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Editor's Note

Let me take you far beyond the reaches of our physical world to meet Erato. We must step into a realm where heroes, gods and goddesses live and which can only be divined by the greatest of poets--the wonderful world of Greek mythology.

Erato is one of nine Muse daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, or Memory. Each Muse has her own special province: Clio is Muse of history, Urania of astronomy, Melpomene of tragedy, Shalia of comedy, Terpsichose of the dance, Calliope of epic poetry, Polyhymnia of songs to the gods, Euterpe of lyric poetry, and finally, Erato of love poetry.

One day the nine sisters appeared before the Greek poet Hesiod, and they said to him: "We know how to speak false things that seem true, but we know, when we will, to utter true things." Thus Hesiod was granted the gift of inspiration, and he wrote, "Such is the holy gift of the Muses to men."*

Whether it be the love-poetry of Erato or the lyrical messages of Euterpe, the Muses continue to speak to poets--even to those at Otterbein.

Les Epstein

*Edith Hamilton, Mythology: Timeless Tales of Gods and Heroes (New York: New American Library, 1940), p. 37.

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Paper Flowers in a Stone Garden

I walked into a garden
made entirely of stone,
cold, gray bricks that shone,
and started weeping softly to myself.

As each teardrop fell
on this garden of stone,
a single paper flower sprouted
between the crevasses.

Fed by each teardrop,
more seemed to grow,
sprouting from nowhere
covering the stone garden like snow.

Blooming in the moonlight,
or at no time at all,
one grew here,
another there.
I was never alone,

Surrounded by this beauty
which emerged
from cold, gray stone.

Juli Slack

Tuck Me In, Daddy

Gopher and Julie foil the Captain once again,
Doc and Isaac wager who has the darkest tan.
Cindy watches all through innocent eyes,
Pretending salty sea air is being blown by the fan.

The ship sets its course for the harbor docks,
Illustrating the close of another episode.
Cindy ignores the eleven chimes of the clock,
BOING awakens Daddy like a recharged electrode.

A man with plastic hair speaks of death, war and poverty.
Another tells amusing anecdotes about sleet, clouds
and rainfall.

Cindy begins to realize bedtime is very near,
Her mind racing for a tactic to stall.

"Time for bed!" announces Daddy triumphantly,
As he enjoys seeing Cindy moan with sorrow.
"After the news!" pipes Cindy daringly,
But she remembers that Daddy's steel-tipped shoes
can end all thoughts of tomorrow.

Her nightgown flies up like a white flag,
While scampering down the hall towards safety.
Daddy gives a healthy tug to his trousers,
Since much planning has gone into tonight's activity.

A tear plows a pathway down the quivering cheeks,
As Cindy buries her face in her pillow.
Her body shakes and trembles in fear,
While reaching for the phone below.

A swift swish severs the line quickly,
Another shatters the nite-lite into jagged sections.
Raising his clasped hands high above his bowed head,
His shrill voice explains his insane actions.

"Your mother mighta thought she divorced a fool,
Put who do you think just won the best prize?
She decided to take the money and the house,
And I've just decided to be the last to see you alive!"

Dave Eisnagle

What is "Punk"?

In high school, I, like most other American teenagers, listened to a multitude of rock bands. I considered myself quite knowledgeable on the subject, and would sit for hours listening to WMMS, Cleveland's progressive, trend-setting rock station. I practically memorized the album reviews in Rolling Stone every two weeks. Being the avid music fan that I was, I could hardly ignore the events that occurred in 1977.

I remember sitting in my living room one night, drowsily watching the news and sipping a cup of hot tea when I heard the broadcaster mention the English music scene. Now, anyone who knows anything about rock knows that the British are more hip than we are, so I sat up and listened intently. The camera switched to concert footage of a band I'd never heard of, the Sex Pistols. They could barely play. The guitar chords were raucous and fast, and the vocals were less than intelligible. The sneering singer looked pasty and anemic, and his bristly orange hair resembled a mangled porcupine. The announcer said that "punk rock" was the new craze in the U.K. It looked vaguely disgusting and definitely violent, but I was fascinated.

Why "punk" rock? The word sounded tough and belligerent, just like the people it described. Although the first rock and roll punks were English, the origin of the word came from the language of the North American Algonquian Indians. It meant slow-burning sticks that were used to light fireworks, or more literally, "live ashes." The slang use of punk meant a cigarette or a type of incense. It also meant "decayed or rotten timber." I wonder if Johnny Rotten consulted a dictionary when picking out his assumed name? An archaic meaning of punk, which appeared in the English language at approximately 1600 A.D., was a "prostitute, strumpet, or harlot." More recently, the word has referred to a young gangster, a petty hoodlum, a boy tramp, or a child hobo. More uses of punk are "a youth used as a homosexual partner, and a young untrained circus elephant." While elephants may not have much to do with modern music, a broad definition of punk is "of little account, displeasing, and worthless." It

does not take much imagination to see why this word fits in so well with the punks' image. Of course, the most updated version is "a form of rock music, usually performed in a hostile, coarse, offensive way." Even though punk has had many different meanings over the years, it has always implied the negative or the inferior.

In the same way that the gay rights movement has altered the meaning of that word, punk's meaning has changed. Once I watched a late-night, B-grade movie made in the 1940's in which the trivial, two-bit gangsters were constantly called "young punks." I chuckled to myself at the thought of the same lines being used today. Instead of cheap hoodlums, the town would be pestered by guitar-slinging, wiry-thin punks with tight jeans, ripped shirts, and razor-cut hair. Instead of terrorizing innocent citizens with bullets and guns, they would use dissonant, slam-bang chords and angry, enraged singing.

In the late seventies, this was what punk was all about. Following the turbulence of the supposedly revolutionary sixties, the rock and roll of the seventies became planned, mechanical, slick, pompous, and boring. Rock stars became part of the jet set, driving black limousines and owning huge mansions. Music became a product, and most of the spontaneity, originality, and amateurism that is rock and roll disappeared. Groups like Led Zeppelin and the Eagles would spend infinite amounts of money making albums that were finely crafted, well-produced, and slick, creating perfect, heartless music. The punk movement meant to bring rock crashing back to its most basic elements. In England, political unrest got caught up in the punks' purpose, but in America, especially in New York, people were just tired of listening to the same old drivel. Unfortunately, the media ignored the reasons why punk happened in the first place, and concentrated on the sensationalism that surrounded it. The public saw punks as demented, self-destructive, violent, safety-pinned perverts. The fact that the Sex Pistols, a talentless, drug-addled, manager-dominated group, was the band most publicly visible did not help.

Punk never became very popular in America, but the word did. Perhaps it was too hard to accept something new, although the difference between the Clash and Bruce Spring-

steen is not much more than the difference between Brixton, England, and Asbury, New Jersey. The concept of punk is changing again. In 1982, it is no longer the same entity it was in 1977. It has become a loose, general term instead of a specific one. When most of my friends use the word punk, they mean anything that is not played regularly on the radio, and that covers a wide spectrum. It is a novelty, an amusement for most youngsters today to bop up and down to an unusual song like the kind Devo churn out. This is hardly comparable to the safety-pin suicide approach of five years ago. Punk has been watered down into New Wave, an ambiguous term that includes everything from Jamaican reggae to the "new-romantic" disco-like dance music. Of course radio stations are still hesitant to touch even the most established of the new bands, fearing that "punk" is too radical to attract many listeners. There are a few exceptions, like the Police and the Pretenders, who have had numerous hits, but to call these bands punk would be stretching the truth. Punk will probably never have quite the same meaning and impact it did when it mystified and slightly frightened me in 1977, but will take on other nuances.

Charlotte Latvala

Within Friends

From hearts fluttering butterflies evolve
 amidst the thundering winds...
A force balances the sky.
The bird soaring by your side
 searches endless clouds...
A dream might linger there to share
A whispering wild flower stands
 against the hardened cries
 to unite peace...

Kimberly West

Leaves

Leaves are nature's own little bedouins that are never still except when they are waiting to move on the trees don't seem to care that the green peons that give them life from light are discarded like candy wrappers after having all of their sugar taken from them after the kids are like nature's little bedouins that are never still except when they are waiting to move on to the next streetcorner dancing with other friends who can say what it's like to be a leaf never having a place to stay after it leaves the arms of its mother always made me rake leaves would choke our streetcorner but some of them managed to escape to fly about like people are leaves in a sense because freedom comes in different ways to each of us picks a wind to escort us from streetcorner to streetcorner with or without our friends who sometimes end up trapped in the corner of a building or become raked up into someone's leaf-pile.

Anne Barnes

Images

Watercolor lights
distort my sight.
Little lights
glitter,
distilling a magic blanket
over the city
in the pouring rain.

People rush around in bright
yellows and reds
with gigantic umbrellas
hiding faces,
identities,
continuously moving
so as not to get wet.

Paths running
around and through
the city,
light streaked,
wet.

Colored signs flash
their messages
across the clouds.

Fuzzy, glaring headlights
making their way
through the dark,
struggling to
be seen,
as the rain continues to fall.

Juli Slack

The Non-traditional Relationships in Doris Lessing

Doris Lessing writes in a variety of genres: novels, stories, reportage, poems and plays. Despite her diverse interests, one particular subject that recurs throughout her short stories is the non-traditional male-female relationship. Lessing obsessively presents the *menage à trois*, incest and various situations of infidelity.

If one read her material superficially, he could fall into the trap of believing that she is in accordance with such behavior. She deals with contemporary and controversial subject matter candidly; therefore, one could believe that Lessing agrees with these liberated practices. However, through her portrayal of the failure of the non-traditional relationship, the reader discovers her underlying "traditional morality." After a thorough reading, her deeper message, what she shows rather than directly tells, becomes apparent: non-traditional relationships will not thrive because human nature rejects them.

One can assess Lessing's "morality" by examining a story like "Winter in July." In this piece, a woman lives with two brothers. The oddity of *menage à trois* is intensified by their being miles from civilization. Lessing has created an unsymmetrical microcosm in which balance is never achieved. The central female character is Julia, a frustrated and dissatisfied woman who cannot decide which brother she is in love with. Julia's husband, Tom, is dull and passive, or, at most, predictably stable; however, this quality in Tom attracts Julia. On the other hand, she is drawn to the rugged, unsettled instability of Kenneth, Tom's younger brother. Julia cannot seem to be completely satisfied with either man. Lessing depicts the emotional juggling act Julia has between her two male companions. Julia clearly sways between two relationships; there are times in the story when Julia is perfectly content with Tom--for example, when he returns from the war. But Julia seems happily coupled with Kenneth when Tom is away at war. Julia has an "either-or" attitude. She is content with Tom's security until Kenneth's beguiling restlessness becomes obtrusive. Likewise, Kenneth's steely affection might hold her heart except for daily reminders of the warmth and security Tom represents. Either third person

becomes the obvious intruder in the consummation of a relationship for two--one man and one woman.

Lessing portrays the three-way relationship on more than one level, especially by describing Julia's reaction when the roles are reversed and she becomes the intruder. At the beginning of the story, she is always at the center of the universal relationship, while the two men orbit around her in their unsteady paths. Later, Julia finds herself on the outer orbit. Tom and Kenneth have become particularly close since the war and seem to share an exclusive bond. Julia can hardly comprehend the lack of competition between the two brothers concerning her.

Lessing then creates yet another level with the introduction of a second female character. Kenneth, after several trips to town, finds a girl he plans to marry. Julia becomes distraught when she learns that Kenneth intends to bring his wife, a fourth party, to live on the ranch.

Julia says that Kenneth's bride "couldn't compete," a remark which allows the reader a deeper insight into the ménage à trois. Obviously, the characters experience strain in attempting to establish their identities with one another. Julia is the epitome of this unstable and fluctuating personality. She feels that to bring a fourth person into an already unsettled environment will cause further stress. But Lessing, by presenting the additional character at the end of the story, seems to be suggesting a solution. Through deduction, one can see that Lessing implies "traditional" morality simply be adding the new character. Providing a wife for Kenneth implies, if not insures, that now the "natural" pairing process will occur: two married couples.

While "Winter in July" deals with one woman and two men, "The Other Woman" tells of the relationship between one man and three women. "The Other Woman" deals intensely with a man who attempts to live a double life. Jimmie, the central character, has a legal wife (from whom, it later turns out, he is actually divorced), a mistress, and a girlfriend. One would assume, as Jimmie's life is revealed, that he cleverly maneuvers

situations so that the three women remain unaware of one another. Here, however, Lessing's story twists away from the "traditional" story of infidelity: all three women are aware of each other. Once again, Lessing deals with shocking, non-traditional relationships.

Rose, Jimmie's mistress, longs to be his wife. She believes that Jimmie is already married, yet she lives with him, hoping that someday he will be her husband. Originally happy, Rose becomes painfully aware of Jimmie's "wife" because he goes back to her on various nights and weekends, leaving Rose alone in the small flat. She becomes progressively more discontent with her incomplete love affair. Rose wants children, and knows she can never have them as long as Jimmie is bound to his other family. Jimmie tells her that his wife will not consent to a divorce, hoping that Rose will close the subject. Jimmie has trouble accepting Rose for herself. He loves her when she is sweet and domestic. Yet when she becomes "serious" and intellectual, he quickly becomes disenchanted. Rose senses this reaction and silences herself, thus becoming more and more internalized and isolated.

Jimmie, dissatisfied with Rose, would wander back to his "wife" or (more frequently) to his girlfriend Pearl, a heady Mae West type who works at Jimmie's favorite bar. Like Rose, Pearl cannot be herself with Jimmie. If she does not cater to his ego, he will leave her for another woman. And Pearl is threatened by the two other women that already claim him.

Only Mrs. Pearson, his supposed wife, appears to have come to grips with Jimmie's obsession with women. She appears to be coolly removed from the emotional turmoil caused by his affairs. Lessing cleverly leads the reader to believe that Mrs. Pearson has become numb to the activities of Jimmie. From her cool behavior and obvious sympathy for his "new" women, the reader concludes that he is habitually unfaithful. Mrs. Pearson's suffering has apparently taken place in the past. Now she deals with his behavior nonchalantly. She reveals the truth about Jimmie to Rose. She tells Rose that she has divorced Jimmie, and that he has long been free to marry anyone he chooses. Thus the reader discovers that although all

three women are dissatisfied with their involvement with Jimmie, they cannot seem to end it. Rose reacts to Jimmie's deceit somewhat passively. When Mrs. Pearson offers her a place to live, Rose hesitates about leaving him before accepting the offer. Rose may someday decide to return to Jimmie. Mrs. Pearson suggests that he marry Pearl and set his life straight, a solution for the pattern of pain he weaves through his romances. Once again Lessing offers a "traditional" solution to the non-traditional relationship. She then dismisses Rose and Mrs. Pearson, leaving Jimmie conveniently accessible to Pearl. Throughout "The Other Woman" Lessing portrays Jimmie's unresolve. At the end of the story, the tension in the atmosphere has settled for the moment because of the removal of two "surplus women." Lessing suggests that if Jimmie marries Pearl, he will be more fulfilled. However, if his infidelity continues, he can expect further dissatisfaction. Lessing has once again shown the failure of a "non-traditional" relationship.

"Winter in July" and "The Other Woman" clearly demonstrate the failure of the "non-traditional" relationship. Of the stories Lessing has written, "A Man and Two Women" is one of Lessing's clearest statements that only "traditional" morality is successful. The Bradfords and their friend Stella are at their summer cottage. Because of business, Stella's husband is unable to join them. As in "Winter in July," a *ménage à trois* is formed, but this time it is between two women and one man rather than two men and a woman. Jack forewarns Stella that Dorothy has been on edge lately. Stella feels that there have been problems between Dorothy and Jack: Dorothy has become so attached to her baby that she is pushing Jack out of her life. In reaction to his wife's withdrawal, Jack is drawn to Stella. Dorothy appears defensive with both Jack and Stella, and she lashes out at Jack, first by accusing him of having affairs, and then by telling him that she would not care if he did. Stella feels that she has come at the wrong time and that she should leave. The night Stella announces that she is leaving, Dorothy breaks down and is put to bed with a glass of Scotch. Then she invites Jack to have an affair with Stella since she

feels that they are headed in that direction anyway. Obviously, she feels that she can maintain some control of the situation if she can at least initiate her husband's infidelity. Dorothy is near the truth of what her husband feels. Jack is now attached to Stella because she sympathizes with his situation. Before Stella leaves, Jack embraces her in a moment of weakness. Both Jack and Stella realize that they could conceivably have an affair despite Dorothy's presence upstairs. But the moment before Jack kisses Stella, she realizes they are about to ruin both their marriages. She closes her eyes and envisions the tiny, helpless baby lying upstairs, imagining how all their children will be damaged. The thought of blowing "everything to bits" in a single moment gives Stella "uncontrollable pleasure." However, she suddenly comprehends the power of the moment and withdraws from Jack who does not pursue her afterwards. He understands the meaning behind her reaction. Stella leaves the cottage and abandons any chance of an involvement with Jack. Although both characters liked the idea of an affair, they decided not to destroy the "traditional" relationships they already had with their spouses. This outlook exemplifies Lessing's attitude towards "non-traditional" relationships. Throughout her work, the outcome of indulging in a "non-traditional" relationship is always failure.

Lessing's portrayal of the lives of such people make her point, and yet she does not teach a Victorian lesson on morality. Her technique of testing her "traditional" morality in various "non-traditional" situations proves the strength of her convictions. Through the stories discussed, she demonstrates her belief in "traditional" male-female relationships despite the "non-traditional" situations she uses to make her point.

Amy Shaw

The Rehearsal

A half hour until practice
The room itself is quiet
With chairs and stands
Set up, waiting to be used.

In the distance,
Voices are heard
With the choir practicing diligently
For its next performance.

The players enter
The silent waiting room,
Exchanging greetings to one another
Before warming up
For another rehearsal.

The tones start long and soft
As the practicing continues
While other bandsmen
Talk to one another.

Individual practice time ceases
As the director
Walks up to the podium.
The music is rustled open
As the tuning commences.

With rapt attention
From the players,
With instruments raised,
The director lifts his arms;
The music begins.

As the last note dies away,
The director smiles benevolently,
Out over his musicians
To say, "Fine --
That's a job well done."

An hour later,
The players leave
To go their separate ways,
Leaving the room silent
Once again.

Jean Moats

Separate Souls

Like the eagle
 a freedom of soul flies
Infamously searching our fears...
 we faced the darkest roads.
Not demanding,
 memories stay...
 hearts always need.
We laughed,
 allowed ourselves to cry
We are secure in mind.
And perhaps our souls will again
 collide in peaceful unison.

Kimberly West

The Prison

Sometimes I feel a total prisoner.
No physical bonds bite at my hands or feet.

The walls,
a prison
to my dark and dreary cell,
stark and white-washed.

No bars on the windows,
Can't see outside-----beyond,
unless momentarily freed.

No way to escape,
three stories up,
can't yell,
no one to hear...
For no one comes to visit
or comes near.

The only thing that awaits me
is the end of my term.

Juli Slack