the dim outlines of other people, people who did know happiness, people whose lives did have meaning and purpose. I saw a father risking his very life to protect his family from danger; a mother pouring forth her love and understanding upon those in need, upon her husband, her family. I saw *agape*, real unselfish love, bud and blossom. I saw people working for peace, for understanding among nations and groups and individuals; students struggling to find the answers to the perplexing questions of their society; men fighting to protect the rights of those whose skins were of a different color from their own; devoted teachers and leaders believing in the goodness of man and striving to help him attain this potential.

I witnessed forgiveness and acceptance of one's fellowmen, acceptance of a person for what he really is, without his false pretensions. I saw beauty in a small child's questioning eyes; love in a friend's gentle handclasp; hope in a group of students searching for the meaning of Life and Truth. These things I saw, and I was filled with joy.

Again for the third time I gazed upon the world. The dark, shadow-like mist still covered the universe, despair and discouragement still reigned, people still cowered in fear and distrust. But no longer was the world without hope. For through the thick fog crept small, dim rays of light. Slowly, slowly, the rays were becoming broader and brighter, more piercing, ever forcing themselves through the stifling mist all around.

Again I heard the voice: “Go *YOU* into *ALL* the World!”

The responsibility was mine. I could not despair; I could not give up; I could not desert—not so long as there existed beneath the surface—**HOPE.**



ART # 4

—REANZA WALDREP

## SMOKE

Smoke,  
drifting slowly, much like time  
on a winter day,  
creeping, oh, so gently over  
the ecstasy of living,  
flowing like a rippling meadow brook  
going,  
going,  
unyielding.

Where does it stop or disappear?

God knows.

Man defiantly asks again.

There seems no response—

Only the silence of that dark abyss  
of wonderment.

—LARRY SHALLCROSS

## NEVER STOP

The grass green velvet,  
The orange sun sets.  
Come tomorrow  
The purple hills,  
rocks - - - sharp,  
Climbing upward,  
Always upward. Never down.  
The rocky ledges are steep.  
Slip - - - don't fall.  
Fall - - - start all over.  
Or stay at the bottom.  
Never stop, sun.  
Mysterious moon,  
Blue-wind - - - the trees,  
Whooooo  
Can't stop.  
Never stop.  
Every day  
rain.  
Drip,  
Drip,  
Drip.  
The rivers flow,  
Never stop  
Flowing.  
Always on the move, never stop.  
Heaven?

—JOAN ROOT



## YOUNG CHILD, PAUL

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And saw him grasp the love for life,  
And watched him pluck the tender flowers,  
And smiled to see him crush them dead.

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And heard him sing the song of love,  
And watched the sweet maids softly sigh,  
And smiled, "For them it's all in vain."

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And saw him dance as light as air,  
And watched the maids and him swirl by,  
And smiled to see him be so gay.

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And felt his heart overflow with life,  
And watched him share his spring with all,  
And smiled to see him, one so young.

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And thought of my own heart, so old,  
And watched the dear child smile at me,  
And cried lest my own heart should break.

Today I watched the young child, Paul,  
And loved him.

—RONDA KAY MAY

## APOLOGIES TO DAVID

The good will is my shepherd; I want no other.  
It maketh me to Reason before experience;  
it leadeth me to the rational mind;  
It restoreth universal laws; it leadeth me  
in the paths of *a priori* reasoning  
for its imperative.

Yea, though I walk absent-mindedly through  
the linden trees at exactly the same  
hour each day, I fear no repercussion,  
for the Will is Good under all  
circumstances; its motives being  
absolute shall direct me.

It preparest pure Reason before me in  
the presence of my obligations; it  
treats all rational beings as ends;  
my maxim becomes universal.

Surely, a little bit of God slumbers in  
me, and in being Rational I fulfill  
my duty in the name of the transcendental  
Self.

—MARCIA WECHTER

# The Tower

—PHYLLIS FOY

Having quenched his thirst and washed his dust-streaked face, Miki DuBois felt considerably relaxed but anxious to complete the last and most difficult stretch of the race. As he accelerated his Jaguar out of the relay station, he ached only slightly, but he was no longer cramped. As he felt the wheels skim over the mechanized road, he glanced at the speedometer just in time to see the hand fall motionless to the extreme right. His tension, built up during the few minutes at the relay station, subsided, and he became extremely conscious of the gravity of the remaining portion of his task.

The remaining stretch of the race lay first between flatland acres of vineyards with villages scattered along the route, but gradually the road elevated to higher, rougher terrain. The road became little more than a tar-covered wagon trail, winding like a snake-like mountain stream (fifteen miles of the most desolate, dangerous racing track in the world). Then the road suddenly swooped, widened, and leveled into a plateau. From the plateau Miki could recall the strain of the climb just completed, but he could also see in the distance the tower standing tall, majestic and beckoning.

While in the lowland, Miki took advantage of the opportunity to exert his maximum speed. But now streaking between rich, green vineyards, he recollected the high points in his half-completed journey. He had started fifteenth in a field of twenty-five other sports roadsters. An excited crowd of spectators had cheered them, instilling in each driver an enthusiastic determination for him to be the victor. Nothing could interfere. The sun had gradually lifted the chill from the crisp morning air as Miki descended the mountains, turning here or squeezing past a competing racer there. His heart sank as he remembered glimpsing the remains of all-too-confident drivers scattered along the roadside, but he rejoiced again in his assumption that this ending would not be in fate.

The road began to wind, and Miki could tell

that it was becoming increasingly narrow. His caution doubled. Only one other car remained in this race for destiny. He must overtake it within the next two miles. In the distance, he was able to discern the drone of the other motor. He quickly and easily gunned his own accelerator and let the roadster slide through the oncoming curves like a Spanish conquistador's bull-whip. From the summit of a new plateau, he caught a vague glimpse of the lone racer. Desire struggling with reason, Mike realized that his only chance for victory lay in his ability to pass the maroon Ferrari before the racers crossed the river. However, Miki also comprehended the importance of saving his car for the last lap beyond the river; this lap would require all of his technique and skill as a well-coordinated driver and almost perfect response from his vehicle. Even now he could feel the front wheels pull to the left when he braked. Following much contemplation, zeal—the desire for victory—vanquished his reason; Miki decided to gamble *everything* on this last chance.

The ruby-red Jaguar gathered still more speed which left a whirlwind of dust behind, slowly closed the gap, and separated it from the Ferrari. After several minutes of this breathtaking speed, the "red streak" approached its rival and swerved to the left side of the road. The antagonist, an English driver, knew too that this moment was the decisive moment in the race. He too considered himself victor. Knowing these tensing facts, the opponent moved his car to the center of the all-too-narrow road, blocking passage on either side. Miki's heart fell. It was less than 350 yards to the bridge and after it—nothing. He blew the horn and yelled curses at the driver in front of him, but words were lost in the drone of the engines and the furious attack of the wind.

"All or nothing at all," whispered Miki to himself as he whipped the Jaguar half-on, but half-off the road. The leading driver attempted to whip over even further to the left, but not in time to stop the onrushing Jaguar. Miki's position advanced. The two cars, bumper to bumper, rushed toward the river; the red car bounced up and down because of the unevenness of the rough shoulder. Suddenly, the tie broke; and Miki, in a last spurt of speed, swung ahead of the Ferrari. He pulled to the right, missing the bridge railing by mere inches. The treacherous road stretched ahead with open arms, and Miki swung into it with the knowledge that the remainder of the journey required only skillful, sensible driving—

# FULL MOON

Like a specter, the blood-red moon floats effortlessly above the jumbled rim of the horizon. Silently she climbs higher and higher, fading into a wan death's mask, as if the effort to reach the heights has been too great. Silence, the ever-present companion of the moon, reigns. All sounds cease. The hand of death has seemingly stilled the movements of all living creatures. One old hound bays at the mocking moon.

The rule of the monarch is oppressive. Her look is sufficient to still the breath and to cause the heart to flutter. The earth is blighted; evil lurks in the blotches of dark shadows. Each once-friendly object becomes a sinister, repugnant form.

Finally, as if the effort has been too great, the wasted monarch begins to topple from her throne. She very slowly loses her oppressive grip on the captive earth. Life slowly begins to stir. The breeze, loose at last, whispers among the trees that all is over. Life can move once more as the dying queen falls into the deep; and the sun, the breath of life, climbs upon the throne and takes the fallen crown.

—ARLEEN BENTON

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much to his relief. Glancing into his rear-view mirror, he saw the maroon Ferrari skid to the side of the road and the driver race to the hood. "Must be engine trouble. No rush now! I can take my time," Miki exclaimed.

A light rain began to fall. Reason for caution doubled. Squeezing between gorges, screeching around forty-five-degree angled curves, and tumbling down steep inclines, the red Jaguar, now hot enough to match its color, zoomed toward the finish line—a ten-minute distance. "O God," he shouted aloud. "I've won! I've actually won. There's the tower. I can see it! Just a matter of seconds now!"

Suddenly, in the road ahead, a mountain goat trotted carefreely into the path of the oncoming

fury. Dazed by the abruptness of the situation, Miki found no time for reaction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Regaining consciousness, Miki beheld the defeated situation. To his right on the edge of the road lay the ruined Jaguar, demolished by the violent overturning it had undergone. The remains of the goat lay about fifty yards down the road. Miki had been thrown clear of the car, but almost over the cliff. Drizzling rain washed the blood on his forehead down his face, but he tried to brush it away. "It's so damn quiet," he thought, "and there's the tower—just standing there—so close . . ." Gasping, the defeated driver's face fell into the mud, and over him hovered the finish-line tower—his giant goal—success above the struggles of one loser.

# Silent, All Silent

Silent, all silent.

A sound?

No, just his imagination, probably nothing but a falling twig.  
Still it could be somebody — or something.

His pace increased.

The trees slowly began to take forbidding shapes.  
The light rain seemed to become the breath of impending doom.

Another sound?

This time closer, more pronounced.

Quiet, listen!

For a few seconds the half-moon broke through the clouds.  
There was little relief in its eerie light.  
Then it was gone.

Why come this way?  
Through this God-forsaken wood.

His footsteps hastened even more.

He tripped and fell over a dead limb.  
His clothing was wet and mud-stained—  
“Mom’ll be mad.”

Another sound.

Stop, listen!

His heart beat uncontrollably.  
His stomach felt light, as if it might float out of his body.  
A million ants crept across his flesh.  
Suddenly they were replaced by a million pins, each tearing  
At his perspiring skin.

And again the sound.

O God, only a little further to go; a few feet to go.



ART # 5

—BOBBY WHITE

There's nothing there.

One, two, three, four, five . . .

Once again!

Six, seven, eight . . .

O God!

Nine, ten . . .

Again!

Eleven . . .

The moon broke through the clouds;  
Soon the rain was gone.  
The forest was filled with countless fireflies.  
A lone frog could be heard giving its mating call.  
Then came the reply of its lover.

—RODGER FRANKLIN

## TRIBUTE TO DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

Living . . . Serving . . . Dying!

The life pattern of him for whom to live  
was to serve mankind;  
And to serve was to give himself  
in the struggle to free the mind and spirit of Man.  
For him the very breath of life lay in breathing  
for those unable to breathe alone.

Discord . . . Strife . . . War!

The people of the world divided—  
set against each other in a battle for  
the survival of ideas.  
Brother against brother was unknowingly ignorant  
of the irony of the fight,  
But to him the violent division of Humanity  
was as a fiery dart aimed directly at its target,  
the secret and vulnerable recesses of the heart.

The air clears; the dust settles; the world is still again!

But the stillness is the stillness of Death,  
for Man must know for what he will die  
before he can live.

And so lived and died he who was truly great—  
ever fighting for what he loved  
and for what he believed.

And in dying, he was merely fulfilling that part of his life  
in which his efforts are understood and appreciated  
by those for whom he died.

—BETTS DAVIS



# THE SPOILS SYSTEM TODAY

—JOHN FLOWERS

When today's American reads Nathaniel Hawthorne's account of the spoils system of the 1840's, he may be prone to fall under the illusion that such practices no longer exist. Civil service has, to be sure, reduced the number of government positions to which the spoils system is applicable. Many officeholders, however, are still selected, not on the basis of merit, but on the basis of political favoritism.

Perhaps one reason for public unawareness of the continued existence of the spoils system is the fact that both the characteristics and the name of the system have changed. No longer is the term *spoils system* used; substituted is the more dignified title of *political patronage*. During the presidency of Andrew Jackson, government positions were given as rewards for past political support. Although still used mainly for this purpose, political patronage is now being employed as inducement for future support. According to the *Newsweek* issue of February 20, 1961, President Kennedy dangled rewards before forty Democrats who were expected to offer resistance to the New Frontier legislative program. The same magazine reported that Kennedy had in the first month of administration conferred thirteen appointments, including the important positions of Postmaster General (J. Edward Day) and United States Treasurer (Mrs. Elizabeth Smith) upon Californians despite the fact that California had supported Nixon in 1960. In contrast, Kennedy had not appointed anyone to a high Cabinet post (McNamara's appointment as Secretary of Defense was nonpolitical) from Michigan, a state which had supported Kennedy in 1960. Of course

such action was taken to increase Governor Brown's chances of re-election and to elect as many Kennedy Democrats as possible to the eight new Congressional seats accorded to California as a result of redistricting.

A somewhat modified form of the spoils system now being exploited by some congressmen is the practice of nepotism, or the bestowal of offices on the basis of relationship rather than on the basis of merit. Although nepotism is nothing new to Congress, it has now taken on new dimensions. Formerly, a congressman bestowed a government job on a favorite nephew or cousin; the practice now, however, has been extended to the congressmen's wives. Some congressmen even rent their homes and garages to the Federal government as offices. The April 13, 1959, issue of *Newsweek* reported the activities of Democratic Representative Ralph Scott of North Carolina. Scott had deeded his law office to his wife and then had had her rent it to the government at one hundred dollars a month. One Southern congressman's relative drew a fairly large government salary; her job consisted of baby-sitting with the congressman's children.

Aside from costing the taxpayers money, most political patronage and nepotism do no great amount of harm. One area of the government, the diplomatic corps, is, however, hampered by these activities. Most ambassadors, fortunately, are appointed on the basis of merit. Yet these nonpolitical appointments tend to conceal the few strictly political appointments. Unfortunately, many of the politically appointed ambassadors are sent to the newly independent nations; and according to the authors of *The Ugly American*, Eugene Burwick and William J. Lederer, such ambassadors sent to Southeast Asian countries have done irreparable harm to America's prestige in those areas. It is probably a fair assumption that the diplomatic ineptness of such representatives has hurt America in other areas of the world as well as in the homeland.

Despite the ills caused by political patronage and nepotism, neither is likely to disappear in the near future. Neither the Congress nor the executive branch will relinquish so powerful a political weapon as patronage. The only means of combatting nepotism is to make a complete investigation of Congressional payrolls and salaries, but Congress will not permit an investigation. The spoils system is, it seems, an inherent part of American politics.

# THE DEATH-ACT

—JUDY RICHARDSON

She had not known the night was haunted when she escaped the stifling confines of the house. Still, once out, she hesitated, and then refused to return without taking just one quick walk about in the woods. At once she sensed the frustration which permeated the darkness as the night fiercely attacked the trees, piercing their bark and causing them to moan silently, incessantly. The moon cast its dull light reluctantly, hesitant to intrude upon the cruel atmosphere.

It was no matter if the night hung heavy and menacing; however, she wished only to be some place away for a while from the artificial, bright light and harsh interior of the house. In the woods she could make herself realize what life really was without the interference of too many strident, ringing voices from the unconcerned. But then, she wondered just what exactly it was she felt so concerned about. She could force her mind perhaps to accept the same view of those inside, undisturbed by too much perception, seeing nothing where they did not care to look, but no. Within her soul there was an ache of emptiness which demanded fulfilling. She had hoped the silent darkness would help.

When she saw the wolf lying naked, defenseless beyond a fallen tree in the pathway, she stopped, startled. Repelled by its tortured suffering, she sat down suddenly on the dead tree and watched, fascinated, as the miracle of death transformed the ugly creature in front of her. Obviously, the young wolf had eaten poison and was now so far from life that its thick, bloody jaws heaved pink catsup-like substance in desperate protest. She shuddered, amazed at the pathos of the situation, offering no assistance because it was so useless to try. Besides, the night laughed contemptuously, mocking the animal fear and the human horror. Alone, the wolf's life was waning, and there was no comfort for him, not even if all the forces in the wood had been mourning for him or even dying with him.

Frightened because she was powerless, she glanced away from the scene, only to look back, compelled the next second. The wolf, in his final effort of life, beseeched her for kinship, but she could not help him die; thus he eased out of existence in awful silence. She thought briefly of burying him, but it was really of no great consequence now. The death-act was really all that had actually mattered.

Without listening, she was aware of voices penetrating from the house. Of course they were wondering about her. As the depth of darkness beat down upon her flesh, bruising her body to blue numbness, she still sat sobbing on the tree log. They would call her for a long time, but she knew the night-force was upon her; so she stayed alone.



# KING NIGHT

The night brusquely folded its black cloak 'round  
And silently covered the sleepy town.  
This night was cruel; all filled with hate;  
In its hand this night held a life, a fate.

The townspeople quickly drew their shutters in  
To try to shut out the night and its sin.  
They knew men were dying – long had they died.  
Death stalked the streets; roaming night was outside.

Tension was mounting in every heart;  
Each man held his breath and let fear play its part.  
Night laughed derisively – head held high.  
The moment was near – someone would soon die.

It came – a scream – blood-curdling in sound;  
It echoed and echoed all through the town.  
It lasted and lasted, piercing the ear—  
Folk could do nothing, helpless in fear.

Night laughed again and touched his crown:  
“You people stay in; I rule this town.”  
One night he reigned there – a powerful king:  
One night – the town never spoke of the thing.

It happened again; it will the world o'er.  
Sins go unpunished, night covers the sore.  
No names, no faces – just sounds and the blood;  
Night – do you fear it?

—LINDA BREWER



ART # 6

—B. KRIMMINGER

## RESURRECTION

The wind blew, howling in his mind and echoing in his soul.

The icy raindrops penetrated his being,  
dampening his body and drowning his spirit.

The passionate vapors of hateful rebellion rose from the earth,  
stinging his eyes and blinding his vision.

The chaotic world continually spun in darkness,  
jumbling his motions and scrambling his thoughts.

Deep, dark depression suffocated his enthusiasm for life.  
An existing gulf separated him from God and his fellowmen,  
battering him with choppy waves of doubt and insecurity.

He rambled for Truth, but she hid herself in far places.  
He cried for escape, but mechanisms yielded little sympathy.  
He prayed for strength, but the Giver had a firm hold on His possessions.  
He sought refuge in cold knowledge, but intelligent theories  
only reaffirmed his need.

Blanketed in self-pity, he lay in his bed of despair,  
mocking man and damning God.  
Destroyed and in depths of defeat, he waited, waited, waited.

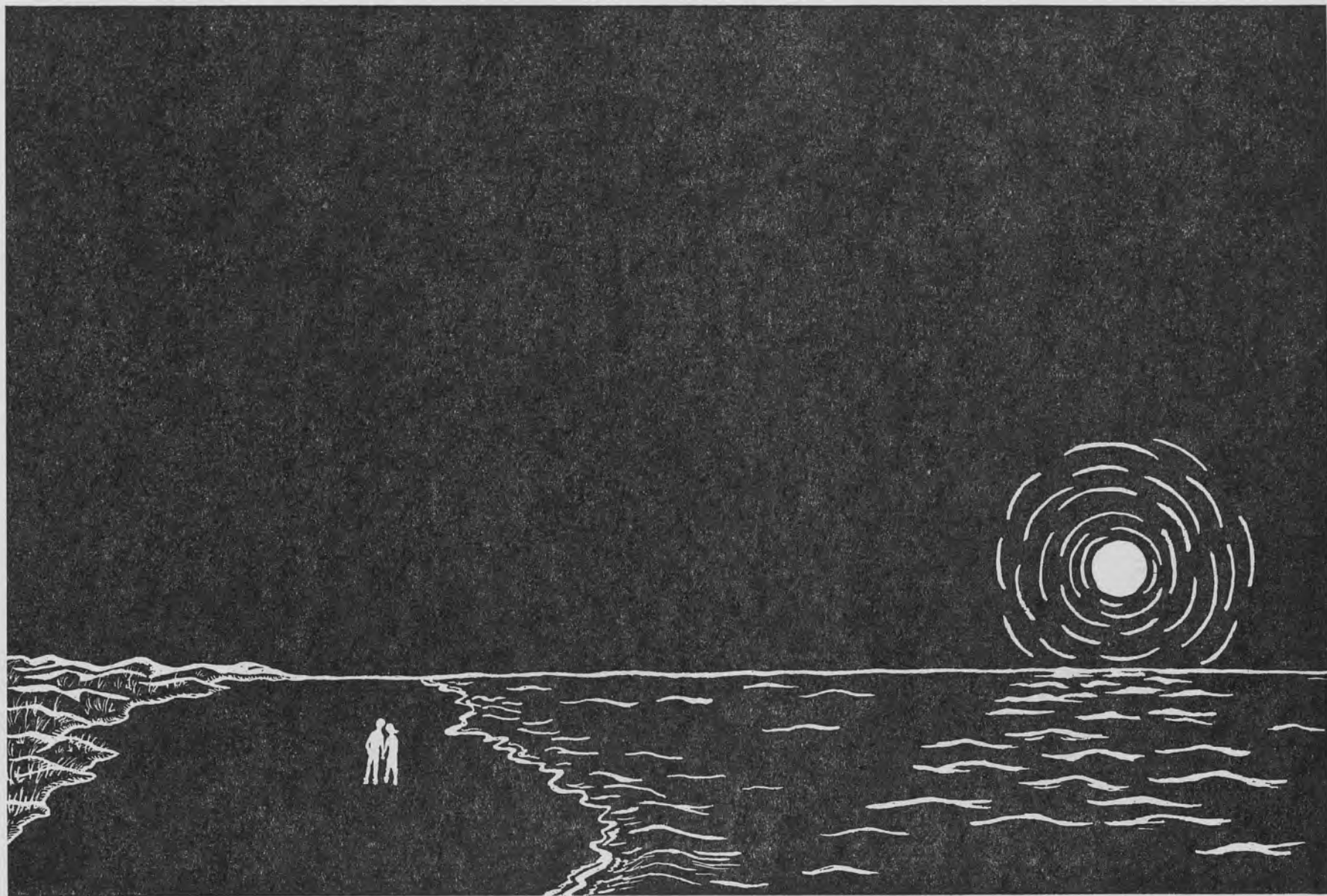
Then it happened! Lightning split the sky, and a voice cried:

“Father, forgive Man, he knows not what he does.”

And the voice then spoke to Man:

“Man, O Man, rise and stand upon thy feet.”

—PAT PEELE



## SUMMER AWAKENING

*A party's hum  
the sounds of Dave.  
The burn of rum  
Oh! Did I crave?  
But not too soon  
let her choose me;  
Was a pale, pale moon  
our ecstasy?*

*Blond tangled hair  
life did create,  
But her only care:  
Hate! Hate! Hate!  
The scorn did go  
she had for me,  
But slow, so slow,  
malignancy.*

*Away from gloom  
to boundless space;  
To cross the room  
was but a race.  
No need to flirt.  
no "Hawk" to hoot,  
A torn, red skirt,  
a tall, rough boot.*

*The barren beach  
we did meet;  
Warm hand in reach  
on a sandy sheet.  
This sensitive pearl—  
were we in sin?  
Into her world  
few could come in.*

*Two living minds,  
a white-capped wave,  
In rosy blinds  
ourselves to save.  
More peaceful peace  
and serenity  
Never knew a niece  
of divinity.*

*The "discovered" rock  
where we did lie  
And talked of Bach  
and height of sky.  
The wrinkled blue  
with sails pure white,  
As her thoughts true  
were warm and light.*

*A mile below,  
how high above,  
But does man know  
an ideal love?  
Hands were joined  
and looks were masked  
No question coined  
or reason asked.*

*The thrust of love  
with no remorse,  
Soft velvet glove  
or rough and coarse  
It mattered not  
both did elate  
We were begot;  
we did create.*

*Never to be the same  
as winter would change;  
To a different aim  
each life would range.  
By love we were tossed,  
whether pleased or pained;  
For whatever was lost  
there was something gained.*

—UNSIGNED

## DESTINATIONS

Rain

flying wildly, joyously down the sky in an endless  
game of chase.

Rain

bouncing, tumbling haphazardly down glistening  
wet roofs to the music of a thousand tiny drums.

Rain

rushing frantically in gullies and streams  
toward some unknown destination.

Rain

making my soul yearn to flee its bounds  
and follow in reckless abandon.

Rain - -

Where does the rain go in such frantic haste?  
To what elysian haven do I follow so blindly?  
To some polluted sewer, perhaps?

—BETTS DAVIS

## Book Reviews:

### Island

by ALDOUS HUXLEY, 1962  
(Reviewed by Arleen Benton)

Compassion, love, greed, sharing, birth control, oil, foster families, science, self-awareness, war, Sears and Roebuck, a Crusade of the Spirit—all of these are found on the mystical island Pala. Here is the trite story of a Shangri-La, the coveted island paradise; but much more is involved than this.

Against the setting of a peaceful, happy society, Huxley brings into stark relief the problem that has besieged man and civilization for centuries. Selfish man disregards the objects and ways that give others pleasure and forces upon them the patterns of "modern" civilization. Changing their lives is done in the guise of giving people the conveniences of modern life. But underlying this outward aspect are two sinister motives: jealousy and, therefore, destruction of someone else's happiness; and greed that seeks to take everything valuable for its satisfaction. This devastating greed is Huxley's main theme in the book. The paradisiacal setting is important only insofar as it supports the theme of man's destructive greed.

A second and equally important theme is presented in the form of a religious doctrine of the Palanese. This doctrine of self-awareness is the basis of their society. Being completely aware of one's self gives meaning to and sharpens the rest of one's life. This awareness allows one to be fully conscious of the surrounding world and enables the viewer to extract every particle of pleasure and pain from himself and his world. The key of self-awareness opens the world, its treasures, and man to the complete understanding and enjoyment of each person.

The major fault of the book—if it can be designated as that—lies, in actuality, not in the book, but in the reader. Huxley utilizes many religious allusions and discussions that escape the uninformed reader. These allusions hinder the reader in part because of lack of understanding of their import. And yet, this problem does not provide a major hindrance to understanding the two basic themes of the book. True, knowledge of them would give a more complete understanding, but it does not lessen the total impact of the story.

This book provides a great deal of pleasure for the reader. Also it gives an introduction to new ideas which induce thinking. But most important, it focuses upon a sinister situation that has plagued man for centuries, and unless something is done, a situation that will continue to plague mankind for many more centuries. Huxley tries to show that man can never really obtain true civilization until he himself has conquered his insatiable greed. Therefore, the importance and the worth of *Island* lies in effectively convincing people of the seriousness of greed and of the need for its total elimination.



## The Education of Jonathan Beam

by RUSSELL BRANTLEY, 1962  
(Reviewed by George Roycroft)

Russell Brantley, a member of the faculty of Wake Forest College, has daringly attacked the fundamentalist Bible-belt for its social mores in his new novel, *The Education of Jonathon Beam*. This satire should be praised upon its merits; though it has caused excitement in the area of its setting. However, the book will appeal to those young adults who can see themselves in a similar college environment.

The characters in the novel have extreme personal exaggerations. There is the naive, intellectual student; the home town preacher fearful of modernism; the religious mother; and the sage, tolerant dean. These characters enter into an uncomplex web of events which often are entertaining and amusing. Jonathan Beam, a North Carolina farm boy, advances in the pursuit of knowledge at Convention College. His principles and ideals are challenged by dancing, drinking, and Biblical contradictions. His plight is complicated even more by the fact that his home-town preacher insists that he spy upon sin at the college for a Baptist convention. The ensuing episodes seem to substantiate the moral that tolerance is victorious over dogmatism.

Brantley has avoided any complexities in his book by the use of simple character analysis and a clear style of writing. He has skilfully interpreted the speech patterns of his characters and has not steered away from coarse language when the occasion seems to demand it.

Brantley has produced a novel which will possibly receive undue criticism from the people it describes. The book, however, is honest, realistic, competent, and intelligent.

## Krishna Menon

by EMIL LENGYEL, 1962  
(Reviewed by Judy Richardson)

Emil Lengyel has, in a compact analysis of Krishna Menon's life, conveyed to his readers an objective opinion of the actions of India's former

Defense Minister. The book, although published shortly before Menon's dismissal, is basically a fair and interesting account of the life of a man so evasive and rude in most cases. Lengyel traces Menon's life from his childhood on the Malabar Coast, explaining the influence of his traditional middle-class environment on his life, through his political achievement in England, and his eventual promotion to the post of Defense Minister of India. He describes the career of Menon in terms of Menon's opinions concerning the British, Gandhi's pacifism, imperialism and socialism, thus arriving at a point where one is better able to understand the actions of this complicated man. The motives of the "Western-trained, Marxist-influenced" personality are analyzed without prejudice or undue remarks.

That Lengyel has been able to project much of Menon's character in this biography is commendable, as Menon is noted for his aloof, impersonal air. The author perhaps portrays his subject too impersonally, as little humanity can be found in Krishna Menon's personality in this book; however, Lengyel is well acquainted with Indian life and has interviewed and researched extensively to present an unbiased, humane account of his subject. Possibly he has not quite succeeded because Menon did not care to cooperate fully. The book is an organized, well-presented report, including brief sketches of Menon's associates and their influence of his views and actions. Lengyel fails to develop a literary style which dramatically weaves the life of Menon into the drama of Indian independence; yet he evaluates quite well his subject, including all pertinent information.

The author discusses Menon's negotiations in the Suez affair, his seemingly contradictory stand for pacifism and his imperialistic fight for Kashmir, his backing of the Goa invasion, and his so-called communist tendencies in allowing the advances of Red China into Indian territory. The book *Krishna Menon*, therefore, gives not a cluttered, opinionated theory, but an objective, concise presentation which discusses Menon's actions as motivated by his environment. The book is a current portrait of one of the world's most controversial figures, well worth reading for those who are interested in the background of Indian politics and the part which Krishna Menon has played in these political decisions.





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