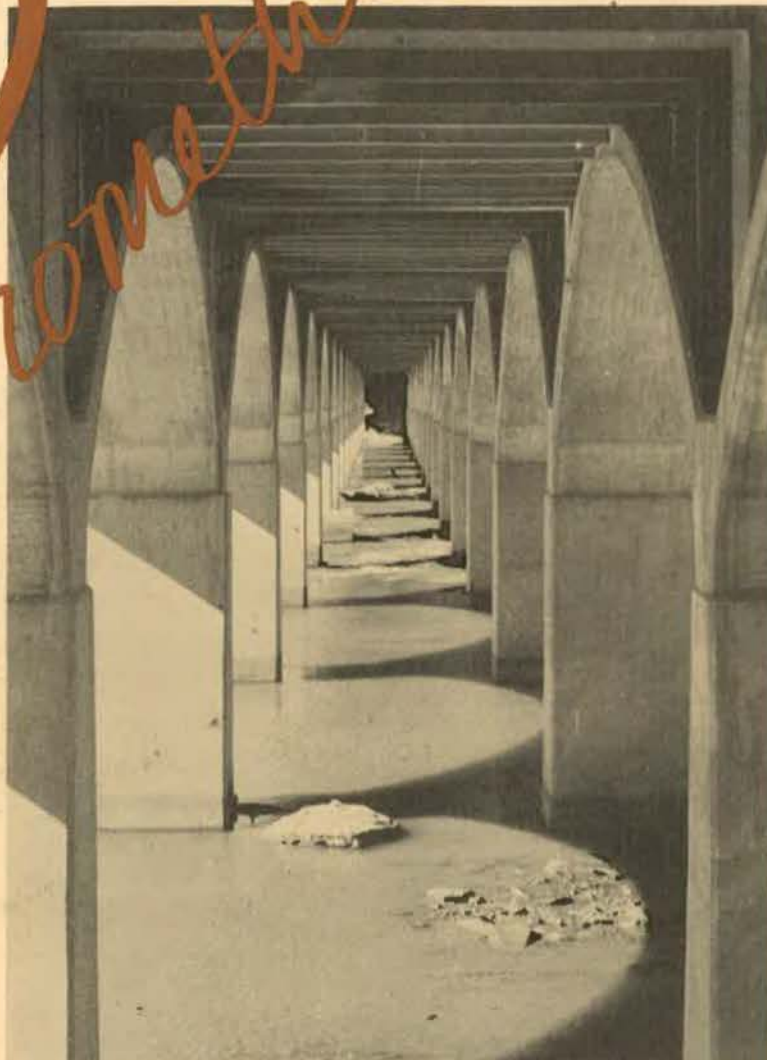
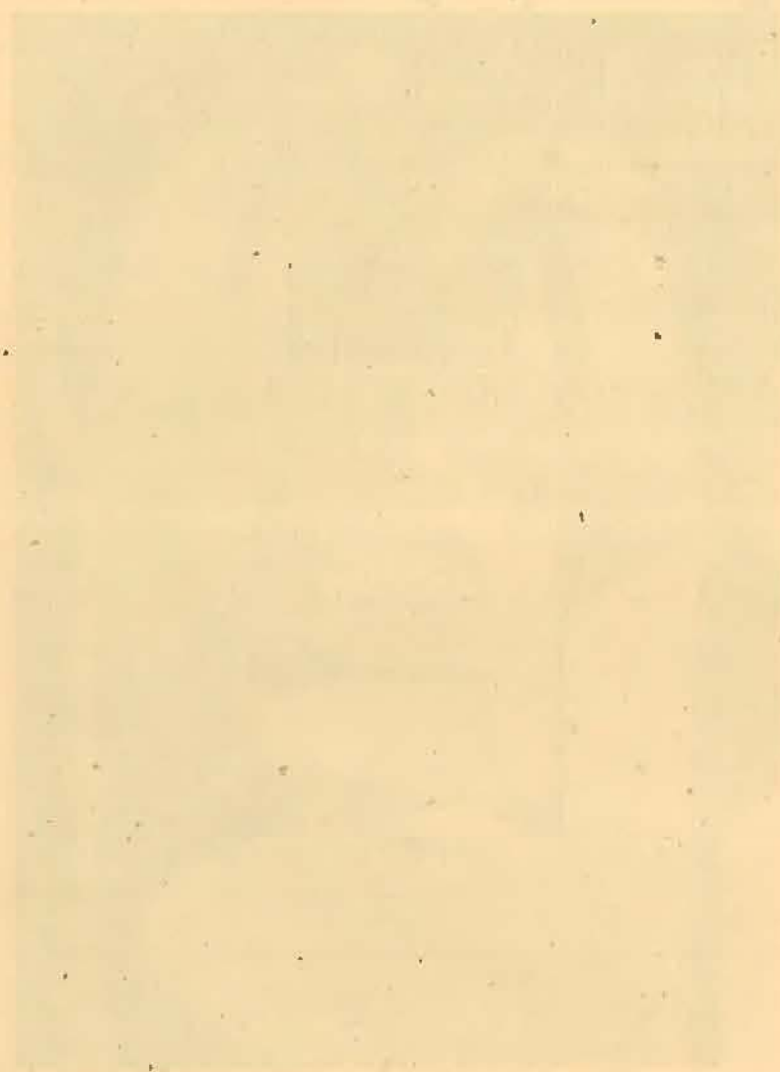


Promethia



Literary Arts Magazine

ORAL ROBERTS UNIVERSITY
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74171



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Grady Walker

Promethia
Literary Arts Magazine



Editorial

Poor Boy Standing in the Hallowed Gap

Gaps have figured prominently in contemporary history as far back as 1974, when Dick Nixon lost a mosaic of elaborate lies to the awful void of the White House tape eraser. Gaps can be discovered in an amazing variety of places, from theories of creation to the adorable grin of Leon Spinks. Even at this university, there looms between freshman registration and commencement morning a bonafide Gap of alarming proportion.

The Gap at South Lewis Avenue is perplexing. It is not nearly so visible as the one which prevents Spinks' front teeth from meeting, yet it dwarfs the boxer's in size and range. Likewise, although it has hardly found itself the topic of scientific conjecture, the complexity and ambiguity surrounding our Gap sometimes seems comparable to the mystery of the earth's physical birth.

The Gap, simply put, is that awesome, foreboding nebula of space and time which separates the person we were when entered ORU from the person we have become when, at last we depart. The distinction represented by either side of the Gap is much more than a matter of chronological progression; the difference of years is assumed. What we cannot afford to ignore is the responsibility of bridging the Gap with quality, purpose, and humor. That may be accomplished in a thousand ways, beginning with the inspiration of worthwhile classes and fostered by the support of good friends and faculty. The details vary with each of us, but the process of confronting the Gap is hearteningly similar.

My introduction to the Gap came shortly after I arrived on the Campus in the fall of '75. Direct from the wheatfields of Kansas, I assumed my place at the bottom of the cellar stairs of the student body hierarchy, richly attired in four shades of green polyester. I could easily have been arrested for impersonating a zealous bottle of Heineken, bubbling to the brim with evangelistic fervor. I plunged into the ORU social scene, (which to this day, eludes definition) via the traditional Ice Cream Bash. Snaking through the crowd of hyperventilating freshman, anxiously assessing the gender count, I pumped dozens of hands, campaigning for Jesus as though he were running for street commissioner. I would have made a night of lapping the Hewitt Dining Commons if an infidel hadn't whispered in my ear that Eric Clapton was playing at the Tulsa Assembly Center within the hour. The moment could not have been more crucial to my future if a voluptuous fig-leaved coed had just offered me an apple. I ditched my banana split and prepared to address the ubiquitous question of *ORU and the Arts* for the first frustrating time.

When I first ran into God, He was playing the part of Creator. I suspected from the initial encounter that he vested some kind of exceptional worth in the creative process. Why else would he choose to introduce himself in the first sentence of the Bible as the fellow from whom all blessings originally flowed?

It seems entirely natural that anyone fortunate enough to have been made in God's image would be inclined to want to try his hand at creation. Art, and the whole artistic process, should be a matter of immediate and genuine fascination for Christians, absorbed as we are with the task of developing ourselves in accord with God's ideal.

Yet, we tend to spend a good deal of time scouring the art of our brethren in search of anything universal enough to cast shadowy doubts across the sincerity of their faith. What I have never fully understood about this university is our determination to eradicate the notion that an artistic validity exists beyond the confines of the avenue of flags.

We reward entertainers with systematic tides of standing ova-

tions when they treat us to gospel or Christian pop, then rage at the same Billy Preston for concluding his first Christian concert with a Beatles song, or stomp disgustedly up the aisles and out the doors when B. J. Thomas tries to put a sense of perspective in his show with "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head".

What we are apparently incapable of understanding is the elementary truth that all good things came from God. Somewhere along the way, we have appointed ourselves supreme diviners of God's methods, a dangerous and futile position. We have no right to insist that artists acknowledge our God as the source of their inspiration and talent. Our only obligation is to see to it that we recognize Him as the ultimate artist, appreciate and benefit from the goodness inherent in the work, and direct our gratitude to the proper place. Armed with this attitude of inclusive love, we are free both to enjoy art on our own terms, without paranoia or intimidation, and to accept the artist as one who perhaps has not realized the magnitude of his work.

This issue of the *Promethia* was orchestrated with the Gap in mind. It is structured, though only slightly, as a sort of spiritual catalyst. It reflects, through poetry, short story, essay, photography and sketch, the overwhelming diversity of thought and reaction inter-acting at the University.

It does not pretend to capture the essence of the ORU experience, but rather to suggest the dimension and depth of that experience. Like the whole of life, the years here may be viewed as a journey, a type of progression made dynamic by the active combination of good times and bad time, successes and failures, births and rebirths. The *Promethia* offers observations by students, faculty and alumni made while filling the Gap with variations of worth.

Like anywhere else, there are moments of despair at this school. There are times when it seems that the breath of life is comprised of a few despondent sighs, bound loosely together by a network of archaic rules, and slung about our shoulders like a cheap Hawaiian lei. It is our own loss if we decline to avail ourselves of the healing aspect of art on such occasions.

To soothe wounds is a characteristic of art, particularly Christian art. Once expressed in visible, tangible form, art is the imagery of clarified emotions — ready either to benefit others by its lucidity or be returned to its creator as evidence of heightened self-awareness. Either way, the University stands to gain renewal from its artists and their art.

Our creations, whether the products of typewriters, lenses, or paintbrushes, define and intensify our personalities by facilitating the essential act of human communication. Like denominations, artwork can strengthen and unite a corporate community by emphasizing and celebrating the precious individuality of which it is comprised. That is the calling to which this issue of the *Promethia* is an honest response.

These pages are intended as a guide to the fine line. They reflect the trillion or so alternatives available from which to choose the life substances that will in turn, fill the Gap with as many memories as unfulfilled dreams.

My only regret is the length of time I spend standing in the Gap, surveying all that was yet to be done, pondering and analyzing instead of living. This school is too maddening, too challenging, too incredibly rich an experience to let slip through dormant or apathetic fingers. For that wasted time alone I am a poor boy. For the rest, I was exceptionally wealthy.

Take this art, along with the art of students to come, and make ORU, like life, work for you. Fill the Gap with quality, purpose, and humor. make a hallowed Gap. □

Promethia

Literary Arts Magazine

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Cover Photograph by Gaylinn Fast

Even as walking beneath a bridge is a journey or exploration, so this magazine is to be a journey into the creative minds of the published. Each section should provide a new and unexpected experience for the reader.

A Product of the Student Activities Fee

SHORT STORY

Hardhats Welcome the Pope



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Elegy

(Farewell, Robert)

I wept at parting;
Not out of sorrow, perhaps,
But because you expected it;
Despairing that this moment, too, would
Soon repose in your memory core
Filed away like others before —
Receipts for encounters
Deductible, expandable under your
Bland logic.
 Distilled laughter — yours —
 An afterthought, perhaps,
 Held no promise of mutability,
 Choking the seconds in their silent drift.
 Our concatenation lay ravaged,
 Cremated, left to wind-scatter
 As I turned to leave,
Musing on that ominous note —
No hope of return —
For I shall be a sterile memory
Held between the convolutions of your vast conscious
Like an oak leaf
Pressed in the pages of a
Dusty volume;
The greenness faded,
The life suffocated,
Embalmed in your thoughts.

April Logan

Flood in El Naranjo

Every time she looks at me from so far away
and smiles that long, slow, tormenting smile
as soft as the smooth, sun-colored oxen
as irritating as the squeaking axles of the peasant carts
I know, without question, that part of me is being torn away
leaving my soul stripped and naked, and as clean
as the roots unearthed by erosion along the Rio Valles
when the summer flood is just about to start.

And every complaining tropical rain
and every sun-infected dewdrop does its part
starting as a trickle from the falls, the river grows
like tears of joy that from the eyelids start:
soon the Rio Valles floods and rages and rolls!
Ah, how similar to my heart.

William R. Walker

Starlings


A living abacus
Bead upon bead
The birds congregate
On the telephone wires.
Strange mathematics
Of masterful wind
Shuffle their numbers
From column to row.
Playfully fluttering
Changing the sum
They add and subtract themselves,
Even and odd.
And then, as suddenly
As they came,
The tens,
The hundreds,
The ones
Are gone.

April Logan

Lightning

Dazzling fluorescent electric bolts
Ftch against blackest graph
Of velocity, ninety, thirty, fort-five
Degrees continuing downward
As the edge of a worn saw
Cutting black velvet.

Debra Brubaker



People Walk

People walk
with stained-glass faces,
reflecting colors of
the rainbow, their
countenances conveying
contentment.
Yet inside, beyond
their pious narthex,
if one walks
quietly, reverently,
expressions are altered —
shattered by solemn isolation.

Darla Wooten

Knox Crowell





Medley

The whole creation plays a medley,
A medley written by the earth in praise of the Father.
We see the trees swaying,
 but don't hear them strumming their harps.
We see the rivers and streams flowing,
 and never guess that they're laughing along a keyboard.
The grasses and flowers grow,
 we notice their beauty, but overlook the flutes they play.
 greatness and ballads to their majesty —
Then there are the mountains — we write poems to their
 not hearing the songs they sing
The entire universe joins, coming in at just
 the right moment.
The secret is in keeping your eye on the conductor.

Pamela Simpson



Hardhats Welcome The Pope

a story — Michael Warner

Regardless of how good a man may be there are those things which shame him, whose memory, occurring to him as he rounds a corner or lifts his fork, will cause him to raise his fingers dumbly to his mouth. Perhaps one might utter a faint groan. For another, the thing passes without so much as the batting of an eye. But it is always there. Something nags about the way things have been.

I am told that a man's goodness is proportionate to the number of these moments of shame, of conviction. By this geometry of guilt I am an evil man indeed, for such moments are few. They seem, though, to provide a pattern, however sketchy, to things in general, and I think it not unlikely that they are in fact all that holds together the random and hallucinatory business in which we are engaged.

I bring all of this up because there is one thing I have not been able to shake in the past few days. It is that I was not good to a certain woman, and that my reluctance to admit this fact for so long worsened things. This is true. Her name is Caroline.

We met while working for the same foundation. We were introduced by Dwight Westphal, a mutual friend. It wasn't long before we discovered a common interest in things religious but we didn't think of romance until some time later. She worked in one office; I, another.

She was a preacher's daughter with a bad habit of scratching her scalp and an ambition to marry another preacher or, failing that, to marry a religious functionary like myself. And, like so many religious women, she was attractive without, I think, meaning to be.

She wore pleated skirts. Flowered, striped, batik — she thought they hid her height. These and her fixation with the exotic kept me lustily amused. She had Egyptian jewelry, an I Ching wall calendar, sandalwood incense in the office, mahjong sets and tarot cards and a supply of Japanese Tiger Balm which she kept, handily, in a tin in her

purse. Many of these things are aromatic and for this reason my conception of her has from the start been as much olfactory as anything else. She claimed to have acquired a reading knowledge of Vedantic Sanskrit and once, when I surprised her reading on her lunch break, the crumpled paperback turned out to be, not the expected *World According to Garp* or *From Here to Eternity* but rather *Aramaic at a Glance*.

When the much publicized exhibition of King Tut's treasures came to Washington in 1978 she was determined to be among the first in line. We had read in *The Washingtonian* that the general public was apt to have the same idea so, at her request, I joined her, rising before dawn to keep vigil at the entrance. We got there as the sun was breaking and although we weren't the first in line, we were close. Caroline spread a blanket on the concrete and we settled in for the wait. We had brought sandwiches and a thermos jug of coffee and a portable radio. Even we were surprised by the length of the line by the time the doors opened. After a while we could no longer see the line and periodically one of us would become curious enough to get up and walk back to see how long it was. With few other diversions for those hours we had become bored.

During one of the worse stretches of boredom Caroline decided to dance. At first it was almost imperceptible. A little swaying. Then it became clear that the swaying was markedly in rhythm with the music. She grew more energetic. Soon she was bordering on public spectacle, her stockinged feet narrowly missing the folded knees of our sidewalk neighbors, her hair flung forward between her uplifted arms, hips thrashing out a beat to the subsequent swish of pleated skirt.

"Hey, take it easy," I said.

"Why? I'm having fun."

"You're stepping on people."

"No I'm not."

"You're making a spectacle of yourself."

"I know," she said. She laughed defiantly, although not with unqualified success. I laughed, too, to lighten things up, and then in order to put a stop to it I

reached out to catch her with my left arm. Somehow the movement ended up being more gentle than I had intended and before I knew it we wound up in positions that more resembled embrace than arrest.

At this point things were either irreversible or just badly handled on my part and I incline to believe the latter. The realization that instead of stopping her from dancing I had merely slipped my arm around her waist burst suddenly in upon my mind. Amused, I smiled. This, it seems, was the worst mistake to date, for that smile of recognition was interpreted by Caroline, naturally enough, as a smile of affection. And then I saw a certain look in her eyes that I had seen in the eyes of other women. It meant that I had to kiss her or else turn away abruptly and for some obscure reason I went ahead and kissed her.

All of this happened in no more than two seconds. By the time we got in to see King Tut I had figured out what had happened but by then it was too late. I had made her fall in love with me.

Reading that last sentence now I find it ridiculous. But on many occasions the fact of it was the cause of such deep regret that I choose to let it stand. I know, also, that all of this sounds vain.

The thing I keep wondering, though, is whether I loved her or not, either then at the beginning or even soon thereafter. This I don't know.

Later, she would look up at me with a puppish sort of expression and ask, "Do you love me?"

I laughed each time this happened, knowing that something inside was stealing up nervously.

"Of course," I said. "You know that."

"But I don't know that," said Caroline. "You say it, and sometimes I believe you, but I don't know it. That's why you must reassure me."

For some reason, few things ever upset me quite as much as this response of hers: "You must reassure me." Strange, it seems, that such innocent sentiment could have set off such a rage in me. I had thought myself more reasonable but here was the chink in the armor.

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Dave Risak

Dialogue

This star which in the western heaven lies,
Ungainly on its bed of leaden cloud,
Retains but pale dominion of the sky,
Its quivering beams soon lost in autumn's shroud.
A leaf that rides aloft on gusting air
From twisted oak-branch creaking now makes bold
And drily whispers, "I am far more fair
Than yonder sickened star of tarnished gold."
The Sun, who now on earth's dark rim reclines,
From sinking reverie lifts his reddened eye
And to the mocking leaf he now assigns
A knowing glance and, laughing, makes reply:
"Your fiery cloak is forfeit to the earth,
While I, the Sun, but rest 'til my rebirth."

Michael Leo Stewart

Monet, The Water Lily Garden

In this sedate mystery
There is all the enchantment of love
and how it possesses:
The light and tree and sky and moss
all float away on the arms
of our eternal afternoon.

Chris Van Gorder



"Christianity and the Contemporary Cinema"

by Alan Goforth

The scenario is now almost commonplace: the picket lines, the threatened boycotts, the letters to the editor and moralizing to all within earshot. A union strike? A communist rally, perhaps? No, this is simply the extent of the average Christian's interaction with the contemporary cinema.

People who ordinarily couldn't tell Diane Keaton from Buster Keaton become instant film critics when a Christian subject is dealt with. People who haven't been inside a theater since *The Sound of Music* boldly venture forth to hurl stones against such atrocities as those committed by Monty Python in *The Life of Brian* or Franco Zeffirelli in *Jesus of Nazareth*.

Fortunately, many Christians are beginning to learn that the contemporary cinema is more than just a tool of the devil. Christians who dare to view "worldly" films are finding greater revelations of love and deeper insights into the complexities of modern life in films like *Julia* or *Interiors* than in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* or other quasi-Christian epics. Films do not have to present the four spiritual laws in order to be beneficial to Christians.

Film is the only art form indigenous to the technological twentieth century. As such, it is the one art form suited to address the problems and issues of the age. For the filmmaker the very instruments of his art provide communion with the spirit of the times.

Film speaks to modern man's deepest needs. The majority of today's films concern the subject of human relationships. The manner in which films solve problems may affect the way viewers relate to their own problems. Through imagination, principles extolled in films can be applied to real-life problems, giving guidance on such matters as how to deal with the changing world, what is of true value and what sort of conduct is permissible.

In *Kramer vs. Kramer*, Robert Benton takes a probing look at the tender subject of the breakup of a marriage and

the ensuing child custody case. The film has an emotional impact on many viewers and forces them to analyze and question an issue that they might otherwise ignore. More and more filmmakers today are bringing controversial issues into the open, analyzing the problem and offering plausible solutions.

Film allows the viewer to experience both a world much better, pleasanter and more harmonious than his own and a world much harsher, uglier and more painful than his own. Film allows the viewer the opportunity to vicariously experience things that everyday life does not.

Many Walt Disney films transport the viewer to a fantasy land where all is perfect, thus enabling him to temporarily escape his own real-world problems. Conversely, a film like Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* convincingly portrays the harsh side of life and personifies evil itself. Both Disney and Coppola expand man's horizons and outlook on life.

Film is a powerful mode of social comment. Since the sixties, the major philosophical statements which received a wide hearing were made through films.

Message films no longer support the mainstream of American thought. Instead, they tend to be counter-cultural, revolutionary and somewhat nihilistic. The dominant interest of the new filmmakers is the delineation of the human predicament, the insistence on man's alienation from society and retreat into himself.

Message films often combine social comment with entertainment. From *Easy Rider* of the late sixties to *Rocky Horror Picture Show* of the late seventies, filmmakers target their message toward the Film Generation, the young people who grew up watching movies. A cultural medium with the potency of film has an influence on society far beyond the immediate viewing, affecting superficial things such as clothing styles as well as social attitudes.

Film can transcend and manipulate the physical world, reconstituting it for

the sake of a greater subjective expression. As an artistic expression film communicates the artist's thoughts and emotions, gives aesthetic pleasure and helps the viewer clarify and understand life.

One movement which has made itself felt in American film since the early seventies is the auteur theory, first instituted by the directors of the French New Wave of the late fifties. The auteur theory simply states that one person, the director, should be the sole creative force, or "auteur" of a film. Style, content and technique could then be evaluated in terms of how they present the director's world view.

Woody Allen, auteur as director/actor/writer, more than any other director exemplifies the influence of the auteur theory in contemporary American film. In both *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan* Allen wrote the screenplay, directed the film and acted in it. The result is a film that is the artistic and philosophical expression of one man, not that of a film studio or conglomerate.

The importance of cinema to the Christian lies in the revelational potential of the medium. The filmmaker is an artist who presents a vision of reality in his works, a vision that can enrich each viewer, whether or not he shares that vision. The Christian who violently disagrees with Ingmar Bergman's assertion that God is silent can nonetheless appreciate Bergman's genius as a filmmaker and expand his own knowledge of the world.

Many contemporary films show what life is like if people begin from themselves and live in a universe in which there is no personal God to speak. There is ultimately no way to be sure of the differences between reality and illusion. The Christian can approach these films knowing there is not ultimate silence in the universe and that there are certainties of human values and categories to distinguish between illusion and fantasy. Contemporary film at its best functions to uncover reality and help the viewer better understand both himself and God. □



Hardhats Welcome The Pope

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Trying to discover the cause of this, I would hypothesize to myself that I didn't love her at all, that I detested the weakness betrayed in her, or alternatively that I as an essentially solitary person to whom such sentiment would always be foreign, like a non-Euclidean conception of space. Whatever the cause, an explosive desire was loosed in me — a desire to enumerate her faults, to lay before her eyes her own weaknesses and, in short, to hurt.

But generally at such times I found it much simpler just to kiss her. It gave her what she wanted without giving me the guilt of verbal falsehood.

This peaceful solution that I so clearly pictured was *Fata Morgana*, it turns out. It is just the guilt I thought I was escaping that finds me now on the street or in the shower or in midsentence. Cast your guilt upon the waters, and you will find it after many days.

It has an odd way of striking. I have a vision:

I see myself leaning over to kiss her. I am boiling angrily inside. Her throat is bared, her head turned up toward me hungrily, eyes closed.

I shudder. The vision fades.

Usually after these problems things would begin to go well again and smooth over and I would begin to think that I cared for her more than I had thought.

My greatest fear — not, I think,

terribly well-founded — was that one day I would pick up the phone and, hearing her voice, would forever thereafter feel only boredom at its sound.

After I had known her for a few months I took occasion of a rent hike to move from my apartment to the second floor of a house owned by a widow who was an old friend of my family. All my landlady ever said to me was, "You'll be sure and tell me if you need anything, won't you Richard? My, you look more like your grandfather every day."

She said this to me on the landing exactly once a month, always with the same wording and inflection. Precisely. Its translation runs like this: "Don't forget your rent. My, you are balding."

This remark was part of the inexorable force that my new residence seemed to exert, slowly nudging me in the direction of marriage. When I had been living there for a while I began to find things left at my door. Baked goods: fruitcakes, cookies, a cherry pie, banana bread, brownies. They served as periodic reminders of bachelorhood. And, they said, I was easing my way out of the bachelor's age group. My, I was balding.

When I moved into the house, it was Caroline that helped me settle it. She made tea and set up the radio. She unpacked boxes, cooing as she did so over little bibelots that I am sure she had

seen a thousand times before. When she found some pictures of my family, whom she had never met, she smiled anyway, as though with familiar affection. She arranged each clock, each plant and chair and ornament. I allowed her to direct my movements.

When she had washed and stacked the dreadful rose-rimmed china that Aunt Ramona had given me, when she had stroked the carpet thoroughly with the old sweeper and watered all the plants and set them in their appointed places and straightened the framed pictures and mirrors, she leaned against the kitchen door and, tucking her hair abruptly behind her ear, smiled winningly and opened her mouth as if to say something.

"Wait," I said. "Another box."

I pointed to where it lay, obscured by a chair and the limbs of the fig tree. I knew that it contained only my little television, but having observed the care with which she had prepared to give her utterance, I had begun to dread it. I knew that I had to interrupt; she was either going to propose something cute or ask me if I loved her.

She opened the box and found, as I had thought, the television. I took it to another corner and plugged it in.

"See how the reception is," I explained.

The reception was vague at best, yielding a malevolent static. Nothing much was on the screen but a greenish lumi-

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Dog Days

Aftermath of an Aryan dogfight
refuses the dazed their
consolation in silence.

His eyes scan the carnage while
his heart climbs, burning,
to his throat.

His troops are a muted choir,
broken and baptized
in the timeless wake.

For him, fate
is a chill wind,
the bastard child of destiny,
solemn and aloof as it
haunts the victors in this
confounding, spirit-molesting,
man-eat-man world

Cameron Randle



MUTUAL LIBERATION: THE CALL TO EQUALITY

Belinda A. Shobbrook

The seventies was a decade of diverse movements for many factions within American society. The most enlightening of them all is perhaps The Women's Liberation Movement. This movement more than any other touched a greater number of people, as women achieved higher goals for themselves, thereby enriching the lives of those surrounding them. Liberation is the freedom to do as one pleases; the power of free choice. In the Christian perspective Paul exhorts us in Galatians to "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." After centuries of being restricted to pedestals and stoves, to languish on their pedestals or to simply leave them behind, women are now able to choose whether to be doctors, lawyers, executives, aerospace engineers and housewives, the possibilities are endless.

In this era of women's emancipation, the man's role needs to be restyled, revamped and rethought. It is not his turn to step on the pedestal, or learn submissiveness, and it is definitely not the time to practice his machoism. Women have desired neither superiority nor inferiority, only equality. The question therefore becomes one of ability; the ability of the men to deal with the women's equality without losing their masculinity.

Standing back and watching the women become liberated in the 70's, the 80's is the time for men to step out of the shadows and complete the Women's Liberation Movement by becoming liberated themselves. Therefore, the process is not one of alienation, but one of unification. The first step is for men to realize a woman's potential and intelligence to be whatever she wants to be; to understand the woman's desire for fulfillment and accept her as she is without hesitation or intimidation. Realization, understanding and acceptance are the keys to the successful growth in the ongoing process of relating men to women.

Moving towards unification, stereo-

type roles and role playing must be discarded. These roles are created by society and should have no place in our lives. We are not bound to questionable social norms provided by a bigoted world. These roles cannot be impressed upon us. As Christians, God has called us to equality in Christ. True, the man should be the head in a marriage relationship. However, the man is charged to be as Christ and Christ-like towards his spouse. Jesus is the greatest servant, placing the needs of His bride (the Church) before any need of his own. This is a lesson that requires engraving upon our hearts as we deal with our relationships, especially those with the opposite sex.

Since Christ founded the Women's Liberation Movement 2000 years ago, the world has progressed somewhat to His way of thinking. It is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish explicit roles for men and women. *Kramer vs. Kramer* and other such movies have shown the beauty and dignity of men/women relationships. It is possible to be a parent without relying on standards of motherhood or fatherhood, but rather to establish a synthesis. Perhaps what is needed is a syntax of all the prescribed roles, whereby integrated liberation can be reached.

Men should look upon liberated women who are emotionally or intellectually stronger as a helpmate to their personal development instead of a hindrance, and vice-versa. The physical superiority of men is not being questioned, as that is by far the least of all considerations. Learning to grow from another human being could be the most challenging of experiences, if both sexes eliminate the rigidity of their 'social roles'. Freedom to enjoy one another, to share strengths and weaknesses equally without fear of the retributions caused by our facades, to experience the total expression of a symmetrical relationship — these are the realities to look forward to. These are the aspirations of the Liberation Movement of the 80's. □





On Yet Another War

Oh, Stephen Crane and Mr. Twain
And all keen-hearted men
Who weep to hear the war-bell death knell,
Listen — once again
It's echoes, ancient venom, near the ear,
Infect the brain,
Capture heart and lung till far flung
Through the soul the echoes toll
A tale of lust for power and pain.
Too many times the death-bell chimes,
The young man is not thrilled
To gorge on blood and fleshy mud,
To hope vast tombs are fully filled
With arms and legs, the rotting dregs
Of men whose crimes
Are claimed to be against a vague Democracy,
Men whose lives by folks and wives
Will be recalled in mournful rhymes.
Old child of war on any shore,
What weapon will destroy
The heart's dull song of truth-born wrong
You bear instead of joy?
What grisly gun will make it fun
To take a life once more?
What Holy Cause, what broken Laws
Will light the pyre, the ghastly fire
Of duty to a war?

Marian Neimy







Delton Cantt

Thoughts On Walt Whitman

I sometimes think about you Walt Whitman
So many decades under the curling grass
Where still never vines — Carpenters, masons
Jet-pilots, and the fair-haired girls
Twine their persistant fingers
Among the decomposing boards
Of your last hiding-place.

You are a whisper now. Dust
Scattered along the floor of time.
And yet, you leap from the pages of yesterday
Shouting of a vaster land than I know,
Where folks fed at the trough of necessity,
Waxing and waning on trouble and triumph

Walt Whitman! You caught the tempo of America;
Woodsman, soldier, miller, scout,
Mechanic, trapper, sodbuster, riverman
Your hero pushed resolutely westward,
Singing of *Manifest Destiny*
Harvesting the sun by day;
Gleaning scarce moments of passion by night
Month upon month, nearer the falling fire.

Walter, if your cold ear should turn
To catch the varied carols of this hour
Would you still hear the wagon talk,
Hammer-ring, freedom lark
Of all America singing?

continued

Richard Pearson Rettig

Whitman

Would your pen still generate meaning
Out of the lyric bend and sway
Of "fifth-month grass"
Growing among the Black and the White?
Would you now observe, as a stranger in Disneyland
That "all goes outward and onward,
Nothing collapses?"

Perhaps you lie disconsolate
Under the "uncut hair"
Questioning a deaf eternity,
Shouting from your transcendental rung
"What is this noise,
This sad cacophony of whines?"

Each singing what belongs to him and her
In strident yawps of confused pain
With open mouths in one unending blur
Casting down their fetid verbal stains,
No longer does the growing kitten purr
In withering grass a crazed lion reigns."

I have heard you Walt Whitman
And I will hear you again

For your vision was timeless
And I must understand
Our existence is never
Without meaning or aim
Yesterday's decadence and glory
Lives again and again.

Yes, you left your marker here
Kosmos of Manhattan. You seem
To have captured the essence of being
That lies along the inward edges
Of a vast and darkening plain
Somewhere between the fear of eternal recurrence
And the hoped-for becoming of *elan vitale*.

Although I often take issue
With your theology, Walt Whitman
You contain multitudes
You are overwhelmingly prophetic.
The breath of God has fallen on your page
And left a pungent odor there,
And anthems in tomorrow's tongues
Still filter past us in your daily songs.



Delton Cantt



Delton Cantt



Hardhats Welcome The Pope

cont. from page 16

nescence. I moved it to a different corner, and the image improved marginally.

"It seems displeased," said Caroline.

I wrapped the antenna with foil. This seemed to appease its demon, and the trace of haze that was left in the picture somehow enhanced the melodrama of the soap opera that was playing.

Turning around, I noticed that Caroline had sat down and was watching the soap opera, so I sank into the nearest chair and watched it as well. I don't remember the plot; one never does unless one's life is devoted to the following of such things. But I remember that watching the thing left me with a profound and active sense of dis-ease. I felt lonely, uneasy, swept with an obscure feeling of grief without correlative, as though I were that isolated point at the juncture of an infinite number of planes and lines and spheres, but touching nothing. Between any two points, they say, there is always a third point. It was by these third points that I felt I was surrounded. My throat had knotted. Was it from the pathos of the TV show?

The show ended and another began. Suddenly I realized that I didn't know how long I'd been sitting there. The lump was still in my throat. I looked at Caroline and she was smiling.

"Let's play chess," she said.

"What?"

"Let's play chess. You have that gorgeous chess set and you never use it."

"No thanks," I said. I was in no mood for this. I rubbed the sweat from my palms onto my jeans.

"Come on."

"Oh, God, Caroline, next you'll be wanting to have intellectual conversations over tea with Mozart in the background."

"You're such a snob, Richard. You don't think I'm smart enough to beat you at chess, do you? You think you'd be bored."

"Of course not. Where'd you get that idea?"

"I know you. You can be honest with me."

"I'm going to make myself a sandwich."

"Oh, Richard."

"You want a sandwich?"

"Oh, Richard."

A few moments later in the kitchen I imagined that I heard muffled sobs through the door but if this was true she had done well in regaining her composure by the time I returned. It may have been the television.

Things generally worsened. We broke up twice. The first time was in the spring when I said I felt constricted. The

second time was in June or July when she said she felt constricted.

"Any woman," she said once while stirring gazpacho and concealing her anger, "any woman who treated a man the way you treat me would be called bitchy. But no, you are being *manly*."

She was right, I suppose. It must have been hell for her.

At times I would try without success to make myself love her as I professed to do. At other, more nostalgic times, I would begin to feel a sense of fear or of love rising like ocean salt in a slow wind and I would shrink away.

I shrank, actually, in the manner of a badger; usually I denounced her and left.

"You're like a cripple," she used to say, "a dumb cripple."

As a man, however, my patience is rather limited and after about a year of this downward trend I grew utterly weary of it and swore it off.

The only way to get the situation in hand, I decided, was to break the cycle we had established and either come to love her or else agree to some form of mutual commitment in which the absence of love was accepted as a stabilizing factor, a livable status quo. The high drama of our periodic scenes was interfering with my work and my boss had suggested that I change things one way or another. The alternative, that one of us should leave the city on account of the other, was inconceivable.

It was with this in mind that, in October, I decided to do what seemed the right thing. I would marry her.

Remembering the day we had waited for King Tut, I decided to propose to her the day before the visit of Pope John Paul II to Washington. This was done not without a sense of irony. It seemed appropriate to me that such a crabby and balkish courtship should be framed by two figures of heroic stature, wealth and public adulation.

It was a Saturday, very windy. We found a park and I maneuvered her to a bench beneath an oak tree. This soon revealed itself as a mistake, as oak trees busy themselves in October by dropping acorns on would-be park bench lovers. We moved to a bench beneath a persimmon tree. A happy move, this, as persimmons were not due to drop for another month or two and anyway had a certain romantic distinction in which acorns were sadly lacking.

I was nervous and vaguely aware that my speech was becoming slurred.

"Caroline," I said, "I'm proposing."

"You're what?" she asked.

"I said I'm proposing."

"Oh, my! *Comme c'est drôle!* I thought you said, 'I'm foreclosing.'"

"No I said I'm proposing."

"Well, that's another matter."

"Yes. You don't have to answer me right away if you don't want to."

"No, that's true."

"Tomorrow?"

"Very well, Richard."

"What time?"

"Come and see me in the afternoon."

To avoid awkwardness, we parted after this and I went off kicking leaves, heading for no particular reason in the direction of home, conscious of a certain rightness in the world.

In the morning, however, it was altogether a different story. One of my arms was numb from having been slept on. It was one of those mornings that presents itself without a sense of place, a morning in which the light on the windowsill is like a stranger to the room, and you notice that a single heam has broken through a gap in the blinds, choosing providentially to illumine only a box of cornflakes abandoned the night before on the kitchen table.

It was, in fact, Sunday. The pope was due to arrive in town, and I hoped to catch a glimpse of him at some point. It was also the day that Caroline was to answer my proposal of marriage.

This fact struck me, I remember clearly, just as I reached for the box of cornflakes and found that I had emptied it the night before, in an attempt to quell the disquiet of my nerves.

Something began to gnaw my stomach. For a while I tried to go back to bed but not even the coolness of the pillow was possessed of the power to soothe. I dressed and left the house without eating.

I had made plans to go see the pope with my friend Dwight and it was to his house that I began walking. It is a longish trip and I normally go by car, but I felt that the walk would do me good. I was so skittish that when an oak leaf fell and brushed my head I recoiled as though from a venomous snake. *how it stings!*

I had gotten used to seeing in myself an essentially heartless social mechanic, but as I walked along I tried to find in some pantry of my soul the ingredients of an uxorious fervor. I practiced a contemplative method, of my own device, whereby the rush of a yellow cab on the street becomes Caroline's hair, let down at the end of the day. I brush my hand along the brick facade of a building and I am in my marriage bed. Down the block a bit I trace the contour of a

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Winter Comes

Three days of warm weather,
But last night winter finally froze the city.
Ice glazed the ground.
Navy blue, brown, maroon coats slipped where suits had strolled.
Blue, green, red hats bobbed rigidly
Through streets lined with frosty skyscrapers.
Then the masses slid-walked to the gold-topped chapel
That sliced into the silver sky.
Close to the wind-blown wraps bundling into the oversized doors,
A solitary man sowed salt seeds on the icy sidewalks.

Ruth E. Miller

Grandma's Horse

Thigh armed
Cardigan flanked
Grandma's horse plods
Knee wristed
Regulation rolling eyes blink
Gauze-flecked onyx
Hooves encounter field cobbled
Chest surfaces declines
Perplexed ribs
Knead inner sighs
Tufted ears mane that taps
Into spine stream sweat
Coronations
To the tail's despond
Flies congest above
Ribbioned braid and locomotive
Jerks uncover loin click
Your picture's taken
Grandma's horse is gone

Michael Leo Stewart

Grandfather

The bent hill man draws the quilt
To his tautness, sitting on the bed, shadowed
In the dark cornered room. The three windowed
Room is filtered by a wash of sound, the lift
Of dulcimer beneath his cracked voice; a hum
Spread to my ears, before the age bleached
Colors, patterned quilt and wall and man, reached
My eyes, stunned by the field of sun I'd come
From. The nails of light, three shafted, fell
To his dark hands probing for a sound,
His voice straining for a harmony, a way to tell
The past, of what and whom he'd loved, the wound
Of loss, the fading colors, patterns' meld.
He makes a shell of sound to hold his doom.

William Eppesen

Requiem for a February Romance

As the Titanic sank
a triumphant band played
sideways, slowly sliding across the deck.
We are making music,
having fun
and sinking fast.

Chris Van Gorder

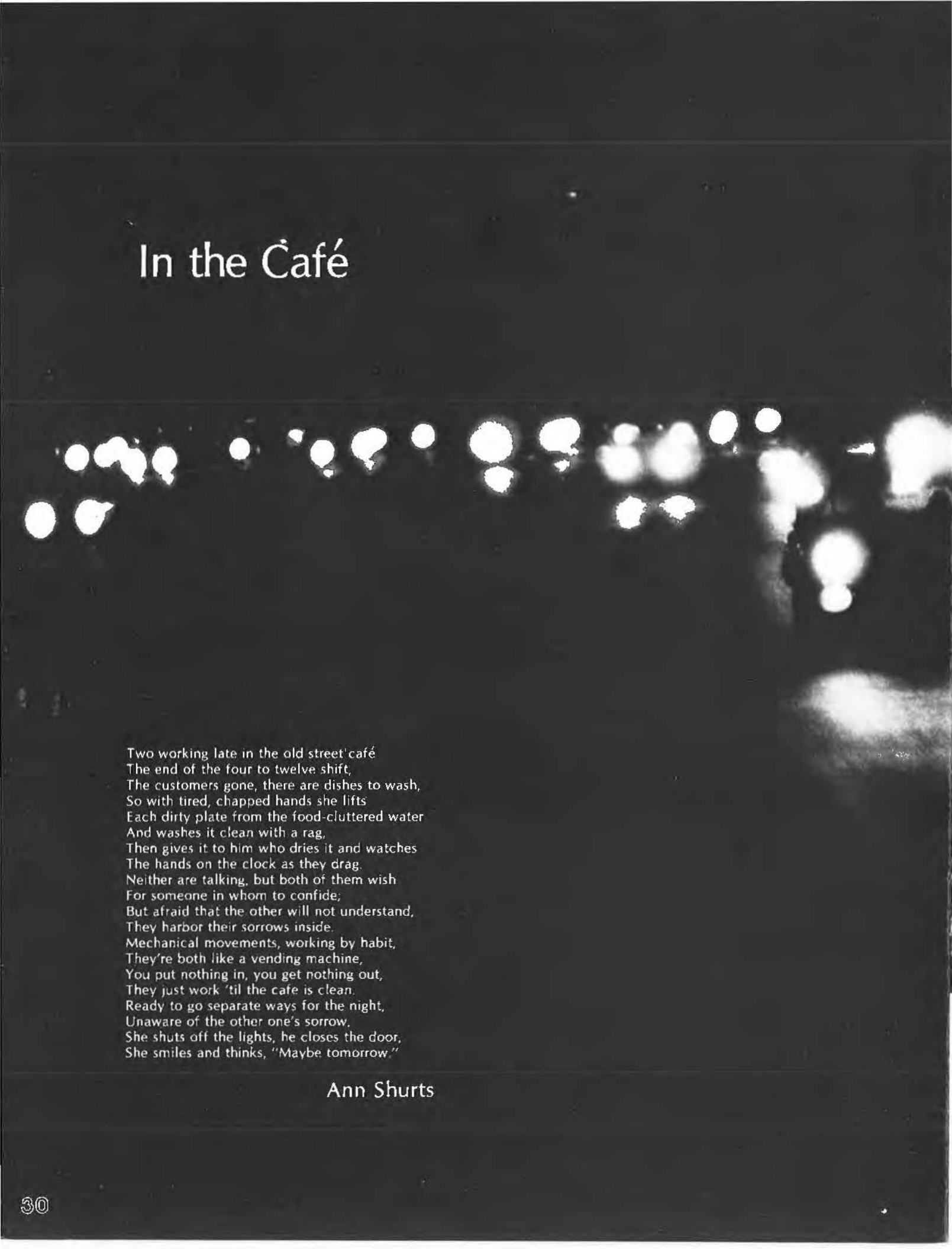


Softly Dancing

What a delicate dance
we do
in our times together!
Treading on a fine, thin line . . .
too much or too little wine?
Loving that gentle intoxication
"you are mine".

Doug Mann

In the Café



Two working late in the old street' café
The end of the four to twelve shift,
The customers gone, there are dishes to wash,
So with tired, chapped hands she lifts
Each dirty plate from the food-cluttered water
And washes it clean with a rag,
Then gives it to him who dries it and watches
The hands on the clock as they drag,
Neither are talking, but both of them wish
For someone in whom to confide;
But afraid that the other will not understand,
They harbor their sorrows inside.
Mechanical movements, working by habit,
They're both like a vending machine,
You put nothing in, you get nothing out,
They just work 'til the cafe is clean.
Ready to go separate ways for the night,
Unaware of the other one's sorrow,
She shuts off the lights, he closes the door,
She smiles and thinks, "Maybe tomorrow."

Ann Shurts



Worlds Without End

Somewhere,
Between the call to arms —
No, not in daring declarations,
but between the slapped-down glove
and bright clash of metal
Cowers the hollow race.
The depleted ones
Who have laid down Excalibur,
Themselves held in stone.

Minds quick to grasp the challenge,
Bodies lithe enough for battle.
Yet the soul sounds despair,
death-rattle of resolve.
Fathomed, found depthless
These human holes of blackness.

Not for them,
Marble steeds and spangled anthems,
Not even theirs
the renegade's hot shame.
But lost beyond reproach,
Gone also from glory —
Trenches suck at,
then Swallow
Cavernous men.

Connie Wagner

ENCORE

If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't.
I would rather go placidly
And lend open ears and arms and heart
And I would have broad shoulders, too
For those who want to cry.
I would never want red roses
But rather bouquets of wild lilacs
And never would Watler Cronkite
Fill my living room walls
But only music would swell from within.

Anni Brown

Reunion

In the doorway, you
shine like Odysseus
in long delayed greeting.

Seeing you startles
the past, alive; the present, joy.
A remembrance reborn in your eyes.

I knew, like Penelope,
unraveling the shrouded days
'til your return.

Marcia Berry

Three Artists

Last,
where the roads meet in the viewer's hands,
the end of Van Gogh's crows, past
the deltas of highway and wheat, demands
(insists?) that one be neither traveler nor
observer.

Between
the savagery and the treeline
O'Connor paints gestures with all available — a scene
of fingers, horns, and tongues. I cannot determine
where the grotesquery lies, and leave it with the
reader.

Origins
consume me less than the pursuit
of ends; like God's apocalyptic bulletins,
it is the last word that resounds, and can moot
what goes before. Back and forth, hunting the mind of the
artist.

Michael Warner



Ronnie Smalling

Hardhats Welcome The Pope

Cont. from page 26

parking meter and feel there the faint kicking of our unborn child. Passing a florist, I remember to send her a dozen roses for our anniversary. The wind blows, and she is descending the stairs in a pink peignoir, saying, as though to a frightened shepherd: "Ri-i-ichard! Are you there?"

What I lack in overflowing emotion I make up by stretch of imagination. My contemplations carry me beyond uxoriousness to my first gin-sodden and tearful adultery. She discovers this. After an estrangement of considerable duration and some bitterness, I confess and weep heartily at her knees. On the street I see my reflection in the window of a jewelry store and the apparition strikes me with the knowledge that she will take me back and I will be faithful and we will be happy, very happy.

These thoughts made me feel better, and I quickened my pace to reach my destination. Dwight was waiting for me at his door.

"You look like a wreck," he said, putting on his coat. "Your hair is all stringy like you haven't showered in a week."

If Dwight was not the only person who would have noticed my disheveled appearance, he was at least the only one who would have remarked upon it, and for this I counted him as my best friend.

"Let's go," he said, "or we're apt to miss the motorcade."

"I hate crowds," I said.

"Don't be ridiculous. Look at it this way. Our anonymity will be our freedom."

✓ "Bosh," I said.

He turned and looked at me carefully. "Is something wrong, Richard?"

"I proposed to Caroline yesterday."

"You? Engaged?" Dwight smiled.

"No. I mean, I don't know. Not yet. She hasn't answered me yet. I won't know until this afternoon."

"Ah, I see. Your future hangs in the balance."

"Yes."

"The joys of uncertainty."

"The what?"

"I'm serious. It must be nice to be hanging in the balance. In my experience it has always brought a sharpening of the senses. Life is fullest—"

I cut him off. I was not in the mood for Dwight's habitual epigrams and I hurried him out the door. For the next half hour we walked the streets in silence, trying to find a place to see the motorcade.

Finally we found a spot on the curb of 17th and Constitution; the crowd around us was mostly clerical, the white squares of collars and the linings of wimples seeming, in an otherwise black-garbed throng, like some racial oddity.

"From this distance," Dwight whispered to me against the growing wind, "We'd be able to spit on him."

"If it's a convertible," I said.

"It will be."

Dwight was a devotee of the German

theologians and to him this doctrinaire and authoritarian ^(P) of a pope did not arouse the same enthusiasm and warmth that displayed itself on the faces of the crowd.

For a long time we just stood there, waiting, trying to ignore the wind and the smells that blow off the Washington streets. A man with one arm was selling John Paul balloons in five languages and as many colors.

I kept thinking about Caroline. I wondered whether she would marry me. I wondered how much I cared.

Two nuns from Atlanta stood on our right. Their faces were severe; most of the other nuns we saw looked riotously happy. But not these. One of them possessed a pair of well-buttressed breasts underneath her habit, on which she had pinned a button that stated:

I GOT A PEEP
AT THE POPE

The other nun carried a Nikon slung around her neck, weighted with perhaps the biggest enormity of a zoom lens I had ever seen. They conversed without looking at each other and without breaking their gaze at the spot from which the pope was expected to appear.

"You ought of brought your tripod, Mary Ellen."

"No. No room."

"Think you can get him?"

"I'll get him."

"Are you sure?"

"So help me God. He comes, I'll get him."

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Dave Rysak

Snowy Sunday Morning

All is pure and white
and the snow is falling in abundance
like the Holy Ghost
on the Day of Pentecost.
People are speaking in unknown tongues
words of joy and friendliness
that are seldom heard on other days.

And little black snowbirds
with starchy collars and beady eyes
pross around piously
like pot-bellied pharisees
in a liturgical quarrel.

William R. Walker

Hardhats Welcome The Pope

Cont. from page 33

There was a long wait. Sister Mary Ellen cleaned her lens with a special tissue which she secreted in a pocket somewhere on her habit.

People were singing in Polish somewhere. Suddenly we heard sirens. The crowd surged. Police motorcycles broke the corner and drove past. The crowd surged further. An unmarked car approached. Cameras were lifted high.

"Get him, Mary Ellen!" the nun wailed abruptly.

But it wasn't the pope. It was a lot of secret service men. They wore sunglasses even though the day was dark. A kid somewhere around my ankles was crying because there was no cotton candy.

In a couple of minutes we heard more sirens, saw more motorcycles, felt the crowd surge again. This time it was the pope. The sun wasn't out, but as he neared, his white garments seemed to be reflecting it anyway. He waved his hands. The people singing strained at their Polish syllables even harder and were drowned by the shouting. The nun on our right erected her lens with a sure hand. The pope was gotten several times with motor-driven clicks. Then he was gone.

"Did you get him?"

"Yes."

"Come on, let's go."

People began rushing away, some to the mass, others to their television sets. I saw a nun, across the street, faint through the combination of delight and disbelief.

A family with a picnic basket walked in front of us. The woman carried a child on each hip.

"I feel as though I've seen God or something," she said.

"Aw, pretty big letdown if you ask me," answered her husband.

Dwight began to laugh. He was still laughing silently, almost imperceptibly, five minutes later when the street was empty except for a few stragglers, policemen, and the one-armed balloon seller.

We wandered into a hotel coffee shop where the management had placed a television on the counter so that its patrons could see the broadcast of the mass.

"Our Lord and Father," it crackled, "we give you tonks."

Dwight looked at me quizzically.

"Thanks," I said. "We give you thanks."

"Oh."

I was thinking about Caroline again; my eyes drifted around the coffee shop in search of distraction. Four men were

seated in the booth in the corner, with four construction helmets stacked on the table in front of them. A cardboard sign leaned against the wall beside the booth. In dayglow orange lettering it said:

HARDHATS WELCOME THE POPE

I pointed the sign out to Dwight.

"Yes," he said, "this is indeed the pope of the hardhats."

"Don't be so hardheaded," I quipped.

"Is that a pun?" Dwight's expression was one of shock. "In all my life I have never heard you make a pun."

"I'm sorry."

"You should be. You should be ashamed. The pun is the lowest form of wit."

"Lower even than the epigram?"

"The epigram is the highest, next to irony."

"Bosh," I said. I watched the television attentively in order to change the subject. We had been over it before.

"Let us give tonks unto the Lord our God."

"It is right," murmured the vague crowd on the television screen, "to give him thanks and praise."

The network had arranged for a priest to be on hand to give a commentary on the mass. "The Holy Father," he told us, "has begun the most sacred part of the mass."

The waitress came over to our table and pulled out her pad.

"You guys gay?" she asked.

"No."

"Reason I asked is cause the manager gives discounts to gays. But you gotta say yes the first time to get the discount."

We ordered coffee and she left. Through the window I could see that the street was largely deserted, having emptied itself of the crowd that had gathered for the motorcade, yet still blocked off to all traffic. There was something vaguely sunken about the unpromising way that the wind had gathered. It was none of the identifiable seasons: not cold and bare enough to be winter, colorful and nostalgic enough for autumn, sultry enough for summer. A stray paper cup scudded along the base of a building; a fragment of newspaper lay pocketed in the doorway.

Across the street a theater marquee trumpeted the latest Coppola film, *Apocalypse Now*. Dwight and I thought about catching the next show but the theater had cancelled its matinee showings in deference to the pope.

The hardhats in the corner booth had noticed the theater, too. "What's that word mean, 'apocalypse'?" I heard one

of them say. "Dunno," answered another. "A medical term, I think."

Our coffee arrived, steaming. Dwight, out of friendship, chose to forego his maxims and devoted his end of the conversation to brotherly inquiries about my impending marriage.

"Are you sure you love her?"

"I don't know," I answered.

"Then why are you getting married?"

"It seems right."

"Mm. The pope would like that."

"I think so."

"Well," said Dwight, "I certainly admire you."

"Why?"

"Because deliberate action in the midst of uncertainty is the highest courage."

"That was an epigram."

"I apologize."

We continued to drink our coffee until the mass ended. Afterwards we went back out into the street. Dwight stopped me after a bit and pointed toward the Washington Monument. It was the papal helicopter, rising into the wind and moving off into the distance.

With the mass over, the crowd began to refill the streets, peppered with nuns and priests. "It's over," I thought to myself. The wind had risen to the point of violence and I watched it toy with the loose hair of the people in the crowd, with dresses and pants legs, with penants and shouldered blankets, with the collars of children and the stately habits of nuns. The noses of this crowd had become a manifold redness in the growing cold, but no one was speaking. It was as though they were all cradling a holy warmth in their mouths, evidence of a belief in digestive epiphanies.

I was startled out of this observation by Dwight's voice. "Would you like to come over for lunch?" he asked.

"I would," I said, "but we're getting into afternoon and I should probably go over and see what Caroline has to say. Previous engagement, you know."

"That was a pun."

"I apologize," I said.

Now I envision another scene. In this one I have left Dwight and I plunge into the crowd, walking with my gaze to the ground. I am conscious that my departure seemed abrupt. Dwight is staring after me; I turn up my collar and quicken my step. I know also that I appear heedless of the crowd around me. But I don't care. There are too many considerations, too many wonderings. I am walking in the direction of Caroline's apartment and I am seeking an answer.

The vision will not fade. □

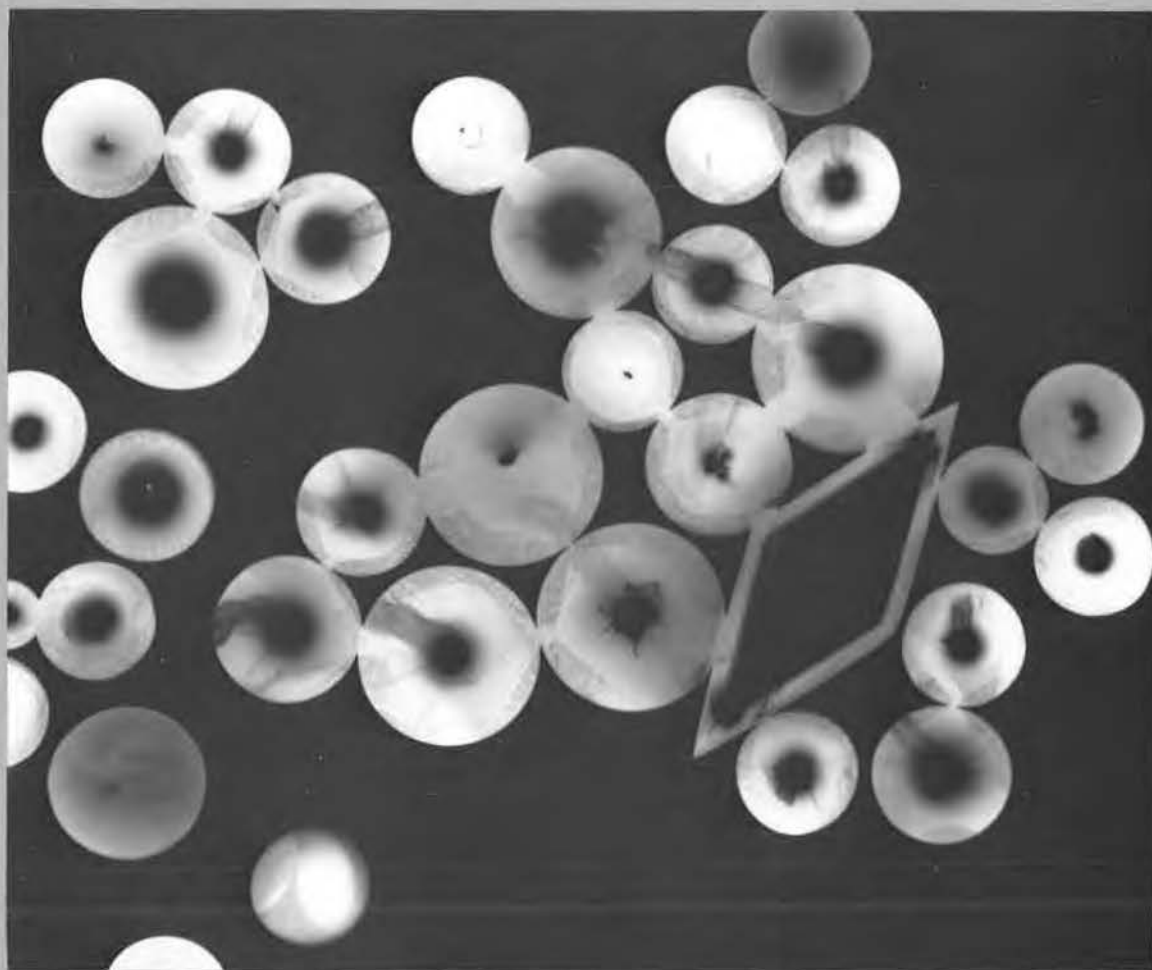
Holy Ghost

Swirling wings of down and gold
Shimmer and sparkle and vibrate
In the reflection of my need
Surrounding, lifting,
Enfolding.

Breathing life of immortal substance
Hover and immerse and fulfill
In the chasm of my spirit
Renewing, vibrating,
Speaking.

Descending light of burnished fire
Leap and dance and embrace
In the cosmos of my vision
Revealing, sustaining,
Comforting.

Grady Walker



Caylinn Fast

The Political Jungle

Angel Mirriam

Imagine for a moment that you are walking through a beautiful forest scattered with trees, shrubbery and small, flowery plants. The sun is dancing through the thick ceiling of leaves, casting a faint, green glow on the scene below. The trees are magnificent, but your eyes are focused on the ground. Everywhere you look, there are dead, brown leaves. Because you cannot see any of the leaves above you, or, because you do not care to look, you make the assumption that *all* leaves are brown. This assumption is seriously faulty and incomplete, just as the statement that "All politicians are crooks" is limited by one's perception of the world. To state that all politicians, without exception, are crooks, is to display one's own limited vision of the "jungle" of politics. Before this assumption can be considered valid, one must allow for one's own limited perception of data, one must observe other people with similar characteristics, and one must be certain that there are no possible exceptions to the rule.

Certainly, many things can be said in support of the statement, "All politicians are crooks". To begin with, we know from the news media that many of our politicians have resorted to unlawful practices for personal gain. We also know that the American people have been cheated out of a lot of money because of a few dishonest government officials. Sadly enough, many political leaders are more concerned about the security of their "careers" in politics than they are about the people they represent. Each of these accusations is sufficient evidence to label a person as a "crook".

However, the news media is not the

final word. Slanting of facts on the news is quite a common practice. For instance, have you ever stopped to think about the percentage of the news which is negative, as compared to the percent of positive reports? Probably 99.9% of all news is of a negative nature. Perhaps the old saying, "Good news is no news" could help explain why the public responds so negatively to politicians; the only ones it hears about are the crooked ones. This failure to consider that there may be individual politicians who are honest, but less known to the general public because of lack of news coverage is like failing to observe the green leaves above your head in a forest, because no one pointed them out to you. If you walk with downcast eyes, you can expect to find only dead, brown leaves.

Walking with downcast eyes also causes another limitation in one's perception. If the only thing in your line of vision is the ground, then you will be unaware that brown leaves can be found on the trees as well as in piles on the ground. That is to say, that crookedness is present among the American people, just as it is among their representatives. If the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is valid, then the American people have little right to complain about the wickedness of their government leaders. Every year, 15 to 20 million Americans from all walks of life cheat their government out of an estimated 104 billion dollars in tax revenue by not reporting income of underground businesses and other "strictly cash" operations. If some of our leaders are corrupt, they are simply representing us in spirit, as well as in letter. To call the politicians crooks, without giving the same label to the public as a whole, would present

an extremely incomplete view of the situation.

The final thing to consider in attempting to evaluate the statement that all politicians are crooks is the inevitability of exceptions to the rule. There are some people in the government who are actually attempting to eliminate the corruption and crime which exists there. Representative Ronald E. Paul (Rep. — Lake Jackson, Texas) has proposed a bill to the House which will limit the number of times that a legislator can be re-elected, on the theory that if the legislators were not so concerned about making a lifetime career out of their position as lawmakers, they would do a much better job of representing their constituents — free from the worries of campaigning for the next term. Congressman Paul is so dedicated to this concept, that he has vowed not to run for more than two terms. Here is a politician who is truly looking out for the welfare of his constituents. Here is a green leaf on the forest floor, a definite exception to the rule.

Thus, after recognizing an exception to the statement, after sharing the blame for crookedness with the majority of the population, and after realizing that our news media slants our perception of politicians, we would be foolish to continue to assert that "all politicians are crooks." We would have to ignore the existence of the vast numbers of green leaves still in the trees, of the brown leaves in the trees, and of the exceptions of green leaves on the forest floor. Just imagine how much more enjoyable your walk through the forest will be when you begin to see the great variety of colors arched above your head, and the playful sunlight dancing through the gently waving trees, bathing the forest floor in a cool, green radiance.□



Jeff Klock



Jeff Klock





Diminishing Returns

Once upon a time
I found Snow White
Lying in her glass coffin:
White as snow,
Red as blood,
And black as ebony.

"Give me," she said,
"Honey diamonds from Ceylon,
Words that quicken,
Tears that etch,
And spells that hasten spring "

For seven year I sailed,
And seven more I wandered
I garnered dust from Palestine
And learned the tales of Ireland

"Foam and froth. Be off!" she cried,
When I returned to greet her.
"I crave apples. Red, red, apples "

When I came back an old man,
She laughed to see me shrunken

"Another dwarf," she muttered in her coffin

William Epperson

While he was still on the road and nearing Damascus, suddenly a light flashed from the sky all around him. He fell to the ground and heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" "Tell me, Lord," he said, "who you are." The voice answered, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting. But get up and go into the city and you will be told what you have to do." Meanwhile the men who were traveling with him stood speechless; they heard the voice but could see no one. Saul got up from the ground, but when he opened his eyes he could not see, so they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus. He was blind for three days and took no food or drink.

Acts 9:3-9

Words on the Conversion of St. Paul

Today
St. Paul
I long for what
we say
you had
A day on a road with light
and a voice from heaven
I got up too late
and I'm sprinting
through this
day
trying to catch up
to something that is
so
long
gone
My brain feels like a purple bruised thumb
slammed in a car door
throbbing
a dull persistent stinging pound in my skull
I ache to think
and yet, think anyhow
struggling through the cavern
the canyon
You had a simple
day of grace
for you only
I could use that
It seems this muddled muck would
make some sense
have some kind of meaning
continued

Randy Day



Conversion of St. Paul . . .

Today I crawl through slush and ice
weave through signs
Safeway
Taco Bueno
Goodrich Southern Hills Polo on Sunday
Royal Cleaners
I stumble around
slamming into people I would love
leaning and swaying
like a drunkard
faces
arms and legs
breasts and buttocks come into focus
distort
disappear
I'm thinking of the light we say
blinded you
St. Paul
I'd be blind
for the sake of the light
Could you see the golden arches
on down the way from you?
Was there a Pizza Hut
on the Damascus Road?
Were your shirts ironed?
Was your car title in tact?
How about your life insurance?
Did the pilot light burn out
on the day of your conversion?
God, Paul
you had it easy
no pledge, no committees,
no canon, no catechism
It was all so clear cut for you —
darkness then light
hate then love
We have to bumble through
grayness
half-light
hateful lovers
loving
hateful ones
I want to stand on a high point and
scream
'till I fall in a heap
"I want to die!
I want to die!"
But even I couldn't hear
So I linger instead
in half-life
slamming my head into door frames and walls
wandering down meaningless halls
Looking
for that same blinding light
that ruined your eyes
and its ruining my eyes
not because its so bright
as it was for you, St. Paul
But because its
so
dim.



Avoiding Moral Passivity

Marla D. Reynolds

For me to discuss the nuclear issue without becoming rabidly emotional is a hard thing indeed. I really begin frothing at the mouth where the church is involved, or more appropriately, *uninvolved*. Too often, churchpeople avoid dealing with social issues as a result of some fundamentalist fears of preaching a "social gospel." This line of thinking is massively offending. There exists a growing number of dissident anti-nuclear groups, myself included, which demand that the church face this pertinent question and make some kind of stand.

As a whole, church members have become participants in the moral passivity and decadence of the "Me Generation." Christians must put themselves into a more subjective role and refocus their attention to the ethical issues of the day.

The ethics of nuclear power and arms proliferation is not, to the dismay of many anti-nuclear activists outside of Christendom, a steeping issue among churchpeople. Even more unfortunately, both liberal and evangelical Christians alike refuse to ask open, honest questions. Bishop Francisco Claver writes that "fear of God gives us fearlessness before those who would reduce us to a people without questions — and without answers."

Why then is the church stalled by

placid perfunctory? What are we afraid of? Deception clouds the minds of Christians, leading to narcissistic self-indulgence, glorification of the ego and of interpersonal aggression and outrageous materialism. A community of believers cannot accept the threat of death over the power of life. An anti-nuclear newspaper asks a profound question, "Remember when only God had the power to destroy the world?" "And they said to one another, 'Come let us build a tower . . . ' The Lord said, 'This is but the start of their undertakings, then nothing they plan to do will be too hard for them.' — Genesis 11: 5-6.

The following are excerpts of two interviews which express the viewpoint of Christian anti-nuclear activists. The first is with Mr. William Walker, a professor of Spanish and Humanities at O.R.U. who is matriculating his Ph.D. in humanities at Florida State University, Tallahassee.

Q.: Why do you oppose the continued building of nuclear power plants?

Walker: First, let me make it clear that I do not oppose technology, but nuclear power plants should only be built as a last resort when there are no other alternatives. The things are economic turkeys, not to mention the safety hazard issue. For the large corporations who control the building of these things they are worse than white elephants, they are white whales.

Q.: Can you enumerate what you see to be the arguments against nuclear energy?

Walker: First, is the economic argument. No private company will build a nuclear plant without 80% subsidy from the government and no private insurance company will insure for more than 20% of an accident. There have been billions of dollars spent by big business with government subsidy and it simply isn't paying off. Second, for political reasons . . . There is no freedom of control by individuals. The control is centralized; the bigger the corporation, the bigger the control. Third, health . . . there is no set minimum radiation standard. What we have is a guess. Great dangers exist even without a major accident, just from leakage and waste. People don't realize how close to a meltdown we came at 3 Mile Island which would have contaminated an area the size of Pennsylvania and made it virtually uninhabitable for thousands of years. A health risk is something you take only when there is no alternative. Fourth, . . . the weapons threat. Progressive published plans for an A-bomb from general information available. Any terrorist with a college physics education can build a bomb.

Q.: What are the alternatives?

Walker: Solar Energy! It offers a greater potential in the long run. It works on top of your house and the power plant can't sell it to you. In the

Summer of 1979 the Harvard School of Business and Law released a study on Solar energy which recommended the abandonment of nuclear development. Right now nuclear power only supplies 13% of our energy needs. Solar, with no more technological development than we have right now, can carry 20% of our nations energy usage today. Proper insulation would save 25% nationwide, but only 1% of U.S. homes are properly insulated. With no comfort cut we can use solar to cut out the giant heating and cooling costs with proper thermal insulation. This is not even total solar with a conversion of solar to electricity which is costly, but proper buildings for optimal solar usage which doesn't require collectors. Those who are anti-solar don't know what they are talking about.

Some Christians are taking the nuclear issue to an even more radical position. A telephone call was made to Sojourners Fellowship, a Christian community which publishes a monthly magazine by the same name in Washington D.C. I talked with Mernie King, writer for the magazine and an activist in their peace ministry.

Q.: Do you feel that nuclear power is wrong? If so why?

King: All the obvious reasons; safety, the fact that low levels of radiation are always leaking. No matter how much technology you have, people make mistakes. And where is the protection? There is always the possibility of stealing by a terrorist organization.

Q.: What do you see the nuclear issue to be for Christians?

King: The technology being used to build nuclear plants are a result of nuclear weapons. Through proliferation of these nuclear arms there is an increased ability to build bombs. Even those people who are pro-nuclear must admit that this technology leads to better bombs

Q.: Dr. Harold Paul, professor at O.R.U., expresses a viewpoint of many Christians. He asks, "What kind of a people are we? I wish nuclear weapons had never been invented, I wish they could be done away with, but they won't. We have to be prepared. I don't want anybody killing my wife, I'd rather die first. Christ never told soldiers to quit and follow him, just not to grumble about their pay." Would you respond to that?

King: Christ acknowledged the way things are, but that we shouldn't just sit back and take it. Do we just accept the

situation of the poor? Does the church just quit and give in to it? Of course not. We need to do everything we can and pray for peace and for God to prolong destruction

Q.: What can Christians do?

King: Write the legislators, involve your church and take a stand as a church and organize or get involved in a peace ministry.

Christians must speak out, and many are; for example, the August 1979 Sojourners has an excellent interview with Dr. Billy Graham, who speaks out on the nuclear arms race. Martin Niemoeller, a German pastor and theologian remembers a holocaust earlier in this century:

"First the Nazis went after the Jews, but I wasn't a Jew, so I did not react. Then they went after the Catholics, so I didn't object. Then they went after the worker, but I wasn't a worker, so I didn't stand up. Then they went after the Protestant clergy and by then it was too late for anybody to stand up."

You can do something before it is too late, but most importantly, pray.

"I know one thing — the ultimate hope of the world is the coming of the Prince of Peace — when war shall be no more. Even so, come Lord Jesus," responds Billy Graham. □





Whisper

Gentle, untroubling ghost-sound.
Continuum, constant, continuation.
Soft, quiet; no involvements, please.
No upsets, no crusades, no demands
 on my emotions!
Let me see life duplicated in a mirror,
Live with shadows and wisps;
Drawing tender, impotent, delicate lines
 in my imagination.
No crusades; no screaming messages,
But quiet spaces and quiet people
That soothe and leave me quiet.
A whisper from the voice
 of God,
That disturbs nothing but remains
 as an echo
that says
 "peace."

Grady Walker

Censorship

David Westerfield

"When the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe."

— Thomas Jefferson

Censorship. The word evokes vivid images, all of them negative, of tyrannical leaders suppressing information or opinions which may discredit their authority. Censorship on a large scale is usually associated with communism or despotic regimes in the third world. In contrast, many of the Western world nations were founded with the belief that all men have the right to free expression. The issue, then, involves much more than one individual's right to speak his mind. At stake is the ability of an entire nation of people to know the actions and motives of its leaders as well as the leaders of other nations.

A foreign affairs crisis of the 1980s has revealed the effects of censorship and press control on masses of people. The Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan sparked protests around the world, but not a dissenting word was heard from within Russia. Minds within the country remained ignorant of the insolence of the conquest; voices remained silent while Soviet tanks rumbled on through the snowy hills of Afghanistan. Reason for the silence: government control of the press.

The Soviet Union has two prominent newspapers, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, both of which promote communist ideology, defend Soviet actions and attack the United States. When President Jimmy

Carter publicly criticized the USSR's repressive political system, Soviet Communist party Leader Leonid Brezhnev responded in *Pravda*. He accused Washington of conducting "a shameless anti-Soviet campaign," being "outright hypocritical" and telling "mountains of lies" about the Soviet invasion. No U.S. president could ever use the *Washington Post* or *New York Times* in the manner of the Russian leaders. Whereas the *Post* prints positive and negative news about American actions, *Pravda* is little more than a promotional paper for the Soviet government.

Justifying its actions in Afghanistan, the Soviets said that the rebellion in that country had to be quelled and that the Russians had to be the ones to do it. Then the propaganda turned from a defense to an assault on the United States. *Pravda* said, "American policy is acquiring a trend that is ever more hostile to the interests of peace, detente and equitable cooperation among states. This policy of interference in domestic affairs and encroachment on people's rights is shown in relation to Iran." *Izvestia* warned, "It is time for the U.S. to learn to behave with greater modesty." Nothing is terribly wrong with the Russian leaders expressing themselves. The problem is that their opinion is the only one expressed in a nation with millions of people. That is censorship.

Those of us living in the Western world with democratic governments claim the right to the freedom of self-expression. We expect the local press to give us factual news from around the world. When we believe that our elected officials are concealing some action, we ask questions and we dis-

patch investigative reporters to unbury the truth. But problems can arise with the open system, because a question of national security exists. This is when the fine line separating editing and censoring emerges.

Censorship is based largely upon personal beliefs and attitudes and is often exercised to protect an organization's special interests. Editing generally eliminates material that is grossly unfair or in extremely poor taste and it checks for technical errors. The significant difference: editing comes from within the organization; censorship is imposed by an outside source. In a free society the government and press are separate, making the press an organization outside the dominion of government control. In the United States newsreporters have attained recognition as a healthy fourth check on the government. The day that the Soviet Union unleashes its press will be the day that the United States ceases to tax its citizens.

Professionalism is the key for a free press to be effective without being irresponsible. Professional journalists deliver the unbiased facts, often accompanied by appropriate opinions, so that each citizen can sort out those facts, analyze and compare them, and form his own opinions. In the closed society with a censored press such objective analysis and opinion-forming by the man on the street is virtually impossible. The liberated press is not always perfect and not always wise in its reporting. But the advantages and benefits to a nation that guarantees the right to a free press compared to a country that subexists with a censored press are unparalleled. □





Orison to the Spirit

Oh Spirit enter within this sedate
Soul! Ban my purpose; cause my choice to be
The same as God the Father. Make in me
The perfect man, so I may recreate
A life reflecting Christ — not bound. Prorate
Your holy nature; flowing full: the key.
Protect and keep me from defeat, and free
My mind from Satan's craft and cruel hate.
Let witness glow from thy untold unseen
Work within me, so carnal man will kneel,
and fall repentant. Teach and guide; abide
In me so sweet that words of gold might clean,
And do their perfect work. Reach out and heal
This beaten heart. Oh come now holy tide!

Jeff Peck



