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C O N T E N T S

PROSE

OCTOBER AFTERNOON —	
Bonnie Ruth Jenkins	6
FIVE BATHROOMS —	
Patricia Schwartz	10
PORTRAYAL OF MADNESS —	
John R. Hughes	14
GO UP, YOUNG MAN, GO UP —	
Roy Morgan	20
H. L. MENCKEN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY —	
Ronald D. Kryznewski	28
ETHICAL HUMANISM AS A BASIS OF RIGHT AND WRONG —	
Michael Bianco	42

POETRY

ELEGY —	
Patricia Hemenway	7
HOW FAR WILL HE GO? —	
Jane E. Neddoff	8
MEMOIRS OF A CHILD —	
Dolores Amir	12
FASTER THAN THE RAIN —	
Marcha Lynne Hefferan	13
PRECIPICE —	
Patricia Hemenway	18
NEMO —	
Roger Joseph	19
AH! TO WATCH MYSELF DIE —	
Anonymous	24
OEDIPUS? —	
Jane E. Neddoff	26

C O N T E N T S

ELEGY FOR THE UNKNOWN GOD OF ACTS XVII, 23 — Robert L. Chapman, <i>Faculty</i>	38
EYES — Dolores Amir	40
INTRUSION — Patricia Hemenway	46
ECONOMICS — Robert L. Chapman, <i>Faculty</i>	48
TEMPUS FUGIT — Roger Joseph	49
ON HAVING READ WALT WHITMAN — Fred W. Malkemes, Jr.	50

ART EXPRESSION

JUGGLER — Patrica Boyle	9
ILLUSTRATION FOR <i>Portrayal of Madness</i> — Judy Dwyer	14
CALYPSO — Stephen Schwartz	17
EXPECTANCY — Nancy Bonham	23
HEAD — Patricia Schwartz	25
ARTIST'S LAMENT — Hedy Horbaczewski	27
HEAD OF A CHILD — Patricia Boyle	39
CARIBBEAN — Stephen Schwartz	41
RAIN — Nancy Bonham	47

October Afternoon

by BONNIE RUTH JENKINS

Sunday calm settled comfortably over the silent house. Upstairs I sat at my desk. The French exercise before me blurred and took shape again. I bent my head and began to work.

A steady ticking broke the stillness and penetrated my concentration. With each second it grew louder and more bold. But as I listened I made the ticking waltz and I made it march. Outside October was burning slowly into winter, and I was alone.

Sitting at the desk I gazed through a window of the blue room at the back of an empty house. The window framed a gentle hillside. A road climbed the hillside, but no one climbed the road. Inside the blue room I was secure in my aloneness. The family would return soon. The telephone would summon. But now I was separate and apart. Silence collected like a fine coat of dust.

On the hillside the light of late afternoon made the grass a moist, intense green. The road was a cool, gray river flowing between green banks. Intricate, black tree-skeletons stood in mourning against a porcelain blue sky. On the lawn below three yellow leaves tumbled over and over each other like children on a holiday. In the blue room water trickled into the heat vents, giggling to itself. I was not lonely.

Somewhere a door slammed. Feet attacked the stairs. The world swept into the blue room, and my little brother stood there, triumphant.

"We brought cider, and you have to come down now!"

And he was gone. Beyond the window dusk had stolen day's luster. Hillside, road, trees, sky were one, and the blue room was grey. I rose and walked into the brightly lit hallway.

E L E G Y

by PATRICIA HEMENWAY

Before my eyes in grey white skies
Sad melodies drift on their knees
Where grey brown trees, rent of Spring's leaves
Stand desolate and silhouette
A monotone that blows its groan
Across the earth's drear gulf.
And endless swellings breathe of life
Repeating over what is known
Lifting from its casket throne
The tragedy of life and mind
To space's shrine where gaze our eyes
Whose focus' rise and fall in waves of pain
For life is vain and no man sane.
But onward rolls eternal space
Whose changing face relieves with grace
The mockery of time.

HOW FAR WILL HE GO?

by JANE E. NEDDOFF

I walked home from school today
And on my way I met
A little boy in patched jeans
With cardboard in his shoes
He tipped his hat
And scampered on . . .

We were crossing over a bridge
And could look below and see
The trains and tracks
The roofs with puddles on them
The bare windows and torn window shades . . .

The wind was blowing on the bridge
The little boy picked up a piece of newspaper
And he managed, with the strength of his
Eight years,
To push it over the bridge . . .

And then he scampered on
The little boy in patched jeans
With cardboard in his shoes
Who tipped his hat . . .

How far will he go?



JUGGLER

by PATRICIA BOYLE

Five Bathrooms

by PATRICIA SCHWARTZ

If you want to know about me just ask the neighbors. They'll tell you. They'll tell you about how I'm such a nice boy. And how my parents are real nice too. Ask them about my house. It's neat. I mean really neat. We got a pool table, and a finished basement, and a patio out in the back, five bathrooms, and a big fireplace in the living room. They'll also tell you about my friends, but that's all. I mean that they're not gonna tell you about what happened last summer. Did you ever do anything that was really foolish? Well, I have. It's not your business either, how I did such a good job of making a complete ass out of myself. The funny part of it all is that I was dead serious about the whole thing. Jesus Christ, I must be an idiot.

Well, like I said already, it happened last summer when I was working up in the mountains, the Catskills that is. I want you to know that I really don't have to work; my old man is loaded. I know he is. But he tells me that since I'm seventeen it's about time I learned about the value of money. That's a lot of crap though. He just wanted to get rid of me for a while. He thinks I'm a pest who eats too much. In the mountains me and the other waiters and busboys used to give parties. We had nothing else to do. They used to swing, and I do mean swing. At one of these parties I met this chick. A nigger, but she was built. I knew damn well that she was a nigger, and that I was white. All I wanted to do was talk, just a little bit anyhow. I didn't want to have sex with her or anything like that. I'm only seventeen, and I figure that I got plenty of time for those things, and besides I don't know much about sex. After a while we left the party. It was hot and stuffy. We went for a walk. She was doing most of the talking, about her mother, and her kid brother, and her dog Patches. It was getting late, so I took her back to where she was staying, and somehow or other we started holding hands. Well, don't look at me like that! We were just holding hands. Since when is that a crime? Anyhow, she knew her place. Hell, she knew. It was okay for us to be friends up in the mountains. Those other kids were nothing to me, and a lot I

cared if they didn't have anything to do with me. I needed them like I needed a hole in my head. Maybe I had a hole in my head to start with.

When I got back to the city I really goofed up. D'ya know what I did? I did something real dumb. I let the girl come over to visit me. Well, how many people do you know who have five bathrooms and a pool table in their house? When she left my father grabbed me. It was the first time in my life that I can remember him calling me anything more than a pest. You know, my father's a pretty smart man, even if he does curse at his own son. Everything he said would happen, did. I mean people down the block didn't invite him and my mother for bridge on Thursday night. I never thought that they would do that because my mother is the best bridge player that I know. The kids at school forgot I existed except once in a while when I'd get an anonymous note saying something about "nigger-lover." At the time I thought that was pretty dirty of them. But I understand now. I believe that niggers ought to have all their rights and jazz like that, but like my father says, he didn't spend his whole life making his family respectable and having a house with five bathrooms and all, just to have it all torn down. If you want respect you better listen to my father and not lower yourself. I mean we were real lucky because the neighbors and the kids at school finally decided to forget the whole thing. And like I said before, if you want to know about me just ask the neighbors. They'll tell you. They'll tell you about how I'm such a nice boy.



Memoirs of a Child

by DOLORES AMIR

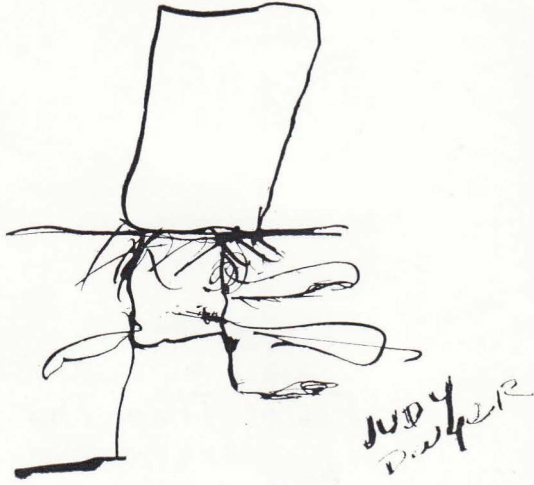
When I was down beside the sea
The waves washed right up close to me,
Teased delightfully at my feet,
Then quickly made a glazed retreat.
Again they came, again they went,
And when my day was fully spent
I beat a printed track back home
Still dripping with the salted foam.

Faster Than The Rain

by MARCHA LYNNE HEFFERAN

The rain is falling — and as each drop of rain falls from
The heaven I too am falling — falling deeper and deeper into
A pit of darkness. Indecision is gradually becoming an
Obsession. I am no longer able to choose — only able to be
Chosen. There is so much that must be made clear but only
Continues to grow darker with each passing day. I am lost.
I am falling faster than the rain.

Portrayal of Madness



by JOHN R. HUGHES

A startled rabbit jumps zig-zaggedly across my path.

"Hello!" it whispers to me. Then, POOF! It disappears.

"Good-bye, Mr. Rabbit," I mouth, hoarsely.

The forest is damp, unlit, and very ugly. I am frightened by the dark loneliness. Shadows, everywhere, are throwing grotesque forms in my direction.

"Mamma! I am frightened!" The words explode inside of my skull like a baby crying out.

"You should watch your P's and Q's, young sir!" Mr. Barclay thunders.

He is here! Now! Oh God! I can see him scowling and frowning at me. An eternity ago, I was in the fourth grade, and that hissing monster was my teacher. It begins again, as a whisper falls from the trees like children gossiping about my bitter plight. I try to hide my head in shame.

"Alfred's a fool; Alfred's a fool — stupid in school!" the whole forest rustles in excitement.

"You should *not* walk on my leaves!" a plaintive voice orders from the mossy earth.

"Oh! Pardon me," I cry out.

"I . . . am Horatio Day Lily, at your service," the voice identifies itself. "Being an angiosperm, I am very complex, you know."

"I am sorry for being careless, Mr. Day Lily."

"Oh, tut-tut! It's perfectly all right. Humans do it all the time, you know."

"Then I am alive . . ." I smile uncertainly. "And I am human!"

"Of course you are! Of course you are human. You have ears, don't you?"

"Yes . . . I do."

"Of course you have ears, silly! You wouldn't hear me, if your ears were missing."

POOF! Suddenly, he vanishes.

I am alone again. It is all so very mysterious. But somehow I feel happier.

Omygod! It's raining. Yes, it is raining — large, very large, huge bucketfuls of the great, big, delicious drops. Pancake sizes! Swelling and exploding! You pregnant dears, help me to hide from Mr. Barclay and the forest.

Wow-ee! That damn thunder. I'll go crazy if it continues to thunder.

Now, where the devil is everything? What am I doing here, stretched out on this bed? Some ignorant fool has poured water all about me. Omygodno, it's just sweat. Where's the cigarettes? Cripes, no cigarettes!

Bars — bars on the window!!! Who the hell put iron bars on my window? I'll knock them off, that's what I'll do — I'll push the damn things off!

"Down, boys! Bend down, bars, I say. I command you to bend apart . . . just this once? Listen to me, fellows: I'm human, you know, just ask the day lily and he will tell you — oh, damn! He's back in the woods — but, anyway, you fat little iron bars, why don't you sort of wiggle sideways like your friends, the floor and the walls? You can, if you'll just try. I'll make an opening here. You know that I have to be there, to be there, to be there . . ."

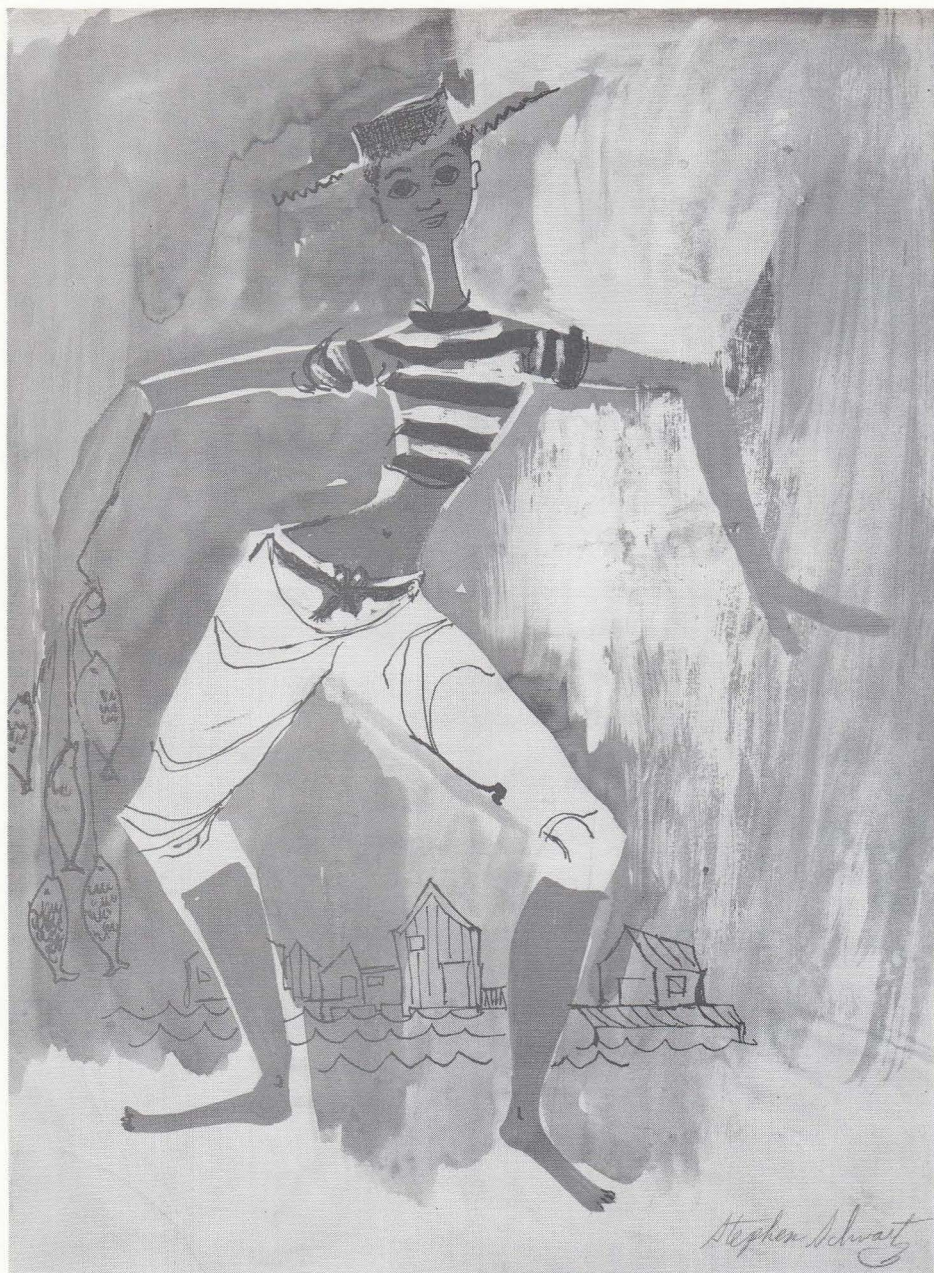
"Now what in the hell has happened? What is this place? Who in the world are you two people? What ever is the matter? I didn't do anything to you. Then why do you have me strapped up in this tub of hot, boiling water? Get a priest; I'm dying! Never mind! I'll live . . . I'm human, you know."

"Let's be serious. Take me to your leader . . . to your leader? Hah-hah! Oh, urg-urg, harh-harh! Take me to your leader, WOW! What funny looking jackasses you are. White coats, no less WHITE COATS! The British are coming, tra-la-la-la. Or is it the red coats?"

"This water is too damn hot! What are you trying to do, liquidate me? — oh, oh! Urg-urg, harh-harh! Wow-ee! Brother, am I humorous! — trying to liquidate me, ha-ha."

Omigosh! That one there with all of the freckles is a female. I'm sure. "Hey, you female jackass! Oops! Do you always give baths to strange men, dear? — oops, de-la-la! — Don't bother, I'll just wash myself."

"Where's my toes! Did anyone see my toes? I'm sure that I had some, when I came in this stupid place. You took them! You female jackass, you stole my toes! Mr. Barclay, make her return my toes. Mr. Barclay, — make her stand in the corner, Mr. Barclay! Hit her, Mr. Barclay! She stole my toes, sir. Mr. Barclay! Mr. Barclay . . ."



CALYPSO

by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

PRECIPICE

by PATRICIA HEMENWAY

Hollow streets and hollow eyes
 Ascend to power
Hollow minds and times arise
 To greet this hour.
The pharisees walk down the street
 Certain of reward
Calculating minds have planned
 Redemption by their Lord.
Relentless ticking of Time's clock
 Resounds around the earth
Life stops to shudder selfishly
 And ponder on its worth.
The walls are high, the moment short
 The answer far away
While unconcerned and hollow souls
 Enjoy a holiday.

N E M O

by ROGER JOSEPH

When the sea became upheavaled
And the wind gave victory roar,
My ship seemed doomed to death
Out on a distant island shore.

The battered bow stood firmly
'Til the storm becalmed at last,
But fates had made their judgment.
To Atropos I would be cast!

The briny sea sent up demons
To decompose another soul;
But for Neptune's hurried pardon,
They surely would have taken toll.

And Heracles was there to slay,
Once more, the Hydra's seven fates.
I was thrown to mighty visions,
Of life, instead of Hecate's gates.

It was a dream I landed on.
The earth had the glow of the young,
And every feather breeze that sang —
Sang a song that was always sung.

I tread on em'rald to the sky
To see ermine top velvet peak,
To feel the sun's uplifting rays
As they through spacious cosmos streak.

Exploring is a mind set free
To wander through the universe,
And here I feel an inner force
Where time the veil cannot transverse.

Go Up, Young Man, Go Up

by ROY MORGAN

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the prime weapon of World War III, which has been in progress for several years, will not even be based on this planet, but will probably be found circling several thousand miles distant. Not only has this fact of space-based weaponry been discernible to the common man for some time, but, surprisingly enough, it has spread to the world leaders. The very fact that the esteemed world leaders recognize the importance of space vehicles has led us to some speculation about various preparations for deterrent and aggressive space warfare.

For instance, when the information that the Russians had managed to put a dog into orbit reached President Eisenhower, he is reported to have said, "American technology is not, I repeat, is not behind that of our Russian friends. Here in America we have been concentrating on basic research in more important areas of scientific endeavor. In fact, word has reached my office that startling advances have been made in the fields of the common cold, Bridey Murphey, and daytime television. I must also re-emphasize that America is not in competition with Russia. There is, in fact, no 'space race' between our two countries. Just in passing I might mention that at this very moment plans are on the drawing boards for scientific instruments which, when put into production, will permit America to put into orbit docile bovines, nanny goats, and perhaps even a rather small gorilla. I thank my fellow Americans."

Nikita Khrushchev is reported by that fountain of journalistic truth, *Tass*, to have said, "We sons of the great Russian bear, children of our great leaders, and quiet toilers for world peace have scored another peaceful victory over our friendly Yankee competitors. Great praise is extended to our superior scientists who made this great peaceful effort possible. Future plans for the utilization of our proved great knowledge of space travel include the sharing of information with our peaceful allies and further exploration of the vast reaches of Soviet interstellar space. Also, we Muskovites plan to use our discovery to institute more humane methods of removing

the enemies of the people. Several high Soviet officials have already applied to the Space Commission for passage on the first orbital exile capsule."

In Britain, Prime Minister Macmillan feels that "We British view the whole matter of the Soviet projectile with great alarm. It is not a comfortable feeling to know that there can be some Russian chap circling overhead. Knowing too that he may, at any moment or from any direction, spy or bark. We British are a very gentle people, but any threat to the integrity of the British Isles will be met with an immediate request for American aid.

"Turning now to matters more dear to the heart of every Briton, I must bring up the dreadful matter of our Sovereign Princess. Since she left off with that terrible Townsend fellow, her 'prospects' have been ebbing. Since we have had much more suffering with old maid princesses than we deserve, I do hope that every effort will be made to find dear Margaret a sufficiently virile and suitable mate."

Across the continent, in Germany, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer had this to say: "We Germans, as a nation, have always been noted for our peaceful desires. However, in the life of every nation there comes a time when she must rise up against tyranny. Now, as in the past, Germany offers the olive branch of peace to the world. Since the Americans have failed to rally to this contest of peaceful scientific advancement, the British are busily marrying off old maid princesses, the French are still trying to replace night baseball, and the South Americans have their hands full keeping up their thirty-revolution-per-month schedule, we, the true champions of peace, have decided to take up the challenge. The Krupp Munitions Works will be reopened, we will kidnap Werner von Braun, the facilities at Peenemunde will be reconditioned, and, with the cooperation of the Volkswagen people, German industrial might will again triumph. We don't intend to merely orbit canines or assorted reptilia or mammalia; no, it is our intent to place the whole German nation into a polar orbit!!"

Now that we have covered the official statements of the world's leaders, let's take a look at what they personally are doing to meet

this new space era. President Eisenhower has purchased a salt mine in Arizona and is rumored to be converting it into the world's deepest golf course. Premier Khrushchev has already started a new series of purges. Prime Minister Macmillan has been seen in the neighborhood of the All's Not Lost Marriage Bureau. Adenauer has taken an office in Berlin and is selling choice farmland on the underside of Germany. What has all of this peaceful competition meant to the American businessman? Quite naturally, a new industry — interplanetary junk collection.





"EXPECTANCY"
~ LINCOLN 1913.

EXPECTANCY
by NANCY BONHAM

Ah! To Watch Myself Die

ANONYMOUS

"Truth is a room lurking of departed people; a continuum of passion and reason which tells you that they were and/or are not there."

Ah! to watch myself die
To see myself careening
At the top of life's endless stairway
To step into distance
Through unsupported arches
To dance on a marble floor
And hear no footfalls
To watch a continuous tide
Rise on that floor, but not
To break
To encompass a rose
And feel its beauty
To know its truth
And own its beauty
But I can only watch, and feel,
And sense, and die.
Ah! to watch myself die.

Hey, buddy,
Hey, sister!
Pray for me!
Plead for my blood
Bleed for my prayer
Kiss me in darkest rain
And leave me
With a swizzle stick
Behind my ear
For sincerest protection.

Ah! to watch myself die!



HEAD

by PATRICIA SCHWARTZ

OEDIPUS?

by JANE E. NEDDOFF

He told me I was pretty
He said that I was sweet,
The one girl in this city
Who had swept him off his feet.

He said he loved me dearly
For him there was no other,
And then he whispered clearly,
"You remind me of my mother."



ARTIST'S LAMENT
by HEDY HORBACZEMSKI

H. L. MENCKEN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY

by RONALD D. KRYZNEWSKI

I see devotion all about me, and for the thing itself have a certain amount of respect. It at least tends toward unselfishness, even when it is not unselfish in origin. Unhappily, it is nearly always wasted upon false gods. The thing I have tried to preach is simply homage to facts, clear and free thinking, intellectual decency.

Viewing the hypocritical devotion which surrounded him in a predominantly Christian nation, H. L. Mencken separated illusion from reality with unusual clear-sightedness. Like Shakespeare's Hamlet, he was irked by what people *seem to be* and what people *are*. Because of his "intellectual decency," Mencken found it impossible to pinpoint his verbal attack on hypocrisy alone; consequently, the entire Christian religion became the target of his vituperation.

Other sensitive men have assailed Christianity, but none of them, in my opinion, have possessed the unique combination of munitions which Mencken possessed. He seems to have had the reason of Thomas Paine, the common sense of Benjamin Franklin, the authority of Dr. Johnson, and the wit of Cervantes. Utilizing these munitions in a quadri-barreled attack and combining them with his vigorous prose style, Mencken succeeded in rattling the complacent Christian cage. The confused clergy retorted by singing angry anathemas, but the amused intellectuals of his age embraced him.

This article is not intended to engender doubt in the minds of Christians. The purpose of this article is to survey H. L. Mencken's assault on Christianity and to try, thereby, to determine its effectiveness. It is also intended to acquaint the present generation of college students with one of the wittiest and most satirical minds of the

twentieth century. Because I believe that the true spirit of Mencken can be captured only by one who reads his powerful prose style, this article will contain some rather lengthy quotations. In the interests of the conservation of space, footnotes will not be used. All direct quotations have been taken from the three sources which appear in the bibliography.

It is perhaps meet that any discussion of Christianity should begin with the Bible. In commenting on the Bible, Mencken had little to say about the Old Testament, but he found a wealth of inconsistency in the New Testament. Concerning the former, he frankly admitted that the rationality of its compilation evaded him:

How did the Book of Ruth get in — a sentimental and very charming novelette quite devoid of religious significance, whose only moral seems to be that the reward of a dutiful daughter-in-law is a rich second husband? And how the Song of Solomon—a lascivious lay of carnal love, with no more piety in it than you will find in the sonnets of Shakespeare?

Notwithstanding his own bewilderment, he firmly opposed the Jewish claim that the Song of Solomon is a hymn to the Jewish nation as the bride of Yahweh, and he also opposed the Christian claim that it is a hymn to the Christian Church as the bride of Christ. To Mencken, the following explanation was more plausible:

The Song of Solomon probably got into the canon of the Old Testament simply because the ancient rabbis could not resist its lush and overwhelming beauty. It is, in fact, the most gorgeous love-song ever written, and no doubt even the dourest Methodists and Presbyterians of today, reading it in their gloomy conventicles, are somehow conscious of that warm and comforting fact, though they try to convince themselves that it is an exercise in theology.

It is possible that Mencken was partial toward the Old Testament and trod softly upon it, for he believed that its lovely poetry made it the most beautiful book in the world.

In analyzing the New Testament, Mencken echoed the inconsistencies voiced by Thomas Paine and added a few logical and humorous observations of his own. In reference to the Trinity, he cited the Gospel of Matthew: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As Mencken observed,

Here is a square and unequivocal statement of Trinitarian doctrine — but Mark knows nothing of it and neither does Luke, and in the Acts of the Apostles baptism is invariably in the name of Jesus alone. We may safely assume, indeed, that it was not written by the original pseudo-Matthew at all, but by some later theologian, and at some time after the church had begun to accept the dogma of the Trinity — a dogma of which Jesus Himself was as completely unaware as He was of the nine symphonies of Beethoven.

But Mencken believed that Jesus was a good, moral man whose ethical teachings were perverted by the absurdities of the New Testament and by priestly dogma. In an effort to illustrate a few of these absurdities, he observed:

There is no reason to believe that He ever heard of the Virgin Birth, or of the mystical and unintelligible dogma of the Trinity, or even of Original Sin. The notion of the Apostolic Succession, with some appearance of historical probability, may be traced to Him, but it is certainly hard to imagine Him, after His bitter onslaughts upon the Jewish hierarchy, countenancing the pretensions of the bishops who now adorn and astound the earth, or believing in the infallibility of the Pope. He knew nothing about saints and it never occurred to Him that man should ever worship His Mother. Inasmuch as He is said, on occasion, to have turned water into wine, we may assume that the miracle of transubstantiation might have struck Him as not absurd, but there is no evidence that he ever charged His followers to perform it, or that those He knew in the flesh ever undertook to do so. His ethical

teachings, like His theology, have been vastly modified by priestly embellishment, and in certain fields have been turned completely upside down. If He could come back to earth today it would probably shock Him profoundly to find Catholics doomed to Hell for neglecting their Easter duty and Protestants damned for drinking wine, for He held a cynical opinion of all priestly jurisprudence and wine to Him was a more natural drink than water.

In summarizing his opinion of the New Testament, Mencken wrote:

One might hesitate to liken it to any modern work of the first credibility, such as Boswell's 'Johnson' or Eckermann's 'Gesprache Mit Goethe,' but it is certainly quite as sound as Parson Weems' 'Life of Washington' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Mencken attributed the rapid spread of Christianity to the receptiveness of the time. Greece, which was in a state of political and spiritual decay, left a gap which not even the Roman Empire could fill. Those who suffered most, having nothing else on which to lean, embraced Christianity, for it promised that the end of the world was near. Commenting on the nearsightedness and artlessness of these early Christians, he said:

The Christians of the Apostolic Age were almost exactly like the modern Holy Rollers—men quite without taste or imagination, whoopers and shouters, low vulgarians, cads. So far as is known, their public worship was wholly devoid of the sense of beauty; their sole concern was with the salvation of their so-called souls. Thus they left us nothing worth preserving — not a single church, or liturgy, or even hymn. The objects of art exhumed from the Catacombs are inferior to the drawings and statuettes of the Cro-Magnon man.

Mencken believed that the Reformation was primarily political and economic in origin, its theological impetus being due to the magnitude of the Church rather than its intrinsic doctrine. He debunked Luther, who believed in demons and persecuted the Anabaptists:

Luther himself was a theologian *par excellence* — cocksure, dictatorial, grasping, self-indulgent, vulgar and ignorant.

Even lower in Mencken's esteem was Calvin:

Calvin was the Paul of early Protestantism, and the greatest of all the Protestant theologians. To this day his gloomy and nonsensical ideas remain in esteem among the faithful, especially in Scotland, Holland, and the United States. He was the true father of Puritanism, which is to say, of the worst obscenity of Western civilization.

Although Mencken often criticized Catholicism, he considered Protestantism to be even more terrible:

Protestantism, in truth, save in those borderlands where Roman altar-fires perfume and denature it, is endurable only to hinds. It spoils the most lovely poetry in the world by reducing it to harsh and illiterate prose. It turns its back upon the God of Love and embraces the frightful Yahweh of the Old Testament, dripping with blood. It converts the gentle and despairing Jesus into a Y.M.C.A. secretary, brisk, glad-some, and obscene.

In another curt but extremely witty statement, Mencken said,

The chief contribution of Protestantism to human thought is its massive proof that God is a bore.

On more logical grounds, Mencken attacked the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, refuting the four arguments commonly expounded in its favor. To the argument that it would be impossible to imagine God creating so noble a beast as man and then letting him die after a few unpleasant years on earth, Mencken answered:

I can imagine it, and so can many other men. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that God regards man as noble: on the contrary, all the available theological testimony runs the other way.

To the belief that immortality is amply proved by its universality among mankind, he replied:

The answer is (a) that many men actually dissent, some of them in a very violent and ribald manner, and (b) that even if all men said aye it would prove nothing, for all men once said aye to the existence of witches.

A third argument, the belief that the dead sometimes communicate with the living, was dispelled by Mencken as superstitious balderdash. He credited the most respectability to the argument based on revelation, the argument that the soul is immortal because God said it is. But he countered with an equally good argument that there are vast differences of opinion, both in Catholic and Protestant circles, on what the soul is and when it enters the body. Until more worthy arguments are presented, Mencken concluded:

I go on believing dismally that when the bells ring and the cannon are fired, and people go rushing about frantic with grief, and my mortal clay is stuffed for the National Museum at Washington, it will be the veritable end of the noble and lovely creature once answering to the name of Henry.

In the light of modern science, Mencken thought that it was impossible for anyone to be an unquestioning Christian. He believed that the argument from design as proof of God's wisdom and omnipotence has been sterilized by "the evidences of divine incompetence and stupidity" which science has discovered. Furthermore, he believed that science and theology were irreconcilable, using the Resurrection as an example:

Either Jesus rose from the dead or He didn't. If He did, then Christianity becomes plausible; if He did not, then it is sheer nonsense. I defy any genuine scientist to say that he believes in the Resurrection, or indeed in any other cardinal dogma of the Christian system.

To illustrate the backwardness of Christianity in comparison to modern science, he wrote:

The Christian church, in its attitude toward science, shows the mind of a more or less enlightened man of the Thirteenth Century. It no longer believes that the earth is flat, but it is still convinced that prayer can cure after medicine fails.

Mencken was particularly disgusted by Christian attitudes toward sex. He believed that Christian asceticism originated in a revolt of the "Have-nots" of the Apostolic Age toward happiness and naturalness. He didn't object to this asceticism when it took the form of priestly celibacy, but he detested the overtones of guilt which it created in the minds of copulating Christians. As he once wrote,

There remains an unhealthy, drugstorish feeling that even the most lawful kind of sexual intercourse is still somehow low and discreditable, and that any effort to make it dignified and charming — say by evading its more unpleasant physiological consequences — is immoral and against God. Chastity, indeed, remains the Christian virtue *par excellence*, and in common practice it stands far above either of the two commandments that Jesus put in the first place. A true Christian, of whatever rite, distrusts and is ashamed of his hormones. He approaches even his wedded wife with an uneasy feeling that they are engaged upon something naughty, and ought to be punished for it.

Mencken took advantage of every opportunity to make fun of the Christian clergy.

What is the function that a clergyman performs in the world? Answer: he gets his living by assuring idiots that he can save them from an imaginary hell. It is a business almost indistinguishable from that of a seller of snake-oil for rheumatism.

Even more witty to one who appreciates Mencken's sense of humor are the following words:

Of all learned men, the clergy show the lowest development of professional ethics. Any pastor is free to cadge customers from the divines of rival sects, and to denounce the divines themselves as theological quacks. A large part of his professional activity, in fact, is given over to these enterprises. Doing that which would cause a lawyer to be disbarred, a medical man to lose his license to practice, and even a chiropractor, a bartender or a whore-madam to be regarded as grossly unethical are part of his daily routine, and his admirers accept them as proofs of his consecration to holy works.

As has been illustrated, Mencken attacked Christianity with both reason and wit. Further examples of his statements which I feel compelled to include are:

Puritanism is the haunting fear that someone somewhere may be having a good time.

and:

A dull, dark, depressing day in Winter: the whole world looks like a Methodist church at Wednesday night prayer-meeting.

More logical was his deflation of the infallibility of the Pope:

It is based almost wholly on the contention that Jesus could not conceivably have trusted His church to a hierarchy of frauds. The Twelve Apostles were His appointees, and the line of Popes comes down to us from the Twelve Apostles. This argument is surely not to be sniffed at. It has, indeed, a very considerable plausibility. The one defect in it is that its primary postulate — that Jesus was a god — has no support in the known facts, and seems silly to a rational man.

Many of Mencken's contemporaries censured him for his assault on Christianity, claiming that religious opinions should at least be respected. Mencken retorted:

There is nothing about religious opinions that entitles them to any more respect than other opinions get. On the contrary, they tend to be noticeably silly. If you doubt it, then ask any pious fellow of your acquaintance to put what he believes into the form of an affidavit, and see how it reads . . . 'I, John Dœ, being duly sworn, do say that I believe that, at death, I shall turn to a vertebrate without substance, having neither weight, extent nor mass, but with all the intellectual powers and bodily sensations of an ordinary mammal; . . . and that, for the high crime and misdemeanor of having kissed my sister-in-law behind the door, with evil intent, I shall be boiled in molten sulphur for one billion calendar years.' Or, 'I, Mary Roe, having the fear of Hell before me, do solemnly affirm and declare that I believe it was right, just, lawful and decent for the Lord God Jehovah, seeing certain little children of Beth-el laugh at Elisha's bald head, to send a she-bear from the wood, and to instruct, incite, induce and command it to tear forty-two of them to pieces.'

In conclusion, it can be seen that H. L. Mencken's relentless attack on Christianity was complete, for it touched on both historical and modern aspects — on basic doctrines as well as trivialities. Complete destruction of that old and powerful institution by one man's pen would, of course, be impossible. Indeed, the majority of Christians have probably never read Mencken, and the majority of those who have read him have probably read no more than two pages for fear of going directly to Hell. But his words have undoubtedly succeeded in removing a few souls from the Christian ranks. He has joined Thomas Paine and other champions of doubt by putting a perceptible dent in the Christian cage. It was Mencken's hope, of course, that when the cage becomes battered beyond recognition, it might be replaced by one which recognizes "homage to facts, clear and free thinking, intellectual decency."



BIBLIOGRAPHY

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ELEGY FOR THE UNKNOWN GOD
OF ACTS XVII, 23

(to whom the Athenians erected an altar)

by ROBERT L. CHAPMAN

Alas! He might have been the quintessential Greek:
I mean a god of the prehensile mind, a god
Of the trail-breaking bellwether intellect.

We'd scrawl across examinations "Worship Him!"
We'd set His manic image at our classroom door.
(We eggheads need a Dionysus all our own.)

Weep, for the unconceived divinity,
Spermatozic head.
Weep, for Him who never lived, and anyway,
Is manifestly dead.



HEAD OF A CHILD

by PATRICIA BOYLE

EYES

by DOLORES AMIR

An old man sat in the reading room
Crutches at his side.
What brings him here
To spend the time of day?
Myopically, his aged eyes creeping along each page.

What makes you go on, old man?
What have we left to give you? And then
What will you do with it?
What is there for you but the bidding of time?

Hand to head, he reads along.
The clock on the library wall
Seems far too swift for us,
But as the hours fall aside
He seems not to care.
Reluctantly now, he closes his book
And makes ready to leave.
Has he found the answer
This day?



CARIBBEAN

by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

ETHICAL HUMANISM AS A BASIS OF RIGHT OR WRONG

by MICHAEL BIANCO

A free society cannot endure without a moral ideology. Men cannot be selfish, dishonest, impure, bitter, and prejudiced without dominating and robbing other people to some degree. A man, a class, a race, a nation who lives by less than absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love must of necessity take advantage of other men, classes, races, and nations.

The foundation of freedom is composed of representative government, free economic enterprise, free association, worship and speech. The choice to do what is wrong does not issue from freedom, but from exploitation, and it finally ends in enslavement.

Decay in a democratic society is a direct result of demanding the grape, but cutting the vine. The moral ideology of freedom must be fought for incessantly, for freedom has enemies seeking to destroy it, knowingly and more often unconsciously. The totalitarians attack the ideology that freedom depends upon. Attack also comes from men who speak in freedom's name, but shrink from the personal discipline and sacrifice required to maintain freedom. These people resist the living of absolute moral standards and thus subtly desert freedom as it is meant to be. These same people vigorously and sometimes viciously defend their position and denounce the absolute standards in the glorious name of democracy. The average individual, who often fails to see the motives of those making the attacks on democracy, is easily confused and so robbed of an ideology.

Men in a free society do not spread false propaganda calculated to weaken the application of absolute moral standards and the guidance of God in family and national life without a personal or an ideological reason. Because of these men who think on the basis of who is right and not what is right, the world is in a chaotic state.

The time has come for an epoch-making decision. The free world must face the truth. Its living, thinking, planning, aims, and motives are much too inadequate to meet the crisis that confronts the world today. Suspicion, fear, and hate have become the dominant motives of human beings. Our real problem is the increasing gap between man and man. Democracy holds the answer to the problems facing man and the world; it will win the hearts of people throughout the world with a moral ideology.

Yes, there is an answer to the confusion that defeats our living today. And that answer is living the absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love and the guidance of God through quiet listening. This ideology is a deeply rooted faith which grips men and nations. It gives a philosophy, a passion, and a plan to change the world with a force of dedicated people ready to sacrifice and work to do it. In an age of cynics and skeptics this ideology is unique because it is keyed in its working principle to one basic formula: a living God. This idea has tapped a source of power apt to be left solely to the churches and temples by modern civilization.

Man needs to morally rearm and let God's will control the world through human nature that has been changed; he must repel the idea that the will of man should control the world through human nature which has been exploited. One or the other idea must win. When conventional diplomacy fails to solve the world's trouble sources and halt the drift toward war, the ultimate weapon for keeping peace will be the living of absolute standards under the guidance of God.

For we know that atomic warfare is a threat so terrible that men shudder to think of it. Yet there is a penetration into the heart of society that promises a slower, but more effective extinction. The seething fire of moral decadence has cremated many civilizations before ours. Moral obtuseness signifies the beginning of the end of civilized society and is evidence of self-centeredness and immaturity. A man of great wisdom would not argue that better education and antibiotics have cured this growing cancer in our modern life. These two tragic destinies, atomic warfare and moral decadence, must be understood and the answer, moral rearmament, brought with the utmost speed on a global scale. The answer is living with honesty, purity, unselfishness and love — absolutely, personally,

and nationally. It means power to change people — our enemies as well as our friends — the other fellow and the other nation. It is God's gift to bring an insane world to sanity.

The great American dilemma is that the ostracism of the Negro is contrary to democratic ideals and yet, acceptance of the Negro is repudiated, more commonly, absolutely, and intensely than would be assumed from general knowledge of American thoughtways.

Racial prejudice is one of the gravest problems facing America today. America needs a unifying ideology to answer the bitterness and hatred caused by racial prejudice. This alone will close the great wound in this nation and answer the human frailties we succumb to in our daily living. To bring an answer to this problem, one must go forth unselfishly with no thought of personal gain or advancement, with the simple reward that we gain the full measure of love for the human race — a mundane love which comes when we surrender our wills to be wholly committed to the power of God.

Americans must change the bitterness of Little Rock into the hope of tomorrow for the people of Africa and Asia. We must not allow our lives to be ruled by our passions, for then we become unwittingly the instruments of men whose purpose is to control the world by any means. This movement ends in slavery.

Division among men can only reproduce the same conditions of slavery, but this time it will be on a global scale. Before America is free to speak to the world, it must be free, to speak to its neighbors. The American people must respond to the idea of character and not color if it is to bring hope and peace to the people of the world.

Through the unhealed wounds of the past we permit ourselves to be used again to create the same human dilemma which has already permeated our society. We must morally rearm ourselves so that we may be free to fight to change human nature; then we take on a new dimension of thinking and acting, one that gives us new character. We replace the petty preoccupation of self with the inspired purpose of living for a great-changing human nature.

For intergroup tension is not a surface fantasy; actually, its roots lie deep in human nature. When men and nations change to

seek their own security and happiness, not at the expense of their fellow men, but in unision with them, the world will receive an answer which will have substantial and lasting value to men of every race, color, and creed.

Through the ideology of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness, love and the premise that God will giude you, an answer is being given throughout the world. If we remember that *it is not who is right, but what is right* human nature can be changed, that is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed, that is the destiny of our age.

"Ours is the world, so strong, so evil, sick with the fear of what may be. Together East and West can fashion the shape of new destiny; together we, the world re-makers, change human destiny.

Ours is the world, its hopes and longings, its mines and hills, its seas and plain, the teaming towns, the lonely spaces, the sunshine and the soft spring days.

Ours is the world, its tears and laughter, the wishful never of empty dreams, the high ideals and much long after, the dark dead-end of man-made scenes.

Ours is the world and we can build it, races and classes, nations free—white, black; West, East—we need each other, a force and a family together we, the world remakers, challenge, accept, obey our God sent-destiny."

from *Ours is the World* —

MACKINAC CHORUS

INTRUSION

by PATRICIA HEMENWAY

Who walks there under bending limbs
Whose tones reverberate in green?
Who moves there where the shadows play
By boughs of tranquil solemn gleam?

Who dares to tread the tender shoots
Unbent, untouched except by rain?
Pure softness glistens with a grace
Imperfect men have sought in vain.

Whose path has marred the lacy fern
And mosses velvet cool display?
Where silent winds have echoed through
And whispered thoughts no tongues can say.

Whose touch, in silence, left a scar
Upon this simple art serene?
True answer lies in silent voice
Whose tones reverbrate in green.



NY 12 •

"RAIN" — Linocut

RAIN

by NANCY BONHAM



ECONOMICS

by ROBERT L. CHAPMAN

In carports the two-tone totem
Crouching on his rubber haunches
Flares his broadly-gilled proboscis
Staring walleed at the wall.

In junkyards the spring-sprung relic
Gapped and gutted lies forsaken
Dead among the oxeye daisies,
Immolated, oxidizes.

Ford proposes, rust disposes;
Melancholy symbiosis.

TEMPUS FUGIT

by ROGER JOSEPH

Slowly ebbing from us
Is the time of shallow truth,
The time of penny passion
And unrelentless youth.

On Having Read Walt Whitman

by FRED W. MALKEMES, JR.

I want to go out and sing
to the stars
and dance for
the moon
and play a recorder
of faith.

I want to free my being
of its gossamer bindings,
drink the dew of the earth,
breath the air of men,
and expand my chest
til bursts forth the world.

Let all men know the
creed of man,
the dignity of dirt.

Let all men know
the wonder and glory
I possess and burn to
give freely
that all may know the glory of soul
and the beauty
of man.



The History of the State of New York

By David M. Mervin

Volume 1: 1609-1784

Volume 2: 1784-1884

Volume 3: 1884-1914

Volume 4: 1914-1944

Volume 5: 1944-1964

Volume 6: 1964-1984

Volume 7: 1984-1994

Volume 8: 1994-2004

Volume 9: 2004-2014

Volume 10: 2014-2024

Volume 11: 2024-2034

Volume 12: 2034-2044

Volume 13: 2044-2054

Volume 14: 2054-2064

Volume 15: 2064-2074

Volume 16: 2074-2084

Volume 17: 2084-2094

Volume 18: 2094-2104

Volume 19: 2104-2114

Volume 20: 2114-2124

Volume 21: 2124-2134

Volume 22: 2134-2144

