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what was almost pity as I gazed upon her. Was this my Lilith? The two years that had passed since I'd seen her hardly seemed sufficient a duration to have altered her so. Her singular yet peaceful beauty was enshrouded in a pallor comparable only to the countenance of Cerberic below; the fluid fullness of her body was gone, giving way to a gaunt elegance made more obvious by her hair which hung in ebony tangles to the small of her back; her deep, black eyes, underhung with bluish shadows, gleamed furiously with some inner fire. Seeing her so changed I was at once confused and left at a loss for words, but as the desperate horror at seeing my loved one so ravaged deepened, I found my voice. I told her how my love for her had kept me searching for two years and bade her to come away with me from that crumbling antiquary that night to rebegin our lives.

"I can not go," said she. "I am imprisoned here by phantoms and forces that are at once invisible to me and eye-filling to the point I can see nothing else. This place is filled with vast darkneses that groan and writhe about me, and until I am assimilated by them or cast them away, I can not go."

I begged her to reconsider, assuring her that this gloom would leave her as she left the house, but she refused asking me to stay at the house until she felt that she had defeated the darkness that tugged at her like death. So it was that I came to living at that bleak and time sickened manse. Each day from then on I went up to her room at dusk, which was the time she awoke, and asked her to leave with me, and each day said "No - wait another day," and then I would leave her alone until the next evening. Eventually, I became acquainted with the twelve other people living in the house; one of these, who was called Cecil and lived in one of the attics, was the local underground dealer in illegal and mysterious drugs; he informed me of the store of marijuana, hashish, and opium that was kept in the kitchen of the rambling structure, and told me how to use them, and invited me to do so whenever the urge struck me.

After a week she was still asking for another day, and that week divided and reproduced itself, so after awhile I came to take Cecil's offer and began to experiment with the drugs to help pass the time. As the days wore on, the melancholy gloom that pervaded the house seemed to become less oppressive, or perhaps it is because I had begun to accept this dreariness as normalcy, or that the drugs I was using regularly by then, were toning down horror and desperate revelation that surrounded me; I can't say for certain. Many of my thoughts and observations from this time are clouded or have become confused with happenings more recent and concrete. During the day, I was usually alone because everyone else living there, except for Cecil, slept during the daylight hours, confining their waking time to darkness. Cecil was not often home, so I spent a great deal of time pacing the drab halls of the manse, staring at the sleeping Lilith, and cultivating long meditations while under the spell of opium or hashish. After two weeks of this, however, loneliness drove me to altering my hours to match those of my associates. Now, more often, I was aware of the dark furry beings that stayed behind me, sometimes, while in deep meditation, they would run directly before my field of vision.

When I went to Lilith's side in the evenings, she was always in a drugged state and rarely said more than just a few words to me, there were times when I couldn't find her at all, in times like these I considered leaving without her, but my love for her remained strong even though her love for me seemed to have weakened. Sometimes, after smoking opium, I sank into states similar to those experienced by catatonics; I was engulfed by a mood of parapysis and sat without moving, my eyes remaining open, my mind aware, for several hours. I was taken up thusly one night when I spied a mouse peek out of a crack in the wall. I was fascinated; this was the first normal living creature I had seen since entering the house four weeks before. I marveled at its dowdy fur, and gloried in its clearly glistening eyes. After a few moments, the tiny creature ventured out into the open where I could see it clearly. Pallas had never worn a prettier visage than that rodent. It was only in the room a moment when I heard a wild scraping at my shoulder, and immediately a dark Orpheus with long tangled hair and deep yellow eyes flew through the air at the mouse. Small, taloned claws gripped and held the rodent. There was a squeak of dismay ending in a choke as the Thing snatched the mouse into another room.

Presently, sounds of ripping, tearing, and sucking came to my ears. I was sickened to the heart with this display, and filled with terror. Aided by the energy of fear, I arose from my position and staggered up the stairs to Lilith's room, determined to take her immediately from that place. Her room was empty; she had once again gone roaming where I could not find her. I sank down on her mattress in despair and filled with the terror of what might happen to Lilith, and indeed, myself, if we should stay in those quarters where evil, decay, and death dwelt on the air like an opiate mist.

I wanted to see her -- drag her away if need be -- but my renewed searching was totally in vain. No one had seen her for days.

The next evening, she was again missing, and my worries for her soared until I thought my desperation would drive me insane. I paced the entire night away, not speaking to anyone, pausing only once when there was a scratching at the door.

Nervously, I went to see what it was, opening the door with apprehension. Outside, it was raining, and some stray dog had huddled into our archway for protection; it was he who made the noise. Not thinking of the dark things with yellow eyes, I let the mongrel in, and when I did remember them, I could not find the dog, although I searched everywhere.

I slept fitfully the next day; nightmares full of deathly white women and dark sucking things that attached themselves to my body for nourishment filled my sleep. At about noon, I awoke abruptly and rose to my feet. The drugs that had helped to quaff my frantic mind the night before had deserted me, leaving only the somber reality of the decaying house in dead Ankleton to greet my eyes. There was no one about, and, after deliberating with myself for a moment, I decided to step outside. It had been weeks since I last saw the sun, so I opened the door with some anticipation. When I looked out, I was struck down by the intense brightness of the outside world; my body was wracked by a physical pain wherever the light touched it. I slammed the door and fell back against the wall, clutching at the wall mirror for support. When I regained myself, I opened my eyes and looked into the mirror. The pallor of the face that stared back at me was comparable only to the ghastly complexion of Cerberic that had so sickeningly impressed me upon my arrival. I was filled with despair, terror, desperation; I suddenly realised what I had been doing to myself, and that I had allowed Lilith to stay here. Thinking of her, I ran up to her room to drag her away, if necessary. I climbed the stairs, ran to her room, but stopped in the doorway. There, on her mattress, leaning up into a corner, sat my beloved Lilith.

Her eyes, once dark - now deep yellow, stared senselessly up to the ceiling, her transparent flesh displayed a grisly chaos of seething, throbbing, veins. In her lap lay the dog I had let in the night before. Lilith's hands groped inside the animal where she had ripped open the flesh of its stomach; tiny licking and sucking sounds came from her fingers as her mouth quivered in insane delight. Just then, the hound, which was still living, gave a dismal moan of agony that made Lilith shiver with ecstasy.

Whether or not I screamed at that instant I do not know; all I am certain of is that I fled that house immediately with my mind reeling and shredding itself with the memory of what my Lilith had become. I have never returned to Ankleton or to that house where Lilith dwelt, and I don't know what has happened to her since, but I pray with all the fervor I can command that she sleeps, and that her sleep will be lasting, and be so deep.

Women And Drugs

by Barbara Shaw
 "Women and Prescribed Drugs" was the topic of discussion at the Forum Thursday afternoon, October 17, 1974 at Penn State's Capitol Campus. The panel discussion and question period was sponsored by the Capitol Campus Culture Series.

The guest speakers were: Bob Lockett, Consumer Affairs Officer with the Food and Drug Administration at Philadelphia; Dr. Cheston Berlin, Director of the Pediatric in-patient Services and the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit at Hershey Medical Center and also an Associate Professor of Pediatrics, College of Medicine, Penn State University; Dr. Vincent G. Stenger, Professor with the Penn State University College of Medicine and Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Hershey Medical Center.

Mr. Lockett began the discussion by explaining that the role of the FDA in prescription drugs was simply to regulate. All research and testing, he said, is performed by independent laboratories. Under the Federal Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 and its 1962 amendment, any company wishing to market a prescription drug must prove to the FDA that the drug is both "safe" and "effective," reported Lockett. He said that as few as 40 consumer complaints about a single substance has caused the FDA to study and subsequently remove it from the market.

Speaking about oral contraceptives and fertility drugs, Dr. Stenger noted that there are risks and side effects for both. He said however, that the physician, taking into consideration the complete medical history of a patient must weigh the risk factors carefully against other indications and decide the best course of action. Sometimes the risks taken in using a medication are heavily outweighed by the risks of non treatment.

Dr. Berlin spoke of the possible effects drugs may have on offspring, noting Thalidomide, DES and radioactivity caused by the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As in the case of the radioactivity, he pointed out that it may take generations to discover the effects. He listed three manifestations of congenital disorder related to drugs: obvious physical anomalies, more subtle physical problems and behavioral changes.



Agnes Green, who left Capitol for a position at University of Delaware, enjoys farewell cake and gift.

VOTE OCTOBER 31,
THURSDAY

For junior members to the Student Government Association. If you don't, that's your problem. So don't holler if something goes on that you don't like. VOTE



It has been rumored that the Great Pumpkin will arrive in this corn patch outside of Middletown on Halloween night. Only Charlie Brown knows for sure.

INTERESTED IN USED BOOKS NEXT SEMESTER?

There are a lot of students who feel there is a need for a used bookstore sale at the campus. In order for this to become a reality, we have to have some students who will spend some time and effort to make this happen. If you are interested in helping yourself and other students on Campus, please stop by the S.G.A. offices at W110 where other information is available. Ask for Mike McAllister.