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SYMPOSIUM



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Editor's Note



We dedicate the winter issue of Quiz and Quill to a Roman tradition, the Symposium. Symposia were elaborate dinner parties which might have lacked good taste but did not suffer for amorous diversion, entertainment, and philosophy. Symposia were the ancient forerunners of the toga party which appears in the movie Animal House. Although Animal House represented one of these parties, Petronius, the Roman writer of Satyricon, made these parties immortal:

Some were slumped against the wall on the floor at the feet of the guests, others stood propped against the wall, while several lay sprawled, head to head, in the doorway...In our misery we wanted to scream for help, but there was no one there to come to our aid. Worse, every time I tried to shout, Psyche gouged my cheek with a hairpin, while the little girl stood over poor Ascylltus with a sponge dipped in aphrodisiac....

In Petronius' book, the main characters, Encolpuius, Giton and Ascylltus, are invited to one of these feasts which is given by old Trimalchio. This aging Don Juan loves to entertain his guests with elaborate courses, such as food cleverly arranged in the form of a horoscope, "and over each sign the chef...put the most appropriate food."

Throughout the book, Petronius provides the reader with the flavor of an elaborate feast and a taste of Roman life. He presents these events satirically.

In another chapter he introduces the priestess of Priapus who discovers the book's main characters and seduces them in the typical Roman style. This book even gives a glimpse of the delights of pederasty in the ancient Roman pursuit of pleasure.

Feast, now, upon the variety of writings that your fellow students have offered. Allow them to seduce you — Roman style.

Juli Slack

P.S. Notice our liturgical colors, purple and white.
We gave up good taste for Lent.

Crazy Ray

Four white walls.
All is mine,
that is within them.
Well, at least what is beyond doesn't matter.

Four dirty white walls.

I sit in the corner
and smile.
When I'm bored,
I move to the other side
smiling back.
I'd tip my hat, if I had one.

Four dirty nice walls.

If I move 'round fast enough,
to each corner,
I have company.
So I'm not alone.

Four of us, talking to ourselves.

One little, two little, three little Indians.
Four little Indians, Boy!!! what a crowd!

Four perfect white walls.

Charlie Daruda

Late Night Lover

Carson nods to Ed
While we lay in bed.
Cathode rays illuminate
her curvaceous slate.
Letterman grins to Paul;
I penetrate Lauren Bacall.
Fuzzy dots fizzle below,
as I hug my shapely pillow.

Dave Eisnagle

The Savage Mind

The word savage rarely means Eskimo women sucking whale blubber, and hardly bushboys shaking their spears while an easy bunny twitches. It's not the axe's bulge, to

"chop corn or chop heads," on a Manhattan kid's coat. Costumed idiots jumping from mango trees on Gilligan's Island come to my mind, who carry off Marianne.

I know few people like to sniff corn silk in Manhattan but I'm still ignorant. Sure, I learned to call myself ignorant but that's small consolation. Small like silk-

worms: how long do they take to spin one pair of those pajamas that glide like orgy butter? Or a penis? Small! Like country stills built from coils and coils of plumbing, where

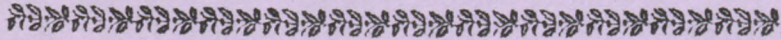
tongues stretch and curl for single drops, slumping at the sugary taste; where you bump yours in as a boa licks white mice quivering in their boots, and softly burps while digesting.

Timothy McMasters

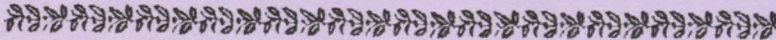
Fragile

Fragile
And beautiful
It rolled like a silent prism
Down my cheek.
Like a brilliant jewel
It sparkled.
Strange...
How something so quiet and lovely
Could represent so many bitter, ugly thoughts
Gently it clings to my chin
And breaks.
If only what my precious tears stood for
Could also
Roll away so gently,
So easily...

Stacy Ciancio



Pining for the Pines



My family settled in a northern Ontario town called Thunder Bay. It qualifies as a city now, with well over 100,000 residents. But in the 1930's it was a harbor port, brimming with lumberjacks and dock workers. Twenty-two miles north of town, over twisting sand roads, lies the lake where the Latvala family has vacationed for three generations. My grandfather, long dead now, bought these two scruffy acres over fifty years ago for seventy-five dollars. A carpenter by trade, he built the cabin and the surrounding buildings himself and called the place Camp Warnica. Our tough little homestead perches on the spine of a hill that overlooks the water.

Arriving after a two-day trip from Ohio every year, I scramble out of the car to greet the familiar landmarks like a child who examines her toys after a long day at school. First, I half-run and half-slide down the hill to the water. "Lake" Warnica is actually a large pond posing as a lake; it is seventeen feet at its deepest point, no more than three-quarters of a mile long, and perhaps a quarter mile wide. Only an occasional loon, beaver, or small boat breaks the calm surface of the water. On the shore, silver birches flutter and jackpines moan in the wind. Wild blueberries, strawberries, and raspberries crowd together underfoot, along with black-eyed Susans. Chipmunks chirp. Perch, walleye, and a few pike swim in the lake, too small to interest the serious angler, but plentiful enough to amuse an amateur like me.

I walk along the slanting, warped dock which tilts towards the water's edge and lends itself to casual fishermen. My grandmother fished here for hours with giant rubber boots on her feet, a wide-brimmed straw hat covering her blue eyes, and a cigarette dangling constantly from her lips. A red rowboat is tied to the dock. I long to take it out on the water, but that can wait until tomorrow. I climb over rocks beside the "beach," so called because my grandfather once hauled a truckload of sand to our shoreline. Most of it sifted into the water, leaving the shore bare again.

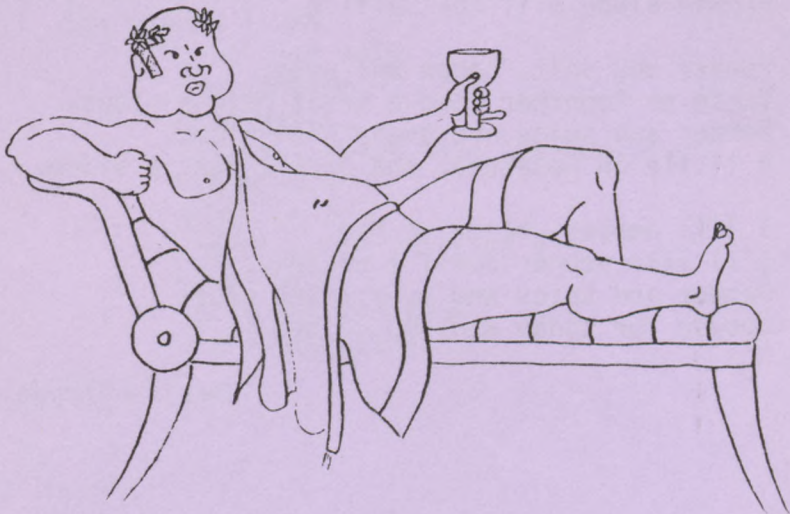
After dangling my feet in the water, I proceed with my tour of the grounds. Walking up the hill, I stop and scrutinize the cottage, which sits amid knee-high weeds and underbrush. The cabin's buff walls are trimmed in a fading paint ironically called "Mansion Blue." I notice the paint peeling on the mansion blue porch, which hasn't been used since the stairs started rotting six years ago. Since all looks well outside, I walk into the living room and smell its musty warmth. Grandma Latvala's hand-made rag rugs still cover the floor. Above the fireplace hangs a bulletin board

covered with three generations of artifacts: moose antlers, my father's knife collection, my sister's tenth-grade picture, a fire poker, and an unpredictable flashlight. A bare table, a wooden rocking chair and a decrepit couch furnish the room. Chipmunks have eaten at the sofa, which is a lumpy seat and a more uncomfortable bed.

Glancing in the cramped bedroom, I see two narrow beds, a chest stuffed with scratchy wood blankets, and a wobbly night-stand. I walk into the long, narrow room which houses both the kitchen and dining room. The kitchen is only a closet-sized area with a two-burner stove and a sink without running water.

I conclude my tour in my favorite spot, the dining nook, where I can lazily eat breakfast and stare out the picture window. The same friendly image of wood and water must have appeared to my grandfather, years before, when he constructed this minor piece of paradise.

Charlotte Latvala



Keeping Secrets

Keeping secrets,
Silent Sleigh?
Sitting on and under
Soft, silver snow.
Still and stationary, then
Sliding over the
Surface smooth,
Severing and slicing,
Yet soothingly
Enticing.

Donna Roedema

A Little Ditty About Pepper

I like pepper, pepper is good.
I like pepper, to spice up my food.
Pepper and spice and everything nice.
Pepper alone will not suffice.

Pepper and salt, bacon and eggs.
These go together like a great pair of legs.
Pepper and spice and everything nice.
A little on potatoes, and bread, just a slice.

I like pepper, black or red.
I'll like pepper until I am dead.
Pepper and spice and everything nice.
Enough for today and now to bed.

Charlie Daruda

The Madman

Who knows the anguish, the pain? Who in the present has tasted the strange fruit of happiness?

This, my friends, is the enigma. A riddle. Today, I was asked about life. Yesterday, or at history, I will be asked about the void.

Plausibility, then, a strange creek of blackness.

Today I am the loneliest among these walls. Upon another time without a sequence, I may become timeless. Who knows?

The madman's diary continues. Hail the sword of the naked warrior. Hail the advent, the crisis. A rigmarole.

"The vanished star.

Mist on the walls.

The squeak of a pen.

An ancient back,
the bones protrude
out of the flesh.

The song of the marrow.

A red lyric,
tuned upon the stone.

The vanished star."

So this is the festival. The ceremonial belongings of the dead. Hail! The madman lives.

"I sit and wait
for another
blindness.

The sand falls into the dew.

The morning
grass then,

covered with the seed of
human want.

It is all too soon.

The music blinded."

No one is without fear. No one is with any one. It is too strange. Can you spell the dream? The seasons seem lost in another son (sun). Another rebirth of the shapeless. Another madman.

"When I walk upon
light; The halls of
seclusion,
there is no return.
I drift away from the poles.
The natural sin, the
embedded belief,
among madness.
Paradoxical patterns
give new meanings.
What then is the
Goal?"

Arif Mahmood

Two Views of Chivalry

Structural and thematic differences exist between Sir Gawaine (a full-length romance) and the Lais (short poems). Although both deal with chivalry and its trappings, the Lais emphasize courtly love, while Gawaine concerns itself with honor. In Gawaine knighthood is celebrated; in the Lais, knighthood conflicts with love. Marie focusses on the many facets of love. The anonymous poet of Gawaine deals with temptation and pride. Both writers offer a fascinating picture of Medieval attitudes towards sexual relationships, noblesse oblige, and proper behavior according to a code, be it chivalry (Gawaine) or courtly love (the Lais).

The Lais are the earlier work, and although symbolism and contrivances of plot are used effectively to illustrate the author's message, a certain flatness of characterization, and

narrative distancing from the action keep the reader from becoming totally involved in the tales. These characteristics are caused by the moral nature of the lais as fables, their basically intellectual (and often satirical) bent. Gawaine comes closer to psychological reality, despite the supernatural elements of the story, because it uses detailed descriptions and subtle metaphors. Gawaine also avoids contrivances, unlike the Lais in which husbands suddenly die ("Milun") and coverlets are recognized ("Le Fresne"). The Magic Castle and the charmed girdle are not devices of the author but of the characters--specifically of the Green Knight, who creates a place to test and a means of testing Gawaine.

Passion is the key to the Lais; everyone succumbs to it in the end, abandoning bonds of fealty and matrimony for a commitment to a lover, usually a secret lover. In Gawaine, lust is resisted--Gawaine's real conflict is with his fear of death, and his downfall (or his pride's downfall) is in his acceptance of the life-preserving girdle, not in his flirtations with his host's wife. The whole idea of the exchange of gifts between the two men repeats the bargain made earlier--the exchange of blows. If one imagined an Eliduc or an Equitan in Gawaine's place, he would have a different story. Gawaine's strength is his denial of desire; in Marie, the protagonists must give in to desire to be fulfilled. Guigemar is the best example. In Gawaine one reads of ideals, not an ideal of love. Gawaine's pride is deflated at the climax; this character change is related to Gawaine himself, whereas in Marie one is presented with changes which come from relationships to others: women released by the power of love (Guigemar, Yonec). Gawaine's quest is personal, and has no clear goal or outcome. In the Lais, the characters' efforts are rewarded: happiness (Guigemar, Le Fresne, Lanval); death (Equitan, Des Deus Amanz); or revenge (Yonec).

The moving force in the Lais, then, is love, an outside power. Gawaine's motivation is personal, a quest for honor which results in self-knowledge. Gawaine is an individual relying on himself, and his own personal actions and choices lead him to his journey's end. In Marie, love is a force stronger than the characters, moving them about in a game of courtly love. In short, Marie's fables remain fables, in spite of their charm and insight, whereas Gawaine is a personal vision of honor in which the hero faces death, is tempted to escape and is humbled. Marie's characters concern themselves with chivalry on the side, and bandy the word honor about. In the Lais, chivalry is a circumstance; in Gawaine, chivalry is the circumstance.

Jim Fippin

Mirror

-Mirror, image you are
everything a person is
Sitting, s glacing,
t
a
n
d
i
n
g,
watching every move-
reflecting who we are.
Clear and concise,
you are a moving picture
Exposing every detail,
lines growing deeper,
Circles l on faces.
o
n
g
e
r

Eyes shallow no more,
bodies changing
Mirror, life
the mirror yellowing,
edges sharp, pieces chipped a

w
a
y

Irreplaceable bits of images
gone.
taking moments... watching time pass
reflections,
captured of our youth.

Kimberly M. West

Marriage

He thought he
Was in love
Until reality crashed
Onto the shore,
The waves infinite:

Constant crying,
Six A.M. feedings,
Strings of slobber,
Stench of diapers
Nagging wife,
Responsibility.

Marriage, family...
Caught in the tide.

Jody Moore

CONTRIBUTORS

Stacy Ciancio appeared in a workshop production of Impromptu. She is an Owls pledge.

Charlie Daruda, a junior English major, has just cut his hair because his father paid him to.

Dave Eisnaugle is on the Tan and Cardinal staff. He has a gorgeous aunt.

Jim Fippen, a sophomore Theater major, recently had an important role in Otterbein's production of Abelard and Heloise.

Charlotte Latvala writes for the Tan and Cardinal, and her major is Equine Science.

Jim LeMaster designed the cover of Symposium. He is also, would you believe, the President of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Timothy McMasters has returned from an internship in England, where he was a librarian.

Arif Mahmood comes from Pakistan. He loves the writings of Camus, Plato, and Nietzsche.

Jody Moore majors in English and has just finished her student teaching.

Donna Roedema, a junior, is a member of Owls sorority. She is on Hanby Hall Council.

Kimberley M. West comes from Hamilton, Ohio, and her minor is Sociology. She has done art for Quiz and Quill.

