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.

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 papers for me; to Bev 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.

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 with 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

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

Siprian

Dedicated to Davis De Leon
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

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.

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 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 mailboxes beside the sidewalks. In Japan, there are many garbage cans near the sidewalks. These look like U.S. mailboxes and are red. One day, my friend and I were walking down a street and saw a blue mailbox. 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 mailbox 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 windsless day. The stalks were 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 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 glasses. Wait a minute, I don't wear glasses.

Suddenly I felt something rub up against my leg. The wheat was too tall; I couldn't identify the mysterious perpetrator. I looked a bent quickly, then slowly—then quickly again! But it was no use, the water was just too deep. Thinking nothing of it I dismissed it. I heard something looking at me. Could it be 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 glasses. Wait a minute, I don't wear glasses.

Suddenly I felt something rub up against my leg. The wheat was too tall; I couldn't identify the mysterious perpetrator. I looked a bent quickly, then slowly—then quickly again! But it was no use, the water was just too deep. Thinking nothing of it I dismissed it. I heard something looking at me. Could it be 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 glasses. Wait a minute, I don't wear glasses.

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 only grandson. I got a busy signal. "He must not be home," I thought. 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, I 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. I have a fish, sure, but he is 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, the sun was setting, dogs barking, cats meowing, snakes hissing, babies crying... "SHUT UP!" I whispered. And it was all 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, 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.

Tomy 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 obvious that I had missed it. I had released my grip on the waterpipe 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 facet 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 I could think was "Stop it! Stop it! 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. "Barn, barn!" Who is it?" There was no answer. Again there was a knock at the door. "Barn, barn!" Again, no answer when I called. Another knock. "Barn!" 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 games. 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 and suddenly I was all right. I was standing, barefoot, 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 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 hit me like a ton of feathers. It was all clear now. "There's 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

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.
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

Lonely hearts everywhere
Only wish for one to love
Lonely ever knowing a soft caress
Lonely eternal search denied, and yet
Lonely loves promise draws me on
Lonely earning for a day no longer alone

Lorien M. Edman

Siprián

http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol2/iss3/1
Vibrations in Eskimo Dog Sled Runners: Paulsen's Dogsong, Art and the Transcendent

By Randy Bush

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."

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 mesas 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 popped 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.

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

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 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, Perz-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 heated, I can see my dogs.

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.

We recall; we forecast. At a simpler level, we depend on transcendental thinking to accomplish the most mundane 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, 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 coats 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. I hardly think a twentieth century scientist 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 abstract 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 idea of an existence without wit 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 Kitksan 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 proof needs to fall squarely on the skeptics. And rather than hiding behind Descartes like stubborn first-graders who accept “nothing 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. 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.

An “atlatl,” or 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 fleshes 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 possibility. A man and Cannibal Spirit become, in a unified sense, 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 present us, 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 facts 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.

Works Cited

"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
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
DUMBFOUNDED 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
SCENES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Clockwise from below left:
Frank Gebhardt, 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.
The doesn't cool down night sky as if to wish upon a star. Bringing his intent eyes stuff off your so much, and we were both wondering what kind of scheme. Later that night after dinner, I walked around the beautiful in the...
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 crowded shore, 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.

Weeping they sat down by the smoldering fire. The Other 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."

Translation from Czech by Lenka Sedlacekova.

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 Osprey headed down the trail to the river seemingly 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, he saw 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 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 stretch of the drift, seemingly designated by both combatants as the best arena available.

Nearly an hour went by before the battle ended. The anglers slowly rolled over onto his shoulder, as the angler followed the trail along the bank of the Sandy River, slowly streaming through a bay window and wiped away the dust from his young child.

The man strode out of the back door onto the verdant green lawn. The fragrant, earthy smells of the forest assaulted his nostrils as he gradually worked the kinks from the expensive Lamiglas rod which had not been used since the previous season. 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 compressor helping to soothe his soul as he strode to the edge of the river.

The salmon slowly rolled over onto its side after one last, deep into the fish. He drove a sharp gaff hook deep into the fish and saw the rich flesh of the once noble fish. Thoughts of his friends and family leantically revolved through his mind as he slowly winds his way homeward.

Broken and bleeding, he lay unmoving on the shelf of a bass 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 who 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 chirping tail of a beaver, signaling a warning, came from far downstream. Luminous light reflecting from the silvery sides of the salmon shone into the blue eyes of the angler which were as clear as fresh spring water.

Department: Promethean, Spring 1994
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 southeastern 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.

Mizuo 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.

Erich S. Schneider is an Elementary Education major at Concordia College and the retiring editor-in-chief of The Promethean. He hopes to graduate and find a life soon.

Mary Schuldheisz is an adjunct professor in Social Sciences and Education, an administrative assistant in Athletics, and L.E.S.T. Director at Concordia College. Her most challenging work is being a wife and a mother.

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:

Concordia College
c/o The Promethean
2811 NE Holman
Portland, OR 97211

http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol2/iss3/1