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Literary and Fine Arts Magazine

Volume II

Spring, 1968



Oral Roberts University

1963

Educating the whole man

PROLEGOMENA

This second issue of **Promethia** represents, again, some creative work in the Fine Arts at Oral Roberts University.

The philosophy of our campus is much oriented to an involvement with persons - - as individuals - - and this publication is an attempt to posture the arts in their relatedness to human experience, in the context of a charismatic community of students, faculty and staff.

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Editor: Carolyn Shipley

Literature: Terri Lalaian; Vange Kennedy

Drama: Dan Fee

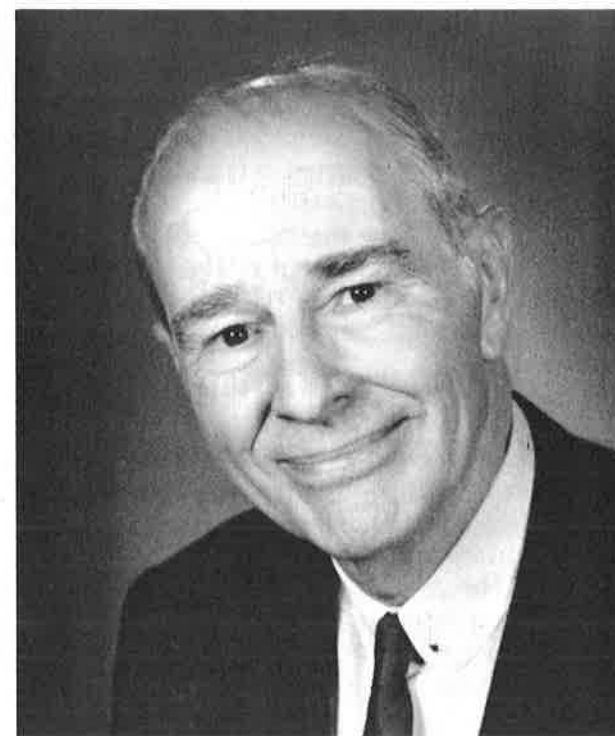
Photography:
Gordon Smith

Art: Ron DiCioccio

Faculty Advisor: Wm. Bowden

Cover: Gordon Smith — Maurice Forrester

DEDICATION



Dr. John D. Messick

Dr. John D. Messick came to this campus in the summer of 1963 and gave scholarly direction to the development of Oral Roberts University. He built a curriculum of excellent academics, with a view always for relatedness to human experience.

For the relaxed good will and dedicated service he shared with the persons of our campus we dedicate to him this second issue of PROMETHIA.

ART FOR HIS SAKE

EILEEN STRATON

In his poem on Michelangelo, Longfellow said, "Art is the gift of God, and must be used unto His glory."

The earliest recorded description of an artist at work is in the Bible. A detailed account of the Master Artist, God Himself, is given as He composed the landscape of the universe. The Great Creator saw that the "earth was without form and void." Chiaroscuro, a basic art principle was established as God "divided the light from the darkness," and provided a skyline. The Divine Mural was further divided into land and water areas. Color was born as green grass, fruit trees, and flowers were added to the panorama.

Rembrandt used a burst of light to dramatize his painting. God placed a sun in the sky to floodlight his work in the day and a moon to illuminate it at night.

The fish of the sea, and animals for the ground added to the detail. But, this masterpiece was not satisfying to God's aesthetic sense until sculpture was introduced and He molded man in His own image.

Our modern art experts were not present to give their critique of His masterpiece. He had to do this Himself. God saw that everything He had made was now complete. He looked at it, "and behold, it was very good."

Many historians have expressed the thought that there was no Christian art expression in the early history of man until the Christian era as we have classified it. Actually a depth of research uncovers the difficulties of expression experienced by these early artists. It was the same problem encountered by the New Testament writers in Greek who necessarily used pagan vocabulary to express Jewish and Christian ideas. If this were true with the spoken word, how much more complicated it must have been to create statues or pictures representing Christian ideals in symbolism. So, they simply used pagan symbols belonging to the world of their day. Undoubtedly, the same artists who worked on the walls of their non-Christian friends and decorated the palaces, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, during the day, left us the frescoes of the catacombs where they buried their Christian friends in peace at night.

These early Christians, who lived in a hostile world, attempted subjects relating to salvation and the hope of eternal life. Later, Byzantine art focused its attention on eternity with Christ as Judge and Ruler. The Romanesque period featured apocalyptic subjects and in particular the Last Judgment. The later Medieval world centered about Notre Dame, the Mother of the divine Child. Renaissance art expressed the human

aspects of the Gospel stories as its major accent in Christian art. Giotto's greatness as a religious artist lies in his profound understanding of the events he depicts with an originality for that time which is breathtaking. It has a grandeur like the climax of one of Bach's great Passion oratorios. In the latter half of the fifteenth century dramatic psychic content became explicit in the Gospel subjects used by artists like Donatello, Piero della Francesca, and Botticelli. The High Renaissance is characterized by a great choice of Biblical subjects in which there is a blending of the human and dramatic elements. Michelangelo's Sistine Ceiling is the most representative work of this period. Tintoretto and El Greco, the two outstanding mannerist artists who used religious subject matter, went back to the Gospel episodes of the life of Christ and to their Old Testament prefigurations for their inspiration.

A keen observation of two developing art trends are important at this point in the history of art. The first one is in the distortion of El Greco and Tintoretto where there is a merging of reality and unreality. A study of the rough, unfinished surfaces of Michelangelo's Rondanini Pieta reveals strange dissonances and disproportions, facial features which are only vaguely suggested, an unexplained disjunction of the arm at the side of Christ's body, and finally, the quivering untermiated arc of the two fragile bodies. What was the dying sculptor trying to express? Here the reality is internalized, and we see the epic and eternal way in which the beloved son is pressed tenderly against the mother's frail frame. All that is particular and individual has lost its identity in eternal suffering and self-giving. Seen from one viewpoint, the Rondanini Pieta is the final and agonized expression of the greatness and the limitations of the Renaissance coalition of classicism and Christianity. From another viewpoint it is an initial thrust in another direction, one which offers new and profound possibilities of expression for Christian content. They opened the way for the abstract

religious art offerings of the twentieth century, an expression of our world of today.

A viewing of the Christian Art canvas from the beginning of time to the present moment will reveal a complexity and multiplicity of meanings conceived by artists of all ages. They point in many directions, sometimes in opposite directions, but they convey faith, truth, and art for His sake.



THE THREE AGES OF MAN

by

Lynn Flick

YES,

our paradises we create now
Future revels carry undertones of uncertainty
past times the untruth of our sheltering memory
leering faces, jeering tongues
mellow to mist

smiles

and soft adjectives

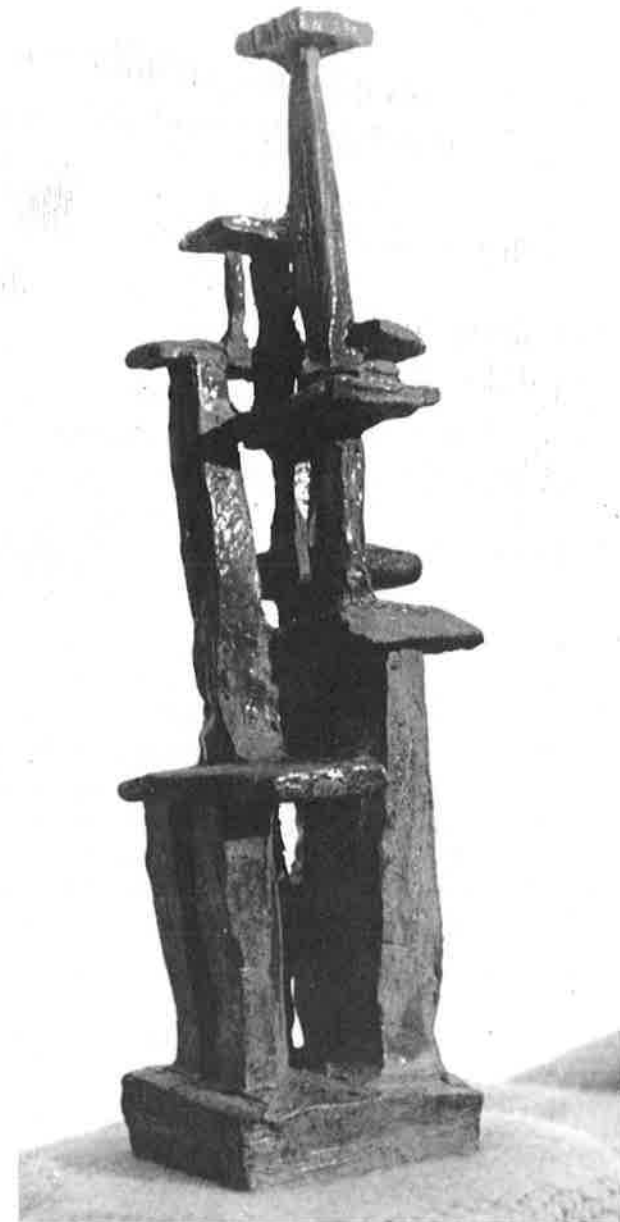
Our paradises we create
with fragments of beauty
salvaged from the broken places inside
The revelations seen through a tear
outdistance the stargazer
Yes
Our joy is a made thing.

Tena Docter

TRUTH

Spring night breeze, so soft and sweet,
That is given to the meek,
With love, He pours blessed relief
Upon their wounds, to heal their grief.
Spring, that thou breeze is so calm,
Allow me rest in thy palm,
For resting my weary body among.
Thy sweet fragrant odors that fill my lung.
If by chance I should fall asleep,
Worry not how deep,
For I shall wake a greater and happier man,
Because of the time taken, in this land.
For the Angel of spring lifted the netted veil,
Of the shadow of death, so life can prevail.

Lynn Flick



SLAB CONSTRUCTION

by

Wayne Kelln

THE ROUND HEAD

(A description of a soldier who was to fight in the Battle of Parliament against the King).

He was a stocky young man, whose dress proclaimed him an Army officer. He wore the expensive buff-coat, a garment which had been found as effective as plate in turning off a sword thrust, military boots drawn up to his thighs, and on one arm a steel gauntlet glistened in the sun. On his cropped head was the helmet known as a pot, with projecting bars to protect his face. His visage was tight-lipped and pitiless, seamed with the scar of a wound he had gotten at Naseby. He carried strapped to his saddle the short musket called a carbine, a weapon exclusive to officers, and he was armed also with a good sword and a pair of long pistols. The thoroughbred he rode bore the Parliament's brand on its flank. It had been seized from the stables of a gentleman suspected of being a Royalist.

Civilians made way for him as he trotted down the cobblestoned path, but more than one spat viciously after he had passed. He looked with satisfied malice at the deserted banqueting houses, the shuttered windows, the grass growing between the paving stones. . He was approaching the palace now, he had known this in its former glory, and he had hated the color and the pageantry, the fanfare of trumpets when the King went to dine, the peasant folk crowding to watch him from the lower galleries.

All was gone — deserted. No Yeoman of the Royal Guard stood sentinel at the Palace Gate. Only a few beggars slouched there, unable even yet to realize that they would not receive the beer and the great baskets of broken meat which used to be set aside for them in the buttery.

Suddenly he espied a movement in the shadows of the Great Wall. Immediately he jerked his reins. "Halt, yer bloomin' spy — or oy'll shoot! Halt in the name of Cromwell!"

His eyes were those of a savage dog through its muzzle, tight fingers gripped the long barrelled pistol. A loud retort cracked the air and a body slumped from the shadows. The soldier glanced impatiently at the tiny figure of a child sprawled bloody and lifeless on the ground. He tugged the reins eastward. The sun was at its noonday height. A hot meal and a pot of ale were his only present concern.

D. Ulseth



NOFRETETE

by

Janet Mimms

WHEN IN ROME

The Roman catacombs, a dire past, haunt one's mind.
I was led down dank, damp steps, toward depths.
A muggy, chilled, dark moisture beset.
It held one's breath.

The tremor and palpitating of hearts,
waiting others.

Running on rain-swept, mud-puddled grounds,
Pursuers gripping silver, slashing swords.
Splash . . . a streaked flash . . .

a trembling drum deafening,
Mud-sogged footprints. . .
Splish, splash . . . blurred brush . . .
Splish, slosh. . . slender, swaying sycamores. . .
Those of Christ, hastened, at last,
Eluding their hounds by inpouring into sanctum.

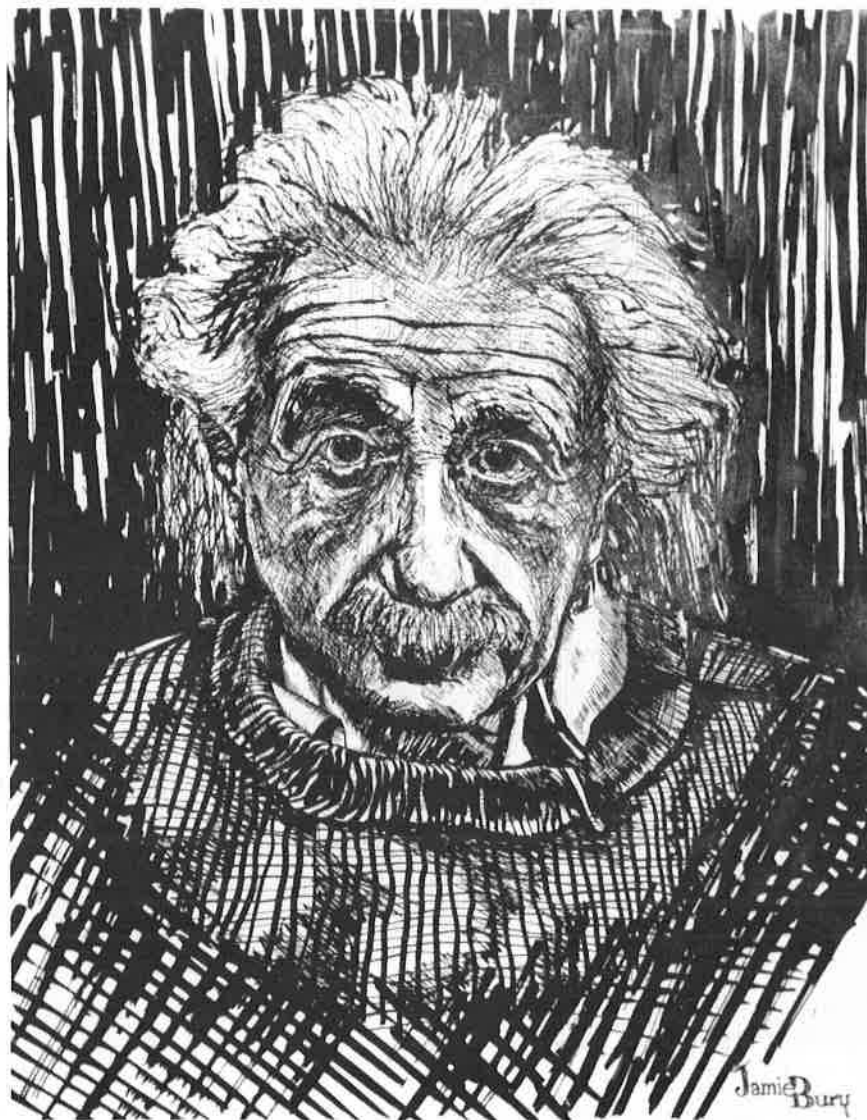
Humming and chanting anthems
warmed them.

Praising and raising songs to their Savior!
Onward bound, they're destined —
Damned men dealt damask death!
Tearing, terrific torture
Pools of consanguinity,
Bodies burned, bones broken,
Believers bent to their Beloved.

Tender fingers touched my tear-stained cheek.
I simpered toward the face.
A radiant threshold opened
Our hands clasped, we went through.

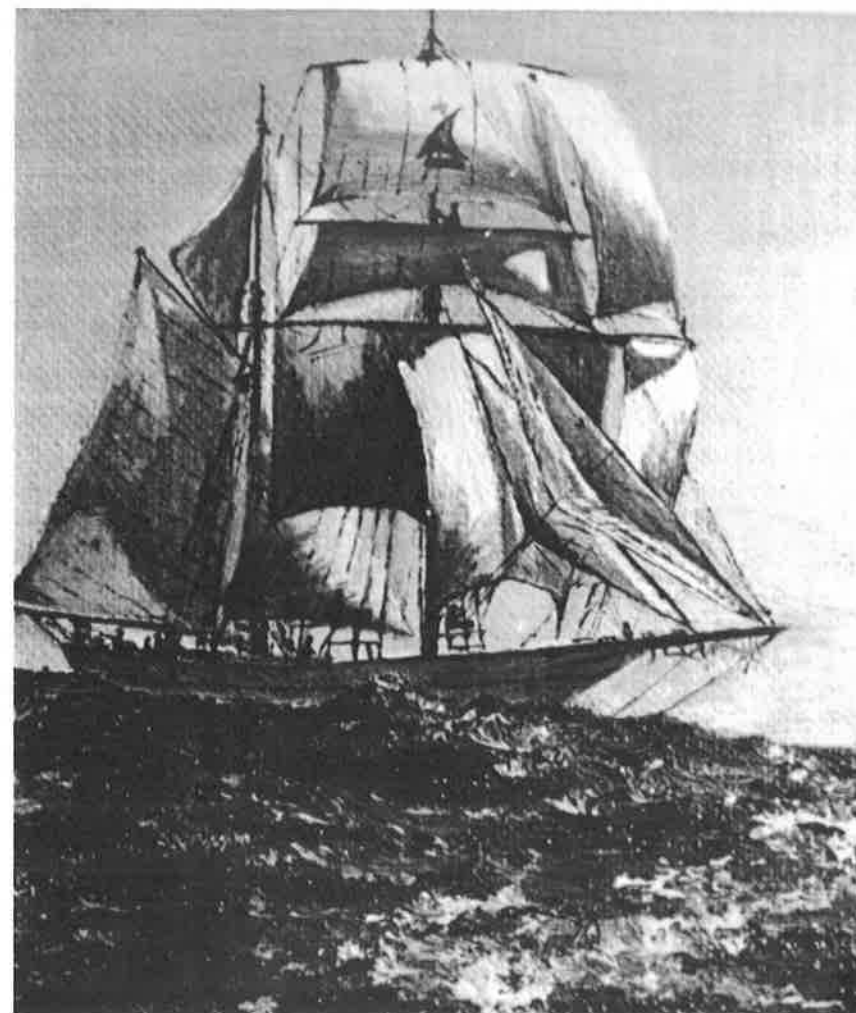
The world will know, too,
For we can tell them the Way and the Truth!

by Chris Holmes



PORTRAIT OF EINSTEIN

by
Jamie Bury



MINISHIP

by
Vange Kennedy

CONTEMPORARY MYTHOLOGY

In lofty throne filled with solid gold dung
-his face clean shaven - his hair all hidden -
The arrogant ape sits boldly down.
His good sheep arise -
 with furrowed faces and corrugated minds -
Odysseus bound by cruel Calypso, her skill
 from Cybelle acquired.
To his foulest wish they humbly adhere.
"Worship" he cries - and worship he has.

Richard Louis Fern

I walk upon the rounded back of earth
Her inward parts I cannot see but only feel the
 pulsate of her heart.

Beat upon beat, beat upon beat. . .
We walk and live upon the living.
A servant to us the earth has been whose house she
 thus hath built.
My mind doth wonder at my soul
Whose eyes have pryed beneath the silt
 and now do see the inward parts of earth.

Why could I not behold her thus before?
What power have I now to view such marvels?

Oh vision of my soul
Can it be that thou art greater than my mind's own eye?

Andrea Isabelle Holbright

REVIEW: "THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK"

by Francis Goodrich and Albert Hackett
as presented by
Oral Roberts University

The fall, 1968, production of the ORU drama department was a combination of many different elements. The cast had a varying degree of talent and experience, ranging from those for whom this play was the first to those for whom it was another step in theatrical communication. Not all of the characterizations were successful, and one could have wished for a little more depth in several of the parts. Still, in spite of these shortcomings (which are to be expected in a new company), the cast managed to make their characters both human and believable. The empathy between the actors and their audience was so firmly established that I could forgive a timing missed or a line dropped, and dramatic continuity was maintained through a real identification with the play's people and their situation.

Written by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, "Diary" tells the story of a young Jewish girl in Germany during the harrowing years of World War II. Taken from actual experience, the play is permeated with a fear and desperation we can only link with Auschwitz, Dachau, and Buchenwald. In their cramped suite of rooms above Herr Kraler's factory, the characters fight to live with meaning against a backdrop of inhumanity and terrible uncertainty. As the play continues, we hear events which filter in via Herr Kraler's secretary, Miep: people are being hunted and exterminated like animals in Hitler's attempt to find a scapegoat for hatred and wrong. We begin -- reluctantly -- inevitably to wait, along with the Franks and the Van Daans for the rap at the hidden door. When the knock does come, we feel just a little of the emptiness and futile hope in which they have lived. The fervent dreaming which made life bearable is ended; somehow life will go on, and it does for Mr. Frank in the words Anne has written: "In spite of it all, I still believe in the basic goodness and kindness of man." I wonder, could I say as much?

Danfe



Rene Greenwood as Hellen Keller

REMEMBRANCE

The cannons boom; all men to oars!
The white sails dip, down out of sight.
Old Ironsides must put up a fight
For freedom. Win again!

The decks are met, whose surly Pride
And love of home prepares the brave
For powder, shot, and watery grave.
Come now, let cutlass ring!

The rough-hewn boards have split, aflow
With gore that once gave men their life.
Soon salty seas that bore the strife
Gulp wreckage, corpse, and gun.

O haughty, rustclad monument,
Why call for us to right the wrongs
Of darkened past and cause stillborn?
We hear the call in tears.

Come, let us weep together,
You and I;
Come, shed a sorrow's tear for those
Who've fought and bled and died,
For valiant striving quickly spent
As life from mind and soul was rent.
Come, let us weep together,
You and I;
And shed a sorrow's tear for these
But Know the reason why.

Danfe

STONING

I see through solid mountains covered with light
I crawled from under the mass, my hands clumped
with mud,

I viewed the great problem and the expanse of its
towering doom overwhelmed my conscience.

Desert sun and desert wrath came and cooked my
mountain to a nebulous darkness.

Sparks of faith's flint can penetrate a dense soul
But doubt's flowing venom filled sacred cracks and
reasoning rains hissed on the fissures of my mountain.

A sickness seethed inside at fever's pitch — tumult-
uous grains of inconsistency only clamored for a breath of
disappointment.

Rocks and mountains fall on us.

Hide us from the glorious, sunlit face of Him that
sitteth on the throne. Bury our fears — and disappoint-
ments.

Disguise our face scars made by rivulets of tears.

Bury our minds and cover our chafed hands with
apathy

Hide us from the wrath of the almighty farce
From self-righteous goats that pick at our moun-
tains —

Hoping to create a martyrdom.

Rocks and mountains fall on us — please

A stoning is in order
Let our blood stain your stoney edges of mercy.

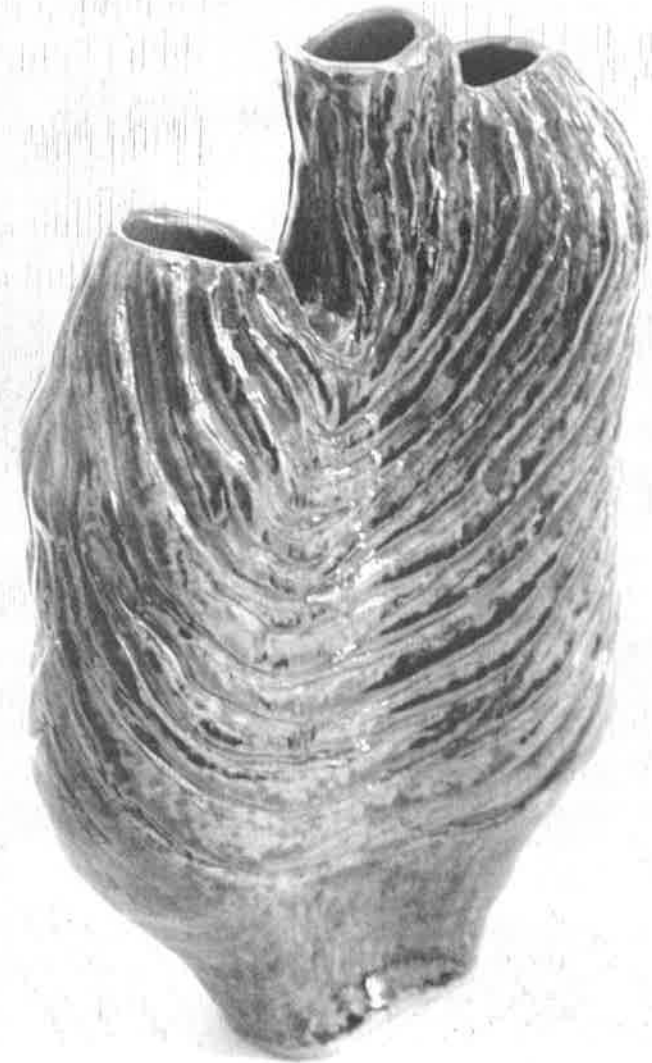
Relieve our ignorance and guilt before our hearts of
fiery ice freeze with the sin of indifference
Rocks fall on us!

Mountains cover us!

Keep us from the horror of our doom.

Protect us from the avalanch of a seared conscience.

Terri Lalaian



CERAMIC VASE

by

Linda Smith.



GIRL WITH ORANGES

by

Linda McMorris

Ralph Bendel

I

Wet stones make my path! !
 Wet cobblestone streets of Paris/glazed black
 to the soot of the centuries . . . The gates and
 doors of a thousand whores — Barred! As six fires
 burn black in the distance where once we walked.
 A Latin beat now foams the street/and i am alone
 alone. . . .still the cobblestone drills the monu-
 ments past my tear —

The Pantheon is hovering/
 The Tower — sleeping/

and i, now rattling a gate — killing the wood
 for a friend.

II

. . .she sits a mute in our placid compartment/
 with place for six - - but hardly room for two.
 To sleep in Zurich — to wake in Paris never to
 gaze upon a shadow of our moment/

But in the dusk
 when moments are no more but to be replayed . . .
 What have i held to my breast that i cannot
 revoke? Who gave her such prominence as not to
 become vagrant to my heart? My heart!

My heart/it grows
 more pourous every nite, evicting once brothers
 to the street.

yet, from the rubble and soot noise of the living
millions. . . .slime Parisian maggots suck honey
off my sweat-soaked knee/and her tearing voice
burns the blackness into fusion and

Time pounds troubled visions through the door
to stare me through. . .

then rock-knock on the
wood — and she stands here so meek
and whispers
— if i'd like to buy a candle

At lanterns smother, my night musing
chilled, I winged my arms, then
windowed like a summer child to make my plan

The leaves lying rummage
once washed and hued at a potters wheel
kiln and charitied to the wind.

Modestly clad
like the last kindly cloth of a
peasant's love night gown; Yet anew
peddled and sighing.

The morning yawned and a
chill of blue reflected a half-
naked summer cherished by frost
before the sun.

Jim Evansizer

He came for me and we turned aside.
Heaven was sought and Heaven responded —
For us, the Garden was re-opened.

Fragrance of angles was our breath.
Enraptured by the sleepwalk into bliss, we did merge —
and the distinction of life was blurred.

Sheila Simpson



THE FRUIT THAT EVE TOOK

by

Lynn Flick

. . . And then.

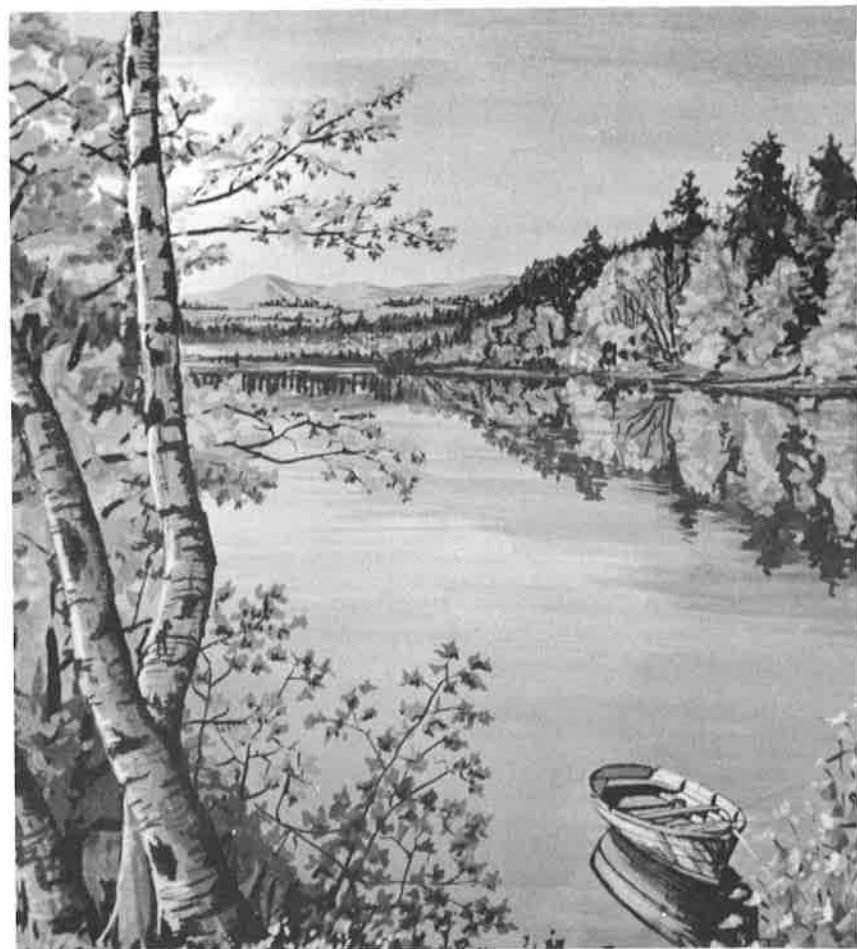
One dry bright summer
Love and God were dead.
Justice was a feeble joke.
And sanity, precariously poised,
Was like a crystal goblet in a trembling finger.

Autumn meant the trial;
And I, untried,
Felt the dank fog of failure hanging over.
And I, untried,
Felt utterly, helplessly, hopelessly

Alone.

I peered into the situation,
Cautious, suspicious, steeled.
At first unbelieving, then with amazed assurance
I find there are Others here.
Friends.
Now, with a white-bright clarity
I see anew the old reality.
Love
I glow.
For the goblet is filled with warm red wine.

P. C. Paino



REFLEXIONS OF AUTUMN

by

Jamie Bury

GENERATION

Sometimes, I would like to think of my
generation as the one that would
sit in the gay gardens of tomorrow
Munching on candied violets and
rosebud sandwiches.
Who beat the great existential machine
and transcended the madness
of spiritual ecstasies;
Gentle, and loving — sippy poppies
Non-violent and peacefully co-existing

And I imagined that the generation
that bred me, had shriveled to black,
nebulous peas — tramped by the
Hippie poets, only to sprout again,
slightly tainted,
Bowing and crumbling like salty stocks
wilting in worship of their saintly ancestors

But I heard the conversation of my generation
hovering in dank alcoholic alleys and
tormenting graveyard gardenias —
Cool high-pitched tones that coated
dandelion feathers and tossed them
at the sun in the afternoon.

I saw electric children cavorting,
their electric limbs twitching, to the
vibration of glorious guitars,
The immortal harp of the celestial beat.

And society's sitting
like an ancient guru knitting spun sugar
On housetops of spun glass —
Cooling his tongue on pink snowflakes.
Dipping his toes in the wet fog.
Picking pomegranate seeds from his beard.

And listening to the sounds of Sin City
gurgling below, singing and chanting and
cooing and going crazy and going to
psychiatrists and watching video varieties
and the boob tube boys and generally
addlepating altogether except for an occasional
REPENT! . . .

Sometimes I like to think of my
generation as the one that would sit in the
gay gardens of tomorrow plucking the stems
of gentle purposes.

Who scaled the agile balconies of night
to hear the music of the heavenly energies
And listen for the grinding of the eternal systems.

Terri Lalaian



SPRING

by

Sandra Forsythe

VICTORIA'S LESSON

Say look at yonder sturdy oak,
Rough hewn by stormy hands.
Look, how the limbs do bend and twist!
And yet the tree still stands.

Why does this tree remain to lift
Its craggy arms toward heaven
When men rise high, fall back with time?
The victory's uneven.

Does not the oak cast out its own
In acorns large and small?
So does the good bring forth its own
When spring replaces fall.

Danfe

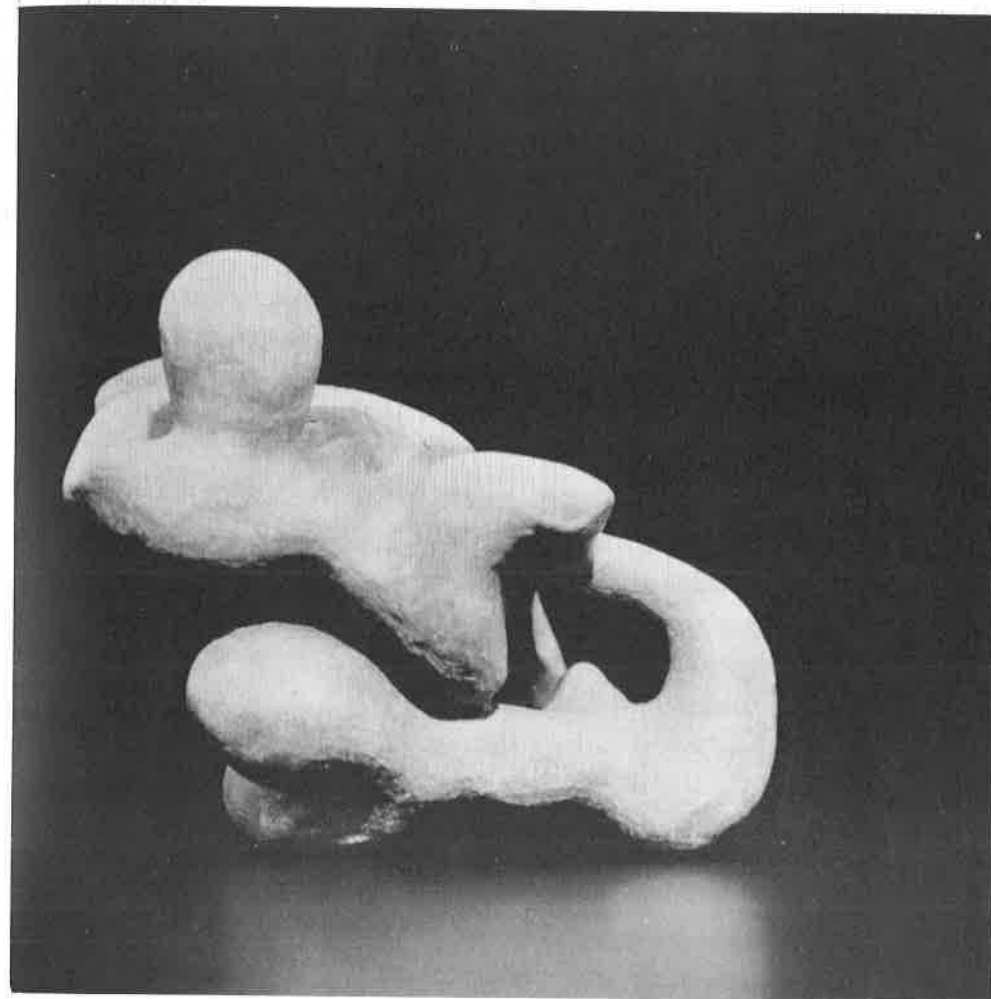
RENDEZVOUS

In the glimmering haze of the eleventh hour, mist dimmed the
sparkle of all but one. . .

And a light of chance pointed like a lantern and with an out-
stretched body I learned to follow its path. . .

And glimmering, clear and unabsurded, it caught my eye, my
heart, and my faith. . .

Jim Evansizer



MANDELLA

by

Jim Evansizer

LONELINESS

D. Ulseth.

What is loneliness? A solitary figure amid the throngs,
Or one whose ears are eternally deaf to the effervescent songs
Of the birds?
Is it the widow left childless?
Or the winter, whose austere chill
Drives all foliage and warmth to the far beyond?
Is it the country woman awed by the city?
Or parents grieving the loss of a babe?
Is it the man whose riches
Cannot buy the gift of happiness?

I think of it as of a seed sown
Beneath adamantine soil.
In vain the plant struggles to grow
But reaches no regenerating flow;
Thus it withers and remains aloof.
I think of it, too, as a tiny flower

Hidden 'mongst leaves, a green bower,
Obscure, unknown,
Till tender hands part the leaves
To discover the fragile bloom;
Then loneliness is gone.

Loneliness is you, my dearest heart.
You who stand, a tall silent silhouette,
Removed from me, yet so much a part
Of my throbbing soul.
You close your heart lest my eyes
Search and discover the hidden you;
Lest my soul pierce your own
And observe the intensity there, but
Not understand.

Loneliness is fear, frustration,
A shying from self-realization;
A closing of the inner self to life,
An endless strife.
Yet there comes One who parts the leaves
And gently plucks the bloom;
Solitude trembles. Like the morning sun,
A heart contracted expands
To catch a shimmering ray of hope.

Loneliness is fled. Courage flutters.
Love is read in your eyes, where
Your lips would not utter.
But now you smile and you reach out your hand
Till it grasps mine, and we stand
No longer alone.