


Spring 1967

et cetera

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et cetera

spring 1967

Etc, - Writ. J. G. f7.

At Marshall V.

By DORIS MILLER

Et Cetera, Spring 1967, current Issue of an annual collection of literature and art published yearly by the students of Marshall University, was released Wednesday. Arline Roush, editor in chief; Rodger Cunningham, assistant editor, and Joseph Hughes, graphics editor, worked with a corps of assistants in its compilation.

Variety is the spice of this latest collection of writing and art by Marshall University students, credited to more than 20 contributors of poetry and prose, photography and pencil drawings, et cetera.

Here is writing that records the growth of expanding personalities. The poets have succeeded in imitating ultra-modern praters of obscenities. In 17 syllables:

*Gently sleeps the night
On banks of fragrant
poppies*

*Unawar, of tim
- Jay La Doux*

the author has achieved smoothness of rhythm suggestive of the gentlest sleep, yet touched springs of multivalence winging into far flight. Each of the 15 poems is a challenge to reflection, an opportunity for expansion for the reader, as poetry should be. Of exceptional beauty are "Silver Sunday" by Charlene Ball, "Happy Birthday" by John Riggall, "The Endless Chain" by Linda Hoover Chan and "The Sixth Day" by Mary Hunt.

As for the prose, let someone who cares for modern writing judge the stories, and they did. The two included are first and second award winners. Rodger Cunningham's essay is interesting and full of promise. When that boy grows strong enough to lift the weight of the language he carries like heavy armor and weave it into easy garments for his perceptive thought, he may lead a new school of rationalism.

et cetera

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The editors and staff are especially grateful for the time and help of those faculty members who served as judges, and for the assistance of Mr. Jim Martin, Director of Information and Publications.

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ME AND MR. LUCAS

It must be five weeks now, since we come here to live in this big house with Mr. Lucas. My mama married Mr. Lucas after Poppy died. I mean, Mr. Lucas is real nice to us and all like that, but it just don't seem right, somehow. Mama says now that Poppy is gone, Mr. Lucas gonna be my father, and it hurts her that I never say nothing to him. But I can't do it; it's just the way I am—just like Poppy.

I think I must of knew all along that we'd come here to live. I seen the way Mr. Lucas used to look at her, even before Poppy died. Poppy never let on like he noticed, but he did, anybody would've. Lots of people look at mama. Havin' four kids never hurt her looks one little bit. But nobody ever looked at her the way Mr. Lucas did. Poppy always told me if anything happened to him, I should take care of mama and the kids, 'cause I was the oldest. I told Mr. Lucas that one day and he acted like it kind of made him mad.

"Your daddy wasn't nothing but a wino," Mr. Lucas said. I haven't said nothing to him since.

But what he said made me think a lot, though, about Poppy, I mean. The only winos I know of was real dirty and pushed junk carts except for the niggers. They didn't do anything, only get drunk and pass out in the alley. And seems like they was all mean, all the time doin' somethin' to us kids. One of them took my lunch away from me once when I was going to school. Poppy told me to take and knock him up beside the head with a brick if he done it again, but he never bothered me no more.

Poppy wasn't dirty or nothing like that and he sure wasn't mean. I don't think he had it in him to hurt nothing or nobody. But he did drink an awful lot. He worried a lot too 'cause he couldn't keep a steady job and we never had nothing. Mama never complained, at least not so I ever heard her. But Poppy thought she held it against him.

It like to broke his heart when the man come from the state and put us on relief. That didn't happen till he took sick with the pneumonia and couldn't work none at all. Poppy had a trade and everything. He learned to weld in the army. He used to get pretty good jobs sometimes too. Like the one he got on the railroad. But he would work three or four weeks and take to layin' off and have me call up the foreman and say he was sick, and pretty soon, he would get laid off permanent. I mean it like to broke his heart, when the man come from the state and put us on relief.

When he got the pneumonia, the man from the state told Poppy to go over to the county hospital to the free clinic, and they'd help him. He went two or three times and then quit goin'. He said they talked to him real snotty and everything, just like he wasn't no better than a piss ant or something. I went with him once and



one of those ladies that wear the pink uniforms talked kind of mean to him and I thought he was gonna bust out cryin'. He never went back no more after that.

The man from the state give me a letter to take to school. It was all sealed up in a envelope so I couldn't read it. Pretty soon after that they give me some lunch tickets to eat with, but they was different colored than ever one else's and I noticed only three or four kids had those kind. People looked at us so funny when we come through the line with those kind of tickets, it made me feel ashamed and I took to tearin' mine up and not eatin' no lunch atall.

He died at home one day while I was in school.

I don't think I'll ever forget Poppy's funeral, the way they done it and all, it was a terrible thing. They come and got him after he died and taken him to the funeral home to fix him up some so he wouldn't look dead. He was thin and white as a ghost from bein' sick so long. Some men took and put him on a thing like a little bed with rollers on it and loaded him into a black truck. I didn't want him to go alone, but they said he would be all right and wouldn't let me ride with him. They didn't bring him back home till the next day.

"Go into the living room to see your father," my mama said to me. "You won't be seeing him no more after today." I went into the living room and what I saw sticks in my mind clearer than anything.

The casket was setting up on two chairs. At first it looked like it was made out of pretty, shiny metal, but when I got up on it, I could see that it wasn't metal at all, but just some kind of fuzzy, gray cloth stretched over a plywood box to look like metal. If you touched it, the fuzz rubbed off. One of the men from the funeral home opened the casket. The hinges was too weak to hold it and it fell on the floor and made a big noise. Everyone in the house must have jumped two foot off the ground.

My poppy was lying in the box wearing the only new suit I ever knowed him to have. He wasn't wearing no shirt, but only a kind of a cardboard thing with a collar and a tie stuck to it, sewed inside the suit. They painted his face and hands a kind of an orange lookin' color. He looked like nothing human I ever saw, much less my poppy.

"Why did you paint him up and make him look like a circus clown?" I asked the man from the funeral home, over and over.

It wasn't long until Mr. Lucas showed up, way before the funeral was supposed to start. He followed my mother all over the house, wanting to do this for her and do that for her. I heard them talking in the other room, when they didn't know I was around. Mr. Lucas had his arm around my mother. She was crying.

"For God's sake, Tom, can't you even wait until he's cold and in the ground?"

"Now, Marie, you know I only want to look out for you and

the children," Mr. Lucas said and pulled her closer to him.

"Tom, I don't know what I'm goin' to do. I just don't know. Things were hard enough before."

"I think it's plain enough what you should do. I've told you lots of times."

"I've told you. I can't do that. I won't do it."

Mr. Lucas' voice turned stone hard and cold. "I don't see that you have much choice in the matter, Marie, if you don't want those kids of yours to grow up beggars and starve to death on the relief, the way they did the whole time Harvey was alive."

My mother din't say another word; she just nodded her head the least little bit. I went back into the living room to stay with Poppy until they come back with the truck to take him to the graveyard. He didn't have no religion that I knowed of, so me and Mama and the kids just said goodbye to him at the graveyard. For once, Mr. Lucas stayed back on the road and left us alone.

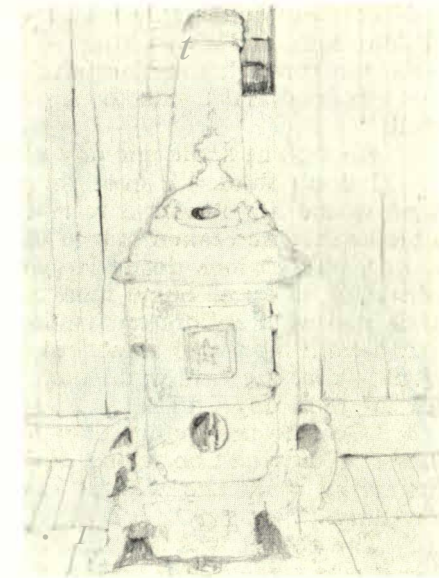
It wasn't long after that when we all moved into Mr. Lucas' big, old house.

I've wished sometimes since Poppy died that it was me that was dead and buried, instead of him. But it was better that he died. If he had been alive to see the way things turned out, it might've drove him to the asylum or something. So I guess there's some things worse than bein' dead.

I think about him a lot though lying down there in that hole in the ground alone. I miss him. He used to cheer me up when I was unhappy. He'd say things like, "Don't ever make the mistake of gettin' born poor," and then I'd say, "No, I ain't ever goin' to make a mistake like that again," and then we'd both laugh like we wasn't ever goin' to stop.

He never wished nothin' bad to nobody and I wish he could've come to some end other than bein' stuffed down a hole like a sack of garbage. I don't reckon I'll ever get to be the kind of man that likes people the way he did. I'd give a dollar to see Mr. Lucas dead.

- Carl I. Adkins





No::: ,,dN

THE PUPPET

If I made jest, you gave the laugh;
When I turned sad, you wept.
Your wooden eyes stared down the night,
Your strings hung limp; I slept.
I forced your feet along each mile,
Demanding more, got more.
I hated so your painted smile
(Besides, my hands were sore).
When I said win, you won far past;
When I cried lose, you failed.
I tired of tugging strings at last,
The game had long since paled.

But when I tightly drew you in,
That I might bait you near,
I found to pain and deep chagrin,
You were the puppeteer!

- *Mary Hunt*



AFTERBEAT

It hurt. Or it seemed to. When Dinah died. She didn't know me. I had never met her. Never heard her sing. Except on the records. The Queen made me happy. I mean in a bitter-sweet way. A blues sung right is a catharsis. Find a down home surrogate. Play "I Remember You". But, now she is dead. It isn't the same. Identification runs aground. Like Bubber Miley and Miles. One is an echo. The other is someplace. Hating your duodenum, maybe. But, playing and loving it. And getting mad.

Maybe it was phony empathy. Dinah and me. Lullabies for the self-pitying. But, you chew on something. Better "That's All There Is To That" than your own aorta. Barbara didn't martyr me. After eight years she could tell, though. I wasn't going to make it. Journeyman ad copy hack. No children. No move up or take charge signs. And my standing in the corner. Her Atlanta. Her crowd. Her country club. And I would just stand there. Smoking and getting stoned. Later she married her lawyer. I don't blame her. Didn't hate her. But lonesome. But oh lost, Tom Wolfe, oh lost. No mules on the bathroom floor. Sometimes Dinah like a wire back brush. Then she overdosed. She left, too.

Let me admit it now. I might as well. Copywriters have a thin? for oversimplicity. Try gargling daily on your own dangling modifiers. Sometimes it sells. Mostly it warps introspection. Now I write furniture copy. It beats hustling misersmanship for banks. But, furniture factories are in the damndest places. This one is in Symington. A railroad town on the Ohio. Rivers compete with railroads. So Symington turned its back. We look to the hills. The floodwall, plus the tracks, plus the whorehouse shield our eyes. No ogling the flat, wide Ohio. Symington exports. Yes, glass, coke, furniture, and cheap semi-skilled labor to Cleveland. Recently, a hutch of bunnes to Chicago. And a brace of go-go girls to Detroit. A city shrinking. Nurturing itself on resentment and futility. Counting its "For Sale". signs. Enjoying survivorship. Hiding.

I had wanted to live on the Ohio. Off limits! So I settled for Little River, a tributary. A small house out Highway 85. Shouldn't have committed tight like that. But, I needed it. Away. People proof. Two stories and fireplaces up and down. Three acres on the river and a kerosene heater. I even inherited a treehouse. And down the bank a small sand beach. And two boxes of paperbacks. Some things old. Some things new. Many much read. Thumbed and engraved with coffee rings. Savored.

I ate around in Symington. Breakfast and lunch out then sandwiches in. Supper at the hermitage. Every Thursday t 1:30 I ate at George's. The service balks at 1:30. However, the crowd has gone. You don't have to wait for a chair. Queues are for Pavloff's dog. That's where Sammy worked. Samantha, if you prefer. I sat m at her stat10n. She fed me. Maybe you would like Syrian spaghetti. I do. She never said very much. Called me Mister Godzilla. But quietly, with a M. Lisa laugh. When you are



6 7" people talk about it. You say you don't mind. You get exasperated. The basketball you didn't play. Nice height for watching parades. I knew Godzilla already.

Sammy didn't move me much then. Godzilla stood in the corner again. Sat in the booth. And I ate the Syrian spaghetti. Mankind's answer to the preying mantis. Stooped. A walking question mark. There are damn few parades. Many questions. And quite a few marks. Sammy begkn to get to me. I added Tuesdays.

One day she mentioned it. She was singing at a place. Maybe, I would come? If I wasn't too busy? Which I was. Reading with the moths. Flying over the pJ.ges. Unfixed holes in the screens.

The place was the Trinidad. Think of Tennessee's lattice-work. That was it. Only darker with the old beer smell. Built in. Laying low over the plastic tile. The trio played very inside. That is they talked mostly to themselves. And kept glancing at each other. Once meaningful phrases in a woozy bar. They had played too long for the walls. Background players living on subtle used riffs. Passed by. Found wanting in the tough league. Hung up on depth bombs. And Manischewitz for lunch.

No one brought her on. But the band knew. They focused for her. And she sang, dear God, she sang. Shaping the old songs with a knife. Cutting you coarse and unbearably sweet. I didn't really know until it quieted. Suddenly, thirty people shut up. You don't hear that often. Eckstine does it in any room. A few. They send your word back inside. You hush and listen. I think Dinah must have done it. She would have with me. And Sammy did. Not the same really. Less push. Softer but with more loss even. More

hope. Teasing you on the afterbeats. She ached you hard and released.

On the third night she sat with me. Between sets. We talked about the music. About singers. The ones who shouldn't pay to get in the hall. Billie and Billy and Lee and Ella. And Bill Henderson whom she didn't know. She told me about starting. You don't learn from anyone. You sing and you try to sing *you*. Sometimes you think you are in somebody else's groove. You fight it. Then it's not you. It's un-you, she said.

We moved unfast. I remember the tenth night. She let me drive her home. In the Kharmann Ghia. With the gearshift between us. And the slight aura. Gardenias between us. With the top down. She lived near the other set of tracks. With her mother and an older brother. They were tall too. Like Sammy. You thought about her that way. Lithe. Soft-faced and catlike.

The talking was good. We moved slowly. It was a month and well into spring. Then she came out Sunday. Rode out with me to the Hermitage. We fished. If you want to call a catch of two small perch fishing. And we let them go. Sammy didn't mind the worms. She waded along the bank. And worked the hibachi. Cooked slow and with style. She was right with ribs. Very, very.

Sometimes we sat there not saying anything. Or we talked. Often Sammy sang. Sang to me very close and low. Lower and easier, less cutting than at the club. The moon would come. Up the bank and over the trees. Sammy with the frogs on bass. Sometimes you know when you are there. I did. I think she did. Once before dusk we sat in the treehouse. She laughed. "You going to read me Heidi?" "No", I said, "Kazantzakis." She had quit after two years. Why college for me, she said. But, she understood. She knew more about what I was reading than I did. But don't think it was all Heidi, all fairy tales. I couldn't go to the Trinidad anymore. Couldn't share her. Couldn't stand her singing to everyone. Everyone was not me. And we lay in the dew-wet grass and watched the rabbits. They would jump straight up. Sammy trying not to giggle at them.

Nothing happened for weeks. You know. And then one Saturday afternoon she did it. With great naturalness. There she was with the overnight bag. All she said was "Maybe we ought to know each other better." Even now, it's very personal. And that is about all I can bear to say about that. Except this. That night at 3:00 she woke up and kissed me ... then she laughed down in her chest. "Welcome to the movement, Jack." That was the first time. And I guess it was the only time it came out between us. Otherwise we never mentioned my being white.

Georgie, my advertising manager did. Right before he left for the furniture market. I did most of his work. He knew it. But, he told me, he said: "Jack, watch yourself. This is a small town. I can just protect you so far." Her brother was worse. Wouldn't

speaking at all. Just ~~sat~~ there rocking on the porch. Spitting at me when we walked to the car. And, of course, I asked her. Twenty-seven times, "Please marry me, Sammy."

I guess it seemed even more hopeless to her than it did to me. At the end of the summer she went away. I put her on the plane. At the one-runway airport. It came suddenly. Merciful, you might say. She had a good offer. She cried with me. She pulled deep scratches in my back. She said: "I can't sing just for you, Jack." Then she was gone. A year ago Labor Day. I have a new record. Bought it yesterday. She is there on the jacket. Tall, serene and they caught the funny quiet smile. It reads "Samantha Sings The Blues." You ought to hear it.

- John Riggall

if i could fly

oh baby.\.

we would journey to the 19th dawn!

then if you laughed
i would strand you on a white cold star
for a lifetime or two

- shirli ann

Gently sleeps the night
On beds of fragrant poppies
Unaware of time.

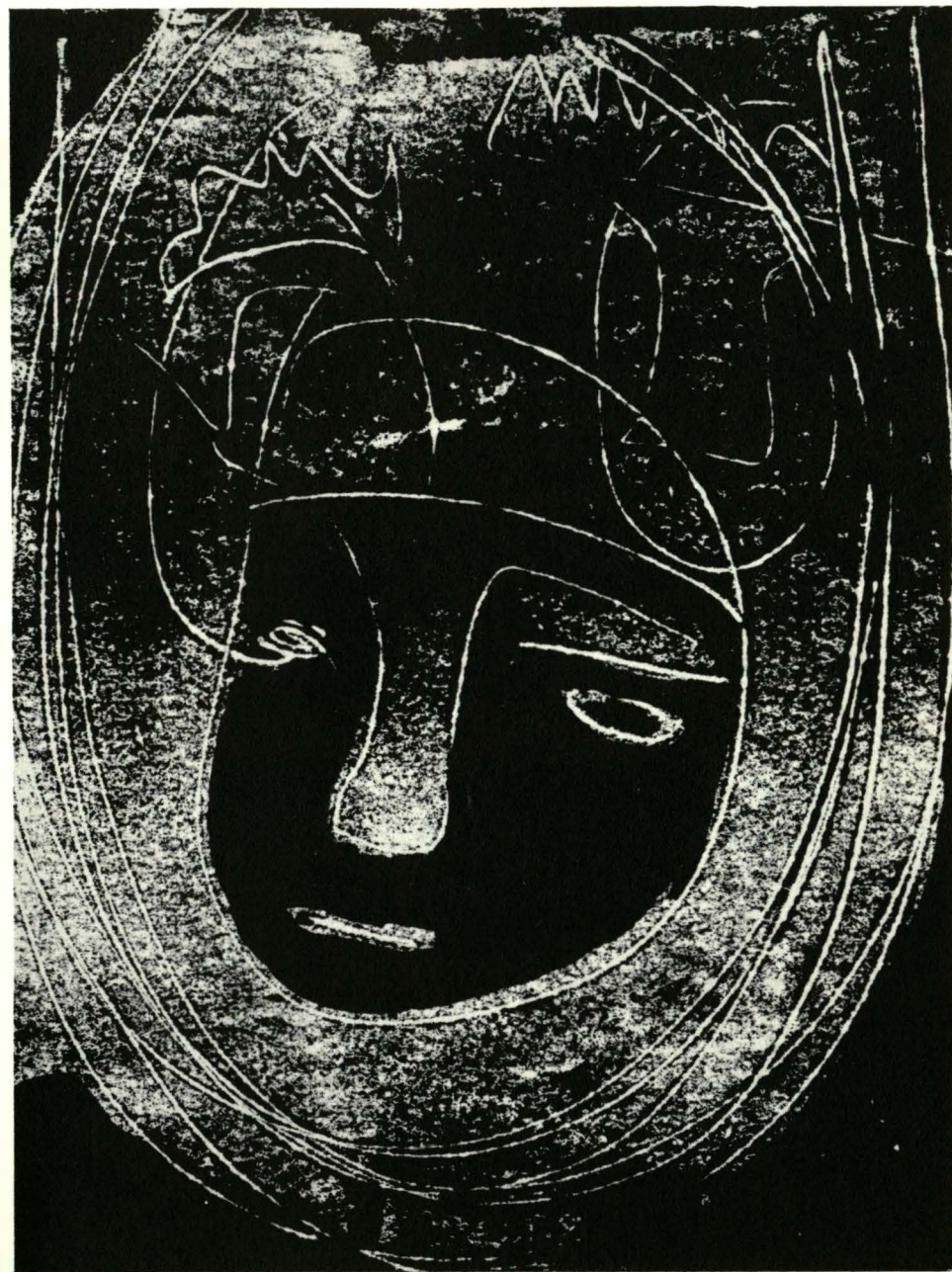
- *Jay La Doux*

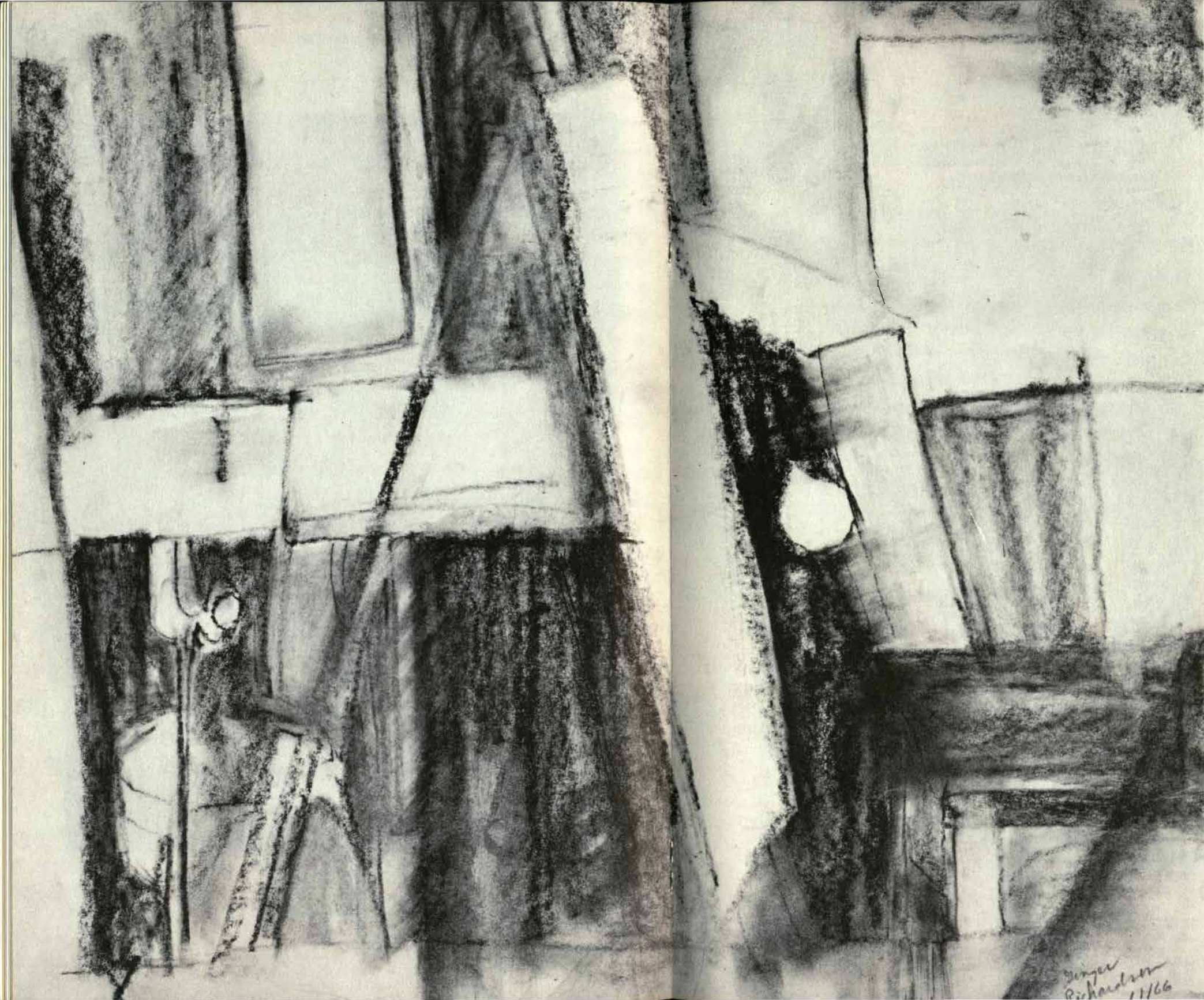
The barren rosebush
Bore a night flower; knowing,
The Moon laughed and wept.

- *Alice Gore*

After thunderstorms
each wet tree trunk glistens black:
a rough assertion.

- *Arline Roush*





George
Richardson
11/66

© 1966 by George Richardson

SILVER SUNDAY

silver sunday,
walking on ice pavement,
bumping purple handbags,
(carpet-covered)
satin bibles rest under wool **arms**,
red-lettered dialogue closed again.
neon eyes glow gold into forgetfulness;
wisdom words of reverend's mind
are now too long ago uttered,
eventually forgotten.
smiling grandmas, long hatpins (tarnished)
holding attic-stained plumes to gray straw,
pinching pink babies, licking cracked
lips of age,
walk past the morning beggar's cup to
tomorrow's monday.

- *Charlene Ball*

Sometimes, my pygmy friends, even man
Must die. God-image he, will still
Someday lie dust. Pray, ask your god if
He will someday fling
Immortal bolts of your dark name
Into the equinoctial night
And you will sit on his right hand
And drink celestial tea.

- *David Dillon*

THE PARAGON

She gloried in the fact that she,
though 23, had never done any
rude, crude, unreasonable, unforgivable act.

It was a fact. We all knew that.

Her maidenhood was of the best,
which we'll attest. She had never been
insulted or accosted, compromised or jeopardized.

She was no fool. She was too cool.

Her earthly time was much too precious
to be flirtatious. Unknown to her were
boyish smiles and lovers' wiles.

Until an alley cat, with silken ways
removed the glaze, and underneath
lay tarnished gold-or so we're told.

- *Esta E Fraley*



DISSOLVE EVIL IN YOUR SPARE TIME !

The excerpt below is from an advertisement which appeared in a nationally distributed "movie" magazine. The advertisement as a whole consists of three closely printed columns, covering almost an entire page.

Here's news about a revolutionary MATERIALIZATION method, based on a new metaphysical discovery, and now available for the first time in a new book! ...

HOW TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING -
... HOW TO BRING PEOPLE TO YOU - ... HOW TO
DISSOLVE EVIL - ... HOW TO MENTALLY INFLU-
ENCE OTHERS - ...

A little further, one is told that the discoverer of this "occult science," which bears the portentous title "Psycho-Pictography," is "a famous metaphysicist and author," whose travels and studies have led him "from Alchemy to the weird powers of Zoroaster." One is further informed that this man has "experimented with a series of mental Visual Images - tested them on over one thousand men and women from all walks of life. People with no greater education than yourself." After a series of testimonials to the amazing effectiveness of Psycho-Pictography, the advertisement ends with a ringing invitation to "try his system for yourself, and see what happens in YOUR life, when the weird, symbolic Pictographs trigger into thrilling life the sleeping forces dormant within your own mind !"

The purpose of this essay is not to evaluate "Psycho-Pictography." Rather the heart of the matter lies elsewhere. What will strike many readers even more strongly than the details of the absurd occult "science" is the strong use to which the language of philosophy and allied fields is put. The composer of the advertisement is, of course, well aware of the kind of people he is addressing: witness the remark about "people with no greater education than yourself." What, then, one may ask, has behind this strange misuse of words by the uneducated - and behind similar misuse in any number of works of comparable (and even higher) caliber?

The answer to this question seems to reflect an important aspect of culture. It is often said that anti-intellectualism consists of, or implies, a hostility to theoretical questions. The heroism of this advertisement, however, and of others like it, indicates strongly that large proportion of the poorly educated - who (in this country) are predominantly hostile to those with better education - do not understand what a speculative question is. Such persons misuse these words because their proper application belongs to a sphere of whose very existence they are unaware. To them, talk of something "beyond" physical laws does not imply abstract principles of being and knowledge; the only notion they

can have of something "beyond" the observable world of "common sense" is that of mysterious powers, of spirits and spooks. True "symbolic" meaning is opaque to them; their idea of "symbolism" is apparently taken over, at least at one remove, from the jargon of cultural anthropology, as it occurs in popularized accounts of primitive cultures or religions. Thus the word becomes associated in their minds with sorcery and magic - with the "weird". Similarly, Zoroaster, the ancient Persian religious reformer, becomes a wizard of some sort, with "weird powers."

The latter distortion is connected with popular notions of religion in general - as a means to "make you happy," as something which we are supposed to "get something out of," or which is to be valued because it will help us in our business - or even for patriotic reasons. (An advertisement run weekly in many newspapers by a prominent advertising service begins: "The Church is the greatest factor on earth for the building of character and good citizenship. Without a strong Church, neither democracy nor civilization can survive.") Prayer, in this province of the popular mind, is seen as a kind of incantation, a magical formula to Bring Us What We Want. (One need only mention similar distortions of the meaning of psychology. Indeed, this "Psycho-Pictography" is as much a transmogrification of psychology as it is an "occult science." For that matter, the sort of person at whom this advertisement is aimed probably does think of psychology as an occult science.)

On a slightly higher level, the "celestial-bellhop" approach to religion and the analogous approach to psychology are combined with some half-digested lumps of liberal theology in the cult of Positive Thinking. There is actually a book - this writer has seen reviews of it - by an author whose name shall not be revealed: its title is *Pray Your Weight Away!*

An even more revealing example of this sort of incomprehension is the popular use of the word "theory." In common parlance, this word means little more than "guess," or "conjecture." Hence, while the uneducated person of occultist leanings is apt to be highly interested in self-styled "metaphysicists" with their "symbolic" means of Making Us Happy, he is just as apt to be hostile to the real metaphysician - or even the theoretical scientist - who deals in "theories." After all, a theory is only a guess, isn't it; and what do we need with useless guesses? What do they do, he asks (not always aloud), to Make Us Happy? How do they increase our comfort, build our children's citizenship, help the war effort? The fountainhead of anti-intellectualism seems to lie, not in a simple hostility to the world of thought, but in a simple inability to conceive of the existence of such a world.

For such people, faced with such a completely incomprehensible phenomenon, only two responses (besides apathy) are possible. They will either irrationally oppose any intellectual efforts, or they will just as irrationally award such efforts a passive and even quasi-mystical idolatry. The second approach has been prominent

in some cultures (one thinks of Germany); but Americans have never been given to idolatry of this sort.

This is not to suggest that all non-intellectuals, or all anti-intellectuals, are ignorant enough to fall for "Psycho-Pictography" - that advertisement was merely a convenient illustration of the problem. Nor should it be suggested that the "middle-brow" section of the population is solidly and consciously anti-intellectual or without comprehension of intellectual issues. These arguments do not even necessarily imply that all devotees of Psycho-Pictography are hostile to intellectuals. Some, for example, may have a vague notion that all philosophers are united in the great cause of promoting occult knowledge, or that all theoretical scientists are working diligently to improve the American military arsenal. This, however, is not what "respect for the intellect" means. The point is that much anti-intellectualism is clearly based upon a complete lack of comprehension of what intellectuals deal with, and that many people, perhaps more than is commonly assumed, are permanently beneath any persuasion of the worth of such understanding.

- Rodger Cunningham



ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

Profane petals sadly shine
upon a plastic stem-
mere frauds of lovely things ...

Plastic people copy God;
rubber men make flowers,
unaware of scented ones-

Beautiful because they die.

- *Julia Pittenger*



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

When you surprise the years sliding scuffed
Like fog into limbo a measurement is ordained
Simply weigh the dust against the stone

Grinding bits of mismatched days into pumice
Resift once more the displaced dried fragments
And cast them witchlike into patterns

Signifying nothing more than echoes of aged dreams
Fomenting a broader emptiness
Coiled like hibernating serpents hissing in the soul

Up-wind the muted bugles growl against the night
Summoning faintly some poltergeist of desire
Somnabulant chords levering the dusk

Should you sound a reprise to rekindle the aching
And retrace the stairs pitted by the plundering years
And fumble again at the rusted latch?

Why not muster tonight that rearguard of longing
Set the bellows at the coals and chant marching songs
And ram the standards into quicksand

Yes, tear a light breath from the sirocco winds
Squander it quickly into the limp furled sails
Mount a watch on time and flail.

- *John Riggall*

THE ENDLESS CHAIN

A gnarled, white-knuckled fist hard straining,
Reaching, searching, stretching back
For the ageless hope of man,
For the promise of renewal,
For the ancient prophecy
Reaching, stretching, straining back,
Back into the dawn of Time -

Back to taboos, charms, and totems
Back through temples and betrayal,
Renaissance and Inquisition, passion, martyrdom, and war,
Up to quantum physics, fusion,
Down through treaties, and attack,
Poly-social revolution, Nagasaki, bombs, and blood-
Comes each fist back, up, and down
Caught in the endless clinching chain
Of ceaseless reaching, clinging, teeming,
Desperate grasping, straining back
To seize resistless infant's hand
And call the newborn Hope.

- Linda Hoover Chan



The cold and cutting scalpel of the rising sun
Dissects the misty ghosts of morning, scattering
Like dust myths of the night before.
Below, on the frosted sidewalk, pedestrians
Re-employ their dull ritual, refill their
Emptied minds with newspapers and coffee.
I gather my pragmatist leavenings
And think of you.
Time was, I like to muse, that night was
My time of worship, when you would be my shrine.
Now the temples are empty,
The icons are broken.
Now I sit and blandly watch the sun
Destroy the menace of the dying night.

- David Dillon

THE SIXTH DAY

Adrift within the blood-warm seas,
The sleeping cell awoke,
And touching on the infinite,
Began the upward stroke.

Across the formless foetal heart,
Arched free, the thunderbolt;
The nursling at the mother's breast,
Turned wild, and sought revolt.

In pain it molted silver skin,
On reefs was donned another.
Godlike, he stood erect and laughed
Spat in the seas, his mother.

Against the thought that made itself,
What coward seeks a plan?
Who sits beside the blood-warm seas,
And asks, "Who made a man?"

Of gods, and sin, what then are these
Against creation's store?
Go, make a god, if gods you need,
But build him on the shore!

- *Mary Hunt*

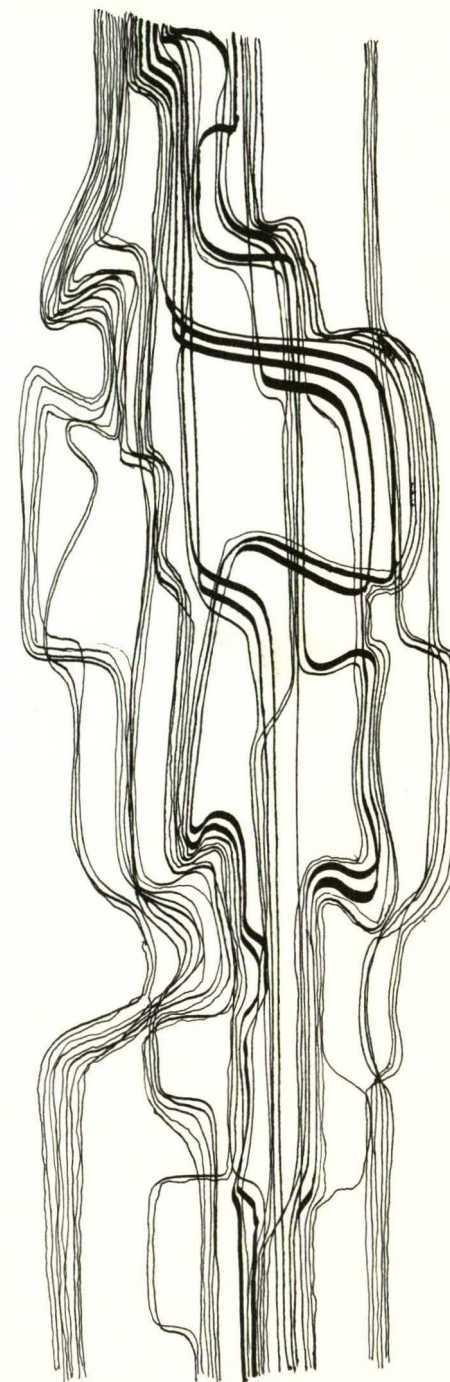
THE SHADES OF REALITY

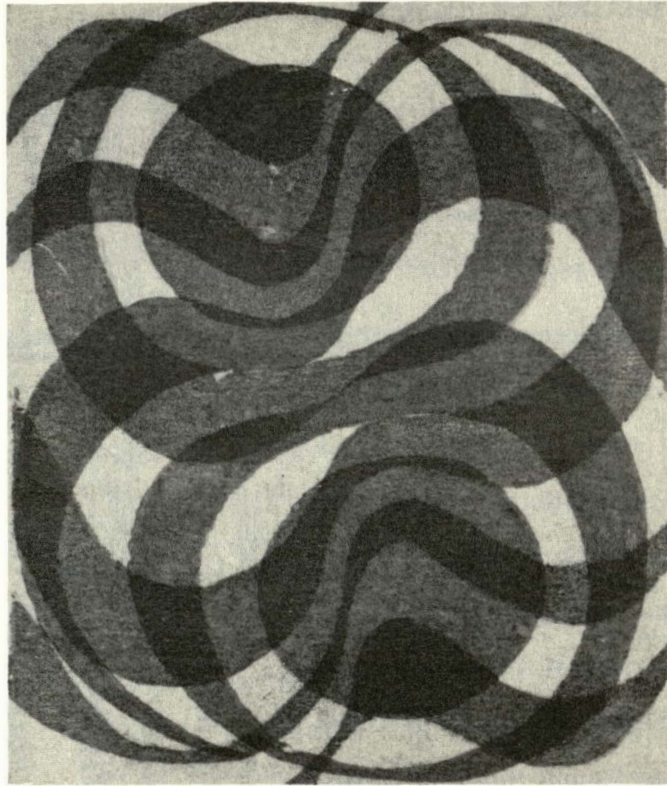
Ultraviolet emanations,
Subtle warmth upon dormant seeds
Stirring the gentle pulse--
Conception into life,
A spectral holocaust spiraling in-
ward,
Spanning the gap toward darkness.

Lavender innocence before corrup-
tion
Compelled to tread primordial
paths;
Pungent scent of newly-mellowed
wine
Upon lips mouthing faded-violet
words;
Melancholic moments to a synco-
pated beat
Over blue laws prohibiting peace
of mind;
Novice actors of the green room
staff
Remembering their failures of the
past;
Pubescent lemons imitating sweet-
ness
Hoisting the yellow flag quaran-
tine sign;
Aroma of pekoe drifting from a
sick bed
Diffusing golden philosophies of
adolescence;
Blooming Judas trees delivering
redemption
Filling angry hearts with repen-
tance.

Infrared absorptions,
Daring heat upon ripened fruit
Swelling the thirsty skin -
Explosion into death,
An isolated spirit reaching out,
Ever grasping for undeserved light.

- *James R. Pack*





Beyond the city's harsh cacophony
And clanging calculation of noise,
The silent searching of an evening star
With gentle oscillating rhythm
Handles every curving, lonely tree.

The little One Whose eyes are hyacinths
Lifts up His chubby, childish arm to wave,
As if to comfort the forgotten sky;
But to the West the neon music; while
They drink the wassail in Aceldama.

- Alice Gore

*Das, als Zusammenhang, erst nur geahnt;
noch nie im Leiden oder im Gelingen
zusammgefasst zu dauerndem Durchdringen,
doch so, als ware mit zerstreuten Dingen
von fern ein Ernstes, Wirkliches geplant.*

- Rainer Maria Rilke

*... That which, as an integral harmony
but dimly sensed;
But never yet, through suffering or success
Into perdurable achievement coalesced;
Yet as if, from afar, of things disparate,
A true and serious one were being planned.*

(Translation by R. P. North)

NOTES ON THE AWARD WINNERS

Carl Adkins, author of "Me and Mr. Lucas," has appeared in *Et Cetera* before. A senior, majoring in philosophy, his interests are writing and playing the classical guitar.

Mary Hunt of South Point, Ohio, is a freshman majoring in political science and studying pre-law. Some of her poetry has been published in anthologies. Her main interest is reading.

Rodger Cunningham is a Kenova junior majoring in English and minoring in chemistry. One of his essays was published in the 1965 *Et Cetera*. He likes linguistics, literature, walking, and hill climbing.

Ginger Richardson, a Parkersburg junior with majors in art and language arts, says she is interested in "everything in the world, especially reading and sewing." She plans to teach, and hopes someday to "turn into a serious artist."

John Riggall is a graduate student in political science, and will receive his Masters degree at the end of the summer. He is forty-two years old and has been attending school at night. Formerly employed in advertising in Atlanta, he now works in a family business in Ashland.

Linda Hoover Chan, Huntington senior, is an English major. Another of her poems was published in the 1964 *Et Cetera*. She is interested in art as well as creative writing, and particularly enjoys swimming.

Ronnie Fowler, of Ashland, is a junior majoring in art. He also enjoys dancing, the theater, and camping. As for the future, he hopes to attend a good art school.

Charlene Ball is a freshman from Akron, Ohio. Her major is special education, but she also has a strong interest in English. She water-skis in competition. Charlene also likes music, especially Beethoven, and plays the piano. She plans eventually to teach in high school.

