



68

**SOWER**

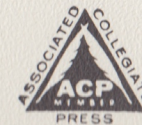
# Sower '68



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### PREFACE

The 1968 edition of the **Sower** is the culmination of a year at Dana. In it, many students have found a means for self expression and each contributor has added an insight that is uniquely his own. The staff wishes to thank those students who contributed to this year's **Sower**.

Photography has been added to the **Sower** this year and we hope that there will be increased interest in this area in the coming years. Also included are creative writing, both poetry and prose, translations from Danish, and various types of art work.

It is my pleasure to announce the awards given in the various areas. The Langland Award for poetry goes to Darlene Probst for her poem, "I Never Thought I'd Fall in Love With You." The Hal Evans Cole Award is given in art. This year's recipient is Bob Rasmussen for his oil painting entitled, "Still Life." Ramona Alwill is the winner of the Kaj Munh Memorial Award for her translation of "Ritual", a Danish poem.

I wish to thank Mr. Bansen and the members of the staff for their advice and assistance in compiling the 1968 **Sower**.

Sandy Voll  
Editor

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*Thinker*

*Walt Duda*

*3/11/68*

### CIRCLES

Crystals danced through the air,  
As I stood on the Beach  
Vainly trying to see some finger of land  
Across the purple plain,  
And wondering if someone on the other side  
Was creating a similar scene.  
Suddenly I was aware of a small seagull  
Circling  
Over the sea.  
Round and round it flew,  
Staring intently into the depths  
Where sprang the means of its very existence.  
But it made no pass at the waters...  
Flying 'round

And 'round

And 'round  
'Til time hurled me the flash  
That this bird would never be of consequence,  
Would never fulfill the dreams  
Of a lost soul--  
Searching never finding--  
Trapped in its palsied pattern of existence,  
And finding no hope there,  
I walked on...  
Leaving behind me  
A circular trail of footprints.

Eric Evans

THE THINKER  
Woodcut  
Walt Duda

### The Wings of the Ostrich

"The wings of the ostrich wave  
proudly; but are they the  
pinions and plumage of love?"  
Job 39:13

We give when the hat comes around;  
But after the giving,

We go right on living  
Leaving our eggs on the ground.

We strut - proudly proclaiming, "I gave!"  
But men's hopes lie dying  
While pinions are flying,  
And the wings of the ostrich we wave.

Judy Strohhahn

### QUE PASSE?

I am a lost word  
Cast upon a desert isle,  
To wake to the morning alone,  
And plod and ponder on the shore,  
Surveying the fleeting fringes of my solitary house.  
Visitors

Come and

Go...  
I am senseless;  
I take a broken stick,  
And carve hieroglyphics on the quick'ning sand;  
I toss the stick to the sea;  
It holds,

Falls,

And is gone...  
The sun reads my words, I know,  
Then it winks,

Colors,

And is gone...  
I sleep;  
I can feel the island move;  
In the morning the sands are smooth;  
I cast anxious eyes heavenward;  
The sun winks...

Eric Evans

### Haiku

Proud swans swim alone  
to conceal the ugly duckling  
dwelling in their heart.

Arthun

### DEAD END STREET

i have no shepherd  
in fact i'm lost  
i'm in want  
wandering  
no place to sleep  
no green pastures  
the waters run wild  
my soul is d

e  
a  
d

i walk down the alley  
for my own sake  
i'm scared  
no one knows me  
no one loves me  
no one cares  
i have no hope  
i'm hungry  
no one feeds me  
i have no friends  
God give me nothing  
my cup is empty  
hate follows me  
in my uncertain world  
i'll live there  
till i d

i  
e

Stu Miller



FAUST  
Woodcut  
George Wallace

### Haiku

Women in rice fields,  
Unaware of men in green,  
Conscious of hunger.

Alvina Chow

### Haiku

Tiny white flowers  
of winter time, why must you  
melt when I touch you?

Shirley Iversen

## THE LEG MAN

My name is Ken. Mr. T. O. Ken. My friends call me "Red". I draw \$200 per as a leg man for a large corporation that deals in real estate, railroads and utilities. I'm the company representative at all public functions, weddings, opening nights and even law court. And I should have read the fine print under, "other assigned duties." I'm the one who runs around foreclosing mortgages on little old ladies. It's a funny thing about the heart of a large corporation. They give thousands to charity and turn around and bilk people out of everything they've saved, all according to the rules of the game.

Besides doing the dirty work for my company I also get to be in on some very important deals. The one I remember best is a race I had with another corporation for an important piece of property on the North side. My company owns a railroad that runs right through there and we thought about setting up a big resort, hotels, bungalows, the whole works. Anyway, all the property on one side of our line was owned by this rival company and we had to get the property on the other side before they did or who knows how much it would cost us? The mortgage was held by the bank and it looked like whoever got there first would get the deed. I intended that to be me.

Corporations may be all steel and machinery and seem quite impersonal but when it comes down to the wheeling and dealing you can't get away from personalities. The personalities in this race were me and the rival company's representative. The representative was female.

She was a pretty little thing, all pink, with a round bottom and, as far as I could tell, a little wooden headed. She worked in the same capacity for her company as I did for mine and she drew about the same amount of salary. But, she was female and I wasn't too worried. I should have been. She was the one responsible for her company owning that property on the other side of our railroad line. If I let her beat me to the North side piece, I might as well kiss my job and the \$200 per goodbye.

Since our railroad went right by the property I figured I had the advantage. I could just hop a ride on my own line and get right out there. For obvious reasons my rival took other means of transportation.

I took my time about getting to the station. I stopped off and paid the light bill then went over and paid the water bill. When I got to the depot there was a message waiting for me that my rival, you know, the pink one with the... anyway she was in jail. I don't know if she got picked up for speeding or what but she was in jail.

I had it made, the property was mine. It was now a one man race and I couldn't lose. But somehow it didn't seem fair. I must be the most soft-hearted blockhead in the world. Maybe that's why I hate to foreclose those mortgages or maybe I'm just a sucker for pink, round bottomed, wooden headed little girls. Anyway I decided to use my influence down at the jail. I had a certain amount of pull and with the flash of a card she was free.

You's think she'd be grateful. Hell no! I still had to fight her tooth and nail for that property.

"There's only one way to settle something like this between a man and a woman," I said, "Like gentlemen, we'll let the dice decide." She agreed.

There I was, like the Ancient Mariner watching "Death" and "Life-in-Death" decide his fate. My point was 6.

The dice were rolled. The white one came up 4. The red one, my lucky color, spun around awhile, bounced off a wall and came up 2. I had won! The property was mine, or at least the corporations. Visions of promotions and bonuses flashed through my mind.

"Billy and Suzie, dinner is ready."

From then on it was a nightmare. I was whisked up in a tornado of dice, houses, hotels and papers and violently thrown into a long, narrow box. The next thing I knew thousands of dollars in all denominations were dumped in on top of me. Then I saw someone closing the lid. The last thing I remember was reading some lettering on the inside, Rules for the game of MONOPOLY.

Lynn Edgell

## WHERE IN THE WORLD

this is the world.  
people live here.  
it's a world for the young,  
where the action is.  
it's a turned-on world,  
swinging,  
a great world to be in.  
it's a world that never quits,  
a smooth world,  
offering you everything,  
winning you over,  
you won't be happy till it's  
yours!

Join the rebellion!  
have fun!  
it's the way to learn!  
God's here too!  
He is the original,  
speaking  
the language of the times.  
a ministry of protest,  
found in a rebel  
sent  
to peculiar people,  
in a world marked  
URGENT!

Stu Miller

### MY COMPANION

Who are you? Why have you pulled me aside?  
I knew where I was going, I was sure—  
I shall be on my way again without you...or—  
Shall you always be there? Will I be wondering  
Why y;u have pulled me aside?  
I shall not care...or shall I?

I was on my way there and so were you—  
Shall we be called companions? If so,  
Let our roads divide without tears.  
Shall we be called lovers? If so,  
Let our roads divide without shame.

Why do you pull me from my way?  
Someone waits for us both.  
Are you lost toæ?  
I can only lend you until the spring—  
Then our roads must divide.  
But...will you look back?

**Richard Vierk**



**Steven Boeck**

### I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FALL IN LOVE

I never thought I'd fall in love  
with you either.

And I still don't know why you  
took notice of me—accepted me  
as someone special.  
So very naturally—

I couldn't even say quite when  
it happened.

For I've looked at you so long  
from afar.

Not really jealous, or even envious;  
just admiring you.

Accepting most gladly, the smile  
or word, sent my way.

But not asking for more, not  
hoping, or even thinking—  
For I dared not.

Your closeness was a surprise,  
—tho pleasant

And I accepted it easily—as if  
it had always been.

But still not understanding, just  
accepting.

Not knowing either, how long  
you'd want to be with me, yet  
still not hoping—just enjoying

But—now it seems—I've started  
hoping, being envious, anxious.

Am I losing you?

—Though I never had a claim.

In my heart—perhaps I did—  
And that you knew nothing about it  
is all the better I guess.

now.

**Darlene Probst**





**BOY DESCENDING  
A ROPE LADDER**  
Oil  
Les Remmers

### THE DEADBEATS

THEY will never live  
do  
die  
THEY have no mission  
joy  
hope  
THEY are not servants  
wanted  
understood  
THEY have never entered the known  
had the spirit  
been free  
THEY are paralyzed  
fearful  
hiding  
THEY hate  
hurt  
fall  
fall  
fall

Stu Miller

### COUNTRY CHURCH

Sunlight falls  
Silently  
Through the stained glass windows  
Creating complex patterns of color  
On the rough wooden floor.  
Dust covers  
Silently  
The hand made pews  
And a spider's lacy design  
Veils the empty altar.  
The bell calls  
Silently  
To parishioners  
Dwelling beyond  
In the grave-yard across the road.  
The pulpit echoes  
Silently  
Its simple message  
And tells of an era  
That has passed.

Sandra Voll



**FISH**  
Tempra  
Barbara Lauritsen

Crisp blue snow covers the earth with the majesty of winter.  
Rivers, lakes, and streams are sealed in casements of glass-  
like ice.  
Winds that chill sweep across the face of the country side.  
Any sound bold enough to cut through the silence echoes as if  
to prolong its power.  
And amid all this is loneliness, emptiness, hopelessness.  
To some, the cold of winter is the enemy - the cold, soundless  
pain of being alone.

Karen Nelson

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

I'm never alone.  
Everyone else has gone to bed. I sit in an empty room  
But I'm not alone.  
Screeching tires break the stillness. Dogs howl at the moon  
out of loneliness.  
The alarm clock across the room ticks too loudly.  
The urge to silence it is restrained. Quiet! I want to be alone.  
The Ramayana and the Bhagavad-Gita drone on from the  
pages of my book.  
And Tagore's Stray Birds keep winging about the room.  
Go away! Leave me alone!  
The monk of Chandalika chants and chants...  
A bed creaks somewhere,  
And the faucet in the kitchen drips and drips...  
Outside, the wind awakens the dead leaves and they rustle  
indignantly.  
A train hurries, frightened, through the darkness out there,  
And the sound of its fear lingers...and dies away.  
To be alone. To want the impossible.  
Shut off the light and seek peace in my solitary bed.  
But there is the moon peering in my window  
Watching me.  
I bury my face in the pillow and pray for sleep.  
And still I'm not alone,  
For then I begin to dream...

Sherry Beales

### Haiku

Reflections of light  
Creeping through the torn curtain,  
Dancing on my wall.

Kathryn Ringhand

OPEN DOOR  
Oil  
Les Remmers

### SARTRE'S DIALOGUE WITH CONFORMITY

Sartre- You there, come out. I see you, not clearly, but I know you are there. Come out and show yourself like a man.

Conformity- A man--huh, merely a term long ago forgotten.

Sartre- Not forgotten, only clouded by the seeing blind.

Conformity- Obvious things are never seen clearly. Everyone looks so hard, yet sees so little; and grasps all, yet understands nothing.

Sartre- I do not belong to that congregation of idiots. I feel I am apart from them. I belong to another species. They are influenced by other's look, by vanity, and by fashion. They work in little square offices, and live in little square houses in their good middle class towns, all on schedule--this is their life.

Conformity- Do you believe the majority can be wrong?

Sartre- The ideas they pursue are remnants of their father's. They are no longer responsible for them. They simply shut their eyes and follow the leader like so many blind sheep.

Conformity- Everyone cannot be a leader. Those who decide know what is best...

Sartre- Best for whom? What man can judge my life, make my choices, or herd me down his pre-fabricated path? I worship no clock, and general routines give me no justification for existence.

Conformity- But there is no personal risk in conformity.

Sartre- And the net result is that your values create a make-believe world. Instead of solving our problems through conscience and personal commitment you preach reliance on conventional values, adding lies, if necessary, for the good of the group.

Conformity- In unity there is happiness. Dissonance causes turmoil which in turn breeds hatred.

Sartre- If this happiness means living in self-deception, continually striving for congeniality in your masked society, then I pity your flock. Ready-made contacts are not for me. Clear judgement and critical insight are the by-words of every individual.

**Suzanne Cole**



**DRAGON'S HEAD**  
Oil  
Linda Schmidt

### LAMENT OF THE RUSTY SINGER

So I says to the man,  
"Your reason's quite a handsome tool,  
And, as you say, it raises us from animals,  
But feelings, man, where are yours?  
'Tis in the land of emotion  
That machines dare not tread."  
His eyes grew large like snapped mainsprings,  
As he spilt his metal guts  
On the great white highway  
Where lurk metal monsters  
(The only creature still found in America in its  
wild state),

And I saw a scream strike up,  
Take form,  
And run down the street,  
Knocking on doors and disappearing,  
And the people in these stone vaults  
Coming outside, find nothing,  
And etching more lines in graveyard sands,  
Go inside and blow hope's candle out.

**Eric Evans**

Very poor are they  
who possess no poverty  
to show them true wealth.

**Judy Strohhahn**

Dry and brittle rose  
Only a memory now  
Once a gift of love

**Sherry Beales**

Sun-streaked thunderheads...  
the black horse and the white horse  
cast running shadows.

**Douglas J. Rossbach**

### **MY HEART**

Translated from Danish  
by Sandra Grevlos

My heart is gone away,  
Can no one find it for me?  
It was a little red heart  
very easily harmed.

I was so afraid to grieve  
And build a wall around it  
Of cold and hard stone  
To spare the little red heart.

But I could not cry  
And I could not love  
And when I tore the wall down,  
My heart was gone.

Now I go youth's way  
And search among the stone and dirt  
For the burning longing,  
For my living heart.

### **THE OPERATION**

Who am I?  
You weep to prognose by dismantling my being.  
Piece by piece, you examine every part apart,  
Intent on formulating formulations  
-psychological diagnosis.

Ah. Here it comes.  
I see the glint in your steel-blue eyes.  
Prepare your cutlery -- sharpened wits,  
Anxious for the incision.  
-psychological butchery.

Anesthetic stench betrays you.  
Imposter, you have failed before beginning.  
I'll not succumb to ether fumes you use to reduce me to a corpse  
For your wit's probing.  
-psychological autopsy.

Fool!  
I am not am. I am was, could have been,  
Am, should be, will be, and never will be.  
I am entirety, infinity  
-psychological labyrinth.

**Arthun**

### **INCANTATIONS**

The fever is spread from the andiron's  
flames,  
And shadows are cast playing eerie wall  
games.

The green oak keeps hissing an  
incantation  
Exciting young lovers in night's  
liberation.

The flames soon collapse, and the  
hissing falls low.  
The mood doesn't shift while the  
lovers' words flow -  
They lie there and whisper and speak  
of love's charms,  
And lapse into slumber in each  
other's arms.

**Ken Lizer**



Still Life  
Bob Rasmussen

**RITUAL**

Translated from Danish  
by Ramona Alwill

To my funeral I shall wear  
A long-sleeved gown - wine-red with life.  
Shrouded in its velvet warmth,  
I never shall feel the grave's cold chill.  
Leave white caskets to the rest  
Whose bold complexions complement;  
Coal black casket serves me more  
To complement my paleness.  
Rather than the boring men  
To lift my casket high,  
Eleven chorus-girls shall dance  
Sweetly along the road with me.  
If you must, then sing a hymn;  
But, only if you've faith in them.  
I ask only that you please  
Sing "Dinah won'tcha blow" for me.  
I have never attended church,  
So preacher's words shan't grieve for me.  
Lazily I'll welcome sleep.  
In my black casket dug down deep.

**THE UNWRITTEN**

But where is my inspiration?  
What topic to discuss?  
Shall I tell of Asian jungles  
Or Harlem's screaming brats?  
Dwell upon treeless grasslands  
And cunning unscrupulous leaders?  
How about man turned inward  
To the degradation of all?  
Sit at the feet of a guru;  
Learn to ignore the world;  
Listen to one clapping hand;  
Forget about guerilla warfare.  
Give in to the urge to sit calmly  
Watching a small child die.  
What about Pacific coast beaches,  
Or Nevada's mushroom cloud?  
Wind churned surf and fallout.  
(Blest be the on-coming tide)  
Maybe the topic of elections?  
(But courage can only take me so far)  
There is always the question of morals,  
But man is a situational lot!  
After the Fall man wears shoes  
And thinks of his soul somewhat.  
Darwinian  
Theocentric  
man-centered  
universe  
Where is my inspiration?

**Margaret Wold**

Like a child's red ball  
Morning sun slips from God's hands  
And rolls into night.

**Sherry Beales**

Oh popping blossoms  
tell me - How can one know Spring  
who's not known winter?

**Judy Strohhenn**

**Look of Hate**

How dare you look at me that way?  
You hear me  
Boy?  
You got the look of cold killin' on your face.  
You made outta stone?  
Cool it.  
I'm sick and tired o' you high assed niggers.  
You wantin' too much, boy, too much.  
You hear me?  
I tried to be your friend, man.  
By God, I've tried.  
I swear.  
And I ain't never put no Niggers down either.  
You can be sure o' that.  
Not one.  
But you got the mark o' Cain on you, man.  
It's God that done that to you,  
Not me.  
Sometimes I think I'm goin' to understand,  
Sometimes I really feel it.  
It hurts.  
You been knocked down, hung up, and shoved aside.  
You been cursed, spit on,  
Herded like animals.  
And I want to reach out, put my arms round your shoulder,  
And say to you,  
"Come on, Brother."  
But you know, and I know, we'll never be friends.  
We never will, will we,  
Sir?

**DeLane Wright**

**PARALLEL**

He came in peace  
but he died  
a violent death.  
He came in peace  
but in his name  
men murdered and plundered.  
He came in peace  
and said, "I come not to destroy  
the law but to fulfill."  
And they accused him  
of being a rabble-rouser  
and they crucified him,  
the Prince of Peace.  
  
he shouted peace  
and he died  
a violent death.  
he shouted peace  
and in his name  
men looted and burned.  
he shouted peace  
but said, "I have come  
to disobey the law."  
and they accused him  
of being a prince of peace  
and they martyred him,  
a rabble-rouser.

**Lynn Edgell**

**APOCALYPSE**

The musty dead tumble out of their graves—  
No longer embalmed in the Earth,  
But rising with indignation in their veins;  
Walking with vengeance and fire  
Among the cities of the land.  
They purify the graveyard of the living,  
And plant flowers on the tomb of the present.  
When it is finished and they are satisfied,  
They lie down again in their white sepulchres,  
With dirty hands . . . and sardonic smile.

**Shirley Iversen**

**Poet**

What are you writing  
my fine young poet?  
What makes your pen so keen  
to write of wars and whores  
and cockleshells to set before your king?  
You sign in coffee houses  
to beatniks, addicts, and friends  
who listen, applaud,  
and go on living their lives.  
You write poems on rolls of paper  
with a pen  
bent  
by the weight of shiny metal  
placed in your pocket  
by publishers.  
Your beard is neatly trimmed  
your hair, razor cut.  
Your clothes come from Carnaby  
and your Goya Guitar  
with polished silver strings  
sings of poverty.

**Charles O. Frieden**

See the laughing boy  
With dusty feet and suntan.  
He is summer's child.

**Sherry Beales**

**BALLAD OF THE FADED MAN**

Who knows where comes the faded man,  
Eyes like zeroes, face of rags,  
Walking puddles through a winter night;  
Finally stopping 'neath a street lamp,  
And lighting a cigarette,  
He basks in its warm glow,  
And stares glazedly into the wind...  
This is the man for whom nothing happens,  
This is the dream that collapsed,  
The seed that failed to grow.  
Colder than the night, he turns up his collar,  
And walks from empty halo to darkest night;  
His shoulders hunched desperately to the dawn.

**Eric Evans**



**STILL LIFE**  
Oil  
Phyllis Taylor

### THE FALLEN

Translated from Danish  
by Ruth Jacobsen

Boys, you boys who have died,  
inflamed for Denmark in her deepest gloom,  
her shining dawn.

Blessed Danish boys!

Our eyes have tears. But our hearts beat  
proud as none — oh! so long.

For now we can again be  
seen in the eyes of the world as quiet and free.  
You saved Denmark's honor.

You gave life back to us.

Do they again forbid you to make use  
of the weapons, they themselves have given?

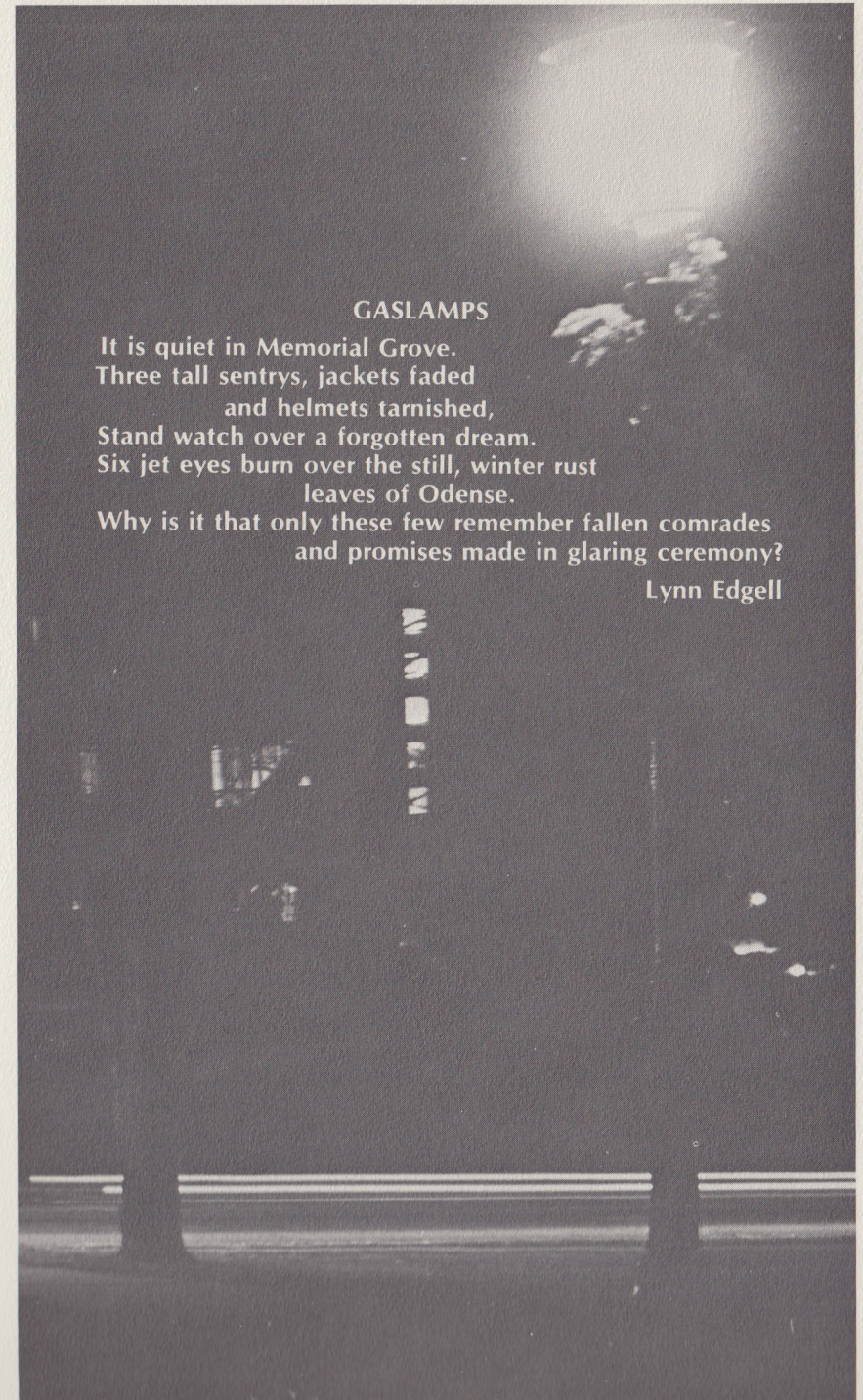
Hail to you, sons of Vikings!

Insubordinate Danish soldiers, thank you!

God will reward you eternally.

I write no lyric,  
no ode, nor prose. I record  
and the words write me.

**Arthun**



### GASLAMPS

It is quiet in Memorial Grove.

Three tall sentrys, jackets faded

and helmets tarnished,

Stand watch over a forgotten dream.

Six jet eyes burn over the still, winter rust

leaves of Odense.

Why is it that only these few remember fallen comrades  
and promises made in glaring ceremony?

Lynn Edgell