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QUIZ
and
QUILL

SPRING PUBLICATION
1970-1971

...for the mind in creation is as a
fading coal, which some invisible
influence, like an inconstant wind,
awakens to transitory brightness
John Keats

QUIZ & QUILL

published by
Quiz & Quill Club
of
Otterbein College

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1970-1971

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Third Award Thomas Barlow
Honorable Mention Sue Casselman
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Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

Second Award R. Steven Graves
Third Award John McIntyre

Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

First Award R. Steven Graves
Honorable Mention John McIntyre

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CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Volumes of acquaintances await review.

Appraisal is at first brief

and impulsive, there is

no choice.

Covers may give the category, frayed binding

may tell of the wear. What

yellowed paper will bear a passage

with which we too can grow old?

The shelves bend with the weight

of the occupants, who anticipate

the hours we will voluntarily

turn their pages.

R. Steven Graves

I remember that day at the beach last summer.
I walked timidly down to the water's edge and reached
a toe out to the lapping, frothy waves. They were wet
and cool. I counted to five and ran in. I tripped.

Chris Rufener

THE AMERICAN RACE

Look! There's the moving van!
It's our new neighbors.
Oh, God, they're black!
We'd better move.
Property value, you know.

They had been in the Olympics.
Now they are coming home.
They bring us gold and silver,
Reaping bushels and bushels full.
Their grandparents picked bushels too,
but
They didn't get any medals.
It wasn't the Olympics either.
It was slavery.

The parents of our medal winners
were freed.
Decades later they sat on white seats
in theaters
and
in the backs of buses, if even that.

We, who applaud these great runners,
take aspirin
and
go to psychiatrists for our pain.
They have had to grin
and hold it in.

They aren't grinning any more.

They and others like them
are demanding to be heard.
We, who aren't deaf, aren't listening.

The runners aren't running now.
They want to rest,
and live,
and be free.

They want to live beside us
and be equal.
They are coming.

We are out of shape
and
short of breath.

Where will we run?

Fred Wrixon

CHANGING SEASONS

Seasons have come and gone
And have left me
A little older and
 a little wiser.
I look back and recall
 old friends
And times that exist only
 in memory.
Times when we ran barefoot
Through the tall grass
And played the silly
 games of war
Among the trees and streams.
There were the little games
That we won and lost
And the times the snow
Fell upon the earth
And covered the trees
 like cotton.
I can still remember
Lying on our backs
In the coal black night,
Counting the shooting stars
And making a wish.
If I had been wise
 in those days,
I would have wished
That the seasons would
Have changed a little
 slower.
But I still have memories
Of the good times
When colors seemed brighter
And the world
 was only a game
Played with old friends.

John McIntyre

BOLD SUN

Russell Icar's hands began to shake almost imperceptibly as his aging DeSoto crossed the man-made boundry dotted with a multitude of welcomes from a menagerie of Moose, Elk, and Eagles. The town of his origin loomed large in the foreground silhouetted by a slowly defeated sun. He swerved the car left onto a broad thoroughfare running at right angles to a sprawling consumer area, unconsciously accelerating to match the traffic flow.

"How do you plan to tackle them?" Glancing sideways, he again saw his roommate Gil leaning back in his seat, continuing the conversation with an apparent bored detachment. Gil's head rested heavily on the back of the vinyl seat, his knees resting lightly against the metal dashboard, his eyes fixed subconsciously on the smoke spiraling from the cigarette clenched in his right hand.

"Well," Russ replied, "the way I look at it" — his eyes began to twitch — "I might as well tell them right away — that way if he blows up again, we won't have to stay all night." He shifted his weight to relieve a weary right leg, and chewed his lower lip as if in contemplation on his last statement. He suddenly jerked erect, with the look of a man in desperate need.

"Light me a cigarette, will you?"

Gil looked at him, a look of empathy staining his face. "We're out" he said, with a trace of sadness.

"Oh hell." Russell stated this with the emphasis of a man who had taken on this phrase to do odd-jobs about his vocabulary.

"Pull over into the next station and I'll buy a pack," Gil offered, practically, inflecting a tone of offered friendship.

"O.K."

Russ's face, awash in the flickering light of the passing streetlights bared no emotion with the exception of a faint tic that persisted below his right eye.

The car hummed eccentrically out of tune with Gil's subvocal hum. The now weighty night wheezed past the hurdling vehicle with the consistency of hardened pudding. Russ's foot relieved it's pressure on the accelerator pedal as he swung the steering wheel into the night and pulled to a halt within the gas station. He jerkily rolled down the window.

"I'd like two packs of Marlboros, please" he blurted to the attendant bounding across the asphalt pavement. As he sat in anticipation he stretched his knotted neck muscles.

"That's eighty cents."

He paid the attendant, tossed a pack to Gil, and ripped open the other for himself. After attaining a satisfactory fiery state, he replaced the car in gear and sped from the station.

They drove in the flashing streetlights for several minutes in silence. Gil's eyes were flickering back and forth, canvassing

the shadow occupied by Russell. His eyes telegraphed amazement as they flickered, a cautious amazement tempered with hesitancy. The silence, appropriately pregnant, begged to be abbreviated. Gil spoke as if to stop Russ's left foot from its incessant tapping.

"Russ — why in the hell did you quit, anyhow?" The tone overriding Gil's voice inferred a breakoff from a traditionally surface and comfortable relationship.

Russell Icar burped. His hands began a quick dirge on the steering wheel as he spoke.

"Well — you know how 'nice' that job I had was? Well, I found out about a week ago," — Russ adjusted the rear view mirror, — "that I never got that job on my own qualifications — after going to four years of college my dad talked them into hiring me without letting me know." His lips tightened into a line the width of kite string. "I'm goddam fed up with him sticking his nose into my life for twenty-three years — I told them when I graduated I was on my own — maybe now they'll believe me." Russ muttered an unconscious "oh, hell" under his breath.

A low whistle came from the area of Gil. Russ glanced sideways in mild surprise. "What?"

"A couple of chicks back there — not bad." The driver consciously quelled a tremor in his fingers, showing surprise at Gil's inappropriate comment.

"What?"

"Nothing." Gil began rummaging through the glove compartment, the unlit cigarette making obvious his search for matches.

"Use the lighter." Russell Icar's voice stretched out in a double edge of annoyance and laughter.

"Oh." Gill looked over, a sheepish grin dividing his mouth. Quickly, as if to cover embarrassment, Gil moved back into the relative comfort of conversation. "Still, you were making over ten thousand a year, and doing your job well, weren't you?"

"Yea — but it didn't make any difference — I could have totally screwed up and still not have gotten fired — and all the money in the world couldn't keep me living off of my Dad." He blinked twice in the burrowing lights, then began again his rhapsody on the floor of the car.

"So what'll your dad say?"

"He'll be mildly upset." Gill registered a mild surprise when Russ's profile showed no faint semblance of a smile. He observed also the car being gently prodded back onto a straight course. "All my life he's been telling me where to go, who to see, what to do — and I'm fed up with it. And I don't care what he says." The soliloquy was delivered slowly, with a surprising lack of passion. The speaker shifted his weight jerkily to relieve an aching along his spinal chord. His eyes focused dimly on the racing white dotted line ahead.

A few minutes later Russ lit a cigarette off of the glowing red lighter. As it slowly died he reinserted it into the dashboard.

"We're only a couple of minutes from your house now, aren't we?" Gill spoke in an off-the-cuff tone, glancing at Russell to make sure he was semi-attentive.

Russell spoke from a semi-conscious state. "Yea." As he spoke he adjusted the rear view mirror by gently, rhythmically tapping the edges of the glass.

"Will your dad be there yet?"

"I don't know. Oh - yea. He will be - this is Saturday." He squinted creakingly at the passing street signs, and began to whistle in tremolo under his breath. "Oh, hell."

Gil gazed over at Russell twitching in his seat, began to drum his fingers, then quickly stopped, attempting to quell a contagious nervousness.

"Isn't this your street?" The passenger saw the sign "Summer Drive" as the driver swerved the unwieldy beast into the silent sidestreet. The wheel shivered, then steadied.

"Yea. It's just up the street," Russ replied. "Hey, are you hungry?"

Gil looked up, startled. "I guess so. Can we get something to eat at your house?"

Russell Icar glanced over at Gil with large cowing eyes. "Yea. But I'd rather eat uptown; we can come back a little bit later. O.K.?" He talked in the tone of a pleading order.

"O.K. - whatever you say." Gill looked puzzled but bowed to a supreme wish.

"O.K. Then we'll eat uptown and come back later - I hope they're still home."

Russ's body sank slowly into the seat.

Thomas Barlow

MAY

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

Quiet May, pretty May,
Waiting for the summer warmth to grab her by the hand
And romp with her down hill - her floral tresses hanging
to her waist -
The valley cool to seek
And there together lie, the grass and blossoms mingled
on the floor
Of hidden meadow, tucked in verdant seas of swaying life.
And when the two are one,
Pretty May with lover warmth into the golden sunlight
comes
To wait the birth of one small child who will the name
of June forever wear.

Sue Casselman

I LOVE SO MUCH

Why is life so hard?
Can't people be happy and pleased?
Others stand in the way of my goal,
I love so much.
But that love fades away,
When someone says goodbye today.

Oh, my heart sways and pangs
With the music of your voice,
The touch of your lips,
I love so much.
I miss you so.
Please hold me don't let me go.

Why does life have a stinger?
Tears flow continuously
From the harsh words.
I love so much.
I forgive the times of past;
Please help me make our love to last.

Come back down the road.
I'm ready to take the risk.
Why am I so weak?
God answered my prayers,
You see he forgave,
So I forgave for all those nightmares.

Connie Evans

JUST PASSING THROUGH

It was pleasant passing through.
Thinking of love, I'll think of you,
But seasons change and so do I.
I cannot stop but just pass by.

You showed me what the world was like.
Living my life is like flying a kite,
And I must soar until I've seen
All the grass that now is green.

Maybe some day things will change
And my life I'll rearrange.
I'll settle down and have a home,
But until then I'll be alone.

Chris Rufener

AN ARTIST ESCAPES

Splash, departing to the world of Hughes, Dubois, Thoreau, Steinbeck, Hemingway, and Richard Wright. Farther from adulation's cringing face, closer to depression, joy, tears, sorrow, and tomorrow. Indulging in the works of Baldwin, Mailer, Brooks, and Ralph Ellison who lead me toward my destiny. Deeper still, until I enhance in the works of Hegel, Goethe, Keats, and William Shakespeare.

Emotions within my soul is where my escape is to be found. Exploring first the works of artists not too far past, then the contemporaries, and finally the works of the greatest artists of all time. Searching for that hidden emissivity which will help me create my own works of art. That radiant heat which is perceptive to only me.

I escape into the exclusion of my own world, away from man's demented society and his joys. I dive deeply into my pen, the paper on my desk, and the embellishment within my soul; which leads me into the mesmeric world of poetry and prose. The escape that sends me wondering, wandering, weeping, writing, and creeping closer to my great divine.

Eddie Parks

PACIFIC PARADISE

You are the coral reef
That surrounds my isle,
Turning the violent seas into
Passionate waves that caress
My warm sands.

When the sun's piercing heat strikes my palms,
Causing their leaves to stretch out for the sky,
Your soothing winds gently calm their tenseness
And they release their seeds to your tropical breeze.

I am always protected
Resting in your grasp,
Encircled by your own,
Never will I leave.
My tender shores are
Yours forever.

Daniel Budd

MIDNIGHT MASS

First Award, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

"April is the cruelest month"

— T. S. Eliot

I have found Dylan's ghost
rising from the vapors of cheap scotch
amid half empty bottles,
pausing like a clinging trail of mist in the gutters.

I have heard his voice in cut-glass English echo
between the floods of coarse laughter in all-night bars,
singing:

words that intoxicate like bonded Bourbon
claiming passage from the gut to the brain,

words weaving rimes that dance and beckon down
frosted trails of brain-splashed moon,

words that cling, like the tangled net of a woman's hair
and smell like flesh in a moment of heat,

and you and I
we live forgotten thoughts;
there be no sanctity in our whisky
and our travail is an age of silence,

our spirits move through night deserted alleys along to
the warfs.

Phoenician traders, our movements meaning only to antiquity.

Starlight beckons also
cool and indifferent
the only time we may yet heed.

Leave your Gethsemane and follow me to the Hour.

In a moment the soldiers may come!
— Pass the cup.

Rel

THE ROSE

Witnessing their development from a bud
Into mature emotional beauty,
Then at its climax confiscated from the social garden
Plucked by the Enchanted
For his Enchantress

Arranged in a vase, its thorns trimmed
Gazed upon, admired by all
Displayed for people to see;
But its separation and social grafting
Only serve to bring its death slowly

Pressed between the pages of a book
A lasting symbol, but forever dead
Never to blossom again,
Now a memory only
No matter how many tears are shed.

Love is a rose.

Doug Mills

dream on,
little one —

and let the little
dreams
carry you far away . . .
to see the lands
and the love
you dare so to
hope for.

and watch the sun
as you dream on,
little one —

the sun will warm you on your
long journeys
of dreaming
and soon,
as you look,

as you look into the silver mirror
of dreaming.
you will see a
shining star . . . on your brow

and dream on,
little one —

catch your dream

Sue Wurster

THE END

Honorable Mention, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

the young man's eyes
glanced upward
painfully searching
prayerfully dying

"it is finished," said he
and
so it was
and
so it is

John McIntyre

TALKIN' 'BOUT GUMTHUMPERS
(Dedicated to Mason Williams)

Second Award, Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

Looket them gumthumpers
ain't they silly?
There goes Ned, and there goes Willy.
Watch them heave their peppermint chews,
Comin' 'round the tongue's bend, hear the good news.

Chomp it on the left side,
Chomp it on the right.
Chomp it 'till your jaw
muscles cramp up tight.

How to be a gumthumper?
Grab a long stick
of peppermint or juicyfruit
and thump your gums quick.

R. Steven Graves

ODE TO SPIRO

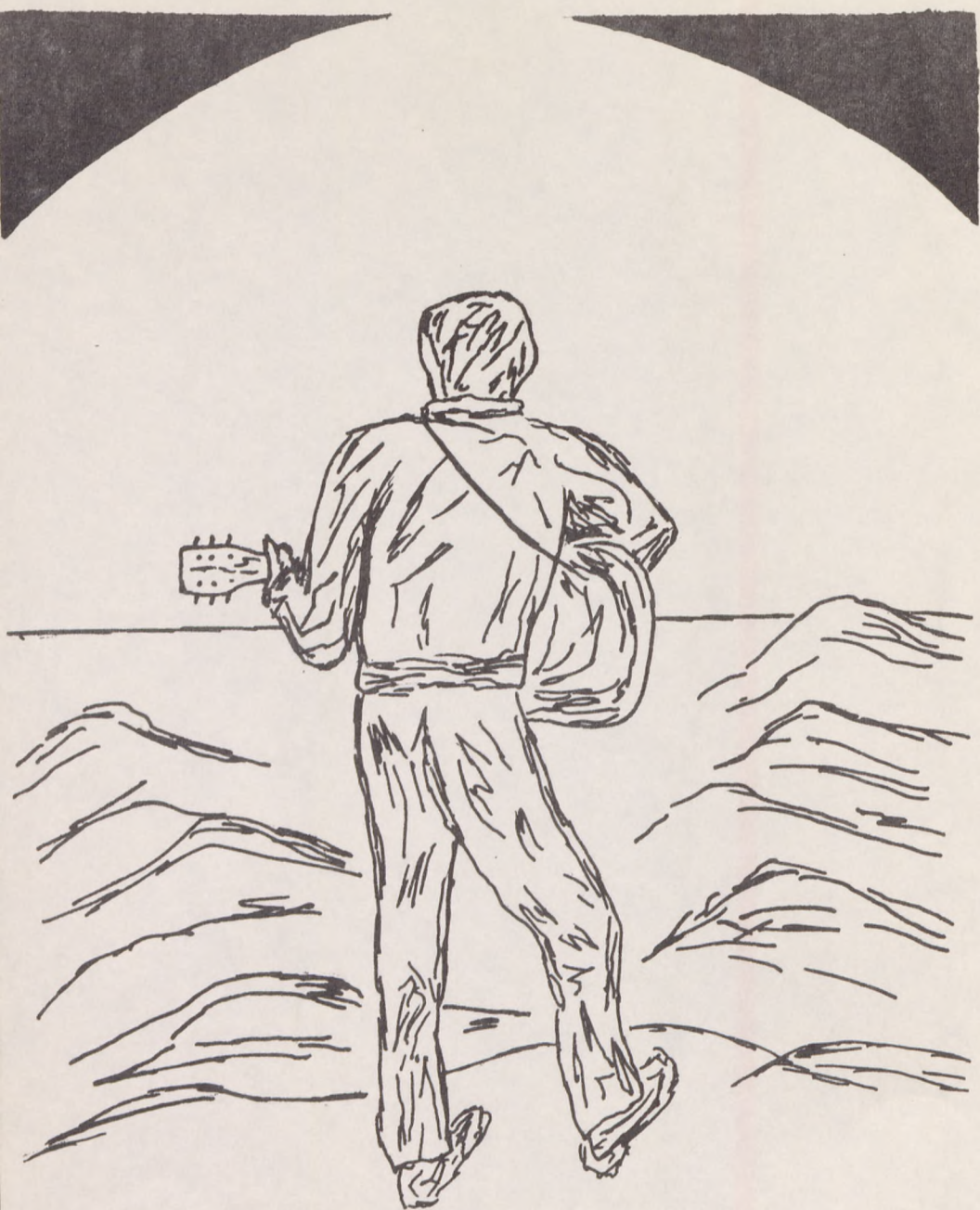
Third Award, Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

Wherefore didst thou inherit thy mouth?
Surely no mother wouldst bestow such
an act of treason

Upon a loving son.
Could it be from Satan
That thy mouth was inherited?
If so, then thou disguiseth thy horns.
(or do you keep them in a drawer)
I would find you most ridiculous
If thou were not thou,
Yet thou art a leader
And should connect mouth to brain
Yet this thou lackest in doing.
If thou wouldst steppeth outside
of thyself

Perhaps thou wouldst discover the damage
Thy rhetoric hath bestowed upon this land
And wouldst promptly shutteth thy mouth
In honor of the almighty citizen.

John McIntyre



DRIFTER

First Award, Quiz and Quill Fiction Contest

I walked away. Maybe that's my whole problem – I walk away.

Now, Moses is a small town like a lot of small towns I seen – a bank set on one corner, and a white church on the other, and a grocery store set somewheres in between. Now, I never aimed to stay; I can't. I stick around for a week, maybe even a month, and then there comes this itchin' in my feet, and I know I won't sleep easy till I'm on the road again. There's a freedom in the wind when you're shed of all the trappin's of a town. You don't make many friends, but there ain't many people worth stickin' around for. I never seen much worth stayin' put for. So when I rambled into Moses, I was ready to spend a week or so, like usual, and then be movin' on, no strings.

June is a good month for a drifter like me. It's summertime, and folks seem more inclined to be friendly to strangers. I started the usual way – find a place to stay cheap. I usually tried boardin' houses.

"Well, I'll tell ya, mister," said an old man, pushin' a battered straw hat back on his head. He wiped the sweat off his forehead. "There ain't one. But you could try Miz Michaels up there on the hill. She takes boarders; 'though," he said, eyin' me, "she's right particular about her people."

"Thank you kindly," I said and started towards the hill.

I knocked on the door of a big old clapboard house. It was all covered with this gingerbread stuff – you know – as decoration. It needed paint, and the eaves was a-droopin', and I was pretty sure of gettin' enough work to earn my keep for a while. Pretty soon, I hear a click sound as the door was unlocked. And Miz Michaels and I was face to face. She eyed me, and I eyed her, and I reckon neither one of us liked much what we saw. She was a skinny woman with gray hair in a bun. I could feel her eyes goin' straight through me, without so much as a how-de-do. School marm, I thought. And me, well, I don't know what she thought of me, exactly, but I can guess. You see, I don't hold with shavin' everyday, and I could see just by the look of her that she did. I cleared my throat kind a quiet and was ready to say hello, but she didn't give me no chance.

"Well?"

I could see that there weren't no use in botherin' with pleasantries, the weather and all, so I told her straight out I would help fix up her house if I could stay on for a week or two.

"What's wrong with the house?"

That kind a took me back, but I got a grip on myself fast. I consider myself a regular ball o' fire when it comes to talkin'. I smiled. "Well, ma'am, I notice your eavespouts look 'bout ready to go, and some of the shrubs and such need clippin'." She just stood there a-lookin' at me, not sayin' a word, so I went on. "And I'm right handy with tools."

“And?”

“Uh, that’s all.” I kind a petered out. She kept a-lookin’ at me, and I got to admit I was gettin’ a mite uncomfortable. I was figurin’ to look somewheres else.

“All right, you’re hired.” She turned to walk back into the house, then turned on me again. “But you give me any trouble . . .”

“Oh, I won’t. Nossir, I most certainly won’t.” And I meant it.

It weren’t no time at all before I figured I’d made a mistake. Now, I’m a travellin’ man, like I said, and I can’t afford roots. They just cause problems. I can’t afford no roots at all. And that includes people, and I was gettin’ to like Miz Michaels. Fact is, she kind a put me in mind of Ma a little. Ma was kind a sharp-tongued – well, I guess she had to be to manage all us boys – so Miz Michaels manner of speakin’ didn’t bother me none. And you could see she was a lady. Oh, the house wasn’t much now, but you could tell it had been somethin’ fine once. And she always had a white handkerchief with her. Now that’s a lady!

So like I said, I started to get a special feelin’ for Miz Michaels, and I knew I couldn’t afford that, but I kind a hated the thought of leavin’, and that’s a bad sign. Fact is, I felt kind a sorry for her up on that hill all alone without no kin to help her. She didn’t have much, but she wouldn’t ask nothin’ of anyone – not money-help, that is. But somethin’ like extra wood for the stove, or helpin’ with clearin’ the table or somethin’, that she appreciated. She was right pleased with that little dog I made for her; said it reminded her of the dog she had when she was a little girl.

Well, I was tryin’ to get up the gumption to leave, and I knew it had to be soon, when this feller comes to call on Miz Michaels one afternoon. The minute I clapped eyes on him, I had a feelin’ he was trouble. Don’t ask me why – I reckon maybe folks like me just develop a sixth sense for people, and his big cigar and gold watch gave me an itchy sort a feelin’. He and Miz Michaels went into the parlour, and they talked a good spell until suppertime. Then the door swung open, and she told me to show the gentleman out. I was kind a surprised she didn’t ask him to supper seein’ as how town was a ways away and dark was comin’ on. But she never said a word about it. Well, I figured it was her business who she wanted in her house. Later that night I was fiddlin’ with somethin’, and I ask Miz Michaels for money for some supplies for the house, and I reckon I should have known better. She looked at me real sharp-like and said, “Money! That’s all all of you ever want, isn’t it!” I just looked at her. She yelled a lot, but she never meant nothin’ by it, not till now.

I don’t know if that did it or what, but pretty soon after that, I started gettin’ that restless feelin’ in my shoes and this urge to be movin’ on. And I told Miz Michaels so. She just nodded – she never was much of a talker – and asked me when I was plannin’ to leave. Next day, I said, at sunup.

When I got ready to go the next mornin', Miz Michaels didn't get up to say good-bye, but I found a sack of sandwiches on the kitchen table — no note or nothin', but I didn't expect one — and I said thank you to the walls, though I s'pose that was a dumb move. I was part-way down the hill, and I turned for one last look. She was a nice lady, and I was goin' to miss her. I knew she hadn't meant nothin' by that remark. I looked up just in time to see a white curtain flutter shut, so I kind a waved my hand and made for the road.

Well, I left that town of Moses far behind me, but every once-in-a-while I'd think 'bout Miz Michaels and her poor old house and wonder how she was gettin' on.

About January of the next year I was passin' through that way and reckoned I'd stop in and see how she was. So I trudged up that hill, only now it was kind a slushy and cold, but I finally got to the top and gave a knock on the door, and pretty soon I hear footsteps a-comin'. Then the door opened and some old woman with little blue eyes was standin' there sayin', "Yeah? What you want?" real snappish. And I asked her kind a confused where Miz Michaels was.

"You a stranger?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, Lottie Michaels been gone must be a year and a half now. She couldn't pay the taxes on the house so she had to let it go. Bank took it. We got it dirt cheap. Lottie Michaels' house," she said, rubbin' the wood. "Mr. Groves told her himself she couldn't hold it much longer 'less she got some money up for the taxes she owed. She's been fightin' to keep this house for years, but I guess last year she just couldn't make it. She started takin' in laundry, even; practically beggin' for it." She laughed. "Never thought I'd see Lottie Michaels takin' in washin'." Now it takes a lot to get me riled, but when she said that, just smilin' away, I felt like knockin' the teeth she had left down her throat. "But it didn't do no good, I guess. She lost the house anyway."

"Any idea where she went to?"

"You her son or somethin'?"

"Just a friend."

She kind a smirked at me. "Young feller like you?"

"Look, ma'am, do you know where she went or not?"

"Now, don't go gettin' smart with me, you tramp."

I just walked away, like I always do, and Miz Michaels' house was settin' back there on the hill, starin' at me. Maybe I could have done somethin' — anythin'. But regrets are bad things for a travellin' man — like roots. So I just walked away, no strings. Not now.

Sue Casselman

He was so warm and tender the other day
And we opened our hearts to each other,
Our minds were open and warm and laughing,
He knew what I thought
Just as I thought It.
I enjoyed his Being
His aliveness, because
We communicated.

But today
He has closed himself in.
He has closed his mind and his heart
So the world cannot enter,
And I am part of the world
And I cannot enter.
There is no open warmth today between us
I do not know what he thinks:
I know only that he is troubled.
He does not mean this personally but
He is closed and cold to me, and
We cannot communicate.

He talks to me
But it still is not the warm comfortable talk
Like I so want to hear.
He is cold and angry inside . . . and hurt.
Does he know that I don't completely understand?
Does he know that I know how he feels
Even though I cannot now tell him?
The beginnings are well rooted from the past:
We know how to communicate.
I love him
I have hope
Maybe, tomorrow.

Diana Kay Miller

Man, Man on planet earth
How does your pollution grow?
With soap suds galore
And oil on the shore
And smoking factories all in a row.

Barb Graham

let me be me!
if you want to know me,
don't do it by making me explain "me."

don't make me explain my actions –
they are me
if they have a message for you
and you don't see it,
then you aren't the "you" I hoped you to be.

don't make me explain my words –
they are me
words are the fat of the mind
but *some* words tell of the soul.

let me be me with no explanations needed.

just
wait for *those* words and watch me,
and gradually,
you will know "me."

Rose Moore

A LIFE WITH YOU

I searched far and wide,
And couldn't find you by my side.
Then you took my hand,
And lead me to hear
The words that some often fear.

I have discovered a new life,
So I'll put down my knife.
I have grown closer to you,
And I hope others may see
Why you mean so much to me.

I am your child
Hoping to be gentle and mild,
And learn to forgive and live.
Live a life with you,
With you, God, and others too.

Connie Evans

THE RETURN OF ISAAC

First Award, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

It all appears quite endless.

Uncounted children are offered
at the altar of rehearsals, the promise
is given and they wait.

Half ripened, they approach
the hand of sacrifice, indifferent or
unaware of the unhesitant
gold axe.

The air grows thin, and the trails
up the mountain are tiring. Their
fathers are reminded of the lack
of a lamb when, shuddering,

they have discovered the terror
of the unalterable.

R. Steven Graves

FOREVER YOUTH

Come back again, precious little boy.
I knew you once.
I hurt my knee
jumping that fence with you.
I wore braces
and
felt the pain of them.
We sat together in school and church,
little knowing or caring about it all.
I helped
when you carried that cute girl's books home.
Later we sat on the bench,
and dreamed of touchdowns.
I marveled at the sky, climbed the hills,
and
walked the miles with you.

We parted somewhere. I grew up.

They call me an adult now.
But, God bless you,
you found the happy fields
and
picked berries to your heart's content,

I'm tired.
The leaves are falling faster now
but,
your memory sustains me.
I won't forget our childhood hopes.
I'm still trying my best for you.

Stay young, my son. Stay young.

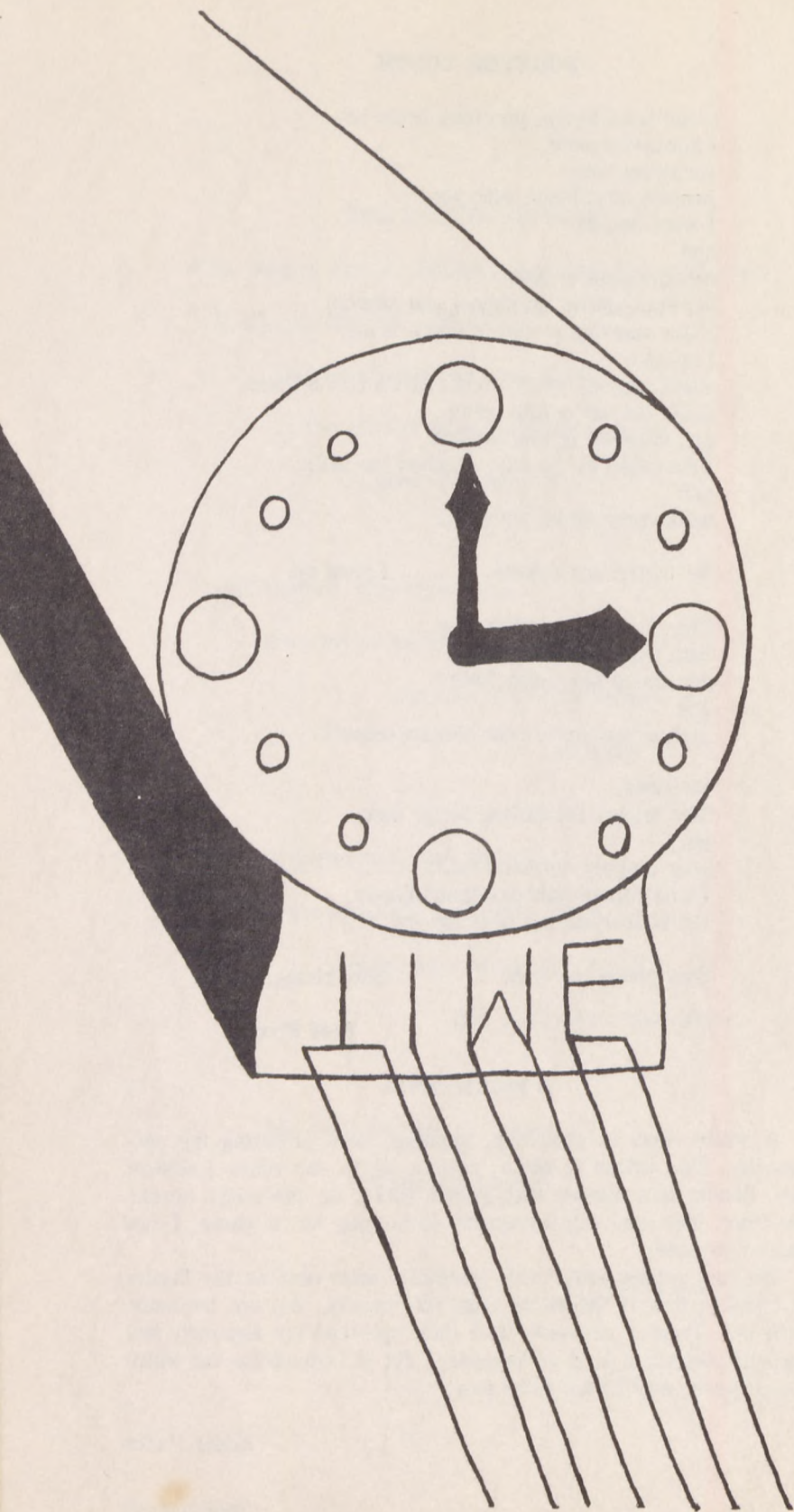
Fred Wrixon

A WHITE ROOM

A white room is crowding, pushing, then affecting my personality. Skin within is white, yellow, white, but black I seldom see. Beauty is a symbol with golden locks; as she walks across the floor. Yet they say my woman is nothing but a whore. I can endure no more!

Minority groups enter very gratefully after reading the Statue of Liberty, now in the white room for eternity. But not the same with me. From a pleasant land they uprooted my ancestry and brought them to a land of savagery. Yet it is hard for the white room to see, why I want to be free.

Eddie Parks



“emit”

time is not
as time seems to be

while timelessly thoughts
appear.

time that is
nonetheless time.

talks freely, madly,
quite near.

time is not
as time seems to be

and suddenly dis-
appears.

Daniel Budd

THE THRONE

Broken branches dangling from a tree,
Leaves of Autumn blanket the earth,
Clouds of gray soaring high above.
 No sun, no flowers,
 No laughter, no joy.

Here lies my throne, wooden and ancient,
Amongst these dark merchants of sadness
Which blanket my ill-fated life.
 No friends, no todays,
 No tomorrows, only memories.

A forlorn King sitting on his throne,
An empty throne lurking in the shadows
Waiting for his Queen that will never come.
 No princes, no clowns,
 No knights, no queen.

John McIntyre

TWO MAN TEAM

Second Award, Quiz and Quill Fiction Contest

"Finish your coffee and let's get goin'," Grandpa muttered as he struggled to pull his snow shovel from the conglomeration of equipment in the corner. Warren took large slugs of coffee, rapidly, in order to hurry. He was irritated by his grandfather's words. He enjoyed his morning coffee and didn't want to waste it. The main room of the cottage Warren and his grandfather inhabited was none too warm on these winter mornings and that pocket of warmth in his stomach brought on by the hot coffee was a real pleasure.

Warren and his grandfather shuffled through the snow, following the small path leading out of the hollow and up the embankment to the road. As they stood in the snow at the edge of the highway, they presented, at the same time, both a pitiful and a humorous sight to riders in passing automobiles, a tall, lanky, shaggy haired youth in a worn black jacket and a grim, little man, appearing shorter and broader than he really was, because of the overcoat, which was too big and too long, and the hat pulled down over his eyes.

Leaning on their snowshovels, the pair stuck out their thumbs and searched for the faces of those inside the passing cars. By making eye contact, the two men hoped to at least make the people in the cars aware that two men were standing in the cold and snow and, perhaps, arouse some sympathy.

The radio was on when they entered the warm car. Grandpa usually left communication with the driver to his younger partner, so, Warren mumbled that their destination was Appleton and thanks for the lift, then settled down in the back seat, content to listen to the radio. But, the driver was a real joy boy, he wasn't about to ride twenty miles in a car with two silent strangers. "Mighty, mighty cold out this mornin'!" he exclaimed and clucked his tongue to express the seriousness of the situation.

"You betcha'," Warren mumbled, then shot a glance out the window, so that he might avoid seeing the man smiling, responsively, at him in the rear view mirror.

"Heard on the radio it's only goin' up to about fifteen, too."

"Umm."

"What're you boys gonna' do with that shovel?" asked the driver. Warren thought this was a stupid question and was tempted to say, "Well, what the hell do you usually do with snow shovels?" But, he didn't.

"Hope we're gonna' make a little money," replied Grandpa, which surprised Warren, who thought the old man had dozed off as he usually did, during their morning rides to town.

"Couldn't a' picked a better day for it," said the driver.

Twenty miles and a dozen or so inane questions later, the driver dropped them on the main street of Appleton. Yes, he was a typical driver, afraid of silence, resorting to small talk because

he wasn't comfortable.

From the main street, they walked to a residential area, where they went from door to door, greeted by ugly morning faces, bodies and minds stiff from sleep. "Mornin' ma'am, would you like your walks shoveled?" Warren and Grandpa hated to humble themselves, but, they knew they had no choice.

Warren's parents died when he was seven. No one else had been very eager to have him, so Grandpa, who had lived alone since his wife died three years earlier, took him in, not so much out of sympathy or love, but as a working companion, an extra pair of hands. When Warren was still in school, he was expected and thought it right that he return to his home everyday as soon as school let out and do chores around the farm. He had had very few acquaintances in school and those he had, he never saw after school.

Grandpa was a farmer, tilling rocky, hilly land, making enough to eat regularly, though not well, and dress warmly. However, Grandpa was pushing sixty-five and couldn't handle his affairs the way he once did. Because he wasn't the man he once was, Grandpa had become a bitter man. In his work, he had been happy and now that he couldn't do all the work he once did, he was sour with self-pity and critical of life. His only pride was that he still was a landowner, still his own boss.

Because Grandpa couldn't maintain the farm, alone, when he turned sixteen, Warren dropped out of school and became a full-time farmer. However, because the economical situation of the Appalachian area in which they lived was failing slowly, each year the farm supported them less. During the winter months, odd jobs for folks in town seemed the only possible solution to the two men's economic problems. Until last fall, they had used Grandpa's old Ford to get to Appleton to find work. But, now, the Ford was useless, it needed a new transmission and they couldn't afford it.

After he dropped out of school, Warren lost complete contact with his few friends. He'd sometimes see them on the streets of Appleton. Sometimes, they'd wave; sometimes, they wouldn't. This didn't particularly bother Warren one way or the other. Outside of work, the only interest Warren had was television. Warren liked everything on television, except the news. He didn't like to be told of other people's problems. He wanted to see them acted out and solved in one episode. On the news, no one solved problems, they only made new problems.

As he shoveled, Warren thought of the TV he had watched the night before. His mind was not on the old woman, who had allowed them to shovel her walk, or on how much of the walk was yet to be shoveled.

But, Grandpa was thinking of their job. Though it was getting harder to do his work, he tried even harder. He pushed himself, or rather, his pride pushed him, to do a quicker, more thorough job. It made him proud to know he was still doing his part.

Grandpa actually loved Warren, but he was not a man to show

his love; he just assumed that Warren knew it. He considered it a symbol of his love that he held onto the almost useless farm. He didn't want Warren to be dependent. With the farm, Warren could support himself. He would be a landowner.

Warren never thought much about Grandpa. Warren and his grandfather, it seemed, were just two men, who were doing a job which required two men. He, also, never gave much thought to his future inheritance. What would change, when the farm was his, alone?

The walk was almost done, then Grandpa slumped to the sidewalk.

"What's wrong?" yelled Warren as he ran to where his grandfather lay, "What's wrong?"

"My chest," growled Grandpa, through gritted teeth. Sprawled on the sidewalk, his face became darker and even more wrinkled. His hat had fallen off; his hair fluttered in the winter wind.

"Can you get up?"

By this time Grandpa couldn't talk. Not knowing exactly what to do, Warren raced to a nearby restaurant and phoned for an ambulance.

Warren heard the siren for some time before the ambulance came into view. He wished they hadn't used the siren. Sirens drew curious eyes and strange faces and "What happened?" The blinking red beacons attracted eyes from windows and eyes from cars as they passed.

Grandpa was unconscious as he was placed in the ambulance. Grandpa wouldn't like this if he knew what was going on," thought Warren. "He'd hate being helpless in front of all the people, those white coated men, who put him in the ambulance and those people standing around looking like someone has just run over a dog." After these thoughts had run through Warren's head, he was amazed at the compassion he felt for his grandfather's misfortune.

Warren found room 223 and knocked.

"Who's there?" came from the inside.

"It's Mr. Tenney's grandson."

"Umm, wait for me, outside."

A few moments later, the middle aged doctor stepped into the hallway.

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's had a heart attack, son."

"Umm," Warren pursed his lips and contemplated. "Is he gonna' make it?"

"I think we can pull him through, but he'll never be the same."

Because of hospital costs and medication, Grandpa and Warren, who both hated the thought of debt, decided the farm must be sold. Grandpa, now bedridden, became constantly more depressed and bitter. Although they were not debtors, Grandpa felt shamed. His weakness had left Warren dependent on another man for his livelihood, no longer a landowner.

Without the farm, and unable to do his part, Grandpa felt his

life was useless.

In their small, grimy apartment, in a sooty red brick building, Warren moved among the shadows made by the single, overhead lightbulb, fetching and carrying to bring his grandfather a little comfort. It seemed funny how he felt such pity for the old man. He decided he'd devote all his efforts to making the old man comfortable.

One night, Grandpa did the only thing he could to relieve Warren of his dependency and improve the boy's situation. While Warren was sleeping in a chair, he staggered from his bed to the landing and fell down twenty-three stairs. He, then, quietly lay there and died.

Warren was, afterwards, again surprised by his emotions. He was startled by how much he missed the old man.

John W. Fisher

UNDERSTANDING YOU

Each day things become brighter
Each moment thoughts become clearer
I'm learning to understand
I'm understanding you

It was hard when I said
I loved you because I needed you
I still need you, but
I need you because I love you

I want to understand you
I want to learn everything about you
It's coming slowly, but I have patience
I have time, as long as you'll wait too

Just walk with me
And help me
To learn to understand
To understand you

Chris Rufener

PARTING SHOT

Valor, once conceived in
sweet stained heats of furtive anxiety
here lies clutched to Intrepidity.
Brought gasping, cuffed violently to life
by hesitancy born of the valiant slithering
single-tailed beast, as it is
forced into celibate unwashed seas
approaching the ravaged chamber, matron to courage.
Spirit, brought cuffed, gasping violently to life
in two-backed beasts
torn, helpless in reduction by
the subtle rending thrusts.
Now arrives tin the boldness
illigitimate in conception
conceived in the hysterical
annihilation of a star.

Thomas Barlow

the earth
swirls on a path
of darkness and eternity
it revolves through nothingness
and unanswered questions;

such is space.

it can look behind
and it can look ahead;
but it cannot move back
and is often afraid
to keep moving on;

such is Life.

and at each turn,
a mountain crumbles,
an ocean lurches,
a tree trembles and falls;

at each turn,
the earth loses a piece
and is no longer whole;

such am I.

Sue Wurster

A BEGINNING

The leaves are falling from the trees
As I am turning the leaves of my book,
My tears are falling from my eyes
As I think of a slow moving brook.

The brook came from something small,
It will gradually, slowly grow.
Love can grow too,
If nourished, it will flow.

The flow should be lazy and fulfilling,
Learn everything that is needed by each.
A feeling of happiness fills the soul
If "the" right person is reached.

Rose Moore

SINCE

"The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroyed the shadow of your face."

— Shakespeare
from Richard II

since I have lost you
sun warms my hands and washes my face,
Stars, welkin-watch my small movements,
Moon, from crescent to full lures my eyes to her glistening
white body with a slow and seductive dance across the month.

Time, the vessel of my days, procures an embryonic infinity
in the flicker of a thought:

What remains is not what was left,
but what can be built upon the ruins.

Rel

AIRMAIL FROM APPALACIA

Laugh until your side aches.
It isn't funny,
but you don't care.

Stare until your eyes become blind.
You put me here,
but you don't mind.

Scream until you lose your voice.
I'm living off your money,
And now you care.

Airmail to Appalacia

\$2.00

Chris Rufener

THE RAILYARD

Third Award, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

In the railyard Deceased
whirls gently
the ponderous silence
whirls among clustered wasted rails
lies sterile
in the cobwebbed stockyard
where portions of earth's dirt
dried together
lie together
clutching incestuously among rotting ties.
(no unfitting motion will disturb
these smooth sleeping stallions)
In the railyard deceased
lies the massive engine
softly motionless
the ironic monster
conqueror of continents lies
side pressing opened side
into it's mother's vein
the locomotive lies limp
lies overturned, untracked
lies, victim
of a vapid, impotent coupling.

Thomas Barlow

DIRTY SNOW

Where am I going, where am I going

Lights reflected upon the snow
I wonder if like their reflections
I will go, bounced around by those I
know – I wonder where my show will go

Where am I going

With my mind I search for a rest
but all I find is loneliness
Is it love or acceptance that I
seek? Will I find it in a coffee cup?

Where am I going

I cry with my eyes
I cry with my words
No one hears anything but
His own tears dripping in the snow
When will I know where I am going?

VERY YOUNG

When I was very young,
And did not know the hows and whys
Of grown-up ways,
And morning brought day,
And the moon took me to slumbers
On a jungle isle –
When I was very young,
And I was child
And the world was too,
I had a dream, a goal,
A desire to “grow up” –
Not “old”
Just “up.”

And now I've grown.
Now I know the two are one; inseparable.
And I recall
When I was very young,
And marvel at the wishes of a child.

Sue Casselman

PULCHRITUDE

"There is no end, but addition."

— T. S. Eliot

The leaf flirted with the wind
unconscious of any intent
Directing its twisted frame by the prevalent mood of the
miniscule tempest.

It scurried along the ground finding no pathway but its own;
— dimensionless,
blazed in futility,
it sought something less than seeking.

And the Wind, after all, had its mind on the birds,
Myriad they coursed through the veins of sky,
Cells of the Welkin-blood wind.
The sounds of their songs were playful, lamentatious, or witty,
to all but the stars.

Moist and warm, the soil is flesh today.
In sterile marriage to March it awaits the coming of life.
Advent potency lies beneath the russet mantle.
Knowing is with the sparrow (steady and sagacious if plain).

The soft earth pauses, trembling before the urgings of April
suing for intrigue.
And what terror felt at the issue of this union?
April, — cruel April spares nothing,
Moving her mystic wand upon the expectant, breathless soil;
leafed profusion enjoins the spectre of another resurrection
and fell repetition.

Rel

A THOUGHT

Did you ever feel lonely and want to die,
Maybe kill yourself or maybe try?

I've felt lonely and wanted to try
But my conscience always asked "why?"

What would I gain if I ended my sorrow?
Maybe a trip to hell and no glimpse of tomorrow.

Rose Moore

SGT. DOE

WHO

DIED FOR

HIS

F
L

A

G



AN ELEGY FOR MY BROTHER

Second Award, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

A coffin covered by a flag
Makes him a rather shallow grave

I know

And he knew too that it would –

We both knew
But now just I know –

I know not to
 Fight
 For right
For the all-night-hamburger-stand-man
Or
 Live and die
 In Glory's eyes
As father, father
 father
 said we should

We knew

But romantic ranks of grenadiers
Clad in red and gold and drums
And man-
Hood
Made him want to be a "man"
As father said he should
As father said he should

So now he lies in
A coffin covered by a flag
For father's friends to see
And the "My boy"'s, "Died"'s, and "For his flag"'s
Only desecrate his shallow grave

Like six inches of dirt and shit atop a rotting corpse. . .

Todd Graeff

A LETTER TO A GIRL I ONCE LOVED

I sit alone tonight
Staring blankly as the candle flickers.
Shadows wash the room in a dark indifference
Distorting my thoughts, ambitions, and goals
In perspective.
The things that must be done tomorrow are far from my mind.
Another love has come and gone
With the weekend
One poem completed,
Another just beginning.

My mind strays outside
Past the picture, the clock,
And the outdated calender on my desk.
I see the girl I once knew
Now a woman, a life alienated in time
From me.
Memories are all that I have
Memories of the time when we were together.
But too much time has lapsed between then and now
Weathering, but not erasing the indelible mark left in my life.

Someday,
Someday soon.
Maybe again.

Doug Mills

THE FLOWER

a flower
 we stop
 to ponder
its beauty
 its purity
 it is love
 it is hope
 it is never
its fragrance
 was tomorrow
 was escape
for you
 for me
and the flower dies
 and the beauty is gone
 and the beauty
 was a dream
and the fragrance
 was escape

John McIntyre

AN INCH OR A MILE

Third Award, Quiz and Quill Fiction Contest

Matthew Wadsworth was waiting in line at his High School commencement. This was the real thing for Matthew, something he had waited a long time for.

"Ladies and gentlemen we would like to present some special awards at this time."

The principal announced that Matthew was the winner of a National Merit Scholarship to one of America's leading colleges. He also announced that Matthew was a National Science Foundation Scholar, and the winner of twelve awards in Arts and Science.

After receiving his awards Matthew walked off the stage with his head up. The large commencement crowd applauded very loudly. The jubilant noise resounded in the ears of Matthew Wadsworth, he felt as if he possessed the power to control the entire audience. Now he knew what made politicians keep running for high offices.

"What a great day for that black boy," said a member of the crowd.

"That's my boy!" said Matthew's mother.

Matthew began to think about how his high school days had begun as he walked closer to his seat.

A white liberal philanthropist had recognized his innate genius in a slum Jr. High School. He awarded Matthew a special scholarship which enabled him to attend the best private high school in the country. Today was a special day for Matthew because, not only had he attended the high school, but was also the class valedictorian.

"You really cleaned up didn't you Matthew," said the girl next to Matthew as he sat down.

"I just cannot believe it," said Matthew.

After the commencement was over Matthew and his parents were walking out the door when a white man approached them.

"Matthew, you have a great opportunity to help your people, this is the best the white world can offer. Please do not misuse it, and make us regret we ever knew you."

Matthew stared at the man with great surprise as his parents said, "yes sir."

Matthew got into his father's car and settled down in the back seat. He began to think about what the mysterious looking man had said. His father drove out the school parking lot and began the eighty mile trip home.

As his father drove, Matthew fell asleep externally, but within himself he was wide awake.

The first day of freshman orientation was hectic for Matthew Wadsworth. He got to college late because his father's car broke down twenty-five miles from the college. When he finally arrived at the school he went to the orientation booth to find that some-

one who had the same name as he did had taken his orientation booklet. He almost wanted to scream. His mother put her arm on his neck and told him to be patient.

"This is only your first day Matthew, do not get upset yet."

"I really do not want to go to college."

"But you are the first person in the history of our family to attend college. It has been a difficult life for us, and we want you to reap the pleasures we never had."

"But mom I was . . ."

"You are a black man. You are representing an entire race. When you become a doctor you will be an asset to your entire race."

"Mom, I hate this white society and all its colleges. I hate you for letting the white people oppress you and all the other black people."

"Matthew, what is wrong with you? You were educated with white people. You were dating a white girl. How can you hate white people all of a sudden."

"Because I have been reading some books not suggested to me by teachers in my high school. Like *The Souls of Black Folks* by W. E. B. Dubois; *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; *Soul On Ice* by Cleaver; and *The Invisible Man* by Ellison. These books, and others, have helped me gain greater insight on who I am."

"Who are you Matthew?"

"I am a bootlicking nigger."

"Matthew! You are not a — what-ever-you-call-it. You are my black genius who happens to be upset at the moment. Let's go find your dormitory so you can meet your roommate. You will feel a lot better in a few minutes."

Matthew and his mother walked to the dormitory which Matthew thought he had been assigned to. He forgot that there was a special dormitory for honor students.

They reached the dormitory and followed the arrows which led to the Head Resident's office. They walked into the office. There sat the Head Resident. He was very large, but not fat, and had a smile which seemed to have been born on his face. He wasn't handsome, nor was he ugly. He looked like the average white person but his smile made him stand out.

"May we have the key and room number for Matthew Wadsworth?" asked Mrs. Wadsworth.

The Head Resident looked over the roster for Wadsworth. He saw no such name. He looked up at Matthew and his mother with a fading smile. In a matter of minutes the smile had gone as if it had never been made for him.

"I am sorry but I do not have such a name on the roster. When did you apply?"

Matthew stared at the man as he had stared at the mysterious looking white man who stopped him as he was leaving his high school commencement. Then he began to yell.

"I am a National Merit Scholar! I graduated from the best high school in America! I did not apply for this place, it applied for

me! Why in the hell can't you tell me why I am not on the roster! You got damn White bast---!"

"Matthew! Matthew!"

"Go to hell mother! This damn white honkey is trying to make asses out of us just because we are black."

"Young man, there is no need for this! There is probably some mistake. I will check with the registrar first thing tomorrow. How far away do you people live?"

"About 300 miles sir."

"Mother, shut your mouth! This white bastard knows where I live. He knows who I am. He is just a racist dog like all the rest."

"Sir, our car broke down on the way up here. My husband dropped us off here and went to town with the car."

"Well Mrs., I will try to settle this thing today. Please wait a minute."

All the years of poverty and oppression were vivid in Matthew's mind. He began to recall his worst experiences with white people. He recalled the time a black girl he knew was raped by five white men and nothing was done to the men. He remembered the day his father finished Mechanics School but was refused entrance into the Mechanics Union because they did not accept black people. All the years of hate, handouts, and denial showered his mind. As he thought, the Head Resident walked by him toward the door.

His eyes caught sight of a glass flower vase which was empty of flowers. The glass glittered in his eyes. It was the most lovely glass he had ever seen. It looked like stained glass.

A policeman came into the Head Resident's office. The Head Resident lay on the floor with a six inch piece of stained glass protruding from his head. Brain substance and blood was all over the floor and walls. Mrs. Wadsworth was crying on the floor, kneeling next to the Head Resident.

Matthew was on the opposite side of the room in a state of ecstatic euphoria. The policeman came toward him. He lunged at the man's gun. The officer jumped back and pulled out his gun. Matthew kept coming. He hit the officer in the face with his fist. The officer unloaded six bullets in Matthew's head, as more brain substance and blood squirted all over the carpeted floor.

The policeman turned around and stared at Mrs. Wadsworth.

"You black bastards, we give you an inch and you want a mile."

Tears rolled down Mrs. Wadsworth's cheeks as some profound and strong words came from her mouth.

"If only revolution can eradicate such nefarious incidents, let there be revolution; but not a revolution of hate leading in the end to just another detestable super-state."

Mr. Wadsworth pulled his car into his driveway.

Mrs. Wadsworth looked back and saw that Matthew was asleep. She shouted for him to wake up. He did not. She shook him but he still did not wake up. She looked at her husband. Just when Mr.

Wadsworth was about to say something Matthew jumped up as if he had just seen a very terrible murder.

"I never want to go to college!"

Matthew rubbed his eyes as his parents wondered why he had made such a statement.

Eddie Parks

They told me not to hurry
Yet, it was all I could do to keep up
They told me to take my time
But when I did I fell behind
They told me to stay calm
How can I stay calm
when I'm all alone?

Where did everyone go?
It gets darker and darker
and lonely
Why couldn't they wait?
I tried to keep in step
but it was hard
If I close my eyes
will they reappear?
Like in the movies?

Chris Rufener

"GENTLE ON MY MIND"
A Study of Country-Western Music

First Award, Quiz and Quill Non-Fiction Contest

Popular music has undergone many trends throughout its lengthy history, including jazz, blues, dixieland, rock'n'roll, and folk music. Currently, country and western music has become the popular phenomenon. The basic reason is the simple and free manner in which life is treated, which gives the audience relief from today's fast-paced society. "Gentle On My Mind," by John Hartford, is a fine example of a country and western song depicting a freer and a simpler way of life.

Freedom from responsibility is a major part of the lyrics of "Gentle On Mind." This freedom becomes evident in the first few lines, "I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds and the ink stains that have dried upon some line." At this point, Hartford is clearly stating a position that differs from the codes

of today. He is dismissing all responsibility from oaths, promises and contracts. By doing so, he declares a freedom of movement denied to those tied to various commitments.

In the succeeding lines, Hartford speaks of not "clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns." He is proclaiming his freedom from the accepted conventions which have a tendency to mold people. At the same time, there is an indirect statement of molding himself by his personal experiences. This seems to coincide with the rebellious freedom of being "your own man," which is becoming more prevalent among the youth.

An additional line which seems to aid in generating a free feeling is, "And some other woman crying to her mother, 'cause she turned and I was gone." This rebuts the accepted standards of a typical love affair in which two people become committed to each other because a certain feeling exists. Hartford is saying that although a feeling may have existed, there is no permanent bond to restrict his leaving.

Another important factor for the popularity of country and western music is the general tone of simplicity of living. "Gentle On My Mind" concerns a man whose only bedroom consists of a sleeping bag. The simplicity of this statement is clearly evident, for this person has no need for the comforts of a three-bedroom house or, for that matter, the warmth of a low-rent apartment. Obviously, this is in opposition to the competitive state of today's society where a person's status is primarily based on wealth.

Even the places and the things mentioned by the lyrics suggest a simple way of life. Hartford uses a combination of rivers, back roads, wheat fields, highways, and junk yards for his background. A clothesline is even mentioned as coming "between" two people. Lyrics such as these aid in removing the listener from the tensions of a skyscraper-filled city to a more relaxed state of mind.

The relationship of the two people portrayed in the song is also simple. Although a feeling of affection exists, they are not bound to each other. The girl is always kept fondly in the memory of the man, but he does not feel any real sense of commitment towards her. He feels free to leave at any time, but he also feels free to return. Again, the simplicity of the relationship is in direct contrast to today's moral standards, for personal commitments play an important role in everyday life.

In summary, escape from the rigorous responsibilities of society can be found in country and western music. The ingredients of a simpler and freer way of life abound throughout this music. All the elements of "Gentle On My Mind," especially the lyrics, contribute to this freedom. By combining these elements, the songwriter is able to produce the desired effect of freedom which has made country and western music the current phenomenon.

John McIntyre

A TIME OF LOVE

Time and time again
It's always been the same,
But each time a little more is added.
What a wonder it would be if we could turn
the clock ahead
To a time of happiness, perhaps together.

So many months ago,
You said goodbye to me,
Now the hours have past
And you are next to me again,
But I have found more this time.

You mean more to me than I can say.
Tick tock tick tock goes the clock.
If only each minute could be spent with you;
But darling, remember my heart is a clock,
It ticks with your love and tocks with . . .
my love.

Connie Evans

LOVE

...now

OLD FRIEND

The essence of friendship is love, and the
essence of love is timelessness.

And so, old friend, I see your face again.
The months, the weeks, they melt away
As though they'd all been nonsense, after all.

This place, it hasn't changed.
The walls are still that icky beige.
Yet in the corners, right beside the dust,
Is the laughter that we shared.
And – "Remember the day?" – well, it's beside the lamp
somewhere.

I've swept the bad times under the couch,
But they're here, too.
And the solutions to world problems
That we decided upon at four in the morning,
I think they're in the easy chair.

Well, so you see me, such as I am.
I cannot make you king or queen,
Though royal blood would help to pay the rent.
But you know
That the day they turn the water off,
You can come and soak in my tub,
And the couch, well, it's lumpy,
And the blankets are real army-surplus jewels,
Scratchy as, well, you know.
But they are yours for the asking.

You smile.
I am at peace once again.
With your absence, comes a howling loneliness,
A loneliness so loud that no noise can drown it out.
Thank you for coming back,
For making me whole once more.
And so I call you friend,
Old friend,
My friend.

Sue Casselman

Sunbeam,
I'm lost.
Can you see the shining gates
of Love?

In Love,
shadows melt away
and all is bathed
in laughter.
Love, they tell me,
is built of Trust –

fears
line the surrounding walls
of Love –
crying to be ushered in
through the bright gates
but the gatekeeper
only laughs
as the tiny fears try
to scale the steep Trust walls.
which are covered
with Beauty.

Sunbeam,
I've lost my way, and I
can't remember my name.
Won't you show me the path
to Love?

Sue Wurster

THE TOWER

We saw the fields for the first time when we got out of the wagons at noon. People were gathering around a platform.

"Can you hear what he is saying?" asked the man beside me.

"Not really," I answered. "Let's move a little closer."

We walked up to the platform and pressed closer into the crowd. All those who were gathered there strained to hear the Speaker. Actually not one of us was that far away, but what he was saying was extremely important and we didn't want to miss a word.

"Citizens! Hear what I say!" he shouted. "The moment has come for all to rejoice!"

A cheer echoed against the bare hillside. Those who were too

tired to shout held up their hands or the sticks they were carrying. The Speaker continued his rhythmic oratory.

"The planting seeds have come! Rejoice!" said the Speaker, enjoying the emotion of the crowd.

"We must begin our task immediately. Since our homes have been built we can now grow the food we so desperately need!" he shouted again. "I have explained my plans to you. My one hope is that we can achieve our goal. We must not fail. Our lives, the very basis of our society hangs in the balance!"

With these last words, a tremendous surge of humanity swarmed across the fields in anticipation of this great moment. Everyone sensed the urgency of their task. Men, women and children carried the seed sacks. Others began to prepare what little food was left.

From the start, everything was perfect and all were happy in their work. The first day went well. The only change in routine occurred when a truck pulled up beside some of the workers and a burly middle-aged man got out.

"Where are the sick and injured?" he queried.

"Over in that hut," somebody said.

With that he drove off and there were no further interruptions. It seemed strange to me that he was not wearing the colors of the Republic. Of course, neither were most of the workers, except for a stray jacket or cap here and there. Most of us dressed in whatever we could find. These remnants of our most recent struggle were all we had to shield us from the breezes which swept through the valley. Before long the growing season would pass and everyone knew what this meant.

After a hard day's work, we went to the shelters. Although I didn't think about it too much, I began to realize that none of the people who lived here were related. Most of the children were in their teens. The only married couples left last week and my friend's uncle left yesterday. Of course we realized the need of this. When a situation so perilous to all is at hand, family life must be secondary. This was also made clear to us through the definite necessity of separating the men from the women. Each in his own way became resigned to his task with the thoughts of more basic pleasures saved for a happier time.

I sometimes wondered how the Speaker and his aides were able to control a system such as ours. Although it wasn't vast, it certainly involved some awesome logistic and social problems. Of course, I had never prided myself on my knowledge or understanding of such matters as government and military tactics. I wasn't really sure whether we were still fighting at the border and I was confident that our warning systems would protect us from any surprise attack. This must have also been the opinion of the Speaker, for there were no military installations visible within eyesight. In fact, although the hills around our valley were not too steep, no one ever talked about going up to get a better view. I guess we were satisfied to be safe here and did not desire any news from elsewhere.

The next day was perfect for field work, not too warm with a pleasant breeze from about midmorning. One of my friends was working his way up to my section and we both decided to take a short rest under a nearby tree.

"Whew, this is getting tough," he sighed.

"Yes, but it's better than being up at the front," I added hopefully.

"I wonder how we got picked for this," he said, waving his arm as if to envelop the landscape.

"I really don't know," I answered.

"Oh well, at least there are some nice girls here," he said with a knowing look.

"Listen," I said, trying to look him sternly in the eye, "we have more important things to attend to now."

"Oh yeah, who says so?" he responded.

"Why the Speaker, of course," I said, not knowing just how to say it.

"Oh, and who is the Speaker?" he returned.

"Aw cut it out," I said, jabbing him with a stick.

"Ha, Ha, Ha," he laughed till he started coughing. "I was only kidding. Of course I know what's important. But someday . . ."

We looked at each other and knew exactly what the other was thinking. Words at times like this are unnecessary.

"Let's get back to work," I said.

For days, these short rests and the even more brief conversations were all any of us had as far as a social relationship was concerned. As has already been explained, we were not permitted to have any normal social life and the only people who really did anything together were the children. Some of them were reported ill on successive days and they, too, began to lessen their play time. I thought that the young should not have to be burdened with manual labor, for in these perilous times, they, at least, should be permitted more time for relaxation. Of course, I knew little or nothing of why children are sick so much and attributed it to "homesickness." The sick list numbers were certainly growing long enough, though. Some of the children left in a truck today.

I began to plan to have a talk with someone with greater authority than our unit men in the hope that I could inquire as to the basic function of our encampment. The thing that bothered me most was the lack of informational activities or even small talk among the people. Everyone seemed to be very happy to eat twice a day, sleep, rest ten minutes before each shift, and so on.

This went on for about a month with visible progress in the fields. We would get our first crop soon and would be free from rationing for a while. Some of the guys I knew were quietly asking the girls for a dance at the celebration which would be next month. I had one or two girls picked out too, and hoped that the others wouldn't ask them first. It means a lot to be the first, or

so I always thought. I began to feel the pressure of the segregation of the woman somewhat more after we entered our fifth week.

With the progress we had made so far, most of our fears had been allayed and it seemed to me that no one except myself was even asking questions. I wondered why I could not just accept things. Something wasn't right, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

The next few days of the second month were uneventful except for a strange feeling I had concerning the absence of a few people I thought I had seen earlier. Of course, since we worked on shifts, I couldn't be sure of the people who would be there at any given time. In fact, that morning a new structure had been erected on the eastern end of the fields. From a distance, it looked like a new series of huts, but on viewing it more closely, I guessed it to be a light tower of some kind. Oh, no! I thought to myself, don't tell me we're going to work at night! That isn't democratic. At least we should have a vote. Yes, I am going to bring this up at the next meeting. I'll do it first thing tomorrow. With that thought in mind, I continued watering the plants.

I got up the next morning and found, to my surprise, that the meeting had been cancelled. In fact, three of our unit committee were no longer in their huts.

"Where's our head unit man?" I asked of everyone I saw. Blank stares were all I got in return. I began to realize that people were not talking as much as they once did, if at all.

"I'm going to see the Speaker or one of his aides," I shouted, hoping to get a response. The only sound I heard was a scuffling of feet and the slamming of a door down the hall.

"I'll find out what's going on around here," I said almost as loudly, but still with no response.

I walked down the path to what I believed to be the Speaker's quarters. I knocked on the door.

"Hello, hello!" I called. "Is anyone here?"

A portly, half-shaven man came to the door.

"May I help you?" he asked.

"I want to see the Speaker," I replied.

"Oh, just a minute," was his answer. After a short wait, I was again greeted by the same man.

"The Speaker will see you now," he said in an ingratiating manner.

"Thank you."

I was led to a large and somewhat barren room with no windows. A man whom I recognized as the Speaker came in. He was dressed in a full dress uniform of the Republic. I stood up and saluted, not knowing exactly what to do. Meanwhile, three other men had come into the room.

"State your business young man," he demanded in a rather gruff voice. I couldn't see him very well and tried to look at his face when I answered.

"I am here to question the reason for that tower."

"What gives you the right to ask such a question?" he ex-

claimed, "that tower is for my own personal use!"

"I am a citizen of the Republic, and that is all the right I need." I tried to calm my voice. "I hope you understand that I am not criticizing you, but I thought we all had a say in such matters and our unit men . . ."

"I will use the tower to get a better view of the work," he said proudly.

"But we're all supposed to be equal!" I said angrily. I was upset now. "We thought you were going to work with us after you got things started. Besides, why are these other men working here? Why aren't they in the fields? Or haven't they been working at all?"

The Speaker didn't answer. Instead, he raised his arm in a salute, clicked his heels in the traditional manner, turned and left. The other three men came nearer. I began to wonder what was going on.

"Wait, don't leave!" I shouted after the Speaker, "I have to. . ."

I never finished the sentence. Hands grasped me and threw me down. I felt a sharp pain and then everything went black. When I woke up I was in the back of a truck which was bumping along a dusty road. An old man sat across from me. I was bound and gagged so I couldn't answer him when he spoke, seeing that I was awake.

"Oh well," he said, "you probably asked too many questions anyway so maybe it's better that you can't talk." he mumbled.

"Do you know where we're going, boy?"

I shook my head to say no.

"We're going to die," he said looking carefully to see my reaction. "These are the death trucks young man!"

"Mmh! Mmphh!" I tried to tell him to help untie me.

"A ha ha ha! I'm ready to die. I've had my women and wine. Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm ready for the judgment day. But you, you're young. How ironic. So young and so stupid. Ha! Ha! Ha!" He wasn't joking and I began to get frightened.

Just over the edge of the back of the truck, I could see a figure standing in the completed tower. Meanwhile, the truck increased its pace. Oh, God! I've got to get loose. I strained at my bonds. Why doesn't that old fool do something? Oh, dear God, what if he's right! I don't care about women now, but the country, the Republic! What will happen to our democracy?

We hit a big rock in the road and it sent a cloud of dirt up into the back of the truck covering the old man. He started choking and reached for a rag to wipe his eyes. His arms were free! Only his feet were chained. A little more and he could untie me. Please, God, make him untie me!

The truck lurched ahead and sped on down the road. As the morning sun dispersed the last of the fog, the ominous shadow of the tower began to dominate the landscape.

Fred Wrixon

IT'S ALL IN THE SCRIPT

The light of the stars
Melts away the darkness.
It hovers at the edge of the light
Like a somber curtain.

The curtain rises . . .
Hopeful, young actors line the stage
Reciting age-old lines to an old-age,
 age-old audience,
and move on
Silently taking a seat in the rear.

The roles and the lines never change.
The audience . . . merely grows.

There is no laughter.
 There are no tears.
 There is no applause.

Are my dreams outlined in the ancient script?

I will leap to the footlights and make the dead mouths laugh
 with me.

I will make the empty eyes shed their dusty tears with me.

I will make them rush to their numb feet in applause.

There must be applause . . .

Sue Wurster

DAMP BOTTLES

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

Desolate,
inside bottles
lying side by side
on reticent shelves:
under our corks
filled to bursting,
yet, in our smooth
externals,
thirsting for a blending
rarely found;
we search for moisture
in each other,
evaporation
into spirit and air,
warm red souls
flowing
in each other's spirits,
intoxicating wines
that warm us out of time,
out of our glass strait-jackets
forever locking us up from
each other.

Eddie Parks

