

Voices Beyond The Grave

By Karen Pickens

Ixix, a six-year-old girl, spoke to two amateur mediums during a recent session with a Ouija board. The mediums, Joyce Cambron and Jay Kirssin, both live in Harrisburg, Pa. They consider the Ouija to be a misused scientific tool.

"Ouija is not a toy," Miss Cambron insisted. "It is an important tool for understanding the unknown. It is one of the few successful means we have to communicate with the dead."

Ixix was killed in a car accident along with three brothers and one sister in July of 1967. She had a message for Jay and Joyce. She wanted them to visit her father and tell him she is happy and not to miss her. Unfortunately, the child could not give them an address.

"Pop-pop lives home," Ixix insisted over and over again. Try to explain the U.S. Postal System to a dead six-year-old.

"The Ouija has given us a lot of information about the afterlife," said another medium in the group, Art Jaso. "The spirits we've contacted agree on life after death."

"There is no such thing as reincarnation," Art said. "You should make the best of your life on Earth. Nobody gets a second chance."

The other enthusiasts confirm this statement. They ask about reincarnation with every rational spirit con-

tacted. "We've yet to get an affirmative answer on reincarnation," Jay said.

According to the spirits, happiness in the afterlife depends upon your frame of mind. Wayne Stewarts was a sargeant in the French Foriegn Legion. He does not like being dead and wants very much to be back on Earth.

Fiona Ordwai, on the other hand, was a spinster fortune teller in Philadelphia, Pa. She enjoys being dead. She claims that there is such a place as heaven if you want heaven to be there. Fiona prefers the freedom of the cosmos. She visits Earth because she

wants to.

Fugre lived in what is now Venezuela before the Spanish invasion. Even though her life was one of hunger and want, she claims it was better than death. She died giving birth to her first child.

Fugre is lonely and loves to visit with people. If she could live again, she would want to live in the United States.

"Fugre said she could read our minds," Joyce said. "She doesn't need the Ouija board to make contact with our thoughts, but we cannot communicate without it."

"Haunted houses and tormented spirits are a lot of

nonsense," Jay said. "Our sources tell us that any haunting is done in jest or sometimes in spite."

All three mediums agree that fear of the unknown is based on ignorance. The dead cannot hurt the living.

"Your own mind has incredible power," Art claimed. "Your own fears are the only things that can hurt you."

The group plans to continue with their experiments. "There is so much that we don't know," Joyce said. "We learn something new with every session."

All three mediums feel that the Ouija should be treated with respect. People

are not toys, even after death.

"If you behave yourself and try to be a good person in life," Joyce said, "you need not fear death."

"Spirits seem to have a carefree existence," Jay said. "They don't have Earthly concerns such as food or rent to bother about."

"Spirits," Art added, "are free to learn about the universe. They are not bound to one planet or time."

Despite the optimism, none of the mediums has plans for an early suicide. They all seem quite content to receive their information second hand.

Evocation

*She is walking down the street
One step at a time
Her entire body is
In motion
Hands move har-
moniously
With breasts and feet:
She is dancing.*

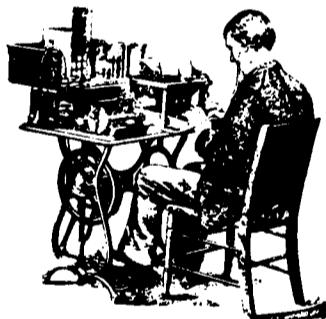
*Her clothes sway rhyth-
mically
With her body's move-
ment,
The air and sunlight
Play in her hair,
She is alive with motion
She is moving:
She is woman being.*

By Susan Wohlbruck



Photo: M. Switzer

Martha Thomas's Professional Writing class : Is there a 'best seller' here?



Dear Professor

*Dear Professor are you busy?
I've a word or two to say
'Bout the feelings I've been feeling
'Bout my graduation day.*

*Well, I've fought the weary battle
With the papers and the books
But the facts are fast retreating
From the courses that I took.*

*Oh, the sleepless nights of study
And the papers that I wrote
And the days spent hearing lectures
And the hours taking notes;*

*Are you sure, my dear professor,
That the time has been well-spent
And this isn't just another sin
For which I'll soon repent?*

*Please, professor, reassure me
This will all pay off in time
And I won't be sending thank-yous
From the unemployment line.*

By Gerry Achenbach

CARF—A Plea For Donations

By Virginia Sassaman

As this year's chairperson of the Chess Aid Research Fund (CARF), I would like to say a few words for the wives of men stricken with Chess Disease.

Commonly called chess widows, these women are the true sufferers. Chess Disease victims do not realize the extent of their illness, and indeed, are often quite comfortable in their abnormality. Let me share with you my experience as a chess widow.

One fateful evening, I challenged my fiance to a friendly game of chess. Little did I know that he had latent Chess Disease tendencies, and that for him, there could be no such thing as a friendly chess game. With a crazed look that I mistook as passion for me, my beloved agreed.

After two minutes of play, he grinned. "Check-mate."

"Ah-ha-ha-ha," I giggled, "how clever." I then surveyed the board. He was, of course, right. I had lost. I did not mind losing,

though I preferred a longer game. We played again. I lost.

There we sat, just a pair of lovebirds wooing over a simple board game--and ready to kill. His mustache twisted tighter, his voice hinted of Peter Lorre. I was annoyed with his cool superiority. This time, I would win. I would win, I would!

I didn't. I then informed my darling fiance that if he beat me again, I would never ever play chess with him at any point in the future under any circumstances. He triumphed again.

Still unfamiliar with all the symptoms of the disease I had unleashed, I later married him. But, from the day he carried me over the threshold with a portable, magnetic chess set tucked under his free arm, I knew that I was destined to be a chess widow.

Other recreation widows can sympathize with a chess widow, but no other group bears as heavy a burden.

Football widows can join in the beers; golf widows can get becoming suntans. For chess widows, fate has decreed a sentence of smoke filled parlors and the endless monotony of chess clocks.

No Chinese bamboo torture can compare with the pain of clocks ticking through hours of silence. There is no conversation; victims concentrate on winning. There is no time to enjoy the game; in fact, there is often no time to finish the game. Dedicated diseased players can predict the final outcome many moves in advance. Games are quickly halted, as the warriors prepare for their next battle.

We at CARF have found that the chess widow cannot combat Chess Disease. Football widows can kick in the television sets, golf widows sabotage the carts. The poor chess widow is helpless. Carf can offer these women the following suggestions: 1) DO NOT destroy the chess set. Chess Disease victims have the

peculiar capacity to play mental chess when equipment is lacking. 2) DO NOT try to join the game yourself.

Chess Disease sufferers have no patience for any player who cannot see a draw at least 30 moves in advance. 3) DO NOT walk naked through the room. Only a temporary diversion, this will be seen by your husband as loving support for his game, as it generally hastens his victory. 4) DO NOT pester the patients by spilling drinks, spraying with the room deodorizer, or "accidentally" knocking all the pieces off the board. This tactic will clear the room of smoke, clocks, and your husband.

In short, a chess widow can comfort herself only with the knowledge that Chess Disease is not fatal, and we here at CARF are working day and night to find a cure. For the sake of these unfortunate ladies, won't you please give generously to aid us? And remember, your gift to CARF is tax-deductible.

