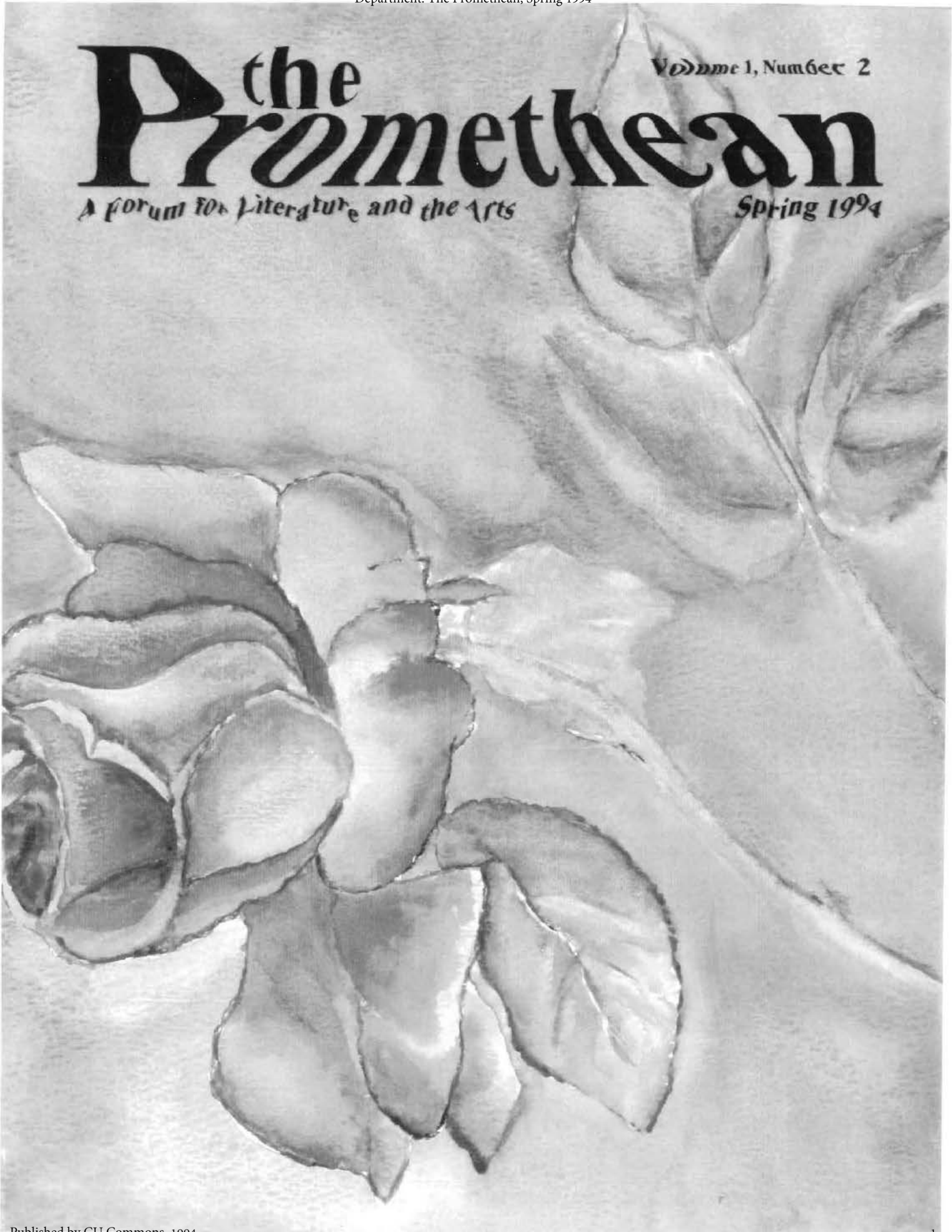


the **Promethean**

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A forum for literature and the arts

Spring 1994



The Promethean

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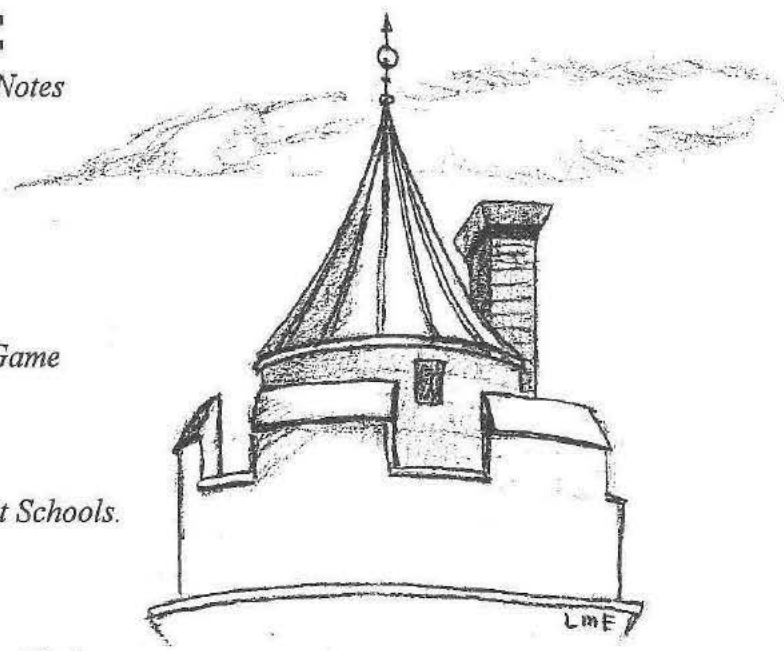
Dr. Daniel Wright, *Advisor*
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Volume 2, Number 3

CONTRIBUTORS:

Short story contest winner, page 6.

- 2 Erich S. Schneider, *In the Midnight Hour... Notes from the Editor.*
- 2 Bobbi Day, *In Remembrance.*
- 3 Daniel Siprian, *Awakening.*
- 4 Kristin Scherer, *Look Back and See.*
- 5 Mizuho Sasaki, *Experiences in America.*
- 6 Bret Olson, *Water for Chocolate.*
- 8 Christopher S. Johnson, *A Tribute to the Game I Love.*
- 8 Daniel Siprian, *A Gift.*
- 9 Heather Stueve, *Grandmother.*
- 10 Steven Jackson, *In Favor of Ramps at Art Schools.*
- 11 Lorien M. Edman, *Willow Tree.*
- 12 Lorien M. Edman, *Ware Aware.*
- 13 Daniel Siprian, *Lonely.*
- 14 Randy Bush, *Vibrations in Eskimo Dog Sled Runners: Paulsen's Dogsong, Art, and the Transcendent.*
- 19 Randy Bush, *Untitled.*
- 20 Mary Schuldheiz, *Harmonic Termination.*
- 21 Lorien M. Edman, *Untitled.*
- 22 Joshua Dwire, *My Pen.*
- 23 Lorien M. Edman, *Sleep Fast.*
- 26 Brett Fischer, *Husband and Pimp.*
- 28 Daniel Petrasek, *Hyperbarical Eschatology.*
- 29 Stephen L. Anderson, *The Forgot.*
- 30 Robert York, *Timeless.*
- 32 *Contributors' Notes.*



PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART CREDITS:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Cover Dawn Grauer. | 18 Randy Bush, <i>Out on the Ice.</i> |
| 1 Lorien M. Edman, <i>Tower at Holyrood Palace.</i> | 20 Lorein M. Edman, <i>Doorway at Edinburgh Castle.</i> |
| 3 Erich S. Schneider. | 20 Dave M. Dimoff. |
| 4 Frank Gebhard. | 23 Dave M. Dimoff. |
| 5 Geramy Rapp. | 24 Erich S. Schneider. |
| 6,7 Frank Gebhard. | 24 Frank Gebhard. |
| 9 Erich S. Schneider. | 25 Lorien M. Edman, <i>Carved Dog in Kings College Chapel.</i> |
| 10 Dave M. Dimoff. | 25 Lorien M. Edman, <i>Door of Kings College Chapel.</i> |
| 11 Erich S. Schneider. | 25 Erich S. Schneider. |
| 12 Frank Gebhard. | 29 Erich S. Schneider. |
| 13 Erich S. Schneider. | 31 Geramy Rapp. |
| 16-17 Dawn Grauer. | |

"I stopped at a phone booth to call my sister's uncle's mother's only grandson. I got a busy signal." ---page 6.

The Promethean

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In the Midnight Hour...

...notes from the editor.

How does information affect noise? Information, we must steadily remember, is a measure of one's freedom of choice in selecting a message. The greater this freedom of choice, the greater is the uncertainty that the message actually selected is some particular one. Thus greater freedom of choice, greater uncertainty and greater information all go hand in hand.

From The Mathematics of Communication, by Warren Weaver.

Petersen for the use of her laser printer; to the employees of Davis and Fox printing who answered my endless questions; and to everybody else who made this issue possible.

My apologies to Aaron Brown for inadvertently "borrowing" a couple of numbers. (That's a bit cryptic, so don't panic if it makes no sense to you.)

This issue is dedicated in memory of Professor Clifford Horn.

Erich S. Schneider
Editor-in-Chief

I have been asked by several people, "What is *The Promethean*?" I dawned on me that in none of the previous issues has the origin of *The Promethean's* name been addressed. *Prometheus* was a God in Greek religion. He was very intellectual and a supreme trickster. His contribution to the human race was stealing fire from Zeus and returning it to man. Likewise, *The Promethean* seeks to steal "fire" in the form of art and literature and return it to the general population.

There are different ideas out there about what *The Promethean* is. Perhaps you've already noticed some changes in this issue like the color cover and the warped title text. The color cover will be (budget permitting) a regular occurrence. The title text is my own doing. *Why?* To illustrate a point-- nothing is certain. Everything is open to change. There is no specific type of work or genre that we limit ourselves to. If you have written, drawn or photographed anything that is unique and creative, we want to print it!

Now that this issue is complete I must express many thanks: to the staff of *The Promethean* who put up with my endless requests and helped to create an outstanding issue; to everyone who submitted and filled otherwise empty pages; to Nancy in Student Services who gratefully shared her computer time; to Heidi for her input and understanding (and to whom I owe dinner); to the workers in the information office who sorted through piles of paper for me; to Bev

To Clifford Horn, In Remembrance

The joy of each
 moment,
The passing of each
 day--
You remembered.
 The smile on a bleak
 afternoon,
 The greeting of warmth--
You embraced.
 A gift from God
 and a gift to others
 you are.

From Bobbi Day

AWAKENING

Many years I've searched in vain,
For one to bring me peace
One to take me by the hand
And lead my heart to light

I'd once endured a pain so great
From promises unfulfilled
Sealing the passage into my soul
And donned a mask of happiness

Then my vision came to life
Blessed with a touch of magic
Who shook the core of my refuge
And did cast light upon darkness

In a shattering of masks,
Crumbling of perfect walls,
Memories fluttered through my soul
And gave life to forgotten emotions

Siprián

Dedicated to Elvia DeLeon

LOOK BACK AND SEE

There were times when dreams seemed a waste of time
 And when far-off thoughts brought no comfort
 When trying your best wasn't important
 And holding your head high was too hard
 There were times when a hug would've been handy
 Or a touch on the shoulder your strength
 When a hand held would've lightened the pain

But then there were times that were happy
 When dreams came true and you smiled
 And when friends were there making memories
 That you treasure so much in your heart
 Times when the laughter came easy
 And tears were a thing of the past
 And you know those times couldn't have been better
 When you lift up your head and look back



Experiences in America

By Mizuho Sasaki

When I go abroad, I can learn a lot of things from another culture. If I think my culture is the only culture, it is a mistake. We can become more flexible people when we

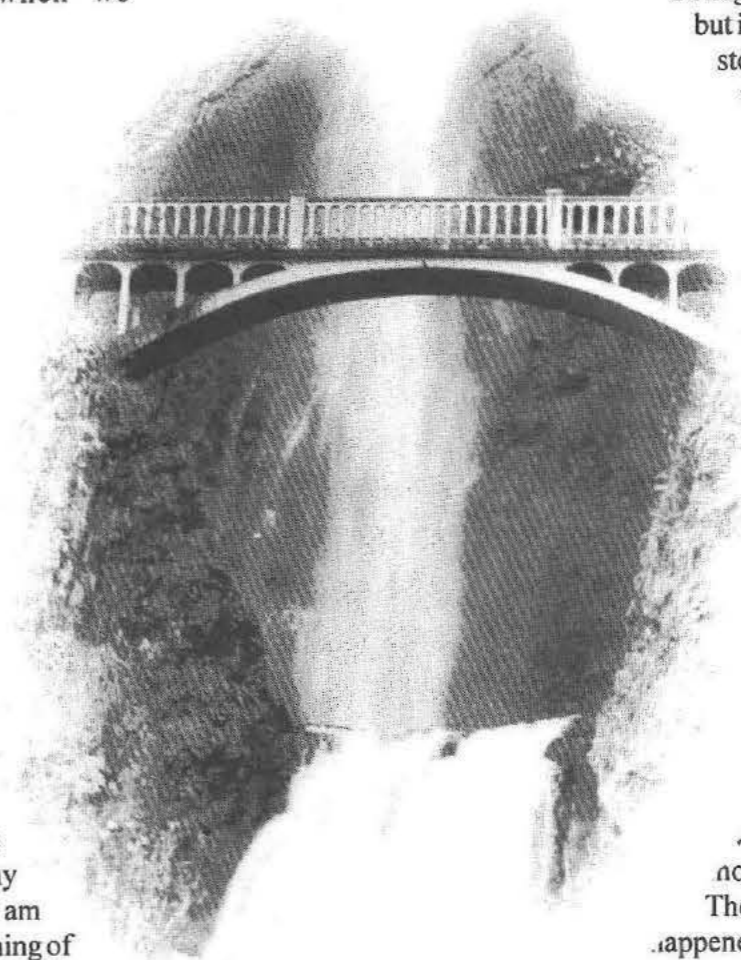
In Japan, there are many garbage cans near the sidewalks. These look like U.S. mailboxes and are red... I almost made a big mistake.

meet people who come from other countries. We can learn a lot from living in different cultures. I had three experiences I found very different in this culture when I first came here.

The first experience was prayer before meals. When my host father said, "Let's pray" before eating, I thought he said "play." As soon as he said that, everybody closed their eyes, then my host father started praying. In my culture, we usually say "Itadakimas" before eating. It is a short word, but it includes many wishes. I am not a Christian but I am beginning to understand the meaning of prayer. I think American culture is very influenced by Christian ideas.

The second thing that happened was on the bus. I went to school by bus on the first day, but I did not

know where to get off. In Japan, there is information inside the buses on tape, so I did not know what to do here. I asked the bus driver, "Please tell me when the bus arrives at Concordia College," the bus driver said loudly "Concordia College." I got off the bus but it was not the exact bus stop, so I walked very far until I reached the school.



The third trouble was with the mail boxes beside the sidewalks. In Japan, there are many garbage cans near the sidewalks. These look like U.S. mail boxes and are red. One day, my friend and I were walking down a street and saw a blue mail box. I thought it was a garbage can. My friend told me it was a mail box. I almost made a big mistake. These three experiences happened when I first came to America. They are good memories for me now. I know about prayer before meals, where to get off the bus and what color a mail box is. To learn another culture is exciting.

Water for Chocolate

By Bret Olson

I was standing in the middle of a wheat field on a windless day. The stalks outstretched beyond my waist submerging my person within their eerie grasp. I was wearing contacts and there was no civilization for as far as the eye could see. I was

He is a happy fish, sure, but he is a fish and this goes beyond his physical capabilities.

thinking maybe I should have worn my glasses. Wait a minute, I don't wear glasses.

I was sitting on a stump, looking for my pet fish, Eric. He was nowhere to be seen. He wasn't on the back porch or playing in the trees. The sun was hot and the sand didn't help any. My feet were on fire. The shade of the large cyprus and the rain pouring down upon me helped my situation tremendously.

Suddenly I felt something rub up against my leg. The wheat was too tall; I couldn't identify the mysterious perpetrator. I looked about quickly, then slowly -- then quickly again! But it was no use, the water was just too deep.

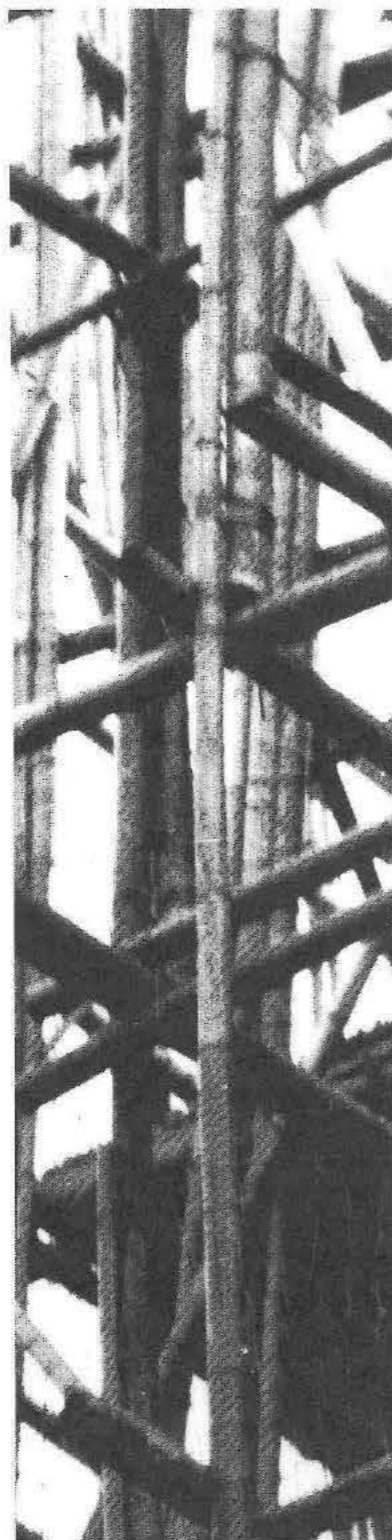
Thinking nothing of it I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. But something told me it was more. "It was more," something told me.

I was in a drunken stupor. The horn was blaring in my ear. I looked up just as the car passed before me -- missing me by inches. "That was close," I said. "Another fifteen feet and I could have been hurt."

Thinking nothing of it I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said.

The sun began to set and dusk was fast approaching. I stopped at a phone booth to call my sister's uncle's mother's

"Water for Chocolate" has been selected by *The Promethean* staff as this issue's short story winner. Congratulations to Bret Olson!



only grandson. I got a busy signal. "He must not be home. I'll try again later."

The wheat stalks were beginning to irritate me. "These wheat stalks are beginning to irritate me," I said. They itched and scratched my bare legs. As I was thinking about how irritated I was, it happened again! Something brushed against my leg. "Eric, is that you?... Eric?" I got no response. It's not like Eric to play these games. He is a happy fish, sure, but he is a fish and this goes beyond his physical capabilities.

I looked up, the sun was blinding. Giant, black, rolling clouds were looming overhead. All was still and calm. The air about me was... ominous, the birds were chirping, cows were mooing, dogs barking, cats meowing, snakes hissing, babies crying... "SHUT UP!" I whispered. And all was silent.

There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned to look. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned to look. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. Again I turned to look, and again the rustling was behind me. I started to turn, then turned back to where I was originally facing. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. It was apparent that I could not out-smart this force.

Thinking nothing of it, I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said.

I had now advanced approximately ten paces from my original location. My hard work and effort had yielded no reward. Eric was still nowhere to be seen and I was becoming fearful for my life. These things about me were perplexing. That which one is ignorant of is always perplexing.

To my left I saw a shadow. I quickly turned, but by then it had disappeared. A deep growling sound soon encompassed me. "What is this beast that torments me?!" I ran as fast as I could but it wasn't fast enough. The hill was too steep and my shoes had no traction. I was slipping in the mud -- slowly falling toward the huge gaping hole that lay at the bottom. Frantically I pulled at the vines hanging from the tree but I could not hang on. I was powerless against this -- this, THING! It was drawing me towards it. I had released my grip on the water-pipe and began to laugh hysterically as I faced certain doom.

As I opened my eyes I was seated on a park bench. The growling sound from my stomach told me I needed a bite to eat. "How weird," I thought.

Wheat stalks all about me. I stood up in a pond blanketed with lilies. I had been here for a while so I decided to bathe in the waterfall. I turned the faucet on and got a drink of water. I left a three dollar tip for the waitress.

I was standing, barefoot, in the middle of the wheat field. My feet are uncomfortable in these shoes. I think they're golf shoes.

"Ouch!" Something bit me. I got up off my hands and knees to inspect my wounded leg. It was fine. I had a scratch and some blood on my left arm. As I raised myself out of the wheat I saw something looking at me. Could it be the beast that has haunted me from the beginning? It had giant fangs speckled with fresh drops of blood. It had a coat of natural armor and its eyes were yellow and venomous. I was lying motionless, trembling in fear. I tried to scream but all was silent, I couldn't do it. We were facing each other for what seemed an eternity. Within seconds it leaped. AAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIGGGGGHHH!!!!

"Stop it, knock it off, stop it." The little pup was in a playful mood. His fur was very soft. "Stop licking me. I can't play now," I told him. "I have to

find Eric." So I pushed the dog off the couch and walked away.

"This wheat is really high. It should be harvested soon." There was a knock at the door. "Bam, bam, bam!" "Who is it?" There was no answer. Again there was a knock at the door. "Bam, bam!" Again, no answer when I called. Another knock. "Bam!" And still nobody answered. "I guess nobody's home," I said. The cool breeze was blowing through my hair and the trees were swaying. "It is windy. Isn't it?"

"I don't own any wheat!"

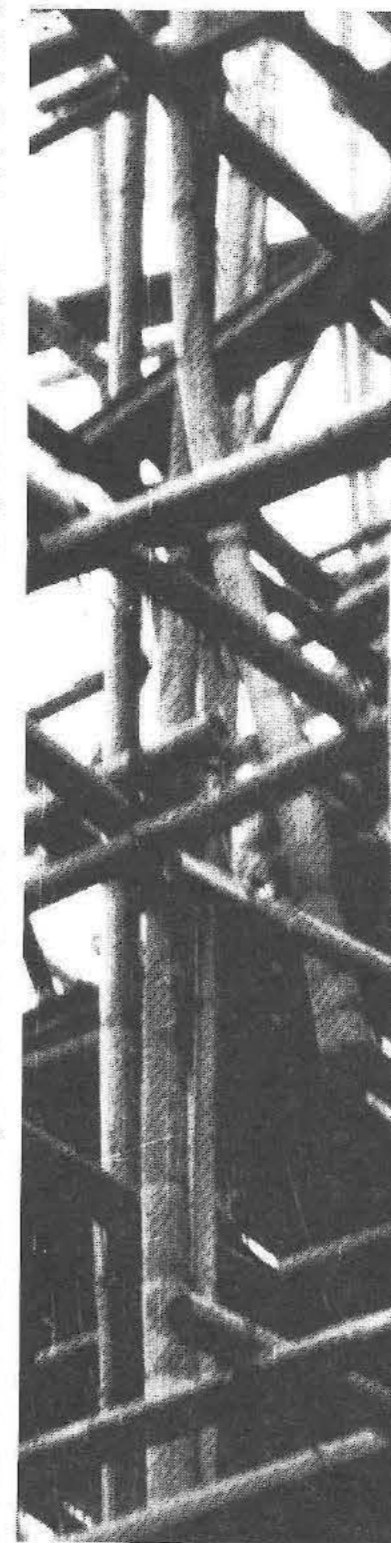
I was standing, barefoot, in the middle of the wheat field. My feet are uncomfortable in these shoes. I think they're golf shoes. Golf shoes on concrete aren't very comfortable. In fact, it's actually quite difficult to play basketball in them. The guy fakes left goes right and nails the fade away jumper. "Give me the ball," I demanded. But nobody would pass it. There's nobody here. The nets were swaying in the wind, as the ball bounced quicker and quicker until -- it stopped.

"Eric, I've had enough of your silly little game." How in the world am I supposed to find him in all this wheat? I closed the window to keep the breeze from messing up my hair. It didn't work. I stepped on something hard, like a piece of concrete. I looked down to see a toothbrush under my foot all alone in the middle of this wheat field.

I thought nothing of it and dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said.

"That's it Eric. I refuse to participate in this charade any longer! I'm leaving this wheat field." I opened the door, turned into the hall and it hit me like a ton of feathers. It was all clear now. "There you are Eric." He was sitting in his bowl on my desk. He had never left.

Thinking nothing of it I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. "Only the wind."



A TRIBUTE TO THE GAME I LOVE

On green grassy fields they played the game,
Astroturf just isn't the same.
The Babe struck fear in every foe,
But that was long ago.

Men were boys, they played for love
With a worn piece of leather they called a glove,
Ted, Willie and Mickey stole the show,
But that was long ago.

The sun watched over all who played,
Fathers and sons 'til the ninth inning stayed.
Smiles and faces all aglow,
But that was long ago.

My father tells of days gone by,
Why things have changed he can't say why.
The game was grand, pure like snow,
But that my friends was long ago.

**Christopher S.
Johnson**

A GIFT

*Sweet, whispering wind
Softly stirring the night air
Touches me gently
Caressing my hollow soul
A kiss from God, my pain gone
-- Siprián*

GRANDMOTHER

arms releasing a life woven blanket
cloaking the eyes and mouth
and a rain falling
damp
blanket
and a chill wind blowing
a soul note
while waiting
for the blanket
to be removed
and the eyelids
to flutter
and the breath slips past white teeth and alabaster arms encircle



In Favor of Ramps at Art Schools

By Steven Jackson

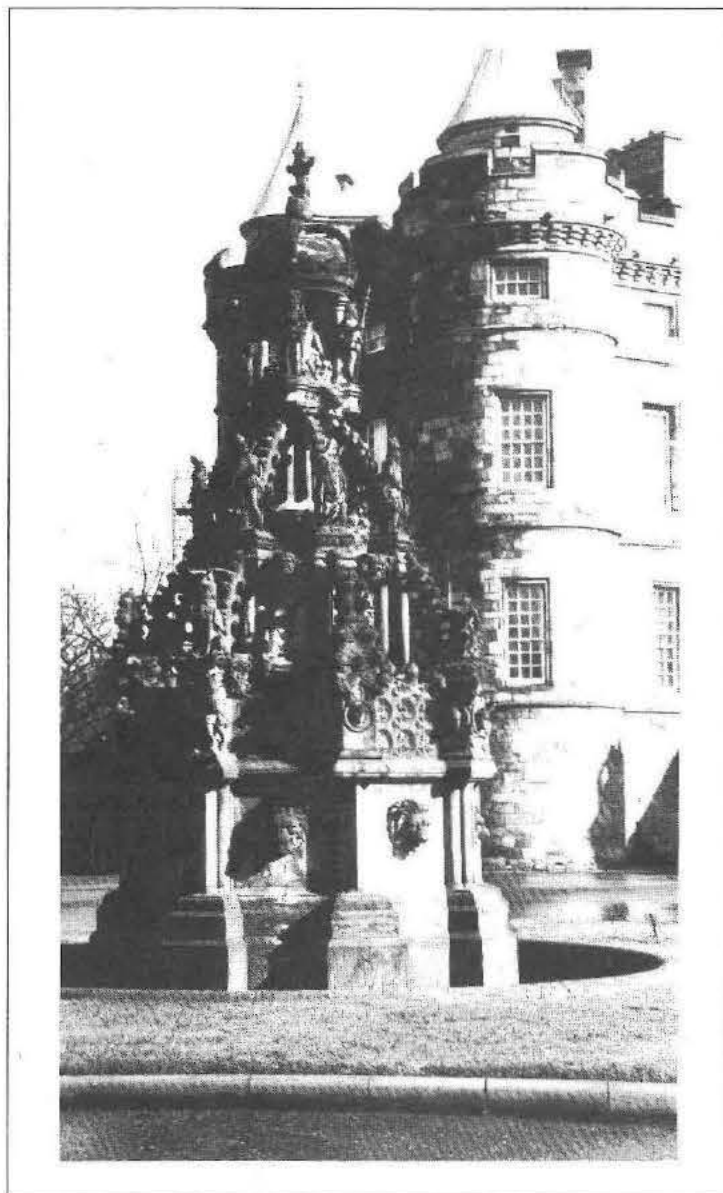
My mother named my brother Arthur to assure that he would "possess a certain nobility." before he had been born, my parents and I knew he would make use of his name. Even now, after his sixteenth birthday, it is one of two words he repeatedly slurs when he's hungry or tired. Four years ago, my mother introduced him to a word which would stick with a fervor, a title into which Arthur directed all of his talents.

"You're an aesthete, Arthur," she said to him as he smiled and pointed at one of Van Gogh's self-portraits. Several months later, after parrot-like attempts to recreate the word, Arthur added it to his title: "Arthur the aesthete," became the title of which the family was proud. Arthur senses this pride and smiles, babbling, drooling, eyes crossed at the ceiling.

I wheeled him to a gallery once, and he lived a thousand strokes of varied brushes and temperaments. Reproductions of visions created by passion and care, anguish and pain, danced and withered before him and tears pooled in his eyes. The effect of the blur which this caused humored Arthur, and he began to laugh and snort. His senses take in and hold that which should be shared, but he hasn't words, he hasn't a canvas before him, demanding inspiration, inviting visions. As he watched shadow and balance in the displayed work, his surface tension quivered, spasms; he smiled with crossed arms, tilted head, and large tongue. I love him for this.

Now, at home, he stares. A bad oil hung years ago to conceal a crack yields to dismal light. The television plays. The radio in the kitchen crackles. Arthur -- my brother, the aesthete, critic-cannot create, but the milk he has spilled on his tray has balance, good contrast, and form at which he smiles.

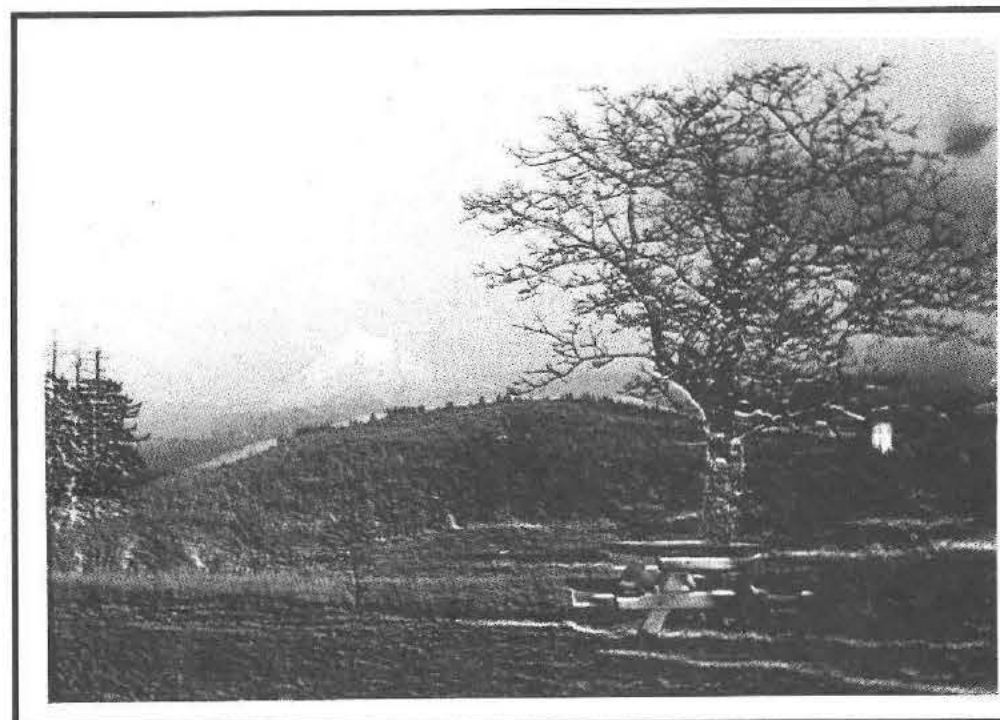
"You're an aesthete, Arthur," she said to him as he smiled and pointed at one of Van Gogh's self-portraits.



WILLOW TREE

oh to be a willow tree
 above a wading stream
 so calm and free
 from fear and dread and gloom
 I have no room for wading streams,
 save in my dreams
 I have no need for fear and dread,
 but overhead they loom.

Lorien M. Edman



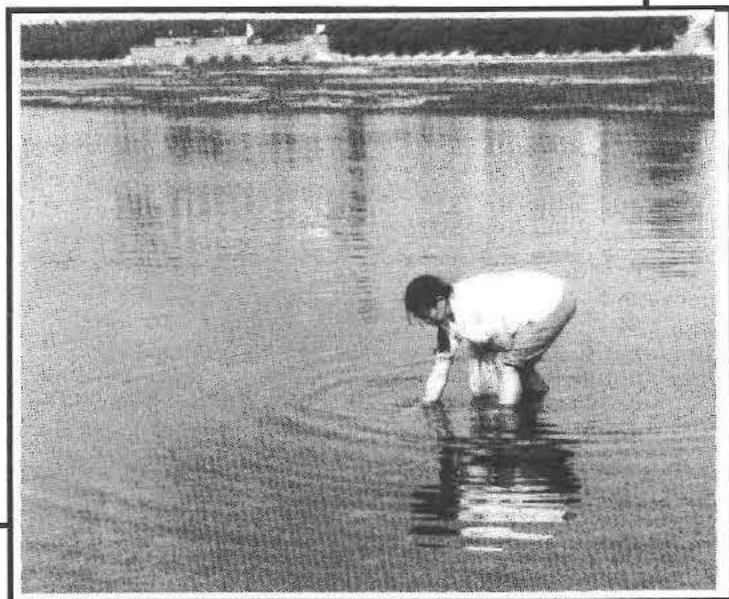
WARE, AWARE

Ware, aware
the day is young, the sky is fair
the rising sun is near
and where she walks
no fear may follow

Wake, awake
the day is bright
the sun will take no respite
from her noonward walk
nor stop to slake her fiery thirst

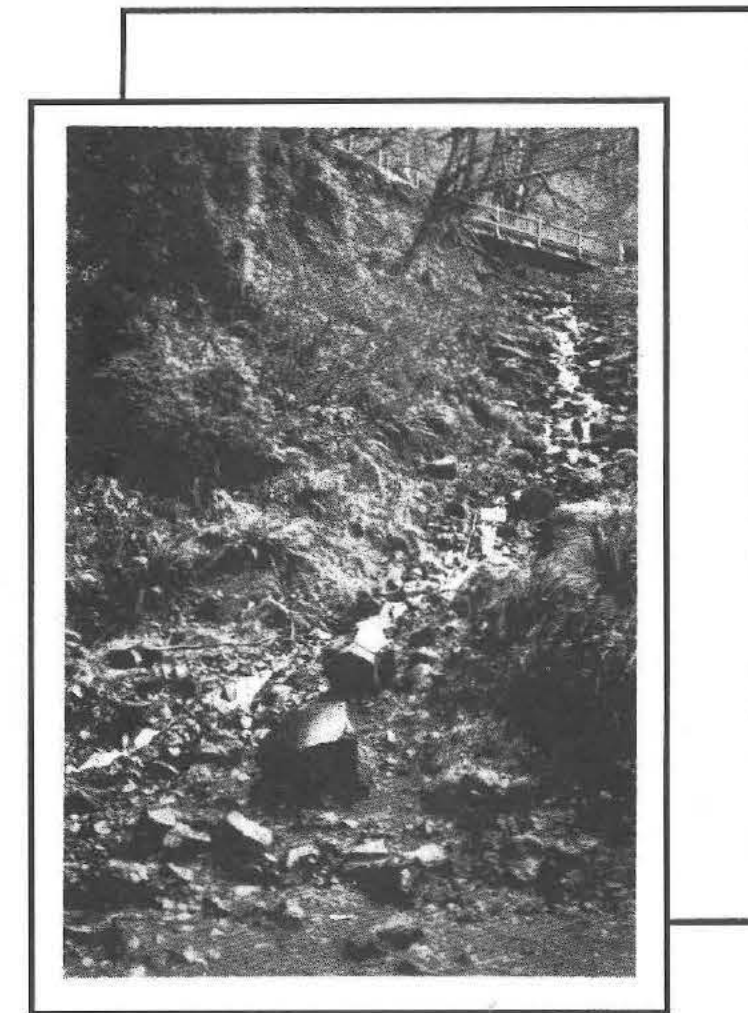
Why, oh why
do I go on
the sun is high, the road is long
my feet are sore, but I am strong
so ever I go upon my journey

Lorien M. Edman



Lonely hearts everywhere
Only wish for one to love
Never knowing a soft caress
Eternal search denied, and yet
Loves promise draws me on
Yearning for a day no longer alone

Siprián



Vibrations in Eskimo Dog Sled Runners: Paulsen's Dogsong, Art and the Transcendent

By Randy Bush

Come, see my dogs.

*Out before me they go.
Out before me they curve
in the long line out
before me
they go, I go, we go.
They are me.
from Dogsong*

In 1875 the Director of the U.S. Patent Office sent in his resignation. There was, he said, nothing left to invent.

In 1887 Marcellin Berthelot, the great chemist, wrote, "from now on there is no mystery about the universe."

from flyleaf of Morning of the Magicians

I rode a brown horse when I was five, a tough little brown horse whose name I've forgotten, down the steep backs of the hall stairs and across the mesa of my mother's living room. The kitchen was the Grand Canyon, and we flew past it and out the back door to land free and wild as smoke on the European steppe or in the Wyoming hills. My mount was a wooden broom handle with a tacked-on plastic head and could be contrary as the devil on Sunday. The two of us would bolt like the November wind down those wet Seattle streets. I say now, and I'll swear to it, that when I

went riding, my relationship to that horse was more than one of human kid to inanimate thing. In my deepest self, in the best, the darkest, most alive parts of me, something old, something primal, came awake and sat up.

This was decades before I'd heard of Jung or of cultural anthropologist Joseph Campbell (*Jung* was the opposite of *old* and Campbell made the soup I sopped up with a grilled cheese sandwich). But if I couldn't address such lofty notions as the transcendent, or the mysterious beyond, I had unwavering faith in the monster under the bed.

Everybody did. I still do. Both Jung and Campbell would nod passionately and say, "Ah, yes, the human fear of Grendel, of the thing that comes in the dark of night." If Grendel is to the twentieth century rationalist little more than a metaphor, to Beowulf's author we and our modern ways would

We recall; we forecast. At a simpler level, we depend on transcendental thinking to accomplish the most mundane tasks.

be the same. Questions of the monster's existence are laughable only because we haven't experienced his company.

Here I want to violate the Rule of Collegiate Thematic Opacity and just blurt my thesis out, *Pez*-like: **Since scientists and the so called scientific method have failed to explain the least part of spirituality in human experience, they are in no way qualified to explain them away.** And this because no process can be objectively investigated by a person who denies even the possibility of its having occurred. If I wanted to study the human soul, for instance, I wouldn't read Marx who refused to recognize its existence.

But when we cast into the smoke of possibility, when we look to a thing or condition not currently possessed or achieved, don't we use the language of the transcendent to describe our action? Almost as if we believed? Our speech gives us away: *If I close my eyes and listen hard, I can still hear my grandfather's voice. I can taste that Dove Bar just by looking at it. I can see the old lake.* And we do *almost hear and taste and see* because we have committed brain cells to the task of transcending the immediate. We recall; we forecast. At a simpler level, we depend on transcendental thinking to accomplish the most mundane

¹ I refer to "children's" literature knowing some of my audience may immediately think of nodding off. But those who condescendingly believe *child-like* and *child-ish* to be synonymous, would do well to recall Socrates' recipe for wisdom and Jesus' recipe for faith.

tasks. Without holding an image of ourselves showered, dressed, and moving about the house, without transcending "lying-in-bedness," we would never get up.

And what does all this have to do with vibrations in Eskimo dog sled runners? In *Dogsong*,¹ Gary Paulsen introduces us to Russell, a "fourteen-year-old Eskimo boy who feels assailed by the modernity of his life [and so] takes a 1400-mile journey by dog sled across ice, tundra, and mountains seeking his own 'song' of himself" (and that's right from the Library of Congress summary on the copyright page).

About the time Russell's body begins to interpret the vibrations coming through the soles of his mukluks, he starts to dream. While in dream-trance, he follows a man whose sled is filled with red, fat meat--treasure in the Arctic. Never has the boy seen such red meat. Through successive dream experiences, he discovers a direct link between the dream-man and himself. The meat is mammoth (that sort of prehistoric half-way point between elephant and mastodon). What he watches must have occurred thousands of years earlier. His consciousness moves in and out of the mystery to the point, finally, of his no longer being sure which view is the truer one.

The pregnant "girl-woman" he travels with is, at the same time, also the woman from his dreams. He is the man and the man is Russell. With eons between them, they coexist. He saves his own life, finally, and that of the young girl by fully giving into and learning from the dream. The Eskimo transcends the immediate because that's what it takes to survive; my horse and I transcended 1962 Seattle for the same reason.

But I hardly think a twentieth century rationalist would refer to such notions as even mushy truth. In his book, *Theories of Everything*, John D. Barrow sniffs at even the thought: "Myths do not arise from data or as solutions to practical problems," he explains. "They emerge as antidotes for mankind's psychological suspicion of smallness and insignificance in the face of things he cannot understand" (5). Mr. Barrow's logic may seem to ring true scientifically, yet it's ludicrous to anyone with any degree of belief in the supernatural. That which he "knows" as false,

I "know" to be true. I can never lose my belief in monsters. I may not prove their existence to Mr. Barrow; yet neither do I have to. I know what I know without his leave.

Dutch painter Piet Mondrian knew what he knew, as well. He changed his work, slowly, from dreamy, representational landscapes into bleak geometric grids of red, yellow, and blue because he saw his art as moving past the obvious, somehow, and exposing the real bones of creation. Some would argue that all art is a thrust in that same direction. I would add that honest artists paint as transcendental exercise or to express a sort of worship of the creator of the object.

And art has served in that same way since the first human neuron blasted off its brain-to-hand message. It has provided the dynamic flux and anchor for us immortals wrapped in mortality. Art becomes a tool of myth when it is an *act of expressing* rather than a symbol of that act. Its absence is a computer's ideation without will and an ant's movement without intrigue.

The tie between artforms and life in early cultures illustrates, in microcosm, a belief in a union of the mundane with the beyond. A Kitsan shaman's rattle in the form of a beaver became a thing of magic and special powers; and if we hope to speak without arrogance, which of us can say the magic was illusory? In this case, the burden of (dis)proof needs to fall squarely on the skeptics. And rather than hiding behind Descartes like stubborn first-graders who accept "nuffing we don't see," for once they need to reverse their normal role and begin from the premise of believing, in the words of St. Paul, "all things". Black Elk's visions aren't "wrong" because they are unprovable.² The question isn't even whether the six mystical Grandfathers exist or not. The first and most

important function of the transcendental moment is to lift human beings out of the dust of the mundane. From the instant we ask ourselves to listen with ears open, to imagine, a small miracle is born in us. Besides, from the standpoint of the witness of billions of humans throughout history, the view most rooted in fantasy is one that labels all "myths" as "antidotes for mankind's psychological suspicion of smallness and insignificance..." [Barrow]. We don't pull myths over ourselves the way we pull



blankets around our shoulders in winter, to protect us from the chilly truth. Myth (or open and imaginative thinking) is the language of the soul. The mind practicing avoidance behavior is the one that says, "I believe nothing but that which can be reproduced in a scientifically pure environment."

One definition of empirical evidence is directly experienced or *observed* evidence, and what truer observation could there be than personal experience? One of Carl

Jung's patients was a woman who claimed to have traveled to the moon. No one believed her story and she was deemed to be suffering from a mental disorder. When, at last, she finally made her way to Jung, she was amazed and relieved to find that he believed her. From Jung's account, since her experience could not be proven false, it must be accepted as truth. Operating on that same principle, that of hard, cold human experience, the mystical properties of my broomstick horse are not "pretend" at all.

A wooden spear-thrower in the shape of a horse, was carved in France 15,000 years ago. Even that far back, our ancestors had at least some notion that an object carved by human hands might serve both an overt function, in this case to launch a spear, and a subtler one, perhaps to invite some horse deity's blessing in battle. Those 15,000-year-old warriors may have looked at their atlatl in exactly the same way I looked at a broomstick horse. Perhaps we both saw life in dead wood.

There are more direct examples, though, such as those of individuals who disguise themselves to *become* other, very different beings. The terrifying Kwakiutl Cannibal ceremony (to those of us who believe in the monster under the bed) represents just that: By donning an animal mask and performing special, sacred rites, the chosen male lifts both himself and his tribe into the transcendent or supernatural. As the mask becomes inhabited by Cannibal Spirit, the man's humanity flees or is so eclipsed as to sometimes require months to return.

The ceremony presents reality as realigned, as shaken up by the truth of the dual potentiality. As man and Cannibal Spirit blend, a unifying sense of danger, death, and rebirth is kept vital and close to the community. Hamlet was, of course, wise to assure Horatio of the existence of "more things in heaven and earth" than all the rationalists ever born could explain. And I'm not suggesting, for one moment, that every transcendental experience is good or wise. There be dragons out there. Big, mean ones. To claim to be wholly proof-driven, though, to the point of denying the unobservable, makes as little sense as that 1875 U.S. Patent Office Director who resigned his post because there was "nothing left to invent".

What is our fascination with Dracula, then, if we live, as some would say, in an intellectual, post-mythical age? By watching, horrified and delighted, as Bram Stoker's Van Helsing sends home the deadly stake, aren't we taking part in the dance around the fire of the primitive warrior who reenacts the killing of the deadly beast? At least some of us are.

Paleolithic cave paintings from deep in France's prehistory possess, if, indeed, we interpret them correctly at all, a "living" quality similar to that present in the atlatl. The Lascaux animals reveal a deep reverence for animal spirit presence by the hunters who painted them. The figures are powerful, moving, and fluid. In a wall scene from one shaft referred to by Joseph Campbell as the "holy of holies" (65),

a hunter-shaman lies, entranced, almost beneath a tottering, eviscerated bull. Campbell is convinced of the image's religious significance, viewing it as one of many proofs that a dynamic mythic element was active in the lives of Paleolithic peoples. One might also call it a dynamic *transcendent* element.

We haven't changed so much; we're deep into denial, and into worship of the god of digital thermometers, and it's dark down here. But we haven't really changed. Again, each of us reveals a belief in the future, or the beyond, at least enough to get us out of bed in the morning. But so does the family dog. And if acts as unromantic and mundane as throwing off the sheets and standing up owe a tithe to imagination, then to live self-consciously is to operate with eyes wide and ready for the glory of the holy and transcendent moment. At that point we exist, joyful as the Eskimo in Dogsong, by interpreting the vibrations coming through our mukluks.

18

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"Out on the Ice"

This is based on a story about an Inuit woman who was no longer "useful" to her Inuit family, and was left out on the ice to die.

---Randy Bush

UNTITLED

By Your hands and feet and blood I
 also have become holy.

You called me and made me so--but
 How could You, knowing who I was and
 seeing what I was?

How could You have reached through
 This thick, bitter armor to whisper
 Your Name in the darkest and
 Most secret rooms of my heart?

As though we had always been friends.

You are my Hiding Place;
 teach me to be Yours.

Lord of Lords, You haunt me.
 You walk so close.
 How can You do that?
 How can You be so close and I still live?

When I think that the God of Moses and Gideon and of
 Ruth and Esther chooses to walk beside me, I want to
 tear my hair and shout, "Too near!"

I confess to mindlessly repeating ancient,
 holy hymns of Your people--

To transforming the spirit of those mighty songs
 Into wind and their words into
 dry, aimless, and praise-less echoes.

I confess--and this must have hurt You the
 most--to
 Wondering how close You can come
 without actually changing me.

Again--and again--forgive me.

I have nothing to offer up
 but emptiness--
 So I give it to You.

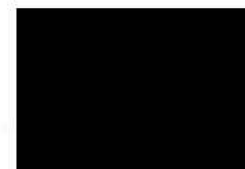
I give You empty hands,
 an empty heart,
 empty dreams,
 empty works,
 empty words.

Inspire my hands to offer
 up true praise.
 Inspire my heart to accept
 brokenness (as I accept
 Your broken body, please
 accept my broken heart).
 Inspire me to be a dreamer
 of Your dreams.

In the chasm of my guilt you,
 Y'shua!
 called my name.

The walls of my prison
 miles thick,
 impossibly tall,
 --enclosed nothing but a flickering remnant.

But You were familiar with remnants.



19

HARMONIC TERMINATION

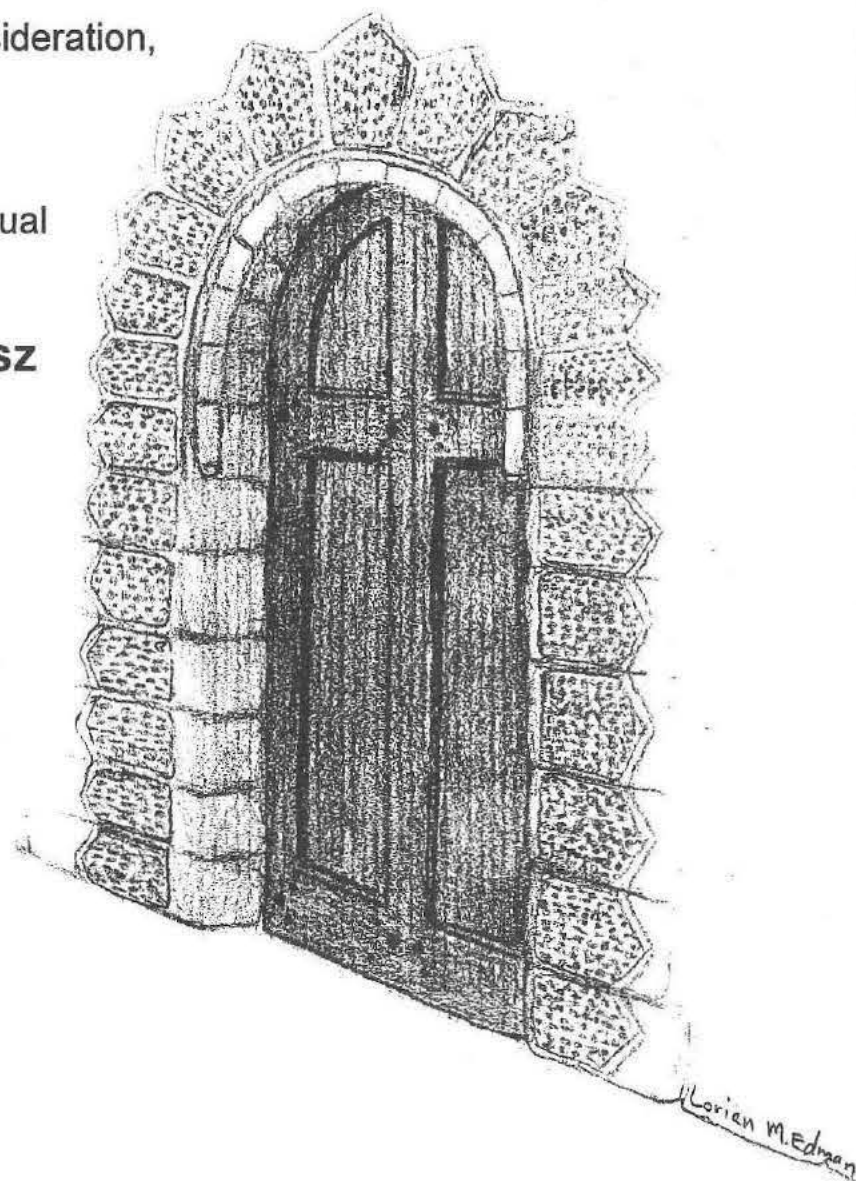
We were all created unique individuals
with different goals.

We came from diversified poles,
to unite our souls,
in the face of
loneliness,
happiness,
selfishness,
ugliness, and
sinfulness.

We've got melancholy days
but more joyful ones.

In dark, sunny days
we look for each other's consideration,
compassion,
conciliation and
conviction:
to guide one another to our mutual
Wound Healer.

Mary Schuldheisz



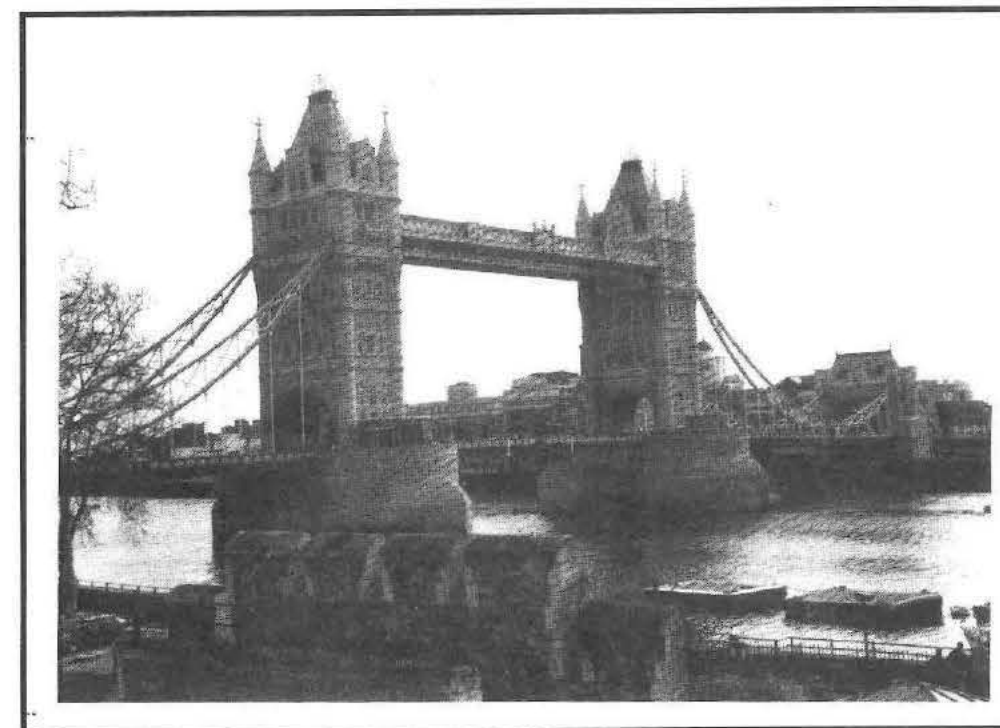
UNTITLED

Can it stand alone on its own two feet
or is it one that I must repeat
a second time or even thrice-
maybe the rhyme is not so nice

But I cannot write without the rhyming
even to spite the judge whose styling
likes an unrhymed essay better
than my timed and cedenced letter

Yet it hurts to know that another word
besides my own has been preferred
and to wonder if, perhaps, he chose
the other because it was prose

Lorien M. Edman



MY PEN

HERE I SIT
DUMBFUNDED AGAIN
EXPRESSING MY FEELINGS
THROUGH THE USE OF MY PEN.

MY THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS
ARE GOOD - I THINK.
READY TO BE Poured OUT
LIKE A PUDDLE OF INK.

MY FINGERS SPREAD THIS PUDDLE AROUND
AND CREATE MONSTERS & DEMONS OF SIN
WHICH PORTRAY THE EVIL SIDE OF MAN
AND THE TRUE REALITY WITHIN.

THE OTHER SIDE SPEAKS
AND GLARES A WHITE LIGHT
TO PROVE HIS GOOD THOUGHTS
OF BLESSINGS AND SIGHT.

THIS SIDE CAN SEE THINGS THAT
THE DEMON COULD NEVER SEE
ALL THIS CAUSES TURMOIL
LOCKED INSIDE OF ME.

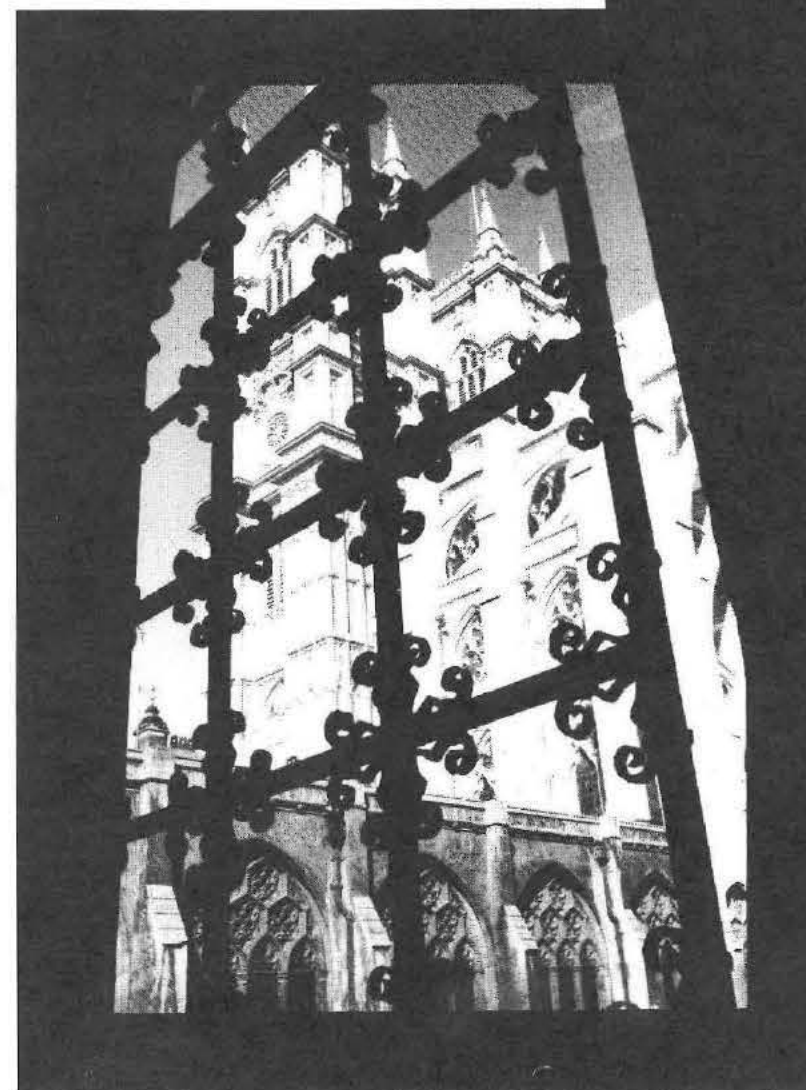
WHAT'S INSIDE OF YOU?

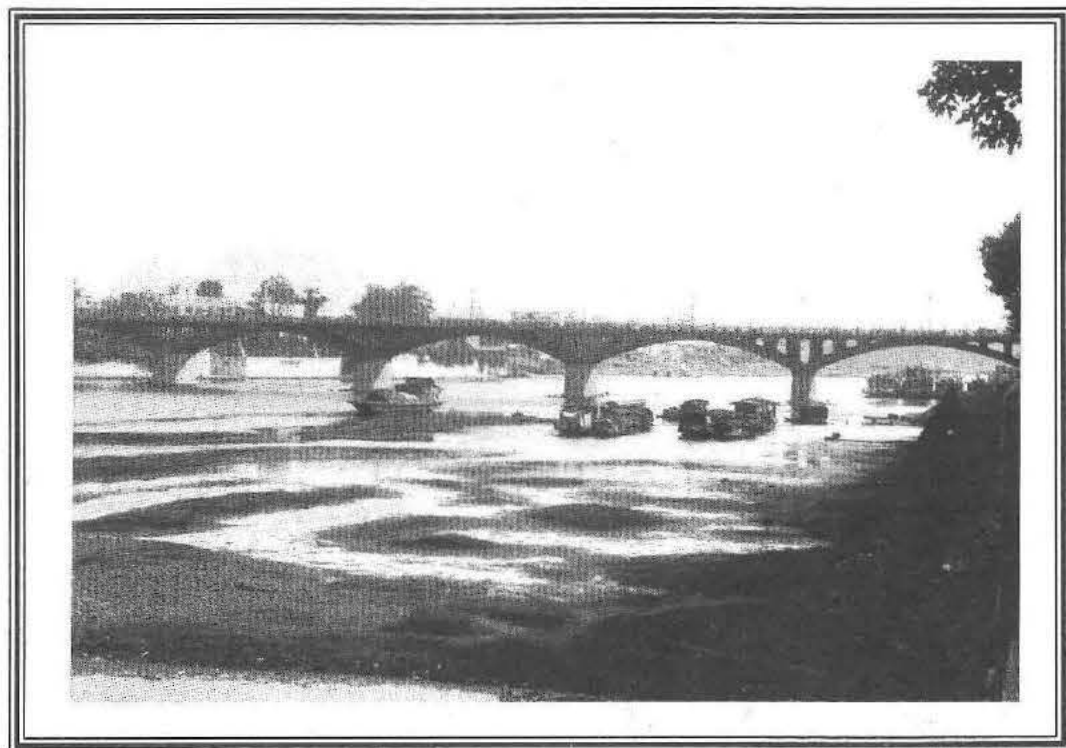
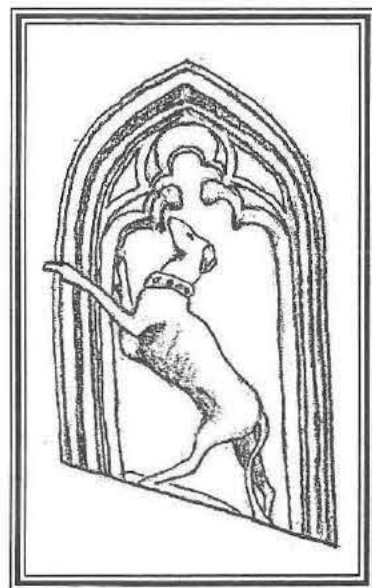
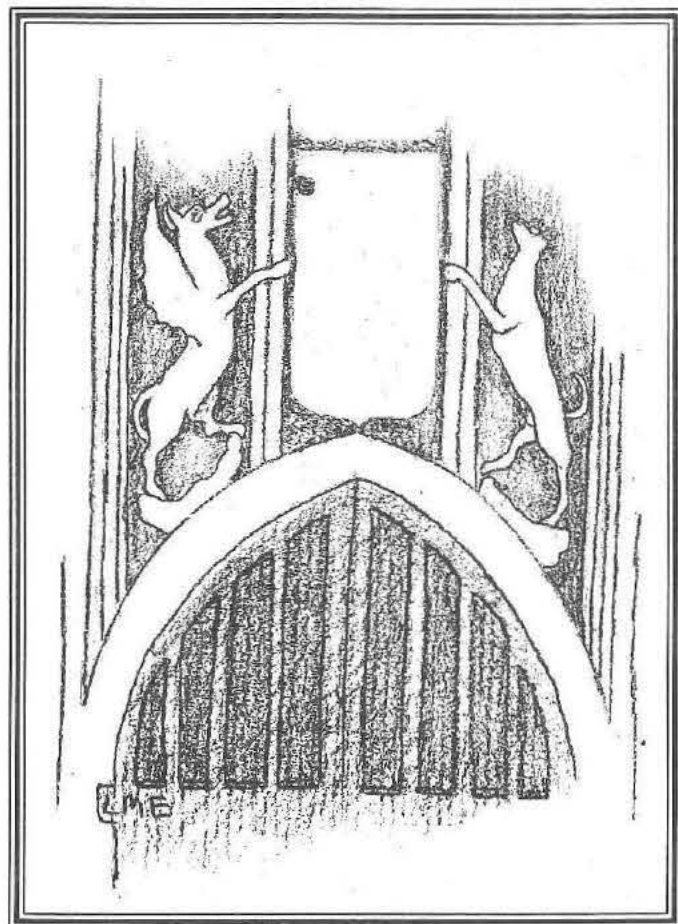
Joshua Dwire

SLEEP FAST

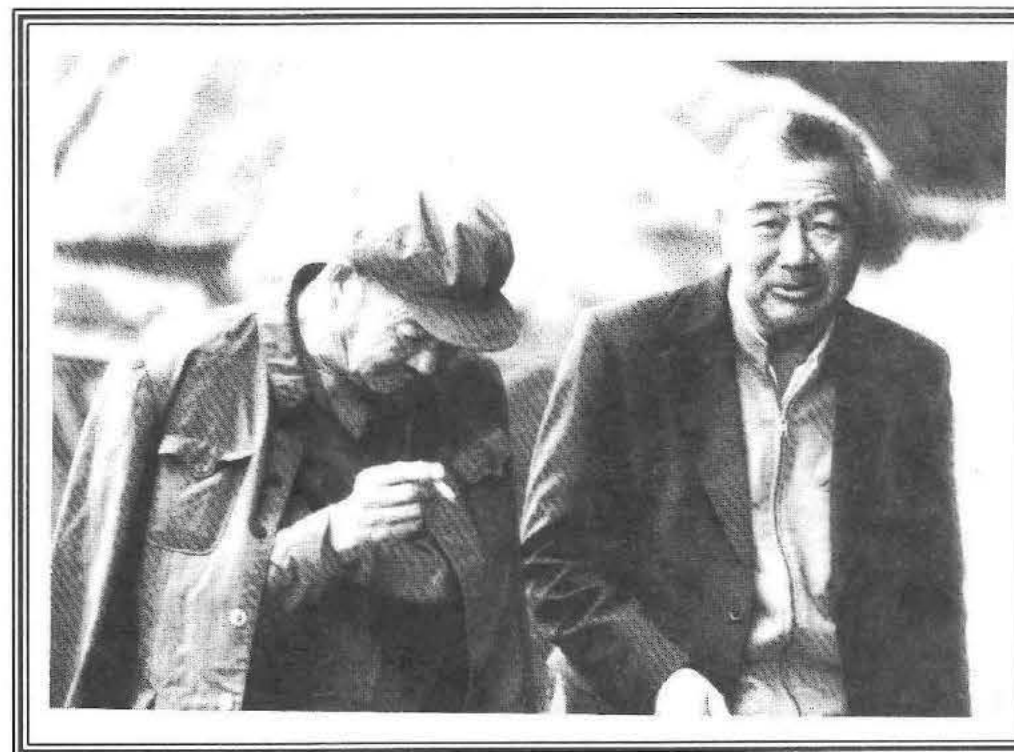
sleep fast and sleep hard:
the dawn draws near.
so sleep well and sleep sound
and have no fear;
the few hours till daylight
shall soon speed by.
so rest now, untroubled,
and don't wake tonight;
sleep fast and sleep hard:
day comes soon.
the rumor of morning
will speed on till noon.

Lorien M. Edman



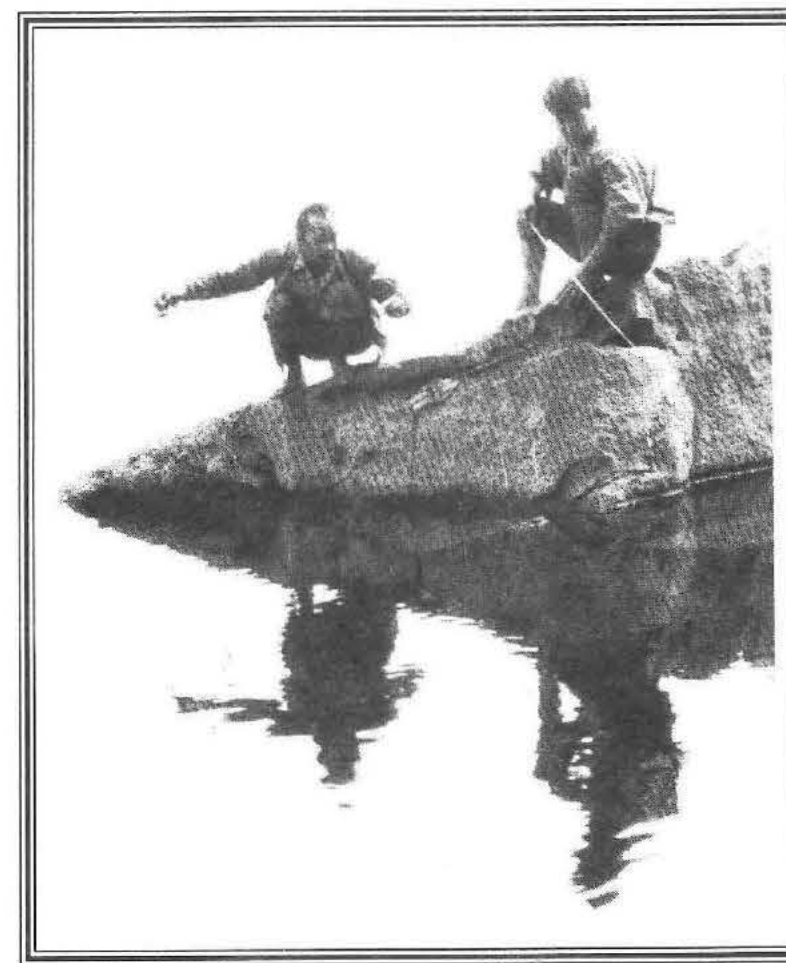


G A L L E R Y



SCENES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Clockwise from below left:
Frank Gebhard, *Liberation Bridge*,
Guilin, Guangxi, China.
Lorien M. Edman, *Door of Kings
College Chapel*, England.
Lorien M. Edman, *Carved dog in
Kings College Chapel*, England.
Erich S. Schneider, *Two old men at
Fubo Hill Park*, Guilin, Guangxi,
China.
Erich S. Schneider, *Fishermen on Li
River*, Guilin, Guangxi, China.



Husband and Pimp

By Brett Fischer

"Excuse me. What time is it?" asked the eager young man with a friendly smile on his face.

"9:15," I said, noticing he had skipped along side of us and was instantly in perfect stride. My brother and I were headed to the Plaka early for dinner, and Sonya and Julie were going to meet us a half hour later.

"Thanks," he said, keeping pace. "It is a beautiful evening tonight. Where are you headed?" He now moved between my brother and me and directed the question toward my brother probably because he is older and bigger than I.

"The Plaka Restaurant," replied my brother.

"That is a good place to eat. You two probably eat a lot, uh?" he asked and grinned as he looked at our builds which are larger than most of the Greek men. Matt and I both chuckled and looked at the guy to see what he was going to say next. He asked a lot of questions, but did most of the talking. Sure enough, he followed with, "are you from out of town?" sizing us up as the obvious foreigners that we were with our blond hair that made us stand out in a crowd.

"We're from America," Matt said. I decided that I was going to be quiet and let Matt do all the talking. There was something strange about this man's over-friendliness, and I figured he was up to something.

"Are you in the military?" he inquired.

"No, we're just on vacation," answered my brother.

"Really?" he said with great surprise, his voice rising high in pitch. "But you are both so big and strong," he said, grabbing ahold of Matt's biceps and squeezing them. "And so handsome too," he added.

"The drinks are cheap, and the women like to go there. In fact, 50 of the most beautiful women in the world will be there tonight. I know them all..."

He was very smooth in his presentation of himself. He didn't even have much of an accent to his well-learned English. His only give-away was how he complemented us so much, and we were both wondering what kind of scheme he was trying to involve us with.

"My name is Nick," he said extending his hand to each of us for a shake. Matt and I each told him our names in return and kept walking to the restaurant. "Ahhh," he exclaimed exhaling a deep breath of air. "Athens is so beautiful in the Spring. The skies are clear at night, and it doesn't cool down until midnight." He ran his hand through his thick, slicked-back hair and gazed wonderingly at the night sky as if to wish upon a star. Bringing his intent eyes

back to earth, he looked back and forth between Matt and me and asked, "What will you two do tonight after dinner? The night life is very exciting here. There's so much to do."

"We'll probably go to a tavern for a couple of drinks," Matt said.

Nick's eyes lit up like the bright stars above and he humorously smacked Matt in the stomach with the back of his hand and said, "That's great! I own a tavern just up the street." He smiled widely and pointed with his right hand. "The drinks are cheap, and the women like to go there. In fact, 50 of the most beautiful women in the world will be there tonight. I know them all. You come tonight and I will introduce you to some of them." His friendly grin had now turned feverish.

Catching on to his line of business, Matt said, "Well, we're meeting our wives here for dinner, and they should be here any minute." Matt really is married, but Julie is just my friend. I had my hands in my pockets so he wouldn't check to see if I had a ring on. He was the crafty type who would look for a sign like that.

The smile left his face. He rubbed his chin with his hand and asked, "You guys are married?"

"Yeah," said my brother.

Nick lost all his charm and personality. the once lively conversation had dropped to a few comments of great insignificance. Nick looked away from us suddenly disinterested. He had just wasted fifteen minutes of his business day on two married men.

Across the street was a man watching Nick. Nick took a couple of steps toward the other side of the street, and the man met him in the middle of the road. They talked secretly for a few minutes, and Nick never looked our way again. When they had finished talking, the man walked a half a block down the street and leaned against the side of a building. In a matter of seconds, Nick was lost in the current of people on the street like a fish that swims quickly away after being released from the hook and is instantly lost in the colors and darkness of the stream.

Later that night after dinner, I walked around the corner of a building and into an alley as my brother paid the bill. I squinted my eyes to adjust to the darkness and focus in on a scream of pain I heard. At the end of the alley by a heaping pile of garbage was Nick and a dark-haired woman in a tight, bright red dress. I was able to see the mascara that streamed down her weary face. I tried to listen without being seen.

"Come here, Sweetheart. Let me wipe that black stuff off your face," Nick said. He reached out with a

handkerchief and carefully cleaned away the streaks on her cheeks and around her eyes. "There, there, Honey. Now isn't that better?" he asked as he tucked the soiled handkerchief back into the pocket of his leather jacket. "But if you weren't such a disagreeable whore, I wouldn't have to treat you like this!" he screamed, his voice raising violently. He drew back his left hand as if to strike her with a backhand across the face.

"Oh, Baby. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you anymore," he said in a reassuring voice. "That would be bad for business. You know that."

"Don't!" she screamed, turning her head away and raising both her hands in front of her face for protection. "Please don't," she begged quietly.

"Oh, Baby. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you anymore," he said in a reassuring voice. "That would be bad for business. You know that." She forced a weak smile through her straining lips as Nick grinned at his own comment. She flinched as Nick reached out with both of his hands and held onto the sides of her face. He gently caressed her red cheeks with the back of his fingers. She nervously shifted her weight to her left foot and her shoulders slouched hopelessly in anticipation of his next move.

"You're so beautiful," Nick said as he lowered his right hand and began to squeeze her cheeks together with his left, her lips involuntarily puckering. "But if you ever go against my wishes again!" he shouted, "I will be forced to take some of that beauty away from you!" and he slapped her in the face with such force that it sent her stumbling against the brick wall on the opposite side of the alley. The prostitute held herself up momentarily, but then she lost the strength and will to stay up and slipped down to the dirty ground. She sobbed heavily to herself out of sheer anguish.

"If I tell you to sleep with a man, you do it!" he hollered and pointed to her. "I don't care if he is fat, ugly, and stinking. You do it anyway! You understand?!" She nodded. "Huh? Do you?!" he demanded.

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly.

"Good!" he hollered. He spit on her and went back into the building through the door from which they had come.

I turned and ran back to the restaurant. Matt had just gotten to the front of the line to pay the bill and hadn't even noticed that I was gone. Sonya and Julie were still sitting at the table sipping coffee. I didn't tell anyone what I had just seen. I had never witnessed anything like that before, and was shocked at how Nick was so gentle and caring one moment, and then terribly violent the next. I needed to keep this to myself for awhile.

After a night of troubled sleep, I woke up early to go to the Plaka by myself. The sun was up and shining, and the streets were already buzzing with activity. I decided to buy an ice cream cone even though it was early and I hadn't had breakfast. I found a great bench located in the sun on a busy corner where I could watch the people pass by. Before I even had myself settled in my seat, I glanced down the road and saw Nick.

Only this time it didn't look like the Nick I saw before. Genuine smiles of happiness covered his face, and I soon saw why. Accompanying him was one of the most naturally lovely women I have ever seen. Nick obviously felt the same way about her. He attended to her every need.

"Let me stroll the baby for awhile, Sweetheart," he offered to his wife. The large diamond on the thick gold band sparkled in the sun as her hands dropped from the handles of the carriage. Before she could get too far away, Nick reached out for his wife and caught her by the hand. He curled her in his arms like dancers embracing in an old black and white movie. He gazed lovingly into his lover's eyes and said, "You are true beauty. I love you, Honey." He held her precious face in his gentle hands and they kissed as if for the first time.

"Oh, Santo," she said. "You make me so happy." She kissed him back and caressed the hand that held hers.

Before pushing the carriage, Santo kneeled in front of it and looked into the eyes of his two year old daughter. "And I love you too, little baby," he said softly as he kissed the fingers of their child.

"Da da," babbled the little one reaching for her father's face. He caught her hands and pressed his lips to those darling fingers again. the brightness of the sun could not match the happiness beaming from Santo.

Gladly, he pushed the carriage and admired his wife as she walked ahead looking at the shops. He couldn't be more proud.

They passed by me as Santo leaned over the front of the carriage and said, "Goo goo goo," making funny faces to his daughter. She shrieked in delight, and the happy family strolled down the streets laughing and loving. I realized I had no napkins to clean up the ice cream which had melted and run all over my hands and legs.

Hyperbarical Eschatology

By Daniel Petrasek

Motto: "... held the round head of the dead animal in both hands and looked into its moveless yellow eyes."

"Tell me, what is your purpose?"

"There is no purpose," the cat said. "There can't be any purpose. Only the end of the life is inevitable, sooner or later. To try or not to try can't change anything in this fact. To try is more difficult...."

(Karel Michal: *The Dead Cat*)

"Rats," said the One.

"Who", asked the Other One. "The one here or these others there?"

The One spat into the river. He frowned and said all of them.

"Just look - they go! Go! Damned river, damned ferry, damned obolus! Make the fire!"

Little flames breathe out pleasant warmth, but do not light up the foggy twilight around.

"I'm going to try again."

"Wait, I go with you."

When the boat pushed to the crowd ashore, both, the One and the Other, cringed hidden behind backs of the Others, and slipped to the bottom of the boat where they curled up.

Then on the shore there was None of Them left.

But Charon isn't stupid and with the long pole he drove them out of the boat. They knew it was no use to beg. They knew that Charon is stone-deaf: pay, or get out.

Weeping they sat down by the smoldering fire.

The One got lost in daydreams for a moment, "If you only knew how much money I used to spend..."

The Other One objected, "So what? Now you are begging for one wretched, damned obolus. We have about half a day left. And then..."

"Why, isn't There anybody who would know what that rotting body needs? Even a dog won't bark at you. You were alone. Who will bury you? Who will put that little coin under your tongue? There is a plaque now, everybody is afraid to touch a dead body."

The One: "They probably threw us in a pit and forgot."

The Other One: "So we should try the water, don't you think?"

The One cast a pale smile: "We will have more than enough of it..."

"And why They are going?"

"So don't be envious, I know, but there are two of us; we will bear that wandering bath, somehow. Why didn't we know each other There? Everything would be better now. I'd rather suffer torture in Tartaros; at least I would know why. So let's go."

The Other One sighed and nodded, "It's time to go."

The ice cold water of Styx opened and swallowed them hungrily. Both of them are still roaming in waters of underworld river and stretch their hands toward the boat, hoping that somebody would throw them a coin...

But Charon has all the money in the boat. And he is deaf and blind. Nobody has two coins under his tongue. And none will give them his own - the ticket to Shadowland.

The water is awfully cold, because it never saw the sun.

Translation from Czech by Lenka Sedlackova.



THE FORGOT

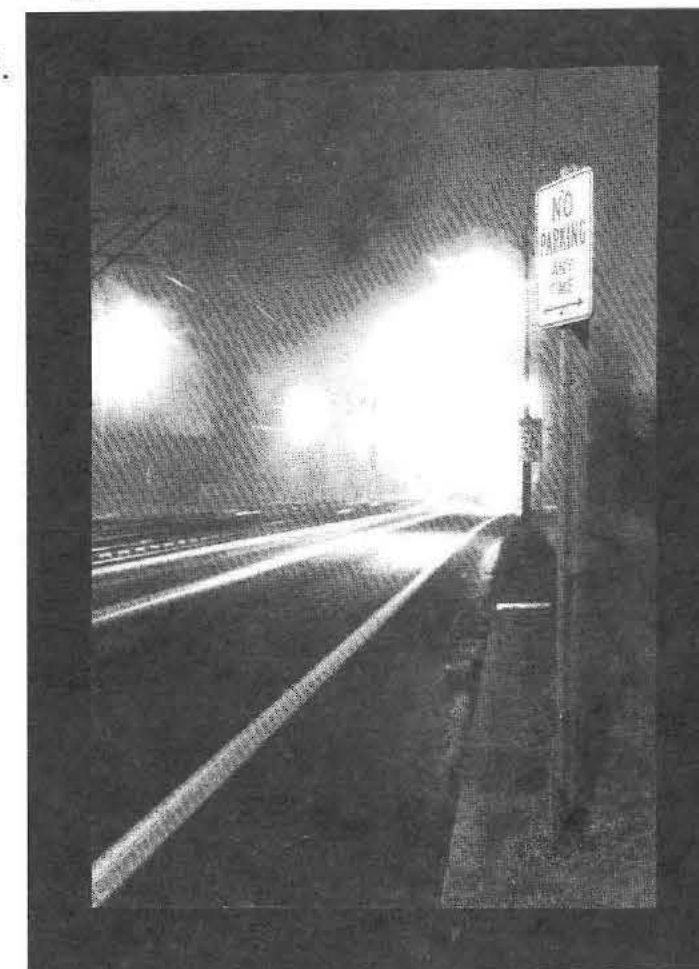
I saw a man today, when looking out a window
He was not a man of noble birth
Nor thought of by society of having much worth.
He was not a man of fine dress and when
He talked you could smell the wine on his breath.
The man was searching through his treasure
Chest picking out the rubbish that was the best.

Then he looked at me and it began to rain
These were not tears from heaven these were
My tears of shame.
His face was weathered from a hundred summers
And a thousand frozen nights.

Then he loaded his chariot with the treasures
That he had sought and pushed it down
To an old abandoned lot,
Where he sat down to die for he was forgot.

S.D.G.

By Stephen L. Anderson



Timeless

By Robert York

It was a fine, early spring morning amongst the foothills of Western Oregon's Willamette Valley. Sunlight streaked across the valley's wide expanse as the white blossoms of the Wild Cherry and Dogwood trees outshone the pale green buds of the Alder and Maple trees. The recently returned long-winged swallows busily gathered material for their nests.

The sound of the water flowing down the steep sides of the cliffs was like beautiful music to the ears of the angler.

In a rustic abode near the Sandy River, a man who had risen with the dawn, finished a hearty breakfast and pushed his chair away from an oak table. Entering his study, he reached for the salmon rod laying in the antlers of a six-point Rocky Mountain Bull Elk. He held the rod in the bright light streaming through a bay window and wiped away the dust as a mother removes tear dried sand from the face of her young child.

The man strode out of the back door onto the verdant green lawn. The fragrant, earthy smells of the forest assailed his nostrils as he gradually worked the kinks out of the expensive Lamiglas rod which had not been used since the previous June. The imaginary casting came closer to perfection after each polished flick from the supple wrist of the tall, broad shouldered angler.

Returning to the house, he took the faded fishing vest from the wooden peg where it was always suspended near the door of the utility porch. He placed the tackle and bait he would need that day inside of the vest, closed the screen door and headed down the trail to the Sandy River with long, purposeful strides.

The cliffs shading the deep pools near his favorite haunt always seemed to comfort him, like the Aerie of an Osprey comforts its innocent young. The sound of the water

flowing down the steep sides of the cliffs was like beautiful music to the ears of the angler. Upon reaching the bottom, the gaze upward left him dizzy, if only for a fleeting moment.

As the angler followed the trail along the bank of the river, he felt a sharp, prickly, surge of adrenaline coursing through his veins. The crisp, clean, air tinged with the scent of a melting glacier, made an invisible compress helping to sooth his soul as he strode to the edge of the river.

He made the first cast toward the top of the deep pool, slowly retrieving the excess line. At the bottom of the drift, he felt an unyielding hang-up.

"Damn!" the angler whispered towards the sky, "the first cast of the year."

While wrapping the fifty pound test line around his left forearm, he suddenly felt a throbbing pull on the other end of the line. A Spring Chinook Salmon thrashed its muscular body twenty feet beneath the green colored water flowing through the narrow chute. The salmon's jerking against the egg baited size 1/0 hook shining in the corner of its oval shaped mouth helped to embed the steel snare deeper into the bony jaw of the fish. The angler could feel the power of the fish as the line tore off the spool of the Penn 6000C reel in a smoking blur of blue monofilament. The battle raged back and forth and up and down a hundred yard

The angler could feel the power of the fish as the line tore off the spool...

stretch of the river seemingly designated by both combatants as the best arena available.

Nearly an hour went by before the battle ended. The salmon slowly rolled over onto its side after one last, long, and dazzling run. The angler drove a sharp gaff hook deep into the fish.

As he was deftly loading the forty pound salmon onto his shoulder, he was thinking of the pleasure the guests at his eightieth birthday party would have as they savored

the rich flesh of the once noble fish. Thoughts of his friends and family leisurely revolved through his mind as he slowly wended his way homeward.

Half way up the canyon's passage, the man reached for a Vine Maple's exposed root. Suddenly, the thick root gave up its grip onto the wall of the cliff. The weight of the salmon threw his balance off and he plunged down the steep slope.

Broken and bleeding, he lay unmoving on the shelf of basalt rock. Unplanned threads of thought wove through his memory as he reflected on the experiences that had helped to give meaning to his life; of the women he had loved, who had not loved him; of the women he had not loved, who had loved him; and of all the other women, who fell somewhere in between. He had always felt that a man had to play the cards he had been dealt. Anything else seemed to be unacceptable. Did the course of a man's fate have to be so unbending? He could only pray that it was not.

The glow of the setting sun cast warm shadows across the canyon walls. A pair of Mergansers, flew swiftly upriver in the elusive style they favored. The slapping tail of a beaver, signaling a warning, came from far downstream. Luminous light reflecting from the silver sides of the salmon shone into the blue eyes of the angler which were as clear as fresh spring water.



Contributors:

Stephen L. Anderson is a Senior in the Concordia College Secondary Education Social Studies program. He enjoys travelling and philosophy.

Randy Bush is self-described as library person, eternal student, gullible-by-choice, and seeker of truths in the scandalous fantastic.

Bobbi Day is a Secondary Education Language Arts major at Concordia College. She is currently looking forward to graduation, and to spending more time writing and gardening.

David Dimoff is a 1993 graduate of Housing Design from Oregon State University. He survived the trip to England with the Concordia students led by Dave Kohl.

Joshua Dwire is studying Elementary Education at Concordia College who will be basking in the wet sunshine of Oregon for the summer.

Lorien M. Edman is a student and grounds keeper at Concordia College. She is a talented writer and artist. Her artistry can be seen in the flower beds, shrubs and lawns on campus.

Brett Fischer is a University of Oregon graduate with a degree in English. He is currently earning a Secondary Education teaching certificate at Concordia College. He enjoys music, athletics and travel.

Frank Gebhard is a Concordia College faculty member in the Math, Science and Humanities departments with varied interests that include photography. His interest in China was well-stimulated by spending fall term in south eastern China.

Dawn Grauer is a graduating Elementary Education major with a minor in the performing and visual arts.

Steven Jackson is a soon-to-be second-year Senior at Concordia College who is chipping away at resources to use in his thesis on the Gothic in Hermann Hesse.

Bret Olson (A.K.A. "Snot") is a freshman soccer player at Concordia College who is still searching for Eric.

Daniel Petrasek was born in Strakonice, Czechoslovakia. He studied Russian and History at the West Bohemian University and became a gym teacher in Sokolov. Now he is working as a manager of a glass factory in Olovi.

Geramy Rapp is a junior at Gresham High School whose talents include astronomy and photography.

Mizuho Sasaki is an advanced level English Language School student from Japan who is delighted to see her work in print!

Kristin Scherer is a Director of Christian Education major at Concordia College. With her free time (as little as there is) she enjoys friends and family and being outside.

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Daniel Siprian is an outspoken, obnoxious, but poetic Elementary Education major at Concordia College, Portland who plans to take his teaching talents into an inner-city classroom.

Heather Stueve is a theatre professor at Concordia College who enjoys exploring the other fine arts by reading (everything in sight), writing, gardening, and singing. Her greatest joy comes from exploring the countryside with her husband, her dog and her Jeep.

Robert York is a Concordia College senior in Secondary Education Language Arts who enjoys fishing, hunting, camping and reading Hemingway.

What's Next?

So, you didn't see your name in this issue's contributor list? Don't panic! All is not lost. *The Promethean* will go on. This Fall's issue will feature a poetry contest with a first prize of at least \$25. It will also continue to include short stories, essays, art and photographs. Submissions for the next issue are already being accepted. Send submissions to:

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