

When Inspiration hits

by Cecil J. Brooks

Harvey today sits on a Tuxedo sofa in his \$200,000. condominium home gazing through

the glass wall down on Florida's Gold Coast, glittering in the subtropical sun. His eyes rest,

but do not focus, on his sixty-foot yawl swinging gracefully at its mooring in the yacht

basin. He sips disconsolately on his Pinch and Perrier, his mind far off on dreams of what might have been if only...

It was a cold, wet January in Paris. The hour was late and the wind was high. Harvey looked around numbly. He realized that he could not remem-

ber the past hour or more. Hunger does that sometimes. The street was a narrow, crowded jumble of old buildings. A market street, squalid and vib-

rant with humanity and inhumanity. The Cafe des Amateurs stood close at hand. Harvey shivered, not from cold, and

smiled: he was not reduced to drinking. And even the stinking dive, catering to hard-core dipsos, was beyond his means.

A whirl of wind threw rain

in his face, and a yellow card came skittering down the rue Mouffetard. Harvey ignored it, but the card was determined;

Genius occasionally needed some help from the Muse. The yellow card swirled around as if in some supernatural control and flew up into the air towards Harvey. He snatched it from the

hand of Inspiration—could he do otherwise?—and read the name on it: Francoise Cellerier.

Francoise Cellerier. The

name meant nothing to him. Why should it have? Harvey had never had to pay for it in his life. "...never had to pay for it in my life." The phrase ran

through his mind and he smiled at the banality of it. He was twenty-three, arrogant, hungry and free. He looked at the card again. The name still meant nothing. Suddenly, he laughed. A *poivrotte*, staggering out of

an apartment house, scowled at him.

"Of course!" he said aloud. "Naturellement. Quelle inspiration!" The drunken woman stared at the mad American. When he kissed the registra-

tion card, she sniggered. He did not care. He strode on toward the Place Contrescarpe, plotting feverishly.

Charles would find Nicole's yellow card among her things after the funeral, and would realize what his wife had been before he met her. He would suddenly understand the significance of what Jacques had

so slyly said at the wedding reception. The wedding scene would have to be entirely re-

written, but everything else would dovetail neatly. Of course! This was what Harvey had been working towards all along, only he had not understood

what his subconscious had known from the beginning. Nicole's strange moods, her detestation of Paris, the unexplained money, it all fit.

The money! Had Nicole still been walking the streets after her marriage? Yes, Harvey decided, and once again he was awed by the wonderful and terrifying power of his creative genius.

Cold and hunger could not touch the soul of an artist.

The volume of Hemingway slides off Harvey's lap and hits his foot, shocking him back into the real world. The Atlantic Ocean is still a painfully bright blue, dancing with sun flecks.

He shivers in the refrigerated air, glances at his platinum watch, and sighs. Another boring party at the yacht club in an hour. A couple of Du Ponts, one Rockefeller, a Vanderbilt or two, maybe the Senator. God!

His wife will be nagging him to get into his white dinner jacket and black tie in a moment. The idea of wearing jeans and sneakers flits through his mind, but he won't, he won't.

He is not twenty-three anymore. Twenty-three. Harvey gulps down his whiskey and regrets.

When Harvey was twenty-three, he was a student at the Capitol Campus of Penn State.

He was studying business administration to please his parents, but he had a few short stories and a notebook of poems in a drawer at home, and he had a Dream. He had never shown

his work to anyone, and had never told his Dream except to that willowy blond in the poetry class he had taken as an elective. She urged him to submit something to *Tarnhelm*, the campus literary magazine.

He had said that he would, but he never did. Was he afraid? Was he lazy?

It did not matter. He never took that first step. He did not submit to *tarnhelm*, and his Dream died.

Now Harvey is thirty, or forty, or fifty, or whatever. It does not matter now. He is a success. A multimillionaire. Respected. Influential. And

And very, very unhappy. He Dreamed once, but now he only dreams of what might have been if...

"Aren't you ready for the party yet? Are you dreaming of a garret in Paris again? My God! A grown man and all you ever do is make money and read those books and sigh. Hurry up!"

TARNHELM

LITERARY MAGAZINE



photo by bob foster



Staff members needed

Tarnhelm, the Capitol Campus literary magazine, is seeking new members for its 1979-80 staff.

Students interested in poetry, literature, photography or publishing are urged to meet with the editors May 8 at 1:45 p.m. in the *Tarnhelm* office, W138.

Staff members assist editors in evaluating contributions submitted to the magazine, coordinating promotional campaigns advertising *Tarnhelm*, and laying out the publication.

Fall and winter terms are usually light work periods for the *Tarnhelm* staff, with the bulk of the chores concentrated

in March, April and May prior to publication near the end of the spring term.

Persons interested in joining the staff but who cannot attend the Tuesday meeting can contact the editors through the *Tarnhelm* mailbox in the student government offices.



Get Yours

Copies of the 1979 campus literary magazine, *Tarnhelm*, will be distributed free-of-charge June 5 during a reception in the Gallery Lounge beginning at 1 p.m..

Refreshments will be served and 400 magazines will be given to students, faculty and staff on a first come first serve basis.

The magazine is comprised of poems, short stories and photographs submitted throughout the year by campus members.

Printing costs are paid by funds from the Student Government Association.

•Photography

•Poetry

•Fiction

