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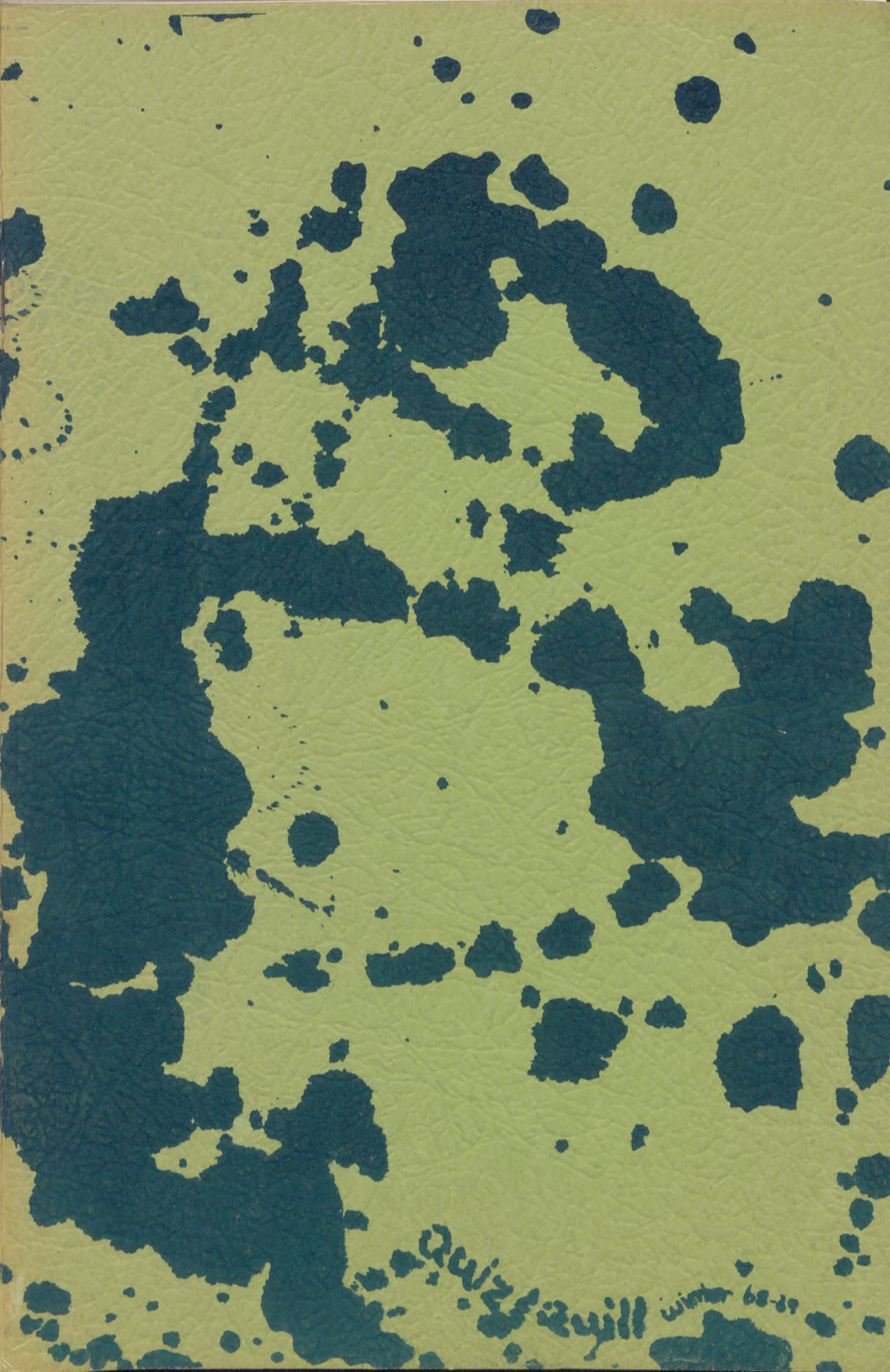
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Quincy, Winter 68-69

# The Quiz and Quill

Published by

**THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB**

of Otterbein College



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Maggie Tabor . . . . . Assistant Editor

**Winter, 1968-1969**

**Founded 1919**

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We of the Quiz and Quill Club would like to thank the alumni who submitted their work for this issue. Although we could not use it all, we sincerely appreciate their interest.

This issue is devoted to the work of the Quiz and Quill members and alumni, but we would like to remind everyone of the Spring Issue which includes poems, short stories, and essays submitted to the Annual Quiz and Quill Writing Contest.

*Bobbie Stiles*

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## THE CARETAKER

Spring denies men working hours  
encouraging erotic deeds  
I'm kept busy planting flowers  
while other men are sowing seeds

Summer sheds lethargic rays  
carefree hours quickly pass  
yet to me they're merely days  
for trimming trees and cutting grass

Autumn plucks the peacock's plumes  
leaves him crying cold and naked  
my countenance too is one of gloom  
the scattered feathers must be raked

Winter with its white shampoo  
cleanses all with downy flakes  
however the enchanting view  
is offset by my muscle aches.

*David Partridge*

## SEASON OF SOLITUDE

Summer has come and passed his baton,  
paused, fallen behind,  
and is now just visible  
gasping in the dust of leaves.  
It's silent and cold – still.  
Smoke-ring shattering cold and still  
so that the leaf particles are glued to snowflakes  
pasted in space.  
To stand is to freeze in the still cold,  
but to run is to sprint from peace.

*Allan Strauss*

## SPRING ROADS

I walk again the roads  
I walked last fall,  
And in the winter when it  
was not too cold,  
And you know,  
They have not changed at all,  
Except they're more alive.  
The fence post by the road  
Has somehow now  
Become less tall  
Among the new grasses,  
And the muddy streams  
Rush on to where,  
Beneath the bridge, they fall  
And tumble on.

I walk again the roads  
I walked last fall,  
And in the winter when  
The wind blew warm,  
And though I thought  
They had not changed at all,  
I found them all anew.

*Charlene A. Simmers*

## BLIZZARD

Howl, wind of winter!  
Hurl your stinging shafts, blue-white.  
Close up our pathways!  
Snow shall succumb to shovels  
That Spring may stand here, singing.

*Jane O'Grady '45*

## AUTUMN CLOUDS

Clouds  
Swirled and layered and rippled  
Like the sea or the sand  
Or molded into smoke puffs  
Or cotton mountains  
Or pieces of silk or chiffon  
Left lying at random  
Or scattered by the wind  
Across the Giant's floor.

*Linda Karl*

## THE RAINS OF SPRING

The rain came down  
That sudden spring in silken veils  
On everything;  
In ropes, in sheets, in billowed swags,  
In needle mists with thunder tags.  
It sluiced the cheek of every leaf  
With water like the floods of grief —  
It was a spring of varnished wet,  
Of gullywashers often met,  
    So roots sprang into blossom shout  
    Before our Whitsuntide was out.

What then of springs like this, my soul,  
That was me clean, yet leave me whole,  
That reach far down to silent deeps  
Wherein the spirit, brooding, weeps  
With tears for all that life has kept  
Of love, of loss and sharp regret?  
    These brimming torrents that I rue  
    May architect my new growth, too.

*Alice Sanders Reed '26*

## NIGHT FIRE

The fire flames leap at the sky  
with a wild and hungry cry.  
Blazing, lovely and bright  
against the dark of the night,  
the fire's flickering hands  
Stir the firebrands  
within.  
The thin  
strands binding man  
break,  
leaving the dulling ache  
of desire.  
A woman  
creates a roaring fire  
within.  
But this fire consumes  
that which is burning  
and dooms  
its yearning.  
I would love  
not with a love  
that flames and dies  
but with a love that cries  
for the white-hot surety  
of eternity.

*Roger Caldwell '58*

## PRAIRIE SUNSET

Prairie  
Panorama  
Merges muted colors;  
Twilight fashions phantom shadows;  
Night falls!

*Jane O'Grady '45*

## ICE STORM

translucent flesh encases  
old ebony bones  
and other assorted  
optical illusions  
temporarily glittering  
in suspended animation

*David Partridge and Sharon Luster*

## DREAM-HELD

Snow shadow blue, a god-moon drifts  
across the cloudwebbed sky.  
I stand and watch  
dream-held,  
as my warm breath  
collects in a silver curl  
and becomes frost-mist on the cold air.

*Roger Caldwell '58*

## TWO FIGURES: YIN AND YANG

Hands, arms, a mouth  
Driving down, reaching around,  
Forcing flesh. What drought  
Of firmness, substance found.  
The female foil resist,  
Struggles strongly storms  
Of hands, the kisses fists  
Instead, while arm forms  
About body, trapping  
Tender prey. Torn  
Spirit in her stopping  
Stamina never born.

*Maggie Tabor*

## SONNET

Often come shadows of shock and delight; and the bright  
Of a memory and a cold shudder of then now bolts through  
My essays at awareness. The me of now must fight  
The you of forever. For never daring dimnesses of you  
And shocking shadows of us fail to dance delight.  
Complexioned in the hues of fire do I dream,  
And armored unashamed drowse and drift and fly  
On clouds of you. Now the ever empty of lonely in quiet screams  
Me to sleep with visions of shock and delight. For I  
Am separate from you, as I, the sour milk, without you, the cream.  
Quiet, perplexed by things of then and nothings of now,  
Wondering with what right you have left me, and how  
You lost your love of my wonder. At night how I dread  
The realization that I am left still warm, but dead.

*Bobbie Stiles*

## LETHE

To ask what we cannot know  
Is not forbidden, even though  
The answers lie hidden  
In the bottom of the sky.

Down from the clouds of pain  
Comes soothing rain  
To fill the river Lethe.  
I do not want its peace  
Lest I cease  
To grow.

If I could see beyond the pain  
Into the bottom of the sky!

*Paula Kurth*

## HE AND I

He and I  
Oblique lines in different planes  
Speaking in hollow phrases  
And empty words  
Stuffed only with wadded newspaper.  
For a moment our lives touched  
As did our hands  
and our lips  
But not our minds.  
He and I  
Two people  
In adjacent but separate boxes  
Longing to escape.

*Linda Karl*

## FIRST TIME DOWN

A black Pompean statue stark against the snow,  
Stricken with my chest's earthquake tremors,  
I begged to be watching the others,  
Alone I stand; a voice encourages,  
And I,  
Gripping the poles like daggers ready for the plunge,  
The snow cracking and splitting  
Under my weight,  
Sew the seam of my skiis across the sloping ocean.  
My arrowed skiis dug in,  
Aching to break my descent;  
My stomach tied around my neck  
Like a hangman's knot.  
At last my mind retrieves my body,  
Flat, quivering, breathless  
Against the ocean breast.  
Solidity, stability – welcome followers  
Of a flight  
Too long continuing, too soon ended.  
The terror, the thrill of the first time down.

*Charlene A. Simmers*

## SWITCH ON-OFF

Where to reach to turn on the light of life?  
Blind in the darkness, yet with eyes to see  
Wishing to end all strife  
I fight myself to flee  
Outward into the light  
Or what I thought was brightness,  
What I thought was day  
Appeared only as shadows of gray.  
Who's colored my life  
Made it so lifeless –  
An empty shell in which I am forced to dwell?  
Can it be me using only tones of Sorrow  
From the dawn of Tomorrow?  
Or did someone dampen my brush  
Lightened the touch which was to pattern the way?  
Did that produce the shades of gray?

Who painted my rainbow?  
The hues seem washed together  
As if tears had run down  
Streaked it to the ground  
So that the ends had no pots of gold,  
Nothing told of sunny daze,  
Only blacks covering the haze of my mind.  
A mind where dreams were born,  
Then torn and scattered in the sun.  
But the sun is gone, and they reflect no more.  
Someone has closed the door to my heart  
That felt a part of the warmth of life.  
It now meets only strife  
As I reach to turn on the light of life.

*Robin Rike*

## LOST

Phantoms stare at saxaphones  
tarnished, but in good condition  
cryptic fingers beckon LOANS  
blazing as the apparitions  
wander toward the dream museum  
calculating as they drag  
their relics from the mausoleum  
tapestries reduced to rags

*David Partridge*

My dream –  
Not fame or fortune shot,  
Though these I'd not decline,  
But just to stand reed-rooted through the  
    buffeting of stony waves.  
To tower upright in the sweat and chill of hard-lived days,  
And come forth finally in battered but triumphant praise  
    of trial-won agonies with soul-teeth gritted,  
And with white-knuckled grasp on slippery-self  
Find faith renewed and life committed.

*Linda Gladura*

## GENESIS

In the beginning, the Artist was alone.  
On the first day,  
    He created out of nothingness a canvas, bare of design and lifeless.  
    But the Artist saw that the canvas had possibilities.  
On the second day,  
    the Artist placed his brush against the canvas and stroked, creating  
    beauty with every movement.  
    And the Artist saw that the canvas had possibilities.  
On the third day and on through the fifth,  
    the Artist added stroke after stroke to His creation until the  
    blackness was pervaded with His own luminence.  
    And the Artist saw that the canvas had possibilities.  
On the sixth day,  
    the Artist placed a single cell on the canvas, giving life to absorb  
    and return his light.  
    And the Artist saw that the canvas had possibilities.  
On the seventh day,  
    the Artist rested, but the cell continued cancerous growth, blocking  
    out the light from the Artist.  
    The Artist wept. His tears flowed to the canvas and dampened it,  
    causing a faint red streak to again absorb light.  
    Slowly the canvas began to return the light.  
    And the Artist saw that the canvas had possibilities.

*Julie Hogue*

## HAPPENSTANCE

The methodical thud of footsteps on the cold damp soil hastened till she felt his rough coat sleeve brush her arm.

"Hi - thought that was you."

"Hi." She glanced sideways in acknowledgement, barely raising her head which was bent to examine the patterns of leaves on the ground - patterns of their empty veins, patterns of the biological process of death, patterns of their random accumulation one on another.

"Aren't you cold?"

The early evening air had chilled her so that she was shaking spasmodically.

"The weather changed so rapidly - I didn't realize it'd be so cold." She visualized her hasty exit from the house. Her thoughts had been too preoccupied to remind her of more temporal matters of body comfort.

"Well - here. Take my jacket. I've got a sweater on anyway."

"No, really, I'm not that cold. I just don't feel well. I need the fresh air on me."

"Whatsa matter?"

"Oh, just a little nervous, I guess. Or maybe my own cooking doesn't agree with me. I couldn't eat my supper."

"Well, say. You'd better take my jacket."

"No. I've got to leave you now anyway."

A sidewalk had replaced the path and they were approaching an intersection. Small brick houses lined the streets in all directions. A housing development with quarter-acre lots where only the placement of shrubbery and trim on the houses distinguished one residence from the next.

"I've got no place special to go. I'll tag along, if you don't mind." He removed his jacket and handed it to her. She looked at him blandly for the first time and smiled a thanks. The wool still held his body warmth as she slipped it on.

"Do you live in a fraternity house?"

"No. I share an apartment with a couple other guys. What about you?"

"I'm in a rooming house. We have kitchen privileges. Over on Stansell, just a block from campus."

She had continued to walk straight instead of turning at the intersection. He sensed her walking was as aimless as his own.

"Say, maybe you'd rather not have me tag along. I can stop by and get my jacket later."

"No....You're in my social psych class, aren't you?"

"Yeh. I sit in the front row in lecture so I can get out of there fast to get to my next class."

"Major or minor?"

"Neither - pre-med. Just thought it sounded like a phoney course - sort of mob psychology, propagandizing or something. I had to check it out. Besides, I might specialize in psychiatry."

"Too bad everything has to be a science, has to be analyzed and 'formulated, sprawling on a pin, pinned and wriggling on the wall,' as Eliot says."

"Eliot?"

"Thomas Stearns Eliot. British-American poet, 1940's-'50's."

"Oh, yes. J. Alfred Prufrock. 'Do I dare disturb the universe?'"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

The street lights formed the patterns at their feet now. Sterile, hollow patches of illumination from gas vapor lamps on flawless concrete.

"I hate it here. Let's run away." She dashed out of the circle of light. He followed the sound of her breathless giggling or sobbing — he wasn't sure which it was — through several yards till they reached the fences surrounding the community swimming pool, long since closed for the winter. Their fingers looped through the mesh fencing as they ducked their heads low and panted at their feet, their bodies tingling with the sudden rush of blood.

"Oh — the world has fenced us in — or out. Which is it?" She had turned to lean against the barricade, her hands tucked up the sleeves of the jacket and her arms crossed on her rhythmically moving stomach.

"I don't know. What difference does it make? Inside the fence, you are surrounded, alone but vacant. More concrete, more leaves. Eliot's Wasteland."

"And outside — more freedom but a void and always walls and fences and eyes — The Hollow Men — prickly pears."

"But we dared to disturb the universe. That's the freedom outside the fence." He dug for her hands buried in a warmth of wool and flesh, found them doubled in fists against her ribs, and pulled her to him. Her hands slid around his hips as he cupped her shoulders in his own hands.

"You're excited," she said simply.

"No wonder. I've been making love to you for the past hour."

Headlights played against the concrete block wall of the bath house and glared on an embracing couple before turning the corner away from the pool.

"There're a couple kids about to do it, Frank. Better back up and scare 'em out of the love nest."

The patrol car made a U-turn and aimed its searchlight against the fence.

"Okay, you two, break it up. Don't even have the decency to do it in a parked car anymore. Go on home and satisfy yourselves in your *own* beds, the safe way. Yer not missin' much."

He felt her tense and release herself from his caress. When the red tail light progressed toward the housing development, she was gone.

Laurene Maurer '66

## WHAT COMES NEXT AFTER APATHY?

What comes next after apathy?  
Seclusion, Isolation, Destruction of Soul?  
An eighth wonder of the world –  
The Great Wall of the Human Being.  
Seeing billboards proclaiming:  
“Stop the world, I wanna get off.”  
Is it so hard to feel something once in a while?  
Must you dream dreams no one can share?  
Turn your spirit to nowhere?  
One more “I don’t care” and you’ve reached  
“Ever-Ever Land”.  
There’s a great demand for you as a model of the future.  
The unburdened and uninvolved man.  
Use the meaning of opinion  
The next time you run out of ideas –  
Or for relief of boredom –  
What comes next after apathy?

*Robin Rike*

## STRANGE BEDFELLOW

“Life is full of rude awakenings.”

A platitude serves best when despair comes calling.  
It hits me – I pause – I reflect – I still despair.  
A platitude to share the despair.

A consciousness of failure got turn-the-light-out-quickly into  
bed with me last night.  
We tucked our chins under the cover and we glared into the darkness.  
Failure is a strange bedfellow.  
I thought about him – but he was just there,  
Something that did not prickle quite so much after it was admitted.  
I know when and how but not why.  
To try, to be sure of, to be uncertain is to fail.  
To prepare, to learn, to forget is to fail.  
To be here is to fail. To live is to fail.  
To die...to die...

Life is full of rude awakenings I thought as I went to sleep.

*Bobbie Stiles*

## THE ROPEDANCERS

We are all ropedancers  
And for perfect balance demand balance.  
How strange, that if we *were* ropedancers,  
So many of us would fall and perish.

*Jinny Schott '67*

## PEACE

Peace, if we could know you, as you are indeed,  
Might not these letter-forms your portrait draw?  
A woman's form, bent low with weeping, crushed,  
Too long has traced your image in man's mind.  
Some day you shall be born! And until then  
We can but meditate what you shall be.

And even now, though violence shakes the earth,  
As unborn child who sleeps within the womb,  
You are among us and you are our hope.  
The time of advent we cannot set down,  
For not while smolders or while brightly flames  
The poisonous hate of man shall Peace be born.

We're taught that sin is missing of the mark.  
What might mankind become when losing self  
In search for greatest good, he bends his powers  
And his machines, projections of his mind,  
To purposes of right! Then he'll not strive  
For oil of earth, but for the oil of love.

Peace! We would paint you as a valiant man,  
Not passive in your virtues, but alert  
To new achievements which have not been dreamed;  
To knowledge, courage, strength which lifts the weak  
To higher view of body, mind and soul  
And binds the world around with brotherhood.

*Freda Kirts Shower '27*

## SAIGON TO CHICAGO

Down gently, Thunder!  
Fluff of clouds breathe a haze  
(Earth's eyebrows, smile of sunburst under)  
Contrails caress the shell-pocked yesterdays.

Rest! Peace of the soft air  
Hold me! Sooth the riles of time,  
Anxiety, the crime  
Of who still dies back there.

Wing dips to winking windshields  
(Sundance to joy, like premature stars)  
And all is home, and ground, and wheels  
Turning and returning from the wars.

*Carl V. Vorpe '51*

## FROM MY EASY CHAIR

The dull days of late autumn close  
About me as I sink deeper into the comfort  
Of my chair, and dream; perhaps too I  
Think; or sometimes even pray.  
Dream! Yes! All of us should dream  
But, let not our dreaming foster lassitude.  
Think too! but by our thinking  
Vaunt not omniscience.  
Work! but in our working, shield  
Ourselves from being crude.  
Fight, if and when we must, but face  
Or strike our foe without rancor, fear, or hate.  
Play! Live life with all its zest of living;  
Yet make all our games  
Those filled with joyous grace.  
Pray also; sometimes? Yea! often;  
But in our praying shun  
The deceit of self-righteousness.

*Lester M. Mitchell '24*

Have pity on this woman's life. She lives  
As one who wallows in comfort, with troubles that fade  
In delight that stems from house and husband. She gives  
Her children freely of soul's talent and wades  
In satisfaction gleaned from serving her own  
With all her precious self. Existence is bound  
By dinner and sleep, and life becomes a loan  
Which yields rewards. A woman's peace is found.

Yet such a gift, while it builds new spirits to a world  
In pain, might have been tapped for men  
And not a few. Unbound, she could have hurled  
Her soul's caress and with our fate contend.

Great men we have in flocks, but there is loss  
of women, who trap their hearts within a house.

*Maggie Tabor*

### WAITING

Eternity is bent  
into the shape of time  
while I wait the chime  
of the mantel clock's next hour.

I'll never see the flower  
of this moment's dying bud,  
petals drop to the mud  
of the everlasting present.

Bound, forced to consent  
to the hours' strict demands,  
I count the separate sands  
as they trickle in the glass.

*Roger Caldwell '58*

## INTROSPECTION

it's dark and yet the light's too bright  
good Christ! my eyes now feel the fire  
of booze and the harlot's choir  
strip away the sounds of night  
the visions from the jagged jaws  
of long ago engulf me now  
as Ghandi crawls inside his cow  
and Kafka, eager to escape the law  
ducks inside the nearest trojan horse  
contraceptives for a sterile land  
torn as the Red Army Band  
blares, no there's no remorse  
at times like now, when colors blend  
with rainbow spectrums of the wild  
beauty seen in every child  
and innocence in everyman  
ah, but it's night, and my blue eyes  
are dark, I'm outside myself  
and the spider monkey's health  
is gone the veterinarian's alibis  
like Jung and Fromm are no longer  
valid, no the cops just stare  
upon the sordid scene and swear  
"get out you don't belong here"

*David Partridge*

## SONG

The sound of song does not linger long  
Enough. It dies as it flies  
Past our ears into an eternity of years.  
It sweeps as I weep  
For its beauty.

Hands, ache for the note that he wrote  
In his sorrow. Let us borrow  
The length and the strength  
Of his tone as it shone  
In all beauty.

*Paula Kurth*

## SAPPHIC ORACLES

Caught and frozen in incandescent  
lies of evening, they walk,  
bound by lips and months  
they cannot love.

The hard-bitten language of their eyes silences  
in the black.

Mourning her own particular hate, each  
thinks with the night that others  
are moaning it differently.

Crows gnash at their eyes, but sighs  
in the arteries cannot be changed.

Fires candles in the loins burn lifelessly –

Even dogs do not bark as they pass.

*Larry C. Edwards '68*

How hungrily I ache for words that lose themselves in dreams,  
Hear echoes of reality, catch glimpses of it passing,  
But never strong enough to seize the spirit of its means  
In slippery surfaced similes or metaphoric clashing.

What agony to dredge the air for meaning, form, and fire,  
To squeeze the breath from life 'til fingers bleed with vain desire.  
What hope, tho', than to sate this strange coercion of the need?  
No peace derives from mocking page in whiteness starkly flashing;  
No peace 'til innuendos of the soul cease their harassing.

*Linda Gladura*

Should the stars and the midnight  
moon  
milk the seed from my horny limb,  
I would not wish for you to go:

Light in the loin is not the only truth.

Though body be wine, hip and thigh,  
your love, my love, has tied  
a cloud to my skinny rib and driven  
the track of time  
from my back;

Because

body and soul have come-  
bined,  
make-  
ing

Something the cosmos could never forge —  
magnetic lines of Force  
that hold us truly.

Something more eternal than land.

Stars and planets! What do they know?

Because

the curve of your hip fits the hollow  
of my hand;

We are us, yet together  
One.

Stars and planets...Why should they care?

Tangle my angles in your electric hair!

*Larry C. Edwards '68*

## MARDI GRAS

The night had its urgencies, coiled and black,  
Anger had wound in each to sharp the tone  
The fiddler set off who touched a brittle string.

They turned to the costumed figure nearest, each to each.  
The world became two faces, aureole rimmed,  
Limited to the moment, focused, burning.

Till finally, filled with the worm's soft crumbling  
They sensed their stake in the long march of the seasons  
And turned away to wait the wound's slow healing,

The longdrawn, painful piety of Lent.

*Sylvia Vance '47*

## (untitled)

Two becomes four becomes sixteen  
A baby cries  
And the rain comes down and the sun and the snow  
Pyramids into desert sand, kingdoms into dust  
And sixteen becomes thirty-two becomes sixty-four  
A young man loves  
And hills become mountains become valleys  
Greece and Rome and France and China...  
And sixty-four becomes 100 becomes 200  
His dreams like towers to the sky fall like hail  
And the ocean washes the shore of the desert  
One brick upon another placed – a rubble heap  
And 200 becomes 500 becomes 1000  
An old man looks at the sky and dies  
Forests grow on the ocean bed  
A thousand million hopes – sand on the shore  
Then one leaf alone on the wide wide sea.

*Linda Karl*

## COMING OF AGE

You don't need a stethoscope to hear the quickening pulse of our times. The beating heart of today's young body of believers is keeping time to a new rhythm, and the throb of that tempo seems to be forming a full-scale chorus of "do-your-own-thing." This popular phrase is only the current label for an evolution (or revolution) that's been a long time in coming. What some people consider unstructured chaos might well be our greatest hope for the future.

Like it or not, the labor pains our century is now suffering through are the results of the radical though quietly conceived change in values that has suddenly come to term. In a very real sense, the world is coming of age after a long adolescence of fuzzy perspectives. We are beginning to realize that society cannot impose values and meaning on life from the outside. We must topple the false gods for ourselves if the real is to hold any meaning for us.

Nowhere is this realization reflected more dramatically than in the world of the arts. For a lot of people, the artist seems to be the misfit in our midst, the streamlined round peg unable to fit into society's square hole. Quite the contrary, however; the artist, with his intensified and intuitive grasp of what it's all about, is the one man uniquely qualified to be called the representative of his age. All the rest of us, it would seem, are bogged down in some messy cultural lag. We are the stragglers, the out-of-step ones who cling tenaciously to the past; art, in its dealings with our kind, has had to put up quite a struggle.

"Do your own thing" was the art world's unwritten code long before hippy jargon brought the phrase popularity. Telling it like it is has always been art's aim, but there were long years when oppressive outside factors dictated what "it" was to be like. Even the artist had to play puppet to certain standards. How many fewer works concerning "religious" subject matter might exist if outwardly-imposed, traditional forces had not once proclaimed that the sacred alone is worthy artistic subject matter? And what might later artists have explored in the years of science's omnipotent reign (from which we are only now emerging) if their talents had been freed from strict observation of "measurable, external phenomena"? Who can say? Maybe these were vital steps leading up to the surge of self rising today.

Without doubt, the breakdown in absolute standards and easily discernible truths in every area of modern life from morality to physics has heralded the new age of self-reliance and inward search for the personally relevant values that give life meaning and direction. Though the quest for one's "own thing" has only lately become the popular pursuit of large numbers of the "with it" generation, this free exploration of inner space has been going on in the arts since man first tried to capture reality on the wall of a cave.

Many a bewildered tradition-bound individual may disagree, but today's art is, in many respects, more complex art than its respected forerunners. Where once artistic creativity primarily consisted of fitting content into a pre-established and fairly rigid mold, today's artist has no such safe framework. He must create his own style, not copy; and this is frequently done without pointers from anything but the promptings of his own instinct. This, of course, is never easy. It is always easier to follow forms than to invent them. But integrity demands a break with the limiting past, and the mapless regions of self must always be explored to find levels of reality and truth beyond those already known.

"Soul" is one of the words we hear a lot about these days, and rightly so, since it is a telling expression that captures what the now art is saying. The improvising that is going on all around us is not merely off the tops of clever heads, but from the depths of daring spirits. This new frontier attitude is not a fad but a deliberate and conscious way of life. A three by five foot stretch of white canvas bearing a single purple spot somewhere left of center may be basically more revealing as far as the artist's perceptions of reality go than all the photographically correct, sterily objective landscapes ever painted by Sunday afternoon Rembrandts. Our spot man, if he were being honest, created from inside himself; the landscapers copied the surface. Within this difference exists the unbridgable gap between "soul" and imitation.

Self-disclosure is not, of course, restricted to visual arts alone, but makes its claim on every art form. Music provides especially fertile ground for examples of this turn inward to discover and communicate. Today's music-makers using the same notes that Mozart manipulated into his form-frought fugues, respond to their own thing with an amazing output of diversity. All of today's sparkling facets of the musical gem indicate a vibrant awareness of individual integrity and unlimited possibility. There is a very definite aura of subjective genuineness in all of these forms from pop and folk rock to the mystic intensity of the Oriental sounds filtered through the Western musician's interpretive perceptions.

In viewing it all, we face confrontation: art all around us setting the pace, continually analyzing and testing itself, never satisfied with half answers, hungry for truth, always asking the embarrassing but vital questions about the quality of living we allow in our lives, and challenging us to adopt its pioneering spirit of self-discovery — mastering life instead of being victimized by it.

Today's brand of artists show great desire to be participants in their own lives, to live naturally by the best of the values they have struggled to establish, fully responsive to today's needs and demands and free from the slavish subservience to meaningless dictates of the past. The living honesty and quality

they advocate in their work are not found in social dropping-out but by making a conscious commitment to self-discovery. Some people are born with an instinctive drive toward this; others must create it by constant exposure to truth.

We should not feel that because today's art is largely a highly personal, subjective revelation that it does not present the kind of answers we can possibly use as non-artists, for if an artist probes deeply enough into himself, he can transcend superficial differences that divide men and touch the common thread of human existence we all share.

*Linda Gladura*

### **THE INTERVIEW**

You say that you report the daily news  
And want to measure my reaction to  
The new evangelist? I find his views  
Are not at all acceptable, and few  
Of his sensational devices lift  
The cause of God where it belongs, to creeds  
In the established church. He cleaves a rift  
In all our institutions, — even speeds  
Inferior races towards equality.  
I'd say he oversimplifies the truth.  
Although I will admit the image he  
Projects is most amazing, — on our youth,  
And on the grass roots people he has cured. But he  
Should stay in Nazareth, his own community.

*Marcella Henry Miller '28*

## PENSANT

My Love died Yesterday.  
The sun rains upon my shadowed eyes,  
But brings no light to me;  
And the wind slaps my cheek  
In an effort to awaken my soul,  
But I feel nothing.  
I am numb: not grieving,  
Nor am I weeping –  
Simply – I exist  
Until my Love is born anew –  
Or until I die too.

*Charlene A. Simmers*

## CRISIS

Moment in space,  
Bated breath, eye to eye,  
Board on fulcrum.  
To move is to fly  
Into the air or be  
earthbound again.

Cycled moment,  
Consider it distant,  
Two are equal,  
But for one instant.  
One breath shatters that  
delicate balance.

*Edna Dellinger Carlson '22*

## NOSTALGIC MOMENT

Shorn lambs bounced, frolicked.  
So leaped my soaring spirit  
At love's first meeting.

*Jane O'Grady '45*

## JILL AND I IN THE SLUM

Dishes unwashed in a potmarked sink,  
Upholstered junk, a floor that crawls  
With bugs on rotted wood, and stink  
That gasps against these peeling walls.

A mother, fat, and a TV, blaring,  
Encrust the lives of children who graft  
On filth. The delicate gift for caring  
Dims when little but life is left.

And we, our bodies scrubbed, our clothes  
Proclaiming us alien, shrink as we march  
On sordid ground. As one who loathes  
The ugly, I flee to find a perch.

On which to cower aloof, since sense,  
Objective, records the gorgeous and grim  
Precisely, and leaves the soul to fence  
Itself, to rim its world from harm.

I finick as though gangrene through touch  
Alone can grasp poor flesh. And dirt  
Confused with evil battles the watch  
Of thought on feeling. Dulling the birth

Of knowledge and its twin despair demands  
Its toll in honesty. Comfort my soul, but not  
With blindness! I need the strength to command  
The scum in which my mind is caught.

Humanity's judge is not how clean  
The body, as godliness was never  
The mate of soap and water.

*Maggie Tabor*

## NO ROOM IN THE INN

To tumble mountains  
And flood the streams  
And shatter my hopes  
And crumble my dreams  
No room in the Inn.

I paused for a moment  
Outside the door  
Deciding what I wanted more –  
A place in the Inn  
Or my feet on the floor.

A place in the clouds  
With my head held up high,  
Or walking along – really knowing why  
I had received the reply –  
“No room in the Inn.”

I wasn't ready to fit  
Not able to sit and watch life go by.  
Instead of being rough  
Of playing it tough as though I didn't care,  
I became smooth and even  
And polished and fine until I shone.

A reflection of wishes in me  
Of what I wanted to be  
Not caring what others would say  
If I went my own way.  
And I said, “I don't want to come in.”  
No room in the Inn for my heart and me.  
It's better outside in my Inn with Thee.

*Robin Rike*

## A CHRISTMAS CANDLE

A Christmas candle in the room  
Dripping wax on berries red,  
Sending light throughout the room,  
Living only as it burns:

This living candle is consumed  
Faster as a draft of air  
Is ushered in by curtains white  
In ceremony waiting.

*Paula Kurth*

## THE EMPTY SEAT IN THE AMEN CORNER

It's such a shame that you have to preach a funeral after being here in Summersville only two weeks now, Reverend. But personally I can't think of an easier funeral to preach. Sister Perkins was such a saint. She's no doubt very glad to have earned her reward in heaven now, but we're all going to miss her at our church. She and Mrs. Freeman used to keep this church on the right way better than any other prayin' people I know.

The two of them sat on the right side of the church clear up front. Everyone always called it the "amen corner," because when they'd get to feeling good about something the preacher had said, they'd say, "Amen," so loud you could hear it clear down the street.

Sister Perkins and Mrs. Freeman never sat any other place in the church but once as I recall. Some people came a visitin' one Sunday and not knowin' the way things be around here happened to sit right up front in Sister Perkin's pew. She was real kind about it, like she always was. She sat down a few rows behind 'em. After the service was over, I guess she talked to them about it, but she didn't make a big fuss or anything. The visitors didn't come back, but they didn't look like our kind of people anyway.

Since you're a newcomer to Summersville here, Reverend, I guess I should tell you a little more about the town. Summersville ain't a very large place like Fort Wayne or Indianapolis, but for a town our size we've sure got our share of sinners. The county once was dry, not a bar around for miles. The town still is dry, but the country ain't. Fifty feet outside the "Welcome to Summersville" sign is this bar. Quite a few of us church people tried to get them to move out. You see, we didn't think it was a good way to welcome family people to our town by having a bar right at the city limits. Family people wouldn't want their children to see a bar every day, and we certainly agree. We've got to protect the children and keep them from running around like they do nowadays.

Well, some of us decided that maybe if that young preacher we had then went and saw those people, maybe he could convince them to close it down. We should a knowed it wouldn't work.

Reverend Matthews (That's the young preacher we had before you came.) did go out to see them. He talked to the bartending man for over an hour, but not once did Reverend Matthews say a word about closing down that bar that's right there by the city limits sign. He just talked to him about everyday things and invited the bartending man's son to go to the baseball game with his own little boy. He never even invited him to church.

The bartender let his boy go to the game and a few weeks later sent his wife and the rest of the children to Sunday School. They came alone for a time, but when revival services came around this past spring, the bartender came for some of the services. Then we thought that Reverend Matthews had his

chance. This bartender seemed to like the young preacher, and so we thought Reverend Matthews would get him to close the bar. But by this time the entire town was laughing. They even asked the church if we were going to hold our Sunday School picnic in the bar by the city limits sign, and if we was, they'd be sure to come. We told 'em that we'd have it in the park like we always did.

But even with the entire town laughing, Reverend Matthews was so slow. He seemed to be avoiding the issue like Jonah avoided Nineveh. But since there wasn't any whale around and it wasn't likely one would come to Summersville with us not having a river or even a creek of any size, Sister Perkins went out to the bar herself.

She told me about it later. "Emmie," she said, (My name's Emily, but she always called me Emmie. She didn't have no family of her own, and so even with me being pretty near her own age she still treated me like one of her children.) "I walked into that den of iniquity," (That's what she called the bar.) "and sat on one of those stools. I asked to see that bartender. He seemed kind of embarrassed to see me there, and I told him as kindly as I could that he should be embarrassed runnin' a place like that. He stood there polishing with a towel one of those funny little glasses that those people drink liquor out of. He said that it's the only thing he knew how to do to make some money." Well, then Sister Perkins really let him have it. She said he should close the place right away because of it not being fit for children and everything. She also told him about the town laughing at him because he went to church and still ran a bar.

That kind of shocked him a little. He turned red and set down that glass that he'd nearly polished a hole clear through. He looked at her and said, "Lady, I really appreciate you telling me this. I wouldn't for the world want to embarrass Reverend Matthews or his church."

Sister Perkins was really glad. She thought she'd talked him into closing down the bar, but a couple weeks went by and nothing happened. She'd get pretty excited sometimes when she was a talkin' to people, but she had a good heart really.

About that time the bartender's family stopped going to church. Reverend Matthews hated to see that happen, but we were all kind of relieved 'cause the town stopped laughing at us then.

But Sister Perkins saw that after that Reverend Matthews was going to need more help. She came over here to this very parsonage and especially to this study that's now yours, except it was Reverend Matthew's study then. She'd sit in an old green upholstered chair about right over there where those boxes of books are stacked. Reverend Matthews was such a young man. He was just out of school and had picked up a lot of silly ideas about preaching and pastoring. He even wanted to start a basketball team for the young men around town. He said it would give them something to do. Well, we were all for seeing the young people in

the church but didn't think the church should do anything like having a basketball team or anything. Sister Perkins tried to tell him how we felt about that and other things, but it just didn't do no good.

She told me he'd sit there in his chair about where you're sittin' now while she was talkin' to him. Sometimes he'd act like he wasn't even listening to her. He'd stare up at that wall over there where he had this modern art kind of picture of Christ on the cross. Well, look here where I'm pointing. You can still see the outline of where the picture was hanging on the wall.

Anyway this picture was of Christ, but it wasn't as good as most I've seen. It had you like you was up in an airplane kind of looking over His shoulder while He was on the cross. There were some fishermen down at the foot of the cross, but that wasn't real, 'cause the cross wasn't close to any water. Besides that there weren't any airplanes in those days so they couldn't have taken a picture like that. At least that's what Sister Perkins always said.

She got tired of him staring at that modern art picture all the time, so she bought him a better one, but he put it up in some other room and kept the same one on the wall.

This counseling business went on and on. Reverend Matthews didn't seem too happy, but he got better about those silly notions of his. Once when Sister Perkins was over advising him, he told her that he was thinkin' about going back to school for a while. That's where he is now, gone back to a Bible school out West some place. Sister Perkins thought that I should know about it and started to come over to the dime store where I worked. Except on her way some drunk kid in an old car hit her and pretty near killed her then. At the hearing they had for this kid, he said he'd been bored and got somebody's identification to go to that bar by the city limits sign. Sister Perkins was never good after that. She'd busted a hip and hurt something else. The doctor told us when he released her after a month's stay in the hospital that the poor saint didn't have too long to live. Some of us that knew her took turns caring for her until the end or almost to the end. As you've probably heard, Sister Perkins was alone when she died the other night.

That was a bad piece of luck for Sister Perkins. Mrs. Freeman was supposed to be with her but didn't go. She said she wasn't able.

I'd seen Mrs. Freeman earlier that very day, and she'd looked all right to me. Saw her at the dime store where I work. Someone said they call it a dime store not because you can buy what you want for a dime, but because that's how much they pay their workers. Ha! Ha! They meant I was only gettin' dimes for workin' there. Ha! Ha! Someone else said they wouldn't give a dime for the whole place, but I would. I'd buy the place for a dime and sell all the stuff in it and go to Indianapolis on vacation to visit my sister.

Anyway back to Mrs. Freeman. You've probably seen her by now. She's a little woman with brown and gray hair. She's been losing weight recently and don't look so good. She came into the store to buy some thread for a dress she's making for a lady. I went up to her while she was lookin' over the spools of thread. I told her how sorry I was that she and her husband were having financial problems like Sister Perkins had told me. She looked at me kind of funny, like I wasn't supposed to know about it or somethin'. I had to help her pick up the thread she dropped and then helped her decide which kind of thread she needed. Except her mind wasn't workin' too good then, and she had to come back later that afternoon and exchange it 'cause she'd gotten the wrong kind. When she came back, she told me she couldn't stay with Sister Perkins any more, because she was takin' in extra sewing to help out financially and all that.

Well, I couldn't stay with Sister Perkins that night 'cause of workin' in the store. But I did check in on her the next morning. That's when I found her.

She was in a heap right beside her bed. Must have falled out or somethin'. Her gray hair was messed up and her cheeks was wet, like she'd been crying from being all alone. We don't know what happened. But Doc told Mrs. Freeman not to worry none about not being there with her when it happened. He said she was going to die about then anyway and might have died that night even if Mrs. Freeman had been there with her. But Mrs. Freeman still feels pretty bad about it. The whole church is going to miss the old saint sittin' up in her place in the "amen corner."

Well, you sure look tired and have a funeral to prepare for tomorrow, so I don't want to keep you. I just thought you'd like to know a little more about Summersville, you being new and everything.

*Julie Hogue*

### MAN'S HOPE

the hospitals have been closed  
and the garbage men are on strike  
it's gotten so you need tickets  
to attend a funeral  
a virgin's been deflowered  
and winter is approaching  
still a one eyed old airdale  
manages to lift his leg in  
defiance

*David Partridge*

## THE BUS

We swayed coolly side to side  
and nodded sleepily across the isle.

Then, through the park  
and the driver producing brute incest  
between the bus and writhing road.

Our breath whistling across full  
pounding, half-parted lips.

*Allan Strouss*

## SONNET

How soft and still sweet have all the times of ever  
Been brought back and now lie lucid drops of dreams.  
How simple sound their intentions, and gallant seems  
The nethermost notion of a need. And still strange they never  
Leave for long, but linger on strings and threads of web.  
Like some tinsel-toy, they tease and promise worlds of more  
Delight and damnation than I have ever known before.  
My murky mirrors of memories in the fleeting flow and ebb  
Of mind, now and then, have (how soft and still sweet)  
Been to me halcyons of pleasure and whirlwinds of regret.  
And yet alone, unable to will, remember, or forget.  
How soft and still here the nows of ever meet  
To break the chords of tide-time and quiet lying –  
Worth far less than a clear crisp glimpse of dying.

*Bobbie Stiles*

## THE STRAND

We have stood on the strand before  
And watched the sea,  
Two separate creatures,  
You and me.

There is no love so perfect it  
Can make you and me.  
No love so perfect it can make  
The strand the sea.

*Jinny Schott '67*

