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EDITOR’S NOTE
I’m so glad to present another wonderful edition of Waynessence! We received so many breathtaking photos and engaging written pieces this semester, so thank you to everyone who participated, whether by submitting your work or supporting the club. I hope you enjoy perusing this semester’s issue and look forward to next semester’s!

= Sarah Mullins

STAFF
Cassidy Petric, Editor-in-Chief / Savannah Black / Nina Schultz

SPECIAL THANKS
A special thank you to everyone who submitted to the Spring 2018 Waynessence and the hard-working Word Processing team.

The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.

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Flowers
Lorry Madison…………………..Inside Back Cover

Frozen Bubble
Sierra Lieberth…………………..Back Cover
Took a day off work
for an eye appointment
get some new safety glasses
for my employment
After covering one eye
and reading the letters
she changed the lenses
and asked, "Is that better?"
"About the same," I said
then covered the other eye
Did it all over again
so my vision is unified.
A friend told me
One who was dignified
A story in the gospel of John
after Jesus was crucified
Assembled behind locked doors
the disciple’s were in one accord
Jesus walked in among them
and they were glad to see the Lord

We want 20/20 in our sight
God’s miracles run aplenty
this story can be found
in John 20:20
Peeking at the Snow, Cindy Duffy

Spring Cardinal, Madeline Rock
The figure in the doorway looked so much like a child that Bob was ready to grouse and snarl at him, but the young Asian presented himself with quiet confidence: “I am looking for a piano.”

Stupefied, Bob could only reiterate, “a piano, a piano?”

“A piano.”

“I don't have much trade here in musical instruments. What you want to do is. Do you know how to get back on the highway. . . .? ”

“It's not just a piano. It's a special piano” the other asserted.

Spurred on by his insistence, Bob roused himself: “A lot of stuff came with this place when I took over that I haven't gotten around to inventorying yet, but there could be a piano. I mean, there could be a stuffed elephant for all I know. If you want, I can have my boy Raymond dig around in there for you” (Raymond was on the further side of 50). “He's out on a pick up. He does all my pickups and deliveries, that is, when there are any deliveries. Fixing to learn to play the piano?”

He turned and was now joined by one who towered above him, like Mephistopheles over Faust, to whom he said: “Er weiss night. Er hat keine Ahnung, der schlechte Kerl.”

The other then spoken in an English that was distinctive: “Would you mind then if we had a look?”

“Sure, as long as you don't steal anything, not that I'd really care or even notice. The other building is just behind this one. I can't really leave the store for long. You can see I got no help here. Just go ahead and look but be careful. I'll just open it up for you.”

Bob revealed a wad of keys like a dungeon master, not knowing where any of them fit. He had to go one after the other working up a sweat and muttering to himself until clunk, like the magic words that opened Ali Baba's cave. Would that the sight had been the equal to the myth.

“Andre. It is like the tomb the grave robbers plundered and found nothing of value. Another dead end, I am afraid, Schade.”

“But let's at least give it a look.”

“Aber natürlich.”

“Thank you. We'll be back when we're done.”

“Turn off the lights and close the door after you. Make sure it locks. Listen for the click.”

It must have been more than two hours later when the arrival of a customer, one of those people who lived in the closest large city and upon whom he depended on for what business he had roused him from somnolence or senescence. “Back for another bird cage?”

“Why? I don’t have a bird. Who's playing the Chopin? I thought maybe you had the radio on, but you don't have any radio at all.”

“Too distracting,” he said.

Then they both realized it was coming from the other building and she was eager to discover the source of the playing.

“If you don't mind, I'd like to go listen”

“Me too. I want to know what they're up to.”

Bob just flipped around the sign that said closed without bothering to lock the door, left the lights on, along with whatever was in the cash register. As he waddled around back and across the gravel, he could see a small group.

“Andre found the piano but we had to dig around, then get his tools from the car to tune it. Of course he couldn’t resist playing it. This was the piano he used to play when he was a boy.”

“He still looks like a boy,” Bob offered.

“When he went to study in Munich he couldn’t take it with him, but he always wanted to find it again. He called his former apartment. That’s how we got the idea to look around these old stores.

The tall European ushered the audience in. They had cleared out a space but the performer was totally obscured by the piano and the surrounding piles of junk. However, it was as if the ghost of Liszt were mysteriously playing “Memories of the Opera,” in this case Tannhauser. The notes poured forth demonically, piece after piece in such profusion that Bob soon tired of having to stand up and seeing no end to the concert, turned and said “You boys come back to my office when you’re done and try to put things back as best you can. I don’t want you leaving things a mess.”

“Andre will buy the piano now. Just please tell us the amount. Actually I was going to ask, if first we could rent the space until we have a place to put it?”

“But you’re going to buy it, right?”

“Yes, yes, of course. Here is Andre's card.”

Seeing only foreign words and incomprehensible abbreviations: Kunstlerdiploma Klavier, Leipzig, he handed it back.

“At last we'll buy the piano for his children”

“Has children?”

“His piano students.”

And Bob cut him off with “I hope the check’s good” and with one small scan of the group now wildly applauding, he walked back to the sanctity of his palimpsest of a desk.
Sometime later, his regular customer entered with what for her was exciting news. The nearly invisible concert giver had been the famous Korean-American prodigy —. Still only in his 20's he was planning to found a music school for immigrant children who might not have the opportunities he did to develop their talent.

“Who would have ever thought? I should be charging them more in rent. I hope they will be getting it out of here soon. My boy Raymond is out on some pickups and I am really going to need the space.”

Demographers use the image of the caged canary in the mine as a metaphor for immigration. Immigrants only go where the local economy is healthy and growing. A community with few or no immigrants is moribund, moriturus.
I KNOW THIS PLACE
By Mark Solars

I know this place
where a river washes
over smooth rocks.

When Earth was
young
edgy, sharp, and could
cut, make rifts, upheavals,
and mountains,
it was the slow moving
timeless ripple of water
that made sand
from stones
while the fishes weren't watching.

• Silhouette, Madison Rock

• Finding Nemo in Utah, Victoria Reljin
Everyone should own a Sasquatch...

1. can wash second story windows
2. who needs a ladder anymore?
3. no license required
4. only jaywalks occasionally
5. sleeps outside
6. often mistaken for other celebrities
7. better than a car jack
8. never needs a pet groomer
9. can disappear and perform other magic tricks
10. discourages intruders
HER FIRST BIKE RIDE
By Sheldon Lehman

Went on a bike ride with some friends back in '89
With our son’s Jake and Jon
Lola was getting tired
So we couldn’t go on.

After a break we made it to the park
And pushed the kids in a swing
Back home, went to the doctor
And found that Lola was expecting.

So she was rocked in the womb
Until we got there
Entertaining an Angel unaware.

In the fullness of time
Deliverance to this land
She saw the doctor
With forceps in hand

She was pushed out
Found it to be cool
But what was the doctor
Gonna do with that tool?

She slid down the chute
The doctor caught her
She grabbed the forceps
You’re not cutting my cord doctor.

“Let go” the doctor said
And put you in Mom’s arms
Since you were born in June
Outside I’d keep you from harm. (jaundice)

There’s a lesson to learn
Look for a clue
Cast your care on Him
Cause He cares for you. (I Peter 5:7)

While napping in your car seat
Strapped in like a roller coaster
Under the bridge your hands shot up
Like bread in a toaster.

In her early bike riding days
Safety was a big deal
She had her ups and downs
Even on training wheels.

But she persevered
Riding over and over
Till in June of ’06
She rode with us to Dover.

She comes from four families
Among them are Dillers
But in God’s church
She will be a pillar. (Rev. 3:12)

Back to the little girl, playing softball
When she was up to bat
I didn’t pitch the ball where I should
But to where she was swinging at.

Like God doesn’t accept us
Trying to meet all His terms
But instead has reached down
To meet our concerns.

Now Jen went to CIU
And Jay to Liberty
But things started to percolate
When they met in Italy.

Now Jay, I’d just like to say
You being tall and all
There is no other way, but to trust and obey
And don’t be like King Saul.
Now they’re getting married

Now Jen went to CIU
And Jay to Liberty
But things started to percolate
When they met in Italy.

Now Jay, I’d just like to say
You being tall and all
There is no other way, but to trust and obey
And don’t be like King Saul.
Now they’re getting married

Making a cord of three strands
And I pray Jay and Jen
With Jesus will stand.

Yes, keep Jesus as king
And Lord lead me in the way...
Everlasting. (Ps. 139:24)

Written by Sheldon Lehman for his daughter’s wedding June 24, 2016

* I Stayed Up All Night to See Where the Sun Went, Then It DAWNED On Me. Savannah Black
White walls surrounding the skies
Thoughts bounced back to me
Not as great as they were once
Dark floors, light floors, inconsistent

Yellow wallpaper drifts to my thoughts
Ideas go left, then right, then back again
Coming back for a third round once more
Concrete, rock, wood, inconsistent

Beige lives, walls, and carpets
Travel ‘cross my mind’s precipice
Benign plans throw themselves away
Soft floors, hard walls and people, inconsistent

Waiting hours, minutes, seconds
Nothing at all, just a careless embrace
Pat on the back, a forgotten sorry
Congratulations, condolences, inconsistent

Green dots and lines, against even more green
Abstract geometry, thoughtful neatness
Red colors, splashes, slashes, messy carelessness
Red, green, random, structure, inconsistent

Blurry features, forgotten events, importance
Absence not seen, but felt in the heart
Focus, focus, forget what you’ve seen
Remember this, remember that, inconsistent

Running feet tired of the ground, sore, dull
Legs like noodles, cooked and raw
Toes gripping socks, flex, relax, crack, snap, annoying
Mindless appendages, making music, inconsistent

Endless lines, finite circles, there, broken dreams
Spiral bound, spiral down, ending, ending, listen to me
Lists to do, things to say, infinite time to speak, to do
So many, so little, so, so, pointless, inconsistent

Inconsistent, inconsistent, not the same
Why? Why? Why?
Be the same, be the same
Please, please, please

INCONSISTENT
By Nina Schultz
PART I: THE INDIGENT

I'd pestered Ron Rolls long enough. I agreed. I knew it was totally unethical and illegal, but his dissuasion could not quell my curiosity. We'd know each other a bit in another context. His was a funny name for someone who picks up the deceased. It could be taken as a verb, for example when the call comes in, Ron “rolls.” He just stepped away from me, scribbled something down, crumpled the paper, and stomped off, his muscular bulk swaying from side to side.

The address, not local, but not too far away small college town usually associated with the indifference of prosperity and the carelessness of youth, proved just to be a spot on the sidewalk near a garage and from which I fanned out. There had to be more to the story. Considering the condition of his feet, he couldn't have lived too far away. Here was yet another house with a “room for rent” sign, this one nearly obscured by some thickly, too thickly planted pine trees, as if the individual who had planted them had only had experienced small Christmas trees, and didn't realize or make provision for their growth. The driveway flat, but the small front lawn crowded with trees had been landscaped steeply up, obviously many years before when this was a working class flat, but the small front lawn crowded with trees had been landscaped steeply up, obviously many years before when this was a working class

She had assumed I was a prospective tenant to question my behavior or what I intended to do with the room as long as she got her money. The address, not local, but not too far away. Here was yet another house with a “room for rent” sign, this one nearly obscured by some thickly, too thickly planted pine trees, as if the individual who had planted them had only had experienced small Christmas trees, and didn't realize or make provision for their growth. The driveway flat, but the small front lawn crowded with trees had been landscaped steeply up, obviously many years before when this was a working class

The indigent

By Bruce Crissinger

the only one left, she said — I wasn’t much older than a typical college student after all so it was an understandable mistake. Hers were, I assumed, the kinds of complaints that someone who makes money at the mercy of college students would have, something about the last tenant whose room I would be taking had left without having the decency to tell her in advance and without taking what few things he had, owing her money. 

“What am I going to do about getting it now? I’m just out, that’s what. I don’t know his family, his friends. He didn’t seem to have any. I don’t know anything about him, but how am I going to get the money he owes me? That’s what I get for my kindness, letting him stay here. The other tenants, sometimes, they don’t like it, Honey. They ask me, ‘Alex, what you doing letting an old man like that stay here with these college students?’”

“How old was he?” I asked, my attention suddenly riveted.

“I don’t know, Honey. Not as old as me, but he looks like he was older, a great big man.”

He was dead and she was out the money she had to be the key that unlocked or in this case would have money and be staying for a couple of years anyway.

She told me she’d get her son Victor to clean the room up and I could move in tomorrow.

“How old was he?” I asked, my attention suddenly riveted.

“I don’t know, Honey. Not as old as me, but he looks like he was older, a great big man.”

He was dead and she was out the money she could never collect. It was as if he had died just to spite her, to create a debt that could never be collected. I asked how much he owed and then not only paid the arrears, but the rent for several months in advance. Fortunately she didn’t seem to question my behavior or what I intended to do with the room as long as she got her money. She had assumed I was a prospective tenant and it would be impossible to persuade her otherwise, or if I had, she would have been like a disappointed child.

It would be enough to see the room which had been his last to get a feel—bad choice of word I know—a feel for the person whose body I would be spending the academic year studying. But when apropos of nothing I mentioned I was in medical school she seemed pleased, a future doctor would have money and be staying for a couple of years anyway.

She told me she’d get her son Victor to clean the room up and I could move in tomorrow.

“No,” I said, “no.” Please don’t bother. Just leave it just like it is. I can take care of it.”

Then, her money in her hand, she warned me: “Remember, sometimes he used to drive the other tenants away. See that you don’t do the same.

I seemed already to be bearing his cross by association and we—he and I—had hardly even met.

I asked her for a key and she said there wasn’t any. “Just go ahead. It’s not locked.”

Continued from The Tradition which was printed in the Fall 2017 Wysnessence edition.

The steep steps changed direction at a small landing. I could see the general layout of the second floor. Single rooms were on the second and third floors with the landlady on the first. In the communal kitchen above the sink there was a picture of a harlequin in the style of Picasso done in black and white stones, the project of a beginning art student preserved from the 1960s. I stood before the door with the feel of an archaeologist, though he’d only been dead four or five days. Still it was with a similar sense of anticipation of discovery, but I hesitated.

I asked the landlady if it were alright, I would get a lock for the door. With her money seemed to be the key that unlocked or in this case would look everything. She started to tell me that she wasn’t going to pay for it, but I raised my hand and stretched out the fingers to try to quiet her, to quell her objections and tell her, it was all right. I would buy it. But since she now connected me to her former tenant, anything I did or suggested fell under suspicion.

To feel that “my” things would be safe, I quickly went out to a hardware store.

20
A Lied or art song composed by Franz Schubert in 1827 has been the signature tune, theme song, or Leitmotiv of my life. In the text of “An die Musik” the poet and Schubert friend Franz von Schober extolls the value of music and expresses his gratitude to it for filling his heart with warm love despite many gray hours and leaving him thus in a better world, closing with the refrain “Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir” you precious art I thank you. Schubert himself was a pall bearer at Beethoven’s funeral in the same year, though he had been too intimidated by the colossus to meet him in person, then tragically joined him in death the following year. (The world owes so much to Alexander Fleming).

As an early adolescent I began collecting treasured recordings of orchestral repertoire (Beethoven, the Strausses, the Viennese Johan, the waltz king, and the unrelated Bavarian Richard, Tchaikovsky), and opera, of course Wagner, especially of performers from the 1930’s and before, most particularly Kirsten Flagstad. I had family members and friends who had heard her in person.

Those wonderful vinyl LP’s produced infinitely warmer sounds, along with some scratches (analogous to the coughs and paper rustlings of live performances), despite what the electrical engineers might say about the superiority of digital. Of course it should be noted that vinyl has made a huge comeback. Bravo. Would that I still had mine. But the medium of radio has been at the core of my musical life. Radio has a special quality of immediacy, a level of experience in the moment, even if it is recorded music rather than a live broadcast. In this regard, the radio station WCLV has been the great companion of my life, or as they now proclaim themselves: “You constant companion.” Across decades, on nights of insomnia, anxiety, or asthma, and other times as well, the all night classical station has been my one contact with world. Its importance to me cannot be overstated. Its announcers have been like personal friends whom I look forward to hearing (if not seeing) at specific times of the evening and night. (In point of fact, I had wanted to do some research on the founding of WCLV by Robert Conrad, but didn’t want to see the real faces of the announcers whom for so long I have imagined how they must look.)

I had first discovered classical music on the radio with the live broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera, beginning on 1 December 1963 with Gotterdammerung with Birgit Nilsson, but the even greater joy and fascination was the Texaco Opera Quiz, with quiz master Edward Downes, 1901 – 2001. Listeners would send in questions to the celebrity panel, who had been witness to legendary performers for as long as half a century before.

Finally, in a class totally of her own, there was Anna Russell, who trained as an opera singer, but rather like Victor Borge found her true forte as a comedian most famous for her analysis of Wagner’s Der Ring des Nibelungen. Unfortunately video captured her performance only once, in 1983 when she was 72 and on what she billed as her first farewell tour, parodying the great prima donnas of the past such as Nellie Melba. But what energy Anna Russell had even then. I can’t help but sit here chuckling thinking about it even though I know it from memory and had first heard it on LP around 1964. Anna Russell’s account of Wagner’s Ring was the greatest 22 minutes of my life, at least that I can discuss here.
Colorful lights erupt from the dance floor of the campus area discotheque with the base thumping to Donna Summer and “Last Dance.” Attractive women in glittery pastel dresses step lively to the rhythm in spite of wearing four-inch platform heels. Two young men, Alan and Jim, enjoy the atmosphere while swapping stories as private investigators.

“You know Alan, doing the same old surveillance work might rot your brain.”

“Real funny, dude. At least we’re helping the good guys,” says Alan.

“Possibly, but it’s still boring as mud,” Jim offers. “The previous agency I worked for did matrimonials.”

“Are those like… divorce cases?”

“Usually, or any case where one person suspects the other of infidelity,” Jim explains. “The objective is to collect evidence on the suspects the other of infidelity,” Jim explains.

“Yeah, I’ve already had a few run-ins during an investigation,” Alan admits, “And trust me, I was really glad to refer the complaint back to the office.

Another stakeout. It required nightly surveillance of a tool and die plant in case of a possible larceny that in all likelihood would not happen. Not tonight, or any night that Alan worked as an investigator during graveyard shift.

On this assignment he was stationed at a desk near an office window with a view of the main gate and lines of sight to both the front and back entrances. It meant sitting alone in the dark for eight hours with only a radio to break up the monotony. Alan reminisced how, just a few weeks earlier, he was able to work from his metallic-blue 1968 Mustang on an outdoor surveillance gig and after a few hours his girlfriend Sally brought him a burger and a soft drink. Most of all, Alan appreciated that she brought her companionship and tender affection.

“Stand down. That fellow’s working late tonight,” he adds. “If something comes up missing, he will have to answer to the boss. Glad you’re on top of things, though.”

Alan goes back to the dull routine of the shift. He tunes the radio dial and finds “Tuesday’s Gone,” just as the piano interlude begins to cascade across the airwaves, sustaining the night until daybreak.

The surveillance operation mercifully came to a close a few weeks later as word got out that investigators were prowling around the plant. Nonetheless, it was time for something new, so Alan reconsidered Jim’s suggestion.

The following week Alan was hired by the detective agency known for specializing in matrimonial investigations. He took a week of training on techniques of getting “legal” photographs of cheaters in compromising situations.

Alan’s first matrimonial case is a tall, 34-year-old business executive who allegedly had been having an affair with his coworker of medium height and auburn hair. They meet in the parking lot at dusk in front of a hotel cocktail lounge, briefly exchanging a hug.

“Oh, this is going to be trickier than I thought,” Alan mumbles to himself.

Having logged many months as a professional observing people gave Alan some insight regarding public image—that successful people of the 1970s generally “dress the part” they play in life, although often with their share of pretenses. The male subject sports a trendy clichéd look of lengthy sideburns and mustache, with a heavy gold chain extending below his nearly half unbuttoned shirt. The woman wears hoop earrings, a plaid skirt, and a tight blouse that accentuates her trim figure.

Entering the lobby, Alan casually follows the pair into the cocktail lounge where the kitschy décor blends burnt orange wallpaper and red velvet booths beneath dimly lit hanging globe lights. They find a cozy spot in the corner next to the jukebox and order drinks. Sitting and holding hands across from one another, the woman doesn’t shy away when the fellow slides his foot between her ankles. Alan takes a picture with his hidden camera, already set for a low-light exposure.

“Success!” he thought. Early in his first assignment, Alan already had proof of an inclination toward romance between the two subjects. Now, all he needed was to establish an opportunity for their tryst to take place.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26
Drinks finished, as if on cue, the pair head toward the lobby and pay for a room. Alan takes more photos of the couple chatting with the hotel clerk and another of them getting on the elevator. He wisely chooses the stairway en route to the second floor.

There was little actual detective work, no clues or trail to follow other than using stealth and timing to maneuver into position to get photos. “Was this an invasive Paparazzi sort of exercise?” Alan ponders.

On the second floor he watches the couple walk by and stop in front of their room. Alan takes another photo with the tiny camera, but this time the flash accidentally goes off.

“You jerk, what the hell you doing!” the man shouts. “Did Gloria put you up to this?”

Alan hurriedly scrambles toward the stairwell, but the couple had already blocked the way down. Thoughts race through his mind. “Where’s that layer of anonymity now?”

After getting whacked on the head by the Cincinnati Enquirer, he scrambles by and begins running down the stairs. His feet get tangled up and Alan rolls down the remaining steps and crashes into a lobby coffee table like a cartoon-character pratfall.

That, Alan decides, would be his last matrimonial assignment. He would find a day job and have more evenings to spend with Sally. Driving his Mustang down the highway he flips on the radio to Bob Seger’s “Night Moves.”
RAMPARTS
By Mark Solars

the adoring fans were staged
along the ramparts
hurling insults at the critics
who had been laying siege
even before there was
the printed word.
came the assault,
the artillery was poised, loaded,
and fired.

“Shakespeare was a fake!”
“Stephen Crane wud a turrible writer!”
shot the critics.
again the volley launched
...“John Keats poems were often vague,
languorously narcotic and lacking a clear eye!”
“baudelaire pierced the heart of wordsworth,”
cried the romantics.
ginsberg let out a howl,
thoreau retreated to the woods,
and plath and woolf did not survive.

Editor’s note: This highly creative poem was written in the “stream of consciousness” literary style,
with its purposeful abandonment of convention.
I have touched the snow, I have seen the sky
I have felt the rain, I have heard the hail
And each one reminds me that I’m alive
I am breathing,
Alive.
The snow reminds me of my youth
The joy only felt from the cold
Of free days and free laughter
Red ears, noses, and fingers.
I am reminded of a young innocence
That we all have had,
Which has since disappeared.
The sky reminds me of my hopes and dreams
My big aspirations and the naive ideas
That may slowly become truth
I am able to create once more.
I am reminded of all the wishes
I have made in my life,
Only one I made for myself.
The rain reminds me of life, breathing
My heart beating with the thrum of the rain
Ba-bump, ba-bump; steady, steady
My heart’s keeping me grounded.
I am reminded to feel alive
With the air in my lungs and the blood in me
Breathe in and out, I am alive.
The hail reminds me of struggles I’ve overcome
For through the damage I am repaired by love
A kiss on the cheek with tender caresses and care poured in
Like a hammer on a nail with wood glue and cement.
I am reminded to rise above
Pure and holy from my endeavors
Not unlike a phoenix dreaming of fire
and rebirth.
Snow, skies, rain, hail
Please, please, remind me
Oh God, please,
Remind me that I’m alive.

Is a “level” on the level?
Does a “drill” know the drill?
Is a “putty knife” made of putty?
Does a “crowbar” have a bill?
Why’s it called a “plane,”
When it has no wings to fly?
If your fingers get tired,
Will a “hand truck” help you get by?
Can you get chisled by a “chisel,”
Or punched by a “punch?”
Is it hard to pick a “pick,”
Are “snips” a snippy bunch?
It looks like a corner,
So why’s it called a “square?”
Does a “file” need filed,
And if so, where?

Why’s it only “Phillip’s screwdriver?”
How much can a “drill press?”
Does a “tape measure” up?
Does a “tool caddy” dress for success?
Do primates use a “monkey wrench?”
Are “hammers” sold by the pound?
Are “trouble lights” trouble?
Do “lathes” mill around?
Are “diamond tipped blades,”
Considered heirloom jewels?
How does a “coping saw” cope?
And does a “ruler” have rules?
These might be toolish questions,
But ones I can’t withdraw.
And could somebody please tell me,
What was it that the “bandsaw?”

REMIND ME THAT
I’M ALIVE
By Nina Schultz

TOO LISH
QUESTIONS
By Michael D. Schafer
Jacob came in from the cold.

"Hello!" said the stove, all bright and still radiating.

"Hi stove!" Jacob clapped his mittens and stomped his boots. The air was full of warmth and cinnamon.

"Hello Jacob!" said the apple pie, resting on the counter below the window.

His tummy rumbled back.

"Cold outside?" wondered the pie.

Jacob shook icicles from his cap.

"You look malicious!" Jacob declared.

"You mean delicious?"

"Yes, of course, silly pie!"

"Your mother worked long and hard to make me. Of course I’m delicious!"

"You are making me hungry," said Jacob as he pulled off his boots.

"Thank you," the pie replied.

"My mom knows you are my favorite kind of pie!"

"Your whole family will like me."

Jacob put his hands around it, slowly, like he was very old. He didn’t want to burn his hands again. The glass plate was still warm!

“I’m even warmer on the inside,” offered the pie.

Jacob poured a glass of milk and picked up a knife laying nearby. He looked out a window and thought a while. His family was still outside, sledding down and trudging up their hill. He saw his mom smiling.

“A fine family you have” remarked the pie.

“The best! Would they mind me having a little slice?” Jacob also wondered if they would even notice.

“Of course; especially your mother,” replied the pie. “Besides, remember what she always says about the timer.”

Jacob saw the ceramic white timer was at 25 minutes, and ticking slowly, ever so painfully, slowly, down.

“My center won’t be ready before then. It’ll run out and ruin the whole thing.”

Jacob figured the apple pie was right. “Besides, she says pie always tastes better when shared.”

Jacob figured his mom was right.

When his family came in from the cold, they clapped their mittens and stomped their boots, and Jacob served the first piece to her.

* Snowy Day, Cindy Duffy
Reader, pause for a moment and read these words aloud drawing out the initial syllables: Moovies, Muusic, milking and think about what the connection might be.

I have fond memories of the late night movies I watched with my father, often the same over and over again: Witness for the Prosecution, Arsenic and Old Lace with our family friend Edward Everett Horton, and most especially Robin Hood with Errol Flynn. This of course was the time of the small screen, black and white TV (if you don’t understand what that is, go to the Smithsonian) interrupted by commercials, though not as long, frequent, or as annoying as now, or the inane chatter of the likes of Big Chuck and Hoolihan, waiting for the movie to resume.

Of course there were others such as the Basil Rathbone “modernized” versions of Sherlock Holmes circa early 40’s.

There was the assurance that Marlene Dietrich would give Tyrone Power (the cad) what he deserved (a letter opener to the heart), the Brewster Sisters and Teddy (Charge!) would join Mr. Witherspoon at Happy Dale, and Jimmy Stewart would meet Harvey for a drink.

Then as a sommulescent figure it was off to do the milking across the crunch, crunch, crunch of the frozen earth. Some solitary late night traveler on that then isolated country road might have seen the barn and milking parlor aglow and marveled at what an ambitious farmer was up already for his morning milking. Hah. It was the evening milking.

At the same time I was getting an excellent foundation in musical education from the grand dames of Massillon music and the Episcopal Church, whose choir directors were graduate students at Oberlin College and introduced me to Bach chorales, e.g. “Jesu Joy of Man’s Desiring”, as well as “Awake Thou Wintery Earth,” and Mozart’s Ave Verum Corpus.

Soon after I would gradually begin to discover the works of Wagner (remember, no DVD’s, no CD’s, no classical music on the radio, only the LP), though there was a strong genetic predisposition to classical music, especially opera.

Reader, you well may have wondered how we have gone from the barn to the opera house.

I loved the scenes in Robin Hood whose lines I could recite from memory, e.g. “Meet Robin at Gallows Oak” or the ultimate Recognition scene with Richard the Lionhearted. I also became more aware of the music: Robin’s victory in the archery contest, the tender music of the clandestine (though chaperoned) and perilous meeting with Lady Marion, with the use of recurring themes in variation connected to individuals, or concepts. But later, only much later did I have the epiphany: the scores of classic Hollywood movies had their origins not only in early twentieth century Vienna, but in Wagner. Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Max Steiner, and other notable film composers such as John Williams have drawn of the technique of the leitmotiv created by Wagner. And after the Anschluss it would have been death for Korngold, Steiner, and many, many others (e.g. the Brothers Mann) to return to Europe. (See, for example, Anthony Heilbut’s Exiled in Paradise.)
A MODERN DAY WITCH

By Michael D. Schafer

She's a modern day witch,
    Technology-wise.
She rides a solar powered broom,
    As she flies through the skies.
    She has a spell-phone,
    To make and take calls.
    She uses a computer,
    Instead of crystal balls.
She uses the "WickedWitchesWeb,"
    When she's on the internet.
    She goes straight to Cackle,
    To shop at "TheWitches Outlet."

Anything a witch could want,
    She can get online.
    With the netherworld at her fingers,
    Being wicked is divine.

If she has problems with a potion,
    Or trouble with a specter,
    She turns to her computer,
    And uses the spell checker.

    She has a modern kitchen,
    Everything is shiny and new.
    She bakes poison apple pies,
    And makes eye of newt stew.

Yes, she's a modern day witch,
    Technology-wise.
But it's safety first on her broom,
    She never texts while she flies.
A rebroadcast of a spirited performance of the Beethoven 7th (famously dubbed by Wagner the “apotheosis of the dance”) recorded live at Knight Hall (named for the same newspaper publishers prominent in Akron) in Miami, Florida by the Cleveland Orchestra with guest conductor the late Kurt Masur (1927-2015), a venerable institution in himself having been instrumental in bringing down the Berlin Wall, caused me to lament that the beauties of, for example, the second movement can’t be shared and appreciated by more people. We live in the age when popular culture has achieved hegemony with its enormous commercial and even social power, while what is commonly and inaccurately called Classical Music suffers from an unjustified reputation as being elitist, boring, and incomprehensible, the provenance only of the idle, while just a few generations ago, especially with the advent of radio, performers of serious music were household names, such as Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofmann, and the celebrated Victor Borge, who combined impeccable musicianship with humor. Once even Warner Brothers could create a recognizable parody of Wagner’s Ring with Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd in “What’s Opera, Doc?”. Perhaps now the only remaining link to classical music is at a traditional wedding service, which includes the so-called “Wedding March” from Wagner’s Lohengrin and Mendelsohn’s incidental music to Shakespeare’s Midsummer night’s Dream (Someone should inform the aspiring couple that Lohengrin and Elsa’s marriage only lasts a few hours. This musical combination was first heard at the wedding of Queen Victoria’s daughter Princess Royal Victoria the future mother of the Kaiser whose breech birth and botched delivery may have had a profound effect on world history. Classical music or European art music has its roots, like most of Western Civilization, in Ancient Greece, back to Pythagoras, still widely known for his geometric theorem. A series of naturally occurring overtones produced the diatonic scale, perhaps most famously performed by Julie Andrews in “The Sound of Music.” Though organized Western music had existed for well over two millennia, for most the standard repertoire is bordered on one side of the time line by the auspicious births all in the same year, 1685, of Bach, Handel, and Domenico Scarlatti. The later terminus is not as easy to establish. Certainly serious art music is still composed, but the great bulk of the works that comprise the standard repertoire were produced before the cataclysm of two world wars in the very lands that had been most fertile for the production of great music thus affecting the conditions under which great music could be both created and the opportunity necessary to pass down traditions from generation to generations in an uninterrupted flow from teacher to student.

Some basic education should enlighten the listener about the variety of musical forms, rather than lumping everything together as just “songs” Many people refer to any generic piece of music as a song. A song however is a specific type of composition which reached its peak during the first half of the 19th century in the work of Schubert and Schumann Opera, symphony, sonata and concerto all profited from greater access to education and the rise of the middle class in the 19th century which enabled some composers to earn a living as a composer without having a wealthy patron. At the same time performances of many musical compositions in forms requiring only one or a few participants could take place in the home and at soirées. It is commonly believed that the average age of concert-goers advances with each year. Audiences reflect a sea of gray hair or bald pates to the counter point of squeaking hearing aids. However, the rumors of the death of classical music have been greatly exaggerated. Two individuals represent the potential for the reinvigoration of the classical world. The Venezuelan conductor Gustavo Dudamel (born 1981) gained experience in what is known as El sistema, a network of youth orchestras and musical instruction created in 1975 by its patron saint Jose Antonio Abreuas in an attempt to draw children from the barrios and save them from a life of drugs, crime, and early death (which until recently has been often seen in neighboring Colombia in the drug trade established by Pablo Escobar and Colombia’s rebel group, the FARC). The United States has no comparable program in music education. Another individual who has drawn audiences to classical music with a passion akin to that usually accorded to a rock star is Joshua Bell (who unbelievably turned 50 in December). Born in Bloomington, Indiana to parents who were psychologists and amateur musicians, he had the advantage of growing up within the shadow of Indiana University and its celebrated music school. When as a very young child his parents noticed he liked to make music with rubber bands stretched on his dresser drawers, they sent him to the teacher Mimi Zweig. At 12 he began study in Bloomington, Indiana to parents who were psychologists and amateur musicians, he had the advantage of growing up within the shadow of Indiana University and its celebrated music school. When as a very young child his parents noticed he liked to make music with rubber bands stretched on his dresser drawers, they sent him to the teacher Mimi Zweig. At 12 he began study with the world famous Josef Gingold and at 18 embarked on what has become a celebrated international career as performer and now conductor.
Blast to the Past, Laura Wolf

Uno in a Million, Brett Tomic

Cupcake, Emma Zuercher

* Blast to the Past, Laura Wolf

* Uno in a Million, Brett Tomic

* Cupcake, Emma Zuercher
NOT ME

By Michael D. Schafer

Somebody made a mess,
It was there for all to see.
But when I asked who did it,
Everyone said, “Not Me.”

Somebody ate all the cookies.
Who could that crumb cruncher be?
But when I asked who did it,
Everyone said, “Not Me.”

Somebody broke the lamp,
And despite my earnest plea,
When I asked who did it,
Everyone said, “Not Me.”

Whenever there’s trouble afoot,
“Not Me” gets the blame.
Everyone’s sure he did it,
They’re quick to say his name.

I never seem to see “Not Me.”
I’ve never caught him in the act.
But everyone says he did it,
And that’s a finger pointing fact.

Should I ever catch this culprit,
I’ll give him the 3rd degree.
So far I haven’t had much luck,
It’s hard to catch “Not Me.”
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