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Quiz
and
Quill

Quiz and Quill

1971-72 EDITION

Published by
QUIZ AND QUILL,
writing honorary
of
Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

INTERVIEW WITH A POET "LARIAT"

On May 3, 1972, the Quiz and Quill and English Department sponsored a lecture by poet William Stafford on "How to Tame a Wild Poem." Prior to the lecture, Benita Heath had an exclusive interview with Mr. Stafford on his dual role as writer and professor.

What makes a writer different from other people? Is it an innate sensitivity or a special attitude toward life? In a recent interview, poet-lecturer William Stafford attempted to answer that question. The difference between artists and non-artists is not a set of qualities, Stafford believes. "All it takes is a commitment to the activity; that in itself is creative."

A professor of English at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, Stafford views the classroom as a "hazard" to writing. "We have the mistaken notion that the way to fluency is through mechanical and artificial ways."

An author of four books of poetry, Stafford does not have a personal definition for the art form. He feels poetry is classified by other people. "I don't know what it is. I just enter the language and let it sustain me."

Stafford said all people have the insight and reactions needed for writing. To be a writer, the poet said, is to start writing in a "sustained and sequential way."

In an ideal society, Stafford believes, the English teacher would be the person ready to listen and understand. The poet says it is easy to correct spelling and punctuation but hard to interact with people – "to ride along with another human being."

He also sides with the students who balk at literary analysis. He disagrees with substituting analysis for human participation in the study of literature. Stafford said, "A person's reaction is all that is relevant. You've got to start from there."

Stafford's poem, "Lit Instructor" provides a poetic image of the English teacher:

DEDICATION

"Day after day up there beating my wings
with all the softness truth requires . . .
I communicate right; but explain to the dean –
well, Right has a long and intricate name.

And the saying of it is a lovely thing."

This edition of *Quiz and Quill* is dedicated to the English teachers of Otterbein College – past and present – who are always "ready to listen and understand."

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
1971-1972

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LITERARY AWARDS

Quiz and Quill Fiction Contest

Second Award ..... Tom Barlow
Third Award ..... Ron Lucas

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Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

First Award ..... Diane Kendig
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Third Award ..... Tanya Davis
Honorable Mention ..... Diana Miller
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Mike Ziegler

Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

Honorable Mention ..... Rel
Doris Bogner

Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

First Award ..... Doris Bogner
Second Award ..... Rel

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THE STRAY

They asked me about lonely
and I simply answered
– I am a stray –
and know no difference between a crowd and solitude.

Words are useless conventions
to a man who moves himself;
Days are measured in shades
of dark and light.
Time has little relevance to the soul
that is captured by desire.
Clocks are a fool's invention to restore a memory.

Alone, they retorted.

Alone?
When Venus shines so directly upon us in August
or
the dog follows quickly behind,

we are never alone.

The unforeseen smile is worth
more than the
over-rehearsed lines of a comic,
or

The sudden love song of a wild bird
that erupts
the brick hearts.

So, I say
expect nothing and you will receive more.

And, if you like,
expect nothing of me or my poetry.

I am a stray,
and the verses will be lost also.

Tanya Davis

SEPARATE MINDS

Third Place, Quiz and Quill General Poetry

At twilight, I hate to tuck the day away.

And sometimes, I sit
on the concrete slab
to watch the world retire.

My hair hangs loose, my feet are bare.

A quiet relaxation settles over age and youth.

The wet wails of babies is always there,
the singing of hot tire,
old men pushing the dust with their brooms,
the hum of wire mazes,
the dinner odors of a melting pot city.

A fat woman across the avenue leans and spits.

Then you come out the door
and join me on our step.

You sit down beside me, sighing slowly.

You look up and down, seeing the same as myself,
but perceiving differently.

We were made from separate patterns, you and I.

Your melancholy eyes turn on me,
(I notice the light playing with your graying temples)
and a thousand times they apologize.

I only smile,
for you know I have not yet lost the optimism of youth.

Then, you place your almost paternal arm on my shoulder.
And inside,
I am jubilant
and in want to embrace and say it matters
not.

But I am as still as the lingering air;
for I do not want you to know

I will be a shedding September tree when you pass.

You have given me all of nothing
and we are as rich as the heavens are of clouds.

So, softly I touch your knee
and allow my carefree hair to blow between your lips.

And I know you understand
because you smile.

Tanya Davis

YOU

If You wanted happiness, i
would give You a traveling carnival

with red-nosed clowns,
white-faced acrobats,
jugglers of fire,
or
ripe, lush meadows
with ferns to please your tongue,
space to romp
and amuse at your leisure.

If You desired peace, i
would give You an easter morning

with a brilliant sun,
lullaby birds,
billowing clouds,
and patient warmth.

If You wanted the world, i
would tie it up in
bright, red ribbon
and place it gently in your lap.

Tanya Davis

IN MEMORIAM III

Second Place, Quiz and Quill General Poetry

With a friendly air he spoke:
Of ambitions
Of events past, present, and future
Of science and math
In the same ease and deep voice.
Excelling in all he undertook
(Most he undertook just to excel.)
Once in a while leaning
back his head and shaking his body
with wild Bacchanal laughter
Which, in its frenzy, spread to others.

Always amiable
But could criticize with a biting acidity
seldom giving up ground.

A Pannish little man
who held so much in his hands
and changed so much radically in three years:
Changing appearance
Changing laws
Changing organizations

Evidently a disguised catalyst...
This little dwarfish-gnome who
Vanished from our life as
Abruptly as he had entered.

The deciding link of the chain.
Without him a slow disintegration began.

And we looked at each other
Wondering where the magic that
had held us together had fled.

Debbie Shuey

IN MEMORIAM I

There he stood:
Grand as a prince and such a *lover*.
A Game? Ah, but so realistic!
Yes, Romeo did die the day the play ended.

Searching ever for a greater popularity
to be quenched only by the masses.
Romantic yet but hardened into a
sorrowful figure
as if crucified.
Rebellious against the straight-set and
that which hurts.
Hurts being no greater than dying.

Trying harder; maybe they'll see him.
Maybe they'll see him majestically
-as once they did.
Rolling through the months.

Looks becoming unfathomable.
Their inquisitiveness still looking
in quest of his hope
Saying-Do you wait for me there?

Acknowledging others' majestic stances
but drawing further into himself.
Tapping the many outlets that did
little to restore his Romanteo self.

Pleasures die soon.

The void must constantly be filled
-only to see it seep away
Unable to retain it.

Dying in the minds of those who saw
his most fabulous moment.
A painful death labouring to make
A painful man.

Still searching for the applause.

Good night sweet prince:
Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Debbie Shuey

OUR HOUSE

The house we are building is progressing slowly.
Each brick of solid understanding helps this house,
Each window illuminates our souls to each other,
Brightening the life of the house.
The chimney, improperly built, belches
Fumes and smog of anger, hurt.
But a chimney is needed, for we would not
Want to keep these pollutions within.
There are not yet enough windows in this structure
And many more bricks are needed for its completion.
We have years to build together
And maybe, someday, our house will be roofed
Mostly in love and respect which will never blow off
In even the worst of gusty storms.
And the sun will shine gloriously on our house
After the storms.

Diana Kay Miller

TRIO OF THOUGHTS

LiFe iS a LoST SPaCe SHiP
TuMBLiNG THRouGH THe eMPTy
SKy DeVoid oF LoGiC
AND ConTiNuoS AN
OBSequiouS SerVaNT To THe
NaTuRal FoRCeS THaT
CaNNoT CHaNGe iTS CouRSe
oF DeSTRucTioN.

Robert Becker

METAPHOR

Watch an unfolding of being,
  a metaphor of your own.

You too, have infant wings
drying in the morning sun.

Take in all the life
that churns around you.
Take away all the rushes,
all the numbers,
all the flags,
all the pills,
all the guns,

and you will find what you are:
  life
rippling on timeless waters.

  That is what we all are.

We are parts of that
  which never really came apart:
we have but closed eyes
  and forgotten.

Yet, there runs within your soul.

a touch of all that is,
all that was,
and the promise of eternity.

So take wing and fly,
oh loving soul,
fly free.

Dan Davis

BEDROOM

It's been a long time, girl,
but now the sun is setting
and the sky is bleeding.

You're sitting on the bed
next to me,
running all the time.

Naked we were

yet always covered.

There is more to love
than a bedroom . . . .

you've got to turn on the lights sometime.

Dan Davis

PEBBLES

We were but pebbles on the beach:
shaped, rounded
by the tides of our loves,
cast together
by the fated waves.
Now,
robbed of our roughness,
smoothed by time's pain,
we rest,
at last,
together.

Dan Davis

DAWN

If on a new day,
washed by the dawn,
I fail to touch you,
My Lord, My God,
then curse me with thunder,
but baptize me with rain.
For I am but a man
and I make mistakes.

Dan Davis

TEN CENTS

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill General Poetry

My brother stands tall
and proud,
but the only pride
is in what he could have been.
His eyes flash with the power
of his people long lost.
And somewhere,
hidden away with forgotten defiance,
are dreams of a wide sky
and a free life.
Now, he waits strong in the sun
for the next child to have
his picture taken with a real Indian
for only a dime.

Dan Davis

THE BIG GAMBLE

Oh, I laid down all my cards
And then you trumped me –
Now you're convinced that
I'm the King of Fools.
But I'll take your tricks
Until you prove you love me,
And then we'll start a new game
With my rules.

R. Steven Graves

A BRIEF BUT POLEMIC THEOLOGICAL DISSERTATION

Not as child, but as sibling I greet you.
  Most keepers of your house insist
Your acquaintence outside a patriarchal myth
  Is just not made. Still we are of the same blood.

Slender, silent God – you mellow with the mind
  Of man. Need thins to crowd your residence,
As he too defines and supplements
  These earthly gardens. Men are to you
Like moons that ellipse, but refuse to escape.

At death, will distance, like the bride's
  In morning, decrease to mute anxieties?
We will know you then, as an ancient brother
  In the churning, cosmic cycles
    Where ritual does not deface
    The communion of a symbiotic Grace.

R. Steven Graves

PANTHEON UNRAVELING

She is ruled then, the sea, by a
  Distant nocturnal devotion. Both
Rise and ebb, decreed behind a
  Silver veil, are given to the ocean
With no choice to her deep receiving.
  Her gestures depend not on a believing
And require for their rhythm no Divine intervention.
    Neither can her flow be a matter
      Only of intention,
      It obeys first its lunar summon.
    Echoes from our temples, too, reveal
      A dance of the gods to come.

R. Steven Graves

NEW YORK

I am born from the age of metal,
though stone may have been more comforting.
The blare and quientescent avenues,
the crunch and crackle of ice beneath
the stiff heavy boots of other legless men.

Dare-driving demons,
and the days dissolve into a maudlin matrix-
Here, another stranger;
puzzle earthly.

Oh, windless city, steel benediction,
giant stone mother;
Your curb as pillow fails,
You force me erect.

Thomas Barlow

ISLAND

It is quiet here in the evening;
the birch with its particular frost is still,
the crystal fragrance is light and sporific,
the moss is settled at angles to this tree to
form a backrest of comfort.
Along the waters, the water creatures vanish now at will
into the shadows and are gone.
And in the waters, there is depth and careful movement
as if powers of unworldly time
were settling with the evenings decay.

Here in the lap of twilight and clinging warmth
thoughts dissolve, and the strand of conscious
gives way to moments of direct being.
Deep, hidden beneath the fragile artifacts of humanness
lies now a satiating state,
One of quiet and the seclusion of being a child of Earth;
And nor Mars, nor Venus, nor the Sun itself,
except when viewed from this island,
can develop the warmth of existence near this soil,
the peace of temperless knowledge,
and God himself must seek his peace
in the cradles and deep-grown roots of this sacred tree.

Thomas Barlow

FIXED SALVATION

My stomach cramps,
    squeezing my guts.
My head throbs,
    pounding my skull.
But relief comes,
    in the cellophane bag.
Soft, white powdery substance,
    soft as silk,
    white as a virgin's cloak,
    powdery as a freshly fallen snow,
Melted over the flames of Hell
In a ladle of corroded stainless steel,
    reeking from filth,
Trickling into a vial of plastic evil.
Protruding veins seek the security of a fix.
A lost mind seeks escape
    by a silvery white galloping horse.
Smacking illusions fill
    the grey skies with sapphires,
    the barren branches with emeralds,
    the cold concrete with topaz.
The mirror reflects diamond eyes,
    surrounded my putrid skin,
    yellow and tired.
The tracks show my constant refuge
Into the junkyard of the heavens,
And I fly again like shotting stars.
And soon again,
I shall know hell on earth,
As the manifestation of a needle,
    gouging my flesh,
Pollutes my already corrupted
Mind, body, and soul.

Lynette Davis

ESSENCE

The essence of life is

    consciousness.

If a man fails to be conscious
    of the time that passes
    through his consciousness
    .....he has failed.

If a man fails to be conscious
of that which surrounds him
as a part of his total
.....he has failed.

If a man fails to be conscious
of the fact that every man
has his own essence of life
.....he has failed.

If man fails to be conscious
of his consciousness
and of all that which
his consciousness answers
.....he has failed.

He has failed to be
alive to the world.
He has failed to be aware
of what his consciousness wants
to bring him.

If a man fails again and again,
be it not misfortune
.....but unconsciousness.

Lynette Davis

GOLDEN

Golden leaves glistening under the
autumn sun.
Golden glimpses of the past
over and done.
Crisp, biting morning air
reminding one
of winter to come.
Golden eternity of the instant,
Golden serenity of the mind,
Reflecting
the Golden gift of time.

Lynette Davis

THE LONGSTREET JOURNAL

I.
my teacher died
died died died d i e d
over and again over
and I say
it. until it just
sounds
there. dead
my teacher was
an alchemist and part time
lens maker
my teacher was
a. a crazy man they said
b. a degenerate hippie they said
they said.
no. you don't understand,
the son said.
he was all that did.
then, like I said, my teacher died
he died relative to Walt Whitman
so the son went
and rented a simple grave
for 20 years
while they prepared a marble vault
to commit him after
death.
no. they don't understand.

II.
the leader of the group looking-over
stands to begin the eulogy
and begins plants of himself.
which is as it should be.
and

III.
Very singular
tissue paper blue airmail letters
promises of nothing
but continuing

slush mucked walks
running up into spasmatic gutters
bunged up with stagnant, pulpy leaves
(retching brine to pickle the
sidewalks)

Doris Bogner

WHAT A LUCKY MAN HE WAS

he could play the pipes like no one could.
after all, he'd been the neighborhood
plumber for over 50 years people
would ask him to come –
celebrate rebirth of their
houses as he played
the pipes
and gently
smoothed
cantations like velvet
moons in the brittle
diseased veins he'd play
the pipes
he'd play them low,
sliding them to
the easy flow of throbbing machines;
low,
to the inner
folds of luminous wounds he
stirred
and soothed
and healed and
fingered his pipes
gently easing upward
and down
again to vibrations
of supple veins
he'd play the pipes low
then scream them high
as fluids swirled up throbbing
matching pitch
the veins hummm

of the pipes in celebrarion
ah what a lucky man he was. . .

where ever he went
we children were
close about praising
him flowers enraptured as
we felt him play
walking through the
wood
gently
he'd play the pipes
wearing our love like
velvet moons in celebration of
the rebirth of his house

Doris Bogner

UNION MUSICIAN

First Prize, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Reading a line from peter
the Gentile about how bad
the fishing is
and how he'd like
to see the graves across the river

It takes two salmon and a
bottle of wine now for
a boatman's lunch to
get across the river.

From the hill above the graves
you can watch
as they dance across
over the water
to the music from your flute.
They're taking a new Torah
to the temple.

Doris Bogner

MAMA

mama make me breakfast
and then faint away trying
to find the coffee cups /trying
to tune in the old 1940 radio

poor mama....
let the china-finder find
the cups and plates /leave
the radio to rot

holy delicate mice squeaks
tinked like ecstatic angels hanging from

their roots.....
(nothing half-so wonderful as
dear juli softly love-chuckling over
total effect.)

a folk-singer kneeling at
communion old people mumble
she rises and touches her guitar---
hanging with the happy angels

poor mama...

Doris Bogner

SOJOURN

Colors flowed in Rainbow river
gurgling past the Emerald Nest
Near the golden Fairy field.

Yellow petals claw the sky
The place where Elf Kings live and die
Here the old familiar stranger
Finds his long and hoped for rest,
Leans upon his silver Shield.

There the Sundown Fairy Queen
(a sometime cousin of Lady Macbeth)
Greets the Small Folk gathered round
Summoned there by faintest sound
Elf and Fairy in life of death
Serve the Sundown Fairy Queen.

A Jester will ride his Blue Stallion
into the Valley on Christmas day
And stay a year and seven months
'Till the warm rain melt his feet of clay.

I saw the Wise old Wizard smiling
on the day the Jester left
And I heard the Dark Lord call to me
to leave the Emerald Nest.

Packed I then the fragment-dreams
Heart I was able to find
Wandered through the Diamond Doorway
The Fairy Queen's eye met mine:

and
lovely she
was.

But I felt the Dark Lord call to me,
And the Wizard smiled so mockingly;

I left her dancing free in the Breeze
and
laughing
in
the
Sun.

Rel

AUTUMNAL CRUCIFIXION

Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Callused-faced, we ancients have our ways.
We find there is no catharsis in
bone-dried tears
sun-splintered smiles.

We, pausing in summation, dismaying zero
turn to other chores.

and everything is really done.
Lean your head upon the shoulder
of the wind.

it is time
to
dust.

Rel

A SPINNING MAN

In the hour in the silence in the stillness
down above,
Winds a spinning man with a trumpet horn
wounding winding words of love.

He smiles a silent whistle
at the gentle folk he meets
And he never gives for answer to the questions
that he seeks.

There is trouble lining furrows
of his ever smiling brow
Contemplation: desolation
The moment after Now.

Rel

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill General Poetry Contest

A maiden dwelt within a tower
Forged by a magician she made
"I cannot leave," she softly wished
"I cannot love," she prayed.

A world she saw, but did not want
"I cannot have," she lied
So she existed in the tower
Cursing, "Why?" until she died.

Mike Ziegler

SELF-PRESERVATION

First Place, Quiz and Quill General Poetry

Packed, the jars stand
Pinging like a crystal campanille struck by a spoon,
A metallic and fruit-muffled ring.

The pulp of summer
Suspended translucent in every glass cranny,
Waiting only for winter.

Yet this urge to preserve,
To pick summer's very rinds and seeds,
To fill the one jar that remains.

The bell jar:
The thin glass shell that I become
Each spring, between glutonous winter's consumption
And another summer harvesting.

The belljar, whose only
Sound is an unsound, whose contents:
Self, vacuum-packed.

(Curious how I hear the freezing ring in spring,
Just when most things start to thaw.)

A wide-eyed small one
Found last year's jar, and filling it,
Left for lands beyond.

And only this echo remains.

Diane Kendig

SUNLIFE

A burst of light through the trees,
The eye moves upward involuntarily forced to the heavens.

Amid the tangle of winter-dead branches is the
Earth-star.

Radiant, pulsing its life energies
across the vacuous miles to provoke
these sullen sticks to fire
with greening
and spring;

To thaw earth – and the souls of men.

The Byzantium of the Cosmos summons;

the earth beneath our feet responds.

(and *we* stand in space?)

Rel

FOREIGN LANGUAGE POETRY

These poems represent student work in the area of translation. Translation is an art in itself with the translator trying to achieve the impossible task of making a poem be in a second language what it was in the first. The French Department has chosen the two best student translations of Charles Baudelaire's "Le chat."

LE CHAT

Viens, mon beau chat, sur mon coeur amoureux:
Retiens les griffes de ta patte,
Et laisse-moi plonger dans tes beaux yeux
Melés de métal et d'agate.

Lorsque mes doigts caressent à loisir
Ta tête et ton dos élastique,
Et que ma main s'enivre du plaisir
De palper ton corps électrique,

Je vois ma femme en esprit. Son regard,
Comme le tien, aimable bête,
Profond et froid, coupe et fend comme un dard,

Et des pieds jusques à la tête,
Un air subtil, un dangereux parfum
Nagent autour de son corps brun.

By Charles Baudelaire,
Les Fleurs du Mal (1857)

THE CAT

Come my darling cat my heart cries
Cease your sharp objection
And allow me to gaze into your eyes
So deep and filled with devotion.

Let my hands glide caressingly over
Your smooth head and soft body
That my senses might awaken in the pleasure
Found in touching one so lovely.

In you I see reflections of my woman, her eyes,
Like yours, lovely creature,
Pointed and cold, cut and slash like knives.

And always trailing near her,
A soft, sweet, balmy air
From the perfume in her jet-black hair.

Betty Lowe

THE CAT

Come, my lovely kitten, from my loving heart
Withhold the talons of your paw,
And let me dive into your beautiful eyes,
Blended from precious metal and agate.

When my fingers leisurely caress
Your head and your yielding back,
And when my hand pleasurably longs
To touch your stimulating body

I see the woman of my mind. Her look
Like yours, loving creature,
Profound and cold, cuts and splits like a dart,

And from head to foot
A cunning air, a desirous perfume
Floats around her tanned body.

Barbara Stockwell

Ode to a Pomegranate
(homage to pablo neruda)

Unpretentious as a potato
or a blushing rutabaga your
shell this plain packing crate
cradles red crystal seeds
in a lemonish peel as rubies
would be shipped in yellow tissue
or rosé drops stored in tan wineskins.

ODA A UNA GRANADA
(EN HOMENAJE A PABLO NERUDA)

Sin pretención como una patata
o una rutabaga rojiza,
Su cáscara,
esta jaula sencilla,
acuruca
semillas de cristal rojo
en un pellejo asoleado
como rubíes transportados
en sedas amarillas
o gotas de vino guardadas
en botas almendradas.

Diane Kendig

CLICK.

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

...and all is silenced in the shadowing howl of the Whorlitzer.

But we made our noise
with the bread soft in our toothless mouths
gummed it into submission for the universal gullet
of our consumptive demand.

Time, was on the side of the machine makers (speak no heresy against the GNP!)

And you know as I know they help to build a better world 12 ways wonderously enriched for you and me.

We shall have the noise of muffled echos in our soup-improved-instant, and...easy to use.

"It is fast and fast but will be faster still!" I was assured.

"We can do it in a year or two...Yes sir! The fastest and most efficient ever....at a 15% reduction in consumer costs."

...The Machine is my Shepherd
I shall not want
We maketh it to lie down in Prefab....

and
Think of it my friends!

New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New! New!

-as constant as the northern star of true fixed and unrelentless obsolescence.

Oh, what remains of the obliterated past
and the liquidated future
We shall grind in the screeching squeal and clang
Of a High-powered, automatically shifted Present.

We were blessed in the shadow of the Whorlitzer
"-So let us now join hands and sing...."

CLICK.

Rel

THE EDMONTON FIDDLER AND SUNDAY EVENING POME PEDDLARS.
(an elf tale)

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Humor and Satire Contest

Selling at the corner singing shake-down blues
offering ((for free?)!) – oh. Well, it is
on cheap rag-bond.
Pomes. weakly mimeoed in veinblue to....oh,
about 25 copies of each.

You can't miss the place. Right after you
turn the corner you'll see nothing but a flat
plain of rather dry grass. Neatly cut but it's
hoary dried hay color grass patched up a
bit here and there with a puddle of fresh
green grass almost day-glo in the sun and...
you.... wonder what happened to the trees and
the road you just were on – because
there is only this flat field all around
and you feel almost depressed. You think
that probably no matter how far or where you
would walk, this dry field would be forever. So,
then you realise that there is a group
of about five people and a
Volkswagen(beetle) (and music.) sitting
very small and solitary
in a horizon
silhouette.

A peddlar is resting on the back bumper
of the VW, singing to the music of the
Fiddler. Singing, knees up to his chin, for
the time the Fiddler and the three other peddlars
found him and the VW in a solid parallel park and
it had taken all five
of them to move that old VW. that
old VW. A decrepit rusted red
1961 model with a pome and a song painted
on the hood in fluid runic white.
A peddlar is copying pomes at the mimeograph
machine a sleek aluminum upright kept in
the trunk. He hand bleeds masters on the
old arthritic machine praying for its deliverence
from collapsing arteries.

Another peddlar is on the roof of the
Volkswagen, sorting out the copies as
they come out of the trunk
laying them to dry or squaring them into
individual piles of 25 which he would drop
through the sun roof into the VW. A frog was
up there too forever making dives at
the open sun roof. He wanted to get into the
VW but the peddlar kept bouncing him off
and the frog kept bouncing back on and
right now both were squatting on the
roof staring and blinking
each daring the other to move.

The Fiddler still playing and the last peddlar
quietly humming sitting on a Victory-S Lucite cube.
Hunched down over masters writing cartridge
pen metres.... very happy. And the Edmonton
Fiddler begs for moods moods to play for no
one knows it better than a thwarted pome
peddlar who from unrequited love of
his typewriter choked it with sand
and took
very successfully to moods
with fiddle and 12 string guitar.

For tea for tea
for jasmine tea
they leave their songs and pomes
for a cup of tea
teakettle of green enamel boiling
on a hot plate plugged into the cigarette
lighter forever poured jasmine tea.
The frog unchallenged slips through the
sun roof and begins
pleading his love in the back seat
to the 12 string guitar.

Doris Bogner

DENIAL

I'm in a mood – a feeling that comes over me....

Sometimes we appear to be so "together"
and the man – society can knock us so hard
we're left spinning whirling caught up in a
thickly polluted mass – all divided and lost.
But we overcome their blows

Sometimes we appear to be so "together"
and We bump bruise scar and destroy one another's
bodies – minds Souls – a pain or blow one can't
overcome but it sinks deep into the mind and
permeates through the body – seizing your limbs
making you retreat in solitude wondering
pondering hurt.

It is not enough to say We need one another
We can't exist without one another
We are Us
We are them
We are they
We are One
?
We share each other's pain
We destroy one another

STOP

We got to exist together
think together
love together
We got to give birth to our own kids
our own ideas
our own minds

REBIRTH?

We got to stop destroying one another
or
Someone something will destroy Us

Guess who?
Guess What?

Them men Us Him Time

Gone.

roberta bowens

A POEM INSPIRED BY KENDRA

Would that I would wander Kender nixt.
Wender Kender can't come comely covered crevas,
Jumped the craggly kravas whose comely cover:
Knitted and knotted and mendled and drindled
Of cottony curlies and whoolly wavelets
Wobble and warble the wax and the rain
In my rath as I sit down beside thee.

Bench on the bench by the beside nixt.
Beside beride by benorra bin betwixt and betwin,
Amble before and behind the betwin, bedecked, bedixted,
bedangled.
Bedangles of Budapesty beedles and broaches
Of creamio icle and rubio repers
The pearlio deeds of the hand that I hold
Walished clear of their sills in the cold rillio.

Fantasee and Feetasee what we all needer
Kander and miss the see for weltwieder.
Die dear dan from Daltonisme ballonixt
The grun of the Kenisle, the lilly bank ford,
Viking and spiking, discovering the keenisle:
Then back to the see what nixt shallie unfoldus.

James R. Fox

PLEASE!

My ears are closed to the world's dull roar –
I'm tired of its noise.
I'm sick to death of the tales of war,
And the deaths of our "valiant boys."
I'm tired of hearing "Pollution!"
Everywhere I go.
And "Control the Population Explosion!
We're already too many, you know."
I only want time to think a bit,
To laugh, to sing, to cry;
Maybe just to dream, or sit
And watch the world go by.
I can't stay long. I WILL be back
To join the weary march
That's going nowhere very fast,
And's moving in the dark.

Diana Barger

THE 7TH COMMANDMENT

In an obscure bed, my pipe smoke filtering
into our perceptive nostrils
we contemplate our essence and existence
in an unctuous cosmos.

My brachycephalic wife with stelliferous
green eyes pleads for desolation,
with every straining moment she regurgitates
her contentious soul struggling for that
phrase that might transform her lover's
isolation into an apotheois of
communication.

With sacrosanct verisimilitude we vile and
proselytize each other until reverence,
adultery, and thoughts of her husband
exhorts woeful messages to us.
We procrastinate no longer for love has
arrived
with all its heady frugality.

Eddie Parks

In the back of my mind
I hold many old memories
(Perhaps you do too)
They're mostly good
for through the years
I've been able to forget the bad.
I've forgotten those times
that weren't quite perfect
in my hope to make you better
than what you really are.
It's not fair to you, I know
for you are only what you are
and warm hands and tender words
will never change you.
I must love you for the man you are,
for the good times and the bad.
But there are times
when it's just too hard.

Deborah Gunter

MY ROAD

Life is a road to a Thursday's child,
    Walked with time-soled shoes,
Despising wheels which would pull it
    Too soon by unseen.

The roughest parts, without a vista,
    Goat-track steeply upward,
Sorrow trenches, boulder problems,
    Toward a new plateau.

There the path forks: upward, downward,
    Axle-centered spokes,
Easy meadows lying lower,
    Rocky peaks above.

Foresight sees them, seeming equal,
    Roulette-playing choice,
Merging vision looks back finding
    Two, uphill or down.

Rocky is the road to glory,
    (God's-grace or self-fame)
Thursday's child keeps climbing upward,
    How far will her shoes go?

Patrice Perry

WORDS ARE LOST

Words are lost
So frequently
Because talk is so often
Of highballs,
Rolling Rock and Cold Duck.
Must we always find ourselves
Talking in wasted words
Never wanting
To know someone
Until after they're gone?

Dennis Drennan

A POOR DAY FOR DYING

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

He was an elderly man when I first met him, and rather strange he was, too. Living as he did in an older house about a half-mile away down the road, I had seldom seen him since we moved to this house a year from then. I was then in the habit of taking walks in the afternoon in the direction from which the wind was coming, for I always kind of thought that perhaps if I walked far enough I could find out where the wind came from – I mean, all the talk about the wind being caused by hot and cold air colliding never made too much sense to me – Well, that day (or the day in question, as P. Mason would say) the wind was coming from the west, which was unusual for our part of the country, being in the path of a natural easterly wind. I began to walk west, and as I said I walked about half a mile and ran into this old man's home, and he was in the garden playing with the vegetables. Usually I don't like to talk to old men, so I tried to be real quiet and sneak by him, but it didn't work, for he saw me and before I could utter a single filthy word under my breath I was on his back porch drinking iced tea without enough sugar, and listening all about the devil and how young boys should watch out for him, and how old the house was, and why they called it devil's corners (I don't know who they were, but it was called that because years ago some girl had been taken over by devils and cut the throats of everybody in her family and they found her later sitting next to a cow in the barn just saying moo over and over and all she did the rest of her life was moo and dribble food all over her dress) and various other this and that, that after a while began to become interesting, like how to stop vampires with mirrors and garlic, and other things. Well, to make a short story shorter, we were soon friends in a way, and I'd come over about once a week and listen to him, and he'd tell me all about how to conjure the devil, and all kinds of things that I didn't believe but were fun to think about, anyway. Anyway, to be truthful I really began to like the old bugger after a while, especially after my brother died in the bus accident and there wasn't anyone to screw around with. Then I began to make it over to the old man's house with more regularity, and I really began to feel more at home there than at my real home. He really began to lay the stuff on thick then, about the devil and his obsession with him, and not having anything else to do I learned some of it by accident. Anyhow, he was a hell of a cook, something my mother wasn't, and he was easy to get along with. That's why I was so upset when I went over one day to find him still in bed, and all the curtains were a heavy black material so that no light could get through, and the only light he had in there

was this big red candle, and I thought no wonder he's sick, for the whole room looked kind of sick. The sickness made me realize how really old he was, too. He was wrinkly and bald and his face looked like a year-old orange, kind of pasty and moldy. Anyway, I saw he was sick so I tried to help him, getting food and wet cloths and things as much as I could think of, and tried to get a doctor but he wouldn't let me get one because he'd talked to the devil, and that's all he would say for four days running. He'd just lay in his bed and mutter that he'd talked to the devil, and I could see that he wasn't getting any better, in fact he was getting worse every day. When I got there early on the morning of the fifth day, though, I could see he'd taken a turn for the worse, as they say. He still wouldn't see a doctor, just kept muttering about the devil, and I figured that he didn't have long to go if I didn't get him to see a doctor. I sat there most of the day and tried to figure out a way to accomplish this, and finally I thought of something that might work. I figured that if he was so hung up on the devil, I'd have to get the devil to tell him to go to the doctors. I knew he was kind of delirious from the sickness (it included a fever) so I thought if I pretended to conjure the devil and then ducked out real quick and put on his red table cloth and glue on some hair I'd cut off the dog's tail I might fool him into believing I was the devil, and then I could tell him to go to the doctors. Well, I prepared the stuff and laid it just outside the door, and thought I'd blow out the candle in the middle of the invocation and then slip out the door so I could get dressed and then walk back in to the doorway. Then I'd stand in the doorway so my face would be in the shadows, so he couldn't see me clearly. After I got everything prepared, I went in and sort of got his attention, then I began to chant "In nomine Dei nostri Satanes Luciferi excelsi.....". The old man, when he saw what I was doing started shouting as loud as he could in his weakened condition, but I kept on going until I was finished. The old man was in a state of panic by the time I finished, and I thought it was his shouting that blew out the candle, and was congratulating myself on my good luck, and was half-way to the door when the candle re-lit, this time burning with a dull red glow, looking very hot but very dim. And then I noticed somebody standing next to the candle, dressed in black and his head back in the shadows. Before I could think, I heard this voice in some unreal tone say "Hello". It sounded like the type of person I'd always thought of when I saw grease, oily and smooth with an arrogance that was boggling. However, being quick on my feet and what I hoped was full of bravery, I managed to creak a small "Hello". I stood there in a sweaty silence for a minute or so, just looking at that undefined shadow. Finally he walked over to me and stared me in the eyes, and I looked into his eyes for a moment, and they were red and burning like the eyes of a rabid pig, and there was more evil in them than I had ever seen before. He stared at me for a moment longer after I dropped my eyes.

And then he spoke in that same oily voice. "Your friend is dying – can you see that?" He looked at my face again, and he must have seen me silently agreeing, for he continued "He wouldn't *have* to die yet – you know that, don't you?". I was still too dumbstruck to answer, but he took this as an affirmative and continued "I could help him live a lot longer if you want me to." "Do you want me to?" I was speechless, and could look only at the man (?), then at my old friend, who lay on the bed with his eyes wide open, open as wide as they could be, and lying very rigid. He looked dead as only the dying can look. The man watched me looking at my old friend, and when I looked up he repeated "Do you want *me* to help your friend?" I didn't know what to do or say, I only knew that the whole thing was construed unreal, and finally I decided the unreality was construed to save my dying friend, and all the while the stranger was smiling and repeating insistingly "Come on, say it – say you want me to save your old friend. Say it!" Finally I nodded my consent, in a backwash of emotions I could not understand. This wasn't enough however, and he demanded I verbalize it, so, haltingly, like I was saying something I did, yet didn't, want to say, I said it. "I want you to save this old man". He smiled a really horrible smile, and laughing, he said "He is saved then – for a while." And then the candles went out, and the room was pitch-black again.

Without thinking, after standing a couple of seconds, I jerked open the curtains to let the light in. The old man was lying there asleep with a half-smile on his face, dry and contented-looking. I rushed down the steps and into the yard and laid there for a while in the sunshine, closing my eyes and looking into the sun so I could drive out the dark images that floated through my mind. I lay there for a long time, just breathing and thinking about whether or not it had really happened. I lay there until about an hour till dusk, thinking. Finally, without making a decision, I went back up to the old man's bedroom to look in on him. He was still asleep, and his face looked better than it had in days, maybe months. In fact, he looked a little less wrinkled, a little less mossy than he had for quite a while. I was still kind of worried though, so I called mom and got permission to stay the night there, for I had told her earlier about him being sick and she understood.

After calling her, I went back downstairs and got something to eat. I dropped a quart of milk but I put that down to nervousness, for I'd had a pretty nervous day. But when I started dunking some cookies into some milk, I noticed my hands and I could have sworn that they weren't my hands. The cut across my thumb I'd gotten the other day by catching it on a nail wasn't there, it was healed, and a scar had taken its place. There were more lines, deeper lines in the palm than I remembered, and they were rougher than they'd ever been before. I turned my hands over, and there was another scar on the back of my left hand that had

never been there before, about a half-inch wide and just to the left of my index knuckle. I slipped out of my tennis shoes, and my feet looked different, too. They were a lot hairier than I'd remembered, and the callouses seemed a lot bigger than before. I began worrying a little bit, and walked into the hall, to look in the mirror. I recognized the face that stared back at me, but it didn't seem quite right – when had I started growing a beard that was more than fuzz? And when had those blemishes started appearing around my earlobe and chin? Had my nose broadened a little or was it my imagination? Finally I left the mirror and laid down on the couch. I laid there for a couple of hours, just staring at my hands, and trying to think, but couldn't. Finally I dozed off into an exhausted sleep, dreaming of red devils and growing hands.

I awoke early the next morning when the first sun lit the living room curtains. I had a tremendous headache and backache, and my stomach felt like hell. I sat up slowly, and oriented myself to where I was. It took a moment for the previous day to sink in. Slowly I worked my way through the previous day, until I reached the evening. Then I remembered, and stood up quickly, and looked at my hands. They were very rough and pitted. I rushed to the mirror, feeling new aches in my legs as I did so. I looked into the mirror and recognized the face as my own, but it was older – at least 15 years older. It was drawn, thin, and beginning to look gaunt and hungry – the flesh hung from the bridge of my nose now like a rug hung over a clothesline. My beard was now heavy with stubble and showing blackly. I hurried to the stairs for I knew somehow this must involve the old man. I hurried up the stairs and into the room and he was awake, sitting in a chair by the window looking out on the farm. Whereas I looked 15 years older, he looked accordingly that much younger, and I stood back in momentary non-recognition. Hearing me enter, he turned to me and smiled briefly. Gone were many of the wrinkles in his face. His jaw now stuck out with more force, hid teeth, looked once again strong. His chest seemed expanded, and his skin seemed to have a healthy glow.

He stared at me for a long time, perhaps a couple of minutes and then spoke in a voice that was stronger than it had been since I'd known him. "You've done it, boy. I told you I'd met the devil and you wouldn't believe me – you had to go and fool around. Well, you see what you've done?" He said this in a calm manner, but the text ran through my mind like water in an echo-chamber. What had I done? I'd asked the devil to save my friend, I'd asked him without asking how, but now I knew how. And now it was too late. I had struck a bargain and I was stuck with it. The now not-so-old man read my thoughts, for he said "That's right – now you've talked to him too – and you didn't even ask how. Well, my friend, if you haven't figured it out, for every year I grow younger, you grow older – only hell knows how long it will continue, but I have a feeling that you stand a good chance

of dying of old age before the day's out." I could say nothing for a while, standing there as a young boy in a middle-aged body. I wanted to cry, but I couldn't – I wanted to laugh but I couldn't – I was paralyzed from fear. I was going to die, but I hadn't yet lived – it was unthinkable, my mind slipped into a void and I could not move. I stood there and the old man looked out of the window. I could think of nothing to say, nothing to do. Finally he turned to me and said in a commanding voice, "Come here." In a paralysis of will, I moved to him. I noticed in his hand he had a knife, but it didn't register except as a piece of metal. Then he began to talk slowly, carefully, deliberately. "It seems you've been placed in a position well-known to students of Him – I cannot say for sure, but I think you've been given a choice – you can die in a few hours thanks to him, and be damned, and keep me alive; or you can kill me now, which I think would restore your youth, and remain damned. You lose both ways, but only one way will you be able to live past sunset."

Finally I unfroze and the words fell from my mouth like water from a broken dam. "I – I can't be old! YOU see! I haven't even begun to live! Please help me!" My tongue was dry and my palms were wet and I could not think, except that I was being robbed, robbed of my right to live. I wanted to live, more than anything I could ever have thought of to wish for. I was shaking in an uncontrollable terror, and I thought I could feel myself becoming crippled and bent as I stood there. The old man looked at me with what looked like pity, as I stood there growing old. He slowly got up and walked to the bed and got in. He then called me over to him. When I reached the bedside, he took up the knife that was still in his hand and laid it next to his throat. Smiling up at me, he then took my hands and placed it next to his, on the side to form a grip on his grip on the knife. He then looked up into my eyes and with a look of pity, fear, and kindness, he said in a loud, clear voice, one word – "push." Before I could think about what I was doing, I pushed. The blade slid cleanly across his throat, and the blood flew out staining his pajamas and my hand. He coughed once, quietly, and died.

The police found it to be a clear case of an old man killing himself to stop the pain of dying. My parents thought it was terrible for me to have witnessed such a thing. It has been years since, and now my neighbors think I am rather odd to keep a red candle burning in the window all the time. It doesn't matter much to me, though, I have been talking to Him much recently, and I think I may soon discover his weakness. I know that I'd better hurry though, for I'm not feeling well today, and I could never go see a doctor.

Thomas Barlow

AN AMERICAN PREDICAMENT
(to Camille)

Matthew Wadsworth walked into the Greyhound bus station in Boston, Massachusetts and looked around for a seat. There was one vacant seat in the entire place and two girls sat on both sides of it – one was black and the other was white. Matthew rushed to the seat and threw his baggage down on it. The two girls looked up at him jointly, the white girl smiled and the black one frowned as if Matthew was unpleasant. Matthew walked away to the ticket office where he bought his one way ticket to Dayton, Ohio. He was told that the bus to Dayton left in fifteen minutes. Matthew walked to his seat, removed his baggage, and sat down with a fixed smile on his face. In a talkative mood he turned to his left and said hello to the black girl who did not answer but rather turned her head in the other direction so abruptly she almost lost her Afro-Wig. Being his aloof self Matthew turned to his right and said hello to the white girl with the blond hair and peculiar black eyes.

"Hello stranger, where you going?" said the girl with ease.

"I am going home for Christmas after just completing my first and very likely last semester at Boston University. My accumulative grade average was terrible, but I got an "A" in life and living, but this grade will not go on my transcript."

"I think I know what you are talking about stranger. I finished one year of college last spring with honors at Smith University and then dropped out after I saw that my grades didn't reflect my knowledge, nor were they designed for anything other than to measure and encourage conformity."

Matthew looked at the girl very carefully as if he was trying to measure the truthfulness of her statement. "By the way, what's your name?" asked Matthew.

"I like to be called Echo which is my middle name."

"What a name. Just call me Matthew."

"Okay, let's go get a soda and celebrate our new friendship, Matthew. I am so thirsty."

Echo hesitated, then embraced Matthew's rough black hand as a tingle went up and down her spinal cord. Matthew looked at the white skin of Echo, paused for a second, then found himself being pulled out of his seat by Echo. The two of them strolled toward the soda machines some thirty or forty feet away, holding hands as if they were lovers. The black girl looked at them walking and said to herself: "How odd they look, a black, well-dressed male with a slightly blemished face holding the hand of a smoothly dressed white female whose beauty would have probably dazzled Narcissus." She tried to rationalize what she saw, but could not, so she turned her head the other way.

Matthew and Echo approached the soft drink machine with their hands tightly embraced. They turned and looked at each

other and said together, "I'll pay for the drinks." Echo deposited a quarter in one machine as Matthew put a quarter in the machine directly opposite, then they both pushed a root beer slot. While still in embraced hands Echo reached over and took the root beer from the machine Matthew had purchased from and Matthew took the root beer from the machine Echo had purchased from. Doing this they crossed over in front of each other making close bodily contact. During this ephemeral moment Echo and Matthew were perennial lovers.

Both of them left their change in the soda machines and with perfect strides they headed back to their seats holding hands and gulping root beer. As they walked back to their seats Matthew saw the black girl glancing at them, he wanted to shout hello. When the two reached their seats they sat down smiling and then finished their sodas.

"Matthew, you are a great person to go get a soda with, where did you learn your style?"

"It's natural Echo, a part of my black cultural heritage." With that statement both of them began laughing. While still laughing Matthew said: "Where do you live Echo?"

Laughing, Echo said, "Dayton."

Matthew screamed, "Dayton!"

"Yes Matthew Dayton, that's where I live and why I am waiting here for the bus." As Matthew heard those words thoughts of good times ran through his mind. "My grandfather died in Dayton on July 29, 1925, several days after witnessing a famous court case between two great American lawyers, so says my father."

"I am happy for your grandfather," said Matthew, not really thinking.

Just as Matthew was about to ask Echo what part of Dayton she lived in, the bus station announcer said: "The bus leaving to Ohio will leave in five minutes." Then the announcer said: "The bus going to the airport is now departing."

"I am sorry Matthew but my baggage is on that bus going to the airport, but I am glad to have known you, and I hope you maintain your grade average in life and living."

Echo got up and sprinted toward the gate where the airport bus driver was just about to close the door to the bus. Matthew heard Echo's voice for the last time resounding the word wait as he repeated the same word to himself very silently. The black girl who had been sitting next to Matthew opened her purse and took out her ticket marked to Dayton, Ohio, got up and glanced at Matthew, then walked off unsure whether she had been the cause of or the mere witness to an American predicament.

Eddie Parks

SPRING COMES TO MR. BLOOMQUIST

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

The cold, wet, March wind whipped viciously through a thousand alley ways of the city buildings in such a fashion as to invariably confront the pedestrian with a fresh blast of sleet. Such was the perversity of this city that one could never, as a result, count on having the wind at one's back – no matter in which direction you were inclined.

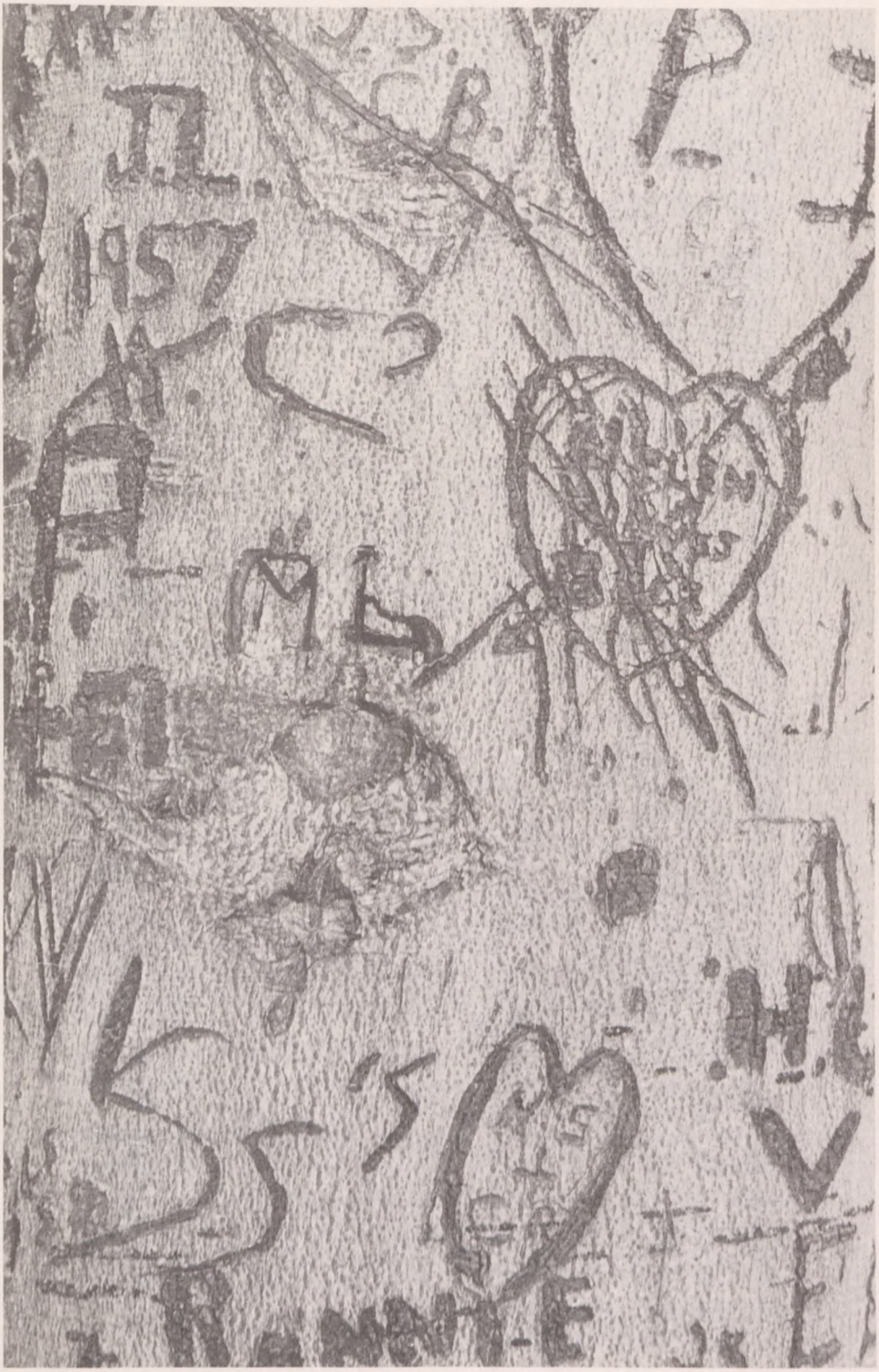
"There was also the chill-factor to consider," mused Mr. Bloomquist. "For if the temperature hovered at sub-zero levels, the wind delightfully increased it's efficacy. More air moving over the skin increased the rate at which heat was lost to the environment."

Mr. Bloomquist had a brief fleeting vision of hundreds of invisible kilocalories leaping off the skin of his arm lemming-fashion into the surrounding air; little men, each with something of a personality of his own, diving into that element which could only destroy them.

Mr. Bloomquist turned the corner, confronting a fresh blast of sleet laden wind. He was now on his way to work. Mr. Bloomquist was a "professional man," as he put it to his friends (or anyone else who had the courtesy to inquire). He labored in the capacity of lantern care. He had worked his way up to the top ranks over the years and if his advance had not been dramatic, at least it had been consistent. Mr. Bloomquist was now retained as one of the countries foremost lantern polishers. Though not a trade of great notoriety, it was, at least, one that was well respected. He had a reputation for being not only the most meticulous and artful of polishers but the neatest as well. He was yet to be discovered with the slightest trace of either dust or polish on his clean white gloves or blue pin stripe suit. This was not altogether the product of Mr. Bloomquist's perspicacity however, but stemmed in great measure from a more singuler aspect of his general constitution.

Mr. Bloomquist advanced towards the crosswalk engaged in thought. He was now wondering whether or not a particular female would be waiting at the bus stop he passed every morning on the way to work. He was certain she would be. She was there every morning a few minutes before eight, passing time until the uptown bus swept her on her way to whatever place of employment she was destined. Mr. Bloomquist did not know the girl's name. He did not even know if she lived in the apartments nearby or merely sojourned there briefly each weekday morn by way of bus exchange.

Although he did not know her name (nor could ever summon the courage to ask), it was one of the highlights of his spotless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day: to pass her with a secret longing, a secret so deep he was almost entirely unconscious of its existence. In fact, many days he passed her bus stop with little more than a flicker of a glance on the periphery of vision. But so important was this event that it seemed to influence the course of his entire day. Indeed on those days when she almost seemed to be about to notice him everything went well. His friends seemed to notice him for the first time on these days and would even display a more concrete interest in his affairs. In contrast were the dark days when she seemed to have less than casual awareness of his passing, or worse – the days when she was not there at all! On these days strange things seemed to befall Mr. Bloomquist. The people all around him seemed not to notice him at all, the dust itself seemed unable to accumulate on his sleeves, the effect of gravity (though this must certainly have been a trick of the mind) appeared lessened, as if the earth itself was unaware of his existence and hence had no need to pull on him. For it seemed on these days as if his feet scarcely touched the ground and that the slightest breeze was sufficient to unsettle his balance. On these days Mr. Bloomquist noted the world, remarked upon it, but did not participate in it. Reality was for Mr. Bloomquist on the wrong end of a telescope: small, removed, and quite distant, though observable.

The girl was here today. And her brown hair unfettered was flirting with the March wind Mr. Bloomquist had fought for the last six blocks. His heart leapt quickly as he narrowed the distance to the final crosswalk which carried him into his office building and past the girl's station. Perhaps it was because her mind that day was on heavy thoughts of great import or because her thoughts were so light and airy a nature as to be born off on the very winds themselves, but whatever the reason not the faintest glimmer of recognition, not a trace of acknowledgment passed over her countenance that morning.

Although Mr. Bloomquist was not on familiar terms he had hoped for more than this and his heart sank and vanished within him, or perhaps evaporated altogether. Crushed, his feet floated over the pavement unaware of the world and its mundane laws. He was distant, unassailable.

"What a curious world," thought Mr. Bloomquist. "Really quite so much of something founded on so little of nothing! Silly girl! All so much preoccupation with forms that don't . . ."

He broke his chain of thoughts mid-stride as he abruptly realized that he had absent mindedly advanced some distance into the street against the traffic light. A sudden fear of mortal apprehension flooded his brain, he looked up sharply in time to note the impending contact of human flesh with the solid steel of a Mack-Semi. There was not even time to scream. There was no screech of tires. There was nothing.

Mr. Bloomquist cautiously opened first one eye and then the

other. The Mack truck was pouring down the roadway undiminished in velocity. The young girl at the bus stop had apparently seen nothing; she was totally enveloped in her own thoughts.

"What *has* happened to me?" thought Mr. Bloomquist. "Am I mad or dead?" He bent over to look at the street pavement. A careful scrutiny failed to reveal the slightest sign of an unseemly corpse.

"Not so much as a drop of blood! Then surely I have gone mad! I have just imagined myself a Mack-Semi!"

Being a man of reason does however, have its limitations and the answer that was forthcoming did not please Mr. Bloomquist. For although his income was a tidy sum, times being what they were, he was not altogether certain about his ability to support a psychotherapist on his modest salary.

"Perhaps," he mused, continuing into the building, "What I really need is a long vacation. I could see the lantern exhibitions this summer in New York!"

Thus wrapped in thought Mr. Bloomquist began, surprisingly enough, one of his better days. For despite the incident in the morning, all went exceedingly well. Although his fellow employees seemed not the least bit aware of him, he was able to accomplish a phenomenal output of work and left the building amazed at his own industry and meticulousness.

"There is not so much as a speck of lint on me," he exclaimed that night as he undressed for bed. "Most curious indeed!"

The following days came and went without incident until some time in the early part of April when the weather began to take a turn for the better. It is indeed at this time of year when nature bedecks herself in the finest and most seductive garb and whispers her suggestions to even the dullest of ears. So it was that the young girl who had been the object of Mr. Bloomquist's protracted observations began to change in proportion to the rising thermometer. As the weather warmed so did her features. And so it chanced that Mr. Bloomquist had the rare fortune one morning of actually being greeted by one of these wayward bursts of enthusiasm. In short, she smiled. His spirit soared and all the employees noted a marked changed in the man that day.

"Who *is* that guy?" remarked Mrs. Snatchwise to the janitor that day.

"Why," said he, "That's Mr. B., your friend and co-worker for the last twenty years."

"My Lord. I seem to be seeing him for the first time," she clucked.

And indeed for the first time Mr. Bloomquist bore the traditional marks of his trade. He now returned home as soiled from his labors as any staff member on the Duster's crew, and his dry cleaning bill was phenomenal.

But Mr. Bloomquist was happy at last. For the first time he began to entertain thoughts of approaching the girl. "And who

knows?" he nodded risquely at himself in the mirror, "I may even speak to her tomorrow!"

But this was not to be. For the following day the young lass had a severe head cold and was not in the mood for any wayward smiles. She did not even lift her head when Mr. Bloomquist passed.

Mr. Bloomquist's head, as a result, was in a swirl. He did not bother to watch for traffic lights or cars. They whizzed passed him, around him, and through him.

"What care I?" he exclaimed to himself, "If one of these cars should hit me? Life is without . . ." And then it dawned on him that that was in fact exactly what these cars were doing.

"They are passing right *through* me! My God! It's as if I weren't here at all – as if I didn't exist today."

Then a sudden revelation descended on Mr. Bloomquist. It was now clear to him why on some days he found the world so much more substantial than on others.

"I only exist," he exclaimed, "to the extent by which that girl is aware of me!"

Then Mr. Bloomquist did something he had never done before in his life. He took a day off from work. He made countless tests. He walked through walls, he waved at total strangers, he even made an obscene gesture at a policeman – all to no avail. He spent a horrid day and night wandering around the city totally losing track of place and time. At first it had been a novelty, but walking through walls and over puddles soon paled as a pastime and he began to wonder if he would ever again return to solid form.

Thus engaged in thought he entered a strange quarter of the city he had never seen before. There was a row of apartment dwellings on the opposite side of the street. As he examined them he noted the arrival of a flashy red sports car. And who should issue forth but the girl of the bus stop. She spoke something to a young gentleman who disappeared into his Triumph and sped down the road. Mr. Bloomquist stood in the center of the street crestfallen.

"Is there no way out?" He wondered softly to himself. There was a wistful expression on the girl's face. He watched it from his respectful distance intently. Then a marked alteration spread across her countenance. Her head twisted about, her eyes widened, her jaw dropped and a noise issued from her lips. It was largely unintelligible to Mr. Bloomquist and so he advanced closer, wondering what had come over the girl. Was she ill? Was she having a fit of some kind? Had she lost a contact? No, she seemed to be trying to say something. And then the girl screamed louder and more distinctly than at first, and it was now possible for Mr. Bloomquist to make out her words.

"Look out!" heard Mr. Bloomquist (just prior to the impact of his flesh against a bright red Mack-Semi).

Ronald Edward Lucas

ONTARIO R.A.F. PILOT CIRCA MID 1950'S

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

Derek ran down the theatre aisle shouting "Hail the praise of the purple gold fish!" which made us wonder what could he possibly have found earlier around the corner when he was running, asking everyone in his stilted cockney "did you hear about Dante Gabrielli Rossetti who buried his poems with his wife so she could have this love that he hadn't given her in life, what as he was feeling hellish from guilt in her suiciding with laudanum an' that 'til a dealer offered him so much for his poems, now dead for two years with his wife remember, even to bring up the coffin himself, the dealer, to get that lovely wretched penciled book... and you know what? he, Rossetti, may as well have done it himself the *minds* he went out to in of imagining the open rotted casket carried out by the whores for a sum and a child that left by its mother anyway, mind, seein' that they didn't want it either... prying back the lid to reach for the book past the shriveled tight skin that's for long torn open at the mouth from dissolved lips and gums an' teeth grown large to cover it all lovely tho' an' her hands worn away at the tips o' fingers an' knuckles worse now than in life from her doing writing an' painting a fancy dancer now, eh don't you think? to have 'ands like old gloves over bone and nails just rest easy on the bone like the host on the tongues in mouths of saints an' breasts hollow and hard... she reaching up with 'er whole body for the book of poems wanting them back..."
And we just sat there watching and listening, and I, holding little Marag who had started to cry not liking to hear mad Englishmen... Derek slumped in the last seat of the row brooding, whoever heard of purple gold fish anyway, and left before they started playing God Save the Queen.

Doris Bogner

HAIKU III

Bread crumbs thrown to birds
gather starlings. Prophets' mouths
declare bread crumb words.

James R. Fox

BEYOND TRAGEDY

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

According to Aristotle, tragedy arouses both fear and pity in an audience for whom a cleansing of these emotions will occur. This, however, is a classical view of tragedy; our opinions are rarely ruled by the theories of an ancient Greek sage. If a cripple clumsily crutches his way across a street, we watch with a grateful awareness of our sturdier legs. If a once gregarious man shuns intimate contact with anyone after losing his family in an accident, we accept his aloofness as part of his deep sorrow. But incidents briefly purge the onlooker's emotions; at them he utters "what a shame..." and considers his luckier disposition. A cripple and a recluse summon our pity because they are the victims of a tragic twist of fate. Their misfortune provides our catharsis.

Beyond incident, ingratitude or irony, the most severe tragedy occurs when the heart no longer churns in delight or despair, and when its slumber is so constant that nothing stirs it. Classical tragedy demands a fall from a noble state. He who is caught in an emotional coma and remains unmoved by whatever touches him is at once something tragic and ignoble. Paradoxically, the one who is incapable of pity deserves it the most. The harshest tragedy, then, surpasses hubris or hamartia; it arrives when no joy or sorrow, regardless of magnitude, awakens a response.

R. Steven Graves

THE RAIN FALLS

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill General Poetry

The rain falls
And up sprout the colorful
Crocus, tulip,
And a variety of the genus
Umbrella.

Diana Kay Miller

ONE EVENING'S HOUR

I have just finished two ham and cheese on rye sandwiches, two leaves of lettuce, two slices of tomatoes, and one piece of raisin spice cake. I've put the apple to cold on the window sill, and there are lapses all over the place in my head because of the dusk. I have the windows wide open for it, breezing in at 55 degrees F and the marble sill with the apple adapts itself quite well to the cold. Two university students below on the street play at practise catch. TWAs belly low coming into the airport and someone always runs over the deafness to say don't let it bother you it's only because of the airport – why else? This is the sixth floor, you know.

Buildings beyond the window, old buildings of oranged brick bristling with sharp, jutting angles and spires and black patched roofs. In a weird evening light they lose perspective, become superimposed and distorted upon one another allowing inward planes to fall out and outward planes collapse. A hexagonal spire twists itself into a concave shell to form a wall for an amphitheatre. Spiraling staircases rise and fall back on themselves, meeting at a landing that isn't there and roofs become windows for walls above and below them like hallucinations of an M. C. Escher drawing. Rational or irrational? Gentle or question of dread? I feel disgust and anger that I should continually fall into a line of such logic as if it were only a question of it being possible then to fall up the stairs.

Well I'm tired. Clip fingernails and go for a walk. I consider my fingers. Not bad at all as fingers go and I think of the grotesqueness of those I've seen in library-scholars, of mother-of-pearl enamel and raw, bleeding cracks torn at the flesh of the cuticles. I cut a rind off each nail tip. Nice, healthy cuticles and pale, half circles at the base of each nail. An even, natural color of pink under each one with only a minute fleck of white on the nail of the middle finger, left hand, and thumb, right hand. The flesh turns in smoothly at the sides of the nail and pulls tight at each cuticle. Fingers long and thin like my mother's (they that know my mother say). Great for playing the violin. The skin pulled over the finger tips of the left hand feel smooth and hard from the pressure of fingerings on the strings and I used to worry about the possibilities of calluses.

I put on a pair of sedate, black tennis shoes, size eight and a half. I decide to use the stairs. I'm in no hurry and it always seems to bother me how the elevator doesn't take as long going down the six floors as it does coming up. I pass the fourth floor landing which has a molded, plastic chair on it and three empty bottles of Molson Golden Lager Beer next to it. Essau, a dwarf that lives on the fourth floor, sometimes sits out there on the

landing, drinking beer, just waiting for someone. It's a shock the first time one uses the stairs and finds him there swinging his legs and knocking his shoes against the chair legs with a beer in his hand. He never talks much and always excuses himself by saying that he can only get along with people who use stairs. He isn't there now and I almost wish he was. I'm in that kind of mood to talk. And through the door, it's raining outside.

Doris Bogner

TO PAM ON THE MORNING OF HER TRIAL

Winter drove deeply, the wind became a song of pain,
and she built a fire.
The lonely became a prison, the silence rose as the watchtower.
and she tore hown the wall.
The past stalked as a phantom, the future cold as a curbstone,
and she held a shaking hand.
Hunger scurried like a rat, fear muted the ghetto,
and she cried out.
Sirens raged in the night, hate grew as a cancer,
and she loved.

It takes more than courage to love the world,
one must be a fool.
Yet, in our sublime idiocy,
we hear with Joan,
the voice calling in the fields.
We behold a dream,
rising where only joined hands may touch.

No matter what they may say or do to us,

we will still love them.
That is all that matters.
Revolutions are of the wind –
You are eternal.

Dan Davis