

The WIN ONE

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Edited by

Graham Powell

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Introduction

By The Editor

Greetings! This World Intelligence Network ON-Line Edition (WIN ONE) features poetry and insightful tales that will, it is hoped, inspire you, like the Muses, which ancient writers and artists believed visited them, and left their mark on their thoughts and creative aspirations.

I am fortunate in that a terrific Muse has entered my life and she continues to inspire me each moment of the day. As will also be clear in an article within this magazine, my own aspirations are taking on new vistas, ones which will keep me busy, it is hoped, until I retire. It is for this reason that this WIN ONE will be my last as sole editor, a proposed editor desiring that I assist her during the compilation of the next, transitional Edition. Then life will take on a new direction.

I must say, producing this magazine has been pleasurable and I have met several of the regular contributors in person, plus, via interaction on the internet, some have grown to be friends. Each has proven to be amazingly inspirational and interesting, and one such friend is Tahawar Khan. Dr.Khan has written a fascinating article on skateboarding, a sport which he practiced in his youth to a very high standard. I am sure you will enjoy his work.

Another factor in life is the WIN book, which has taken considerable time and effort to produce (four years since its inception) and is now available on Amazon. It is entitled "The Ingenious Time Machine". I hope people will buy the book and contribute, as such, to funding WIN projects. The book features philosophical essays, puzzles and a plethora of articles to intrigue even the most analytical polymath.

Finally, this Edition features a couple of puzzles related, in-part, to the WIN book. I recommend you try them and perhaps spend a fruitful coffee break cogitating and (just maybe) learning from the experience.

Yours,

Graham Powell

Sufism and Skateboarding, Dervishes and Dudes: Ironic and Aesthetic Bonds between a Medieval Muslim Mystical Philosophy and a Neo-Transcendental Kinetic Cultural Phenomenon

(An Autobiographical and Metaphysical Thesis)

by Tahawar Ali Khan

To say that my experience has been "eclectic" or "eccentric" might be trite or redundant since, according to the "norms" of "standard" psychology, many great pioneers in that very field would be regarded as being a bit "off" themselves: Freud, Jung, etc. Also, "strict categorizers of psychiatric categorizations" would certainly find fault, perhaps, in the "anti-social" wandering poet/philosopher tradition of Kabir or the "anti-establishment" attitudes and remarks of greats, such as Rumi or Hallaj.

That being said, and the "limitations" (within reason) of the DSM-IV put aside, please allow me to relate my experience to you. I have always had a strong intrinsic inclination towards spiritual things. I was born literally 100 feet away from a masjid in my maternal uncle's home in Sargodha, Punjab, Pakistan, humorously enough on the birthday of Nostradamus (Dec. 14). We moved to Maryland in '72 when I was barely six years old. My childhood was in the Sunni tradition, and my mother taught me to read Arabic. I read the Holy Koran in original Arabic in my early teens; I have since read the English translation, of course. My family was spiritually solid, and not "zealous" or "ritualistic," my parents both being professional educators, both holding graduate degrees in educational areas from Johns Hopkins University, and being "sincere modernists," to use some "trendy" terms.

With this ethnic background and "natural talents," I read a bit about my Pashtun and Mughal (Pathan and Mogol) ancestry and Islamic history/theology for leisure and self-enhancement. I found my career path being one of an English Teacher (my "natural talents" allowed me, in 3rd grade, to read at the 8th grade level), and I pursued formal academic studies towards this professional goal. I earned an A.A. in Secondary Education, a B.A. in English, an M.Sc. in English Composition (Writing) and my first teaching endorsement/certification/license (MSDE SPC) for English, taught as a substitute (all subjects grades 6-12) and, for my first full-time job, for a year in

the "second-worst" school in Baltimore which also had the infamy of being on the "Fifteen Most Dangerous Schools" list. It was in a "housing project/ghetto," down the street from a pornographic movie theater, and I would often see plastic crack vials on the steps of the school. That experience, for the experiential stress of the job and teaching in an impoverished urban atmosphere, added a lot of "depth" to my character and exposed me to "reality," in certain ways.

Then, I accepted a job which specifically gave me more insight into "formal" Islam. I taught English for two years in the Al-Rahmah School of the Islamic Society of Baltimore. I was careful to "edit" the curriculum and textbooks to not include any stories, essays, poems, etc. which had explicit references/glorifications of "Western" love, dating, and the like as it was an Islamic school wherein the girls observed hijab and there was sexual segregation of students. I would pray every day at 1:30 with my students, colleagues who were Islamic Studies and Koran scholars, and frequently with the Imam of Baltimore himself.

Because of my job teaching at the Islamic school, I attended and listened to every Friday khutba for two years (and had to prevent my students from playing Gameboy video games during the Imam's sermon -- that's an ironic trans-cultural "jihad" for you). Incidentally, the father of one of my (former) colleagues is the custodian of the Badshahi Masjid in Lahore, and I myself, was the English Teacher of the younger sister of Hasim "The Rock" Rahman, Boxing Heavyweight World Champion. I would sometimes play Frisbee (I was the Frisbee Club coach) with Hasim's little brother in the mosque parking lot. Being (teaching) in that American Islamic school environment gave me some insight into the "formalities" of Islam, sociology, and linguistics, among other things.

Regarding psychology, I had a teaching experience for two years which "opened my eyes" to this aspect of humanity and gave me a depth of experience like no other. I taught English in a residential psychiatric treatment center and high school for girls with emotional disturbances (SED, ED, LD). Because I was a mental health professional under a confidentiality agreement, I cannot reveal any "specifics," but I can tell you that the work done at that place (GSC) literally makes the difference between life and death -- prevents homicides and suicides. The students/patients there were (generally speaking) emotional and sexual abuse victims, had addictions and "criminal

backgrounds" or congenital neurochemical "imbalances" which led to them being diagnosed with multiple and acute mental and emotional disorders –

any emotional disorder you can imagine, I saw it in their confidential case files.

I taught English to those 13-19 year-old girls (in a psychotherapeutic manner) eight hours a day for two years. During that time, I took my second teaching endorsement in Special Education and took it to the advanced level (MSDE APC). I also took various seminars and graduate classes in related fields, advanced my studies in areas of Psycho-Education, Educational Psychology, Psycho-Socio-Neuro-Linguistics, and Metacognition. Teaching at the (Catholic-based) psychiatric treatment center high school (GSC) really exposed me to dimensions of psychology which no "formal academic program" ever could. Spiritually, it "deepened" me in regard to that most noble religious thing -- helping the less fortunate.

I had a one year teaching stint in "Suburbia," the neighborhood where I attended junior high school and high school and experienced the angst and attitudinal doldrums of that environment. As a Special Educator/English Teacher, I taught, amongst others, a self-contained class of thirty freshman according to a "prescribed" curriculum, updated IEPs, attended yearly evaluation meetings, and experienced the attitudes of children who would drink a fifth of vodka at "Lolapolluza" and whose mothers would buy them tattoos as birthday presents. Although most of the Spec. Ed. students I taught were L.D., not E.D., elements of delinquency would often upset the workings of the school, as evidenced by the half dozen or so bomb threats and evacuations which occurred during that school year.

At present I am a Special Educator/Psychoeducator/English Instructor in a correctional institution/juvenile detention center for youth offenders from Washington D.C. During my year there, I have taken several additional courses in Educational Psychology in order to inform and enhance my professional perspective and therapeutic approach in teaching and holistically "uplifting" this acute population which is in desperate need of positive academic and psychospiritual influences. To further facilitate pro-social behaviors and self-esteem in the OHA students/residents, my colleague and I have sponsored and are coaches of an extra-curricular "Frisbee/Flying Disc Club" in which we introduce and practice various skills and emphasize good sportsmanship.

The aforementioned edu-psycho-spiritual experiences having been stated, I think what really gave me an experience into the "true and finer" nuances of spirituality and enhanced my natural proclivity towards Sufism was my wondrous experience as a skateboarder. I developed my skills over a 10 year period, and was complimented on my style by professionals. My skating buddies were sponsored amateurs and professionals themselves, and I was fortunate enough to skate with the Bones Brigade including Tommy Guerrero and Tony Hawk (demo – Lansdowne Skatepark '89). I have been in TransWorld SKATEboarding (poem '87 and quote '91) and Thrasher (TAK ollie photo '95) magazines.

When I skated during a visit to Pakistan, I would draw crowds of dozens of curious people. As far as spirituality, skateboarding and Sufism, I felt my greatest "connected-ness" during the years in which I skated alone. For a 3-4 year period, I would just put my board in my car, drive to the local skatepark, Lansdowne, or other "secret skate spots," and skate for hours by myself. I achieved the (physiological/spiritual) dimension in which I could, 95% of the time, perform/experience any maneuver I wanted to at any moment I wanted to do so. This gave me an appreciation of the kinetic gifts which God granted to me and how they, through all of the "conventional chemical highs" which I felt, allowed me a deep appreciation of "the divine."

Being a student of literature and a skateboarder, seeker of both "'conventional wisdom" and spirituality, I began to associate, after some time, connections between elements of skateboarding and Sufism, and to my knowledge, I had never heard of the existence of such a synthesis of theory and experience (connections between medieval mysticism and a post-modern kinetic icon), so I began (almost out of intellectual self-expressive necessity of integrity) to formulate my individual philosophy of Sufi spirituality which is grounded in my experiences and ecstasies as a skateboarder. I'd like to specifically highlight a few of these transcendental and metaphysical Sufi-Skating connections below in this portion of the thesis.

In the poem "Cinquain," the last two lines indicate that skateboarding is "...all in the imagination...freedom." If we use skateboarding as a metaphor, catalyst, and conduit for spiritual growth and epiphany, it has direct parallels with some traits of Transcendentalism in valuing instinct and individuality above all else: "Emerson likens the rugged path of individualism to a cosmic trail - 'follow the

path your genius traces like the galaxy of heaven for you to walk in." The skateboarding attitude and expression, each skater having his/her unique style

and kinetic abilities, links with the Transcendental values of individualism and self-integrity; skateboarders could be regarded as "Neo-Transcendentalists" if they consider their artistic athletic expressions as "connectors" to nature and the Divine being.

The notion of a skateboarding maneuver as a sort of prayer, or as a vessel by which to appreciate Allah's/God's gifts can be found in the poem "The Synchronized Movement." The line "One floats the motion without restriction, elated to be in that ethereal condition." captures that moment when all in heaven and earth is working as it should, all physics and metaphysics in divine and perfect alignment, making the seemingly impossible not only possible, but through determined interpretation, a method by which to experience spiritual and ecstatic bliss. Kabir states "How can I ever express how blessed I feel to revel in such vast ecstasy in my own body?" How dissimilar is this state of meditative and metaphysical euphoria from the "stoked" physiological condition of the skater, when he/she is flooded with adrenaline, serotonin, dopamines, endorphins, all holistically providing a nearly indescribable mystical intoxication?

Conventional stages of Sufi meditation, through Fana and Dhikr, progress through Mithal, Malakut, Jabarut, Lahut, and Hahut. One stage in particular, Malakut, is when one attunes to the "collective unconscious," and is also (ironically) called the "celestial spheres" stage. The idea of the cosmos, spinning, the macrocosm, microcosm, orbits and rotations of various sorts find a connection with skateboarding in the poem "Hopping Spheres." The speaker describes a "multidimensional" skateboarding experience in which two skaters, during a snowfall, ollie over snowballs on a parking lot.

The poem blends together many elements discussed previously; the modern skateboard is paradoxically a symbol for technology and a bringer of ancient religious bliss. The snow and winter season, cycles in Allah's/God's cosmos, and the cyclical nature of "all things" are paralleled by rotations of the skateboard wheels and the heavenly bodies themselves. The last stanzas in particular raise the metaphysical and magical questions "Do those impermanent maneuvers, those flashes in time, still hover above and haunt that ebony stratum? Or have they vanished like the snow, lines and rotations forever absorbed by countless

celestial revolutions?" Mysteries of physics, the temporal and eternal, the "union" of physical and extraterrestrial "spinning" are brought out in the poem in contexts of physical terrestrial skateboarding and evanescent astrophysical mysticism.

The notion of "spinning" as a method to achieve Sufi ecstatic bliss is connected to skateboarding in the travel piece "Wheels Spin in Punjab." The writer, describing various skateboarding adventures in Pakistan states: "I spin a few consecutive 360s and feel a cosmic parallel with the ecstasy of the whirling dervish, especially in this symbol of Islamic paradise, the garden." The wheels of the skateboard spin, skaters spin on the skateboard and spin tricks, Sufi dervishes spin, heavenly bodies spin, there is a "spinning" cyclical pattern of seasons, indeed even electrons spin around a nucleus. Hafiz expresses: "For all in existence is just spinning like this sweet earth in a divine current...I offer my clapping spirit to you that is in eternal movement." We can see from these examples and illustrations from my experience that there are many literal and symbolic spiritual and physical bonds between Sufism and skateboarding.

These main life currents have formed my attitude, enhanced my propensity, and informed, Inshallah, my perspective towards spirituality. Literary acumen, positive mental health, and transcendental kinetic joys are all things which influence me as a secondary (middle and high) school teacher and (adjunct) college professor -- having earned 176 undergraduate, 99 graduate (36 M.Sc. and 63 post-master's), and having taught 34 college credits during four years, and while presently holding a Maryland State Department of Education Advanced Professional (teaching) Certificate with four teaching endorsements in the fields of I) English 7-12, II) Special Education 6-Adult, III) Reading Teacher K-12, IV) Social Studies 7-12 and two District of Columbia Public Schools Standard Teaching Licenses in I) English 7-12 and II) Special Education K-12, as member of The International High IQ Society (95th+ percentile), and as a (distance/extension) Harvard University graduate certificate candidate/student.

Life's various "balances" intrigue me and I am guided by the Sufi maxim: "Whoever has the outer law without the inner reality has lost the true way. Whoever has the inner reality without the outer law is nothing but a heretic. Unite the two, and you will be realized..." Thank you, and may peace be upon you and our world. Salaam...

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Tahawar Ali Khan

WIN MAGIC

by Graham Powell

This story is about how simple events can evolve and change a life completely.

In August 2015, I phoned my friend and was interested in knowing how well she was getting along in Malta. Her previous messages had not boded favourably: she had changed her job from teaching English and had become the Customer Experience Manager of a large hotel complex, which meant coping with at least one calamity each day. My call was gratefully received and Giuseppina recounted that she was doing much better, though her husband had unexpectedly retained his job in Turin, so they would have to return to Italy. It was excellent news in itself, but meant that she would have to face her boss and tell him about leaving. He would be furious.

I volunteered to come to Malta to take over from her - if her boss would agree to that. It certainly eased Giuseppina's task of telling him about her decision to resign, so she was clearly heartened by my offer. I had just finished my job, which had involved helping to set up an academy for the gifted in Dubai, so I would be able to fly out the following week and attend the interview. On 1st September 2015, I was taken on as the Customer Experience Manager of the hotel and my life took on an array of new aspects, one of which I wish to tell you about.

After six months of working in Paceville, I was posted to the north of the island and I started working at The Bugibba Hotel. It was a much quieter environment and the clientele somewhat older, Paceville being the party town for holidaymakers. The town of Bugibba was somewhat less exotic and quite utilitarian in its architecture and outlook.

After several months in Bugibba, on 1st November 2016, the hotel changed owners and I was one of the few employees who kept their job, though the original plan was for me to transfer to another hotel in the group. This plan, however, was scuppered, mainly because the prospective new manager at The Bugibba Hotel visited in October 2016 and saw me at work. Paul instantly liked me and demanded that I stay. He wanted me as his right hand man. This was to bring profound changes into my life...

During 2017, Paul and I became like brothers and it emerged that he was actually a Count. By April 2017, Paul had begun to prepare the hotel to become the headquarters of the Order of Saint Stanislas, under the auspices of the Grand Priory of Great Britain, Malta and Gibraltar. Not only this, Paul asked me to join. Duly, on 28th October 2017, three of us became the first Knights of the Order of Saint Stanislas to be based in Malta, our friend Malcolm also joining.

This now begs the question: what constitutes the Order of Saint Stanislas?

Well, it is a chivalric order which originated in Poland. It's main objective is to help the poor and the disadvantaged. When joining, each potential member is called a postulant, one who pledges to follow the 13 guiding principles of knighthood, most of these revolving around being humble and helpful, without openly enhancing any prejudices. Males who join the Order are called Chevaliers, females are referred to as Dames. There are various levels of membership, plus ranks to attain as experience and influence grow. I am currently an Officer in the Order, which is one rank above Member. It entitles me to have a mantle with a silver lining, not a white one. I also have a medal for this level of membership.

Since joining, Paul, Malcolm and I have organised fundraising events and another investiture. We now have six Chevaliers and one Dame in our Commandry, which the Grand Master has just designated a Priory. I was influential during the initial stages of organising the investiture, being the Convener of Admissions, and we plan many more events during 2019. As a Priory, we will be self-governing for the most part, with immediate accountability to the Grand Master. We plan to be one of the most influential Orders in Malta, following in the great tradition of the island for Orders, most notably, the Order of Saint John. Just visit the Cathedral of Saint John in Valletta, then you'll get an idea of the scope, wealth and influence that has grown since the days of the crusades.

One service that we are proud of is the ambulance service that we have set up, this being free. It serves the airport, should anyone arrive in Malta feeling unwell, and it is available for people to call up, should there be an appointment they need, or a sudden emergency that the large Mater Dei Hospital cannot cope with. This assistance is truly gratifying.

We also have a small group of 'Squires' - who we refer to as Cadets. They have a basic uniform to identify them and they are learning how to behave and take

on the thirteen guidelines to being a knight, the ones I commented on earlier. Ultimately, it is hoped that the squires will also be worthy of joining the Order. Whatever, they are being helped to become responsible members of Maltese society.

It is also my own dream to set up MAGIC - the Maltese Academy for Giftedness, Innovation and Creativity. The Maltese Ministry of Education is already interested and my global experience in education should play a decisive role in getting this project realized. The resources of the Ministry, plus the influence of the Order, and the skills inherent in the high IQ world, should all be utilized during the development of this idea. It would be great if members of Mensa decided to get involved, an email to me being enough to gain further information, then updates. I would certainly be interested in receiving advice about this project, though I already have experience connected with setting up such an Academy, as mentioned earlier.

Hence, it's an exciting time for me at the moment. I have just finished writing and editing a book, The Ingenious Time Machine. A novel, plus a screenplay, are nearly completed, or about to be commenced. The Ingenious Time Machine features work done by several members of the WIN and it will definitely highlight the plethora of talent extant in the high IQ world. More books are planned!

Overall, I hope readers of this article will feel inspired and realize that small incidents and opportunities arise very often, if you are open to recognizing them. Serendipity is a favourite word amongst the British, so, don't just like it... be part of it!

I wish you the best of luck.

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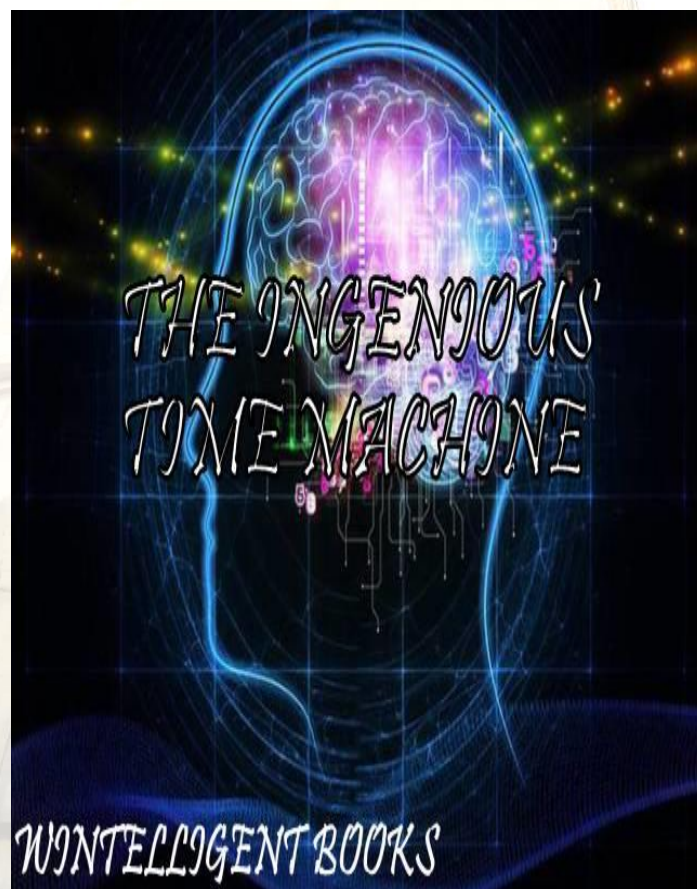
Graham Powell



Saint John's Cathedral in Valletta, Malta



Saint Julian's Bay, Malta, in the Rain



The Journey of Amarys- A Fairy Tale, by Claus-Dieter Volko

Once upon a time there was a young man named Amarys who lived in one of the richest countries in the world. At that time it was customary for the young men to first spend many years in a selection house where the best were selected. They were then allowed to complete an apprenticeship and go to work. Amarys had always been very good in the selection house, and after he had finally been released from the institute and praised for his great talent, he decided to study medicine. Amarys believed that his mastery of medicine, coupled with his wise mind, would enable him to discover something that would benefit all mankind.

Shortly after Amarys had begun his studies, he also joined the Federation of Medical Students. At first he was a little sceptical about whether this was the right decision, for he had heard that the members of this covenant had no head of their own, but were those who went to the house of prayer every Thursday and were told how they had to think. Actually, he could not have believed that such people could be found at a university at all. And so he asked at the first meeting with the other members of the Federation: "Are you really going to the prayer house every Thursday?" Horrified by the question, the then chairman of the Federation replied: "Yes, we do. We are prayer housers. We take our faith very seriously." After a while he continued: "If you think differently, then so be it. Because of your talent, we make an exception and take you in, even if you don't really fit in with us."

From then on Amarys regularly attended the meetings of the Federation of Medical Students. Once he also took part in a mass in honour of the Great Chairman. This mass was one of the highest celebrations of those who went to the house of prayer every Thursday and took place towards the end of each year. At this mass all the members of the Federation sat in a semicircle, only the chairman stood in front of them and said: "Well!" And everyone chanted: "We drink mead, we drink mead, we drink mead! We drink mead, we drink mead, we drink mead! Yes!" And everyone took his mead jug in his hand and gulped it down. Everyone, that is, except Amarys.

Amarys was surprised how healing students could only drink mead. Didn't they know that mead was very bad for their health? At the next opportunity Amarys spoke to his fellow students about this fact: "Why do you drink mead? You know that's not good for you." "Oh yes, we know that," replied one of the

other members of the covenant, "but we don't mind. Because we know that sooner or later every human being will fall asleep forever. Whether one falls asleep a little earlier, or not, is the same." "But I don't see it that way," Amarys contradicted. "I'm studying medicine precisely because I don't want a single person to fall asleep forever in the future!" "Haha, no. We don't want that," the federal brother replied. "But why?" Amarys was surprised. "Quite simply," explained the healing student, "because it's like this: whoever leads a good life, after falling asleep forever, will come to a beautiful place where there is a swimming pool, many palm trees, a sandy beach and beautiful girls. But those who lead a bad life will come to an ugly place, where there are only bare rock walls. We want people to fall asleep forever because only that, and belief in life after eternal sleep, leads to people behaving morally right." "But I don't see it that way," Amarys said demonstratively. "I am of the opinion that everyone has the right to live as he wants! And for as long as he wants! And I have my head, I have always had it, and with my head, paired with the knowledge from the healing school, I will find a means by which one will achieve that no single person will ever have to fall asleep forever again!" All of a sudden the face of Amarys's interlocutor darkened. With a stern face he said: "If you think so, then you are a sorcerer. And you know: sorcerers are burnt at the stake."

Amarys was very annoyed by these people's narrow-mindedness. But he still went regularly to the healing school, learned well and also took part in the meetings of the Federation of Medical Students. Again and again there were disappointments. There were so many problems: The state was hopelessly overindebted, the environment destroyed, and there was mass unemployment. What did the other healing students say? They said: "That is not our problem. We pray to the Great Chairman, he will judge it. We drink mead and pray to the Great Chairman, and all will be well."

At some point Amarys finally finished studying medicine. But even before he finished his studies, Amarys began to think seriously about the world in which he lived. Why did everyone tick so differently from himself? Maybe he, Amarys, was really a sorcerer and that's why he was so horrible? Amarys decided to stop pretending he was like everyone else and made the decision to confess: "I'm joining the League of Sorcerers!"

The League of Sorcerers was not very popular with the public because sorcerers had a bad reputation. But Amarys believed that at least there, in the

League of Sorcerers, he would meet reasonable people on his wavelength - if his fellow students at the healing school were such a disappointment.

In order to be accepted into the League of Sorcerers, one had to pass an extremely strict entrance examination, which served to prove one's heretical abilities. Amarys thought to himself: "I can pass this exam with my left hand!" Said; done. Without preparing, Amarys took this exam - and passed it immediately.

Finally becoming a member of the League of Sorcerers, Amarys believed he would find people there who ticked similarly to him. But the disappointment was great. In the League of Sorcerers there were also many who went to the house of prayer every Thursday and even held the opinion that sorcerers who did not do so were not good sorcerers. They regarded Amarys as a crackpot, didn't think anything of his plan to get rid of the problem of eternal sleep once and for all. And the other problems Amarys was dealing with - national debt, environmental destruction and mass unemployment - did not interest the other sorcerers. "That's not our problem," they used to say. Amarys was desperate. Apparently he was really alone in this world.

But Amarys had fortunately been wrong. One day a new member joined the League of Sorcerers, and this man, a healer like Amarys himself, was finally someone who understood Amarys. "Yes, Amarys, my remedy may not help prevent people from falling asleep forever," said Amarys's new friend. "But it will at least help to delay eternal sleep considerably." Amarys was enthusiastic and promised: "I offer you my services. Together we will be able to help people lead a better life."

Amarys worked diligently with his new friend and published numerous essays on this new miracle cure. But Amarys's colleagues were not enthusiastic. Eventually it became too much for them and they grabbed Amarys and put him to the stake.

But what a miracle: Amarys did not burn!

Then it became clear to the healers that Amarys had been right. There are ways to prevent people from falling asleep forever. That put the healers in a rage. The former chairman of the Federation of Medical Students moaned, "No one should know! There must be no witnesses!"

And so it came as it had to: All those who had been present were burned and Amarys himself imprisoned in a deep cellar, where he must now live for the rest of his life.

Strive to stay alive as long as possible and refrain from any action that could shorten your own life or that of your fellow human beings.

Claus D. Volko, cdvolko@gmail.com, www.cdvolko.net

Poetry

RACE

"Racism, because it favors color over talent, is bad for business"- Steven Pinker

Let's bring Racism everywhere to an end today,
From the Caribbean, Europe to Mumbai way;
The color of the skin shouldn't get anyone ostracized
Nor facial features or the natural color of the eyes;

Let the artificial race of the so called "fittest"
Include those without a homeland for the spirit
and those without freedom of speech.

Let this become a race of the human mind;
So versatile, creative and colorful
As the projection of sunlight on our skin.

Let society blossom like lemon beebalm

and the brain work like butterflies and hummingbirds without qualm.

Let the radiant soul attract others deep inside,

not the physicalities being magnified.

The WIN ONE Number XVI

by Krystal Volney and Anja Jaenicke

Eternal, by Therese Waneck

I remember a sadness

I wept for the want of you

The ocean orchestrated such oracles

The sea sizzled such surrender

The earth circled encompassing you

Turning timeless travels an eternity

Of stars softly shined and meteors

flamed falling until the fire died

Ignited by passion everlasting

in eyes etched and carved on the moon

face remote now though alive with

a memory of the mortality of our

infinite love

Now buried in unknown ground graven

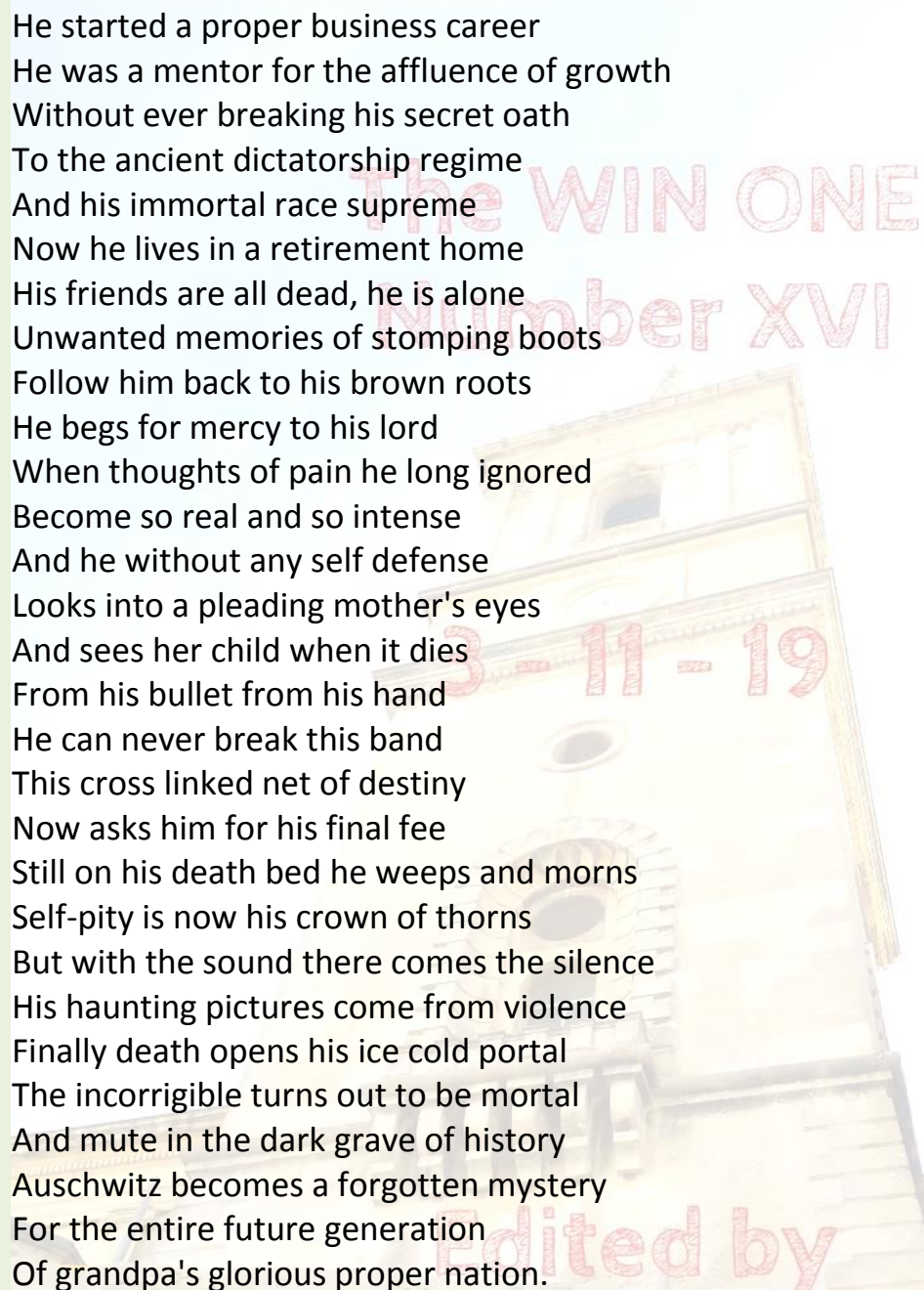
and concealed still secretly alive and

without perception while

Those lasting mark us with flowers...

THE EPOS OF A GRANDPA'S NATION

When there is sound there is some silence
And in peace there might be violence
When there is poverty of mind's reflection
The individual ego strives for brutal action
And human's soul so kind and good
Becomes a rather seldom brood
But this is all long forgotten now
Ninety six years all in a row
Unpleasant memories are mute
Why would he pay any tribute
He jumps to self driven conclusions
That add up to his self delusions
Lies have an intrinsic kind of magic
But with old age they become tragic
Oh, how he marched, young man so keen
The most giant opus the world has seen
Where flags waved evil black on red
The movement wants good people dead
Proud they where under the swastika
When the Fuehrer bawled from Austria
Broken was the republic of Weimar
But he the young dynamic climber
Followed the movement with finesse
He had no regrets, nothing to confess
He never ever gave a single thought
Why millions suffered or got shot
He was a parvenue and a lucky guy
A front man shouter don't ask why
He turned his own flag with no hesitation
To help form the heroic German nation
But after the destructive war of wrath
He turned once more and held his breath
And soon he crawled and climbed again
With help from comrades in a long chain
He wanted glory and so much more
His tool was now money instead of war
And luck came within a single year



He started a proper business career
He was a mentor for the affluence of growth
Without ever breaking his secret oath
To the ancient dictatorship regime
And his immortal race supreme
Now he lives in a retirement home
His friends are all dead, he is alone
Unwanted memories of stomping boots
Follow him back to his brown roots
He begs for mercy to his lord
When thoughts of pain he long ignored
Become so real and so intense
And he without any self defense
Looks into a pleading mother's eyes
And sees her child when it dies
From his bullet from his hand
He can never break this band
This cross linked net of destiny
Now asks him for his final fee
Still on his death bed he weeps and morns
Self-pity is now his crown of thorns
But with the sound there comes the silence
His haunting pictures come from violence
Finally death opens his ice cold portal
The incorrigible turns out to be mortal
And mute in the dark grave of history
Auschwitz becomes a forgotten mystery
For the entire future generation
Of grandpa's glorious proper nation.

© Written by: Anja Jaenicke, Feb.11. 2019

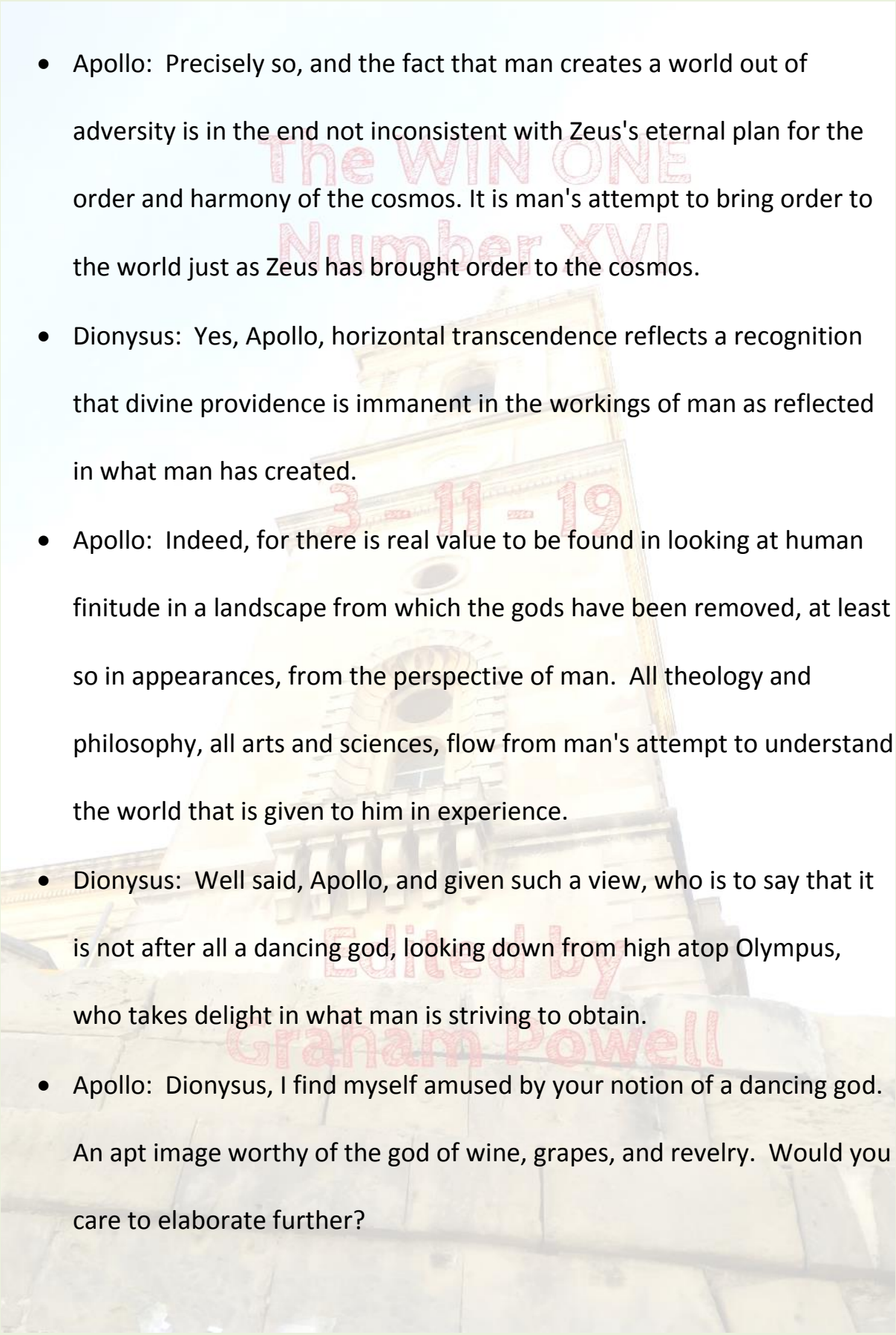
Absence of the Gods: An Explanatory Myth, by Paul Edgeworth

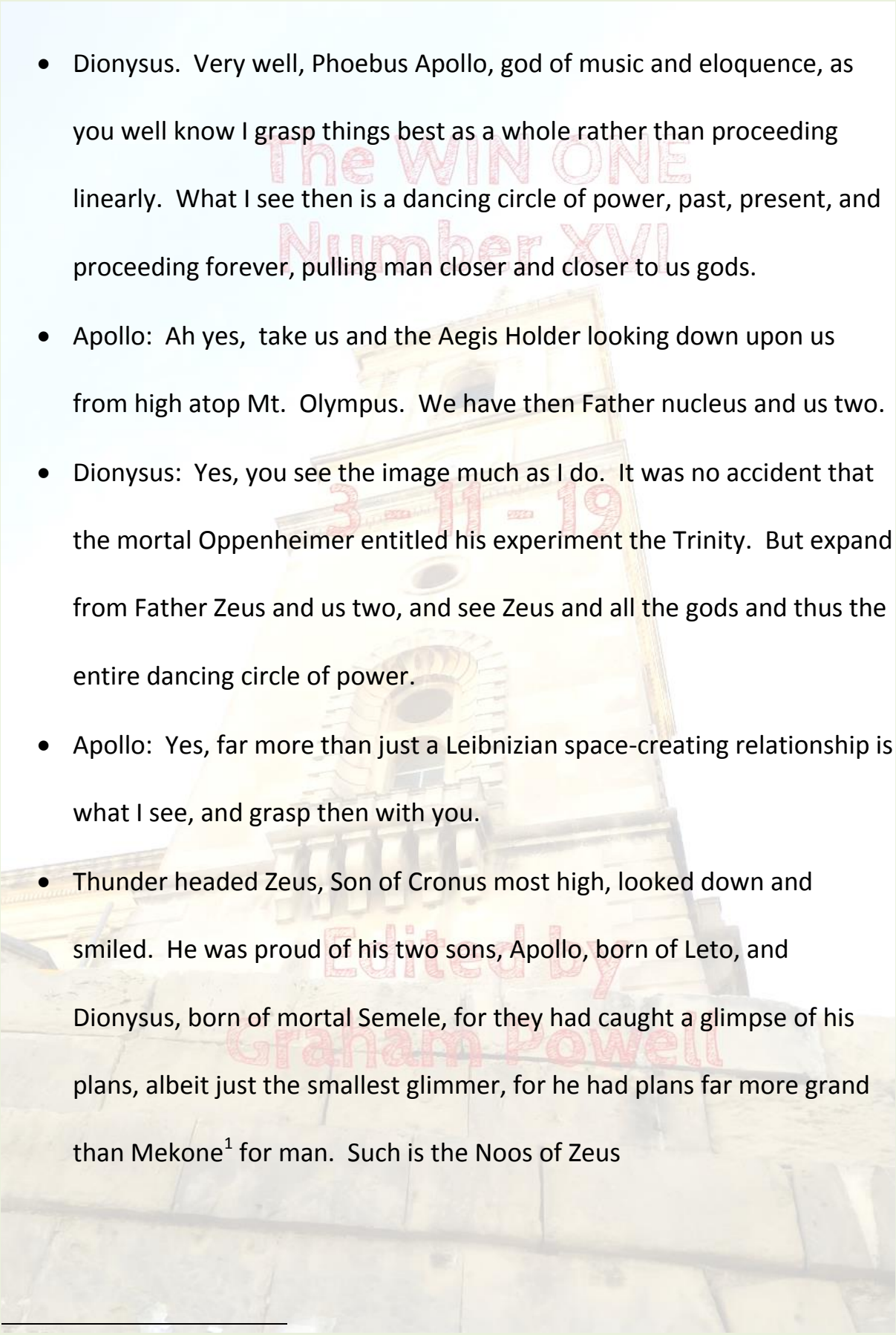
Sing, Muses, sing of the Absence of the Gods, and of the Noos of Zeus.

- Broad browed Zeus atop Olympus Massif castes his eyes down upon his golden terrace where he sees two gods approaching each other, Apollo from the West, and Dionysus from the East.
- Dionysus: Apollo, it is evident that mankind no longer offers sacrifices to us. From their perspective, it appears that we are absent from their lives, and no longer grant gifts from beyond.
- Apollo: Yes, sacrifices are no longer offered up to us. Nor do answers to prayers or laws proceed down from us. Let us call this the old way, the way of vertical transcendence.
- Dionysus: I take it then that the new way would be the way of horizontal transcendence.
- Apollo: Yes. Horizontal transcendence is not imposed downward, but remains on the level of the human. It is not something alien permanently suspended and existing on a plain above and apart from what is human.
- Dionysus: The key then to horizontal transcendence would be found in the order and authority imposed by customs and institutions created by man. This is recognition that human beings are the makers of their history and institutions. Such man-made institutions do govern

individual men and are external to the individual, but they do not govern from a level that supersedes the human dimension. It is a reality which exists on the plain of men and would not exist without men.

- Apollo: Yes. But from the perspective of the gods, there is still a key role for us in horizontal transcendence. The providence of the gods can be seen as underlying the institutions of man even though man himself is not always aware of the workings of the gods. It is the gods' immanence at work and it gives rise to a transcendence which is manifested in the institutions that man has created. Humans think that the gods are no longer there. They do not see that the gods are still there working behind the scenes of mankind's reality.
- Dionysus: Yes, institutions created by man, but reflecting a divine providence acting for the preservation of man whether man is aware of it or not.
- Apollo: And this divine providence is not only a matter of preserving man, but also of placing him in circumstances that involve a struggle for self-overcoming -- even a heroic life for the best of men.
- Dionysus: Thus, despite suffering, evil, and death, life and living is still worth the effort for man.

- 
- Apollo: Precisely so, and the fact that man creates a world out of adversity is in the end not inconsistent with Zeus's eternal plan for the order and harmony of the cosmos. It is man's attempt to bring order to the world just as Zeus has brought order to the cosmos.
 - Dionysus: Yes, Apollo, horizontal transcendence reflects a recognition that divine providence is immanent in the workings of man as reflected in what man has created.
 - Apollo: Indeed, for there is real value to be found in looking at human finitude in a landscape from which the gods have been removed, at least so in appearances, from the perspective of man. All theology and philosophy, all arts and sciences, flow from man's attempt to understand the world that is given to him in experience.
 - Dionysus: Well said, Apollo, and given such a view, who is to say that it is not after all a dancing god, looking down from high atop Olympus, who takes delight in what man is striving to obtain.
 - Apollo: Dionysus, I find myself amused by your notion of a dancing god. An apt image worthy of the god of wine, grapes, and revelry. Would you care to elaborate further?

- 
- Dionysus. Very well, Phoebus Apollo, god of music and eloquence, as you well know I grasp things best as a whole rather than proceeding linearly. What I see then is a dancing circle of power, past, present, and proceeding forever, pulling man closer and closer to us gods.
 - Apollo: Ah yes, take us and the Aegis Holder looking down upon us from high atop Mt. Olympus. We have then Father nucleus and us two.
 - Dionysus: Yes, you see the image much as I do. It was no accident that the mortal Oppenheimer entitled his experiment the Trinity. But expand from Father Zeus and us two, and see Zeus and all the gods and thus the entire dancing circle of power.
 - Apollo: Yes, far more than just a Leibnizian space-creating relationship is what I see, and grasp then with you.
 - Thunder headed Zeus, Son of Cronus most high, looked down and smiled. He was proud of his two sons, Apollo, born of Leto, and Dionysus, born of mortal Semele, for they had caught a glimpse of his plans, albeit just the smallest glimmer, for he had plans far more grand than Mekone¹ for man. Such is the Noos of Zeus

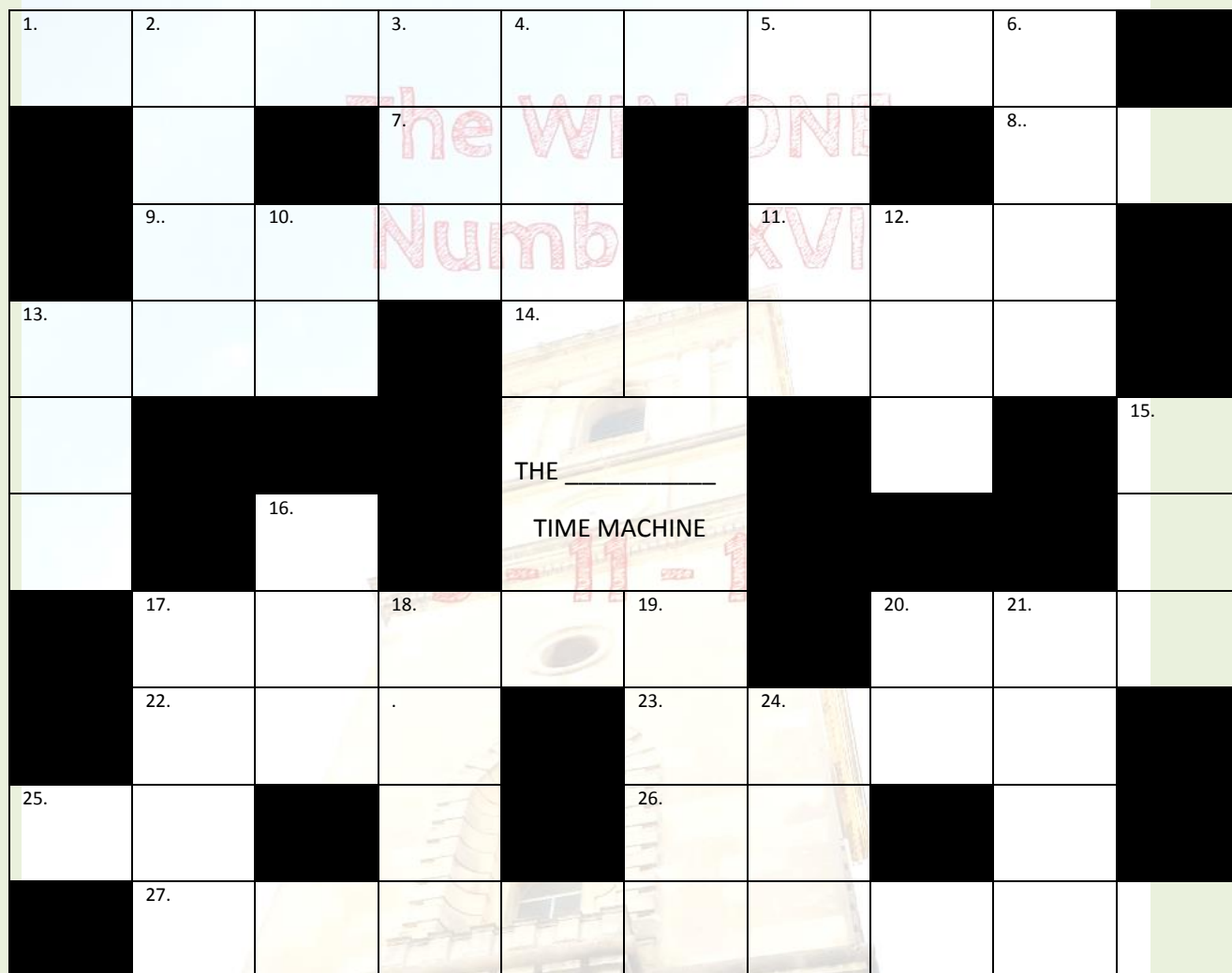
¹ A time and place when men and gods dined together.

THE INGENIOUS SUDOKU

I		G			I			S
N	S		G	O	N			
		I		I	G			N
	U	N		N	I			
			U	S	E	I		N
	N	I	O		N		G	E
N		U			I		O	
	I		I	U		E		G
G		S	N				I	

Fill-in the Sudoku with the word 'INGENIOUS'.

The WINning Ways Crossword by "Jeep"



Clues

Across

1. The missing word in the central square of this crossword. (9)
7. The longest river in Italy. (2)
8. In short, is Britain is leaving *you*? (2)
9. Taxi to Superman?
- 11 A female first name in Germanic countries meaning 'from the mountains'. (3)
13. Abbreviation of a group of classical musicians in the capital of England (3)

14. Said to inspire artists... especially musicians? (5)
16. Beware his touch.
20. Put in this because you want to try and gain the rights to do some work. (3)
22. You cook on it. (3)
23. Abbreviated Latin used to indicate a repeated reference. (4)
25. Film directed by Stephen Spielberg. (2)
26. Abbreviated name of Prince William Windsor's mother. (2)
27. Surname of the author of Being and Time. (9)

Down

2. We, the French, deal in practical intelligence. (4)
3. A place in eastern Netherlands about 16 kilometres north of Apeldoorn. (3)
4. The usual abbreviation for Chancellor Lamont's first name. (4)
5. Artist's official 'work'. (4)
6. Your eye usually does this. (4)
10. Common Swedish name for men. (2)
12. In brief, Terry will relate it? (3)
13. Acronym for the vessel designed specifically to land on the Moon (3)
- 15 A bad man using technology to help create something? (3)
16. A black fruit which, in particular, helps your digestion. (3)
17. In brief, an American variation of arithmetic. (4)
18. Italian for some things that Einstein said God didn't play. (4)
19. Another name for the face of an object, or a team. (4)
20. Two. (2)
21. 'Fixed' in the music of Hector Berlioz, for example. (4)
24. Large (3)

The Dream.

A short story by Graham Powell

With a thud, the hammerhead struck the wood: the windows were secure. The two-inch nails would stop any potential burglars getting into Charlotte's room.

Hawkes looked out at the sunlit car park one floor below. He smiled. It was out there, amongst the rusting vehicles of the estate dwellers, that Charlotte had first walked into his life, tall, lithe - sexy - with rounded hips and (glistening that day in the sun) long, wavy fair hair. He couldn't see her face at first, but had wanted to, so it was with mounting excitement that he had listened to her footsteps as she ascended the adjacent stairway, and continued towards his front door. Then he had panicked a little.

Wary of anyone discovering him in his newly established squat, Hawkes had suddenly stooped down below the window ledge. He had heard the wind blow through the opened letterbox and had cautiously moved towards the door leading from the front room to the hallway.

"Frank? Frank Hawkes?"

As the two eyes peered through the letterbox to survey the hallway, Hawkes had cursed Sue, his fellow squatter, for not having put a cover over the box. (Where the hell was she?)

"Frank. My name's Charlotte, Charlotte Davis. I'm a friend of Sue's. She's ill and won't be back till tomorrow."

Deftly, not wishing to miss the opportunity of meeting the owner of the lovely green eyes, Hawkes had prized open the front door.

“Do come in,” he’d said, politely, and (God!) she had come in, not only that, they had talked for hours, chatting about him, Sue, and how the past had caught up with them; Charlotte had declared her intention to move in, and she’d even asked if there was anything she could do in the meantime.

“Did she have a boyfriend?” was what Hawkes had wanted to ask, but instead he asked her to look after the squat while he went to the shop for provisions.

On the way to the shop he’d recalled how glorious love had been when he’d first met Sue, how he had loved stroking her long, auburn hair, and kissing her soft lips. Sue was older than him, more experienced. She had been great. Sex had been great.

Turning the corner to the shops, the words “she’s ill” had entered his head. She was probably tripping somewhere. Initially her drug-life had attracted him to her: she was exciting. Now, however, she was more often than not just ‘absent.’

He’d stopped. There, on the pavement, was a coin. He’d gone to pick it up, but his gaze had fallen upon two, slipper-clad feet that had shuffled up to the coin. He’d raised his eyes to see an old woman in a filthy grey overcoat, pinkish-green woollen jumper, grey skirt and some creamy-grey leggings. She stank of urine and Hawkes had wanted to leave her to the coin, but, quite obviously, she was too frail to bend down and pick it up. Her pitiful face, with its sunken blue eyes and flapping lower jaw, was directed towards him, and she let out a slight whimper. He’d given her the coin, delicately, not wishing to touch her

outstretched hand, and then he'd rushed into the nearest shop and ambled around, unable to escape the mental image of the woman.

The shop was a newsagent's, and, after a while, the proprietor had given him some curious looks. Hawkes had felt obliged to buy something – anything. He'd bought a copy of Esquire - a singularly absurd choice, given his circumstances - but, whilst returning from the supermarket, he had justified it to himself on the grounds that it would give him something unusual to read, and that by knowing how 'mainstream society' worked, he would improve his self-knowledge, if only by contradiction.

Returning from the shops Hawkes had also decided that Charlotte would live best in the front room. It was carpeted and was of a decent size, didn't have drafts, and was equipped with plenty of electrical sockets - he could have the next room and Sue the small room at the end of the hallway, overlooking the park...

Hawkes stopped daydreaming about when he had first met Charlotte, and put down his hammer. He went into his own room at the end of the hall and sat looking out at the park. Sue had organised things when she'd come back. He had been out observing the beggar woman by the newsagent's whilst she had been sorting out her room at the front of the flat, then Charlotte's room, and his room at the far end. The most annoying thing was that she'd chosen the best room not out of malice, egocentricity or selfishness, but had merely liked the colour of the wallpaper.

Hawkes' mind turned to the Esquire magazine he had bought the previous week and he went over to the corner shelf by his bed and started reading it once more - Charlotte would be home by six, so he could have his usual relaxing browse before the welcoming sound of her key would be heard opening the front door.

There was a fascinating article in Esquire about serial killers. God, how easy it was to bump somebody off. Hawkes had read the article every day that week: it made him question how worthwhile life really was. The power inherent in the killing excited him. In theory, he had systematically planned the killing of the old beggar woman – she was such a pathetic soul – and now, while reading the article again, he looked away from the page, and there, passing by the window one floor below, was the old woman. He watched her, playing God in his mind, watching her inch along the pathway.

"I wonder," he thought...

A key rattled in the lock. It was Charlotte:

"Hello there."

Hawkes strolled out to the hallway to greet her.

"Hello Charlotte. Good day?" (A silly question, she always had good days.)

"Oh, yes, lovely. Did you manage to fix the windows?"

"Yes, your... the front room is safe and sound."

"Great. Let's have a look."

They had a look. Hawkes picked up the hammer that he'd left on the window ledge and concealed it - he wanted Charlotte to see the room at its best, with no tools to give away the fact that he'd worked quite a while on it:

"You really ought to stay in here when Sue's away, it's a much better room than yours," he said, earnestly, but Charlotte seemed too wide-eyed to really notice.

"Wow! It's looking really good. Home-like."

She kissed him on the cheek:

"Well done!"

After dinner Charlotte and Frank set about doing up his room. The paint needed scraping, so they got some sharp knives from the kitchen and used them. It was fun, especially when the wooden door surround was bare and they began stripping the damp wallpaper. They raced each other and made a terrible mess, but what the heck!

"It's my room, I can do what I like," Frank cheered, and happily they continued till near midnight.

It was then, just as Charlotte was packing up and retiring to her room, that Sue arrived with her 'friend.'

"Hi guys. Like my new haircut? Pascal paid for it."

Her beautiful auburn hair, long and flowing, was gracing some barber's dustbin.

"Suedeheads are back in fashion, are they?" Frank remarked, sardonically.

“Pascal’s off to France tomorrow and I’m off to meet him on Friday, isn’t that great, Frank?”

“Yes. Great.”

At that, Sue rushed across to Charlotte’s room and Frank shut the door with an all too audible thud.

Frank couldn’t sleep. The sounds of lovemaking in the front room upset him. Eventually he could take it no more. He put the light on, rapidly dragged on his jeans and shoes, climbed into a woollen jumper, and grabbed his coat. He peered at his dimly lit room. It seemed as though his anger lit the place, not the sixty-watt bulb. He pushed the naked bulb, made it swing, and watched the shadows play on the dregs of wallpaper still remaining on the wall. One particularly large piece hung over the window and Frank seized the kitchen knife from the corner shelf and slashed the chunk off the wall, the razor-like wallpaper cutting the outside edge of his little finger as he did so. Then, in one move, he headed off for the front door, loudly unbolted it, and went charging down the steps to the car park. He skirted the edge of the building and stomped across to the park.

Exhaling long and hard, Frank bent forward and noticed the trickle of blood running across his fingers onto the back edge of his knife. He played with the blood, making it run along the blade edge towards the tip, absorbed in his skill at making the globule run so slowly.

Eventually the blood reached the tip of the blade, and a shuffle of slippers, plus a whimper, told him he wasn't alone. The soft, toothless jaw was surprisingly easy to cup in his hand; the blade slid into her chest with consummate ease, so easily, in fact, that there was a joy to be had in the knife slushing in and out, again and again; the final slumping of the body was a disappointment: it was over too soon.

The urine stench was beginning to get to Hawkes as he carried the body round behind the perimeter fence of the park. As it was half-term, he left her by the school wall, her bladder emptying, then strode around the park for about a quarter of an hour, before returning home to wash away the blood and the anger.

The mid-day light coursed through the window and Frank tried to halt it piercing his eyes by pulling his bedding over his head.

"Frank? You okay?"

Charlotte poked her head through the doorway and Frank grunted an acknowledgement.

"Frank, I'm off out for the day. I'll probably stay at a friend's 'cause it's cheap night on Thursdays at the local cinema, okay?"

It was okay. Frank lay half asleep planning his day ahead. A couple of hours passed till a siren and a flashing light roused him and he jerkily made his way to the window. He stood watching. The multiple police cars, the press, the surrounding of the area with blue tape – all to the incessant rhythm of the blue lights. There was even an ambulance.

After dressing with more than his usual care (the soft clothes seemed to caress his body) he went out, unable to face the kitchen, and feasted at the local café. He dreamt of Charlotte: what a great woman she was proving to be. He wondered where her friend lived and what film they would see.

He imagined it would be an Italian art movie, *La Dolce Vita*, perhaps, and inspired, he bought a travelcard, then headed for the National Gallery - he had been cooped up in the squat for far too long.

In the gallery he felt safe, at ease, and he prowled around till closing time. He bought a postcard of Elizabeth Vigée Le Brun's "Self Portrait in a Straw Hat" and sat studying it in the Pizza Hut along The Strand. There, in his hand, was Charlotte, preserved forever. Only the eyes were wrong: brown, not green; but Hawkes forgave the artist as he walked around "Theatreland."

By ten o'clock all his money had been spent and he started to make his way home. He was surprisingly tired, languid even, and once home, he went straight to bed. The image of the face of the old woman stared at him from the tobacco-stained ceiling, but then there was darkness, glorious darkness.

The click of the front door coincided with Hawkes waking up from his vivid dream. His muscles were warm, his heart beating fast, voraciously taking in and expelling blood to the extremities of his body. He heard soft slippers pacing around. He crept to his bedroom doorway and looked through the two-inch gap. Sue's door was ajar; a shaft of light was issuing from it. Then, with another click, the light was gone. Silence.

Hawkes bided his time, sitting down by the door, knife in hand. He could get rid of Sue. Pascal wouldn't come back, her lovers never did. With Sue out the way, it would be just him and Charlotte. (Yes. Just him and Charlotte.)

He slipped open Sue's door. She was asleep, head turned towards the wall, and totally beneath the covers, as she usually was. Only two more steps to realisation, one more, yes, do it! The knife was sharp and cut into her back smoothly. Hawkes grabbed her mouth and stifled any scream; but her body was more resistant than the old woman's, and he had to force another lunge of the knife into the chest as it writhed and lifted itself towards him. He was beginning to lose control of the head when he opened up a third wound to the stomach, and, try as he might, he could not hold her any longer. A deep note of exhalation passed out of the mouth, then the head fell back, the long, flowing fair hair, now exposed, draping against the wall. There she lay, the dream now over, and in the room he'd always wanted to be hers.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES

Edited by
Graham Powell

I	N	G	E	N	I	O	U	S
N	S	E	G	O	U	N	I	I
U	O	I	S	I	N	G	E	N
E	U	N	I	N	G	I	S	O
I	G	O	U	S	E	I	N	N
S	N	I	O	I	N	U	G	E
N	E	U	N	G	I	S	O	I
O	I	N	I	U	S	E	N	G
G	I	S	N	E	O	I	I	U

The Ingenious Sudoku Answer Grid

1. I	2. N	G	3 E.	4. N	I	5. O	U	6. S	
	O		7. P	O		P		8.. E	U
	9. U.	10. B	E	R		11. U	12. T	E	
13 L.	S	O		14 M.	U	S	E	S	
E				THE <u>INGENIOUS</u>			L		15. C
M		16 F.		TIME MACHINE					A
	17. M	I	18. D	A	19 S.		20. B	21. I	D
	22 A.	G	A.		23. I	24. B	I	D	
25. E	T		D		26. D	I		E	
	27. H	E	I	D	E	G	G	E	R

The WINning Ways Crossword by "Jeep"

Answer Grid

The editor hopes you enjoyed the magazine.

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