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QUIZ
AND
QUILL

WINTER
1966

CRISIS
AND
RE-CREATION

edited by Paul David Robinson

*the cover was designed
by
Peter Bunce*

CONTENTS

Like the deliberate coherence of a Dylan lyric,
life is constructed and interwoven into meaning
for the innumerable quantity of people who ask,
“Why?”

h.m. corwin

The preceding statement is prologue to only one facet of Crisis and Re-Creation. The following pages are the feelings and ideas of individual people. Obviously, what is here included is not intended to be a last word, but only a window through which one might see a glimpse of himself in the lives and thoughts of others.

PR

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Crisis and Re-creation

I

God has become a word
Scrawled on the back-
alley wall
Of the thing that we call
Mind.

David Stichweh

God Lives

Darkness settled swiftly over the field and town, and the sounds of the crickets soon became a steady drone. A cool breeze relieves the aches of a scorching day, giving the evening an air of peacefulness. After the supper dishes were done, the family would sit quietly on the porch.

Quietly, swiftly into the field they came. The evening became still as the crickets waited cautiously to see the path these gathering feet would take. An occasional voice and the swishing of the grass were the only disturbances of the night. All was still and all was peace. And **God** blessed them, for in **His** name and for **His** sake they gathered. It was for **Him** they began their pilgrimage. Around the house they soon stood listening to the warmth of the voices of the family within. And it was time to begin:

"Hey Nigger! Hey Blackman! We don't want no dirty bastards here!" And the night was filled with the sounds of breaking glass, the snapping of burning wood, the cries of anguish of the family as they tried to escape death, and, low and murmuring, the prayers and chants of the worshippers.

Slowly he opened his eyes to look upon his home. There among the ashes lay the scorched, twisted body of his wife. She held their youngest son in fixed embrace. She had tried, but only death could save his body and soul from pain. ... somewhere ... somewhere their daughter and their firstborn, a handsome, gentle boy?

A crackling sound creeped into his awareness and he turned toward it. Silhouetted against the peaceful darkness of the night stood **that symbol of love**, the trademark of the group. And below this burning cross lay the lifeless form of his son. ... But, unlike Job, **he cursed his God** – and died.

Virginia M. Tryon

Christian Verse

The religious Mr. Ivan
walked up the wide white stairs,
and down through the dark halls colorful,
to kneel and say his prayers.

And alabaster Mother and little marble Child,
in jewels and satins all beguiled,
listened with a stony face,
but Ivan knew – they smiled.

And heaven's worldly helpers sang
to see how he had won
o'er all the human weaknesses,
for passions – he had none.

And saints in silent porticoes,
all dark with candlelight,
affirmed the servant loyal
with their blinkless, wooden sight.

Oh God! I hate the bastard!
Look what he's done to You;
Confirmed and blessed and all confessed –
he's kept You in a zoo.

Steve Lorton

Elegy

God is dead; we have murdered him.
He lies there silent, empty
With his face twisted in the agony
That we in our righteousness tortured him with.

We praised him and loved him and followed him
And gave gifts to him and prayed to him
Till he could stand it no more,
Till he closed his ears and covered his eyes and died.

Why? Because we tore at his mind
With our hymns of self-praise
And our arrogant prayers that brought to his heart
Shame for ever having created us.

Because we took his love
And perverted it to hate
That we might kill our fellow man,
Then asked him to bless our dead.

Because we made ourselves rich
By exploiting his creation
While other men starved,
Then praised him for our success.

Because we set ourselves up
To judge over men
Those who are equal and those who must die,
Then asked him to see our humility.

God looked, God saw, then turned his back
And wrenched his stomach
And spewed out all the agony
That his heart had borne.

God is dead; we have murdered him.

David Stichweh

When Autumn comes, the leaves do not sigh,
"God has forgotten us."
When the snows come, the grass does not cry out,
"God has left us."
The seed, when it is thrust underground, does not proclaim,
"There is no God."
Only Man,
When he is in the dark,
Refuses to hold out his hand in belief.
Only Man
Denies the existence of God.

Linda Grznar

If man would but try again,
To see the rainbow
Amidst the threatening growls
of heaven,
Perhaps he would not be so
Blinded by the glare of conceit
within his own soul.

KONI

...reflections on the prophecy of Jeanne Dixon..

Within a few past circles of the sun
the fire in a serpent's eye
reflected purple thoughts
to our country's lady prophet.

And the sway of a low swinging chariot
stirred the silent breeze to sigh
throughout the quiet tomb of Destiny.

And, as the astrologers have said,
the stars aligned in a single day –
and they did align.

And, as our lady has advised us,
the son of man was born
below the shadow of Ezekiel's wheel
and above the cold of a pyramid stone
along the valley of the river Nile.

Where is he now, o lady prophet?
Where is he now?

The wind has not yet split the Rock of Ages,
and civilization has not yet wept;
but the world can hear the shuffling wind,
and the howl of wild dogs in the wet of distant caves.

How many times shall we circle the sun
before the son of man shall walk
along the dusty and winding road,
the winding road that leads to Rome?

How many times, o lady prophet?
How many times shall we circle the sun?

r.h. orndorff

Kay

Kay mused silently and intently as she walked from the door of the small chapel that stood on the north border of the campus. The speaker for the evening had been a well-known minister of the area who had spoken about the apparent lack of interest in the downward movement of the Christian church and of the apathy of its chief hope — young adults. Kay was appalled at the fact that the speaker said her own college crowd was partly responsible for his talk that evening. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy the order of worship and the services that were held every Sunday morning, but that often times the pastors of the area would speak about the new theology that seemed to have taken hold of their minds.

"God isn't dead," Kay thought. "It's just that many times I don't have time to attend church. If I go out on a date Saturday night, it takes all of my energy to get up Sunday morning just to hear some bitter man, hiding behind a pulpit, preach at me about my lack of interest, and my own attitude of indifference that is causing the image of God to die and slowly wither away. **It's** my business what I do with my time, anyway. College is a good place to be docile and to take a long breather behind the atmosphere of study. I don't like to be rushed into decisions that I might later regret, and I just won't tolerate the idea that I have to be prodded like a smelly old goat in order to satisfy the people that don't really know the real me. I want to be free and live easy for a while. I'm glad that someone else has time to worry about incidentals that become gigantic problems and headaches for everyone. I need time to take a good look around and observe. That's what I'll be — an observer!"

Just then, Kay ran into one of her many friends, and as she paused to chat with him, she began to feel a small tinge of guilt concerning her justification of the situation. Randy asked her out for Saturday night and insisted that they attend church together Sunday morning. Although Kay's train of thought was broken, she quickly accepted and felt that she had appeased her own conscience and the speaker as well.

When Sunday morning came, Kay was very happy as she and Randy drove down the freeway toward the lake. After all, it is a woman's prerogative to change plans at the last instant.

On the campus the church bells sounded weary and very somber.

F. Garlathy

“For This Your Mother Sweated in the Cold ...”

One of the many pieces to the puzzle of the American middle-class way of life is the irregular fragment called “Sunday morning.” When the church bells clang and the chapel doors fly open, millions of people march insouciantly into their churches and take a seat, only to stand up again when the organ pipes out “Rise up, Oh Men of God.” To the critic of organized religion, these worshipers are huddling together out of a mutual lack of security. The reason for their attendance is, in most cases, more complex. Although each church goer has a personal reason for being in his pew on the Sabbath, there seem to be four general categories into which each can be loosely placed.

Probably the most sincere of the group is what I term “the self-righteous Christian.” These people are usually the offspring of other self-righteous Christians or have forsaken a former life of sin and corruption to tread the path of Christ. They imbibe each word of the “Good Book” like a thirsty camel at an oasis and have perfect confidence in their own interpretation of the material.

I remember when, as a child of eight, my parents cheerfully sent me off to church camp, Bible in hand and duffel bag over my shoulder, for a week of religious fellowship and communion with God. When I arrived, all of the camp administrators seemed quite normal. In fact, I instantly considered them benevolent of heart and interested in youth. After the first two days of “Young Christian Workshop” and “Christian Discussion,” I found the first exception to my newly established rule. His name was Mr. Johnson and he was the forty-two-year-old minister of a small church in a small town in north-central Ohio. The reverend Mr. Johnson and I first measured swords when I suggested that perhaps my Jewish friends might not burn forever in Hell because of their failure to accept the Son of God. We argued vigorously on that matter and others until I found that I was defending myself before the camp disciplinary council. Mr. Johnson insisted that I was “an agitator of unrest in the camp situation” and that I was “a very confused young man.” This smothering experience did not end with my departure from church camp, because the good parson sent a letter of caution to my home minister. This was received by both the minister and the Ladies Aid with great concern. For months to follow, my mother was harassed with good intentions. Mr. Johnson’s ideas did not offend me nearly so much as his dogma. There seemed to be no doubt in his mind concerning the existence of Noah’s Ark, and if he ever said an “off-color” word in his life, it was in calling Darwin an ass. ... Several years later, during one of many thoughtful regressions into those seven ugly days, I concluded that if there were ever any of the Devil in me, Mr. Johnson had scared it out. He was indeed self-righteous, and I am convinced that had he been a contemporary of Cotton Mather, he would have hanged witches with the best of

them. Mr. Johnson is symbolic to me of a mass of Christians who hold provincial ideas in uncultivated brains.

The second variety of church-goer is the lady who appears in the latest Dior copy or the man who snoozes through the service in order to conserve the energy required for the hand shaking he will do following the service. This variety's dastardly motives for going to church range from a better opportunity in a business endeavor, to exercising of a rejuvenated faith resulting from a personal near-tragedy. I find this group the most offensive. They lack conviction and sincerity; and although they may have a more pleasing rapport with their fellow man, they have the moral stamina of an ape.

I have an aunt who falls into this division. The three most religious times of her life were: when she was a young married woman and *everyone* attended church; when her son was drafted into the Army and sent to Korea; and just before a serious operation. She uses faith to her convenience and is generally apathetic toward matters which do not directly affect her.

The third group of American Christians is made up mostly of honest and kind-hearted families who have accepted their religious doctrines along with the status quo. Such matters as the divinity of Christ and the Immaculate Conception seldom bother them because they seldom question them, and if they do, they merely think, "Who am I to question this?" They realize that the pagan Jews and Buddhists are "out there" somewhere and that, according to the religious doctrines which they have accepted, these people are condemned to Hell. Yet somehow they never come face to face with the problem of eternal damnation for non-Christians. They may host a visiting Hindu or attend a P.T.A. meeting with a Jew and feel confident that everyone is headed in the same direction. This variety of Christian is well aware of what Jesus said about humanism and brotherly love, and strives to carry out His commandments— but "the colored-folks should stay with their own people where they are happiest." This third variety has good intentions, but because of the cloud of conforming goodness which surrounds them, they lack vision and are largely ineffective people. With greater experience and a broadened outlook on life, these people could come close to achieving the ideals of our society.

The last division, the "liberal Christian," the group with which I prefer to associate myself, is usually just an advancement of the type of church-goer discussed in the preceding paragraph. These followers of the faith have accepted Christ as a good teacher who set up rules for Life, which, upon total acceptance and practice, could very well be the solution to the world dilemma. Like Ben Franklin, they are Deists who go to church for its intellectual stimulation and educational appeal. They are more concerned with humanism than with the communion table and consider honesty and morality a better key to Heaven than baptism. As a whole these people are more highly educated and have reached their faith through a tedious maze of trial and error in

logical thought. Usually their major concern is for the betterment of mankind and the importance of the effect their actions will have "down here," not "up there." Unfortunately, this group may lean toward smugness, snobbishness and a sense of religious superiority. They must make an effort to avoid polemics and court objectivity, regardless of their personal views.

Of course the divisions I have made often blend into one another and there are variations and combinations in each case. All have their place in the sphere of church-going Christianity whether they further the cause by a conscious or an unconscious effort, or, are simply examples of what not to be.

Steve Lorton

Yell, Everyone

Many have said,
"God is not dead.
For who could ever look at the sky in April,
October, or even August,
Or who could ever sip rootbeer on a July afternoon
While the kids sprayed each other with the hose,
Or climb a hill, execute a perfect jackknife dive
Into cool Bluedeepness, watch a baby,
Or sit alone, at peace,
And doubt that God lives?"

But many others just as wise have said,
"How can a person watch the six o'clock news,
Or read of dog's jaws tearing into Southern black flesh,
Of black spears tearing into African white flesh,
Receive Top Value stamps
From his minister,
Listen to Sam the Sham
And the Pharaohs,
Watch Christmas advertisements go up in September,
Or see a good man die as he waved to the worshipping crowd,
And doubt that He is dead?
Who can dwell in today's muck
And say that God is alive?"

But one day a wise philosopher-poet,
Loved by all the world,
Decided to use
His seasoned mind
To solve the great dispute.
A day, a week, a month the sage did muse.
The public waited fearfully,
For they had feasted on his quips,
His lectures, and his interviews.
Now they sought him in vain.

At last he faced them.
He was haggard and pale.
Smiling he said, "Brothers please hear me,
For I have found that God still is around.
Not dead, he sleeps, oblivious to our pain.
We must now awaken him and make Him ours again.
Comrades, brothers, shout to Him,
Sing his praises, call to Him:
O dearest Lord, O Host of hosts,
Commander of angels and holy ghosts,
We sing Your praises
We beg You to awake,
Reclaim Your lost children, Amen."

The people heard their sage,
They knew he spoke the truth,
All humankind was moved as never before.
Together, they decided,
Together they would wake
Him, Almighty God with their praise.

It was on the appointed day,
All Mankind had prepared a song of praise.
It was on the appointed day,
All Mankind had prepared a song of praise,
For He was to awake that day.
In the waiting stillness a child was heard to say,
As she held her father's thumb tight in her fist,
"Daddy, what if God wakes up mad?"

Mike Hudson

Lines Written on a Sleepless Night

With slow uplifting hand,
The day breaks forth from its slumber
With good tidings.
A new day or a new life?
Night, the protector of the unconscious,
Slowly gives way to the brightness
And depth of life renewed
Unselfishly.

That paternal sound, the soul, relieves the
Fever of helplessness and returns
Promising guidance through yet
Another day of confusion.

But, unlike the previous quietness of day,
Comes devotion and love, springing
Triumphantly to sustain the
Unknown.

h.m. corwin

. . . mushrooms . . .

The shimmering and naked goddess of love
held the crimson skull of Zeus
in her outstretched hands
and proclaimed, "He is dead, He is dead!"

Spring rains became the warm blood of a thousand wars.
The sticky dripping scarlet turned to fire
and the blaze burned the ladder,
the ladder to the mountain of the gods.

And the ladder fell down
split like the charred corpse
of a modern Jesus caught
in the flames of a dream
that was hard to live with.

Assorted black things oozed red
over the yellow brick road Dorothy once took.
The world became a smoldering prison,
two smoky walls of earth and sky,
leaving the slimy entrails of freedom
stinking like dead fish
as diseased maggots fanatically chewed
on the burnt rubber flesh of happiness.

Living rusty eyes snapped cold.
And all grew gone but the mushrooms,
the sacred mushrooms of thought:
perhaps a god still exists,
perhaps in a way of suffering,
in an itch.
Mushrooms grew thick in moist beds
deep within the dark forest of man.

r.h. orndorff

II

The Death of the Mountain Man

I had bought the old-fashioned trunk for a mere fifty cents. But ere I probed its treasure, I noticed a faded name printed in gold below the worn, mildewed latch. The name seemed haunting as I visualized a tall man of fashionable dress chauffeured about in a coach pulled by stately steeds with shining harness and feathered plumes. The leather hinges were silent as I raised the domed lid, and the contents were a striking opposite to my dream. Neatly folded, near the one end, was a fringed buckskin shirt as soft and downy as the day its owner roamed the woods. A pair of smoothly worn rawhide pants was nestled beneath; and still lower appeared dark brown moccasins. It looked as though the physical man had simply vanished and his clothes had crumpled down folding themselves in this orderly stack. Upon further exploring the old trunk, I found a book bound with the finest steerhide. Its pages were a pale yellow and crackled with each turn as I read briefly the weak ink. It was his Journal alright, intact for one hundred years. The daily entries were written in small black script; and the events of each day comprised nearly a full page. Then, between the two last pages of the ancient volume, I discovered a dried oak leaf pressed to its thinnest form. When I picked it up, the calm air crumbled its frail shape and the russet, irregular pieces fell at my feet. Still, there on the wrinkled page remained the stained true outline of the oak leaf.

May nineteenth was the date on this last page; the year was blurred. And here, strangely, the old man wrote his farewell in quaint verse. I couldn't say why he chose to end his Journal this way, nor how a woods-dweller learned the form of poetry. I sat on the closed trunk lid and read the feeble lines:

“The venom of illness entered
My body today. The fever is burning about me
Like the blazing halocaust of a Cheyenne torture rack.
Yet, as I gazed with weary eyes beyond my cabin walls
I sensed new life walking near that paralleled my own.
He stood unseen outside my door but did not knock, just then.
I fancied observing a distant hawk gliding
About the towering pines under the rising sun.
And there, beneath the coolness of wild grapevines lay a doe
And by her loving side a little speckled fawn was curled.
The pomp and granduer of Indian dances filled my mind
As I had sat erectly once with the great western chiefs.
And veiled below majestic pines rests the woman I love —
Her grave a monument to those this wilderness has suppressed.

Girls, young girls
Crowded in an embalming room.
An enlightening lecture.
The subject,
Death . . .

“Cremains,” how clever!

 Veterans can die cheaper.

 They stack 'em up at Arlington.

 Vaults and tombs.

And the sweet girls listened with sad, angelic smiles.

“Do I have any volunteers to try out a coffin?”

Linda Clifford

The Return

A junk bobs up and down in the sea, its tall orange sail flapping in the breeze. Behind it the mist begins to rise revealing islands studded with gnarled pines. It's quiet here . . . now . . . now that there is no war.

The little junk has returned, replacing the warship, gigantic and armored. The wind again can catch the orange sail which has returned, replacing the blazing gunfire in oranges and reds. The shroud of the early morning mist lingers; it's not the smoke that once hovered over the islands. The islands are green now, not charred hunks of rubble surrounded by the sea.

The sea . . . across which there lies a nation that doesn't know the junk, the orange sail, the green islands, or the rolling mist; but knows what they mean to others . . . others who had to struggle to keep a land free.

Peter Bunce

War

War comes bringing love to an end,
Unfolding in its brutal trend.
Though some try, no one really gets ahead.
Cities and towns are torn to a shred.
Families are driven from homes on the farm
To stand on a hill while fire takes their barn.
People left homeless stand in the street,
Scorched by bombs and rubble-heat.
The lives of many are caught at the wire,
Ashes they are, in rubble and fire.

Good men die for their country's cause;
And ships return, met with a fearful pause:
Parents rushed to the docks to welcome a son
And suddenly realize what battle has done.
The troopship holds few of its original band –
Sons are still, in some foreign land.
William T. Sherman summed it well
 when he said,
"War is hell."

Gary R. Wolf

III

From Observation

Bodies without souls

Walk and talk,
eat and make "Love,"

They are dead —

Frederick D. Glasser

Look what God hath joined together —
this man and this woman
two into one,
or as one.

Look —
the gaiety of flowers, rice, can-rattlings
fade.
the firsts, beginnings,
now constant, endless. —

What God hath joined together . . .

two souls . . . nay,
two hearts!
for mind is part of soul,
and is not love for heart alone?

Hath joined together —
joined
side by side. . . .
together?

Look
What God
 what,
 God?
 where?
 in heaven,
 high above their roof.
 convenient,
 the appointment made,
 how they met him briefly.

Look
What God hath joined
 (in love, of course)
 together.

Sharon Luster

Pensées

I look at the world
 And see so many people there.
To whom can I turn? No one,

 But you.

How terrible it is
That people remain
 In their shelters and live alone
Merely superficially involved with all.

Why is it that my thoughts and delights
Must remain secret until I reach you?
Does no one else care for me –
 for the joy of sharing life?

I cannot understand this frantic,
 isolated world –
Nor do I care to,
 If man cannot see man
 and love him.

I must be content –
 and thrilled –
By the union of two, of you and me.

We will share the sunrise and the sunset
and all the in-betweens.
But, oh, if the world would join us
How much greater our communion would be!

Virginia M. Tryon

Complete

As the stars fill the night
And the light fills the day,
Your love fills my heart.

As the day grows short
And the night grows long,
Your love comforts my heart.

As now night never passes
And light never comes,
Your love makes life aright.

As God fills life
And birth transforms death,
Your love completes
My final translation.

Brian Hunt

Dover Beach – A Reply

The pearly length of beach
Lies before the sea,
And the pearly waves
In moonlight be.

And we alone
Upon a single strand
Hold against the ocean roar,
Hold fast upon the land.

Ah, Love, the world is ending,
The sentimentals fear.
But, Love, we have no need of love.
We are here.
We are here.

Jinny Schott

Life. Is it?

Running black behind me my
conscience skirts the fringe of
consciousness and action.
Today I tell it how to run
because the dawn grows into
time and my eye feels dust
and looks on you. I am
alive.

A different eye may catch
instead forever-gray tomorrow.
My ageless moldering spent in
nothingness-contemplation will
drift. No longer running but
being run I find no dust
to blur an image of you. I am
dead.

I dictate and obey at
once. Blankness fixates into
you, who are broken by a dust
barrage. Forever drifts to dawn
and night. An eye looks out
and in, upon the all and
none which is lost. I am
both.

Don Parsisson

Warmth within the white sheets – while
The winds breathe heavily against the window.
Tenderness of your strong hand upon my shivering breast – while
The branches clamor upon the roof.

Everything so safe and warm, while
The leaves are torn asunder from the mother tree –
We are together for tonight,
Tomorrow we shall part –
We shall master our individual lives
And retain only a memory –
A memory of the storm.

Linda Grznar

"Why?"

I am a child, a wanderer,
the saddened victim of ephemeral love.
I know the darkness, the shadows
hiding a lonely soul that yearns for warmth.

I see a gleam of light.
I reach for hope;
My hand returns
empty,
cold,
still.

That light of life is not for me.
I am left to weep silently,
my tears invisible to the worldly eye.

Sharon Luster

Exit

She left me, between the
Falling of autumn's golden
Leaves and winter's melting snow.

I can't be sure of the
Time, you see, for
She was gone before she left.

While she spoke, the sun
Came through the window
And gilded her hair with
Her face in the window.

The blind was half-up
Or half-down if you prefer.

Larry C. Edwards

Now Is Never

Shaken, trembling, alone: Engulfed
By one women's false beauty, beauty ...
Like that of the flytrap
(Ever ready to snare its prey –
Unaware victim attracted wholeheartedly).
Her pretentious manner,
To the average mortal, would be
Sufficient enough to disclose
Her vile attempts to play
Upon emotions ... but me, the fool, I,
Blinded impetuously forever.
The battle lost and won,
Simultaneously: Now, I,
The "teacher."

h.m. corwin

The creation of a dream
is good,
If the mind can control its builder.
For the heart is a powerful thing
and can fall far.

The falling is not destruction,
so people say;
It is only an injury.
Yet, if my heart were to lose
its purpose for giving,
Would I not be destroyed?
People say not.

For my heart would find another
just as mine,
And together we would begin again,
To create a dream.

KONI

The Rain

It rained that first week back at the University — a dead, drizzly kind of rain, constantly falling from a dead gray sky. The campus buildings seemed older, dilapidated; the sorority house, colder; and my room, smaller, more confining. I was depressed and lonely. I hated the rain. It was too much like my life.

I stood at my window, looking out into the gray rainy day. People, mostly college kids, passed — slicker coats, umbrellas. They laughed and splashed through the rivulets of water. How could they be happy, I thought. What was so great in life?

The rain continued, hitting against the windowpane and running down in curvy little lines. I watched for a long time; I watched it form puddles on the window ledge. My mind wandered . . .

— It's raining, it's pouring...why doesn't it stop, Mama? I can't do anything when it rains. What can I do, Mama? What can I do?

— Be quiet, Sarah, don't bother me.

I walk to my room and pick up a book. Oh, my favorite picture of Sleeping Beauty. Pretty Sleeping Beauty being kissed by the Prince. Green vines and pink flowers all around her bed, and sun. . . .

— Oh where are you, my charming prince? Come and take me away to a sunny, happy land. Please come!

I looked up. Why remember now, I thought; don't give yourself any more pain than necessary. And I felt sick, nauseated. I pressed my cheek against the cool pane; my eyes caught glimpses of half-recognizable objects placed at peculiar intervals along the street. And then I saw him.

He was walking toward the house. He had no umbrella, and his face was very wet. He stopped and lit a cigarette; even with his head bent, he seemed unusually tall. He looked up and around, out into nothing. He just let the rain fall on him, not caring how wet he got. He seemed sad, so sad, and I wanted to cry out "I'm sad too." — but I didn't. I just watched him through the rain. And he walked away.

Days passed and the dreariness of fall set in. The skies were cloudy, always dark. Leaves had fallen and covered the ground with a damp blanket of brown. I went down to the creek to pick weeds and cat-tails. I liked the seclusion of that area. Its loneliness and mine were the same; we were kin, alike. I walked to the creek's edge, letting the mud ooze up and stain my sneakers. The wind was blowing briskly, carrying with it the smell of dampness and of dirt. It circled me, enveloped me. I squatted and let my fingers dip into the iced water. I made ripples, made them with the child's joy of accomplishment. I shut my eyes and was a child

— I like to splash in the water, I like to splash in the water, I like to splash . . .

– Sarah, come away from there; you're getting all wet. How many times have I told you not to play in the stream.

– But Mama, I like ...

– Never mind what you like ...

“Does making ripples afford you some sort of aesthetic pleasure or is it a freudian slip?” the voice was low and breathy.

“I was just ...” I awkwardly stood and turned toward him – him in the rain, cigarette in his mouth. He was leaning against a tree, his arms folded and mighty. He seemed amused by my antics.

“I didn't hear you come up. I – I was thinking and didn't ...”

“No crime; a few minutes ago I was doing the same thing. Oh – Bill here.” He extended me his hand.

“Sarah.” His hand was warm and strong. It was like my dream world – no, it was real.

“Do you come here often?” His voice brought me back from my thoughts.

“Oh, sometimes. I like it; like it's part of me. Weird?”

“Maybe – but I understand what you mean. Like out there,” he said, pointing to the campus area, “it's so massive, a huge turbulent mass of little machines running around”

“Yes, and here everything has identity.”

We had walked along the bank to a group of boulders and sat down. I dangled my legs over the edge of the large one we had situated ourselves on, and I started fooling with the weeds I held in my hand. One fell and Bill slid to a lower rock to get it.

“You know,” he continued, a sparkle tinting his voice, “you're really different from the rest of the kids here. You're a thinking type – sensitive and all, but not so gung-ho egghead or even beatnik.”

There was an awkward silence before Bill spoke again. “I meant it as a compliment. I'm sorry if I embarrassed you or anything. . . . Ya livin' on campus?”

He has reverted to small talk, I thought. It's always this way.

But I answered, “Ah. I know this line. Next comes hometown and major!”

“No, seriously I want to know.” And his hand fell on my ankle, rubbing it gently. . . .

He is enjoying me. We are real; together we are real. And between us something is wonderful and real. I know; I can feel it!

The sky darkened and a coarse wind blew, stirring a few wild ducks from the rushes. Light rain fell pricking and patterning the water. Bill stood. “We'd better go,” and he took my hand, pulling me up close to him.

“Best!” I said in a half laugh. For a few moments, I considered his face. Oh, to touch – yet I was ashamed at the thought of doing it. He was my prince, I mustn't spoil it. I mustn't. . . .

October, November, December snowed by. Our friendship drifted into love. I came to know the sound of his footsteps, the sweet smell of his breath, the raspiness of his whispers. “Sarah,” he'd say, and brush away a stray strand of hair from my

face, “. . . soft . . . smooth . . . ebony. Sarah, I love you.” Then I would press against him, and gently rub his arm. He’d laugh softly . . .

I am eating popcorn at Lowell Arts Theater. On the screen is one of those torrid love films. A couple behind me is making out. My mind is not on either event; I keep thinking . . . of Mama’s voice . . .

– Pull your skirt down, Sarah. A nice girl sits with her knees covered. Do you want people to call you trashy? Do you want people to talk?

– Yes, and I do want people to notice me! I do want to belong. . . .

Now I am again aware of my surroundings, and am lost in the caresses of both couples. . . .

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” he’d ask, and I’d nod.

So together we lived – alone in an artificial world. We enclosed ourselves with high walls, a room without windows, without doors. Cut from the world, we lived a private life . . . until the intruder crossed carelessly that boundary and shattered that life.

It was an evening in January, and we walked to the small park area near the creek. It was dark, but the street lights cast a hazy glow over the fresh-fallen snow. Quietly we walked, listening to the crackle underfoot and to the sound of the tingling, iced air. Quietly we walked, and I kicked up snow with the toes of my boots. Bill took my hand, and together we walked, swiftly, swiftly. I pulled my hand away, and ran wildly through the clean snow. Bill chased me; Bill caught me; Bill pulled me down into the white crystallized snow. He bent over me; our laughter ceased. I pulled him closer. His weight bore down on me, and our lips met. No longer were we two people, but united in one, melted together like the snow in spring!

And then he entered. All I remember was the grotesque form of his body as he leered over us, and his harsh, jeering voice: “Hey, you dirty nigger-lover! She a hot lay? You oughta wait til spring to get hung up – you know, like all them other black and white dogs!” . . .

I am in a shoe store. Mama says I can have new shoes, maybe white ones. We are the only customers sitting in the store.

– Mama, why don’t they come and wait on us? They’re just standing there.

– They’re afraid they are not good enough to wait on us – and they aren’t.

A young man comes out of the back room, and looks at us. He is angry, I can tell ‘cause he slams down the papers he is holding. He comes over and waits on me. I buy patterned shoes with bows on them.

And we go up to pay. He gives the wrapping girl the box. But she doesn’t take it.

– Dirty nigger-lover! I’m not touching anything any nigger’s touched!

"Dirty nigger, dirty nigger-lover, dirty nigg . . ." How could I forget such clanging words. They shook my little dream world, and I fell out. I noticed our "friends" did not approve of our relationship. They stared, talked behind our backs. The real world has no concern for love. No concern.

I wanted Bill to be aware of reality, but he'd say, "Forget them, Sarah, have no concern. Remember only our love. . . ."

But I can't, Bill! I'm only hurting you with my talk of society's conventions. I'm too obsessed with them to overlook the fact that they exist. Forgive me, Bill, if I am wrong. Forgive me, but I love you. And I can't hurt you any more!

So here I stand, looking out at the rain. How fitting an ending; as if it had been planned – to meet, and love, and die in the rain.

We kissed our last kiss, an unknown good-by, tears mingled in raindrops, salt with cool sweet – "Are you sad, my love?" – No, infinitely happy. I have chosen the only answer to love. You understand. Now all will be perfect . . . as Bill and I together.

Cheryl Ann Goellner

Poverty

I don't know poverty
But I've seen her tear-streaked face.
I've seen her in the grimace
Of an anguished loser in the mirror.
I've felt her presence
In the lingering longing
To know how to love.
She grips the heart when it reaches out
To touch someone too-long neglected
And makes it gall like a stone in the breast.

Mary Corbin

From Time is now an old rose blown

Time tunes mournful in my waking dreams. . . .
Though I stood darkly under skies of glass,
I was ever mine,

And time was love.
And time was love.
And time was ever dying.

Larry C. Edwards

IV

Reflections

As cigarette smoke engulfs the room, I close my eyes, open my mouth, and breathe deeply in the satisfaction of the completion of an ideal. The stereo blares out the melodies of published and copyrighted tragedies of those experiencing rewarded efforts. The caged caterpillar weaves his weary web in forgetfulness of the previous summer, looking forward to the physical relaxation of hibernation until nature calls for his presence to help fulfill the necessity of organized beauty. The good times of my childhood go fleeting passed the present concern of broken love affair, never again to be restored. It isn't enough to just live and feel, you have to experience reality before you may know why meditation requires subjective inquiry. The anticipation of divine intervention forces one to possess the prevailing attitude of love in all endeavors and to rejoice in its recognition. Like the deliberate coherence of a Dylan lyric, life is constructed and interwoven into meaning for the innumerable quantity of people who ask, "Why?"

h.m. corwin

I.

Grey whirling cloud; nebulous mass of bits of
Half-formed thoughts like broken mosaic
Of vague and undefined questions
Floating
So free –

Inability to focus – on what?

A vague itching? . . .

Didn't I once know at least

The questions?

II.

Duffy and Darjeeling.
And the pungent cleanness of rain.
Or the grey independence of fog.
Temperas in deep green and bright yellow
Splashed over lines drawn in India ink.
Hair in a French twist, and a novel by Sagan;
Or a walk through the square in early night.
And the unmistakable old-paper smell
Of a Nancy Drew book.

Rachel Cring

From Schizophrenic

I

The world is a wedge
Between me and me
A high brambly hedge
Where once I was free.

IV

The psyche screams with silent cries
The terror lurks in vacant eyes
The uttered words are but a guise
For the secret, silent psychic cries.

V

Can no one see
Or understand
That words are garble
But the thought behind
Is life, or death, or
A piece of both
Locked in a splintered mind.

VI

Don't you hear me out there
Don't you hear me
Or have I finally
Crumbled away
Is my voice a whisper
of hushed wind
A shrieking prisoner
Of a captive mind
Who is out there
Who do you hear
When I speak
And who is the thing called me
That pounds in my inner ear.

Betty Steckman

kite flight

hail to thee, blithe spirit!
your wings are light of string
and wood and tissue paper.
do you know that the hand
which guides you is trembling?

Larry C. Edwards

Youth in Today's World

Since the beginning of time, when Adam and Eve produced Cain and Abel, the youth has been looked upon as a useful tool to help out in the family economy. The youth was treated, economically speaking, much like a work animal. He was fed and cared for at home and was expected to put in a full day's work in return. He was to devote his total ability to working, not thinking. As the youth grew up and became a part of society, he was to follow suit with his elders by accepting, without question, society's various laws, regulations, and customs, regardless of their goodness or badness.

Now times have changed. No longer are we at the bare subsistence level where everyone must work to provide for the family. Instead of tilling the field, the youth of today is being educated and taught to think for himself. As youth is educated, his eyes are opened. He now sees the world as evil, hateful, and

selfish. He hears heroic statements such as "everyone is created free and equal," only to see the Negro of the South in a far different situation; throughout life the youth has been told "honesty is the best policy," but how often everyday does he see people telling "little white lies" in order to get out of situations? The youth has evaluated society and has seen where it has failed morally. Now he is determined to better the morals of society for the good of all. And in so doing, he disrupts society's code that "youth should be seen, not heard."

The older generation doubts the ability of youth. Its members argue that since **their own** generation was undoubtedly superior, and it failed morally, without doubt this new generation would also fail. For that reason, they look upon the youth of today with both apprehension and fear as he takes a firm stand in support of those things which are contrary to society's mode of thinking.

The people of the older generation fail to realize that this is a **new** generation living in a **new** world. They tend to forget that this new generation is no longer instilled with the hate and prejudice that predominated the social thinking of the older generation. The young people are more educated and therefore, fully aware of the problems that confront the world today. They are not satisfied with the "we-don't-care" attitude of their self-centered ancestors. They are striving to solve these problems rather than ignore them. The goal of youth is to make this a better world for themselves and future generations.

And the older generation still insists that the youth look upon the world with complacency in order to preserve the already established patterns of social conduct. They tell youth that the attitude of indifference has been proven successful by history and, therefore, it should work well in the future. The new generation disagrees. It sees a world with problems that necessitate an attitude of commitment, not of indifference.

The success or failure of this new generation's endeavor to make a better world will be tested by time. If it is a better world, they will deserve all manner of praise from mankind; if it is not, they may console themselves with the fact that "it is better to have loved and lost, than to never have loved at all."

Danny Farrell

From To Faith: An Exaltation

A deepest and most sincere "Thanks" to you, Faith, for your truth
In a world of deception.

Just Faith and I to withstand the torment of rejection!
An exaltation and a hopeful plea for the return of your uncanny
Efforts of understanding.
Thank God! An Outsider to face and replace complacency!
My Faith, an unworthy companion to despair, but appreciated and
Vital to my Awareness.

h. m. corwin

Consider the youth of today – more leisure time and less responsibility gives them the freedom of learning, exploring, and evaluating. Many youth are interested in the welfare of society and, naturally, question constantly. Well-educated and understanding adults of today realize that the “new generation” has been better fed, more exposed to society and more intensely educated than themselves. For this reason, the youth of today have a right to express themselves and ask questions, but at this point a strong measure of caution would be advisable.

Many youth are steeped in apathy and indifference. For the many interested and well-meaning young people, there are as many, if not more, young people who are playing the role of lost identity and only surface-skimming important matters. It is far too easy for the youth of today to remain free-wheeling and, supposedly, not conforming to the strains of conformity. The youth of today seem to have the idea that everyone must be committed to something (a cause, project, etc.) and at the same time they are not really committed at all, just superficially involved.

I am sure that our ancestors, whoever they were in that hodge-podge conglomeration we call a melting pot, were really not instigating social problems when they ignored ones that did not exist. Perhaps there were not nearly as many problems as the youth of today claim there were, because these young people try to apply the gadfly method of Socrates when they don't really even know what it was. When a young person takes a firm stand on an issue, it is usually on a shaky soap box that will collapse with the unfortunate upon it. The gadfly method of today's youth might well be considered a “fly-by-night.” Neither flightiness nor complacency is called for in these situations. If youth want to take adult responsibilities, they must respond with more maturity in logic, reasoning, awareness and permanency.

Time does not always tell whether a generation has endeavored in the right direction. If a past generation has failed, it

appears that the only one to criticize that failure as due to outright neglect is the present or "new" generation; and this is often unfounded because a person with little or no experience will often judge past history by past history. It takes competency to show how a generation has supposedly failed or erred.

"He who hesitates is lost, but he who rushes in blindly is a fool." — The world has a somewhat cruel way of dealing with both the apathetic and the industrious. A wise young person observes, and tries to understand instead of constantly criticising his society. The time of youth will come all too quickly; and once the days of subservient youth are gone forever for present youth, then, perhaps, they will stop a moment and try to evaluate, think back, and understand why it is difficult to be an older generation.

F. Garlathy

I am but a raw diamond,
Put here, of course, for a purpose
By the greatest magician of all.
So here I am: raw, searching,
Waiting to be cut into something
I can't visualize or respect.

But, I almost thought, for a moment,
That I by some chance, could win,
Even in the smallest way,
Determine the cause for my existence;
But, how revolting, as an impartial
Observer of life, to be seen lying alone,
Stagnant, waiting to be swept away
In the flood: earnestness —
Called the founder of my usefulness.

What if I am found, cut, and observed:
Admired by all who witness my brightness.
How magnificent to serve a purpose!
My existence is not being served
For myself, but, to the satisfaction of those
I detest. I am found: salvation at last!
— I'd rather be living —

h. m. corwin

Little Things Count

The green blade of grass was there
In the park.
Insignificant as it was,
It served.
It contributed its all – its everything –
Because it was part of something bigger.
but it couldn't even rise above
its lowly state
To see what it was part of.
How much less do we, O Pilgrims,
Know of what we are doing?
Only serve, and know it is for God!

Frederick D. Glasser

Not 'til That Burning Bush

If I should wake, to sleep again,
Let the rain fall on my face
Quiet as the hills,
Or wing me out to where
The bright birds fly.

If I should breathe a brown fall-leaf
Where no man flies,
Cleave me to the pitching skies
Above the prodigal sun, though,

Not 'til that burning bush
Or nightfell fall
Out of the roaring womb,
Will I turn my all
In
And spin this life today.

Larry C. Edwards

Dialogue

"King Leo?"

"Yass. Eferybotty calls me dat. You call me King Leo, too, heh?"

"Sure thing, King."

"Hoa. Dat's cute. Charles, you bring a clefer one dis time!"

King Leo's breath stank warmly of beer. He burped hospitably.

"Here. You muss haf somezing to drink, heh? Andt some potato chips."

"Thank you. Charles brought me some Pepsi."

King Leo opened another beer. Half of it sloshed down on his chest and onto his beer-belly, soaking his T-shirt.

"Hoa! Dat fills good." Laughing, he threw his head back, almost banging it against the low ceiling. "Cricket cum hir. Kiss me! Oh, but I forget our guest. You are acquaintet with Cricket, heh? She iss from your college, I think."

I knew Cricket. She was drunk again. She didn't have a bra on. They kissed and drank some more.

"Less haf sum music, heh? Eferrybotty muss danse!"

King Leo and Cricket began dancing to African music. Leo, the perfect host, soon gave Cricket over to a Nigerian boy so he could circulate among his guests.

"Cum. I will tich you to danse African." Dancing African was like jitterbugging, but involved more direct contact than playing football. King Leo bent over so his beard scratched my face. His T-shirt was still wet. His hands were somewhere behind my back?

"Whose picture is on the desk over there?" Anything to get out of that grip. . . .

"Dat? Oh! Dat iss my leetle angel-child. My baby girl."

"And your wife?"

"Here iss Maria," He pointed to another picture. "Dey are still in Africa. I miss dem fery much."

"Why couldn't they come to America with you?"

"No money." The gay host sobered. His face saddened. "Two yirs ago I said to Maria. 'We muss haf more money. I muss haf more schooling.' So we decide dat I cum to America to Ohio State. But in three yirs I will be home again." He sighed.

"Does Maria know you have these parties here?"

"Oh yass. At home we are social. More dan your people hir. You stotty andt stotty all week. Andt what do you do at de endt off de week, heh?"

"I should be studying."

"Egsakly! You stotty too much! All de time you stotty."

"But what about Maria? What would she think if she saw you dancing with Cricket?"

"She wouldt not care. When one lofs another there iss a fill-ing of trust, you know? Maria andt I trust each other. As for her, I can haf all de parties andt girls I want hir. But nefer just one. Always two girls or more, heh?"

"Oh."

"Are you sure you do not want somezing more to drink dan Pepsi?"

"No thanks, Leo."

"No? Fery well den . . . Cricket! Where are you? Cum danse with King Leo some more."

Verda Deeter

From When Cain Slew Abel, He Sure Gave Us All A Rough Way To Go.

Nearly one hundred years following the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, the American Negro found the courage to stand-up and demand the rights which the Constitution told him were his. When the idea to cast off "secondclass" citizenship of Negroes first swept across the nation, it was the first time that many Americans, both black and white, had ever consciously realized that there was anything unfair about the social treatment of the African "immigrant." Nearly everyone has recognized this period as a time of **crisis** in the American story. A division in thought comes in concerning whether our obdurate social attitude will be justfully re-created or be allowed to grow back into the same cultural hemlock which has, and could again, poison truth.

Twenty years ago the Negro was, to an even greater extent than he is today, a frustrated and degraded human being — with one great exception. The Negro of 1946 was, for the most part, introverted. He was barred from restaurants, pushed to the rear of busses, and ignored by real-estate agents, with seldom a retort or reaction on his part. He was relatively sure of where he belonged and where he did not belong, **according to** the unwritten laws of society, and he governed himself *accordingly*. Now, for some reason, his 1966 counterpart has taken stock of what he has, and of what he is entitled to, and he has demanded answers from America for those things which cannot be accounted for. The riots of Watts, Harlem, Cleveland and Chicago are intensive examples of the tendencies the extroverted Negro of 1966 shows in reacting to his unconscious, yet overt, persecution The common illusion of the inoffensive, retiring, round brown faces and big, white eyes, has been replaced by that of **The Negro**: the underprivileged American, the crusader for freedom, or "the black rat who wants to marry my daughter." . . .

Although the racial problem in the United States is far from being solved, a great deal of progress has been made when we compare the Negro situation of 1966 to what it was – even as recently as 1960. This is not to say that America can afford to be complacent regarding her resolution of the situation. But it is worthwhile to note that progress has been made and that feelings of discouragement with the predicament are unwarranted. I think that the crisis has passed and that now we are beginning the foundation work of **re-creation**.

Steve Lorton

Epilogue

The mist upon the hill
gave way.
Below was but
The shadow of yesterday's sun.

KONI

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