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### 1983 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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QUIZ and QUILL





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## Dracula: A Suicide

Royce MacGillivray, in an article entitled "*Dracula*: Bram Stoker's Spoiled Masterpiece," stated, "Dracula's disastrous expedition to England can even be seen as unconsciously suicidal, as his attempt to extinguish his anguish in a lasting death" (MacGillivray 518). I feel this intriguing theory to be valid. Dracula not only subconsciously wishes to be at peace through a true death, but plans his entire adventure in England in an unconscious effort to achieve this peace.

In *Dracula*, Stoker shows us a vampire of refined tastes and incredible intelligence, an impeccably well-groomed vampire who keeps his brush, comb and clothes brush in his coffin, and plans his trip to England down to the railway tables (MacGillivray 520-21). As Dr. Van Helsing explains to his fellow vampire hunters, Dracula has the strength of twenty men, centuries' growth of cunning, knowledge of the black arts, command of other vampires, and a heart incapable of pity or remorse. The Count can control the elements and command rats, owls, bats, moths, foxes and wolves. Dracula is indeed a powerful creature, and yet, as Van Helsing points out, he is far from free. The Count cannot enter a house unless a member of the household invites him in. He is bound to his grave, although he need only have earth from it in a coffin, and if not in his grave, may only change his form at sunrise, sunset or noon (Stoker 260).

Van Helsing describes the life of a vampire as a horrible thing. Dracula is one of the "foul things of the night . . . abhorred by all, a blot on the face of God's sunshine; an arrow in the side of Him who died for man" (Stoker 257-58). After she has been bitten by Dracula and is sure of becoming a vampire upon death, Mina is in a unique position to understand Dracula's life as a vampire, and that understanding brings with it pity. Mina tells the men, "That poor soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest case of all. Just think what will be his joy when he, too, is destroyed in his worse part that his better part may have spiritual immortality" (Stoker 336). Thus would end the alienation described by MacGillivray: "Dracula's power to grow intellectually is . . . barren. No matter what he grows into, he must remain painfully and utterly separated from the surrounding world of man and all its values" (MacGillivray 521).

Dracula's life as a vampire is one of complete loneliness. Even the three vampiresses sharing the castle with him have the company of each other. Dracula is completely alone and, if Mina's comments are correct, he is desperate for release from his self-made Hell. One can easily imagine Dracula's wishing for his final freedom, the freedom granted by Harker's and Morris' knives which allow "in [his] face a look of peace, such as [Mina] could never have imagined might have rested there" (Stoker 408).

At first glance, Dracula's ill-fated trip to England seems nothing more than a colossal blunder. It is, however, the Count's well-planned attempt to end his own existence as a vampire. This is not to say that



Dracula sat down one evening and planned an elaborate scheme to get someone to dispose of him—any one of Transylvania's thousands of peasants would gladly have driven the stake through him. Dracula has no conscious intention of being killed, but his subconscious desires for a real death motivate his trip to England, and not a yearning for a country teeming with life where he could carry out his horrible deeds unmolested and virtually unnoticed.

Dracula's journey to England is no unorganized pleasure cruise. The Count goes to great lengths to ensure its success. He first finds out all he can about England through reviewing shelves of bound volumes of English magazines and newspapers. He reads books on English botany, political economy, geology, law, geography, politics and history, as well as reference books of technical matters such as the Bradshaw's Guide of railways (Stoker 23, 26 and 28). He then learns to speak fluent English, using Harker as a model upon which to pattern his accent (Stoker 24). He makes certain that his new home in England will meet his needs (Stoker 26-27), amasses a horde of gold to finance his trip (Stoker 54) and employs the Szgany to move his boxes for him (Stoker 47-50), which are later delivered to his house in England (Stoker 246-47). With planning such as this, it is hard to believe that Dracula, possessing an extraordinary intelligence and a knowledge of black magic in addition to his normal vampire abilities, is completely defeated by such a mortal crew as Van Helsing's.

Dracula is defeated by what appear to be mistakes—mistakes which seem suspicious when viewed in light of his superior intelligence and abilities. The Count has every opportunity to kill Harker while he is at Dracula's castle (indeed, to make Harker an undead and servant), and yet he does not. Dracula claims to want to blend in with the populace of England, and yet retains his Transylvanian accent and dresses all in black, even wearing a straw hat at the very time he needs most to be inconspicuous. He is slow to distribute the boxes of earth, most of them being found by the humans with little effort. The Count also flirts with disaster by only attacking members of the same group of people, probably the only people in England who know about him and certainly the only group actively seeking his termination. Not only does Dracula attack members of the group, but he does so, not just because he can get invited into their houses, but as a show of contempt. Having just escaped the trap set by the humans, Dracula, rather than worrying about making good his escape, turns and taunts them:

You think to baffle me, you—with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's. You shall be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest; but I have more.... Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine—my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed. Bah! (Stoker 334).

Dracula draws attention to himself by killing the crew of the *Demeter*, when he could have arrived in England unnoticed—as far as we know, he killed no one on his return voyage. Rather than going into hiding until his human adversaries die off, the Count hires a boat to take him back to his castle—the slowest possible route to the most obvious destination. Then, as if to make certain the group following him can do so with ease, Dracula allows Mina's mental link with him to be used by the humans. In short, Dracula takes so many risks and makes so many mistakes, that it is quite simple to connect his motivations with those of an indirectly suicidal individual.

Dracula's guilt at his existence as an undead and his feelings of being imprisoned in his life as an undead for eternity cause him to be subconsciously self-destructive. The Count consciously hopes his journey to England will provide him with an unlimited supply of fresh necks to bite, but his subconscious desires to be punished hamstringing it through his mistakes and misjudgments. Dracula, then, planned the trip to England to satisfy his subconscious self-destructive drives, and to grant himself a final, eternal peace.

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David Paul Kimmel ('85)

## Unharmmed

Unharmmed  
By fatal flaws  
In the depths  
Of the wilderness,  
We are searchers  
In a jungle  
Of an untamed world.  
If our weapons  
Will not protect,  
Will someone  
Please  
Pass the wine?

Stacey Ciancio ('86)  
Sigma Alpha Tau



## Night Thing

Night thing  
that I am  
images of tassled corn  
cannot stir me  
songs of birds don't make me sing  
take me only  
where the night things cry.

Bright day  
makes me sleepy.  
Shutter up the windows  
I will doze by day  
pillow pressing patterns  
on my cheek.  
Don't wake me, please—  
the sun will suck me dry.

The moon's  
was my story, too:  
how I swelled and wasted  
and then faded with the light  
how my moods went misty  
how I glared against the night.

The years  
did not change me.  
Another April and  
the days are stranger still.  
Step lightly on my bed  
and do not wake me.  
I am dust  
in a paper bag—  
The sun has bled me dry.

*Mary Wehrle (ADP)*

## The Reindeer Song

I was a wimp. I can now say that without flinching. I was subjected to relentless bullying during my childhood. My physical insecurity was so deep, I spent my eighteenth birthday at Cry Baby Cabana, a wimp-withdrawal clinic in Des Moines, Iowa, where they transform 98-pound weaklings into 105-pound strongmen. The clinic offered highly advanced "wimp away" programs such as How to Speak Like Sylvester Stallone, How to Write Like Mickey Spillane, How to Dress Like Bubba Smith, How to Eat a Bucket of Mashed Potatoes in Ten Minutes, and How to Make Your Neck as Thick as Orson Welles's Thigh. Leaving the clinic, I returned home a new man. Looking into the mirror, I saw the number one draft pick of the NFL staring at me straight in the eye. I wondered why Mom covered her mouth with the dish towel. Dad took me aside and explained that the athletic supporter goes *inside* the pants, and thought the red crayoned anchors on my biceps (well, oneceps) were too much. Pam, my little sister, finally convinced me that I looked ridiculous when she popped the Cry Baby Cabana inflatable jersey with her hairpin. So much for impressing buxom blondes.

My wimpiness began with my parents. I place the blame of my size AA frame on my parents. When Mom and Dad first talked about conceiving their first child, Mom was unsure if the time was right to plant the seed, so to speak. Mom had finally lowered her weight to 105 pounds, instead of the previous monstrous weight of 108. Mom did not want to screw up her life accomplishment by doing something hasty in the sack, possibly causing her to loosen a few belt notches. Dad, however, was itching to begin his generation of mail carriers. Known for his devious actions, Dad one morning slipped a mail-order aphrodisiac in Mom's cereal (Dad was always a morning romantic). After the spanish fly performed his trick, Dad carried Mom to the bedroom while she hummed Rudy Vallee songs in his left ear. Minutes later, right at the moment of the most intimate of love-making, their nosy next door neighbor knocked on the front door wanting to borrow some Saran Wrap for her costume. Startled by the knock, Dad pulled out exactly at the time of harvest, while Mom's outstretched legs scissored the seed in half. The accident resulted in my hair having a natural part in the middle. I am convinced the half of the seed that melted on the bedsheet contained all my muscle genes, while the half that successfully swam into Mom carried my personality genes. I cannot blame my parents for their poor farming technique, because if the halves of the seed were switched, I would probably now be a linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams and the brunt of Johnny Carson's jokes.

My parents said that I was always an emotional child. Mom swore on a stack of Betty Crocker cookbooks that I cried from the moment I was yanked from her warm womb, till the day I finally saw my first



PG movie. Mom's known for exaggerating a bit. I did not cry to receive attention, because I was their first child and no pets competed for affectionate pats on the head. I guess I cried so much because my diapers were too tight, explaining the gully marks on the inside of my thighs.

Kindergarten was a waste of time to me—booger-fingered brats poking each other in the eyes, while I quietly wet my pants in the far corner. Wetting my pants became a peculiar habit of mine during elementary school. Whenever I became nervous, a cold chill assaulted my body. The warm urine melted away my insecurities, acting as a liquid security blanket. Mom said she knew when to change my diaper, because I suddenly stopped crying and looked like I was in nirvana. Miss Kennedy, our college-age kindergarten teacher, always looked disgusted whenever escorting me to the bathroom to freshen up. After a while, I'd pee my pants on purpose so I could watch Miss Kennedy suck on these trick cigarettes in the bathroom. While leaning on the porcelain sink, she kept the cigarette smoke in her mouth (instead of blowing out the smoke as Dad does), and smiled at me with a dopey grin.

During first grade, the kids noticed Miss Kennedy had put on weight. Once while changing into clean underwear, I noticed Miss Kennedy puking in the toilet instead of smoking those neat cigarettes. Then that spring, the principal came into our classroom and said Miss Kennedy was taking a long recess. Mr. Greene, a substitute teacher, was then assigned to our class. I did not like Mr. Greene because he said things to me like, "Jesus Christ kid, do ya always have to piss in your pants. Get a spine, for Pete's sake."

I was thrilled when Miss Kennedy returned to teach our second grade class. She was still the same person, but she was a Mrs. instead of a Miss, and she had lost the gleam in her eyes. In second grade, the other kids began to notice me. I rarely spoke up in class because my mouth spewed only stupid comments. Whenever Mrs. Kennedy called on me in class to answer a question, I shrugged my shoulders and mumbled something dumb. The kids laughed hard when I answered a question because they thought I was just playing dumb. Pretty soon, my hand pierced the air first in answering a question, because I enjoyed hearing the comforting sound of laughter. However, I would soon learn the cruel side of laughter.

Second grade passed by smoothly, but when I entered third grade, my life soured. By this time, I earned the reputation of being a class clown. In late December, Mrs. Kennedy announced that the principal had chosen our class to put on the annual Highland Park Elementary School Christmas play. The class buzzed with excitement when we found out "Rudolph, the Red-Nose Reindeer" was the play. When school was over, Mrs. Kennedy motioned me to her desk. I tried to think of the stupid thing I must have said which placed me in trouble. Sheepishly placing my hands on her desk, I anticipated the stinging whack of her yellow ruler across my white clenched

knuckles. Instead, Mrs. Kennedy slipped a white envelope into my hands, telling me to hand this to my mother when I got home. Patting my tousled black hair, she scooted me out the front door and watched as I crossed the busy street.

Crossing the street, I closed my eyes hoping to be run over by a steamroller, figuring there must be bad news in the envelope. Did Mrs. Kennedy see me pull my pants down for Suzy Rowe behind the big oak tree in the playground at recess? Walking down our street's winding sidewalk, I thought of the good deeds I had performed lately that might offset the note's scolding. Dawdling in our asphalt driveway, I popped a jawbreaker in my mouth, hoping Mom might mistake my swollen cheek for measles.

"Mom, I'm home," said I, gently closing the front door. "Can I have a cookie?"

"Dave, be quiet, please! Can't you see I'm watching Merv Griffin, and no, you'll spoil your appetite," said Mom.

Plopping myself next to her on the family room couch, I reluctantly nudged the envelope into her leg. "Mom, Mrs. Kennedy told me to give this to you," said I. "Would you like me to set the supper table?"

Her attention now broken, she fixed searching eyes on my secretive face. "What have you done this time?" she demanded.

"Nothing, Mom. Honest."

Fixing my eyes on the carpet's pattern and swinging my sneakered feet wildly, I awaited the unveiling of the dreaded message. I should have accidentally dropped the envelope in the sewer on the way home, then I wouldn't suffer this mental torture. Mom's finger sliced open the gummed flap of the envelope and slid the twice-folded note from the pouch. I heard the note open quietly and then skillfully folded back up. Chancing a glance at Mom's face, I peered over my shoulder only to see Mom's bathrobed figure scuttle towards the kitchen. Jesus Christ, she went to get the paddle! Or worse yet, Dad! Minutes later, Mom returned to the family room, one hand behind her back and Dad's hand in the other.

"Bless me, Lord, for I have sinned," I muttered. When I looked up from my prayer, Mom's cupped hand darted into my face, while Dad solemnly watched with crossed arms. When Mom's hand left my face, I sensed being slowly suffocated. Clawing my face so I might breathe again, my nimble fingers snagged a cherry from my nose.

"Rudolph, the red-nose reindeer, had a very shiny nose, and if you ever saw him, you could even say it glowed," sang Mom and Dad, smiles plastered on their faces.

Maybe Mrs. Kennedy slipped some of those trick cigarettes in the envelope, explaining my parents' bizarre actions. Sensing my befuddlement, Mom showed me the note. Evidently, Mrs. Kennedy had cast me as Rudolph in the play because she thought I had natural acting abilities, especially since I "acted up" in class every day. Practically in tears over the news, Mom reflected on the possibility



of her son being a famous actor. Merv Griffin might even invite her on his special show, "Mothers of the Stars."

I decided to accept the play's lead role, hoping girls might desire to touch me instead of throwing their barrettes at me. Rehearsals were fun because Mrs. Kennedy stopped class for one hour every day so we could practice our lines. Amazed at how easily I remembered my lines and how smoothly they flowed from my mouth, I envisioned myself as the next Jerry Mather.

Mrs. Kennedy never had our costumes ready until the night of the play. Nervously pacing the floor, kids ran through their lines one last time as their knees knocked together. A couple of the tougher boys swigged root beer to halt their stage fright jitters. I was surrounded by the class's cutest girls, who tried to invite me to their separate cast parties tonight. Suzy Rowe never smelled any sweeter than that night. Smelling her intoxicating scent reminded me of placing baseball card wrappers to my nose, inhaling the pink freshness of the bubblegum. Sure I was nervous, but I had good reason to be—I was the play's star. Along with my family, grandparents, and neighbors, a talent scout from the Park Street Middle School was rumored to be seated in the audience.

Mrs. Kennedy burst into the room with this large black footlocker, singing a silly song softly to herself. Mrs. Kennedy struck me as smelling odd. The aroma that clung to her reminded me of how Dad smelled after coming home late from playing poker. Throwing open the trunk lid, she issued out the individual costumes. Gosh, we all thought they were beautiful. There were trash bags with cotton balls scotch-taped on them for the snowmen, cut-up potato sacks and dead twigs for the other reindeer, starched bedsheets for the angels, and green jumpsuits and Mr. Potato Head ears for the elves. Mrs. Kennedy handed out my costume last. The kids quieted to see the star's costume, because surely Rudolph's would be the best of all. And it was. Mrs. Kennedy held before me something princes would kill for to wear on their wedding day. My beautiful vestment draped on a large wooden hanger cast a ray of respectability onto my small face. Rudolph's costume was woven from the finest fabrics found in K-Mart. Mrs. Kennedy helped me slip into my costume, a brown pair of Dr. Denten pajamas complete with the feet, with dried whip cream spotting the suit, giving the costume that certain "fawn" look. The antlers were brown knitting needles papier-maché to an oversized football helmet. Applause rippled through the classroom as the kids marvelled at the miraculous transformation of a wimp into a reindeer. Girls giggled to each other, "Isn't he cute!" while the boys envied the proudest moment of my life.

Life was going too well at that moment, so God knew he had better do something quick before my confidence greatly swelled. The last item Mrs. Kennedy pulled from the footlocker was a giant red balloon attached to a black party mask. Slipping the nose onto my face, my pride slowly slipped away. As if Uncle Miltie had entered the room in

a dress, a wave of laughter splashed onto my face like a tidal wave. Kids doubled over with laughter, holding their sides so the cotton balls wouldn't fall off. Two girls smirked, "Why don't you go on and powder your nose, Rudie?" as they cackled with delight at my appearance. I never heard laughter like that before. Something nasty existed in those chuckles, which scared me. Tears streamed down my face as fast as the snickers tittered through their lips. I wanted to crawl into that red balloon, set up camp, and cook baked beans over a small fire.

Mrs. Kennedy did not save me from this torture. She busily squirted breath spray in her mouth, trying to cover the stale poker smell. She herded us to the backstage, but I would not budge. I clung to that small piece of floor tile like the leeches on Bogart's arms in "The African Queen." After trying desperately to make me continue with the play, Mrs. Kennedy yanked the red balloon off my head and placed it on one of the other reindeer. She comforted the scared kid by saying she would whisper his lines to him from the stage wings.

Left in the classroom all alone, I sat myself on one of the metal chairs. I was upset over the humiliation I just experienced from my classmates and the fame that slipped through my grasp. Jesus, I even peed my pants. With head burrowed in comforting hands, I pondered the thought of running away to Alaska where I could become a real reindeer, poking around the icy tundra all by myself.

"David, come here and get a hug."

Mom stood behind me, slowly taking in the scene before her. I ran to her like a charging elephant, butting the remaining laughter out of my way. Mom kissed the salty tears from my face, and held me as tight as she could. The silence was broken by Mom's soothing singing.

"... couldn't play in any reindeer games."

*Dave Eisnaugle ('83)*  
*Sigma Delta Phi*



## Gold and Glitter

Like a phoenix  
she arose from cement dust  
to climb the ladder of success  
one rung at a time  
leaving her middle class life  
at the foot of the ladder  
and arrived at the gates of society  
enclosed by a gold-pronged fence  
where she bought a membership card at its entrance  
to country clubs, Neiman-Marcus, Macy's,  
tickets to orchestras, operas and  
got the starring role in an American Express commercial  
the world at her feet obtained with credit cards.

She was a painted, wooden figure-head  
launched into society with champagne  
leading the rich travelers to sea  
where her paint chipped—  
the fame faded and the glitter descended  
to the bottom of the sea  
as her old life ate upon her  
like bugs and worms boring holes  
through her weathered wooden body to the hollow cavity  
where guilt and sorrow dwelt  
deteriorating into a naked log  
as her money ran out  
her membership card expired  
and the credit card bills were due.

*Julia Slack ('84)*  
*Epsilon Kappa Tau*

## Fall of the Rains

I am the horse, you are freedom.  
I run through you, with you, across the plains.  
Together in our own Eden.  
Endlessly running from the rains.

I am the colt, you are thunder.  
I run from you, against you, across the plains.  
With mother freedom at my shoulder.  
Endlessly running from the rains.

I am the broken, you the breaker.  
I run with you, for you, across the plains.  
With a tear, the endless fire.  
Falls the spirit of the rains.

I am the ridden, you the rider.  
I am led by you, your arms, across my mane.  
With the night drawing closer.  
Comes the fall of the rains.

You are the student, I the trainer.  
Here me, feel me, see my pains.  
With a tear, my heart grows fainter.  
With the fall of the rains.

I am the horse, give me freedom.  
To run with you, as two, across the plains.  
Together in our own Eden.  
Endlessly running from the rains.

*Charlie Daruda ('84)*



## Choice in *The Scarlet Letter*

When compared to Emersonian Idealism, Nathaniel Hawthorne's view of human nature represents quite a different perspective. Emerson's basic precept is that man is innately good, and can come to understand and believe in this goodness by becoming more aware of his Self, or his Soul. According to Emerson, man is controlled by the various "Lords of Life," among them Temperament, Reality and Subjectiveness, and can only defeat them by attaining a greater awareness of himself—thereby gaining more control of his Self. Hawthorne, on the other hand, believes that man is already in a fallen state or, in easily contrasted terms, is innately bad. However, even though man is already sinful, he has the choice of improving himself or of becoming even more sinful. As *The Scarlet Letter* begins, the sin has already been committed—the characters have already fallen—and now they are presented with the choice of either improving themselves or of submerging themselves deeper in sin.

Because Roger Chillingworth is not a party in this sin, he deserves special consideration. As the husband of Hester Prynne, he is sinned against, but when he decides to keep his true identity hidden and prey on Hester's partner in sin privately, he commits himself to the action which makes him a worse sinner than they. He says to Hester, "I shall seek this man . . . There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder . . . He bears no letter of infamy wrought into his garment, as thou dost; but I shall read it on his heart" (Hawthorne 1226). Once Chillingworth makes this decision, he engages himself in the course of action that, in Hawthorne's mind, is much more sinful and destructive than the sin of adultery. As Dimmesdale tells Hester in the forest: "We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest. That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!" (Hawthorne 1287-88).

Chillingworth's devotion to this fiendish revenge consumes him utterly and actually changes his physical appearance. He becomes "a striking evidence of man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil, if he will only, for a reasonable space of time, undertake a devil's office" (Hawthorne 1274). As time passes by, the private torturing of Dimmesdale's soul is the fire that sustains him. But when Dimmesdale confesses his sin on the scaffold in public view, this fire is extinguished. Almost immediately after Dimmesdale's death, all of Chillingworth's "strength and energy—all his vital and intellectual force—seemed at once to desert him; insomuch that he positively withered up, shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight" (Hawthorne 1320). Thus, even though Chillingworth is

originally the person injured by the sin and is entirely innocent of it, he is eventually the person most completely destroyed by it.

Of all the characters in *The Scarlet Letter*, Dimmesdale seems to be the one most explicitly presented with different choices. It would have been very difficult for Hester to hide her sinfulness when she started showing signs of pregnancy, and one is not greatly surprised at Chillingworth's actions, but the situation Dimmesdale finds himself in is a bit more complicated. Even though Dimmesdale protects himself from public shame by choosing to hide his sin, this choice is more damaging than Hester's choice of accepting public responsibility for it. He seems to be trapped by his very own nature—he is too weak to confess publicly, and his inability to do so weakens him even more. While his heart and soul weaken, however, he becomes even more effective as a minister and gains much control over his congregation. He attempts on many occasions to confess his guilt, but because of the reverence with which his congregation regards him, succeeds only in deepening himself in hypocrisy. He tells them repeatedly that he is the worst sinner among them, but he does not reveal to them why this is true. By letting his head get the better of his heart, he weakens his heart even more. And as if this were not enough, Roger Chillingworth is devouring his heart, gnawing away at it until he gets to the very essence of Dimmesdale's hypocritical Self.

Even though he is slowly being destroyed by his choice to remain anonymous, Dimmesdale realizes that he must confess his sin publicly if he is to have any hope of being saved. As he tells Hester, "Of penance I have had enough! Of penitence there has been none!" (Hawthorne 1286). By getting up on the scaffold and confessing just before he dies, he can finally be penitent of his sin.

Not only does Dimmesdale save himself by freely confessing his sin—he also saves little Pearl. Throughout the novel, Pearl has been an untame, innocent product of nature, and when Dimmesdale takes her hand on the scaffold, all of this changes:

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor for ever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled (Hawthorne 1318-19).

At this moment, it seems quite tragic that Hester, Dimmesdale and Pearl cannot live together in love, but one must remember that Dimmesdale has hastened his own destruction, and that if he had chosen otherwise the results would most certainly have been different—and would probably have been better.

All of this bring us to Hester. Although Hester probably never had the option to keep her sin a secret, she did have the option to accept



the consequences of her actions publicly. For this reason, she makes the most difficult choice in the novel because it seems like the morally correct choice. By acknowledging her sin, Hester acknowledges her humanity, and this provides her with the inner strength necessary to deal with the mental anguish she is forced to suffer. Hester's motto could be found in Emerson's "Experience": "The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is" (Emerson 1081). If only Dimmesdale had had the strength to acknowledge his sin and his humanity, perhaps he would have been strengthened by it and become an even better man of God.

While Hester does accept punishment for her sin, she never actually repents it. In the forest, she says to Dimmesdale, "What we did had a consecration of its own" (Hawthorne 1288). Hester's lack of penitence for her sin does not mean she is not changed by it. She is changed the most by the result of her sin—Pearl. During the interview with the Governor, in which Dimmesdale convinces the magistrates that Hester should be allowed to keep the child, Hester says of Pearl: "She is my happiness!—she is my torture, none the less! Pearl keeps me here in life! Pearl punishes me too!" (Hawthorne 1245). And after the interview, when Mistress Hibbins asks Hester whether she will go with her that night to see the Black Man, Hester answers, "Had they taken her [Pearl] away from me, I would willingly have gone with thee into the forest" (Hawthorne 1247). Not only does Pearl save Hester from Satan; she is also the product of what Hester believed and still believes to be a very special love.

In addition to Hester's being changed by her sin, the people in the town also change in the way they regard her. Whereas the letter "A" originally means "Adulteress," it later becomes "Able," and even "Angel" because of the humanizing effects it has on her. This, however, does not change her own attitude towards the letter: "Were I worthy to be quit of it, it would fall away of its own nature" (Hawthorne 1274).

At the end of the novel, when Hester returns to Boston and resumes wearing the letter, one might safely assume that Hester's perspective of it has changed. Instead of being a mark of sinfulness, it has become a mark of humanity, of worthiness—and this is a mark that Hester Prynne has earned.

If one had to assign a name to Hawthorne's theory of human nature, he would have to call it humanism. This is perfectly embodied in *The Scarlet Letter*. As opposed to Emersonian Idealism, Hawthorne's humanism asserts that we are descendants of Adam and Eve and that we are, therefore, fallen. We do have the capacity of choice, however, and can either improve or worsen our lot by exercising this freedom.

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*Jerry Thaman ('85)*  
*Sigma Delta Phi*

## **The Mind Sweeps**

"The mind sweeps  
across a rock  
hard illusion.  
And there is a  
wave crest upon  
the lost waters.  
How new is this  
finding.  
The discovery  
of samples along  
barbarism.  
The womb, the  
child and the  
riddle among  
massacre."

*Arif Mahmood ('85)*



## Jingles Pet Shop

### 1.

Bill Stump stood on his knees. He crawled on all fours to the demolished building where a gray and black cat rubbed itself against a big concrete chip. He called to the cat, kissing his own lips and rubbing together his index finger and thumb. "Here kitty kitty." When it jumped up to a piece of drywall close to ground level, Bill leaned far into the foundation and grabbed the squalling cat by the scruff. Minding its extended claws and open mouth, Bill held the cat at arm's length as he wrapped an old shirt around it. He smiled with half his mouth, and his ears, which stuck out like coffee mug handles, reddened with nervous excitement as he walked to Jingles and felt the cat bounce off the small of his back in the old shirt slung over his shoulder.

Bill thought the police were on the lookout for him so he made himself small and hung close to the buildings, looking far ahead and behind him for police cars. He went regularly to school in the mornings to avoid having notes sent to his parents, but in the afternoons he wandered around town, window shopped and ducked into stores when he saw a police car. Bill's parents thought he worked at a newspaper and tobacco stand on the corner of Sub Fixins and Ye Olde Bike and Moped Shoppe, as part of his Occupational Work Experience (OWE). After Bill's first week, however, Mr. Grunfeld, the boss, caught Bill sliding the personalized pipes down his sleeve, buttoning the cuff. If it had been cigarettes, say, or a porn magazine or two, Mr. Grunfeld may have overlooked the matter, but Mr. Grunfeld had made those pipes himself, and had carved the bowls to look like the faces of some very important clients. Bill's OWE teacher, Mr. Washington, got a letter from Mr. Grunfeld saying that Mr. Bill Stump's employment at Ernie's Tabacker Den had been terminated. Mr. Washington wondered about this, not finding this Bill Stump in his gradebook. As basketball coach, Mr. Washington usually spent his afternoons organizing pick-up games in the gym to get an advance look at the new kids before the October cut. He had in fact met with his class only once, the day Bill had stayed home sick, having chewed his breakfast and spit it over the toilet to fake vomiting. Mr. Washington wrote back to Mr. Grunfeld, saying that he had never been notified, to the best of his recollection, of a Bill Stump's placement for employment, and had for all intents and purposes never seen said student before in his life. He did note, however, that because his booth was on the east side, perhaps Mr. Grunfeld would be of some assistance in recruiting a youngster from East Junior High (being from the boy's neighborhood) to come to Battlecreek in the busing program. While writing the letter, Mr. Washington sat on a basketball as a reminder to keep track of time, as the seventh graders

were due out of the gym at 2:50 and the ninth graders due in at 3:00, among whom were six potential starters.

Bill had stopped to look at creme horns in a bakery, and was mouth breathing on the window, despite having just eaten lunch with his dad. The cat rested quietly in its darkness. Bill could still see the tall brown building where his dad worked as a financial consultant. He remembered sinking ankle-deep in the carpeting of the office building, searching the dark halls for his dad's office among the long blank walls and skinny doors with black and white signs but none with Stump. Lost, and by what Bill thought a miracle, Mr. Stump seized him by the shoulders.

Bill expected these coincidences; he even planned his activities around them. If he got thirsty, for example, he would go watch his dad edge the lawn, waiting for him to offer to buy pop. One time when Bill went to a Midget football game, he purposely skipped lunch because he expected Teresa, a cheerleader, to ask him to have Fat Burgers afterwards, though she knew him at school only in passing and thought he must be an OWE, a subtle insult. Bill watched tiredly, leaning on a chainlink fence, as Teresa bounced away into a van with her friends, all smiles.

At the Oriental restaurant where Mr. Stump had taken Bill and Hank, a broker, Bill skipped to the entrance ahead of the other two, and, pushing open the door, squealed that he hoped they could take their shoes off and sit on the floor at a coffee table when they ate. Hank alternately laughed from behind his cheeks and coughed into the handkerchief he pulled from his back pocket. Mr. Stump smiled painfully, turning pale and clammy, as if the doctor in a cowboy movie had just poured whiskey on his open bullet wound. He shook Bill warmly by the shoulders, saying it was an *American* Oriental restaurant. Bill said the waiter looked Chinese. Mr. Stump made Bill tell Hank about the tennis match he and Bill had played on Sunday. Bill thought as hard as he could, but could say no more than that he lost, having been miserably confused by the rule changes his dad constantly made to protect his undefeated record. Bill, according to these rules, was allowed to hit the ball way out of bounds so long as Mr. Stump had hit the ball just a little out of bounds for the second consecutive time on the previous point with the score at 15-30 or 15-40, Bill serving against the wind. Mr. Stump posed self-consciously for Hank as if for a vending machine photo, beaming when Bill told Hank he had never beaten his dad.

It was nearly 12:30 when they finished eating. Mr. Stump would have offered Bill a ride to work but he had forgotten where the boy worked exactly, and was worried to hurt his feelings. He did remember, however, that Bill had said he was involved somehow or other in sales, and that he had replied Bill was a real bump off the log.

Mr. Stump and Hank whizzed off in the Stumps' white Granada while Bill headed away on foot.



Jingles was standing on a furniture crate. He was holding the lid of a cardboard box half-open and tossing in meatscraps to a snake when Bill hopped up the front step and waited a moment in the sun. Jingles mumbled to the snake as if to a grandson not yet able to talk. The snake bobbed and lunged, lashing its tongue for food. Jingles' tiny hand trembled as he felt into a woman's pocketbook packed with stinking raw meat. He sensed Bill Stump in the doorway. Jingles scrunched up his face to smile, showing an arcade of gums with the teeth rotted to the roots, while his puffy cheeks partially blocked his vision. His black toboggan hat, which he always wore rolled up over his ears, shifted as he raised his eyes to see Bill.

Bill reached out the shirt, puzzling Jingles, who wobbled across the wooden floor like an upside-down top, grinning when he saw the shirt move. The cat jumped free and ran under a table; Jingles chased after it with a panting laugh. Holding his breath, he tiptoed towards the table. He carefully sat himself between his splayed feet and pushed forward his head to see the cat hiding. Jingles turned to look at Bill from the corners of his eyes. "I just don't know, Bill," he whispered.

The cat was licking its paw by a peach crate when Jingles got an idea. He slid himself across the dusty floor and tipped the peach crate. The cat jumped, as expected, and Jingles scooped it into the peach crate as if into the mouth of a huge, indifferent fish. He immediately started shoving in meatscraps, which the cat ignored, while Bill, who had become bored with Jingles and the cat, hobbled with the other animals.

Most of them Jingles kept in cardboard boxes or crates of some sort, except Howard the dog whom he kept in the only cage. Bill thought of the place as a pet shop, though Jingles knew nothing of it. Bill rarely spoke his thoughts; he merely associated the abandoned garage where Jingles lived with the pet shops he had visited. As Jingles' hobby was to collect animals, Bill helped out when he could. He would catch strays, or sometimes steal pets from their owners, and bundle them back to Jingles.

Howard, whom Bill had stolen from a three-car family at the north end of town, lay on his side with his jawline pressed against the wire bars. Bill stroked the fur that stuck outside the cage. Howard moved only to leave this cage to stand guard at night and to eat when Jingles pitched in meat. Bill occasionally wondered where Jingles got such a plentiful supply of food for his animals. Bill's ignorance was curious, as he had often taken away Hefty bags full of dead animals' remains, from which Jingles kept the choicest offals. Bill was told that he was just taking out the trash and that he should go to the dumpster behind the used car lot 12 blocks away because the trash service was better there.

Bill appreciated the responsibility. He was planning to show his gratitude by doing something especially nice for Jingles. Bill knew he needed a door. Normally, when it rained or when the wind blew, Jingles

tacked up Hefty bags which he stole from supermarkets by opening the box when no one was watching and wearing a bag out of the store like a poncho raincoat. He did his shopping in a second bag: milk, butter, lemondrops. (He got his bottle from thieves on the street because the food stamps he bought with his welfare check weren't good for alcohol or cigarettes.) The cashiers certainly knew what Jingles was up to; they even sighed when he loaded the Hefty bag with his food. But he shopped only at big chain supermarkets where employee turnover was high and where the young cashiers couldn't bring themselves to tell a middle-aged dwarf on food stamps to put back the Hefty bags. Jingles managed this way to put away some money for old age. He had too much dignity to eat from trashcans.

For days Bill had been stealing change from his dad, who hung his pants on the bedroom doorknob before going to sleep, so he could buy a crowbar to steal a door to surprise Jingles. Of course Bill had first tried to steal a crowbar. He shoved it down his tube-sock, but the elastic had grown so ragged the crowbar fell loose when he bumped his leg on the turnstile, making his break. The chisel-part thumped on the floor without drawing the storekeeper's attention, but when Bill toed-off to run, the whole lanky thing sprawled outrageously, clanging like a lunch tray accidentally dropped in a cafeteria. Mr. Duffy, the storekeeper, reacted like a veteran, sweeping his broom across the automatic door-lock and swatting Bill furiously as if the exterminator had missed one. He asked Bill how he would like to spend the next 20 years to life singing blues up the river, saying he would see to it personally that Bill were tried as an adult. When he had finished, Mr. Duffy flipped back the patch of hair he normally combed over his baldspot, called Bill a damn bastard and told him to get the hell out of his store and never come back or next time he would press charges. Bill shopped elsewhere thereafter. Now, looking at Jingles' doorway, Bill went away to pick out an aluminum screen door. Jingles didn't notice Bill had gone, busy as he was telling the turtle how earlier in the day he cleaned his toenails by softening the dirt in a puddle and scraping it out with a pinkynail he kept long.

Jingles, ready to bed down, lined the furniture crate with Hefty bags stuffed with dry leaves and grass. He used a wastebasket-size bag for a pillow. Howard stood guard. As Jingles slept, Howard curled up in a ball and died. It was still dark when Bill returned with the door. Still excited about surprising Jingles, he tiptoed to the furniture crate and closed the latch so Jingles couldn't peek. Jingles squeaked and yelled irrationally at first, but quieted himself once he heard Bill's voice. After Bill had hung the door, he became so excited he decided to go find a heavy door to complete the set.

"Now don't you go nowhere, all right Jingles?"

"Where the hell am I gonna go, lad? Don't you run off an leave me, ya hear. Git me outa this thing, boy."

"I'll be back in a couple minutes."



"Dammit, boy, git me outa this damn thing, I tell ya. Where the hell's Howard when I needeem?"

"He's sleepin."

Bill was arrested that night for breaking and entering. Mr. Stump was shocked to hear Bill's story:

"I wasn't lookin for nothin."

"Then what were you doing at their house, Bill?" Bill shrugged. "Well why did you want the door?"

"I don't know."

"This is very serious, Bill. You could go to jail."

"Well I didn't want the door. I was just lookin for somethin."

"Did you know these people? Were you at the Nolans' before?"

"Huh?"

"Do you know the people who live at this house?"

"No, I don't think so."

### 3.

Days went by. Still Jingles lay in darkness. He had once tried and failed to tip over the whole furniture crate by rocking it from within. Now he lay doddering and muttering thoughts of chores to finish, projects to complete, dead animals to cut and be rid of. After several days in the furniture crate, he died still worrying about unfinished business, still planning ahead.

A black man with a college education, in the neighborhood to visit his parents, noticed the nasty situation, Jingles and Howard. He made the necessary phone calls. All was taken away.

Bill returned to the pet shop shortly thereafter. He found the place empty except for the vicious stink Howard's rotting had left. Bill too felt empty, afraid that Jingles had been arrested. He knew that if his dad hadn't convinced the Nolans not to press charges he would at that moment be in prison. Mr. Stump had made a strong case for Bill: it was his first offense, he held a steady job, he was a good student. It would never happen again, Mr. Stump assured them. He mentioned Bill's love for tennis, saying that Bill was perhaps looking for a board he could practice his game against. Bill was an upstanding kid, he declared. He would also wash their cars every Saturday for six months. And to make sure the Nolans didn't change their mind, every few Saturdays Mr. Stump would send along a cake his wife would bake with a sheet of investment tips in the center.

Bill pictured Jingles in prison. In Bill's mind Jingles was lying on a pallet with a dark wool blanket. He was curled up in a ball as Howard had been. Every so often he would raise his head from his ball to see the beam of sunlight that slanted through the iron-barred window. He would get up to see the yellow fields that stretched outside his window and swayed in the wind. He would grab the bars and shake them and scream and yell, "Let me outa here!" Oh, thought Bill,

poor Jingles! poor poor Jingles!  
Bill counted his blessings as he ran from the pet shop.

*Timothy McMasters ('83)*

## **At Belsen**

I was there at Belsen  
When Cerberus was at  
The gate,  
With only one head remaining,  
Handing out yellow patches  
And biting off the Jews' feet.

I was there at Belsen  
While farting devils ate  
Child pulp  
And led, one by one,  
The Sunday lambs  
Into Ciampolo's mouth.

I was there  
While the smoke-stacks were spitting  
Human gases into the air.  
Spitting Jewish smoke.  
Spitting my Fathers' smoke.  
Spitting my Mothers' smoke.  
Spitting my Brothers' smoke.  
Spitting my Sisters' smoke.  
And then  
It spit my own smoke.

*Leslie Epstein ('83)*  
*Pi Beta Sigma*



## Horse Show Hostility

I've never been forced to the back of a bus, lost a job because of my sex, or been knifed in an interracial gang fight, but cruel prejudice has paraded under my nose enough times to make my skin crawl. I'm talking about the petty bickering and griping that follows horse shows as vultures follow dying zebras.

If you think it must be awkward for a lone Negro to fit into an all-white high school, or a single Jew to merge with a group of Catholic lodge members, try admitting your love for streamlined Thoroughbreds in the company of tobacco-chewing Quarter Horse cowboys. Although "60 Minutes" probably won't film a controversial segment on the subject of equine racism, this phenomenon disturbs horse lovers who hate to see the fun of showing corrupted.

I have observed classic examples of bridle bigotry at the annual River Ridge Charity Horse Show in Columbus, where I have worked for three years. This all-breed show includes a variety of horses, unlike the more popular, specialized shows that prevail these days. The all-breed show is dying, mainly because the distinct sets of exhibitors cannot get along with each other. Every year at River Ridge, groups of exhibitors whine about the unfair treatment their particular breed is receiving; the hunter people clog the warm-up ring with their practice jumps; the Saddle Horse people spook other horses with their whips; the Arabian people hog the best stalls and then impose their gaudy stable decorations on others. The complaints fill the air, like the bitching of Little League fathers who see the other kids get all the breaks.

The uninitiated observer may think that a horse is a horse, as Mr. Ed used to say. However, Mr. Ed never commented on the quirks of horse owners; horsemen love stereotypes when it comes to those who prefer a different type of animal. A spectator may puzzle over the concept of equestrian stereotypes, but they are as common as an order of a Big Mac and fries. Like any other pigeonholing, they are based partly on fact and partly on exaggeration. At extravaganzas like River Ridge, three main groups avoid the "others" as if they were lepers. I'm not talking about mass murderers here, just people who ride their horses in different ways with different equipment.

The hunter clique is a familiar one to even the armchair horseman. It reeks of Princess Anne, foxhunting, and wealthy snobs who send their daughters to boarding school. These trainers stand in the ring dressed in plaid Madras trousers and bright pink sweaters and don't feel foolish. They trim the horses in a workmanlike style—no flowing manes or tails, no colored ribbons or hoof polish here, please. Other people do gauche things like decorate their animals. One item, besides the well-polished saddles strapping their horses like Gucci belts, sets them apart from the rabble—the jump. Simply riding a horse "on the flat" makes no sense to the country club set; if it

doesn't jump, it *isn't* a real horse. Hunter enthusiasts snub the world that doesn't connect valor and courage with the neat white fences.

Artificially constructed show-ring barriers mean nothing to the Saddle Horse people, though. Their cliched image is all flash and no substance. They transform their animals into large poodles with tail wigs, overgrown hooves and cocoons of blankets that protect the horse from scratching himself on the padded stalls. The horses wear bright ribbons and polka dot browbands; girls caked with makeup and dressed in loud jackets perch on their long backs. Saddle Horse trainers devise cruel methods of torture to make their beasts perform. They add weights to the hooves to gain the desired knee-popping brilliance; they insert wads of ginger in the horse's anus right before show time to make sure he steps lively and carries his tail high. They are shallow because their horses are "unnatural," squawk the hunter people, as if forcing a horse with a 180-lb. man on his back to leap a series of four-foot fences is "natural."

Last, we come to the Quarter Horse fans, biggest in number, but lowest in respectability. These drawling psuedo-cowboys stroll along in down vests and jingling spurs. Their stubby little horses poke around the ring, barely lifting their short legs off the ground. Manes and tails are pulled short, as if by Army regulations, and Western saddles, heavy with silver, straddle their backs. Quarter Horses and their riders occasionally dress up in English attire for hunter classes, but they look uncomfortable and out of place, like round baby dolls dressed in Barbie's sophisticated clothing. Good-tempered prizes to their owners, they remain plugs to the other two cliques, cow ponies who, like their riders, have never seen a tumbleweed blow.

Of course, many more minor categories nurse their images. Arabian and Morgan fanciers try to do it all with their versatile mounts, never excelling in any particular field. Dressage riders carry a European mystique; they pride themselves because they ride as art, not merely to collect trophies. Draft horse and pony breeders are eccentric collectors. Those who ride long-distance endurance races appear simpleminded to the rest of the equine world.

All these sects, in their disgust with the others, fail to look through the cliches and remember the reason they are involved with horses. A true horseman must love the animals. Each man or woman who thrills to an obedient canter or an inquisitive nuzzle on the shoulder shares common ground. The glamorous Saddle Horse, the elegant hunter, and the compact Quarter Horse all eat the same oats. Why can't their owners realize what they share with other breeds and respect their differences?

Horse owners need to grow up and act like adults, especially at shows, the public display of their animals. The horse world takes itself more seriously than it should. To an outsider, the furor must



seem as ridiculous as children squabbling over a game of "king of the mountain" in the playground.

*Charlotte Latvala ('83)*

## Estaciones

Gris sobre verde  
tristeza sobre alegría.  
Pero todo esto cambia,  
como cambia la estación.

Luego es rojo, verde, amarillo y azul  
sobre verde  
aquí nada se pierde  
no hay tristeza  
y hay alegría  
yo nada aquí cambiaría  
si no fuera que aquí  
lo triste empieza.

Gris sobre blanco,  
y sobre gris  
no se porque entristece tanto  
este cambio de matiz.

Es tristeza sobre tristeza,  
pero menos mal aquí comienza  
otro cambio a la alegría  
nadie cambiarlo podría  
porque sin tristeza  
y alegría  
la vida sabor no tendría.

*Alberto Tringali ('85)*

## REVIEWS

### The Artist's Series

The 1982-83 Otterbein Artist's Series has already entertained three diverse poets, and will welcome fiction writer Dianne Benedict in early May. Some of this year's guests have been truly fine poets, while others have decidedly not been.

The first poet in the series was Richard Shelton, who has been by far the best poet to visit Otterbein as part of this year's Artist's Series. His poetry bursts with powerful natural imagery, crafted into tightly-controlled stanzas. Mr. Shelton's performing style was also the best on campus, welcoming the audience to become involved in his works. One particularly interesting piece that he shared with the Otterbein audience was his long, impressive prose poem, "The Bus to Veracruz." If you missed Mr. Shelton's presentation, you missed an opportunity for seeing one of the most talented performers this college is likely to attract.

Sharon Olds, the second performer in the Artist's Series, is unfortunately not the performer or the poet Mr. Shelton is. Her poetry contains more humor than Mr. Shelton's, and her imagery is fairly strong, but her most significant attribute is her aggressively vivacious performing style. I do not feel that I am prudish, but I think her poems about the Pope's penis are beyond poor taste: they are stupid. Her better poems, which are richly American, echoing the spirit of Whitman, are nearly lost among the plethora of her weaker ones.

The last poet to perform this year at Otterbein, Linda Pastan, mixes loosely-crafted images about trivial subjects. True, some of the greatest poetry is written about apparently insignificant matters, but its greatness lies in its power of imagery, craft of language, or ironically far-reaching implications. I found none of these possibilities in Ms. Pastan's poetry; instead I found triviality. Take, for example, her poem "The Printer" that never transcends its lists of type faces. She is a widely-recognized figure in contemporary American poetry, oddly enough; but if you missed her performance, you didn't miss much.

The last author in this year's Artist's Series is Dianne Benedict, who writes short fiction. While I have not seen her perform, I strongly suggest attendance when she arrives. Ms. Benedict's latest book, *Shiny Objects*, contains eight short stories set mainly in the desert southwest. Her economy of language and precision of imagery are nearly poetic in these interesting and imaginative stories. Her fiction is gaining widespread acceptance, and her performance shows promise of rivaling Mr. Shelton's.

This year's Artist's Series has attracted some talented authors and performers; the only really weak point was Linda Pastan's performance. With a more selective screening process, including less importance placed upon popular acclaim and more weight given to



literary achievement, the Artist's Series could become a well-known and respected facet of Otterbein College. As respectability grows, the attraction for more diverse and talented authors grows, giving next year's Artist's Series the possibility of being exceptionally strong. Let us hope that Otterbein may never again hear obscene poems about religious figures.

*John Tymoski ('83)*  
*Pi Beta Sigma*

## **Workshop Theater**

"Huntington's Railroad," a play by Otterbein senior Leslie Epstein, captured the attention of the audience as it entered the theater to the cries and chants of striking auto workers clamoring for a union. As the crowd gathered in the basement of the Campus Center theater-in-the-round, the players carried signs and enthusiastically campaigned for audience participation. That audience found itself somewhat intimidated at first by all the noise and by the demands to sign petitions, but soon it was able to enter, in spirit, the action of the play.

As the plot was revealed, the workers Johnny and Carl played by Giovanni Moscardino and Charlie Daruda brought to life the struggle between labor and management, and showed the audience the tensions and the companionship that emerged from the anxious waiting. Johnny's personal weakness, alcoholism, caused him to lose his place in his beloved union even as his fellows won their battle. The inclusion by the playwright of this personal failure made the collective suffering more believable and the victory of the others more significant. Carl was an equally impressive character—an angry, quiet man, capable both of dreaming over a book of poetry and of standing his ground in the strike. Kitty the receptionist was played by Elaine Pool. She seemed less convincing: the victim of a disastrous life, she illustrated hope. Another outstanding character, Lil, Johnny's wife, showed the pain of the families who had to await the outcome of the strike from the agonizing distance of their homes.

Epstein should be commended for an excellently written and produced play. This brief dramatic work served its purpose in showing the losses many people endured from the Great Depression. It also illustrated the hope that the hard-won union victories of the 1930's

brought to many Midwesterners. "Huntington's Railroad" was, by a landslide, the highlight of the Integrative Studies Festival for which it was composed.

*Kimberly West ('85)*

*Tau Epsilon Mu*

*Karen Gibson ('86)*

## **For Someone**

Our toes strangle grass  
unconsciously, while the forest's knotted hair  
slips silently around our necks  
where we lie. The peasants squat and kick,  
hands on hips. Birds land on the gallows.  
Only our strange moan shuffles through the leaves  
like an escaped inmate  
wheezing at the dogs in his wake,  
someone we'd love and touch.  
We don't know why our faces sag  
as we watch like the animals watching us  
and hug the quiet like a dead lover.  
So we grunt and calm each other,  
jeans and barefeet  
swinging by moonlight,  
ashamed to love more than one.  
Afraid of strange cries when we nibble  
the rope burns of absolutes,  
and our bodies that tremble  
as we listen across the forest.

*Timothy McMasters ('83)*



## CONTRIBUTORS

**Stacey Ciano**, from Cincinnati, is a Theater major. She is in Sigma Alpha Tau sorority.

**Charlie Daruda** has recently switched from a Theater major to an English major and portrayed Carl in "Huntington's Railroad."

**Dave Eisnaugle** is a senior Journalism major who has contributed many of his works to the *Quiz and Quill*.

**Leslie Epstein** is the playwright of "Huntington's Railroad" and plans to attend Miami University next year.

**Karen Gibson** is a French and International Business major and enjoys writing.

**Dave Kimmel** is an English major from Avon Lake, Ohio. He is on the *Tan & Cardinal* staff.

**Charlotte Latvala** is a senior Equine Science major who has a special interest in literature and writing.

**Timothy McMasters** has a double major in English and French. He lives in Columbus.

**Arif Mahmood** is from Pakistan. Another of his poems appeared in the winter "Symposium" issue.

**Julia Slack** will be *Quiz and Quill's* next editor and will be an English Department Representative next year.

**Jerry Thaman**, from Miamisburg, Ohio, is a Computer Science major. He was chairman of Greek Week and is treasurer of the freshman honorary.

**Alberto Tringali** is a sophomore who has spent years abroad. He can speak Spanish, Italian and English, and writes poetry in both Spanish and Italian.

**John Tymoski** is a sophomore English major and a member of Pi Beta Sigma fraternity.

**Mary Wehrle** is a former ADP student. She has contributed to the *Quiz and Quill* previously.

**Kimberly West** has been part of the *Quiz and Quill* staff for a year and a half.

