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1981 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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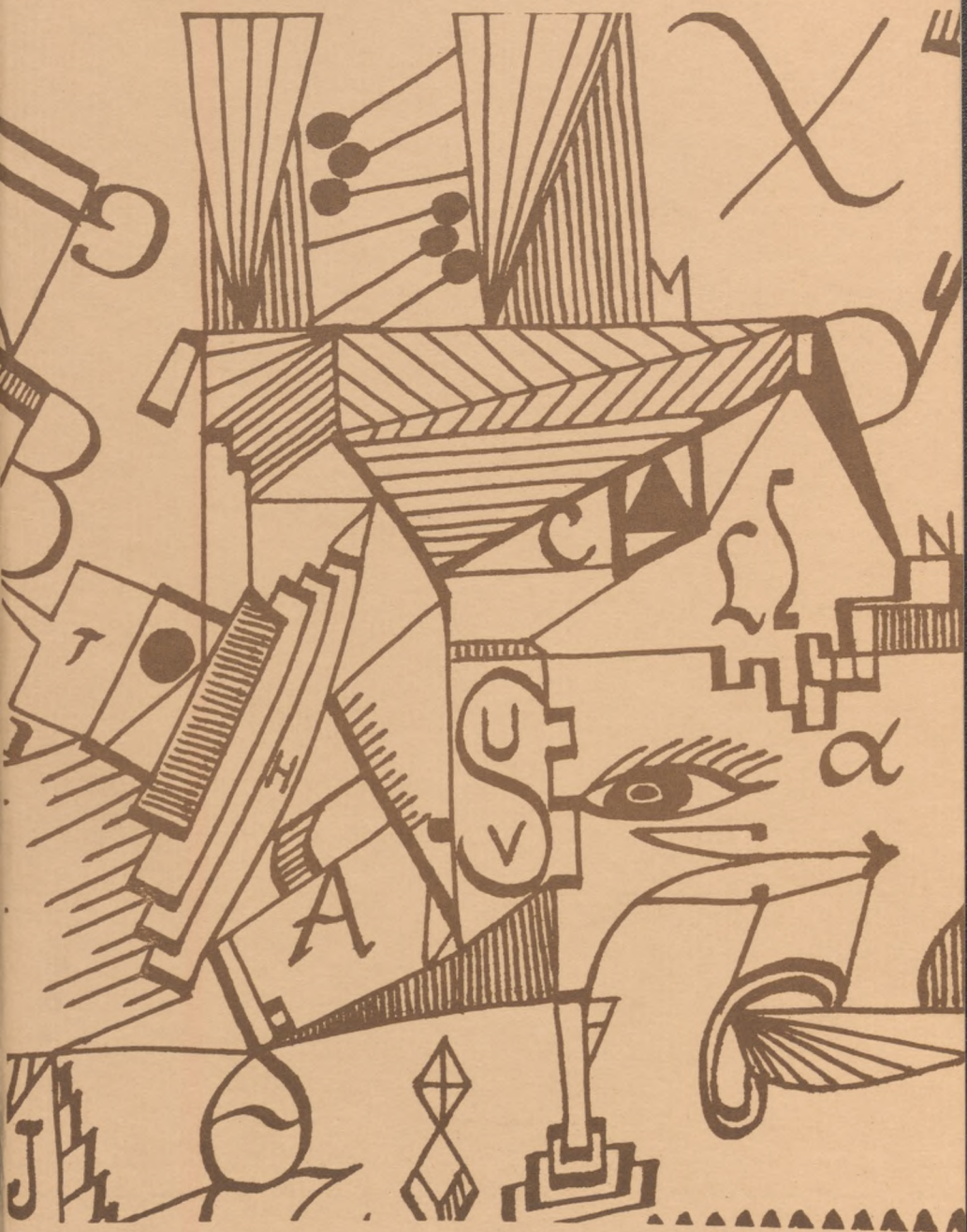


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QUIZ *and* QUILL

QUIZ *and* QUILL

Issue
for
1981

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Quiz and Quill

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Staff:
Susan Menard
Rob Engelbach
Faculty Advisor:
Cecile Gray

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Spring 1981

Preface

During the past two years many changes have taken place in the Quiz and Quill literary society. This year marks the separation of the society into a magazine staff and a literary club.

The *Quiz and Quill* magazine staff consists of a few students. We have attempted to reorganize the magazine and to spark a new interest in our annual Creative Writing Contest. Many of the works in this magazine are the winners of that contest.

The Quiz and Quill club is open to all interested students. It provides a workshop atmosphere where students can discuss literature and edit and re-write their own work. The club strives to create an informal community of aspiring critics and writers.

This 1981 spring edition is the first in our new era of Quiz and Quill.

Kelly Spence

Literary Awards

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

Second Award Mary Wehrle
Third Award Susan Menard
Honorable Mention Anita Galko

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Second Award Lyn Benua
Third Award Kimberly Fippin
Honorable Mention Leslie Robert Epstein

Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

Second Award David Yaussy
Third Award Mary Rose Molinaro

Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Second Award David Yaussy
Third Award Heidi Guttermuth

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Public Speaking

In a body cast of fear
I stand crippled before my audience
Heart pumping ragtime
Cold oatmeal in my shoes.

Oh, what a handy phrase
I'm known to turn
 in my living room
Lights low
A few friends littered about
 like yesterday's newspaper
Cold beer on the coffee table

And what perfect verbal pearls
 roll off these lips, then
Drop softly to the carpet
 one by one
And linger there
 for all to admire.

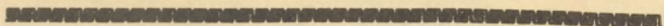
But before 15 pairs
 of curious eyes
Before 30 unwinking, unblinking
 spectator eyes
I spit marbles
 hither and yon
Fragments of sentences
 clatter and roll
 to every corner of the room
And 15 heads turn
 to watch my logic
 echo off down the hall.

I swear to you
On a Saturday night
With Debbie on the armchair
And David on the couch
Eileen propped up
 with pillows on the floor

My voice is pure Pavarotti
 melodious and fair.
Who put Porky Pig
 in my voicebox today?
And what fiend
 chopped down the timbre
 of my every word?

Next to Chinese water torture
There's nothing I like better
 than Public Speaking.

Mary Wehrle



The Juggler

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

The juggler threw his marks
 of glee
upon thin air,
And to the ground they died.
And once again, our friend
 brought them life,
only to give them death.

A crowd of people
 stand and stare;
In awe they clap their
hands.

But in your talent,
that is bred high and tight,
you show them even more:
 your heart.

Leslie Robert Epstein

Black Tea and Marinated Artichokes

The day began as usual. Audra had gone to the antique shop at nine o'clock, barely having time to turn the CLOSED sign to OPEN and heat water for tea on the hot plate in the back before a steady stream of tourist trade began.

She had sold a brass faucet set to a middle-aged couple from Maine who were restoring an old farm house. The man had run his fingers thoughtfully over the brass spigots with porcelain handles, offering her \$15 below the marked tag.

Usually she would have hedged, made a counter offer, "I couldn't take less than" But today she wasn't in a dickering mood. So she accepted his offer, hunted for a box below the counter while his wife made their check out to "Country Home Antiques."

Later in the morning a young woman entered the shop. She had silky blonde hair that fell to her waist and was wearing a red T-shirt top under a blue denim jumper that enveloped her full body in soft creases and folds. Audra watched wistfully as the young mother-to-be browsed among the old things, a leather bag swinging from her shoulder and her hands resting on her swollen middle.

She saw her stop in front of the oak baby cradle near the rear of the store. She knelt, rather clumsily, next to the cradle and proceeded to scrutinize its worn beauty. Wrapping her fingers around one of the corner posts, she gently rocked it back and forth, a smile spreading across her face as she ran her other hand over the carved flower design running along the end of the cradle.

When the woman stood up and began walking toward her, Audra began busily arranging the inventory papers strewn across the counter.

"That is such a lovely cradle," the soft voice interrupted her shuffling. "My husband and I have been hunting for months for one just like it. We were getting worried because we're running out of time," she said smiling, gently patting her stomach. "I can't wait to take it home and show him!"

"I'm glad you like it. I've had it here for quite awhile, and it's always nice to see beautiful pieces go to people who will use and appreciate them," Audra said in an almost too-cheerful tone as she wrote up the sale. She helped carry the cradle to the woman's small station wagon, where they gently placed it on the carpeted floor.

Audra wiped a warm tear from her cheek as she strode back into the shop. She had misled that woman. The cradle had only been in the shop for a week. Before that it had stood in their bedroom, holding her collection of bisque dolls. She had always assumed that Martin's and her child would lie nestled among hand-made quilts in that cradle they had bought at an auction shortly after they were married. She was glad to have to wait on another customer as soon as she slid behind the counter.

At one o'clock the shop was clear of customers and Audra went into the back room where she began unpacking her lunch. Sitting at the small table and unfolding the aluminum foil surrounding her cheese-and-lettuce-on-rye, she was seized by a pang of loneliness.

She remembered the many shared lunch hours with Martin. Sometimes she would close the shop for an hour and walk the five blocks to his office where he worked as a real estate broker, and they would walk two more blocks to the beach. There they would sit sprawled on the sand, eating sandwiches, sharing a thermos of milk and exchanging conversation about their mornings before heading back downtown.

The beach. She suddenly longed for the feel of gritty sand beneath her bare feet and the peacefulness that always rolled through her soul as she watched the frothy waves tumble over one another on their tireless journey to shore.

Audra folded the foil haphazardly over the sandwich, then tossed it and the carton of lemon yogurt back into the brown sack. An hour at the beach would do her good. After plunging a magazine, her lunch and the old quilt covering the table into her tote bag, she turned the sign on the door to CLOSED, locked up and headed for the wharf.

Fifteen minutes later the noon-day tide was licking at her toes and ankles as she walked along the smooth, wet, sand carrying her sandals. There were only a few other people on this small stretch of beach: a couple with two small children who were busy patting, scooping and molding the sand into blocks, castles and tower; an elderly white-haired man sitting on a concrete divider between the beach and the grassy area serving as the entrance to a park; and a young, bearded man — a student she guessed — sitting near the wharf. He appeared to be drawing one of the huge ships anchored by the pier.

She watched him for a moment as he worked diligently, his hands moving swiftly up and down the large pad of paper resting on his knees.

She spread her quilt on the sand not far from the sullen-looking old man who sat gazing out to sea. Audra glanced his direction as she emptied the contents of the tote bag. He was looking directly at her; she felt her stomach tighten as he slowly rose from the abutment. She saw he was dressed in a tattered black jacket, trousers that were too short and frayed at the cuffs, and was barefoot and carried a bottle in a small brown bag.

Relief spread through her and she sighed inwardly as he walked off, heading into the park after stopping to rummage through the metal garbage can on the lawn. She was getting better at going places alone, but there were still times when her vulnerability loomed large and frightening.

She sat cross-legged on the quilt then, and the sun felt warm through her yellow gauze shirt. Stretching her cramped legs out in front and hiking the skirt over her knees cooled her some, and she

attempted to read from the *Antique Trader Weekly* lying open across her lap.

Rain the evening before had left the air in Sausalito fresh and clear, washing away the smog that often hung over the city like a makeshift roof. Audra had a spectacular view of the bay. She could see the massive freighters making their way across the choppy water. She watched as they floated under the Golden Gate Bridge, leaving a turbulent wake as they glided out into the open sea.

Rays of sunlight filtering through her cropped hair gave credence to a childhood nickname, "Coppie." She was tagged with that name because of her mass of unruly curls the color of a freshly polished copper kettle. She had long ago outgrown this childish title, even though her hair remained the color of a shiny penny.

A seagull swooped down on the half-eaten sandwich lying beside her bag. Before she had a chance to grab for it, the gull hooked the bread with his long bill, managed to work the oversized bite down his slender neck and was off — squawking his thank-you's as he soared across the clear sky.

Audra watched as another gull skidded across the surf, landing skillfully several feet from shore. She thought of the simplicity of a seagull's existence. Unencumbered by feelings or emotional ties, the gulls co-existed, sharing one common goal — a quest for food.

How simple it seemed, Audra thought as she began sprinklin the flour-like sand on her pink legs, to have your life mapped out for you like that, with food as the panacea. Continuing to cover her legs, then her feet, until they disappeared, just humps in the sand now, she was glad she had come to the beach today.

The artistic blending of the warm sun, the rugged cliffs in the distance, the screech of flying gulls overhead and the rumbling waves provided her with a soothing atmosphere to relax and ponder in. She put the magazine aside and lay back to let the sun fall over her body.

As a child she was not allowed to spend leisure hours in the sun; her mother said Audra's fair skin would burn quickly, causing the light sprinkling of freckles across her nose to spread across her whole face like orange ivy.

But Audra was grown, just over 30, and she loved the brightness and warmth of the sun. It helped loosen the knot in her stomach that had been there since Martin had left.

As she rested there in the sun, she closed her eyes and was suddenly ten years old again, standing beside her grandparents' oil stove after an afternoon of sledding. She was warming her half-frozen fingers and toes while her grandfather was teasing her about her rosy-red cheeks clashing with the "orangest hair" he'd ever seen. Audra's mouth parted in a thoughtful smile, remembering how they used to spend hours bantering with one another, like two vaudevillians on stage, over who was more blessed: Audra with her thick auburn

ringlets or him with his head as barren of hair as a wooden table top.

She had missed him terribly since his death five years ago. Raising herself up on her elbows, she watched the frothy waves break against the shore and wondered what Grandpa's advice would be now.

She hadn't wanted the divorce.

Marriage to Martin had been her foundation for eleven years, and she had not wanted to discard their relationship like an outdated hat. What had happened? Audra had worked to help put Martin through his last three years at Northwestern. In those early years the budget was tight while they scrimped along on her salary.

She recalled the pair of socks she knitted for him that first year, from scraps of yarn left from one of her mother's afghans. She smiled, thinking of him wearing them Christmas Day, pulling up his pant leg and showing the yellow, red and blue socks to his dad.

After he graduated he wanted her to quit work, saying she had supported them long enough; from then on, he said, it was his turn.

"But Martin, I don't mind working. I like my job and two salaries for a while will be nice!" she had argued.

"No, Audra," he quickly replied, "It means a lot to me for you to be at home."

He convinced her of his sincerity and so she quit her job at the telephone office. She was content for quite a while being at home and stayed busy baking different kinds of bread, decorating their first real home, and planning for children.

Month after month she had waited and hoped, but month after month she was bitterly disappointed, finding her period had arrived. She grew concerned that she and Martin would never have a family. After almost three years of trying to get pregnant, Audra wanted Martin to accompany her to Dr. Conrad's office.

"You can go," he said curtly, "but I'm not about to put myself through those silly tests."

She was deeply hurt by his refusal, but went ahead and contacted Dr. Conrad. After several months of examinations, tests and pills he had called her into his office and explained that she would have a difficult time ever becoming pregnant.

"Not an impossibility, Audra," he had said. "But difficult and highly unlikely."

She was devastated at this news and couldn't wait to get home to Martin, hoping the warmth and security of his arms would make the pain more tolerable.

The traffic was particularly heavy that afternoon, the cars on the highway crept — the five o'clock commuter traffic she realized — and she was late getting home. While walking up the brick walk that she had helped him lay the year before, she saw Martin pruning the holly tree beside the patio.

She could see him now, as she sat warming herself there on the sand, as he spun around that day, his jaws set and angry. Waving those green-handled pruning shears wildly in the air and yelling, "For Pete's sake where have you been, Audra? It's not bad enough that I had to come home to an empty house, but you forgot to set the steaks out to thaw!"

He's forgotten my appointment with Dr. Conrad, Audra thought to herself. She remembered leaning against the side of their cream-colored stucco house, her arms folded in front and clutching the sides of her waist, while she stared in disbelief at the tantrum Martin was throwing.

She wanted to be angry back at him, but the lump in her throat gave way and she fell sobbing against him. His arms hung stiffly at his sides as she told him of Dr. Conrad's verdict.

"Audra, I'm sorry for you, I really am," he said as he broke free of her embrace to lay the pruning shears on the grass. "But being hysterical won't help."

He led her into the house where he poured tall glasses of iced tea for them both. Good old understanding Martin, she thought as she dipped her spoon in the yellow yogurt. She knew he hoped the iced tea, plus the busyness he displayed as he scouted the refrigerator for something quick to warm up for dinner, would hold her at bay and keep her from talking. He had never been a very good listener.

The days passed, and the realization she probably would never have a child made being a full-time homemaker difficult for Audra. Now, while scraping the plastic spoon around the bottom of the yogurt carton, she recalled it was soon after that day on the patio she began feeling restless staying home.

There just wasn't enough to keep her busy. She had spent many months sifting through antique shops for old oak and wicker pieces, but now the house was completely furnished. The charge she used to get from baking fresh bread twice a week was gone and she had cross-stitched enough samplers to have one hanging in each room.

Although the house was chocked full of "good buys," she found herself spending hours again browsing through antique shops, and it soon became her favorite pastime. She felt such a sense of peace whenever she walked into a shop crammed full of lovely old things and began wondering what it would be like to work in one.

She told Martin she would like to revisit some of the shops closer to home, and check with the owners about working part-time. But he was vehement about her not going back to work.

"We don't need the money, Audra; there is simply no reason for you to look for a job!" he had said.

"But Martin," she had pleaded, "I need something to do. You're gone so much in the evenings making calls. If I could just find something to do a few nights a week!"

He fought her for awhile, but ironically enough, it was his idea to purchase the shop. They were eating dinner one evening, and between bites of spaghetti, he told her of a client he had talked with that day who was moving back East and was looking for a buyer for his antique shop.

"The location is perfect for tourist traffic and as far as I can see would be a sound investment," he said.

Audra was elated at the prospect of running the shop. At first Martin seemed pleased with her new-found occupation, but when she had been running the shop for six months, he began complaining she spent too much time there.

"You're not home the way you used to be," he complained one night as they were getting ready for bed. "You're always down there going over books or puttering with your displays. Just what would you do if I decided to put the shop up for re-sale?" he asked.

"Martin, you've got to be kidding!" she had said.

"I don't know, Audra, it's not really the big money maker I thought it was going to be," he replied, calmly buttoning his pajama top.

"But Martin, that's just not true," she said, "We've shown a profit every month!"

She felt he wanted to take the one thing she enjoyed most away from her. She tried to understand his feelings, and although she didn't feel the shop was actually cutting into their time together that much, she agreed to shorten her hours.

So she was home more, but he was home less. He began staying late at the office taking calls, and when he was home, there was his sudden obsession with the T.V. Frankly, though, she thought to herself as she fumbled for her sunglasses, she hadn't minded much. She was able to do some housework and enjoyed reading in the evenings.

Maybe if she had felt a little threatened then, she wouldn't have felt such horrible anxiety when he began mentioning things like "grown in different directions" and "the best thing for both of us." She felt tremors of fear shake her to the core, like the low rumbling underground before the quake completes the devastation.

She had wept, asking him for patience. "We can grow close again, Martin, I know we can. Just give it time, give us a chance to work things out."

No, Audra," he had said coldly, "you know as well as I do that things have changed between us. There's no working on it. It's over."

He had packed what he could carry in his two green Samsonite suitcases, said he would be back the end of the week for the rest, and just walked out the door, closing it gently behind him.

Their early marriage had made it possible for Audra to move directly from her father's house to Martin's. She felt like a third grader peering at the flunking grades on her report card as she stared dumbly at the door Martin had just closed.

He was all she had known.

She experienced terror that day. It began in her brain and wormed its way down through her body, wrapping and knotting her insides as it went. The nausea in her stomach rose up to her throat and she stumbled, frightened and alone, into the bathroom, making it just in time.

She had made it through that first night and was somewhat surprised to discover, although the process was slow, that the pain did lessen each day.

Engrossed in thought over the turn her life had taken, she was startled by the sound of a masculine voice coming from above her as she lay there on the sand.

"Excuse me," he said.

She sat up quickly, almost knocking the glasses from her sun-burned nose.

"I was wondering if you've ever had a sketch done of yourself?" he continued.

He was a small man, with thinning brown, sun-streaked hair that hung sparsely over his ears. His sideburns grew into a well-trimmed, pale golden beard. His eyes were a warm and mellow brown, the color of her mother's homemade caramels.

"W-e-ll, no," she said hesitatingly as she observed him standing there in leather sandals, his left hand plunged deep in the pocket of his jeans. She noticed his other hand held a sketching pad and there was a box of colored chalk sticking out of his green T-shirt pocket; he was the man she noticed sketching the ships.

"My fee is only \$10 if you're pleased when it's finished, \$2 if you're not," he said with a wide grin that showed off perfectly spaced teeth.

He was older than she had thought when she first observed him across the beach. She held back a little, somewhat afraid of sitting with this stranger.

Martin would have said no, but, she reminded herself, he wasn't around anymore.

So she agreed. Nicholas positioned himself in the sand several feet from her, and as the sun began its afternoon descent toward the cliffs, he began to sketch Audra.

Nicholas chatted easily as his eyes traveled repeatedly from Audra's face to his drawing pad. She warmed quickly to the soft tone of his voice as he talked of the grant he had applied for to finish his last year of art school. Sketches like this paid for his meals, but he couldn't make tuition on his own.

He talked of the three years he had spent studying computer programming. "It took me a little time and lots of money to discover I was in the wrong field," he explained, smiling from the corner of his mouth. "So for the past three years I've worked different odd jobs to pay for my art classes."

"You sound determined," Audra said.

"I am," Nicholas replied with a slow smile as he continued with his work. "So what brings you here in the middle of the day?"

Audra, effected by his easy manner and the directness of his gaze, began to talk of Martin. She spoke hesitantly at first, but when Nicholas laid the almost-finished picture on his lap, leaned back on his elbows in the sand, displaying a please-go-on interest, the words tumbled out of her like cloves from a spice jar.

She told of feelings of insecurity about living alone, of being in total charge of her life for the first time. While continuously running her thumb and forefinger back and forth across the delicate gold chain around her neck, she spoke more of her broken marriage and the painful re-entry into singleness.

She stopped talking for a minute, staring in fascination at the friendly, interested stranger, noticing how the sun highlighted streaks of brown and yellow in his fine textured hair, the blend of colors reminding her of the warm hue of walnut wood.

How unlike her other friends, or Martin, who were O.K.-but-hurry-up listeners. She felt relief as the tight, cramped feeling in her stomach lessened, like loosening her belt a notch, as their conversation continued.

When she talked of Martin's insistence on selling the shop so the money could be divided, he suggested that perhaps a visit to the bank would be good for starters.

"They will at least be able to inform you of different options. Maybe even assist you in buying Martin's share," Nicholas said.

She felt the blood surge through her veins and her heart skip a beat at the mere thought of being sole owner of the shop. Vowing to herself to phone the bank as soon as she got back from lunch, she watched Nicholas put the finishing touches on the picture. Glancing at her watch, she was shocked to realize she had been on the beach for almost two hours.

"I really have to get back," she said as she rose and began tucking her belongings into her bag. He helped her shake the sand free and fold the quilt, asking if she liked black tea and marinated artichokes.

She tilted her head back and laughed. "What an odd-sounding combination," she said.

"Well, have you ever tried them?" he asked, his eyes dancing as a smile spread across his face.

"No, I guess I haven't" she admitted.

"How about my coming by the shop around seven and I'll take you to a place that serves the best, then you can judge," he said.

She agreed.

Candace E. Hartzler

Wheel of Life

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

He trotted slowly up the last bit of rise, then dropped his pace to a walk as he approached the lip of the cliff. Hands on hips, chest heaving, he stood slightly stooped and threw his gaze out over the surging expanse of ocean. The blue-gray water imperfectly mirrored the azure firmament, a contrast made clearer where sea and sky hinged at the horizon. Gulls wheeled and called in the air, interweaving with one another in graceful circular patterns. Down to his right, at the base of the almost sheer drop, ran a narrow beach. Along it trudged a woman, young by her looks but ancient by her bearing. She trailed a stick dispiritedly behind her, tracing an aimless zigzag pattern. Amorphous waves foamed and grabbed at her ankles, but only succeeded in erasing any evidence of the stick's passage.

Moving back from the edge of the cliff a step, he sprawled on his elbows in the dry grass. His labored breathing subsided somewhat and he felt drained, yet invigorated. Suffused with the relaxed fatigue that follows hard exercise, he cocked his head and squinted lazily at the sun. Running was an enjoyable daily ritual that brought new life to his body, so frequently enervated by long hours of sedentary office work. More importantly, it represented a time of the day when his mind occupied itself solely with keeping his body moving a little faster and a little farther when it was begging to quit. Professional and personal considerations were thrust aside by the body's attempt to sustain itself. That state of semiconsciousness, he reflected, was as blissful as any nirvana could be.

The sun felt warm, and gradually he let his mind drift back to the place he had been running from. Two years ago he had encountered Ann again, and she had stepped into his life almost immediately. They had met at an alumni party sponsored by their alma mater and had quickly rekindled a love interest that had lain dormant over a decade. Beside her obvious beauty and charm, he could not really decide what about her had thrown him over so completely. Inwardly he could admit that perhaps he was attempting to redeem himself from that painful rejection so long ago. Outwardly he rationalized the affair as something to fill a void in his life, though in truth it was an emptiness created only by her presence.

Now a week had passed since he had last seen Ann, when she had prattled on about her children, her art class, the weather, then almost in passing mentioned that she was moving. Her husband had obtained a better position, she said, and they were going to be busy packing in the next two weeks. She went on chattering in excessive detail about the relative merits of different moving companies, imperfectly concealing the awkwardness with an abundance of words. After an

appropriate interval she stood, grazed his cheek with a perfunctory kiss, and threaded her way out of the restaurant and his life.

Compared to the ecstasy he felt with Ann, he had always considered the tensions at office and home to be worthwhile sacrifices. Now, bereft of her presence, he was left with the miserable consequences of his acts. His previously satisfactory marriage had turned lifeless, as his wife, feeling his arrogant disregard and divining its source, turned away in despair and humiliation. Indeed, all his relationships had suffered to the breaking point as he broke contact with anyone who showed the least disapproval of his illicit liaison. Having squandered his personal resources, he was left emotionally bankrupt and without the support so necessary in times of pain and anguish.

High above the gulls called him from his reverie. They would drop a wing and rotate slowly around the tip, then turn and pivot on the other, squawking all the while. Dropping in circles until they could rouse themselves to flap higher, the gulls would begin their circuitous descent again. The effortless motion was soothing, the manner in which they flew timeless and reassuring. In a languorous way it reminded him of something he had half-learned in some distant, daydream-shrouded class, something Eastern and exotic. The Life Wheel, he recalled after a momentary effort, of Hindu or Buddhist origin. The specifics were lost in a haze of inattention, but the idea seemed clear enough. According to that belief, man was continually reborn in higher or lower form, reincarnated at some different point on the eternal circle that encompasses all life. In his depressed and confused state the concept of death and rebirth held strong appeal. Sick of himself and disgusted by his actions, he felt, in an irrational way, the promise it offered.

He turned his gaze below and saw the woman alone yet on the beach, scratching in the sand. He strained to make out what his wife was writing. She finished, sat down hard behind her work, and watched the waves begin to eat it away. With an agonized start he realized she had spelled his name. Just as painful was the realization that she was crying over her work's destruction. His personal misery was compounded by this fresh evidence of the grief he had brought to others, especially a wife whom he knew he still loved. Self-pity dissolved into self-loathing as his mind churned.

Overwhelmed with remorse, he blinked up at the gulls once again, a plan in his whirling consciousness drawing strength from their monotonous procedure. With one step he could begin to set himself right. With one step he could be off his life's wheel, now spinning off-balance and out of control. Rising slowly, he walked to the lip of the cliff. He looked across the expanse of water, now multi-hued as it reflected the setting sun. Nothing distracted him as he stared away intently, not the gulls above or the woman below. With a hesitation of only a fraction of a second, he jumped.

He landed in a crouch on a sandy ledge six feet below, then scrambled down to the next shelf. Moving quickly he puzzled his way down the almost sheer face, traversing from side to side and dropping to every safe toehold. Arriving at the bottom, he picked his way to the right among the boulders that lined the foot of the cliff. He reached the beach and began to run across the soft sand, then dropped to a walk as he approached his wife huddled at water's edge. Kneeling and placing a hesitant hand on her shoulder, he began to talk softly.

David Yaussy

Jack the Nipple Strike Again

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

It was getting early. Max was beginning to snore into the microphone. He found a demo record that had come in the mail that day, and slipped it out of its plastic. "Greeting," he read. "That tells me a lot. I wonder what it sounds like. This had better be good," he thought, as he slipped it onto the turntable. "I need something to keep me awake." As the record played, Max felt that it had a likeable light-rock beat and good lyrics, but suspected it would never become popular. He took a hit of speed as the record revolved, for his shift would not be over until 5 a.m., and he wasn't going to make it. "This is Max on WDBR and that was a delightful little tune we just received today called 'Greeting,' and it's done by a group called . . . well, let's see. Either this is a misprint, or this group calls itself John Lennon." He laughed it off. "I thought that was illegal. Oh well . . ." But Max could not keep himself from checking and double-checking the label on the record. "I can't be that tired," he thought. "This must be a misprint." But the more he thought of it, the more it bothered him. He played the record again half an hour later, just to hear it, and thought, "Well, I'll be damned if that doesn't just sound like Lennon. I hadn't noticed it at first."

The next day he asked about it, but no one seemed to know where the record came from. It must surely be some kind of practical joke, but it was an odd one. Pete, the daytime D.J., had played the record only once the following day, and had gotten several requests for it. So he

played it once more. During Max's shift that night, he got a request for it, so he played it also. Being quite uncertain of revealing the artist, he skipped announcing it altogether. Within a week, however, the record accumulated a small following, and he could no longer dodge telling people who it was done by. He decided then to investigate. He called other radio stations in the area and discovered that none of them had yet received it. He continued playing it for the next three weeks, and it soared in popularity until it became number one on his chart. People began calling in to complain that they could not purchase it in any of the record stores. Apparently it was the only copy in existence as far as Max knew, and it would have been highly illegal for someone to try to mass produce it, not being able to discover who the real artist was. Nevertheless, it drew people to the small-town radio station in Dunbar, Pennsylvania, and their listening audience nearly doubled.

After the fourth week, Max was still as confused as ever, but he was not going to refuse a larger audience. So he continued to play it, announcing all the while that the group called themselves "Lennon John" just for kicks, and told his audience to be patient, for it would soon be released. But the audience was still upset about not being able to purchase it, and demanded to know why they were not hearing it on other stations. Max was at a loss.

During that same week, Max received another record in the mail entitled "Out of the Depths," and its label confirmed the fact that there was no mistake in printing. Max played this one only once so he could hear it, just out of curiosity. He had no intention of playing it again; this practical joke had gone far enough and it was time for it to stop. But he was a little perturbed by the lyrics in this one, and so was his late-night audience. The song said: "I was dead, but I live — you have summoned me back. All hail to you lovers of mystery, for out of the depths your love has lifted me." Max was shocked. "This is sick," he thought. "Lennon was killed nearly two months ago." But before his shift was even over, he received several requests for it. He was resolute not to play it, but promised the listeners that evening he would.

The next day he sought Pete's advice, and Pete saw nothing wrong with drawing a larger audience with this eerie song. Surely the artist would want to capitalize on his success and soon show himself. But he did not.

The second record soared more quickly than the first, and caused rising controversy. WDBR was investigated and the records were temporarily banned. Fans clamored for the songs, but they would not be released until the impostor was found out. The next step was to interrogate the former Beatles, but Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, and George Harrison claimed to know nothing. They swore they would know Lennon's voice, and were astonished at the vocalist who

sounded just like the former Beatle and seemed to have mastered the style of his music. Yoko Ono, the late Lennon's wife, was called upon for any insight she could offer. She, too, claimed to know nothing, but upon hearing the song, began to weep, insisting, "It is John. He is alive."

Recording stations all over the world were investigated but nowhere could any clue be found. Obviously, whoever was playing this cruel trick was quite a genius. After months of investigation, with nothing found, it was decided that the best strategy would be to mass produce and sell the records with the hope that the culprit was also money-hungry and would come out of hiding to claim his cash. This did not draw out the impostor, and over a year later, the case was at a halt. The dead John Lennon was again a rock star. But it had been a year since the records appeared, and they were the only two. Mystery surrounding them, the records had become twice as popular as anything else on the chart, and the audience was constantly inquiring if any more such records had been received. Finally, as if in answer to their demands, a new record arrived entitled "Farewell." The radio D.J.'s were too spooked to touch it, let alone play it. It was immediately transferred into the hands of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but they could find no further clues of any kind. They decided to hold a private session in which to play the record for the first time. Among those summoned to witness this were the former Beatles, the President of the United States, Yoko Ono, and the two disc jockeys from WDBR, by special invitation.

Yoko sat in silence until the moment before the record was to be played. She then stood to make an announcement: "I do not ask you to believe, but please hear what I say to you. Some time ago I had a vision in which John, my husband, appeared to me in my own room. He stood before me and uttered these words: 'It is time to start over, Yoko.' This is all he said, then he was gone. I do not know if he means to return and begin again his career, but you must allow him his fame. I believe he has earned it honestly. I do not care for money, I only ask you, in John's behalf, whether you believe or not, please do not deprive him of this second chance, for he left this world unwillingly." She then sat down, and everyone was silent as the record was played. "Farewell" began and the small audience was awestruck as they heard Lennon's voice: "Farewell, to you, my friends and fame — no tears as I depart from your midst. You gave me pride to accompany my name — Allow me to bow out; I must linger no more. Although you have my love, it is not for you I come — you have me in song. Allow me to claim now that which I could not live without, nor die without, for long." They turned, and she was gone.

Mary Rose Molinaro

The Mad Bomber

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

My mother had prepared veal scaloppini. I had set four places with polished silverware on the linen tablecloth. It was understood that in my father's house dinner would be on the table and we would sit down to eat at 5:30 p.m. every evening. The man who ran our household and our lives with such military precision selected an album from his library of over 3,000 classical recordings, and put it on the turntable. We would have Scarlatti harpsichord sonatas for dinner music tonight. Scaloppini and Scarlatti, the atmosphere was just right — thick red tomato sauce on white china plates, intricate baroque allegros in the background. But the man who sat down at the head of the table contrasted sharply with this refined setting. Dressed in a flannel shirt and faded green work pants from Sears & Roebuck, he could have been an uneducated laborer instead of an intellectual and cultured professional man. And as predictable as his sitting down at 5:30 to a refined evening meal was my father's inelegant after-dinner posture: he would push his chair back, stretch out his long legs, and rest his work boots on the corner of the table. The contradiction of old brown leather on clean white linen is pasted in my memory like a snapshot of the many-faceted man I called Daddy.

There was no predicting which one of my father's many activities he would plunge into after dinner. Somehow his job as an office building manager always seemed secondary to his numerous off-hours interests. He might immerse himself in the Sunday *New York Times* book review section or *New Yorker* magazine. Or he might watch *Gunsmoke*, or play solitaire, or rig a model ship. He might strip the tablecloth off the dining room table, set up his book-binding equipment on what now served as a marred and scratched workbench, and bind the latest collection of stories he had written to entertain my brother and me. Some nights, his best friend, "the Judge," would come over, and the living room would be off limits for a couple of hours while my father, who held a law degree, gave legal advice.

Most summer evenings, however, Daddy would go outside and organize or invent games for the neighborhood gang; he enjoyed playing just as much as the little people who were 35 years his junior. He was referee and key member of the Flub Squad Ball Club, and built, with tuna fish cans, a two-hole golf course that was a great success. But the undisputed favorite of those after-dinner diversions had to be the homemade bombs Daddy set off in the side yard. Calling himself The Mad Bomber, Daddy would turn gunpowder, toilet paper rolls, and whiffle balls into makeshift rockets. We'd all stand back as the fuse burned slowly toward its destination, plug up our ears for the anticipated BANG, watch as the whiffle ball sailed up out of sight, and

then scurry in all directions to return the rocket capsule to my father for a prize. Some of the balls were never recovered. The older neighbors undoubtedly thought my father was mad — or at least eccentric — a grown man, setting off bombs in his side yard, really now! Why wasn't he cutting the grass or reading the newspaper on the front porch like a sensible adult?

The reign of The Mad Bomber was the golden age of my childhood. For when I was about eleven years old, the man who loved classical music, wrote books for his children, and was a member of the neighborhood gang, began to crumble. He started tiring easily, then there were operations and long stays in the hospital, and finally the wheelchair and our unspoken acceptance that Daddy would not be returning to work for a long time. I didn't understand what was happening to my father, but we adapted our household routine to his condition. My brother put the record on the turntable for our 5:30 dinners, and I wheeled Daddy up to his place at the table. His old work boots collected dust in the closet while one of his slippered feet hung useless in the wheelchair stirrup. But my father never lost his zest for living, even as life ebbed from his body. He still read the *New York Times* and the *New Yorker*; the Judge continued to come for visits until the end, and Daddy was working on a model of the *Cutty Sark* the day before he died.

On July 11, 1967, the *Charleston Gazette* informed its readers that "H.L. Wehrle, Real Estate Official . . . died Monday in Kanawha Valley Hospital." But that was only part of the story. I knew that there would be a vacant place at the dinner table from now on. I knew that The Mad Bomber was no more, that he had sailed up into the sky that summer day, and out of sight.

Mary Wehrle

Once Again

The streets and moths live in the black.

Point the steel aright.

They feel the heat of blood's attack.

Born is the night.

The neon lights spit flames below.

Now I see the fright.

The darkness steals the corpse aglow.

Born is the night.

The dead and noise are rushed away.
Silence keeps her might.
The stain is washed, the children play.
Born is the night.

The newborn sun looks on the town.
Nothing seems to stay.
The blades are sharp, the sun falls down.
Gone is the day.

A life is long when fear is flower.
Someone help my wife.
The darkness drinks her bloody howl.
Born is the night.

Timothy McMasters

A New Old Testament Revelation

Third prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Genesis: The light obscured by scores of falsities, twisting of the Word, a tale of Babylon, a search for a pilgrimage, a pilgrimage that was mine.

Bahai, Muslem, Buddhist/priests, nuns, and gods, all condemning with pointed accusations.

A babe lay torn and scorned. I was that child. Mother wept.

A New Testament: I saw this woman, a poet mother . . . weaving word tapestries from beyond the realm of a single, solitary, podium. She had no fingers, but didn't seem to care, although she was openly ridiculed because of her unseemly appearance. After she finished reading, she looked past everyone clad in the iniquities of a generation long gone. "Iniquities" which she exclaimed with tears in her eyes, were still capable of making her laugh.

She transcended the Samuels who begat Japheths, Hemingways who begat Steins, Spanish lace rosaries, and monogrammed bibles. She looked past God, our help in past ages, and transcending the disciples who had come before her, laid her loving eyes to rest on me.

The revelation sent to waylay damnation.

Heidi Guttermuth

Winter's Last Storm

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

How ironic that it should snow on my last day of classes at Otterbein. Wind and tears both sting my face, and I begin to regret finishing my education a term early. As quickly as I walk from Towers the snow covers up my tracks . . . I couldn't retrace them if I tried. I can't relive the times I've had here. I can't retake the tests I've failed. Yet, no one can take away the credits I have earned, the lessons I have learned, or the memories that I will cherish forever.

I can barely make out friends and professors trudging by, camouflaged under snow-covered mufflers. I wonder if they will remember me. Will time, like the snow, blind me from their sight? Or will some melty spring uncover something that I've left behind? I hope that I will leave a thought with some that will warm their hearts like the wool sweater clutching at my ribs. Perhaps someone will open an old textbook and discover my name faded inside the front cover and wonder, "What is she doing now?"

I wonder myself about what I will be doing when I leave Otterbein. I thought I would have all the answers when it came time to graduate. But now when I look ahead all I see is snow. There are no tracks leading in the direction I am going. No one has ever gone this way before. There is no one to follow, no one to ask directions of.

The snow muffles the sound of Towers' bell as it chimes, making it sound further away than it actually is. I am finally on my own and I am scared. What if the snow is covering dangerous ground? There is no one to warn me. I feel as if I am not ready to conquer this frigid world without the security of the friends I have made here. I could stumble and fall. The snow could pile up around me, and old classmates would pass by without even seeing me.

This isn't how I thought it would be. I should have the confidence to make my own tracks in the pure, white snow, knowing that it will eventually melt into spring. Everything will be clearer then. Summoning courage, I tell myself that change is a natural process. The seeds that were planted in seasons past, lying dormant beneath the snow, must now have room to grow. Like a crocus budding through the sun-thawed ground, I have the chance to start a new life of my own. And as each day becomes a little warmer, I will grow a little stronger. Just as the snowflakes melt away so will my fears . . . I hope.

Anita Galko

The Refrigerator

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

On a hot September day Cheryl and I moved into our apartment, declaring our independence at every pass over the threshold. A bottle of gin came in first, as a salute to victory, and we placed it on the top of the refrigerator with crowning ceremony. The refrigerator stood, white and moaning, in the corner of our dining room. Why it was in the dining room we could not figure out, but we knew it would have to move eventually. We would ask our landlord about it. The celebration continued.

Friends started to stop in to welcome us to our new home. We apologized for the disarray and offered drinks all around. Going to the refrigerator we discovered that the ice trays were filled with water. Warm gin and tonics on a hot day. The refrigerator purred. We called Mr. Bridges to ask if he would come see about it. After two weeks, Cheryl and I shoved the refrigerator into the kitchen with its feet clawing the carpet and scratching the linoleum every inch of the way.

This was not the right refrigerator for our apartment anyway — the older, better and larger refrigerator had been taken away to have its freezer compartment repaired. This one was small, with only an ice cube compartment, an inch of frost on that, and no crisper for the vegetables. We asked Mr. Bridges to return the old refrigerator. He agreed, as it was just sitting in his garage.

I ran into him on the street one day, three weeks later, and asked when he was coming to replace the refrigerator, paint the dining room, fix the bathroom window, and replace the bathroom tiles. He answered evasively:

"You know, I'm different from most landlords. I know that I'm not very professional, but I really care. Most landlords don't care, but I do. Now, if you ladies can just limp along with me until January first, that refrigerator in there will be tax deductible."

Sure, Mr. Bridges, we'll wait. We'll write it into the lease, that you have not brought over, and we'll wait. And wait.

It is now January twenty-third. We have traveled through a warp in time. The calendars have changed, but nothing in the apartment has changed. No, that really is not true. The cute little refrigerator is still with us, but it has gone through an identity crisis. The compartment for ice cubes still does not freeze, but we do have ice because the rest of the unit has begun freezing. It has started talking and rocking in its sleep, calling us uncaring and throwing our food to the mouse. It has turned our milk into snow night after night, and we have to buy it more to keep it occupied, hoping that it will not start to travel through the apartment some day when we are not here.

The lease still says, "Return larger refrigerator by January 1, 1981." These are just words after all, I suppose. However, Mr. Bridges, we've grown tired of your caring. We need some professional action now.

Cheryl and I join forces and restate our need for a different refrigerator. Mr. Bridges explains that the larger one, which is still in his garage, broke down again four days before January first. Now he has an added expense that he was not prepared for. We remind him that we still have the small refrigerator because it was to become tax deductible. "Oh, yes, that's right." The man is smart.

Cheryl has had a bad three days. She reaches into the freezer compartment to get some ice cubes and spills the unfrozen water on her hand. It freezes instantly from the cold of the refrigerator compartment. She has just finished reading *Cat's Cradle* and panics. She runs to the phone to call Mr. Bridges. He answers:

"Now, if you'll just stick with me a few more days. A new *Tradin' Times* is coming out on Wednesday and I'll be the first to get to the newsstand. Last time I must have called just as the refrigerators were being sold. I'll be first this time if I have to get up at five o'clock in the morning. Just limp along with me a few more days."

Hope has gone out of our lives. We sit in the living room, wrapped up in blankets and praying. We speak kindly to the little refrigerator. It laughs at us. We have no food; it has turned into ice nine.

Finally, one Sunday night, Mr. Bridges calls, "I have found a new refrigerator. It's bigger and seems to have no problems. It has never been exorcised (ha, ha), but there has never seemed to be a reason to. It has a thirty-day guarantee."

At one o'clock on Monday afternoon the new machine arrives. It is beautiful. It is bigger. The little one is removed. Our worries are over.

We plug in the new one. It is a little louder, but the sound is comforting. I decide to make some ice cubes. I reach into the freezer compartment to place the tray in and my hand accidentally touches the floor of the compartment and freezes to it. I cannot get it out. Cheryl has to pour hot water over my hand to thaw the ice that has burned it on. So, it works.

Come to think of it, my typewriter is making a strange, rattling noise.

Susan Menard

La gitana de ojos verdes

Oscuras noches españolas pueden corroer tu alma,
y los ojos agudos cortarán tu corazón.

Cuando andas sobre los guijarros

sientes una presencia colgando sobre tu cabeza

— producto de la cultura profunda y sombría

— antigua, pero inmadura,

casi bárbara,

la verás reflejada en los ojos deslumbrantes
y moros de tu amado,
la sentirás decayendo tu voluntad
En un sueño; olvidas el pasado
de brillantez, y de sol.

Soy una parte de los desechos romanos
y la música espectral —
el gran toro negro está corriendo hacia mí;
he venido a España vestida de rojo
y lo más espantoso es
que ya entiendo; conozco su alma ya,
y estoy capturada —
Tengo que recordar, trato de recordar:
A,B,C—One, Two, Three,
Basketball games and what were the colors?
Vestido rojo en amarillo letal—no,
sino rojo acompañado del azul
de los cielos de mi país de seguridad,
y el blanco de la falta de miedo.
La voz de mi madre me pide venir a casa
de la calle:
"I'm coming, Mother, I'm trying."
Pero el toro se lanza a mí;
En el redondel la gente me llama, me grita.

A un lado veo a mi amigo español,
blandiendo su bandera, sus ojos grandes y oscuros
llenos de amor —
le grito: "¡Socorro!"
Sonríe y sube el brazo para echar la flecha fatal
que me capturará aquí
en esta oscuridad para siempre.
Vuela en el aire, sonando en mis oídos;
No me toca,
pero mi corazón sangra todavía
y cada gota cae a la tierra y gira
alrededor sus pies.
Y su corazón frío y fascista empieza
a doler, a doler, a doler,
a sufrir despacio;
Pero yo estoy sangrando, muriendo
ante el dañosa mirada fija
de los ojos malvados del toro,
y el animal agraciado y astuto vuelve,
y sigue las huellas de mi amado doliente

que echó la flecha venenosa.
Ha cedido, siempre lo sabía,
y ahora su propia cultura impide su saber,
devora su saber.
Ha cedido, lo sé;
apenas le puedo ver
desde el charco polvoriento de sangre
en que sufro.

Niego la muerte.

Mi madre me llama:

*"Dinner's ready, the table is set;
call your little sister, too!"*

Trato de responder, las palabras parando
en la garganta seca, *"I'm coming, Mother!"*

Mi corazón me sursurra, *"Pero le quieres."*

No sangré por él, no puedo,

Cantaré, reiré, amaré,
pero no sangré por él.

Franco ha vuelto acaudillando sus tropas;
me pisotean sus pies en marcha —

Hitler ha descubrierto mi Estrella de David
ha quitado mi último empaste de oro:

*"Mother, I'm coming; Daddy, you do still care,
don't you?"*

He escapado de una puerta al lado y corro,
corro y oigo el tropel

y el miedo del país.

El fuego explota, y el cielo vuelve
rojo español en un bramido tremendo.

Abrazo la tierra llorosa,

mi corazón palpitando con el suyo,
sin atreverme a respirar;

esperando que si me acerco bastante,
sentiré el suelo de mi país verde.

Se llenan mis ojos;

Caen mis lágrimas,

y se mezclan con el polvo escarlata

y corren de las montañas
como sangre de imitación.

No soy española.

No soy española.

La lengua es mía,

pero no debo estar

en esta guerra bramante.
Las bombas explotan, el cielo encendido por ellas
en vez de las estrellas.

¿Dónde está la luna?

He perdido la luna, creo que la veo,
pero se cae y explota
con un bajo en mi alma tierna.

Me duele; mi cuerpo tiembla con cada ruido —
Tanto en mi corazón, siempre sangraré.

Sangraré siempre,
sin poder nunca
morir.

¡Ah! Calma el aire tembloroso,
el cielo negro, la multitud se ha ido.
Me levanto lentamente, dañada y herida,
pero ya no sangra mi corazón.
En el redondel veo a Hitler y a Franco
acostados lado a lado, cubiertos en tinieblas,
y miro a mi amigo español,
su bandera rasgada en la mano,
una quemadura en su alma.
Se inclina con dolor cerca del toro muerto,
y el charco rojo de mi sangre.
Le veo recoger un bucle de mi pelo rubio,
chapoteado de sangre —

American Blood.

Levanto la cara; un viento fresco
acaricia mi cara.

*"I'm coming, Mother, Daddy,
I'm coming . . ."*

Cojeo al barco, y me pregunto
si notarán las chispas ocultas
en mis ojos verdes.

Lynn Maurer

Ghosts of the New Children

Yellow Springs hadn't changed. I don't know what I expected in ten years — a factory town? A suburban development? The houses still looked like gingerbread houses in never-never land; every builder had indulged his individual taste. There were split-levels, glass-sided houses for solar heating, all kinds of styles. The town still looked casually relaxed and uninvolved in competition for high salaries and garish houses.

The business district near Antioch College still had a rock-climber's shop, a health food store, and the Little Art Theatre. Checking the marquee, I found out tonight was the last night for *Stardust Memories*; tomorrow would start a 1930's comedy starring Marlene Dietrich. Was this the kind of thing Antioch students were watching these days?

I remembered what the students were like in my days at Antioch School ten years ago. As a twelve-year-old I had soaked up the college's aura of rebellion, free expression, and counterculture. The basic uniform had been army jackets and long hair. The basic values had been against the Vietnam War, for freedom and artistic expression, against pollution, and for preservation of the earth. Were the students still like that, or had the college become a casualty of the Me Decade?

Next to the theatre two women were sitting at a table. They both had long, frizzy hair. One was wearing a batik dress, the other an army jacket. On the table were several plates of cookies and a jar filled with dollar bills. On a nearby wall was a sign saying, "Stop US Military Aid in El Salvador and a future Viet Nam." One of the women saw me and started telling me about how the United States was supporting a right-wing dictatorship in El Salvador. She gave me a sheet where I could sign my name and address as a supporter of the anti-intervention movement, and asked me for a donation.

I moved on to talk to someone who was doing much better business now than he had been a decade ago: the barber. He had definitely noticed a change. "The days of activism are over, at least for right now," he told me. "The students are getting more conservative because they realized that everything costs money. They're job-oriented now."

"Remember all the marches they had in 1970? Now they don't give a damn. They ignored the hostage crisis; there wasn't one letter about it in the Yellow Springs *Record*. On the other hand there are lots of Iranian and Iraqi students who don't dare say a word. I remember they even had one Afghanistan prince who used to drive down Corry Street in a black Trans Am. He was here for his own safety, though. Won't go back to Afghanistan if he knows what's good for him."

Mary was hanging around talking to the barber. A recent graduate of Yellow Springs High School, she wants to move away but has nowhere to go. "All the young people are leaving town," she explained. "The

middle school has about 300 students fewer than it used to, and it may have to close. The people who are moving in are mostly older. They're retired and rich, and don't have kids.

"They're the big protesters these days. That's funny. When I was a kid we weren't even allowed on this side of town. The college students were always rioting and protesting. There were always Mace and police dogs up here. Now the new people that just moved in are protesting a Kentucky Fried Chicken. They say it would ruin the 'aesthetic quality' of Yellow Springs. I say, let 'em build it. We wouldn't have to drive ten miles for something to eat. The town wouldn't be so dead."

I talked to one of those new residents, a young Air Force veteran who was drinking beer in The Winds Cafe. "Yellow Springs is the one place that's still an old-fashioned American city. It's homey, all the streets are safe, and everyone knows everyone else. That's why I moved here from Columbus."

"You must have had more freedom in Columbus, though," I ventured. "Small towns are all right, but the people tend to be narrow."

"Narrow? Yellow Springs? It's the most liberal spot in the whole area. It's the only town around that came out for Carter instead of Reagan. Besides, if you have Antioch you're gonna have liberated."

Sitting next to us, Alan broke in.

"I dunno about that. Antioch's hypocritical. I first enrolled because of its reputation, but it's nothing like that anymore. All the students care about is getting good jobs when they're out. They look down on craziness."

"The only political thing going on is a women's separatist movement. They're a bunch of fanatics and they print a one-sided newspaper. I remember this fall talking to a friend. I said something about gang rape. A couple nights later I went to this party and there a bunch of them were. They all went for me and started throwing punches. So I wrote a letter to their paper, and I was surprised they printed it. But they put two paragraphs before it saying how I was irresponsible."

A middle-aged woman in a plaid pants suit came in and ordered a glass of wine. "You want to know how Antioch's changed, I can tell you," she said and proceeded to. "My father hated Antioch because it was so liberal, but I think it was a good school. Academically it was tops. The students all came from the East, very few from Ohio. Father didn't like me to run around with them, but what could he say? I was paying board at home."

"Then the Sixties came and everything fell apart. First the kids wanted a voice in governing the college. Then they recruited all those needy blacks from New York. Well, after a couple of years the administration realized it didn't have the money to put all those blacks through school. Then the dorms turned into armed camps. They barricaded the doors and blocked the windows because everyone was rioting. The poor students were protesting the end of financial aid by breaking up office equipment and having sit-ins. They finally made a

list of demands to the administration; they wanted a black studies program and all-black dorms.

"Of course the school's in trouble now. Back in the Sixties it had more students than it knew what to do with. The things the college stands for had a much wider appeal to kids back then."

Alan broke in. "There's a lot more security now. The women's dorms, especially, are always locked. People can't even trust each other."

"Officially the campus is off limits to outsiders. The only people who take it seriously are those separatist people. Otherwise, people just ignore the rule."

"It's about time the school did something about keeping the riff-raff out," said the woman. "I'd like to see *you* try to get away with walking around campus. They'd have you out so fast you wouldn't know what hit you."

"Lady, I'm an Antioch student," said Alan.

"In a pig's eye."

"Wanta see my card?"

She turned to me. "They're trying to clear the riff-raff out and turn it into a classy school, the way it used to be. Right now they're recruiting in the East, trying to compete with the Ivy League. I'm glad about the trend. Just think, in 1970 a friend of mine was standing in the Antioch Tearoom, passing out bars of soap to students."

Standing in front of the Antioch Union I wondered what the town had been feeding me. There were students all around. Clean-cut? Preppie? Sedate? Long, kinky hair was still the rule. A wide range of everything from army jackets to batik dresses was still the couture. It might as well have been only a week since I had been here, not ten years.

One woman was selling lentil-burgers to pay her way through school. Others were selling books and candles. A pipe was making its way through the crowd.

The inside had not changed much either. It still had that sloppy-creative look special to college campuses. The walls were brightly colored but peeling. Where they weren't covered by posters, they were enlivened by graffiti, which varied from "This is racist and sexist. Why did you write it?" to "Jimi lives." Upstairs I saw evidence of Alan's separatist group with a scrawled "Wommin get rid of male oppressor and get together."

Rosie, dressed like a Slavic peasant woman, told me, "Antioch has gotten more conservative, less trusting. When I first came here, you could go out and leave your door open and money on your table. Now you have to lock up. But other schools have sprung up to fill the gap Antioch filled ten years ago. I'm going to one of them as soon as I can get the money together. The New College of California."

You can't go to Yellow Springs without going to Glen Helen, and the next morning seemed a perfect day for it. The thaw had finally come to Ohio. The sun was out and I could leave my coat in the car.

I read the plaque that said Arthur E. Morgan had donated the land in memory of his daughter Helen. Stopping at the trailside lodge, I found a pair of Antioch students working there. One was reprimanding a group of children who were knocking on the glass wall of a snake exhibit. "You can't make him move by knocking on the glass," he explained gently, "but you'll still bother him." I couldn't resist looking at a curtain below a sign saying, "Lift this curtain to see the most destructive, dangerous predator on earth." I looked in, and of course it was a mirror.

Walking through the Glen, I came to the phenomenon that had given the town its name: the yellow spring. The water showers out of a rock, and the high iron content makes it orangey. Several people were there with jars, filling up and drinking as fast as they could. "Most of the time we drink tap water," one woman explained. "That's why it's such a treat to come here and get some real water."

Taking the trail back, I noticed that the number of Sunday walkers was dropping off. Then I remembered the thaw. The trail had turned into one long stream of mud, and I had no choice but to squish through it. I ran into Alan, walking alone from the other direction. "Usually it's more crowded here," he said. "I haven't run into anyone I know. Hope someone's here. Maybe there'll be a keg out somewhere." He stood and talked to me for fifteen minutes on subjects ranging from religion to what I had told him about my college. "You wouldn't catch me going to a school that strict. No way. I'd just flip 'em off and get kicked out the first week." I finally begged off by telling him I had to re-park my car. The Glen Helen parking lot closes at sunset.

After parking by the middle school I wandered back to the Antioch Union. That's when I saw the sedate, clean-cut kids in action. A bunch of them were caked in mud, dancing and whooping, holding cans of beer.

"Girl, have you been baptized today?"

"Praise de mud!"

Alan was standing there, holding his beer and dutifully yelling. Groups of polyester-dressed students would pass by, stop to shake their heads, and move on.

After the beer ran out and the party dispersed, one of the revelers came over and started talking to me. "Don't be fooled by what went on here. Antioch's not usually like this. In fact, what just happened was the wildest thing all year. And the thing was, man, it just happened. Just a bunch of people from various cliques got together, bought some beer, and grooved together.

"That kind of thing is really looked down on these days. You see all those people who stopped to look at us? That's Antioch. Everyone's just here to save their own skins, get a business degree, and get a good job. I came here to be a music major, but the only music teacher who's any good is overloading.

"I've traveled in Europe, and the biggest thing that freaks me out is how politically conscious the kids are. But then they're amazed that we don't

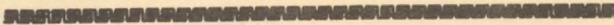
know jack about politics. It's not that we're ignorant; the news is all on TV. It's just that we're so damn powerless, nothing we can do matters.

"Of course this school still has radical, freaky overtones. The administration may try to get conservative people, but there are too many ghosts here. It's still a big magnet for people like me, and it always will be."

Everybody told me that Antioch had gone preppie. But I had seen nothing of it. Yellow Springs is still holding to its liberal traditions, as much as it can with the choices the country offers it. That town that had been a major stop on the Underground Railroad and had been the first to accept blacks as citizens had come out for Carter in the last election.

Driving through quaint lanes, watching gingerbread houses turn into farmlands, I headed for the piece of suburbia my parents called home.

Robert Engelbach



A Wilted Corsage

A wilted corsage put together
with loving care.

Given from the heart
to celebrate a special occasion.

The ribbons, discolored and old,
show the freshness and enthusiasm
of that time.

A Baby's Breath of softness
and gentle thoughts.

Small roses of courage
bloomed during this time.

Pins held them to a source
of belonging.

The perfume, once sweet,
is extinguished
to be renewed in the future.

All to be held in a special
place in my memory.

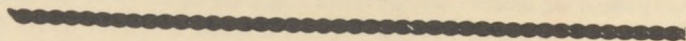
Juli Slack

It Is May and My House Is Filled with Lilacs

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

It is May and my house is filled with lilacs.
I couldn't resist picking them,
Growing as they were
With such intention
And abandonment
That even the old wooden fence
Could not hold them.
Their scent fell like the pink blossoms
Along the road
And with every intended breath
I was taken with perfume
And more innocent days.
I just could not leave them.
And so
It is May and my house is filled with lilacs.

Lyn Benua



Uncle Dudley — I've waited — too long I think, to come back
to your leathery wrinkles and rasping laugh and red eyes
of alcohol — the belt wrapped twice around
your once bulging now emaciated waist
tottering down the back stairs drunken imbalance drowning
your manly swagger, past cases of guns
and the heads of animals —
your trophies
to the den, the bar, a bottle and two glasses
the larger being yours of course —
Aunt Edna, upstairs, in turquoise houseslipper oblivion
swearing
and ironing the wrinkles away.
No change, yet nothing's the same
as you suck up my juice
sighing jaggedly.

Becky Smith

Anna Mildred, 1899-1981

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Death comes in the morning
To kiss you good-day
The night has been long
Though your dreams have been
Passing fair
So leave the other sleepers
And come away
What have you to do
With those who sleep
Awake and journey
From night to day
Unburdened by dark trouble
And care
What have you to do
With those who worry and fret
In their sleep
To wake in the morning
And gently go
soft
soft
away

Kimberly Fippin

Second Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

When I was e'er a little child,
Safe 'neath spreading forebears' wings,
By mysteries of the church beguiled,
Solemnified by steeple's ring

Oft I'd hear the Gospel preached,
Finely told and neatly wrapped.
And as my grasp exceeded reach,
I drank them in till bottom lapped.

Wiser I to know e'en there,
Speaking cannot hold God's Word.
A cause of fervid childish prayer,
That he should grant me thoughts unheard.

Such simple calls at heaven's bay,
Sped innocence to deep abyss.
Safe illusion torn away,
As knowledge scorns complacent bliss.

Christ's own ways, compelling laws,
Give lie to thoughts of Christian ease,
And give us sight to know our cause
Blessed by false men's calumnies.

The ever present conflict looms
Against the self and its desires.
The challenge thrown to pride entomb
And cast self-will upon a pyre.

Yet strength exists that trouble bears,
For men who in the Lord rely.
Whose costs are met by Heaven where
Their cares, by Christ well buffered, lie.

David Yaussy

