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### 1970 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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QUIZ É QUILL



# Quiz and Quill

SPRING 1970

Maggie Brown, Editor

Robin Rike, Ass't. Editor

Founded 1919

Published by

THE QUIZ & QUILL CLUB

of

Otterbein College



## THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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## **LITERARY AWARDS**

### **Quiz and Quill Prose Contest**

First Award ..... Robin Rike  
Honorable Mention ..... Charlene A. Simmers  
David Mays

### **Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest**

First Award ..... Bobbie Stiles  
Second Award ..... Linda Karl  
Third Award ..... Charlene A. Simmers  
Honorable Mention ..... John McIntyre  
Maggie Tabor Brown  
Beth LeSueur  
Additional Honorable Mention ..... Robin Rike  
Debbie Harsh  
David E. Wood

### **Quiz and Quill Humorous Writing Contest**

Second Award ..... Jerry Lang  
Third Award ..... Sandra C. Davis  
Honorable Mention ..... David E. Wood  
John Adams

### **Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest**

Second Award ..... David Mays  
Third Award ..... Julie Hogue

### **Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest**

First Award ..... Maggie Tabor Brown  
Second Award ..... R. Stephen Graves  
Third Award ..... David Mays

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## CELEBRATION

*Third Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest*

The trying to grow  
And trying to know  
The nothing of nothing  
and loving of love

And learning to live  
with the loving of love  
And the love of the love  
of the loving of love

And learning to feel  
with the feeling of feeling  
And knowing the know  
of the feeling of love  
And the loving the life  
of the living of feeling  
And loving the feel  
of the living of life  
And knowing the love  
of the feeling of living  
And living the life  
of the feeling of love  
And living the feeling and feeling the feel  
of the loving of life  
of the loving of life

and feeling the feel of the loving of life.

*David Mays*

## RECONNOITER

He came to me slowly  
walking so quietly I didn't even hear Him,  
He took my arm and walked beside me  
even though I'd not extended my hand;

When I became afraid,  
He comforted me and quelled my fears,  
Though I told Him I needed no shoulder to cry on —  
that I could make it on my own;

When I was lost  
I followed His sun out of the wilderness  
All the while pretending it really wasn't Him,  
but just my lucky star or something;

I told Him I could go on alone,  
find my own paths, make my own way,  
That He could go on and find someone  
who really needed Him;

So I went on, made my own paths,  
and followed my own sun,  
Never stopping to think about the treasure  
He had offered me;

I can't say what made it crack  
that world I'd built,  
It just started to fall apart around me  
cracking  
shattering  
splintering  
crashing;

Until one night I wept, crying out  
 "Oh, God, Oh, Christ, what is happening to me?  
 Oh, Christ, Oh, Christ, I need you!"

And I felt His weathered hand in mine;  
He had not left, only I.

David E. Wood



## YOUR MOTHER AND MINE

The morning sun blazed through the curtains and onto the face of Matthew Wadsworth as he rolled over and sat on the edge of his bed.

"What a beautiful morning. It was cold and miserable last night, now it is so warm and beautiful."

He glanced over at the clock on his bedroom dresser, it was 7:00 a.m.

"That dumb brother of mine, he forgot to set the alarm clock. I will surely be late for school. Another lecture from dad."

Matthew sprang out of his bed and went stampeding out of the door, where he collided with his sister. She let out a scream that really woke him up. He pushed her aside and proceeded. He ran down the long flight of carpeted stairs, which lead directly into the living room. His father sat on the living room sofa; above the sofa was a picture of the famous John Donne.

"I see you are ready for work, dad. You look nice in your Air Force uniform. Where is John?"

"Never mind where your brother is, I want to know why you are so late getting up. I have told you a thousand times about getting up so late during school days. Time is something that waits for no one, and it is so ephemeral. I hope you do not do this any more. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir! I will get up according to military regulations from now on."

"I do not appreciate any smart remarks from you. Your mother is waiting for you, she has asked for you twice already."

Matthew strolled toward his mother's bedroom. This was always the best part of the day for him. His mother had been stricken with cancer for three years. She was supposed to have died a year ago, according to her doctors. Everyone but she and Matthew believed she would. And his father was always saying she would die in a matter of time. Six months had passed since her supposed death.

"Mom and I went to the telephone and called her doctors and told them she was still alive. That day we laughed for a long time after those doctors admitted they had been wrong. From that day, exactly one year ago, I have been going in to see mother and talk about certain things.

Matthew walked closer to his mom's room. The closer he got the more he thought about that first day he had started these early morning visits; the words of his mother were vivid.

"Matthew you are going to be great one day. Maybe a doctor, priest, or social worker. Your brother and sister are going to be great also, but they will never be as great as you. For your greatness will result from your accomplishments and devotion to mankind, rather than yourself."

Matthew walked into his mother's room and said: "good morning Queen Ann, how is my fair maiden this fine day of our Lord."



"This really is a fine day isn't it, seems as if it came for some special reason. I think someone is going to really enjoy this day."

Matthew's mother rose and sat crossed legged in her bed, and glanced at Matthew with a youthful expression. Her long black hair flowed backward, her brown eyes glowed under the bedroom lights. Her smooth black skin looked dry and soft, her face looked as if time had manipulated it well. She took a small book from her dresser drawer.

For the first time in his life Matthew saw how beautiful and intelligent his mother was.

"Mom, I see why dad married you, and I know why you can never die."

His mother looked up at him and said: "please sit down in that chair;" she pointed to the rocker in front of her bed.

"Matthew take that sheet of paper and pen on the desk next to you and prepare to write down what I am about to say."

"My son, there are many things that I have said to you during our many conversations in the past two years. There are many things I have asked you to write down so you would never forget them. What I speak and write about is very important, but nothing is as important as the things I ask you to remember today, for these are the last. I want you to learn them, cherish, and live by them forever.

Matthew's mother began speaking with extraordinary grace and fluency.

"There have been a large amount of great people who have presented new ideas to the world, and those great people have all known one thing that all people should know. When a person presents something new and different to the average people of the world, those people will react cowardly toward that newness. People are creatures of habit, and would rather bear those ills they know about, than to go onward to something they know nothing of."

Matthew's mother paused and looked up at him with starry eyes. She cleared her throat and proceeded.

"People all over the world are striving to succeed in some type of enterprise which can be both desperate and dangerous. Some people know of only one way to succeed or attain greatness: by destroying their competitors. If you ever find yourself competing against these people, stop the competition and drop out. For when competition for success becomes so desperate, you can be sure a lot of people will cry and maybe die.

"Matthew, this last proverb is one concerning death. Death, like birth, is something that must be caused; it does not just happen. Death is a struggle against time; which is the most omnipotent thing on earth, and there is no human who can predict exactly when anyone is going to die. But always remember, death is not a time to cry, but rather, a time to wonder."

"Mom what in the hell are you talking about. I am a high

school senior! I know about life and death."

"Be quiet Matthew. Take these words and learn why I gave them to you. Go get ready for school!"

Matthew slowly got up from the chair and walked out the bedroom more puzzled than he had ever been before. He glanced over at the kitchen clock, it was 7:30 a.m. He looked around and realized that everyone in the house had left, and there was only fifteen minutes before the school bus would come.

Matthew ran up the long flight of stairs, went into the bathroom and washed up, put his clothes on, and ran back down. He picked up a pen and paper and left a note for the maid. He yelled good-bye to his mother. She did not answer. He walked toward her room, opened the door, glanced in. She was lying down on her back with her mouth open. It looked as if she was in a beautiful deep sleep; he just could not wake her up. He closed her bedroom door very silently. He added the following words to the note for the maid: mother seems to be sleeping very well today, if she is still asleep when you arrive, do not wake her up.

Matthew put his pen back in his book and grabbed the rest of his supplies. He ran out the front door of death, almost missing his school bus.

*Eddie Parks*

### **A MOOD OF JANUARY**

Slow, gray,  
Foreboding air.  
Soundless, sluggish movement.  
Frozen words pronouncing winter's  
Forecast.

Dry leaves,  
Frail with age, died  
Last season past. . . now fall  
Into fallen snow. . . like play toys  
Scattered.

Poor snow,  
Growing old and  
Gray, blemished by footsteps,  
Dirt, smog. . . Cold Lady, wait. . . you'll fade  
Away.

*Sandra C. Davis*



STONE  
HENG



## STONEHENGE

### *Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

From the mist of the Avon valley  
A circle of rocks rises from the chalky earth,  
And the mossy stones stand tall in their ancient wisdom  
And proud in their mystic past –  
Grey priests of the Wiltshire dawn,  
Grim guardians of treasures hid –  
Smug in their knowledge of secrets  
No man shall ever know  
And wise in magic mysteries  
No man has ever seen,  
Keeping their silent vigil  
Through the silent years of time.

*Linda Karl*

## PASTELS

If I were to wish for the moon  
And yet not have you,  
I would be wishing for nothing.

My day begins singing your name  
And my night blankets the sky  
With the warmth of your touch.

I remember the days past  
When I knew only myself  
And existed as a dry well.

But then you colored my life  
With the pastels of love  
And a tender touch of warmth.

If you were to leave,  
I would go along with  
                    the moon  
And exist for nothing,  
Yet live for you.

*John McIntyre*

## GAMES THAT GROWN-UPS PLAY

### *Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Humorous Writing Contest*

#### **cops and tots**

one big tot  
one big tot  
he smoked some pot  
he smoked some pot  
the cops ran after him one hot night  
they cut off his weed without any fight  
did ya ever see in your life such a sight  
as one big tot –  
sure got caught

#### **race**

little poor black kid  
sat on a trash lid  
eating her bread and beans  
along came a white brat  
and sat down where she sat  
and taught her what prejudice means

#### **news**

hey riddle riddle  
the dove is so little  
the hawk flew up to the moon  
the children laughed to see such a sight  
and the news predicts a monsoon

#### **prayers**

now i lay us down to sleep  
i pray the Lord our souls will keep  
if we should wrong when we're awake  
i pray, Lord, still our souls you'll take  
dear God, bless our world again and again  
and thank you for hope. . .Amen.

#### **politics**

red rover red rover  
let agnew come over

#### **chase**

one two  
won't step on you  
three four  
won't slam that door  
five six  
won't throw sticks  
seven eight  
won't play it straight  
nine ten  
will ask again

*Sandra C. Davis*



## THE OTHER ROOM

### *Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest*

On the scarred table, he closed his dusty books, then he slowly pushed his chair away from the chipping legs. His overcoat hung on the doorknob, its scarf drooping from the sleeve. The teapot stood empty and silent on the chilly stove. He rose slowly as with regret, then filled the pot to an exact level, pouring out the excess when he filled too high. The burner seemed to groan, as the flame stretched to warm the tea. Reaching deep into the pocket of his coat, he brought out a large brass key chain with the Cleveland Indians symbol stamped on its circle and two keys on its chain. Hesitatingly, he unlocked the door, but paused before he dared to open it. Then, from the salt and pepper kitchen, he stepped into the soft sunlight of the room.

The scent of stale perfume dangled in the air, and the whisper of warmth touched his ear. The curtains were fragile and dusty, and beneath them his hand looked pink and speckled with the tiny buds of withered roses. He leaned against the window and in a moment of great weariness, he reached out and ground the texture of the wallpaper into his skin. Tasting the room in small draughts, he spied the dressing table and moved to explore its drawers. The first was empty, but the second held a hairbrush, dainty pink and green. He picked it up and pulled a few remaining muddy strands from the bristles. After winding them around his finger into a ring, he tucked them into his breast pocket. He looked no farther, leaving the rest for the discovery of another day.

In the mirror, he began counting the spots in his tie, but he lost count and sat staring at the reflection of the room. Sighing, he stood and paced around the bed, marking his steps with an uneven accuracy. With his breath he seemed to suck in the room and let it out again in gasps, as if loathe to give it up. At last, he walked to the bed, tucked the chenile spread under the pillow, and smoothed the folds. When, after a few minutes, the teapot began singing, he tossed the ring of hair into the wastebasket by the door. Then he left, as he had come, locking the door, and went on existing in the other room.

*Charlene A. Simmers*



### TESS'S SONG

from up chin knight  
throw have estates  
with one ramble large delicate  
    consummation old monotonous exhibition  
on no  
found upward closed knew  
two him eldest  
while of reproach left delay  
capable odd manner end  
out knick-knock  
being account be your  
he'll eyes look pocketing  
mother even  
fixed upstairs confirmed knockers  
think hey eldest  
way o'right lying daughter

*James R. Fox*

### THE RESURRECTED

*Second Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest*

a silver crucifix  
    draped around his neck was noticed  
    by the companion.

"Do you disapprove?" he asked,  
    smiling and hopeful.

*R. Stephen Graves*

How drear everything seems to be,  
As if the light of ages has sunk  
With my spirit to darkened depths  
Of unpenetrable mires of gloom.  
How life expresses itself in such  
Extremes of feeling, from joy of living  
To hatred of breath and warmth.  
To be an emotionless entity  
Of no particular meaning is  
The desire of life which haunts  
My being and forces me oh, only in  
Fear of that which I now despise.  
Life.

*Joseph Swingle III*

### DAY AT THE BEACH

#### Morning

Brook to river, river to sea,  
Deep is an ocean calling me,  
Two pairs of footprints mingled in sand —  
What do you see from where you stand?  
What do you hold when you take my hand?  
I ask if you will love me always,  
Love me while the water washes,  
Washes down into the sea.

#### Afternoon, at shoreline

The heavy years count out the tides  
That strip the beach. Gulls' vigil arcs  
Descend abruptly on their prey.  
We move, but only with the turn  
Of earth, and see returned to us  
The polished pebble, scoured shell  
We looked at, left, forgot.  
Feel how the wind blows wordless,  
Leaving the stinging sand upon our lips.

#### Night

A low fire screens our eyes from dark  
Where small flames flurry in the night,  
A tide is ebbing, one we do not name.  
The rock is warm of vanished sun  
And in the cumbrous night I see  
Only your quiet face above the flame.

*Sylvia Phillips Vance '47*

### REMIND ME, LORD

It is so easy to be good when I  
Am by myself. With others, though, I err.  
When all alone, I am a dove and fly  
In love and quietude. As soon as there  
Is someone near with whom to chat, I turn  
Into a hawk of curiosity  
Which gauges human weaknesses. I spurn  
This quality. When tempted hungrily  
To be a bird of prey, I would hear You  
Within my heart assay Your gentle coo!

*Marcella Henry Miller*

— Reprint from “*The American Bard*”

### THE DAY'S END

At the end of the day  
I sneak softly to my room  
To ponder on the questions  
That turn one's hair gray.

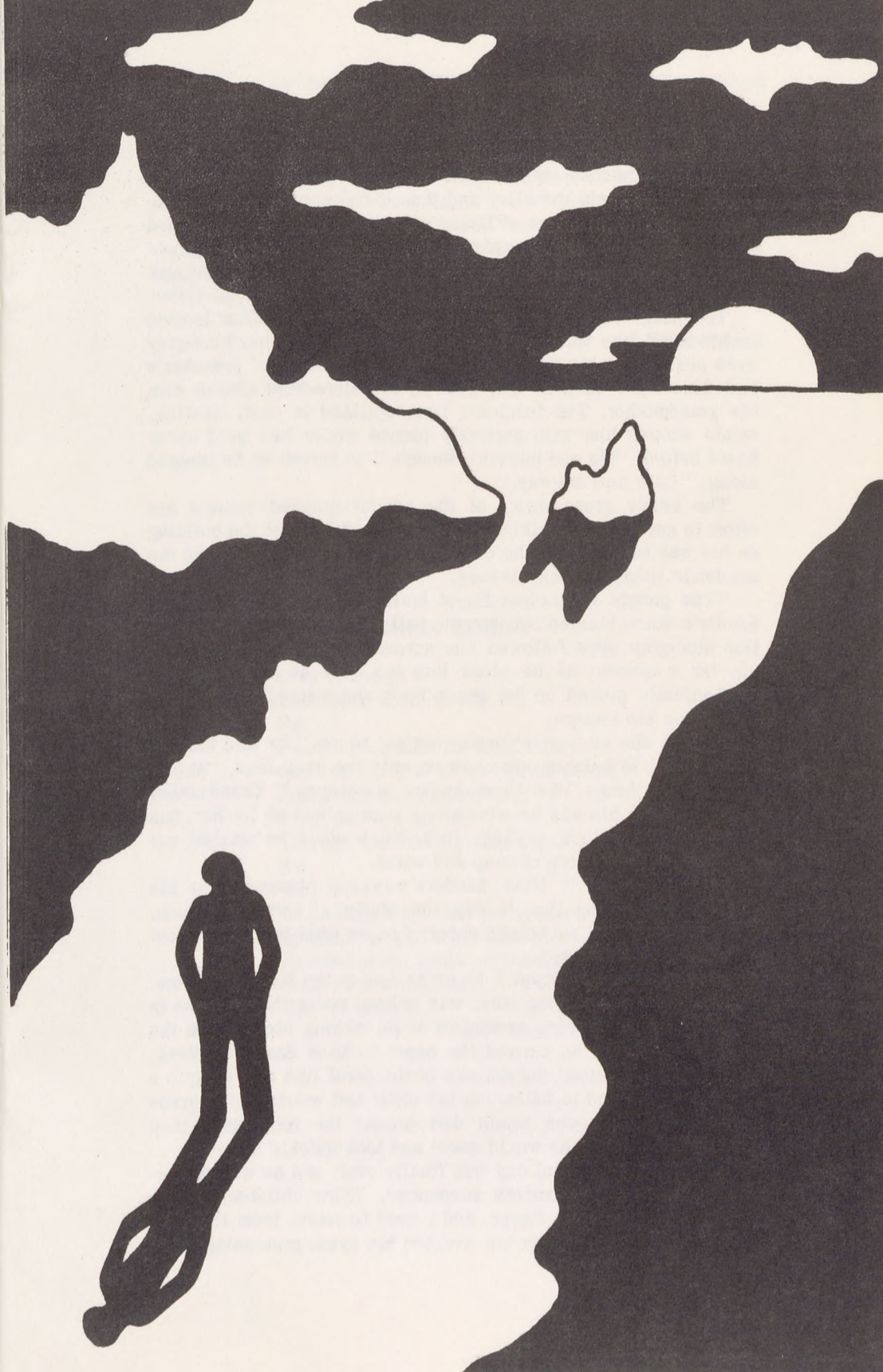
Did I leave my mark  
Or was I like the robin  
That flutters its wings  
And flies to nowhere?

It seems that at sunset  
My hopes fade behind the mountain  
As the bubble bursts  
From the needle of despair.

I go to bed an old man  
Praying for the sunrise  
Which will bring the resurrection  
Of my rose-colored glasses.

*John McIntyre*







## GOIN' NOWHERE MUCH

### *Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

He gave the beer can a swift kick with his dusty shoe. The can clattered down the alley and then disappeared into the darkness of the open gutter. "Damn it," the familiar curse issued from the lips of the ten-year-old. "School ain't much of a place to go to, but there ain't many places left that the old truant man don't know about," he reasoned to himself.

The image of his immaculate if not attractive teacher loomed in his mind like that of a monster. He could see her blue-gray eyes penetrating his tiny, sinful soul like the shoutin' preacher's had done once when he had gone to the store-front church with his grandmother. The teacher's lips, outlined in coral lipstick, would accuse him with perfectly formed words like he'd never heard before. "No use hurryin', though," he mused as he trudged along. "Late now anyway."

The heavy green doors of the school groaned against his effort to get through. Walking in the dignified halls of the building on his way to room four, he could hear the teachers repeating the academic litany to their classes.

"The people in Ancient Egypt buried their dead by..." Miss Sander's voice blasted out into the hall when he opened the door. Her blue-gray eyes followed him across the room and then met his for a moment as he slunk into his seat at his desk. She mechanically picked up her grade book and marked in it, while continuing her lecture.

"Maybe she ain't goin' to say nothin' to me," he told himself while trying to balance his chair on only the back legs. "Maybe she knows things like Gram knows sometimes." Grandmother wouldn't wash his sox for weeks at a time unless he let her. She knew there was luck in them, luck which could be washed out with the slightest drop of soap and water.

"Now children," Miss Sanders's voice charged into his thoughts, signaling that it was the students' turn to perform, "I want you to tell me on one sheet of paper what you know about life in Ancient Egypt."

"Life in Ancient Egypt," he wrote across the top of the page. He continued by copying what was written under the pictures in the history book, being careful to avoid making blotches on the white page. When he carried the paper to Miss Sanders's desk, he thought he noticed the corners of the coral lips turn up into a smile. He returned to balancing his chair and watching her grade the papers. Her eyes would dart around the room until they finally met his, and he would smile and look quickly away.

When the long school day was finally over, and he was preparing to leave, Miss Sanders announced, "Now children, I have graded your papers on Egypt, and I want to return them to you." She handed him his paper but avoided his eyes, pretending to be

involved in the mechanics of returning the papers. He glanced down at the page and then followed the procession of children from the room. The green doors gave more easily when he placed his own small weight against them to go outside. The paper burned in his hand, so he let it fall to the cold blacktop of the playground. "Life in Ancient Egypt" - 'F' - blazed back at him.

"Hey, where you goin'?" a boy's voice called at him.

"Nowhere much," he muttered, but he didn't turn toward the boy. His feet began to itch as he hurried his pace. "Guess I better have Gram wash these sox."

*Julie Hogue*

### THEIR SECRET

They're lying!  
They said all is vanity.  
No!  
I worked too hard for what I have.  
One can't live a whole life for nothing.  
Rembrandt gave something;  
Verdi left his music;  
Thoreau's words are still here.  
But,  
What have I?  
My paintings are only my visions;  
My music rings for my ears alone;  
My mind alone holds my thoughts.  
Shall I leave nothing?  
They're lying...  
aren't they?

*Chris Rufener*



whispering soft thoughts  
crimson flame turning a navy night  
to a dream of her

footsteps quiet together  
stopping to touch

flush of happiness, joy  
knowing she is the master of your soul  
your spirit meets hers and becomes one

you love

quiet night closes its arms around you.

*David E. Wood*

### **SATURDAY AFTERNOONS**

#### *Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

Our Saturday afternoons were always full of:  
Blue skies, merry-go-rounds, wheat fields, cold streams,  
And an affinity for each other's childhood.  
I wish I'd known you when  
kids made fun of me and  
I skinned my knee  
Running to get away from  
Those I used to love, till they disillusioned me.  
Perhaps a kind smile or a reassuring word  
might have helped soothe my upturned world.  
But childhood was a stage which welcomed a change from  
loneliness to  
aloneness  
till I met you.  
You said you felt the same  
which made me feel better for a time.  
But I wish there'd been two of us then.  
Childhood dreams give way to future schemes  
Yet small tears seem to stain the memory.

*Robin Rike*





nearly beyond perception  
and yet raping my  
very being  
the black  
the warm and inviting  
the abyss  
the abyss and  
the meaning  
the essence  
peace  
yet suspended  
or floating  
and ever-expanding  
is the book  
forces  
emanate from it  
they are so strong  
i can not  
define it  
it is the  
book  
it is everything  
the all  
it draws me  
from my flesh  
i am nearly  
pure energy  
or thought  
pulling  
searing  
blinding  
it is animate  
animation  
with subtly  
the pages  
rise simultaneously  
and silently  
the pages rise  
the right  
and the

left  
nearly transparent  
they touch  
for an instant  
and they fall through  
one another  
and fall and  
simply penetrate  
and fall through  
one another  
i feel its  
fascination on  
my flesh  
a gently  
firm and  
sure caressing  
of the flesh  
it haunts  
it torments  
it is all  
and the pages  
fall noiselessly  
and breathlessly  
through one another  
the torture  
the edge of ecstasy  
without relief  
to break through  
to break through  
yet consumed alive  
as the pages fall  
through one another  
they fall through  
one another  
god they choke  
the darkness  
and fall through  
one another  
the same two pages  
the same two pages

*Mike Metzger*





### THREE CINQUAINS

If you  
Try to follow  
Old footprints in the snow  
You soon will find they fit no more  
Than one.

Snow clung  
To swaying twigs,  
Defying gravity  
Which taunted their act of balance  
With wind.

Water  
Splashed icy on  
Numb bare feet, shocking one  
Into the very real presence  
Of Now.

*Martha Day*

### STREET SKETCHES

Each brick  
in the worn street  
sketched briefly to newness  
with snow is silently erased  
by wind.

*Becky Wright*

### NEW CAR FEVER

*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Humorous Writing Contest*

Silver grey upon his head  
His waistline has exceedingly spread,  
But once again a little boy  
Sitting in his new \$5,000 toy.

*David E. Wood*

## THE MAN IN THE GOLDEN HELMET

*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

He broods, his eyes downcast upon some nameless  
Numbing problem. Rembrandt style gathers  
His face from darkness, but surrounding shadow stalks  
Across thinning lips and spills out of hooded eyes.  
The helmet gleamingly captures most of whatever  
Reflected glow, but the light lost  
In the fissures of his face mark onslaughts of more  
Than foreign armies upon bright metal. Yet attacked  
By the labor of living and some peculiar hardness  
Of his own, at the limits of those lips,  
The man in the helmet has still a faint smile,  
Humor nearly hidden in the fairness of his beard.

*Maggie Tabor Brown*

Keats and Coleridge reach out and  
offer comfort in hard-bound volumes  
while Transcendentalism tempts me with  
barren serenity in dust-covered grey and  
brown.

Trade reality for fiction and your dull hair  
and awkward body won't matter.  
Drift into safe harbours of realms of gold  
and tuck your feet into the pocket with the  
borrower's card for fourteen days.

There they won't be trod upon by anyone.

*Beth LeSueur*



*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

Communication.....

speaking what is in your  
heart  
mind  
soul  
without talking,

experiencing  
love  
without  
touching.

*David E. Wood*

**SOMETIMES**

*First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest*

Sometimes I think about disagreements and misunderstandings we've shared, long walks we took to discuss our feelings, and yet no solution was reached. Then I remember how we've stopped trying to be someone else and started being someone together. I sometimes forgot moments with you trying too hard to remember. But I remember when you took my hand and made me cry with your tenderness, your moments of silence when words didn't come yet I could hear what you were saying, your face bowed in hurt pride, and words I couldn't say to soothe your heart, your laughter which echoed long after you'd gone, and your always caring no matter what I'd done or said. I know I don't understand how you feel all the time because I'm too busy trying to understand myself. Yet I do understand. I do understand how I can hurt, how I can love, how I can give, how I can laugh, and cry, and share – with you. I'm growing closer to you – growing away from myself.

Seriousness comes slowly.

I like roses, and snow, and gentle rains, and small children, and ice cream cones, and wind blowing willow trees, and I like your eyes searching for answers in my smile, and in my tears, though I may turn away from fear that you'll understand. I wish we would stop living through our relationship and start letting our relationship live through us. Life goes on within, without us. Our relationship goes on without us, yet without you, I feel nothing within. I'm unsure as I follow you into your world. But I'm growing closer to you – away from myself – through love.

*Robin Rike*

*First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

That polished, shapely vessel –  
A jar - a jug - a bottle –  
Becomes itself - captures its own essence  
At the pouring-in, the sporting,  
And the spurting-out of sweet liquor.

This crude, uncomely corpse  
Asserts its femininity only  
At the monthly casting-off  
Of blood, sweat, and tears  
Proves itself only through pain  
At the letting-go of a dead and virgin egg.

*Bobbie Stiles*

**RENAISSANCE (for Pamela)**

Do you remember

the warm spring wind  
stranded in your hair

our thoughts whispering  
an unspoken litany

the days we spent  
within each other

the tears, arriving at the final act,  
lingering beyond the curtain's close

We are again, now

weathered,  
void of passion,  
and cleansed of our sorrow.

*R. Stephen Graves*



## **TOMORROW SPEAKS**

Beyond the clutching sand and never caught,  
I spend my time in wait for time to pass,  
Unknown to even smallest man. Yet I  
Reveal to smallest common man my trust.  
I leave behind a wake of borrowed time  
And swirl beyond your grasp to taunt again.  
With hope you plan the day to come, escape  
I must – no rest at all is ever mine.  
The world awaits, forevermore in vain.  
Today is gone, my kingdom now is due.

*Kathy Cobb*

## **HER FIRST BALL**

Yellow light flirts in the window  
looking for a partner.  
She steals the hand of my clown man  
who hangs up there,  
and they begin to dance.  
Up and down, dipping, spinning,  
they dance together  
waltzing across my bright blue wall.  
The spots on my clown's suit move too,  
dancing with each other as their master  
Bows to his mistress light.  
Oh! the clown is coming my way.  
Maybe he'll dance with me.  
He takes my hand and we start to twirl.  
(Like my bright red top when I play with it)  
Around and around,  
never to stop my clown prince.  
But I cannot be a lady like the light  
and flirt and glow and say  
witty things, so  
I start to giggle, silly, I cannot keep it in.  
one eyelid flows shut – so tired and dizzy.  
Its partner follows and  
I will not be able to dance again  
until my mother wakes me up.

*Debbie Harsh*

## THE HITCH-HIKER

### *Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest*

He raised his head for a moment. The white center line of the highway faded quickly into the darkness. In the distance he heard a car approaching. He hunched his shoulders again. It was very cold.

The gravel beneath his feet made a crunching sound as he walked. His feet were numb. He wondered how far he had walked.

The cold sound of tires against pavement was becoming louder. He turned and watched the lights approach. When he thought he could be seen, he signalled. The car didn't slow as it passed him. He turned and started walking.

There was a wind now, but he felt only the pressure on his face, not the biting coldness. His ears hurt and he hunched farther into his coat. The air seemed like an icy continuation of the pavement. He could still see the disappearing red taillights of the car.

He thought about her. She was asleep by now. He wondered if she had missed him. He knew she had. She probably wondered why he left. He hoped she had cried.

The wind was blowing again. How strange that it was starting to actually burn his face.

He turned and looked down the highway. There was nothing but blackness. He began walking again.

He missed her, even now. He had left many times and many different people, but this time had been different; she had loved him, too.

He looked at the open field beside him. The dead, brittle stems of the summer weeds bent stiffly in the erratic wind. There was something lonely about the winter-dead field.

The sky was now no longer black, but grey. He could make out shapes of clouds. It was neither frightening nor comforting. This was his favorite time of night.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost 3:00 a.m.

He heard another car. He turned. This car was coming much faster than the others. The headlights gradually lit the ground. The contrast of light and dark on the gravel and occasional broken bottles made the landscape look sterile and artificial. The noise got louder. He signalled, but as the sound became almost unbearable the car rushed by him. He turned and watched it disappear, cursing. The taillights faded with the icy sound of the tires.

The cold was coming through his jacket now. He wished there were a building for him to stand in. If he had stayed, he would be warm. He loved her. He didn't even know where he was going.

The wind blew again and he noticed his shadow. Another car was coming. He knew the car wouldn't stop but he turned anyway. He held out his hand, letting the cold air into the sleeve of his coat.



Almost immediately he was bathed in light. The car rushed past him. He turned quickly so the wind of the car would hit his back. He looked at his feet as he began walking again. Then he noticed the bright brake lights. The car was stopping. He started running. He missed her. He was very cold. The wind blew against his face. He knew he was happy.

David Mays

### FIVE VIEWS OF SNOW

#### *Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

Snow runs in terror  
    past a window.  
Like masses fleeing from  
catastrophe to a sheltered corner.

. . .

It caresses  
    yet is cold.  
Is snow like a man?

. . .

Snow is hurled  
against a window.  
Sacrificed in the search  
for entrance.

. . .

Each is molded only once,  
with no duplicates.  
Individual beauty, but  
all alike melt to water,  
the Common Ingredient.

. . .

It gives man a place to see his footprint.  
Then, like God,  
It fills and hides that print.

Debbie Harsh

## ODE TO ANTS

### *Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Humorous Writing Contest*

Where do they go when it is wintertime?  
One does not see them shivering in the cold,  
Yet when the weather breaks, ants all can sense  
That Winter's over; out they come again,  
To play on picnic tablecloths and march  
In just as great a number as before  
No worse for wear, or that's the way it seems.

When weather's cold, do ants go "underground,"  
To while away long winter days below  
With copies of the *Underground Ant News*?  
To sit and watch the underground ant movies?  
And ride the underground ant railroad trains?  
To don fur coats? No scientist could prove  
That ants don't have some sort of *anti-freeze*.

I have some doubt about the truth of what  
Is said about the acts of ants. To me,  
The ant just sits around and waits for Spring.  
If Winter's long to us, the weeks must pass  
Like decades to the poor but healthy ant.

*Jerry Lang*

## NIGHT OUT

### *Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Humorous Writing Contest*

Hi, Lucifer, You been wait'n long?  
Not too long. I've waited longer for other people. Besides,  
tonight is especially worth waiting for. Don't you think so,  
Harold?

I'm, I'm not real sure anymore. I guess.

Come on now, Harold. Our destination is only three blocks  
away. We'd better hurry. It wouldn't do for us to be late.

You know, Lucifer, I've thought an awful lot about it. I'm  
really still not sure it's right. I mean, you've gotta look at the



sense of it, you know, the moral.

Wednesday, you promised. You committed yourself to me for this night. Not only that, but you promised not to annoy me with, "Oh, I'm still not sure it's right." You made your decision, and you'll have to stick to it. There's no turning back now.

How close are we?

Only two more blocks, Harold. You aren't going to try to back out now, are you? Good. A lot of important people would be disappointed if you didn't make it tonight.

Yeah, I'll bet. I'm just afraid that I might be disappointed if I do show up.

You promised, Harold. We made a deal. Remember?

Yeah, I'll go with you.

Harold, tell me, how fond are you of your family?

Oh! Well, of course, they're my world. I remember kissing June good-bye as I went out the door tonight. I squeezed and pinched Barb and little Davy, and it seemed like the first time I ever really realized, I mean really realized, how much they all meant to me.

Stop it! There's no time for that now. I'm sorry now that I even asked you about your family.

They've always been my world, my entire world.

Watch out, Harold! Don't you look when you cross the street? I can't have anything happen to you now. We're close now, another block. We have almost reached your destination, your fate.

Oh! My goodness! I feel sorta weak. Ya know?

I will give you strength, Harold.

Are we there yet? I don't know if I'm going to make it.

Be strong, Harold. We're almost there. Now is the time for strength.

I never dreamed my life would come to this. All I've done, all my hard work, and look where I'm headed.

You agreed, Harold. And now since you have agreed, it is my duty to deliver you. Come on now. It's just up here, second building on this side. There, now here we are, your destination.

Where does that door lead?

Down.

Oh Lucifer, these steps are endless. It's, it's like a dungeon or something.

Soon you'll come to a door. Then your journey will be over.

I see it. But what is that red glow behind it?

Open the door, Harold.

My God! June would divorce me if she ever knew I was here at the "Pink Pussycat," and drinking too.

*John Adams*

## A HOUSE FOR FREDDY

Up jumbed Freddie one gubby suddu morn in early Mai. He spreg to hizself, "Today I shalt builden me a house, the larggest hous ever bilt in the hold wart, and ebeyone will say, 'Lork lork at the giantus hoose Fredee has built,' and all will kum to see my wunderbilt house, and how they wilt envy me!"

So Frebby went out into the worlt unt found a place for hiz houss and bilt it out of roks and stones and other subby matters with towers and flying butters and spurs to the sky. And in the berymost middle of the marbleous hows grew a tree and the fabulous house grud up around the treee, and Fredy was so proud of his tree. "My tree and my hous will last foreber, for both art so ever very strong and all peeple wilt come to see them, and I wilt get rich on the money I will charge for submission."

And wen hiss remostmarkable house was finished, all of Fredee's many several friends came to see it unt they say, "Wow Frebby pal Freddy we love your super eborgous house and we envy yore phenomemorable tree!"

For many years Frubby lived in hiss hoose and all peble came to see his stubendous uncormon house and his gorbous tree, and all peeple were purple and orange with envy. Und Fredy became very most wealthy and affectant and lived in orpulant richness for meny years until he died. Then hiz most wonderful begorable house fell down and the rucks crubbled and his super unequaled enorable tree gree and tungled amung the ruggle and the rocks.

Where are you now, Freddie pal? Ha!

*Linda Karl*



subjugation to the platonic masses dictates  
farewell  
unto thee there being time and wanderings  
and freedom free to grasp and seem  
at last at once to know  
where there having been was seeming –  
    desdemoniacal –  
    picture the dawn

the dawn in lengthy colors  
glaring impropriety and will  
be done among the stars the tragedy of night  
become among us once and new  
where unto them there being  
became a stone a magnitude a blind unconscious stream –  
    hypochondriacal –  
    picture the doom

*Belinda Gore*

## **HARBINGERS OF A DECADE**

### **I.**

They ford the snow-lake campus in  
    ones, twos, and threes,  
Forced inward by freezing bitterness, conversing in  
tight-lipped tones through clenched teeth,  
    as if to ward off vexing chatter.

### **II.**

Cars scurry and skid along  
    the icy street,  
Dwarfish cans of humanity sealed from its fellows,  
Self-contained worlds of artificial warmth,  
    spinning heedless through a larger mockery.

*Becky Wright*

*Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

I ask you, who wants to be enslaved  
By stinking bedroom prisons, heathen shrines,  
With their hot, sweaty consummations and  
Their icy hills of hate and jealous love;  
Or the kitchen walls of ever nauseous hells,  
Built up by bland unheeded words and tears  
Which fall like sewage from their builders' eyes,  
And sealed by long-remembered ignorance;  
Or all the ionized cocktail parties,  
Paced by Mr. Jones' newest harlot  
And Mrs. Smith's hairdresser's latest style,  
While Mary's man pinches Sally's rear;  
And still the cubbyholes of numbers on a shelf,  
Marked section D, just waiting to be filed.

*Charlene A. Simmers*

**INEVITABLE?**

In the deserted gardens of the world  
A long black snake called Hate  
Winds his way fearlessly from one plot to the next  
Feeding on the hairy rats of Prejudice  
Getting fatter as he glides noiselessly through the gardens  
Neglected by people in a hurry to get somewhere and something fast  
Never caring for their Love-gardens  
Nor planting a soft gentle seed there  
Allowing the gardens to be entered by the long black Hate-snake  
Who slithers under the weakened walls  
And gorges himself on the growing rats he finds  
And someday this Hate will explode.

*Diana Kay Miller*





## MINGLING ORBIT II

Two drops of water in an ocean,  
The control set for spin-dry.  
We fly together in the centrifugal orbit  
And apart in shallow penetration of souls  
To enter the cycle of torment.  
For an instant we united,  
Each one losing something in the duel.

*Charlene A. Simmers*

## SHADES OF BLINDNESS

*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

People living in their one-dimensional world,  
With their heads between their shoulders  
And their minds upon the floor,  
Saying words they never hear  
Yet understanding every letter.

These people slide through life  
Never taking their shades from their eyes.  
Shades that color that which they can't see;  
A blindness that stabs the unknown  
And calls it self-defense.

Walking thru cities without corners;  
Only lanes of narrow-mindedness.  
Crippled people who think they are well  
But condemn the objective for limping  
Into a world with both their eyes open.

Take away their plastic crutch  
And expose a lily-white skeleton  
Supported by the masked hatred  
Of men who color the history  
And mark the graveyards with their failure.

*John McIntyre*



## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

*First Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest*

Yanked from mundane mornings to chat with the angel,  
Mary must have wondered why she.  
Archangelic messages notwithstanding,  
Heavenly impregnation is hard to explain.  
The unwed mother retches – from growing God,  
Of course, but reason overborn, vomit  
Is vomit. Did she suspend her sense, her hurt,  
And mend her spirit's quake in mortal ways?

The prophets marvelled in shaken mazes of mind,  
But Mary was staggered by double weight, her bones  
Cradling the stirring child, her limits swaddling  
Omnipotence.

*Maggie Tabor Brown*

## PRAYER FOR THE 4TH

*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

I watched the fireworks  
and thought of Mankind:

A glorious confusion of conception,  
The thunderous explosion of birth.

And I prayed.

Dear Lord, let my life glow with  
warmth, not glitter harshly. Give  
it not merely raucous noise but  
meaningful form, that when it burns  
out, I might be remembered not for  
heights attained, nor grandeur displayed,  
but for happiness given. Amen.

*Beth LeSueur*

A cursing denial, rejection, then dissatisfaction  
As I play your game of the quarterback sneak.  
A kiss of urgency, yet dissatisfaction  
As you, well-briefed in the tactics of string-her-along,  
Try for your touchdowns and your extra points.  
And although you think you've won,  
I haven't had the ball  
Yet.

Yes, m'dear, it's time to punt.  
But I won't run toward the goal you'll never defend  
I'll take the fair catch  
And give it back to your wife.

*Bobbie Stiles*

### SONNET XXIII

From behind the padded door  
under the glaring light,  
Centered in the silent cell  
kept for the one well,  
Quiet, queezy, quilted fright  
under the fallow four –  
I rose on the limpid lore  
Zarathustra at my right.  
Analogous to the aged ale,  
Noting the notorious two-headed nail  
driven into the knotty pine night  
Quintessence clamoring for the shore.

Unbridled by a red dress groom or  
incarnation as a teutonic knight  
Locked forever in the dysphoric pail,  
Locked forever in the black crystal pail.

*James R. Fox*



## TRIBUTE

We who live now take our places  
In the appointed seats  
Where we shall watch the final coronation  
Of a very great lady.  
Afternoon sunset filters through stained glass,  
And the sweet odor of too many flowers fills the church  
As we file slowly through the sanctuary,  
Our hearts and minds heavy  
But at peace with the finality of death.  
Silence reigns but for the quiet music  
Accompanying the solemn tribute from the minister  
Whose voice leads our thoughts to the eternal.

My thoughts wander back as I recall days now gone —  
Of racing swiftly up and down the creaky stairs in her house,  
Sleeping in her outdated wrought-iron beds,  
Hearing her tell of her life in the Kentucky hills,  
Of crying, embarrassed, in front of her when, as a young child,  
I first knew what it was to be homesick.

A small child cries weakly somewhere in the congregation,  
Bringing my thought to the present.  
And I become aware of the passing of time.  
No longer am I that same child,  
But an adult, ready to lead my own way.  
The reality of the eternal cycle of death, and the miracle  
of new life,  
Stand before me,  
And my eyes fill with tears.

But it is almost over now.  
I become conscious of the fragrance of the gold roses —  
Our gift, which gracefully adorns the casket.  
The music becomes louder as one of her beloved hymns  
Fills the heavy silence of the church.  
The music joins us on earth with her soul in heaven,  
And as before, and always, we remain as one.

*Martha Day*





## P.O.P.

### *Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

Benton had been working at Dynatyne Systems for almost fifteen years. He had been a model employee. He was consistently accurate in his programs, faultlessly punctual, and totally honest. He was the zenith of respectability and at the same time, amiable. In short, Benton was extremely reliable; reliable enough to work with P.O.P.

P.O.P. was the nickname given to the Probability Operational Projections Computer, the newest addition to Dynatone Systems. Ross Benton was one of three programmers who worked with P.O.P. It was a position of great responsibility. Control believed that in the wrong hands P.O.P. could do a great deal of damage. P.O.P. predicted the future.

Benton often worked after hours at Dynatyne. Some employees resented his dedication. But Benton never noticed any ill will. He was too busy being accurate.

P.O.P. was busy being accurate, too. Benton explained to Jean, his wife, that even though P.O.P. had already achieved a 90% accuracy figure, a great deal of error could still be traced back to faulty programming. "Of course P.O.P.'s predictions are only based on probability," he said, "But it is still simply astounding."

Jean didn't share her husband's enthusiasm for P.O.P. Part of it was jealousy, but part of it was based on a real concern about what had been happening to Ross. More and more he had been discussing what P.O.P. thought about this and that. She resented anyone quoting a machine. P.O.P. was just a machine, after all.

He was a wonder, P.O.P. that is. 90% accuracy in his predictions and many mistakes still due to correctable human error. Just ask Benton. Benton's unflinching faith in P.O.P. was subject to much ridicule among the other employees. But Benton strongly maintained his faith in P.O.P. And maybe after several glasses of good wine, during one of those soft moments when secrets no longer exist, Benton might confess that he was convinced P.O.P. was more than a machine. He insisted that he could sense emotion in the way P.O.P. gave predictions; the wording, the tone. If pressed further, Benton might suggest that P.O.P. seemed strangely bitter, mocking almost. But it could merely have been the wine.

At any rate, Benton was considered eccentric but highly trustworthy. And tonight again, the building was empty except for Benton. Jean wasn't surprised when he called and said he would be late. None of the other employees would have been surprised, either. He often stayed to recheck his programs. But they might have wondered why P.O.P. hadn't been shut down for the evening.

The truth of the matter was, Benton was asking P.O.P. a personal question. He wanted to know if Dynatyne would give



him the raise that would allow him to go to Europe. Benton had always dreamed of seeing Europe. It was an innocent enough question, but P.O.P. just wouldn't co-operate.

Benton had checked and re-checked his programs. Yet he got the same result; the blank stare of P.O.P. He had enough faith in P.O.P. to believe the error must be a human one, but he had now gone over his programs for the fourth time and still had found no mistake.

Once more Benton ran through his question. Once more nothing happened. Benton was stumped. But as he began to check his programs once more, an idea struck him. Maybe P.O.P. couldn't give an answer. Maybe P.O.P. had established another probability that eliminated the question of a raise at all.

There were only two real possibilities that Benton could think of. It would be difficult to describe the sick feeling of horror Benton felt when P.O.P. told him he would neither quit nor be fired from Dynatyne Systems. The next question was obvious and the answer disappointingly anticlimactic. P.O.P. told Benton that he would be dead within the week.

More out of habit than anything else, Benton asked the question several more times. Each time the answer was the same. He took it surprisingly well. He sat back, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes. It had been a long night.

Benton had often played the game of deciding what he would do if he discovered he had only a short time to live. But that had been a long time ago. He had really forgotten what he had decided.

He was tired. He was tired of his job. He was tired of his house. He was tired of his humdrum life. Benton wanted some excitement. He wanted to collect his share of thrills. And he was going to collect this week. He was laughing from exhilaration as he grabbed his coat and hat from his desk. He had a strong desire to shake P.O.P.'s hand in thanks for the new man the Probability Computer had made of him. But P.O.P. didn't have a hand.

No one who had known Benton could explain it. But it had happened, nonetheless. For some reason Ross Benton had been driving in excess of a hundred miles per hour. When he hit the bridge, he had been killed instantly. Jean didn't understand it. He had always been an overly cautious driver. The State Trooper who had found him, though, was philosophical about it. "Very seldom is an accident the fault of the car," he said. "It's the human error. A machine can't kill a man by itself."

Just ask P.O.P.

*David Mays*



	<b>A PARABLE</b>	
S A T O R	or	
A R E P O	<b>FDS vs. SDS</b>	4 9 2
T E N E T	and	3 5 7
O P E R A	<b>GREAT CHAIN OF BEING</b>	8 1 6
R O T A S		

rbblueinkonyellowpaperblueinkonyellowpaperblueinkonyellowpaperl

Zarathustra lay in the bathtub with that certain dignity, which is characteristic only of woman. A tiny tear threatened to escape the rim of her eye, however she realized that she was beyond tears. But where and why? The tired and slightly magnificent sadness of the ages silently fell upon her. Oh what exquisite pain and suffering. In the darkness, the warm and inviting abyss, was yet the hope (be the glimmer ever so faint) of love. Yes she admitted it to herself, love and per chance – even happiness. She thought of Emily Eickenson and realized the meaninglessness of time. Although her eyes were burning she was ready – yes and almost eager – to accept change. Her entire body was moved by a slight shudder. The eternal constant of the non-constant! Not being, not refining, ever becoming.

The last of the water ran from the tub and Zarathustra felt the damp porcelain embrace her. No matter what comes; it is coming. Zarathustra began to make farting sounds with her back. Somehow as the slight suction between her back and the glass covered cast iron broke, the world once again had meaning.

ellowpapergreeninkonyellowpapergreeninkonyellowpapergreeninko

Malcolm Badlay lay nude on his side. In his mind he was at the beach. The suspension of time and in tune with the cosmos. Joint the roll; roll the joint. HA\*HA\*HA Colors and nice things and oh wow. The time to be; the time being. Empty and nervous. Maybe something to soothe his stomach. Not enough hair on his chest.

umlosraumlosraumlosraumlosraumlosraumlosraumlosraumlc

Malcolm I love you. I don't know I'll have to ask my mother.

the moral:

5652145153...

robert frost said: Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length.

#### ADDENDUM

After "wow" add: Archetypes swam through his head; they must have been fishes.

*Mike Metzger*

## SUMMER FUN

Though I've always admired any person who could waterski, I never had enough courage to try it until this summer.

It happened one day soon after I had arrived at my grandparents' cottage on Lake Erie when a couple of my young male companions dropped in for a visit. They informed me that they had just been skiing. Then, to my delight, they invited me to go skiing with them. But suddenly realizing with great disappointment that I couldn't ski, I politely refused the invitation.

However, in a few minutes, I was convinced that I should learn. And before I knew it, I was being whisked off in my soon-to-be instructor's boat.

As the boat sped across the water with my skiing instructor trailing expertly on his skis, I became quite nervous because my turn to try was next. While my instructor skied, I noticed his smoothness and excellent technique and was determined to make my first try a good one.

During the time I was in the water putting on my skis, my whole body was tense with excitement and the fear that I would surely "goof". As I received some last minute instructions from my teacher, the boat slowly surged forward, and to my complete astonishment, I was zig-zagging behind! I just couldn't believe that I had gotten up on my first try and I know my mouth was wide open with amazement.

Oh, what a time I had; it was the thrill of my life! As the boat cut a few large circles on the lake, I sailed along over the rippling water and hoped that I wouldn't fall. After making my first complete circle on skis, I began to feel much at ease and finally so relaxed that I even enjoyed the ride.

The sensation that skiing gives is really quite different to explain, but I do know that I have never known anything quite like those few minutes of gliding across the water.

Although skiing did strain my legs and give my arms quite a tugging, the nice things, like wind and sprays of water in my face made up for the bad. Skiing sort of made the out-of-doors suddenly seem more real and alive; it gave me the sense of power and feeling of great accomplishment.

There is nothing quite like it.

Suddenly the sky faded and I was surrounded by water; I had fallen.

*Linda Haddox*



## UPSTAGED

The Tamarack tree towers above  
and dwarfs

the smaller Spruce.

But, it's early January.

The Tamarack stands  
stripped and ugly,

while the Spruce is  
full and green

and supports handfuls  
of creamy snow.

People have decorated it with  
lights.

Arthur

Treacher

and

Shirley  
Temple

in

*The Little Colonel*

*John W. Fisher*

## LOST GENERATION?

(Tanka)

Pencil icicles  
Fall, stabbing earth and tendrils.  
Spiteful written words  
Thrust wounds into young manhood  
Growing. Please, someone answer!

*Jane O'Grady*

