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THE BODY SWATCHER



THE BODY SNATCHER

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Editor's Note

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "The Body Snatchers" in 1881, while Jack Finney published Invasion of the Body Snatchers in 1955. Finney's novel later inspired Don Siegal's film classic Invasion of the Body Snatchers. In 1978 Phillip Kaufman re-introduced the theme in his production starring Donald Sutherland and Leonard Nimoy.

Our title comes from the Stevenson story which became a Boris Karloff film. It centers on the ghoulish adventures of some medical students in Edinburgh. The medical school is supplied with the cadavers of murder victims by a group of hoodlums. During one lab, each of the students obtains a piece of a man named Gray.

To find more cadavers, the students must turn to grave robbing. On a rainy, foggy Scottish night, two students steal what they think is the body of a farmer's wife. But, the two students soon learn that they have stolen something else:

A wild yell rang up into the night; each leaped from his own side into the roadway; the lamp fell, broke, and was extinguished; and the horse, terrified by this unusual commotion, bounded and went off toward Edinburgh at a gallop, bearing along with it, sole occupant of the gig, the body of the dead and long dissected Gray.

With this issue of Quiz and Quill another year of publication begins. For the moment, we shall concentrate on Body Snatchers. In the words of Stevenson's Macfarlane: "Here's to the memory of Gray."

Leslie Epstein

The Puzzle

Will we ever get it put together?
We are two pieces to a bubblegum machine puzzle
along with 398 others
helplessly struggling to get out
of the box.
We want to find our other halves.
I want to be complete,
to complete this puzzle.

Multi-colored balls
firecracker red, sapphire blue, chalk white.
Hot Julys they melt together and stain
the hands of children.
Sticky!
The gumballs are real.
The puzzle is real.
We are the pieces

but you are afraid to fit too well.

Cathy Allen

the snail glides smoothly
wandering over the ground
stop question return

Jennifer Hannah

Beauty Sleep

Sleeping Beauty briar roses
Since the day of her birth
has danced with the Sandman
into the wee hours of the morning.
Dear little insomniac, what did
you give the Sandman to let you sleep?

She dreamt, at age fifteen, that she was sleeping
and dreaming of a King and his daughter.
To the christening of the baby,
the King invited twelve beautiful fairies
because he had only twelve gold plates.
A thirteenth fairy, her hair as wiry as steel wool,
her eyes dead coals and her womb a prune,

Came with lizards and toads and newts
to cast her curse upon the child,
for she was spurned by the King.
She said the Princess shall prick her finger
on a spinning wheel at age fifteen and die.

But one of the fairies, the fairest,
said she would lessen the curse
changing that death into sleep.
The King had all the
spinning wheels banished from his kingdom.
The Princess grew to be a goddess and
the King catered to her every whim.

He polished the very stars for her,
climbing a gold ladder into the sky.
While she untarnished the family silver.
Except for spinning she learned all the household arts.
She could cook and clean and

knew how to beat the curtains and air out the castle.

During her fourteenth year,
she decided to make a sweater,
out of home-spun cloth for her father's birthday.
She looked all over the kingdom
hunting a spinning wheel:
she didn't believe in fairies.

Finally she found a
charred spinning wheel
in the oldest attic in the castle.
She saw the Sandman perched on it
and when he started to slip-off
she tried to prevent his fall
and pricked her little finger.

Asleep once more,
the Sandman had come and gone and
they had already danced.
At first light
Sleeping Beauty woke-up in
her beautiful room of dreams.

Kim Finley

Comic Book

draw me
we'll trade colors
in my sweaty palm
make action of our poses
as the page yellows

Tim McMasters

Ambrosia

Uneaten apple
under the white sheets
of the Tree of Knowledge.

Forbidden fruit
red, polished perspiration,
dew beads from its skin.

The rapture of the first succulent bite
delicious sweet juices drip drop
into the yearning mouth,
the fragrance of the unpeeled skin.

The firm, pale white interior
fleshiness
under the guise
of the cool black life giving seeds
that cling to the core,

Ambrosia awaits the hard core
center of existence
lost Paradise
beneath the unveiled sheet
for the ravished eater of Eve.

Juli Slack

صِفَاءُ الشَّعْرِ

هَيِّفَاءُ أَنْتِ فَلَا الْكَلِمَاتُ تُوصِفُكَ
وَلَا التَّعَابِيرُ وَلَا حَقُّ الْبَيِّنَاتِ

هَيِّفَاءُ أَنْتِ فَلَا الْحُبُّ يُوسِّعُكَ
وَأِنْ عَشِقْتُكَ مَرَّاتٍ وَمَرَّاتٍ

هَيِّفَاءُ أَنْتِ فَالْكُلُّ عِنْدَ مَرَاكِ
يَبْقَى أَسِيرًا مُعَلَّقَ النَّظَرَاتِ

هَيِّفَاءُ أَنْتِ فَلَا أَنْفِي تُنَافِسُكَ
فَأَنْتِ الْجَمَالَ وَكُلَّ كَلِّ أَيْمَانِي

عصام شحبان

Arabic Poetry

Arabic is an ancient, flowery language. Its grammar and the rules which govern its poetry have not changed for many centuries. This poem consists of stanzas which end with the same sound. Each stanza has two lines, and all the lines in the poem have the same music. My poem was first published two months ago in AL-YAUM, a newspaper in Saudi Arabia.

This poem talks about "HAYFĀ", which means "The perfect lady." The word HAYFĀ is both an adjective and a woman's name. As the reader may notice, every stanza begins, from right to left, with the same two words which mean, "You are the perfect one." Translated, the poem reads:

You are the perfect one, so that words
cannot describe you, even expressions
and my poetry.

You are the perfect one, so that love
is not enough for you, even if I keep
on loving you.

You are the perfect one, so that anyone
who meets you will like you and
never forget you.

You are the perfect one, so that no other
woman can compete with you, because
you are the beauty and all the poetry.

Translating a poem from one language to another
is difficult, because one can translate the words,
but not the music and style of the poem.

Issam Shaaban

To Nature

The horny brutality of nat-
 ural
selection ignores Granny's worts,
peeking instead at her flowered undershorts.
It loves bridge club's impersonal
purpose: screw lives and bear the ninth cat.

Tim McMasters

Cheap Shoes

Doctors tell me
that a womb
is a strong fortress

Linebackers can't
break the wall
that protects the child

My left heel snapped
on the step
sending me to hell

The gate opened
bright light shined
and junior escaped

Dave Eisnagle

Empty Caves

Out of my cave so comfortable and safe.

You and I were prisoners of each other.

Now I am a bat dodging the light,
the inevitable—other men.
I could crawl back into my cave,
back into our sheltered love,
but I know that the bars would eventually grow
through my skull and control me.
My eyes would be as useless as those of a
decaying animal.

Together we would learn to depend and never grow.
Victims of abuse,
Children paying for love with
their bones and flesh.

We would be dogs--
We would maul each other
and find nothing

nothing but empty carcasses,
empty caves.

Cathy Allen

The Child, The World

-- I am a child, a boy
My life is baseball cards and bubble gum.
"Look, ants are building mountains in
sidewalk cracks, Mom,"
I shout as we hurry along.

The mother, her world, it is time...
Early mornings, winter or summer,
leading the boy to school,
Rushing off to work.

As I stumble behind...
inside her shadow, following her path,
watching the passing people.
I call to her to watch a squirrel
peering from behind a tree.

Trying not to be harsh, I must explain
to the image of a man,
"We're late, Son."
There's so much to do-- bills to pay,
money to make.

So I watch my blue Nikes go up and down,
and the back of Mom's brown hair.
My hair is black; I guess like my father's ...
I've never seen him.
I wonder if he's late ever, or if he drives a car.
I wonder a lot about him sometimes...
Does he like baseball? or if he wears Nikes.
If he will ever come...

Kimberly Marie West

Slow Motion Summer

Home was cold this summer.
Frozen stares from passing people nearly
 melt my senses.
The streets are silent and the doorways darker.
Citizens not minding their business slide
 from place to face,
trying not to hide.
 I never forget a face;
 After a while they all look the same.
The wo-man in the booth looked up and repeated
"May I help you."
and I thought she was talking to herself.
 You'll get used to the city
 You'll see, trust me.
 the concrete becomes the real earth
 and the traffic becomes the sea.
You never get lost in the city
because everyone tells you where to go.
Elevator up, subway down
and the interstate goes around
yield to 6th street left turn only
no parking to skywalk don't walk
prepare to stop when flashing tow away zone.

Anne Barnes

King of the Cats

Wind caught in a shutter latch,
An animal dislodging bits of fieldstone
Sending them tumbling down inner walls.
On the grassy floor of the abbey--
A procession of cats.

Formed into two equal lines,
The cats at the head of the procession
Carried a purple coffin on their backs
And on it a crown, as
They made their way to a small open grave.

Somewhere as friend dined, a cat
Sat dozing by the fire,
Jumped up, disappearing up the chimney,
Echoing, ' Then I am the King of the Cats!
Then I am the King of the Cats! '

Kim Finley

Early One Morning

You are a Jew? a Jew?
Delmore Schwartz

I could hear my mother and father
In the kitchen,
Whispering to each other,
That there was to be a
Ku Klux Klan rally,
In front of the church
On Hudson Street
Against the Jews,
For there were no blacks
In this town.

Our walls were soiled
With exploded apple grinds
Thrown the night before
By our Christian neighbors
As if we were all
Frankenstein monsters,
And I say, "Fuck them."

What a start--
The town's finger pointing at us
Because of a star and a cross,
Because we are
Poison to the children.
Poison to the parents.
Poison to the town.
They only had
One thing to say to me,
"You are a Jew? a Jew?"

And those were the terms.
And I despised them.

Leslie Epstein

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