



SOWER 1965



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Forward

As each year comes and goes at Dana College, so also the students come and go. It is the hope of the 1965 *Sower* staff that this anthology of the arts might serve as a remembrance of this school year as you look back from days yet to come. It has also been our intent and desire to provide a means for the thoughts and talents of students to find expression. Our sincere thanks go out to those students who contributed to the *Sower* and thereby found expression.

One quick glance through this year's *Sower* readily indicates the change in the *Sower* from an anthology of creative writing to an anthology of the arts. This year there is included in the *Sower*, creative writing in prose and poetry, a music selection, translations from Danish and German, and art pieces of various kinds.

In an attempt to show our appreciation even more to those contributing students, several awards are given under the direction of the *Sower*. Professor Joseph Langland, a former professor at Dana and now a professor in the English department at the University of Massachusetts, presents the "Langland Awards" for the best selection in prose and poetry. The "Hal Evans Cole Award" is presented each year in memory of a former student at Dana for the best work of art or music. Also each year the "Kaj Munk Memorial Award" is presented in memory of Kaj Munk, a martyred Danish pastor and playwright, for the best translation of prose or poetry from any foreign language.

We also wish to extend a special word of thanks to Penny Debes of Rochester, New York for designing the cover for the 1965 *Sower*.

Daniel C. Aten
Editor

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Vanishing America

The forsaken farm,
a yard grown up in weeds
 windswept
 lonely
 deserted.

The buildings stand in ruin, scorched by the relentless sun.
Windows boarded over,
doors ripped from their hinges.
The old sheds and barns leaning,
tired from the years of work.
The house once filled with life,
desolate and forlorn,
 a sagging porch
 its posts broken
 a roof sunken
after years of faithfulness.

There remains a consciousness of life but all is cold and dead.
The sulky plow once pulled by horses
now choked by thistles and mustard,
stands rusted and obsolete.
Surrounded by a grove of dying poplars,
these few acres once teaming with life
are captured and guarded by
crickets and gophers.

And the little country church,
which for a century
offered to all an assurance
without abandon,
abandoned!

Yet with proud humility she stands
silently guarding those she laid to rest.
The marble stones are her children
who bow down before the steeple with its cross held high,
that cross from which they drew their strength.
Inside

 an altar where burdened sinners sought forgiveness
 a pulpit looking down in judgment
 a font, from which flowed life to all who came, empty.
The vacant pews just wait
 for the laughter of children

the talk of simple folk
the hand of fellowship which sealed brother to brother,
now broken
the last hymn sung
the doors closed
forever.

And the prairie town
where once commerce thrived
deals made
money flowed
business flourished.

On Friday night
the little town was filled with country folk.
Then came the auto in number,
the railroad ceased
the buildings were deserted and forsaken
the signs of life smothered by weeds
the paths forgotten that spoke of yesterday.

What's left?
a store
a pump
a bar
a post office

Where are the others?
They've died
or deserted the good earth ... for the city.
Vanishing rural America now a history.
A few old men meet and talk.
Faithfully they wait.
They've lived their life.

H. Kendall Harris

Autumn Impression

Beneath the canope of branches laced
In swaying patterns etched against the deep
Expanse of blue, as if their forms were traced
By slowly fading rays of Autumn's still
Warm sun, a brief kaleidoscope of leaves
Is swirled by winds which soon will bring the chill
Of snow.

Wayne Morton

Sonnet For Lovers

Beyond the farthest reach of clutching fingers,
Too far for outstretched arms to grasp and hold;
But present, as a pungent incense lingers
Or fading streaks of sunset's dying gold--
Within a realm of silent symphony,
Where tongueless tunes pour out to tone-deaf ears;
And bits of broken heart-torn melody
Dissolve to nothingness that no one hears,
The fingers cling and claw to rouse desire
The throat congests with sobbing songs unsung.
Yet frozen to the touch--no kindled fire
Will ever spring from sparks of tongue to tongue.
Electric fibers charged by swollen nerves
Consume too quickly that which time conserves.

Enid Wiley

Haiku

The Nebraska wind
is my only companion.
Oh! to be alone.

H. Kendall Harris

Cast Another Man

God, why must this world be filled with form?
From egg to grave man must conform his ways
To bring his life within the world's set norm.
Oh must a life be set by other's ways?

A whisper's heard from child too young to know
How useless 'tis when all around is cast.
His spreading roots are slashed, not left to grow
But bound as bonsai, dwarfed for life soon past.

For freedom from this mold man begs to God.
When time has come the bridge of life is crossed,
His clay returns to fertilize the sod
And once again regain the moisture lost.

To Hell with form; it is the devil's way.
Let man be free to live his life each day.

(A Student)

Sentinel

White expanse, dark wind blows
and all around us bleakness stares.
Drifts piled high ensure the sleep,
of flowers and weeds.

Guardian of all whose faithful call,
faint, yet growing stronger ushers forth.
From wind swept hill all dark, yet
bright in the restless gnawing night,
the sentinel offers up, its arms outstretched,
the sanctity and rest of his eternal love.

William R. Morgenstern

Equinox

We shared a troubled mind,
A special sadness
Made shy by friendship
That was not yet tried,
Still frozen with half-heartening thaw.

We walked together.
The cold settled heavy on our shoulders,
Dim sadness heavy on our minds;
A fusing, like the twilight,
A merging, neither light nor shadow.

We walked to the tree in the valley,
And the tree on the hill,
Tripping over grass
As our spirits stumbled ahead
Down the rows of corn.

The first awareness came,
Like the creeping tendril
Seeking the wire, fragile,
Growing, but easily destroyed,
Supported by soul-season change.

Resolution and understanding healed,
Bringing lightness,
In spite of the darkening sky.
Now we could be happy in our shared happiness
With the wind-driven rain,

With the soft murmur of the robin,
Complimenting the earth
In her perfume of dampening soil.
Because we had shared a discontent
And found its strength.

Sue Hengeveld

**"Old Main"
Abstraction**

Russell Brabec



Escape

A January's evening
was warm with melting
 snow turning
 into water
running down the
street in little
 streams
 joined
by others until
finally it slowed
 and stopped
 in puddles
 left to seep.

Hurriedly, I went
inside, leaving
nature to her own way.
I must join
the human crowd
searching for
knowledge,
never finding it
alone;
the human
pool.

No love was there;
thinking of one--
my friend--
I left the
many
for my desire--

we two
alone.
In anticipation,
I
stepped outside.

Fog.

It enclosed the night,
hiding familiar things,
making them faint
 and far away.

Falling
 drops
on dead leaves
were the only sound.
The misty silence
 became my friend--
 calling.

I answered,
shutting out the
 other world;
the damp closeness
and warmth were my
 shroud.
Sidewalks
made no path as I
walked over the hill
and gave myself
completely to the
cloud.

Jean Eisenhower

Nightwalk

I tried to take a walk with night.
I thought if night and I could be alone,
Then she might gain a confidence in me
And tell me something none before had known.

The noise was good to us and stayed away.
I think that noise must have respect for night
For never does it seem as rude to her
And seldom does it make its presence felt.

A stream went by and tried to let us be,
But it could not ignore those that it met.
It briefly paused to greet each passerby.
I heard each rock and grain of sand reply.

A blade of grass hushed many next to it,
And each passed on the hush when it was brushed,
Then all the company remained attent
Till we passed by, without a word exchanged.

The stars kept far removed and looked on us.
I could not tell the stars to let us be,
After all they only looked and did not say
A word to night, to make her turn away.

The wind was bold and followed right behind
And offered jeers and snickers at our backs.
It would not bother me to spite the wind,
But its attack would only be more harsh.

The trees stood anchored mute as we progressed,
And I would have their presence scarcely known,
But I could sense their restless disapproval.
They swayed with their anxieties held in.

An old and withered leaf came shuffling by
And scorned and scolded rascal rebel wind,
Undaunted youthful wind made no reply
But only made its pressures stronger felt.

But still, I think night was about to tell
What it might be that she was holding back
And had not told to anyone till now,
When day came in and forced the night to flee.

Dennis Eitmann

"Improvisation"

Bonnie Jensen

slowly
mp

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, marked "slowly" and "mp". It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a fermata over the final measure. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system features a whole rest in the treble staff for the first two measures. The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development.



Bonnie Jensen

Haiku

Eyes with narrow slits
closely watch the small dark hole.
Laughing mouse inside.

Jean Eisenhower

The Way

I search—
but what do I find—
anathema, pax vobiscum,
in the name of the Father,
do you believe?
are you saved??

Man searches,
and finds a way—The way?
for him, The way; for others it is not the way.
in nomine patris—and man kills his brother,

for his way is
The way.

And God watches,
pleased not to be forgotten.

Throughout man's existence winds a thread
of hope—
God.

but what do we call you—
Ahuramazda, Buddha, Yahweh?
how do we worship you?
how can we be sure?
is my way The way?
we know that you are God, you are good,
but that is not enough,
is it?

Wayne Morton

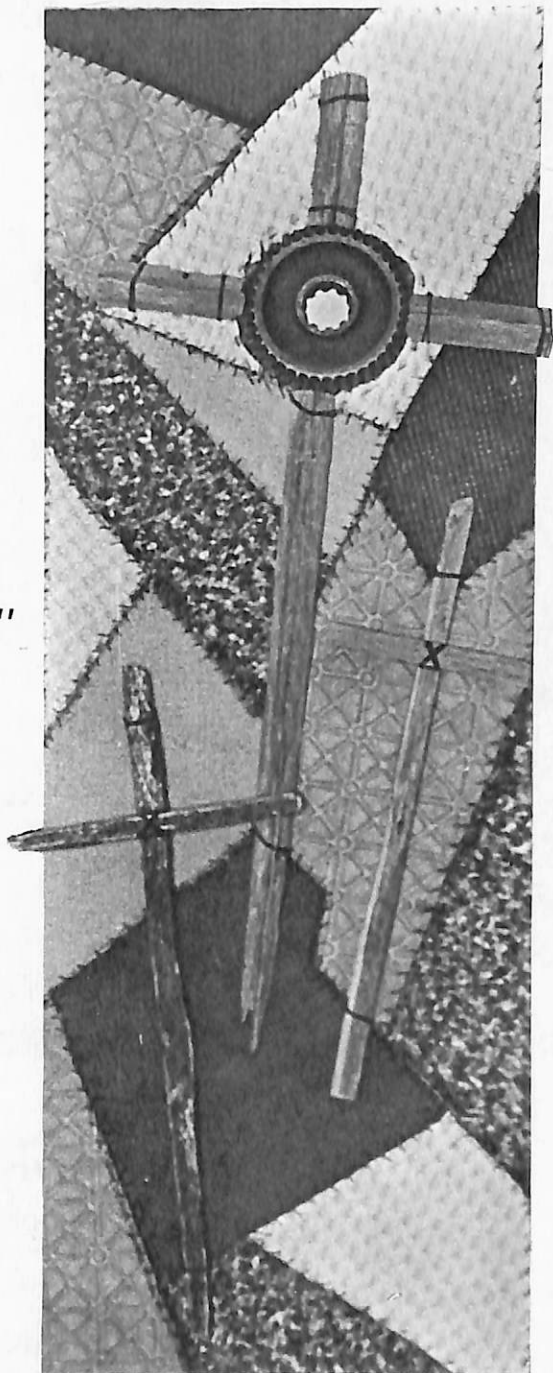
Haiku

Warm breath on my cheek
burning lips against my flesh ...
summer wind kissed me.

Enid Wiley

**"Good Friday"
Collage**

Charles Johansen



"Sculpture"



Don Dynneson

Disguise

Around each heart a shield,
Across each face a veil,
Behind each word a thought;
Honesty is frail.

Enid Wiley

Bathtub Ginny

Richard P. Moosmann

Fletch had forgotten to close the blind on the east window the night before so when Saturday morning arrived, it screamed its entrance with an unearthly brightness. Fletch's sand paper eyelids scraped across his two eye-like sacks of blood in a gallant effort to shut out the sun's cheer, but the pain was almost too great. He couldn't decide which hurt more, trying to close his eyes or the sun itself. He decided to postpone his decision and ducked under the covers. Why had he ever let Bill talk him into going to that party?

He lay under the covers for a while and the longer he did, the more he realized that he had to get rid of that god-awful taste in his mouth. His tongue was asleep and seemed a mile wide. Not only that, but his teeth actually itched. He considered getting up, but somehow every time he thought about it his stomach took him on a roller coaster ride. If only he hadn't changed horses midstream. If he had stuck to martinis, this never would have happened. This was his usual rationalization at any rate, but somehow Fletch could never stick to one kind of drink; he'd always have to sample every conceivable combination and he consequently never could remember how he'd gotten home. This was no exception.

Trying desperately to blot out of his mind the fact that his mother would arrive home this afternoon, he remained in his turtle shell of covers. He had been waiting for just such an opportunity now for months. They had always lived in the same apartment house, at least ever since his father died five years ago, but this living across the hall from each other was too much to put up with. It was bad enough that at 32 years of age his mother still wouldn't let him have the money his father left him but dribbled it out to him in small monthly allotments. It was the spying that he couldn't put up with any longer. His mother had developed spy techniques second only to those of the great Mata Hari.

Fletch decided that he had to get up. The gruesome memory of all that had to be done kept pounding in his head like a sledge hammer. Why in the name of heaven had he picked today of all days to move? Not only that, but he knew that his playing for Nelly Klumph at the club tonight would absolutely enrage his mother and he was not looking forward to another temper tantrum.

His mother hated his running to every--what was it she called them?--oh yes, "honky-tonk" in town playing for all those "loose women who think they can sing." Nelly tried to be nice to his mother. She had invited her down to her apartment several times for afternoon tea, but "mother" always refused. Nelly, like most of Fletch's friends, could never get his mother to accept her. But in spite of all this, Fletch had to agree with his mother on this one point: Nelly was a has-been that never was.

The alarm clock went off, and it sounded like a diesel engine going through the bedroom. Fletch could not push off getting up any longer. He reached out from beneath the covers and groped frantically about his night stand. Finally locating "Big Ben," he ended the infernal clanging by knocking it onto the floor. He oozed slowly from the bed and, shielding his eyes, found his way to the window and closed the blind. Standing there for a moment, Fletch tried to focus his vision. He succeeded, to a point, and began the long trek to the bathroom. When he flushed the stool, he was certain that he was going over Niagara in a barrel and grabbed the towel rack to steady himself. That's when he noticed the blanket in the bathtub. Not giving it another thought, but almost chuckling to himself, he took a corner of it and pulled. He should never have done that.

Fletch began to fold the blanket when it popped from his hands and found its way back into the bathtub. He stood for a moment trying to gather his thoughts when a lily white hand with painted finger nails crept over the porcelain edge of the tub. It was followed by blond hair and two road map eyes. He stood open mouthed as he heard a parched voice whisper, "mornin."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I really haven't the faintest idea. For some silly reason, I'm not thinking too clearly this morning. Or is it afternoon?"

This was almost too much for Fletch to comprehend on a normal morning, let alone this particular morning. He sat on the stool trying to remember what had happened on the night before. It was to no avail. Suddenly the bathroom door opened and a third party stumbled in. It walked to the stool, but noticing that it was already occupied, excused itself and left. It took a moment or two for Fletch to decide that this half-dressed, shaggy-haired,

closed-eyed animal must have been Bill. Suddenly, as if poked with a pin, the blond sprang to a sitting position and with wide eyes and slurred tongue asked, "Who was that?"

"No fair answering a question with a question," snapped Fletch, "I asked first. Who are you?"

"Well, I'm not sure, but it seems to me that I'm your fiancée. Don't you remember, honey, we met at Mike's party last night. You proposed."

"Oh God! What the hell are you doing in my bathtub?"

"I lost the toss," she answered.

At this Fletch lost all reason. Frantically, he tried again to remember the night before. What could have happened? It was more than he could comprehend. It's not every day that one finds a blond in one's bathtub that claims to be one's fiancée.

"What toss?" he asked with not unmixed feelings.

"Bill and I flipped for the sofa and I lost."

At this point, a voice, pleading from the living room, squealed, "Are you two going to quit socializing or am I going to have to go to the kitchen to make my deposit?"

"Do you mind?" asked Ginny.

"Mind what?"

Ginny motioned to the door. Fletch, scratching his head, but welcoming the chance for a graceful exit, left the bathroom and began the long search for a cigarette. When Fletch arrived, Bill was in the kitchen making . . . coffee.

"Got a weed?" he asked Bill.

"Yea, in my pants pocket. They're in the living room."

It was then that Fletch noticed that Bill was wearing only his shorts. "Bill, don't you think you ought to put your pants on?" Bill ignored the question.

"Bill, who's that girl?" asked Fletch.

"What girl?"

"That girl in my bathtub, dammit," he shouted. The words echoed in Fletch's head, bounding from one side of his brain to

the other for what seemed like hours. He raised his hands to the sides of his head trying to keep it in place.

"Steady ole boy," smiled Bill. "You had a little too much to drink last night."

"Who is that girl in my bathtub?"

"Well, you should know. Not only did you propose, but you also propositioned her."

Fletch turned stone pale. He could feel the blood drain from his head and it almost felt good. "She didn't take me seriously did she?"

"I doubt that," answered Bill. "She was only the third one you tried to make last night. That's not too flattering you know."

"Why do I let myself get talked into these things," groaned Fletch.

"What things?"

"That party! I should know better than to listen to you and your wild ideas."

"It didn't take much talking. Besides, you needed a break," said Bill blankly.

"You knew damn well that I have to get moved today before mother gets back," said Fletch with a slightly peeved tone. "She doesn't know a thing about this and if she gets back before I've moved, she'll find some way to stop me."

"I bet she would. That woman! Why can't she let you lead your own life," demanded Bill.

"Oh please, Bill, let's not go into that again."

"Well, it's ridiculous for a man of your age to be dominated by an old horse like that."

"Look," said Fletch, "as long as she's got my money, I've got to keep her happy."

"All it would take is a visit to a lawyer," said Bill with a satanic glint in his eye.

"Oh shut up! My head's splitting," said Fletch. "Let's not talk about my mother . . . I feel sick enough as it is."

"Hey, where are my clothes?" yelled Ginny from the bathroom. "I came in with them I'm sure."

"I should hope so," mumbled Fletch. "Say, I'd better get some clothes on myself."

"Relax," said Bill. "You have a robe on."

"Yea, but that's all," said Fletch.

Ginny came out of the bathroom into the kitchen. She had taken the blanket and wrapped it around herself for modesty's sake and probably for no other. .

"Ginny, I'd like you to meet Pete Fletcher, commonly referred to as Fletch. Fletch, I'd like you to meet your fiancée, Ginny Maxwell."

Fletch blushed as he nodded and the sudden rush of blood to his moving head was a painful reminder of his awful hang-over. He looked at Ginny; he decided that he wouldn't mind if she did take his actions of the night before seriously. The blanket, casually tossed over one shoulder and under the other, gave her an almost Grecian look and a certain coldness about her completed the marble image. It was that certain knowing look and experienced smirk about the mouth, however, that made Fletch realize that his mother would never approve. It was a smirk that only men like Bill and Fletch, and women like his mother, would so readily recognize.

Coffee was finally ready, and they all sat down for their morning sobering up exercises. As if rehearsed over and over again, the trio sat at the table and slowly sipped their coffee, each one secretly wishing it were a bloody mary. As if someone were in the wings whispering cues, they all slowly lifted their cups to their lips on the count of one, sipped, not too loudly, on the count of two, and set them down again on the count of three to pick up their lighted cigarettes from the oversized ash tray that set in the center of the table. This exercise slowly continued in tomb-like silence. No one said a word; they just sat there and hurt. Fletch's headache even seemed to diminish somewhat. But, as with all moments of peace and tranquility, it had to come to a rather abrupt end. For some reason, people of the world, like Nelly Klumph, can't seem to leave things in relative tranquility. The door bell rang with a clang not unlike that which would an-

nounce the arrival of the emperor of China. Fletch's headache returned with a bang and he again placed his hands over his ears in an effort to keep his head attached to his body. Bill got up and went to the door; he was met with an excruciatingly painful scream. He had forgotten the fact that his trousers were still draped over the overstuffed chair in the living room. Nelly charged back down the hall with all of her mustered elephantine grace and was never heard from again.

Bill returned to the kitchen seemingly unshaken by the affair and the trio again took up their three count exercise. It was not long, however, before the peace and tranquility of the motley little group was again erupted. This time, it was the telephone. It seems that the moving company would be unable to keep their promise, due to some silly reason or another (something about someone's mother-in-law), so Fletch found himself at the mercy of fate.

"Oh God, now what am I going to do?" moaned Fletch. "Why does everything have to happen to me, and at the most inconvenient times."

"Take it easy, ole buddy. Just leave everything to me. We'll work out something."

That's one thing Fletch could always depend upon: Bill's ability to come up with something. This was what made their relationship so interesting. You could never be quite certain if Bill was with you or against you when it came to solving problems such as this. About all you could do was to hold your breath and hope.

"On what broom will the old witch arrive?" asked Bill with a fiendish smile.

"That's just the trouble; I don't know. I got a post card from her a while ago saying that she would be back on Saturday. She never mentioned the time."

"Helpful old cow, isn't she." Bill directed this question more at Ginny than at Fletch. Through all of this, Ginny just sat and smoked one cigarette after another. She had that worried look on her face when she said, "The only thing I could suggest would be for us to move the stuff ourselves."

It might not have been the most satisfactory suggestion but at least it was a solution. Bill, try as he might, could not come up with a better one. Fletch couldn't care less how the mission was accomplished just so long as he was moved into the new apartment before the beast arrived. The next thing was to find out, as best they could, just when "mother" would arrive. This sudden crisis had a better effect on the sobering up exercises than all the black coffee in the world. Fletch, in this sudden spurt of possible loss of his freedom, suddenly found himself capable of thinking. Just how clearly was another question, but at least he knew that his brain cells were in some kind of order and that perhaps all was not lost after all.

After calling the airport, the train depot, and the bus station, they found that Mata Hari could arrive anytime between the hours of two that afternoon and ten-thirty that night. After a quick time check, they found that to be absolutely certain of having everything moved before the magic hour, they would have to accomplish the hurculean task within the next fifteen minutes.

"Now this is ridiculous. It's impossible," Fletch moaned. "There isn't a way in the world for me to get all this crap moved upstairs within the next fifteen minutes even if I had an army to help me, let alone two hung-over ninety-pound weaklings."

"Look, honey," blinked Ginny, "all it takes is a little organization. Fletch, you go into the bedroom and start packing your clothes and things. Leave everything in the closet on the hangers and we'll carry them up that way. Bill, you go into the living room and pack all the small things into the waste baskets and get all the linens and things in one stack. I'll take care of the kitchen stuff."

Bill and Fletch just looked at each other with amazement. It was doubtless the first time that either of them had even considered the possibility of a woman's having any common sense at all, and they were quite at a loss for words.

"Well, don't just sit there like a coupl'a frogs on a lily pad. MOVE!" ordered Ginny.

There was little else to be done so Bill and Fletch began the tedious task of falling under the hands of a woman. Much to their

amazement, most of the packing was done in record time, and the remainder of Ginny's orders were carried out within a few minutes. They were now ready to start the trek to the upstairs apartment. Ginny, also acting as time keeper, kept them moving. According to her calculations, it would take little more than three and a half hours to make the move and she kept trying to tell them that woman's intuition had told her that "mother" would not arrive before the task was completed. Fletch found this a little hard to believe, but tried to keep a stiff upper lip.

The endless parade began, and they were off and up the stairs, Ginny, in her blanket, leading the pack and carrying a large box of kitchen utensils. Fletch followed close behind with an armload of suits and shirts on hangers that he tried to keep from falling with one hand while trying to keep his robe closed with the other. Bill was last in line, stacked up to his chin with books and linens with his trousers still draped over the overstuffed chair in the living room. All went relatively smoothly and, odd as it may sound, no one noticed, or admitted to noticing, their curious state of attire. After several rest stops on the landing to adjust falling blankets and robes that refused to stay securely closed, they found that all that remained in the downstairs apartment was the sofa and the overstuffed chair.

Bill and Fletch each took an arm of the chair and lifted. Ginny led the way and hollered directions. "Tilt! The leg is caught on the banister." "Hold it, you're scraping the wall paper." Somehow they managed to get the chair up the stairs and into the new apartment. The only remaining obstacle was the sofa. After a quick time check, they realized that Gerty could show her ugly face at any minute now for time was rapidly fleeing away. Fletch began to get flustered. "If mother gets here before we're through, I'm dead as a doornail."

"Will you quit blubbering and get to work," ordered Ginny, "we've only got the sofa to go, so let's get moving."

Ginny took the cushions off the sofa, and Bill and Fletch again took their stations, Fletch on one end and Bill on the other. Their first obstacle was the door. For some reason, the sofa was wider than the door and after peeling the molding from the door-frame and removing the door from its hinges, they managed, after turning the sofa on its side, to get it into the hall. Carrying it

up the stairs was surprisingly easy, but getting it around the landing proved to be a more arduous task. Ginny, again leading the procession, was on the second half of the flight of stairs hollering orders. Bill was losing his grip and began to set his end of the sofa down to reestablish his hold when Fletch's robe opened. In a last-ditch effort to maintain his pride, Fletch let go of the lower end of the sofa and grabbed his robe. The sofa began to bounce, end over end, down the stairs with Fletch just one step ahead of it. Ginny screamed and ran after it tripping over Bill who just sat on the stairs hiding the awful sight from his eyes. Fletch landed with his legs over his head, and the sofa right on top of him. Ginny, almost hysterical, screamed for Bill to "hurry up, I think he's dead." Bill ran down the stairs to see if Fletch really was hurt. He lifted the sofa while Ginny began to crawl under it. She was afraid to look. She was certain that Fletch's brains were knocked out. Not only that, she was afraid that Fletch's robe had not gotten closed in the course of the fall.

"Bill, I'm scared." With that, her blanket slipped and she grabbed. "Well, you hold the sofa up, and I'll go under and look." Bill, somehow managing to keep his shorts in tact throughout the harrowing experience, stooped down while Ginny, trying to keep her blanket on and hold the sofa up at the same time, began to cry. Fletch had not moved. He was still on his back with his legs over his head. Bill began to try and revive him by rolling him over and giving him artificial respiration. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he spied a pair of not-to-slender ankles in a pair of very "sensible" walking shoes. He stopped, looked up, and gasped. Mata Hari had arrived.

A Gift Of Snow

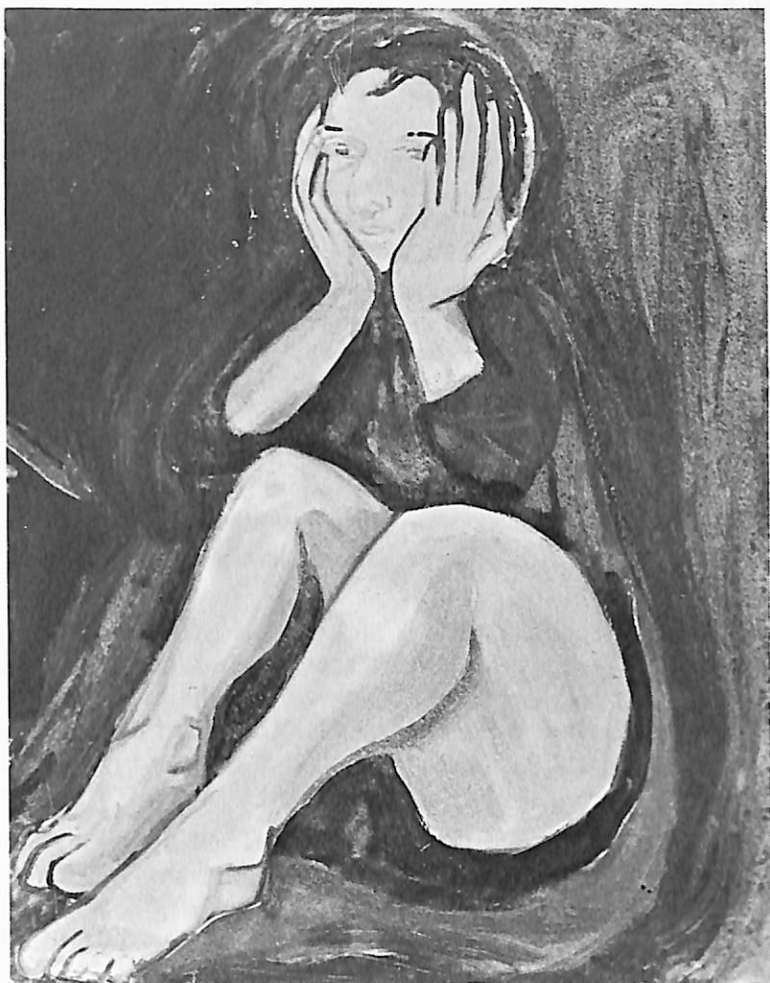
The whipping, swirling, lashing storm of spite
engulfing all, an icy hurricane
had brought the driving pangs of cold that night
and pierced the dawn that crept across the plain.
By noon the wind but whispered songs of rest
to glassy figured trees and shimmering chips
that formed a sea of swells and frozen crest,
a tableau etched by Nature's fingertips.
The western sun with blazing eye aglow
saw gashes boldly cut on Nature's face
as V-plows left a wake of crusted snow
and man reshaped the wonder sent by grace.
The softening sun has given way to night;
afame once more, it will dissolve the white.

Paul Dirks

Plea

Let me write my name in fire
Or freeze it fast in ice;
Plant it in the ground to grow
As fruit in Paradise.
Let me hang it from a star
To swing in space alone--
But dear God, give me more
Than letters carved on stone.

Emid Wiley



"Star Gazer"

Vivian Jenkins

certainty...

Conscious man incessantly seeking...
knowledge, Knowledge?

Moral man persistently desiring...
will, Will?

Active man continually proceeding...
good, Good?

Salvation of man...
god, God?

William R. Morgenstern

Don't Worry, We'll Make It

Alan R. Thomas

"Finish up the chores and come up to the house," he said, and then I realized that those were the first words he'd said to me in over a week. I knew how he felt though, because I had the same sad feeling in my heart. That feeling that makes you want to go off and be alone by yourself. Ma had been very close to me and of course to Pa too. This one had been a bad year for us. Crops didn't come through, and our sheep herd had gotten hold of some diseases, and now Ma had died.

That night Pa told me that we were in for a time, and that we'd just have to do the best we could, in the best way we knew how. Supper just didn't seem the same without Ma around. The whole place seemed to take on a gloomy atmosphere. Pa looked up from his supper, smiled across the table and said, "Don't worry we'll make it."

Pa decided that we would put out a little extra money and get our sheep vaccinated, although he sort of wondered if they were worth it. But I had some of my own sheep in the herd with Pa's, so Pa got talked into it. The vet came out the next day and gave them all several shots. The bill was kind of high and Pa told him we would be a while in paying it.

It was darn cold the night old Rosie had her lamb. Pa and me had been taking turns checking the sheep now that it was lambing season. Almost 25 lambs we had now, exactly 25 with Rosie's new addition. My sheep hadn't started lambing yet, but my prize ewe Bonnie was due almost anytime now. Bonnie was really dear to me. I'd had her a long time now, and she'd taken almost every prize a sheep could take at the country fair.

That night I couldn't sleep. The memory of Ma, one of my heart's greatest treasures kept going through me. I got out of bed and went out into the kitchen. There was Pa, asleep in Ma's rocker, his feet on the stove and the good book in his lap. I guess he was having the same trouble I was. I walked up to the knoll that overlooks the little valley where we had laid Ma to rest. I sat down beside her cross and started thinking about her loyal ways. I thought of all the memories she had given me. Two small tears came down my cheeks as I started down the hill.

Two nights later Bonnie started to act funny and I knew she was going to have her lamb. I stayed with her then, the lamb

came but Bonnie didn't make it. I guess the strain was too much for her. I couldn't believe that she was dead, and I wouldn't either until Pa confirmed it. Bonnie, one of the things I had loved most in the world, was gone. I stood and watched the lamb, I guess he couldn't believe it either. He stood close to Bonnie and wouldn't leave. Gently I bent down and picked him up into my arms. Pa came over, put his big arm around me, and said, "Don't worry boy, we'll make it."

Now

Love me now,
While the sunset sky is pink,
While the buds have not yet flowered,
While the moon is swollen round;
These things last
Such
A
Short
Time.

Enid Wiley

The Cursed Land

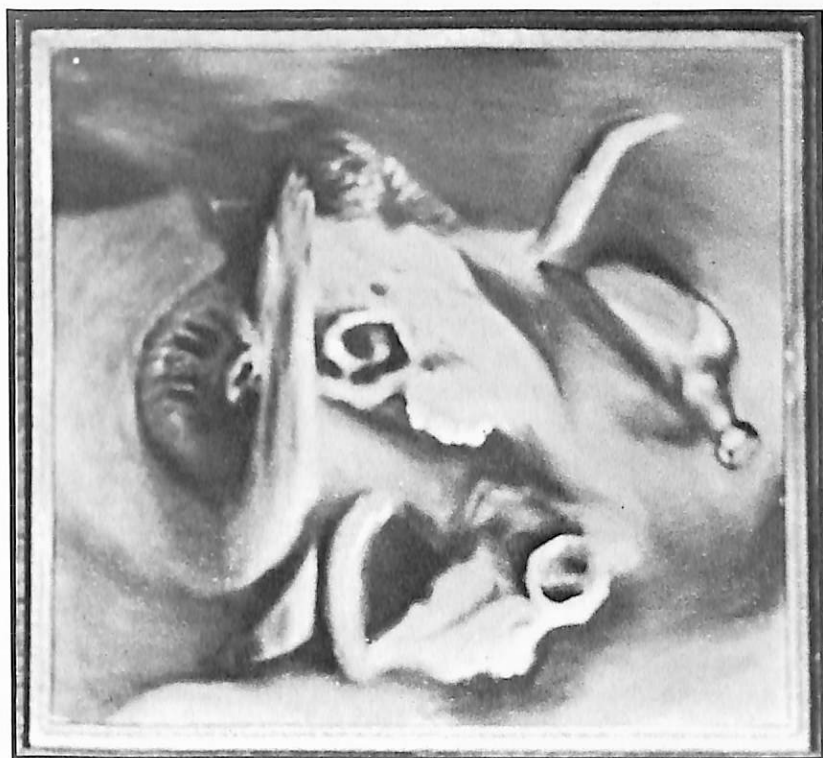
A house remains to testify that life
had graced these God-forsaken plains and tried
to build a dream but fell before the knife
of ruthless winds and barren skies-then died.
A curse was placed upon the wretched land
that grows no crops and knows no rain;
just tumbleweeds to stop the blowing sand
in piles by rusty fences built in vain.
The naked land once tall with waving grass
that fed the buffalo, now feeds no one;
the golden dreams of men have turned to brass,
and devastation marks what man has done.
Curse the day that man first turned the sod
and curse the day that greed became his god.

Paul Dirks

Haiku

But the leaves must fall.
How else will Spring's green buds find
Room in which to grow?

Wayne Morton



"Death On The Desert"

Don Dynneson

Aloneness

There is a silence in the teeming throng
for one who walks alone and sadly stares
at nothing. Desolate he moves along
the crowded way, but no one sees or cares.
There is a plea of one hand reaching out
to touch another, grasping helplessly
in air. Though lips are mute, the heart will shout
the unsaid things which are necessity.
There is the quiet of the dark despair
which creeps into a solitary soul
when one is by himself. Even a prayer
seems insignificant, missing its goal.
There is a kind of loneliness which none
but God can help--and sometimes God is gone.

Cheryl Donahoo

Reflections

The harsh mask of sophistication sighs
and yearns to be free of impostorous ways,
but the saddened heart, this impulse denies,
unreconciled, it turns into clay.

Woe unto me for I yield to the mold
of a society's assembly line.

I am sent to market, packaged and sold
as a fake. Fools! The character is not mine!
It's yours. And you bought me for a cheap price
to display on the shelf of conformity.

In pharisaism you chant, "Nice! Nice!"

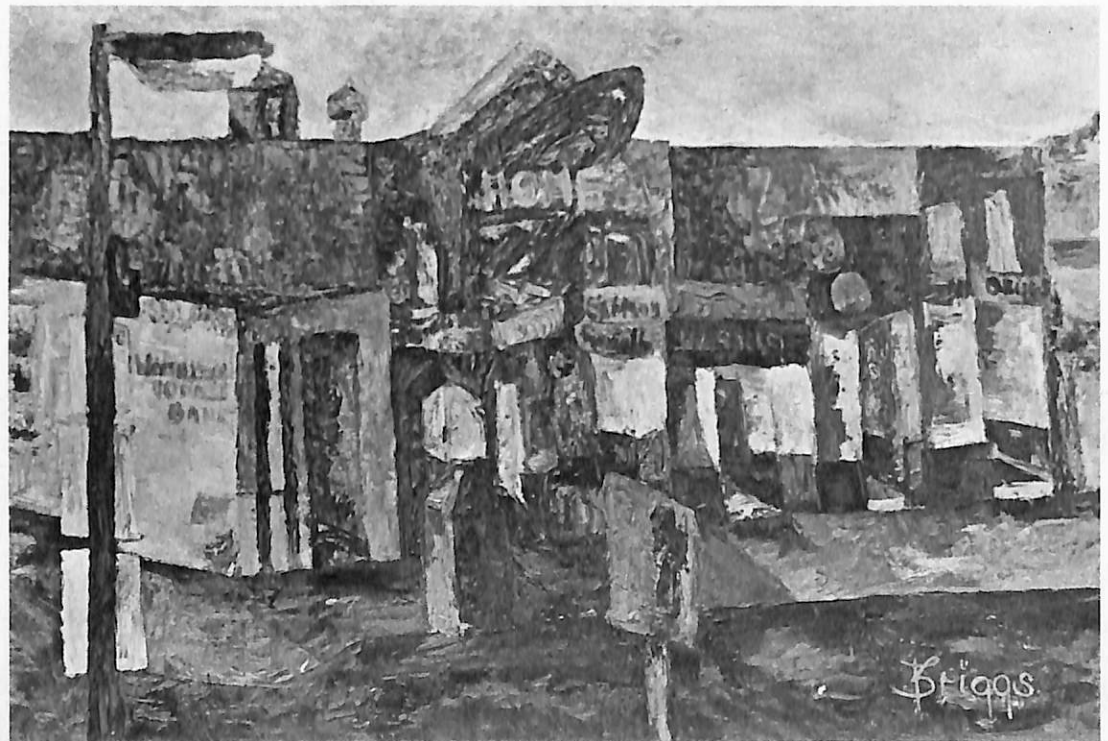
Oh Machiavelian deformity!

Sophisticates all, you're a fake---a sham,
From pigs you get steak and from cows you get ham.

Norma Rummel

"Main Street"

Judy Briggs



March Night

by Martin A. Hansen
condensed and translated from Danish
by *Sharon Messer*

The events of this story--the death of Martin A. Hansen's father--took place in occupied Denmark during the Second World War.

Some living thing--a sparrow perhaps--chirps once in the top of the willow tree. It is cold; the creature sighs; it is dark.

The day's wind retires with the darkness. The old willow tree stands shrouded in silence beside me. She is a witch-wife, the willow, whispering, always full of the gossip of gloom, but good in her dry-root interior, good up in her black head, where there dwells a creature in the mouth of her. In past ages one made a nest below and sat there and read the Norwegian history of the world for the people. He looked down as did Simon Stylites, down on earth, and he saw the nations pass beneath his pinnacle of knowledge. But long ago he came down to earth again and perhaps now the willow will be acknowledged by someone. For many years I have only given the tree a fleeting glance during my visit and thought: only dry-rot and wretched, it will fall soon! Now we shall be started, but the willow-woman is silent.

The lapwing calls out in the meadow. Below where the field vanishes in the darkness of the hollow. Come again some evening a month from now and all the voices below will persuade you to believe that you are standing on the outskirts of the lost garden. Beloved, calls the darkness. Here am I, it calls. You can only stand and listen.

Only the lapwing calls out in the meadow. I have not heard you before: I come from the city; I drove through Zealand today against the wind, bit by bit, straw by straw. Too late, too late, said each straw. Lapwing, you mean well; now you should be glad. Come to see my young, you call. But your mood and your errand penetrate me and it sounds as if you cried: my little ones are murdered, my little ones are dead. Yes, there is something unnatural about the fields here; I realize that. They are gentle to look upon, but in them I am overcome by despair.

Silence. It comes out of the green earth. It was the wild hen's laughter. It calls once, but the call stirs something bloody up in me, and it seems as if a creature has emerged from the green earth and now stares at me. Have I known this creature better before, in distant days, in an indistinct time? But in there--in the room-- he didn't hear the partridge in the night, which he had heard spring after spring, and his father before him and his father also and all the tillers of the earth, who have received signs of the seasons from the birds. The last one, the only one, who can hear, plows now with a plow.

My fingers hesitate over the willow trunk's gnarled bark, which is as full of noteworthy things as the Old Testament. Here I wept over a misdeed once with my forehead pressed so hard against the tree, that afterwards I actually bore the mark of Cain. But as I stood there depressed and stared into the grey bark, it occurred to me that so it must appear to the Great One, when He bends over the earth and His eyes seek out the Alps or some other mountainous country. I say ants and midges travel in the willow bark's magnificent mountain-land, and it was good for my heart. My father didn't laugh when I hesitantly revealed my vision. He leaned against the tree and told about avalanches, glaciers and tunnels. He had never been in a foreign land, but he had read and thought.

My hand passes along the bark's lines and valleys down to the willow tree's roots, and down here, where I can see nothing, my fingers feel several rough and wormish shoots. It is the hopvine, the limber, which will rise into the air. And here is the slender goatweed, which smells of Zealand, of pungent summer. There are also violets; I feel the spot where they were last--more than twenty years ago.

Out on the field to feel. Let me examine a clod. Yes, it speaks well of the entire field. It crumbles in my hand, the top soil falls finely, and the smell of it--it is the smell which torments captives in their exile. What do you do with yourself, when the rain falls over the camp and the hated earth within the barbed wire smells like the fields at home? . . .

Be quiet and listen to what is happening high up in the darkness. The light comes. The spring never had more strength. High,

high up move the messengers on rushing wings. A large flight of birds beats northward through the church of the night.

In the room several candles burn. Through the long winter the two in the house have had to see by a little, poor light. The large, gleaming candles burn at night for the one who no longer has any need to see. And the draft from the door makes the flames leap from each wick, as a young lamb who tests the tether for the first time.

There is silence. It is late. The clock stops and I am not aware of time. The wax now rises up around the candle flames, fizzling and trembling gently, so that the corner shadows are never at rest, so that life's fine changes still seem to go over the sleeping features of the lifeless one.

They are alone, the man in the flower-covered coffin and the man who was not in time. Thirty years ago, also a night in March, it was the one now dead who watched over me. He had not come quite in time. The fall suddenly. But man to man, they have met through the years and are two together one night, one dead and one living, witness to birth and witness to death. The father lies silent, but when day dawns, his words weigh heavy on the son.

Had he come in time and stood in the room, where the dying eyes met his, what would he have done then, what would he have said then? "The winter crops are better here than where I come from." And the father smiles a little: "Was the wind dead against you?" "Yes, but it is a drying wind."

What else have these two to talk about before the Great Threshold? Land and weather. Embarrassment forbids anything else. They are as strangers, but they became strangers first if one of them began to speak of the unspeakable, which a wife can say to her husband and he to her, when he is weak. For that between father and son there is no word for fear, none for consolation, none for faith, none for joy in one another. Language, as it fully lives, emotional, vigorous and affectionate, is your mother's language. Your father's secret conceals itself as well as the marrow in the bones. But when they meet the last time at night, the one laid in Charon's barge, while the other stands and looks on him, as he could never look on him before, then they are free. Cradle and coffin, they set free, in them there is refuge from habit. Now

we can almost be as we were that time you sat me as a little boy upon your shoulders and turned into a run-away horse.

Now the sustainer is helpless. Another shall take charge of him, choose the day, choose the grave. His existence is in the hands of the survivors, and he can correct nothing, explain nothing, add nothing. What he himself thinks has disappeared; all that is left is what others think. When he died he went back through all his years quickly, and took with him out into that strange state all those personal things which make each memory tremble in anticipation of what one once more shall give this flesh and blood. ...

Somewhere in the quiet house there is a stirring. She tosses on her bed, sleepless perhaps, who was awake last night and was left alone when it happened. Then let sleep come and with it the forty-year old vision, that first meeting, the young farmhand, who pulled a barley straw loose, so that it cried in the sheath, and bit the straw, while he thought on what he should say to her.

And tonight he appears young, handsomely wrinkled and grey. Stretched and big, bigger than in life. Tight about his chest is the white athletic shirt, which he wore in his youth when his team won a new shield for the flagstaff in distant parishes. Yes, fair as a man, you are ferried away.

But over his face pass folds and furrows. The wrinkles, the kind heart, the pure character. But they remind me also of the country's furrows and paths, which you were so expert in. Where you had gone only once before when young, you never lost your way when old, by night or by day. Strange how the paths loved you, indulged you, twisted wherever you wanted, even if they saw you for the first time. But you assessed everything, which they offered. No way was so sad and unknown, that you didn't have time to stop a while here and there. You could see the conditions of the poor, although a barren year you have never seen, for nothing in the land was poor for you. What there was outside of your island you saw only once, but then step by step. This peace-loving went heavily armed over Fyn and Jutland. Come to defend. The infantryman impressed each path, each field, each church steeple, into his memory.

Why then should the room lie in darkness the last night, you are at home? Shall they have the power to prevent your funeral

candles from shining out over field and path? You and your father and his father and his father, we all bore arms in our youth to prevent that, which since has happened. Then we were free, and as a freeman you shall lie here the last night. Oh, that black on the windows! You will never see peace, but field and path shall see the lights shine from your house.

The darkness seems thicker outside. I wonder of the lapwing calls? Fresh cold comes in through the open door, and the flames flicker on the candle wicks. But I must stop as I step over the threshold, I remember that I heard a slight cough the moment before, and I turn suddenly in the doorway and look back. Of course not. It is certainly unavoidable. Merely this foreboding of smell. But it occurred to me to say something about the wild geese I heard pass before and I coughed slightly. And my cough I have known since I was little.

I walked out in the field a ways. The light can be seen from afar in this great, deep night. The lapwings call infrequently now, and only a single flight passes over, eastward along the beach. Or am I mistaken? Occasionally I can hear swells mount up in the beach's shallow water.

When I come into the room from the fresh night-air, I notice it more. ...

But you don't hear the geese pass. You don't hear me. I shall not tell. I shall rather ask; who are you and who am I?

Earlier I was taken up by a childish hope, which had hidden itself beneath my reason. I believed, that you had coughed slightly. Well finally! Now I can breathe again. Also, I had not gotten to the bottom of it. ...

My departure is yours, I go as you. But the likenesses, are they only realized in the flesh? Is there, in spite of them, a wall between the souls of the living? And is there sea and darkness between the living and the dead?

A good man's life and a good man's death. The grain harvested, the yield measured. This dead body, adorned for burial with flowers and linen and candles, which freely shine over the fields--it is worthy of the man. An honest man, who didn't yield in order to settle: the one day passes judgment on the other and the last

on them all. Therefore it would not be like him to let emotionalism fill the speeches. Trembling, the candles illuminate the dead man's beauty. Light and meaningful is death's peace, for this man's life was full of meaning. But behind the head of the coffin are the deep, black shadows. Here under the ferry's dark bow I see all that which has made Charon's eyes raw.

Yes, from this meaningful death thought may turn to the meaningless, which his often did, to Europe's enormous harvest of children's corpses, the hung piles, the burnt ashes, to Maidanek's pits, to all that one knows. And now don't let us believe that we have thoughts, theories, ideas powerful enough to keep us on our feet, when the storn of questions come: Where is the meaning in all that and what is it? ...

One thing is certain--now they are identical, the Moslem's shoveled-out remains and this tenderly adorned corpse. Matter, dying one. The child and the scorpion which stings it, are loved equally. It is impartial.

Then can we pass judgment justly and how are we to judge? Then is that which we found steadfast and true at an early, innocent age, and which we called the spirit--is it then only a fever in this flourishing flesh, gone before it--how then are we to judge justly and to be judged? The most noble is not only rare, but also an unhealthy trait in the multitude of creatures, if naturalness has its destiny in the deep. The most erect savage animal cannot pass judgment, however hairless, ungainly, and evil-smelling is the terror of his fellow creature. It can only take vengeance. It cannot be judged and uplifted. It can only be tortured and put to death. Maidanek is its nature.

And so I may honestly say to the one, who already has been laid in the grave's barge: I hoped that you could help me understand before you were placed in the earth. I must believe that one's nobility of mind is a candle in the darkness. Therefore, with your value as the candle, I turned my thoughts towards the meaningless in the hope that, in spite of everything suspected, I could glimpse a meaning in it. But if the final, eternal truth about mankind is dim, tomorrow only perceptible vapour, which already dilutes itself with the fragrance of flowers, then I see the meaninglessness from Maidanek also overshadow your life.

The candles have become short. In the middle of the blue gate of each flame stands a little black man with bent head and shining face. It is the wick.

Where is my knowledge? Vanished with the lights. When I entered here my knowledge remained behind on the door-step. Experiences remained on the threshold. Ignorance is deep and in which putrification occurs, the truth of flesh. Your dearest is dead, the one whom you caressed, child, woman, man. You touch them for the last time and you go out to wash your hands, for they are defiled.

Is that all? Yes, they say, that is all. Call the dead! Call and call. Call again.

No answers. Perhaps it is, as they say. And so don't hide the fact of flesh under flowers' affectionate hypocrisy, under a faith of violets draped over the beloved form's restful sleep in the earth, under the consolation of flowery lyrics: of matter's fertile transformation and the body's resurrection into a rose on the grave. Nature has no sensitivity. First come the worms.

One places a meal of vegetation on the crude coffin-boards of mankind. Spring will come again and again, without end, the lapwing will nest and the violets will be fragrant and the earth will turn green in the light, even when we are gone, when all are gone. Is the consolation of nature comfort enough for you? Yes, perhaps even for you, in manly resignation. But what does it say to you, when you notice the stench from the bodies of murdered children, which are in the process of decaying?

Is that all? That you and I are the highest animals, and as corpses we are nothing. So nature's consolation adds insult to injury. Nature loves the living creature as well as she loves the great, greater than that of a child and different. A child's ignorance is irresponsible. This ignorance increases the weight of responsibility.

The tapers have become shorter and glimmers and shadows do not fall as before. The still, resting form seems only finished and full of life. A likeness to life, which perhaps could startle. Or again rouse a wild, deceptive expectation. But the coldness of facts has pierced the observer; in cheerless, but still serenity he can see the trembling light bring life to the stiff features and

anticipate, what would happen, if the motionless face once more stirred, if the dead form rose and entered the familiar surroundings of memory, where I should see him walking, working, absorbed in thought, glancing at the clouds to determine tomorrow's weather.

Then is that all? One can call. Nothing answers. But if one calls inwardly in his responsible ignorance, doesn't one hear an answer? Yes, strangely near, as if behind one's back, strangely authoritative. Listen in your ignorance and you will hear the seriousness of the answer. The accused calls and the jurer answers.

Can you make this experience valid to others? Will they only say that the answer may be an echo of your own call?

Proofs for, proofs against, they are all cobwebs. But I have a duty to let ignorance ask. And it will not ask: Is it possible to live again? It asks: Is it possible to die?

How can I recognize death? The deceased stirs not, breathes not, eats not, the body decomposes. Those are the symptoms. They don't lie. But they are external signs. Life has the corresponding external signs, both positive and negative. And they confirm both Plato and the earth-worm. But within we have stronger, mightier, worthier symptoms of life. Here all is life. Here the symptoms of death and the experience of death are not equal. The concept of death is whirled away in the thought-stream along with other concepts. Dogma about death, fear of death, demand for death--it is all life. ...

At one point in the depth of night the late becomes early. It must be early now. When I open the door, the fresh air comes in, and the flames leap from the tether. The night is somehow greying. In a little while I shall hear the birds. Now they steal their last sleep.

There is ringing far off. The bell sounds four times, or was it only three? Didn't count them. But it was the bells. First they will toll for him. Then they shall ring up. Easter. He has risen.

Maidanek. Be merciful to a sinner. Among one's thoughts there is the executioner.

A large draft passes over. It roars up there in the dawn.

Without having turned, I know that he stands here and hears it. He has his hands in his pockets, his hat as always down over his eyebrows, and he looks up.

"It was geese."

"And they are flying northward."

"So the time approaches."



"Nude"

Carol Johnson

glass tear out of cracked eye

i wonder that i was born so curious
that each day eyes open so quickly
filled with expectancy

i wonder that i remain so curious
likened to a stomach
hunger never curbed

eye never open enough to see
body never warm enough to burn
mind always too small

the eye is staring
the body is crouching
the mind is shrinking
curiosity might die will die is dead.

Elaineanne Thirstrup

What is need but love without a master?

Benjamin Talley

It was so dark...

And it was cold. ...

Through patterns of raindrops torn asunder
by sobbing winds and vengeful seeds
He ran....un-noticed.

A small...promised shadow of a man
blindly....through entanglements of green
He ran. And soon the humid sod received
a small shuddering soul
Of one who was so very hurt.

The ache...the ache of such a very busy world
and so many places to go
And the things to see, to do
And the people who must be met...
And what must be said. The Mold
that innocence comprehends not
The Shapings that old age sees as an old friend....
because acknowledges have been of long.

Tender words of the earth
tickling sturdy, brown legs
Wisdom of worlds....but so great to see
that un-noticed, as was he, they lie
The small soul of only one boy
insignificant, hidden.
Received by what he was not aware of
Cast off by what he knew.
It was so dark...
And it was cold. ...

Jani Johnson

He Comes Leading A Camel

Seek, seek, across the face,
You lost, forsaken race.
Wander in the wilderness
Concealed, for none here confess.
Amid the rising and falling sands
Wildness remains of your plans.

Search here for what may be,
Perhaps the fruit of bygone Tree.
The desert is your home;
Seek cooling waters as you roam.
So seek, you lost,
At any cost.
It's pitted in your faces
To find the green oasis.

When feet are sunk amid the sand,
He comes to offer guiding hand.
"I come to carry through the heat,
Yet you must stoop to raise the feet."

My freedom is far too dear
To bend so low and come this near.

Silently, so silently, he whispers, "Take, taste
Water from the living stream, given for you. Make haste."

"Three drops? And this at most?
It's so much like the tea and toast."

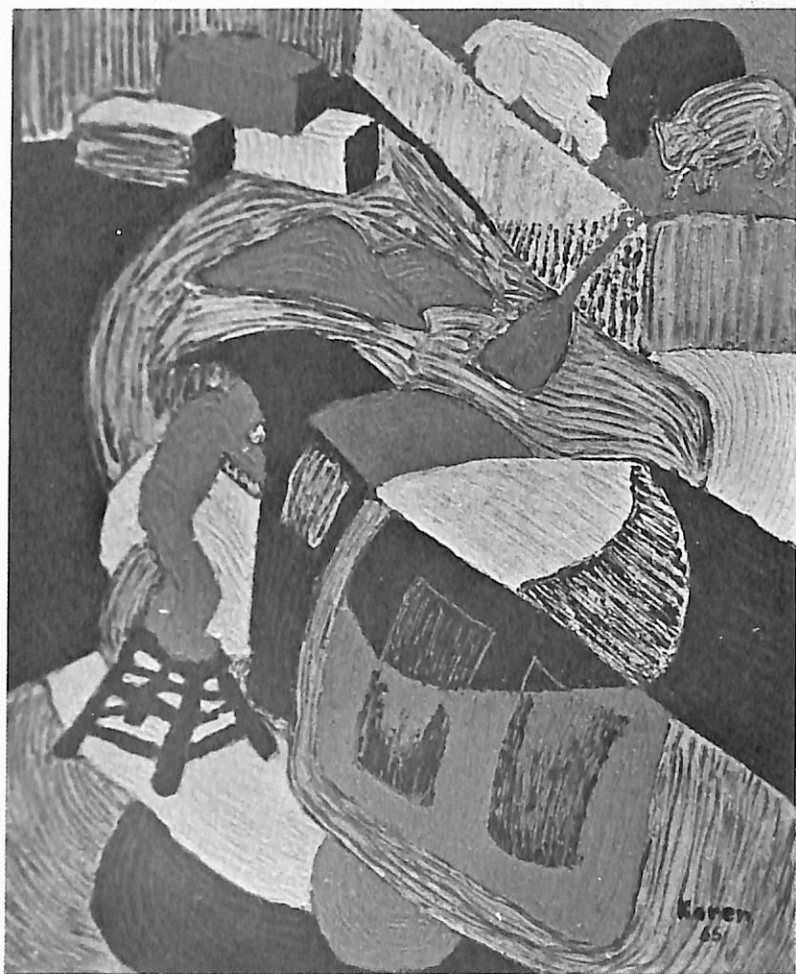
"I tell you this, it is no dream.
It can be yours, a flowing stream.
But you have chosen the wrong direction.
Turn, mount the camel, seek perfection."

"I'd loose my following this very day
If now I chose a different way.
This act of yours I'll not condone.
Go, seek worshipers of your own."

"I must move on, many more are lost.
It's yours to choose; it has no cost."

Hide not in the darkened cave,
Walk amid the crumbled grave.
Come to know the empty well,
Yet there is more, the heart will tell.
He moves off across the barren waste,
Telling others, "Come, make haste."
His help he comes to offer,
Yet hardly worth the coin in coffer.
A stream in the desert that you must share--
Yet the river alone?--if you still dare.
Are you to the river bound?
Know you not? the stream is found!--
Yet wander in that endless space?
Somewhere, sometime, God speed, a place.

Luella White



"Fauvism"

Karen Burns

By The River

A Chapter from *Siddhartha* by Hermann Hesse
translated from German
by *Daniel C. Aten*

Siddhartha wandered into the forest, already far from town and knew only one thing - that he could not go back, that the life he had lived for many years was past, tasted and drained to a degree of nausea. The songbird was dead; its death, which he had dreamt about, was the bird in his own heart. He was deeply entangled in Sansara, he had drawn nausea and death to himself from all sides, like a sponge that absorbs water until it is full. He was full of disgust, misery, and death; there was nothing left in the world that could attract him, that could give him pleasure and solace.

He wished passionately for oblivion, to be at rest, to be dead. If only a flash of lightning would strike him! If only a tiger would come and eat him! If there were only some wine or some poison that would give him oblivion, that would make him forget. Wine that would make him sleep and never awaken! Was there any kind of filth with which he had not besmirched himself, any soul for which he alone had not been responsible? Was it then still possible to live? Was it possible to take in breath again and again, to breath out, to feel hunger, to eat again, to sleep again, to lie with a woman again? Was this cycle not exhausted and finished for him?

Siddhartha reached the long river in the forest, the same river across which a ferryman had once taken him when he was still a young man and had come from Gotama's town. He stopped at this river and stood hesitantly on the bank. Fatigue and hunger had weakened him. Why should he go any further, where and for what purpose? There was no more purpose: there was nothing more than a deep, painful longing to shake off this whole confused dream, to spit out this stale wine, to end this bitter, painful life.

There was a tree on the river bank, a coconut tree. Siddhartha leaned against it, placed his arm round the trunk and looked down into the green water which flowed beneath. He looked down and was completely filled with a desire to let himself go and be submerged in the water. A chilly emptiness in the water reflected the terrible emptiness in his soul. Yes, he was at the end. There

was nothing more for him but to commit suicide, to destroy the unsuccessful structure of his life, to throw it away, mocked by the gods. That was the deed which he longed to commit, to destroy the form which he hated! Might the fishes devour him, this dog of a Siddhartha, this madman, this corrupted and rotting body, this sluggish and misused soul! Might the fishes and crocodiles devour him, might the demons tear him to little pieces.

With a distorted countenance he stared into the water. He saw his face reflected, and spat at it; he took his arm away from the tree trunk and turned a little so that he could fall headlong and finally go under. He bent, with closed eyes--toward death.

Then from a remote part of his soul, from the past of his tired life, he heard a sound. It was one word, one syllable, which without thinking he spoke indistinctly, the ancient beginning and ending of all Brahmin prayers, the holy Om, which had the meaning of "the Perfect One" or "Perfection." At that moment, when the sound of Om reached Siddhartha's ears, his slumbering soul suddenly awakened and he recognized the folly of his action.

Siddhartha was deeply horrified. So that was what he had come to. He was so lost, so confused, so far from all reason, that he had sought death. This wish, this childish wish, had grown so strong within him: to find peace by destroying his body. All the torment of those recent times, all the disillusionment, all the despair, had not affected him so much as it did the moment the Om reached his consciousness and he recognized his wretchedness and his crime.

"Om," he pronounced inwardly, and he was conscious of Brahman, of the indestructibleness of life; he remembered all that he had forgotten, all that was divine.

But it was only for a moment, a flash. Siddhartha sank down at the foot of the coconut tree, overcome by fatigue. Murmuring Om, he laid his head on the tree roots and sank into a deep sleep.

His sleep was deep and dreamless; he had not slept like that for a long time. When he awakened after many hours, it seemed to him as if ten years had passed. He heard the soft rippling of the water; he did not know where he was nor what had brought him there. He looked up and was surprised to see the trees and the sky above him. He remembered where he was and how he

came to be there. He felt a desire to remain there for a long time. The past now seemed to him to be covered by a veil, extremely remote and very unimportant. He only knew that his previous life - at the first moment of his return to consciousness his previous life seemed to him like a remote incarnation, like an earlier birth of his present Self--was finished, that it was so full of nausea and wretchedness that he had wanted to destroy it, but that he had come to himself by a river, under a coconut tree, with the holy word Om on his lips. Then he had fallen asleep, and on awakening he looked at the world like a new man. Softly he said the word Om to himself, over which he had fallen asleep, and it seemed to him as if his whole sleep had been a long deep pronouncing of Om, thinking of Om, and immersion and penetration into Om, into the nameless, into the Divine.

What a wonderful sleep it had been! Never had a sleep so refreshed him, so renewed him, so rejuvenated him! Perhaps he had really died, perhaps he had been drowned and was reborn in another form. No, he recognized himself, he recognized his hands and feet, the place where he lay and the Self in his breast, Siddhartha, self-willed and individualistic. But this Siddhartha was somewhat changed, renewed. He had slept wonderfully, he was remarkably awake, happy and curious.

Siddhartha raised himself and saw a monk in a yellow gown, with shaved head, sitting opposite him in the position of a thinker. He looked at the man, who had neither hair on his head nor a beard, and he did not look at him long when he recognized in this monk, Govinda, the friend of his youth, Govinda who had taken refuge in the Enlightened Buddha. Govinda had also aged but he still showed the old characteristics in his face--eagerness, loyalty, curiosity, anxiety. But when Govinda, feeling his glance, raised his eyes and looked at him, Siddhartha saw that Govinda did not recognize him. Govinda was pleased to find him awake. Apparently he had sat there a long time waiting for him to awaken, although he did not know him.

"I was sleeping," said Siddhartha. "How did you come here?"

"You were sleeping," answered Govinda, "and it is not good to sleep in such places where there are often snakes and animals from the forest prowling about. I am one of the followers of the Enlightened Gotama, the Buddha of Sakyamuni and I am on a

pilgrimage with a number of our order. I saw you lying asleep in a dangerous place, so I tried to awaken you, and then as I saw you were sleeping very deeply, I remained behind my brothers and sat by you. Then it seems that I, who wanted to watch over you, fell asleep myself. Weariness overcame me and I kept my watch badly. But now you are awake, so I must go and overtake my brothers."

"I thank you Samana, for guarding my sleep. The followers of the Enlightened One are very kind, but now you may go on your way."

"I am going. May you keep well."

"I thank you, Samana."

Govinda bowed and said, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Govinda," said Siddhartha.

The monk stood still.

"Excuse me, sir, how do you know my name?"

Thereupon Siddhartha laughed.

"I know you, Govinda, from your father's house and from the Brahmins' school, and from the sacrifices, and from our sojourn with the Samanas and from that hour in the grove of Jetavana when you sought refuge in the Noble One."

"You are Siddhartha," cried Govinda aloud. "Now I recognize you and do not understand why I did not recognize you immediately. Greetings, Siddhartha, it gives me great pleasure to see you again."

"I am also pleased to see you again. You have watched over me during my sleep. I thank you once again, although I needed no guard. Where are you going, my friend?"

"I am not going anywhere. We monks are always on the way, except during the rainy season. We always move from place to place, live according to the rule, preach the gospel, collect alms and then move on. It is always the same. But where are you going, Siddhartha?"

Siddhartha said: "It is the same with me as it is with you, my friend. I am not going anywhere. I am only on the way. I am making a pilgrimage."

Govinda said: "You say you are making a pilgrimage and I believe you. But forgive me, Siddhartha, you do not look like a pilgrim. You are wearing the clothes of a rich man, you are wearing the shoes of a man of fashion, and your perfumed hair is not the hair of a pilgrim and it is not the hair of a Samana."

"You have observed well, my friend; you see everything with your sharp eyes. But I did not tell you that I am a Samana. I said I was making a pilgrimage and that is true."

"You are making a pilgrimage," said Govinda, "but few make a pilgrimage in such clothes, in such shoes and with such hair. I, who have been wandering for many years, have never seen such a pilgrim."

"I believe you, Govinda. But today you have met such a pilgrim in such shoes and dress. Remember, my dear Govinda, the world of appearances is transitory, the style of our clothes and hair is extremely transitory. Our hair and our bodies are themselves transitory. You have observed correctly. I am wearing the clothes of a rich man. I am wearing them because I have been a rich man, and I am wearing my hair like men of the world and fashion because I have been one of them."

"And what are you now, Siddhartha?"

"I do not know; I know as little as you. I am on the way. I was a rich man, but I am no longer and what I will be tomorrow I do not know."

"Have you lost your riches?"

"I have lost them or they have lost me--I am not sure which. The wheel of appearances revolves quickly, Govinda. Where is Siddhartha the Brahmin, where is Siddhartha the Samana, where is Siddhartha the rich man? The transitory soon changes, Govinda. You know that."

For a long time Govinda looked doubtfully at the friend of his youth. Then he bowed to him, as one does to a man of rank, and went on his way.

Smiling, Siddhartha watched him go. He still loved him, this faithful anxious friend. And at that moment, in that splendid hour, after his wonderful sleep, permeated with Om, how could he help but love someone and something. That was just the magic

that happened to him during his sleep. And the Om was in him-- he loved everything, he was full of joyous love towards everything that he saw. And it seemed to him that was just why he was previously so ill - because he could love nothing and nobody.

With a smile Siddhartha watched the departing monk. His sleep had strengthened him, but he suffered great hunger for he had not eaten for two days, and the time was long past when he could ward off hunger. Troubled, yet also with laughter, he recalled that time. He remembered that at that time he had boasted of three things to Kamala, three noble and invincible arts: fasting, waiting, and thinking. These were his possessions, his power and strength, his firm staff. He had learned these three arts and nothing else during the diligent, assiduous years of his youth. Now he had lost them, he possessed none of them any more, neither fasting, nor waiting nor thinking. He had exchanged them for the most wretched things, for the transitory, for the pleasures of the senses, for high living and riches. He had gone along a strange path. And now, it seemed that he had indeed become an ordinary person.

Siddhartha thought about his situation. He found it difficult to think; he really had no desire to, but he forced himself.

"Now," he thought, "all these transitory things have slipped away from me again, I stand once more beneath the sun, as I once stood as a small child. Nothing is mine, I know nothing, I possess nothing, I have learned nothing. How strange it is! Now, when I am no longer young, when my hair is fast growing grey, when strength begins to diminish, now I am beginning again like a child. He had to smile again. Yes, his destiny was strange! He was going backwards, and now he again stood empty and naked and ignorant in the world. But he did not grieve about it; no, he even felt a great desire to laugh, to laugh at himself, to laugh at this strange foolish world!"

"Things are going backwards with you," he said to himself and laughed, and as he said it, his glance fell on the river, and he saw the river also flowing continually backwards, singing merrily. That pleased him immensely; he smiled cheerfully at the river. Was this not the river in which he had once wished to drown himself - hundreds of years ago - or had he dreamt it?

How strange his life had been, he thought. He had wandered along strange paths. As a boy I was occupied with the gods and sacrifices, as a youth with asceticism, with thinking and meditation. I was in search of Brahman and reverted the eternal in Atman. As a young man I was attracted to expiation. I lived in the forest, suffered heat and cold. I learned to fast, I learned to conquer my body. I then discovered with wonder the teachings of the great Buddha. I felt knowledge and the unity of the world circulate in me like my own blood, but I also felt compelled to leave the Buddha and the great knowledge. I went and learned the pleasures of love from Kamala and business from Kamawami. I hoarded money, I squandered money, I acquired a taste for rich food, I learned to stimulate my senses. I had to spend many years like that in order to lose my intelligence, to lose the power to think, to forget about the unity of things. Is it not true, that slowly and through many deviations I changed from a man into a child? From a thinker into an ordinary person? And yet this path has been good and the bird in my breast has not died. But what a path it has been! I have had to experience so much stupidity, so many vices, so much error, so much nausea, disillusionment and sorrow, just in order to become a child again and begin anew. But it was right that it should be so; my eyes and heart acclaim it. I had to experience despair, I had to sink to the greatest mental depths, to thoughts of suicide, in order to experience grace, to hear Om again, to sleep deeply again and to awaken refreshed again. I had to become a fool again in order to find Atman in myself. I had to sin in order to live again. Whither will my path yet lead me? This path is stupid, it goes in spirals, perhaps in circles, but whichever way it goes, I will follow it.

He was aware of a great happiness mounting within him. Where does it come from, he asked himself? What is the reason for this feeling of happiness? Does it arise from my good long sleep which has done me so much good? Or from the word Om which I pronounced? Or because I have run away; because my flight is accomplished; because I am at last free again and stand like a child beneath the sky? And how good this flight has been, this liberation! In the place from which I escaped there was always an atmosphere of pomade, spice, excess and inertia. How I hated that world of riches, carousing and playing! How I hated myself, for remaining so long in that horrible world! How I hated myself,

thwarted, poisoned and tortured myself, made myself old and ugly. Never again, as I once fondly imagined, will I consider that Siddhartha is clever. But one thing I have done well, which pleases me, which I must praise - I have now put an end to that self-destruction, to that foolish empty life. I commend you, Siddhartha, that after so many years of folly, you have again had a good idea. You have accomplished something; you have again heard the bird in your breast sing and followed it.

So he praised himself, was pleased with himself and listened curiously to his stomach which rumbled from hunger. He felt that he had had a portion of sorrow and a portion of misery during those past times, that he had consumed them up to a point of despair and death. But all was well. He could have remained much longer with Kamaswami, made and squandered money, fed his body and neglected his soul. He could have dwelt for a long time in that soft, well-upholstered hell, if this had not happened—this moment of complete hopelessness and despair and the tense moment when he had bent over the flowing water, ready to commit suicide. This despair, this extreme nausea which he had experienced had not overpowered him. The bird, the clear spring and voice within him was still alive - that was why he rejoiced, that was why he laughed, that was why his face was radiant under his grey hair.

"It is a good thing to experience everything oneself," he thought. "As a child I learned that pleasures of the world and riches were not good. I have known it for a long time, but I have only just experienced it. Now I know it not only with my intellect, but with my eyes, with my heart, with my stomach. It is a good thing that I know this."

He pondered the change in him for a long time as he listened to the bird singing happily. If this bird within him had died, would he have perished? No, something else in him had died, something that he had long desired should perish. Was it not what he had once wished to destroy during his ardent years of asceticism? Was it not his Self, his small, fearful and proud Self with which he had wrestled for so many years, but which had always conquered him again—which appeared each time again and again, which robbed him of happiness and filled him with fear? Was it not this which had finally died today in the wood by this delightful

river? Was it not because of its death that he was now like a child, so full of trust and happiness, without fear?

Siddhartha now also realized why he had struggled in vain with this Self when he was a Brahmin and an ascetic. Too much knowledge had hindered him; too many holy verses, too many sacrificial rites, too much mortification of the flesh, too much doing and striving. He had been full of arrogance; he had always been the cleverest, the most eager - always a step ahead of the others, always the learned and intellectual one, always the priest or the sage. His Self had crawled into this priesthood, into this arrogance, into this intellectuality. It sat there tightly and grew, while he thought he was destroying it by fasting and penitence. Now he understood it and realized that the inward voice had been right, that no teacher could have brought him salvation. That was why he had to go into the world, to lose himself in power, women and money; that was why he had to be a merchant, a dice player, a drinker and a man of property, until the priest and Samana in him were dead. That was why he had to undergo those horrible years, suffer nausea, learn the lesson of the madness of an empty, futile life till the end, till he reached bitter despair, so that Siddhartha the pleasure-monger and Siddhartha the man of property could die. He had died and a new Siddhartha had awakened from his sleep. He also would grow old and die. Siddhartha was transitory, all forms were transitory, but today he was young, he was a child - the new Siddhartha - and he was very happy.

These thoughts passed through his mind. Smiling, he listened to his stomach, listened thankfully to a humming bee. Happily, he looked into the flowing river. Never has a river attracted him as much as this one. Never had he found the voice and appearance of flowing water so beautiful. It seemed to him as if the river has something special to tell him, something which he did not know, something which still awaited him. Siddhartha had wanted to drown himself in this river; the old, tired, despairing Siddhartha was today drowned in it. The new Siddhartha felt a deep love for this flowing water and decided that he would not leave it again so quickly.

A Prayer

Oh God in heaven, hear me when I cry.
There was a time when you would answer me;
but somehow there's no bridge between us. Why?
I've lost all sense of what it means "to be."
My prayers rise, but fall upon closed ears,
they clang against the locked, cast iron gate.
They're muffled in a pillow wet with tears;
the hollow silence echoes "terminate."
When young I felt your presence ever near.
I'd fold my hands in simple child-like trust
and speak to you with faith, and you would hear.
You're deaf, I'm dumb; the bridge is caked with rust.
I must find what it was that made me end
the loving tie - I have a note to send.

Richard P. Moosmann

Walk With Me A Little Mile

Walk with me a little mile
down shimmering sunlit trails...
Listen with me a little while
to nature's whispered tales.
If man could only understand
the words that nature speaks,
He'd have the world at his command
and find the truth he seeks.

Richard Vierk

For A Time

Your stomach is a hollow pit containing nothing
but an ever circling mass of nothing.

Your heart aches with a different sort of ache
and seems itself to be confused.

Your mind is never really occupied with the
physical tasks at hand for it is fighting
with that ever present feeling.

You try to find its purpose and accept it
for a while but yet continually fight it.

You never understand it.

You live with it for days, weeks and even months.

You turn to God and ask Him to remove this
ugly feeling, or at least to show its purpose.

You then begin to realize that the only thing
complete enough to fill this hollow pit
is unattainable for a time.

As a human being, you can't forget the time
when this empty feeling and this aching heart
did not exist and you long for that time
to return once more.

You are lonely.

Ilona L. Moosmann

Trail Of Beauty

You rode across the summer sky,
And the earth by you was blest.
You carved a trail of beauty
As slowly you sank in the west.

You tinted all the fleecy clouds
With shades of delicate hue;
You made them fairy islands
Adrift on a sea of blue.

You sent a message to the birds
That another day was done;
Softly they sang their evensong
and the notes were sweetly sung.

You left this world to slumber
When you shaded your flaming light,
And as you lowered the curtain,
You ushered in the night.

Richard Vierk

