



PENTUCKET
LITERARY MAGAZINE

TEN CENTS

CHRISTMAS 1966

Edited by Richard P. Gabriel

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Tergiversations

Pentucket Literary
Magazine

Ten Cents

Christmas 1966

Philistine Observations of a Dance

R. P. Gabriel

It was an impressively beautiful winter's
Night that I decided to go to a dance.
Dressed in my finest funeral suit, I
Entered the pulsing, madly insane gym.

There upon a platform was a local D. J.
Evanescent whiffs of after shave lotion,
Gaudy, sedate, and alluring, chance to
Enter my nostrils, thusly filling my brain
With blurred hallucinations.

From some obscure corner came shrill
Femmasculine voices accompanied by
A rumbling bass that shook my insides
To a disturbingly delightful degree.

It took the insanely, mad atmosphere a
Negligible time to force itself upon me.
Wildly I was part of it all. My wits
Were without me, watching to see the
Spectacle I presented.

Curiously I followed myself swim through
The rhythmically pulsing crowd. I joined a
Group and was immediately spouting absurdities.
I talked myself mad, drinking soda like air.

Girls, the variety teased my skeptical eyes.
Dancing. Wild contortions, jumping idiocy.
Sensibility flying before a wave of human motion, sounds.
I watched myself watch them. I watched myself watch
Myself watching myself watching them, dazed.

(stanza break)

Hair, hair jumping about, everywhere, in my
Face. Gorgeous blonde, brunette, red, chestnut,
So much of it. Alien ideas either came into or
Were formulated in my puzzled brain.

What is different? I would have it. Aha!
I would obtain a bushel of this hair and weave
A belt of it, or a scarf. How phantasmagorical!
What color? Blonde, a fine blonde scarf. I searched
The room for the correct shade. Beautiful.

Flirting, joking, almost off-color puns; mixed
Company not offended. Some of us sang along with
The record machine. Impressive falsetto filled the air.
Everyone joined, madly imitating.

New dances were made up. One looked like some insane machine.
Up and down. Running around. Jump as high as you can.
We were as one, not one individual. Drinks were passed
Around. Everyone had some. What mad ecstasy.
What fantasy, like a dream: nonsense.

A waltz, slow, serene. I stood there, not dancing, alone.
I watched them dance, close. I became one again. Again
The smells were noticeable. I wanted to dance. A
Friend was just standing there alone. I wondered why
She wasn't dancing; everyone wanted to dance with her.
She was watching, same as me. She had been in the
Group. After a while she looked at me, my mind smiled.
I remembered the girl hair scarf, turned, and went out
Into the cold, clear night air lethargically.

Marullus

“Daydreaming”

R. P. Gabriel

On warm days, sunny days when all there is to
Do is rest, I sit and daydream, think of days gone
By and days that haven't come yet. It pleases me
To do so. What would happen if...? What would they say...?
Walk along where the breeze is warm, where friendliness
Is known to live, see if happiness will come out and play.
Walk up to her house, rap lightly on the door. If the day
Is cloudy or cold, then maybe she has another visitor.

I visit the house often, but sometimes....
I just walk on by into the light.
So I daydream on such a day, I find the spot I have
Always found, sit and drift off.

She used to like me, but I daydream more now.

“The Circuit”

There is a friend of
Mine who has been married
For thirty years.
The other day he was telling
Me that whenever he was working
On a circuit or on his ham
Radio and was a little confused,
He would explain the thing to his
Wife, and he would be straightened out.
He says he's sure she doesn't understand
What he is saying, but she always
Says “yeah” at the right time.

“The Stump”

One day a farmer was trying
To pull a stump that was in the way.
He worked and sweated for several
Days; but he failed.

Twenty years later a
Traveler happened upon the
Stump; it was rotted out
And reddish-brown. He gave
It a passing kick, and it
Fell apart.

A Declining Issue

Janis Kurkjian

The American problem of civil rights appears to be a declining issue in national policies. I attribute this decline to two factors. Some white Americans tend to fear the Negro. Others are totally apathetic to our problem. I say "our problem" with strong conviction. The civil rights movement should not be a Negro cause, but an American cause.

The fear of Negroes by white Americans is a very important factor in the declining civil rights movement. In recent months, there have been riots which have provoked white backlash. This backlash is expressed through the fear of the white Americans. I believe that white Americans do not realize the real cause of most Negro riots. In my opinion, most riots are made up of youngsters who are totally unaware that they are hurting the cause of civil rights. They riot for "kicks" and do not represent the attitudes of the majority of the Negro Population.

An equally important factor is the apathy of white Americans. People who have no contact with Negroes feel that this is not their problem and they should not be concerned. At this time, more and more white Americans will come into contact with Negro Americans; therefore, the civil rights movement must be a united effort of Negroes and whites, just as this country must be a united country of Negroes and whites. Black Power enthusiasts, such as Stokely Carmichael, do not realize that we must all work together. Cries of racism have been heard against the white segregationists. Now we are confronted with the black racism of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

For the welfare of our country, whites must overcome their fear of Negroes and realize that the civil rights movement must be a common cause of all Americans.

<untitled>

M. Tammik

It's hard to realize.
But I must.
I didn't even know him,
And now that he is gone
I miss him.
We will never meet again,
I know that—and still I hope.
He will think of me I'm sure.
But not enough.
And I will never forgive myself
For not becoming his friend.

<untitled>

M. Tammik

Where did the hour of nine go?
Where, as I was gazing into
Your deep brown eyes, did
the hour of nine go?
If your eyes will set me free
I'll not be wondering in another hour
Where did the hour of ten go?

The Hoodlums Two

Dudley Farquhar

Now Mugzi and Fingers
Were talking one day
And decided they needed money
In a real bad way.

But how would they get it
Was the question at hand
It had to be dishonest
For that was their brand.

Tires were the items
That they stole best
So when the next night came
They'd put it to the test

Jack it up, Jack it up
The coast is clear
Four more tires
Worth money so dear

When dark nights come
They roam through the hub
And then they escape
In a yellow sub

If you're a goodie goodie
And don't like their trade
You just have to consider
The money they've made

(stanza break)

The chances of catching
The duo are slim
For Mugzi always got
A shotgun with him

Now Mugzi he's tough
And Fingers he's bold
And there isn't a jail
That the two, could hold.

A Good Following

R. P. Gabriel

Sometimes when I walk along a busy street, a voice will call out:
“hey you ugly fool, who do you think you are?”

Or sometimes after I finish a difficult task, someone will say:
“hey, that’s really funny, what did you do it for, a joke?”

Or when I ask a favor of somebody, he will answer:
“do it yourself, or aren’t you smart enough?”

Or sometimes I’ll try to be someone’s friend and get laughed at for a reward.

Good to hear from the fans I always say.

Stated Briefly

Helene B. Jervey

Brief is brief,
And who can deny
That there are no laws
Of length to defy?

One can express himself in words,
Or add to it leaf upon leaf.
Who's to say that what is long
Dominates that which is brief?

Life can be short
And very compact,
But quite equal to
Any other, in fact.

One can state briefly that which is his
Or linger upon it for many a day.
Brevity seems to be stifling, but
One can easily ramble on and on
with nothing whatever to say.

Hampton

Danni

the rocks and sand are lonely now;
the once mighty ocean mops her brow.
through the summer beauty was her art,
now her strength neglects her heart,
the pounding surf, once her heart's beat,
now lies forlornly at her feet.
the monstrous crash you hear is hollow,
for the next three seasons she'll sigh in sorrow,
for as the youth left her domain,
so her spirit became disdain.
through the summer reigned unselfish love
'twixt the sea, the soul, the stars above
september forced the soul to part
now all three share a broken heart.
for what is the soul without youth tender
the sea and the stars will ne'er their love render*
until the three with joyous refrain,
will clasp the hand of summer again.

* In the original this was clearly typed as "vender."

“Real or Imagined”

Cynthia Lurvey

Just looking at the ugly deserted building gave one the feeling of a being lurking in its inky darkness.

The cold grey fog encircled the tower as if hiding a sinister secret. Yes, this was “Castle Death”—there could be no mistake.

As I approached the bedroom in the tower where she died and saw the deep red blood stain, I had the grotesque feeling that I was being watched by someone or something hoping to have another chance of repeating its dreadful crime. At this, I turned and ran. Yet I had the feeling it was coming closer.

What happened next I can't remember. But when I again opened my eyes, the castle was all in flames and I heard a scream from within—or did I only imagine I heard a scream? Was there ever anything in the castle?

To this day, I often wonder, was all I saw real or did my mind only think it saw and heard what it did?

A Well Respected...Friend

Danni

Don't say I'm empty
'Cause I'm full to the brim
of those precious words, from you and him.
You say, "you're different, you must be wrong."
It's important to you that I conform,
 Isn't it?
Who gave to you the precious might
to say I'm wrong and you are right
oh sure, you're great, I ought to know,
but it's mostly you who tells me so,
 Isn't it?

The Poet

John Kurkjian

I look at every sin of life.
Every darkened spot.

I see the murder; I see the theft,
I view the living rot.

I see all of these wrongs of life,
Observing from my cell,

But miss the hypocrisy of myself;
A still better view of Hell.

Protest Cat

John Kurkjian

Everyone kick Uncle Sam!
While he's in Viet Nam.
Hit him when he's down,
Protest Cat.

What would happen if we left?
Then Cambodia, then the Philippines.
Then Hawaii
Protest Cat.

Then where would you go?
When they came here.
Maybe you could go to Hell,
Protest Cat.

Shoes

John Kurkjian

How many pairs of shoes do You have?
three? four? eight?
a child in Viet Nam might have one,
if he's lucky.

If things were the other way around,
You might complain.
But you don't have to worry about that,
do you.

* * *

Tergiversations: From “tergervisate,” 1. Make conflicting or evasive statements; equivocate. ‘the more she tergiversated, the greater grew the ardency of the reporters for an interview’; 2. Change one’s loyalties; abandon a belief or principle. Mid 17th century: from Latin *tergiversat*—‘with one’s back turned,’ from the verb *tergiversari*, from *tergum* ‘back’ + *vertere* ‘to turn.’

* * *

These are literary pieces from the Christmas 1966 edition of “Tergiversations,” filtered to include only authors from the class of 1967. Small corrections by Richard P. Gabriel.

The Pentangle

June 2, 1967

A good piece of literature is just as much a work of art as is a Rembrandt painting, a Michelangelo sculpture, or a Beethoven cantata. On this June second, when Pentucket is celebrating its Arts Festival, we on the staff of the Pentangle thought it fitting to bring to public attention the fact that literature is also a component of the phrase “fine arts.” The students whose works you find in these pages are in every way as talented as those whose works you see lining the halls or whose music you will hear tonight, and it is our sincere hope that you will take them and their contributions just as seriously as you do the others participating in the festival.

We would like to thank Mr. Fenerty for time, help, and suggestions for setting up the Pentangle. We are also very grateful to Mr. Cook and his typing classes for their invaluable help in printing the magazine.

<untitled>

Paul MacDonald

all in all
man will survive
his destiny
but, being undecided
he will continue
only until childhood ends

if there was a
young man living
yet he was dying
would this mean that
life in all its “glory”
was ending in a catastrophic way?

I think not
only of death and life
aiming to be
but also of the freedom which
LBJ is giving me
After all, it's not everyone who is drafted

long ago when
I was an old man
I sometimes thought of love and hate
all being the same
though man has learned to ignore
the difference, he still tends toward hate

(stanza break)

many times I
thought of death being imminent
now I am sure
Since Vietnam means
so much to LBJ
I will surely die for him.

isn't love and patriotism
the greatest threat
to a country?
another country, that is,
because we intrude
then exclude them, lending a helping hand.

Should We Flood The Sistine Chapel So Tourists Can Get Nearer The Ceiling?

Anonymous (Richard P. Gabriel)

Stark the bare evergreens glared as they
raised themselves up before the sun's first
piercing rays, and round they fully gathered
themselves up encircling the grassy clearing.
There stood two ceremoniously bedecked knights of
gallant stature and appearance.

One's newly polished silver armor proudly
turned back the light whence those rays
struck, and the other's battled the sun
equally well.

Upon the first's was a white plume of
unusual dimensions, which bore itself
doubly just under the tempered calmness.
Affixed about his neck was found a gaily
rendered scarf bearing the benison of
his lady.

Across the length of the field awaited
the second jousting; his mace of vicious
proportion, displaying freshly honed spikes
which sprung from its surface like hearty
trees from a cruel rock face, carrying his
weight while he considered his splendid
opponent.

(no stanza break)

Soon they ceased their preparations and
advanced toward each other with malicious
contempt darting from their eyes, which lay
hidden behind sturdy helmets.
Without delay they brandished their weapons
fiercely over and about their heads, exchanging
feigns and shouting curses bitterly.
Thus they continued for some length of time
until weariness overcame them both.
Retreating to the edge of the somber forest,
they removed their helmets to breathe the
cool morning air.
When the plumed helmet had been removed
there was exposed such a bulbous nose
and gruesome countenance as would be
expected to cause life to re-enter a
corpse, while the face of his opponent
shone so meek and diminutive as to be
thought impossible

* * *

The Past is the home of people
Who have never been; the Future can only wait
For those who will never be. For Simplicity commend Yourself
To Your Fellow Man, or wait until the Future has commended itself
To the Past and then resign yourself to pass out of
Sight, hidden by the music of a Personal Eternity.

Without Politeness—Or I'll Assume

Richard Gabriel

Two people
 and a road, forking apart,
 away.
But together yet, still one: apart and one,
 away.
Together for only one, but not the other,
 one is apart, the other together.
Why the one and not the other? Or together?
 —neither, but the one.
The roads fork apart, but were once one;
 and which way does the one go? Away or apart?
 Always away, for one is
 together, and one apart.
Remembering always the apart, being always away,
 feeling always together, the one.
 The road together and away
 —away and apart, or
just together, a thousand ways together.
 By traveling the way which is not apart
 or away, toward.
Tell me just once, but for awhile, that there is a
 together,
 together,
 without away,
 not apart.

The Wind

John Wight

The wind roars,
ripping, slashing, scoring the boughs,
Beating and twisting the trunks,
Stripping off the leaves,
Screaming down the valley, the wind....
Relentless, overpowering in its path
It smashes all.
The wind...Oh, it's so windy today!

Clouds, dark and heavy,
Pushed along by the tempest, the wind,
Deluge the dry, dusty soil,
Washing all away in rivulets and gullies.
The hot, sweltering sun vanishes from the
earth,

While wind roars and screeches,
Uprooting, dislodging, engulfing, terrorizing
the valley.

Ushering before it the dry leaves, the
dust,
Pushing and dragging fallen branches.

The shouty door bangs open and shut,
Open and shut,
Open and shut, the wind roars....
The shingles fly in the wind, down
the valley,
In the face of the wind, the terrible,
wicked wind....

The Saxon and the Sea

Lynn Sykes

A Saxon on the English soil.
Toil for days in the sun.
He walked upon the sand of brown and the rocks that bear the sea.
He asked the sea, "Oh grant me thee,
Riches, love, and immortality."
The sea answered in thunderous claps.
"Cast eyes not to the East.
Where once you toil in the brown black soil."
There to the North unveil.
The mist she rolled away.
In the reflections of sun and the day.
Way beyond the mountains and the ice,
A dragon ship strong of steel.
"Curse you," cried the Saxon in anger.
"May you die in hell."
He turn toward the East in the direction of his village.
And cried the death words of his atonement.
"The Vikings The Vikings!"
And so it was as the last days of Pompeii.
Chaos, panic, and in mingling,
Now has past and the days number one.
And a small object scrapes its body against the rocks.
The Saxon asked in his fear of death.
"Oh sea, Of sea, Taker of lives.
Why bring me thou of death and hell?"
The sea replied in a crashing of rocks.
"I have brought you them this 'tis true
But, now they lie 'neath the blue.
Under the rocks and under the ice.
Forever in time for all of your crimes."

Tripsic Durchens*

Paul Noel
Albert Mitchell

A smart bird never dies in flight,
A semi-fish with whales never fights.
Don't peanut your coffee in the midst of blue,
Don't carry a gun that is filled with glue.
Pine trees and shellfish doubly refrained,
And the hobster that chortles will never crummel again.
Blonde glasses reflect orange snow,
No, Noel, you can't go twice in a row.
Myxomycetes with vigor anew,
Tremmled and throbbled all over the stew.
Ergo, Tripsic Durchens.

* This is a chain poem, where each line was written by each of four authors taking turns. "Paul"= Richard Paul Gabriel, "Noel"=John Noel Wight, "Albert"=Raymond Albert Boucher, and "Mitchell"=John Mitchell Kurkjian.

Crocodile Tears

Danni

They told an old man,
“You cannot eat here,”
He fought, was overpowered,
I cried not a tear.

(I said “I’m sorry,” I didn’t ask why.)

They told a young boy,
“You must take this gun,
It is not like a toy,
You must kill someone.”

(I said “I’m sorry,” It’s not for me to ask why!) (AFTER ALL!)

They told a little girl,
“This is not your school,
Your people go back there;
It’s a white people’s rule.”

(I said “I’m sorry,” It isn’t my problem, I don’t ask why.)

They brought my baby home today,
“But he was so young,” I cried.
Killed in a rice paddy far away,
And what do they tell me?

“I’m sorry” —why?

Morality Revisited (By Popular Demand)[†]

S. R. (Sean Russell=Russell Philbrick)

The One-Man Morality rode into town today
Shooting off his mouth instead of his guns,
Indicted the priest, arrested the Church
And surrounded the town with Sainthood.

Banned the play and the players,
Put stained-glass windows in the teachers' room,
Closed-circuit T.V. in the lavs,
And a brick wall around his brain.

Reinforced his mind from both thought and common sense,
Declared both doctors and nurses as obscene,
Petitioned for asbestos eardrums and burned intense incense
To disguise the smell of his own hypocrisy.

Arranged for the dedication of a plastic crucifix
To commemorate the memory of violated morality
And in general carried his own disgusting cross.
 A person whom I find to be morally objectionable.

[†] In the original, the next to last line reads: "And in general carried his own disgusting Cross—man!" This poem was written in response to the reaction of the school board to the senior class play, "My Sister Eileen," in which an unmarried couple live together. In particular, it was in response to remarks made by Lloyd Crossman, a member of the school board.

Windsome

S.
R.

A field of yellow candle flames
Fly, flicker in the windy seas
The muses of a brooklet stream
Flow ripple-riddled by the breeze.

Small birds, tummersaulted in their flights
Scale towards the earth on bending knees
While grasslands bow to the applause
Of clapping doors, the slapping stamp of trees.

Quietly through these tides of blow,
The sun is shining, tomorrow's beginning to grow.

<untitled>

Glenn Cunningham

The metal body of the P41 transport vibrated beneath the throbbing of its engines while far below the jungles of South Vietnam slid by.

Inside sat eight men, each absorbed in his own thoughts, each wondering the outcome of the jump. One in particular looked reasonably indifferent. He was Captain Donald Fander. Fander sat staring out at the open night sky while rubbing his jet black grease paint on his exposed face, neck, and forearms. Fander had been a member of the crack 1st battalion army rangers for three years. He now thought about events leading up to his enlistment into this tough airborne outfit.

Don, or “Buddy,” as his friend called him, had been a quiet boy, always tall for his age who had excelled in sports.

When Don was eight, he discovered the best way to influence people was by being ruthless. At least a bully was a way to stay in people’s thoughts, but being a quiet boy, people thought of him as weird.

When Don was thirteen, his younger sister died. Don cried for a week and when he finally did return to school, after two months, he promptly beat up one of his classmates who had previously made fun of his sister. The boy was taken to the hospital and Don was suspended.

Don never felt emotion for anyone again. When his mother died, Don, who was seventeen, was strangely empty for emotion. His father badgered and bullied him until he joined the rangers. Don liked the rangers. Their precision and lack of mistakes helped this emotionless boy to blend in.

The red light above the door blinked on and the eight rangers stood checking each others’ chutes, while they shuffled toward the opening of the plane. When they reached the door, Fander hooked his static line to the overhead line which, when he jumped, would open his chute automatically.

Fander was second in line, directly behind the new young recruit who bunked with him. The red above the door changed to green, and Fander

wanted to jump but the new recruit was frozen, possibly afraid. Without thinking, Fander suddenly hated this boy for his weakness, lunged at him, forcing him out of the door. As Fander was about to jump he noticed the up-turned face rapidly falling and then to his horror, the unhooked static line.

Viet Nam, War, and Human Nature

Gerry Rose

Man's human nature is both his strength and his weakness, it is his stupidity and his wisdom, for human nature is man's guiding light and man's history.

The feeling and wish of one man to dominate another is human nature. Man has always felt and desired dominance over all. This is shown often through history but most recently remembered as happening in Nazi Germany. Hitler preached of German Supremacy and Aryan Germans flocked to his banner with war of conquest and supremacy as the result.

War is man's means of achieving this dominance; history bears this out. This war in Viet Nam is no different, for the North Vietnamese, Viet Cong, Red Chinese, and Russian communists hope to dominate man's world with their own ideology, which is preached to be one of collective classlessness, which I feel is unachievable. Classism is again a fundamental trait of human nature which, barring complete extermination, is almost unchangeable. South Viet Nam, the U.S., and our allies are also fighting for dominance of our own ideology, which I firmly believe, and I hope the majority of the world believes, is Peace and equality for all mankind.

The question now in Viet Nam is not whether we are right or wrong in being there but which ideology will win out in the war for world dominance. All Americans should not just rally around our flag but we should back our country for peaceful equality for all mankind.

Human nature can be man's downfall, but it can also be man's savior for the most basic trait of human nature is survival against any odds.

The Mirror Merchant

S.

R.

The nighttime swelled and crested and fell. Murmurs traced the ocean's song along the shore. Seaspawn mist upon the coastal brew anointed the dark whispering wetly through the vacant sands. As midnight paraded through seething breaths of surf, two ears listened in deafness to the din, two eyes painted shadows through the night, fingers sensed the presence of the wind, cracked lips responded dumbly to its voice. Eyelids bowed with wet vibrations rose again in mental rains.

His mind revolved in the sleepfulness, a spiraling collage of memory ebbing against his brain, beating tattoos of reminiscence through the scattered night. Precise pictures effervesced like the gossamers of the sea, rising and falling with the cadence of their pain, receding first in the wakes of bitterness and spending themselves again upon the shore of his mind.

Daryn sipped the air-borne salt and fell back upon the beach. His shoulders pressed into the misted sand as he stared up into the outlines of the moon, idly tracing the trellised paths of stars in their movements through timelessness. His eye followed a meteor along the latticework of space. As it climbed from its heated birth the particle swam in a momentary blaze of light. Suddenly, intentionally, the meteor extinguished itself in the emptiness of its world. Daryn shut his mind to the rapid conclusion of promised life and turned to the solitude of the ocean.

A crab tossed up on shore struggled in a slimy seaweed prison. It lanced its legs erratically against the tangled chains, desperately, futilely, until the sea, with foaming fingers, reclaimed both as its own. All that remained was an abstract pattern in the sand, several scars from the spindled legs, which even as Daryn watched, were dissolved in heaving tides. The mists reset their normalcy, dancing on the waves of loneliness which beat upon the shore.

The sound of his written voice to Sandra echoed from the maze of Daryn's nighttime walls. A voice of pen and paper: the sound of blue and homely characters proceeding miserably and silently across the lined

whiteness of his thoughts. His mind reached back to touch her hair. Spun ebony woven in midnight phrases, black shimmering accents curving to her shoulders, punctuated only by the depth of her eyes and the silence of her smile. He breathed his fingers along the contours of her face, sensing the moisture of her lips through the nerves of his imagination. He felt himself withdrawing into the beauty of her memory and struggled to surface against the rippling undertow of his thoughts.

He forced himself to stand to prop his sanity up against the collapsing walls of his mind. There was nothing to be gained in reliving the months which they had spent together. The cage of time which he had built to imprison his fears of losing her had been destroyed when she died, just as he had been destroyed. He had relived their relationship too many times in too many ways. He no longer wanted to survive the agony of familiar surroundings, familiarity which attached him so strictly to loneliness. He wanted freedom from the torture of the night and its reminiscences of dead beauty.

Sensation tricked slowly into Daryn's legs; their numbness was replaced by the arthritic cold of the wintertime beach. He walked insensibly along the sand, hypnotized by the moonlight sparks being struck from the surface of the sea. His head fell heavily forward, stretching the muscles taut along the back of his neck. The throbbing dullness of the pain merged with the vacant solace of oceansong—and he cried.

A vague shadow drifted towards Daryn from the darkness of the shoreline. It seemed formless and temporary in the vastness of Daryn's eyes and through the prisms of his tears. Its mystery and impropriety attracted him and he walked towards it, sinking alternately into the sand and the confusion of his thoughts. Both mediums slowed his step, and each effort became an hour before the shadow defined itself as a tall but timeworn man. Daryn stared into the angularities of the tired face. It was a warm face, yet distant; sculpted by time and the artistry of both happiness and sorrow. The man's eyes were set deeply and darkly below a wrinkled forehead. His hair was thin, indistinguishable in color, silvered by graying rivulets of moonlight. The ruddiness of his complexion circled pencil-line lips tightly compressed into neither a smile nor a frown, but a curious expression of omniscience and serenity.

As Daryn watched, the lips parted; through the hairline fissures of his teeth, the man's even voice asked why Daryn had come to the beach.

His mind reacted violently against the question and its apparent challenge. He couldn't say that he wanted to die; he couldn't say that he wanted to silence his tortured memory in the greater tones of the sea. His conscience reeled in an attempt to substitute an answer for the truth, but Sandra's eyes stared through his deceptions and haunted his tongue. He screamed his misery and indecision toward the huddled man and fell to his knees, crying and shuddering and lost.

The vitality of life grew wan before his eyes, and tracings of darkness painted the leaves with mourning tears.

A single leaf vibrated before the wind, desiring to detach itself from what it knew to be life. Beyond the security of its arboreal society was the blackness of an unknowingly hostile fate. The wind whispered through the indecision of evening, and still to decide between life with its split-second turnings of season, and death with the promised calm of unswerving night. Daryn felt compelled to scream of life's consequence.

His arguments reached back to touch his memories of Sandra's beauty, their love, the flowers of spring, the promise of the future that ran through nature's seasons. Its threat that fall must yield to winter but its promise that winter yields to spring. He pleaded with the leaf to fight against the cancellation of dying, and his voice surprised him above the roar of the sea. The image slowly faded and he looked up from the mirrors into the face of the old man. He tried to speak but his voice was lost to thoughts of leaves and winters which charged his mind.

The man answered Daryn's silence saying, "that's the other side of this life. The half that I have lived and the part which you will also know."

As he spoke, Daryn watched an amused smile trickle from the left to the right corners of the man's mouth, finally losing itself in the clarity of his eyes.

The man stood and walked away, leaving behind the mirrors and his words, "You fail if you attempt to paraphrase the poets. You cannot say

good-bye with tears. Her memory will leave you in the muses of time, when you've touched her perfect body with the prayers of your mind."

Fifty years passed and all of their seasons changed with their overtones of death and their explosions of life. On a winter's night, with the frosted stillness outside and the warmth of his life within, Daryn looked into a small mirror on the wall of his room.

The face stared back at him, with its dark eyes set deeply below the wrinkles of his forehead. His hair was thin, indeterminate in color and streaked with gray. He reached out the fragility of his hand and traced his smile from right to left along the silver reflection of his face. It was a warm face yet distant, sculpted by time and the artistry of both happiness and sorrow.

* * *

Note from Gwen Potter: Dick: Enclosed are two (extra) copies of our adolescent strivings for immortality. How very young we were. [September 1987]

* * *

Pentangle: another term for *pentagram*; Late Middle English: perhaps from medieval Latin *pentaculum* 'pentacle' (-aculum assimilated to Latin *angulus* 'an angle'). **Pentagram:** A five-pointed star that is formed by drawing a continuous line in five straight segments, often used as a mystic and magical symbol; mid 19th century: from Greek *pentagrammon*.

* * *

These are literary pieces from the June 2, 1967 edition of "The Pentangle," filtered to include only authors from the class of 1967. Small corrections by Richard P. Gabriel.

Mirror

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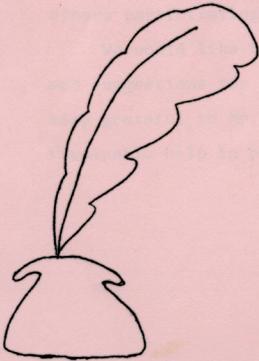
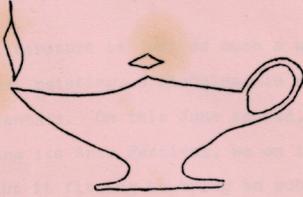
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