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1984 Fall Quiz & Quill Magazine

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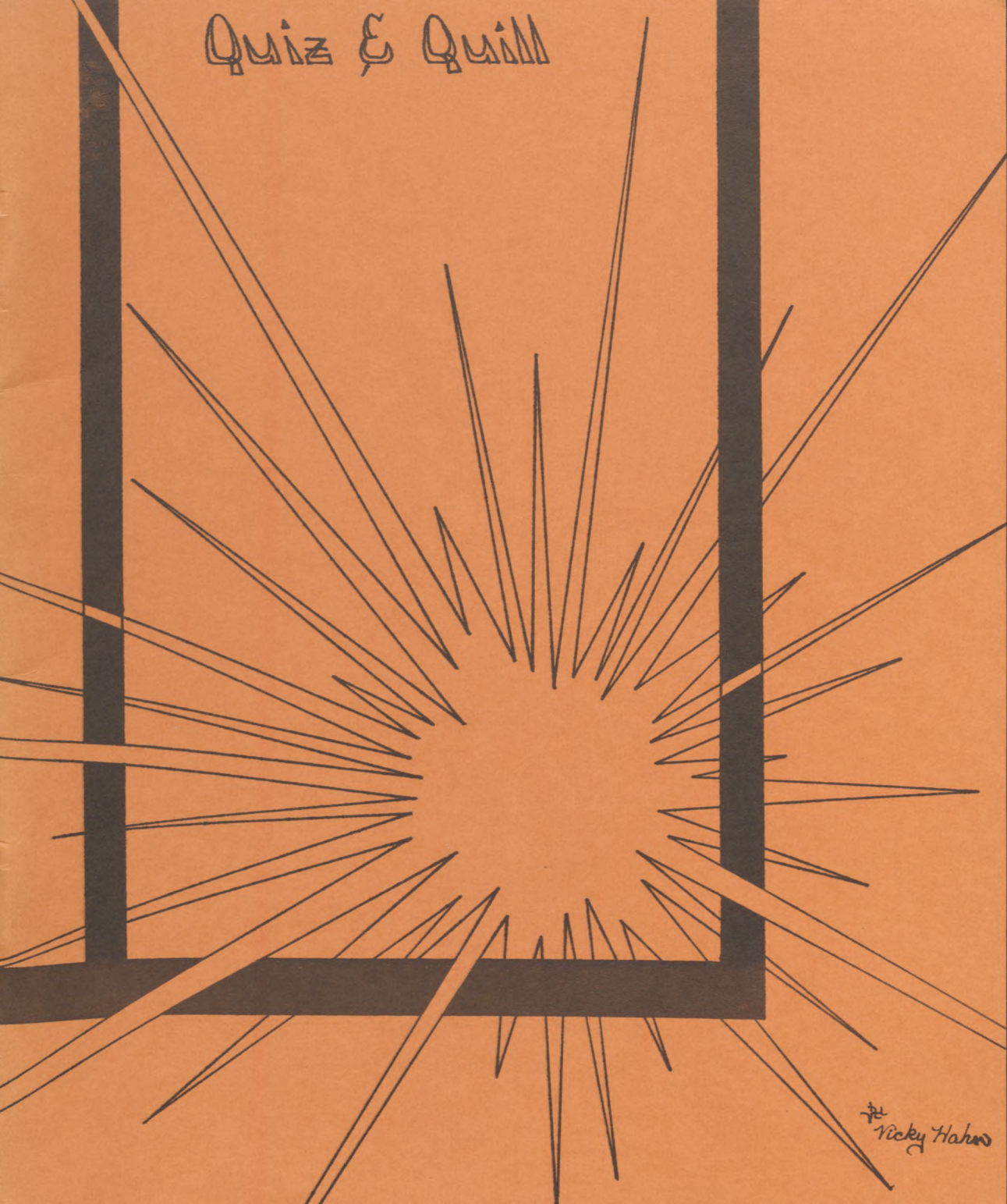
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Quiz & Quill



by
Vicky Habers

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Quiz & Quill

Autumn 1984

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The Quiz and Quill literary club has thus far enjoyed a productive year. Because of renewed interest this year, the club has reestablished weekly meetings. Attendance has been good, and the club has profited from the influx of new ideas. The editorial staff would like to thank all members for their participation.

The culmination of this quarter's activities will be a student poetry reading in the Philomathean Room on the top floor of Towers Hall on Thursday, October 25, at 7:30 p.m.



ALONE

A murmur filters
through the dust--
Children singing
on my grave.

David Kimmel

FOOLHARDY VENTURES

I guess one of the first things that really jumps out of my history would be my weakness in getting involved in somewhat stupid plans that were seldom thought out affairs. My friends and I were lucky to emerge unscathed on several occasions.

One of the first that comes to mind happened when I was just ten years old. My friend, Kevin, and I had just heard that day at school that once all of the earth had been under water. That set our minds to thinking. We were devious little kids, always looking to make a quick buck. Once, we stripped down our new bikes and sold the parts to neighborhood kids. But, that's another story.

The whole world had been covered by water. And what was connected with water in the precious little history we had learned? (mostly garnered by reading comic books)--pirates. Somehow we got the idea that a pirate ship had sunk in a little two-acre pond that we were both familiar with. And with it was a great treasure. We only had to figure a way to get at it.

I take no credit in devising the apparatus we used. I only admit being stupid enough to agree to be the first one to use it.

The contraption, which Kevin showed me about five minutes before I became a guinea pig, slightly resembled a medieval death trap. And, since I was the best swimmer, Kevin persuaded me that I should be the first to try the machine.

The machine was a mechanical wonder. Lengths of garden hose were strung together to make what Kevin jokingly referred to as my "lifeline." The end of the hose was plugged by a cork, to which was attached a standard foot air pump. Upon asking how I was supposed to see under the water, I was given a somewhat crude looking motorcycle helmet with a hole for the hose.

All geared up and ready to go, I dived into the pond with the idea of sighting the treasure and getting out before Kevin had the chance to test his invention.

As soon as I hit the bottom, I knew Kevin was in no danger of becoming an oceanologist. The water he had proclaimed to be "deep" only came up to my knees. Worse, the bone-jarring landing had spun the helmet so that now I didn't know where I was going.

Having had enough for one day, I started plowing towards what I thought was the shore. I was heading for shore, all right. Unfortunately, it was the opposite shore.

To confound matters even more, I could feel waves coming from my side, and hear a steady slapping sound on the water. The sounds spurred me into greater action. It is amazing how far one can traverse in the water simply by moving one's arms and legs in a wild fashion.

Now I was in deep trouble. I had wandered in over my head, and Kevin's invention was in no danger of acquiring a patent. To be truthful, it had somehow wrapped itself around me. Finally, I squirmed out of the helmet and managed to get the garden hose untangled from my legs. This procedure wasn't helped any by Kevin, who was pulling on his end of the hose while I was working on my end.

I got turned around and dog-paddled back towards the near shore. I finally touched bottom, and after what seemed like a lifetime, my chest cleared the water. Finding the breathing easier, I stopped to rest a moment. Then I remembered why I had abandoned the idea of the treasure hunt. Whatever had been after me probably still was.

As I started screaming and flailing at the water while trying to run, Kevin stopped rolling with laughter long enough to inquire as to the nature of my distress. When he heard me blabber something about a monster, he came to immediate attention.

Whether he acted to save me because I was his best friend, or because of the thought that with me gone, no one would be around to test his inventions, I'll never know. I'll always suspect more of the latter, although he swears otherwise.

In any case, he tossed me the garden hose, and eventually we pulled my mud- and moss-covered body from the pond. Then I learned what had been after me. Upon seeing me drift into deep water, Kevin had started to slap the air pump on the surface of the water to alert me to the fact that I was probably going to drown sometime in the very near future, as my airline had come apart from my helmet. Upon learning this, I suggested that he could stick his "lifeline," as he was fond of calling it, somewhere where the sun would never fade its bright green color.

We didn't talk for a few days. It took that long for the greenish tint I had acquired from the moss to fade from my lower body. But, when he came up with the idea that we should form a big-game hunting guide service, I couldn't resist.

Brad Smith

HOLLOW AWARDS

Hollow awards sit
In a glass case
Bolted to the wall
In the cafeteria.
An inscribed plaque
Says in memory of you
From your classmates.

Ten years from now,
Eager students
Shuffling socially
Will wonder
Why you went
and why you wanted out.

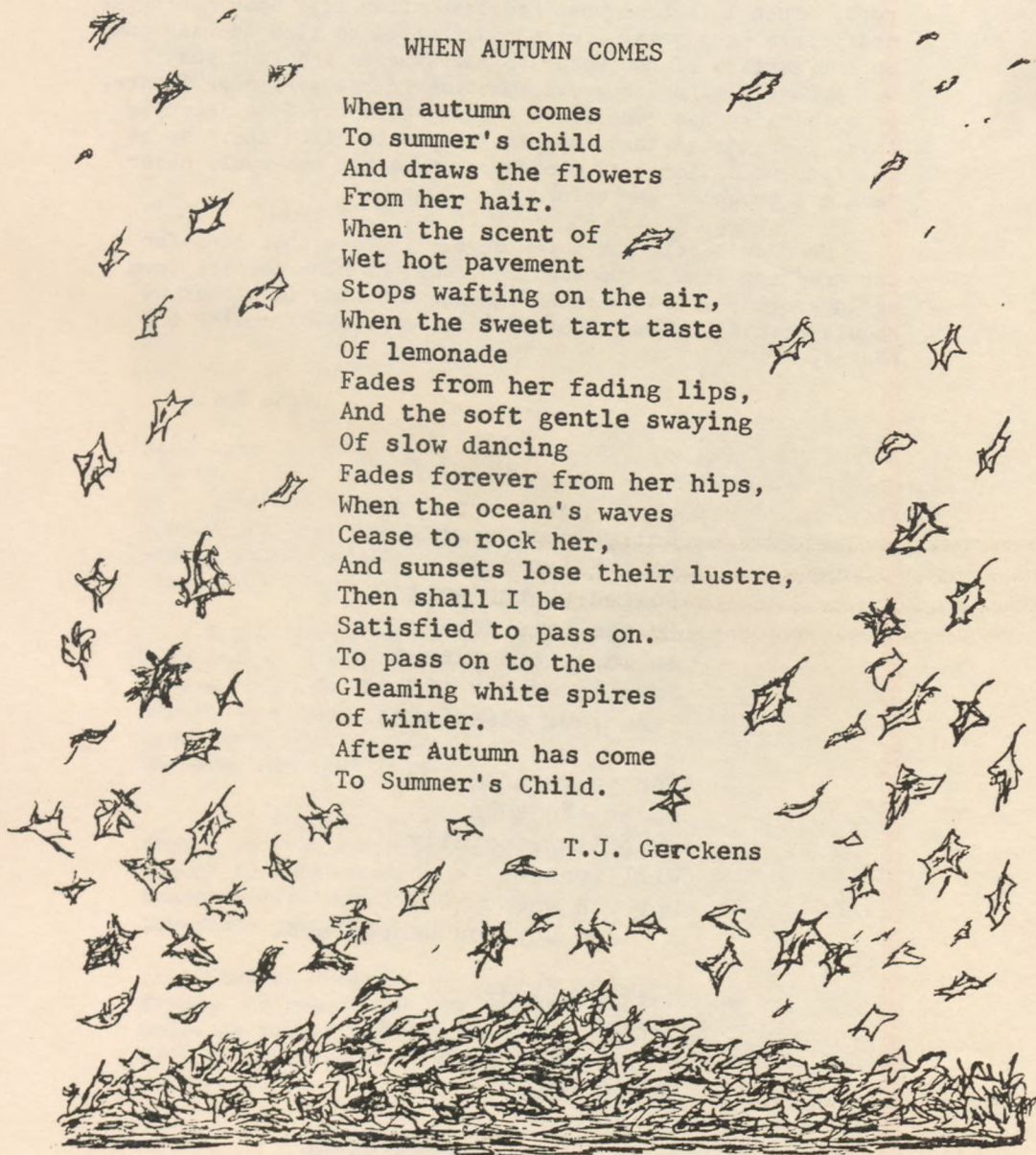
Hollow awards
Sit in a hollow case.
Whose guilt have
We assuaged?

Greg Grant

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

When autumn comes
To summer's child
And draws the flowers
From her hair.
When the scent of
Wet hot pavement
Stops wafting on the air,
When the sweet tart taste
Of lemonade
Fades from her fading lips,
And the soft gentle swaying
Of slow dancing
Fades forever from her hips,
When the ocean's waves
Cease to rock her,
And sunsets lose their lustre,
Then shall I be
Satisfied to pass on.
To pass on to the
Gleaming white spires
of winter.
After Autumn has come
To Summer's Child.

T.J. Gerckens



THE DEATH OF IDEALISM IN TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Troilus and Cressida stands as one of Shakespeare's most disturbing plays. Throughout the play, the virtues of civilization are ground down by reality, until nothing remains on the fields before Troy but unadulterated pragmatism and cynicism. Troilus serves as a personification of vanquished idealism. While the play's other idealist, Hector, is defeated by Achilles' treachery, he stays with his practical brand of idealism until the end. Troilus, on the other hand, must abandon his extreme, though hollow, idealism when the reality around him crushes it.

Nowhere is Troilus' blind idealism, his insistence on living in a world which does not exist, more evident than in his attitudes toward Cressida before the consummation of their love. As he waits for the big moment, his imagination carries him beyond reality:

Tro. No, Pandarus, I stalk about her door,
Like to a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to these fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandar,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I'll bring her straight.
(Exit.)

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round;
Th'imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palates taste indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar?¹

In his first speech, Troilus buries both his lust and any true feelings he may harbor for Cressida beneath mythical rhetoric. That the imagery he chooses is that of the world of the dead is fitting for his sterile view of love. Cressida is reduced to "lily beds" for Troilus to wallow in, and Pandarus, a lecherous pimp, is treated as being on terms with the god of love! Unknowingly, Troilus is closer to the mark in referring to Pandarus as Charon, for the consummation of Troilus' love for Cres-

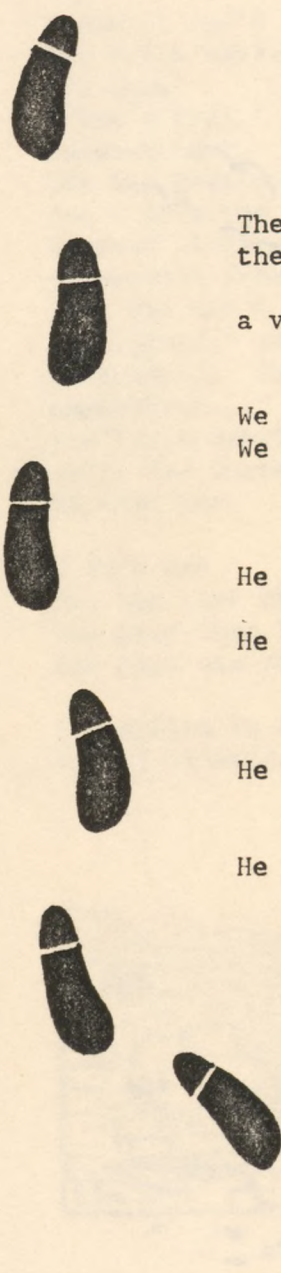
sida is the first step in the death of his idealism. As his second speech suggests, Troilus has built such a towering pedestal for his effigy of Cressida (for he loves his "imaginary relish," not her) that the reality can never live up to the expectation. When "the wat'ry palates taste indeed / Love's thrice-repured nectar," it proves bittersweet, and Troilus takes a step toward the complete abandonment of his idealism.

Troilus' over-blown idealism is not limited to his love of Cressida: its other major dwelling-place is his views on honor. Here, Troilus should be compared with Hector, both in their individual views and in the strength of those views in the face of reality. While both are idealists, Hector's idealism is tempered with rationality and experience. Unlike Troilus, Hector recognizes the futility of fighting over Helen, who "is not worth what she doth cost / The keeping" (II.ii.51-52). Troilus replies, "What's aught but as 'tis valued?" (II.ii.53), which about sums up his idealist view of everything, including honor. For Troilus, war is an opportunity for glory, but after his disillusionment with the reality of Cressida--both in sex and in her activities with the Greeks--he becomes equally disillusioned with his entire idealistic view of the world. He swings completely to the opposite extreme, telling Hector, whom he had earlier scolded for dealing too readily with realism, "Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, / Which better fits a lion than a man" (V.iii.37-38). Though killed by a dishonorable act, Hector takes his sense of honor, however vain, to his grave: "I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage, Greek" (V.viii.9) are his last words.

Hector's idealism, tempered with reason, serves him well. Troilus' over-blown idealism, on the other hand, falls apart when he is faced with reality, and he is left, stranded in a world of realists, like Thersites. In fact, Troilus' denunciation of idealism serves as a pattern for the destruction of the virtues of civilization throughout the play.

David Kimmel

¹William Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, III.ii.7-22, in The Riverside Shakespeare (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1974). All references are to this same text.



PHILOSOPHY

The bell has rung,
the classroom falls silent.

Occasionally,
a voice interrupts the peace
of tension.

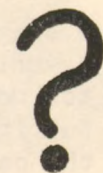
We hear footfalls.
We watch his shadow walk
down the hall
toward our classroom.

He pauses at the door,
mentally tabulating the attendance.
He decides enough
are present in order
to share his wisdom.

He stands at the podium,
sipping his coffee
from a teddy-bear cup.
He places a worn and tattered text
on the table.

He sighs.
The lecture begins,
and the questioning continues.

Demaree Clay



UNDERSTANDING

She lay silent, curled
in a white linen womb.
On my visits to the nursing home,
I had watched her slowly
fade and wither.
Her eyes were glazed with
winter's ice, and
beyond those frosted windows,
I watched her spirit
swell and sink
like the ebb of the tide.
As I approached, the tide surged,
the ice cleared, and a smile
splintered her brittle flesh--
she recognized me.* I
stumbled to her bedside.



Through the window, I watched
barren branches quiver in
autumn's sullen mist.
Trees waved their disfigured limbs
clicking their gnarled knuckles
against the pane.

I held her thin hand.
She was too weak to
return the grasp.
She tried to speak.
Past her throat the ocean breeze hissed;
I could not understand.

A seagull, snared in a crumbling cage,
trembled within her breast,
too weary to spread its wings.
But it waited patiently for
the cage to collapse.

"Sorry I can't talk too well,"
her voice trilled while the tide
was high.

"That's okay," I blundered, "I
understand."

The ice shattered in her eyes,
and I felt the bird
flutter within her trying
to wrestle free.

"No, you don't
understand," she squeaked, "You don't
understand. You can't
understand..."

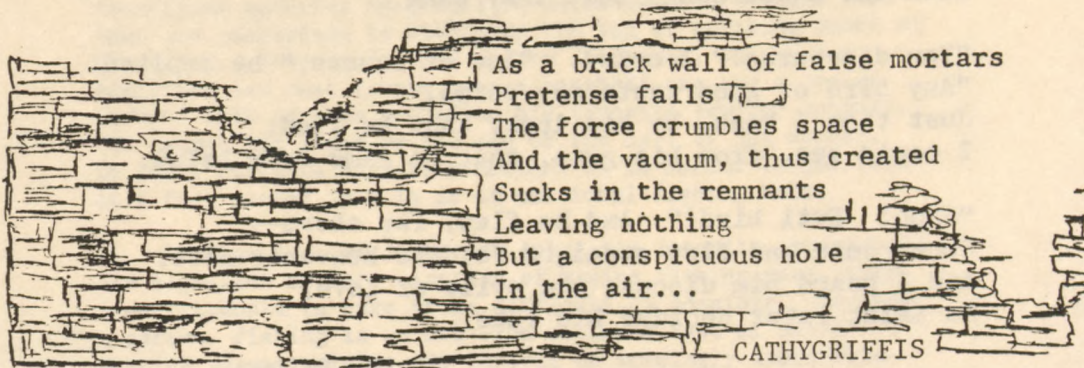
She lay quavering and flapping
until the nurse came
to calm her.

I left her
for the last time.
The next time I saw her,
the cage was empty.

I trembled in Autumn's breath.
Will I understand?



Michael Hitt



As a brick wall of false mortars
Pretense falls to
The force crumbles space
And the vacuum, thus created
Sucks in the remnants
Leaving nothing
But a conspicuous hole
In the air...

CATHY GRIFFIS



THE LONG BIRD

A long, tall bird lit on my book,
And with not so much as a "fare thee well,"
He extended his neck to take a look
To hear what tale the words could tell.

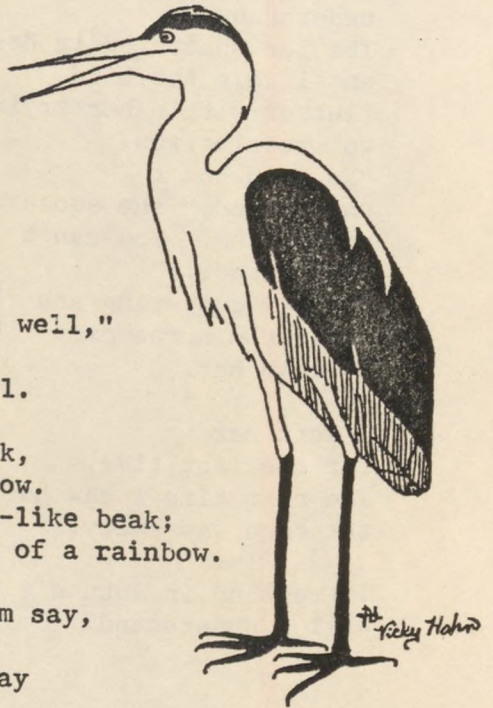
His eyes were dark, his coat was sleek,
As if he had flown with the wind in tow.
I marvelled at the point of his sabre-like beak;
The feathers on his back: the promise of a rainbow.

"I have come," all at once I heard him say,
"From the Isle of North Kimpoohtang.
Where the lady birds wooed me every day
With the sweet songs that they sang."

"You discourse!" I cried. "But of course," he replied.
"Any bird of good taste may do so."
Just then I knew, by his look, that he lied;
I could see, from his grin, that he came from below.

"Shoo! Evil bird!" And he flew, far above--
Spun round and flew straight for the heavenly gate.
And I heard him discuss the evils of love,
As Saint Peter decided his fate.

Brian Driver



THE FISHERMAN

Almost everyone has, at some time in his life, taken part in the ancient practice of fishing. In fact, ever since the first time an ingenious cave man put a hooked bone on the end of a piece of sinew and succeeded in enticing an unsuspecting fish into attempting to eat it, people have felt compelled to try their luck. But from such simple beginnings, the fisherman has evolved into many complex species, and is now vastly different from his innocent ancestor.

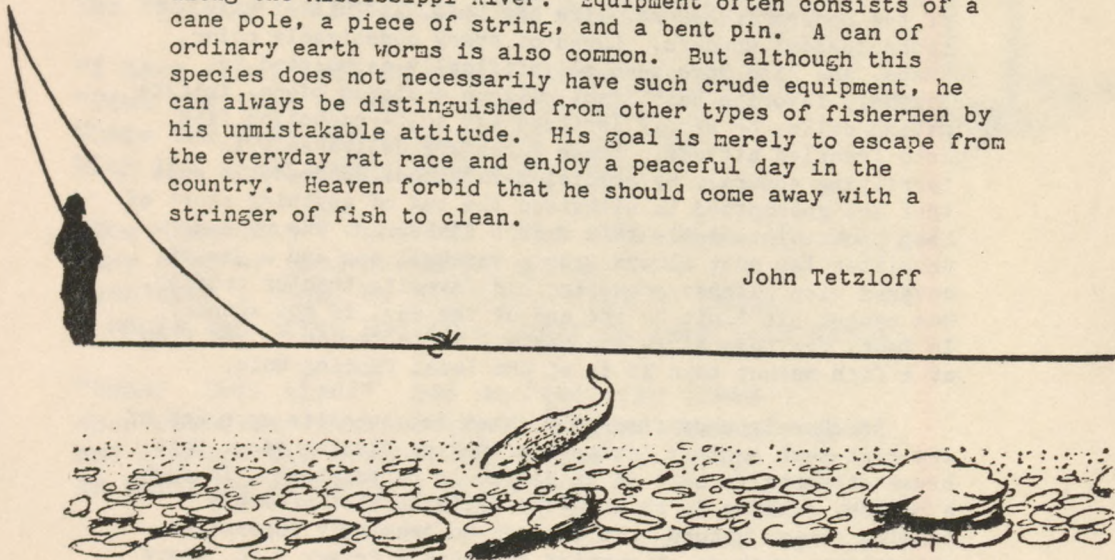
One type of angler that has become more and more common of late is the modern, high-technology fisherman. This species uses every trick that twentieth-century, state-of-the-art science can provide to take all the uncertainty out of catching fish. The equipment of such an angler usually begins with a specialized "bass boat." This engineering masterpiece comes equipped with a raised seat which swivels in every direction, a radar system (affectionately known as a "fish finder") to locate the prey, and an easily-controlled trolling motor that effortlessly prowls about weedy lakes at low speeds, allowing the fisherman the freedom to steer and cast at the same time, and still have one hand free to hold a cold beer. The tackle box of the modern fisherman, like his boat, is full of many technological wonders. Lures of every conceivable color, shape, and size have been scientifically calculated to resemble favorite bait fish, release enticing odors, imitate mating calls, or simply irritate any self-respecting fish into frenzied attacks. These lures are delivered with terrifying accuracy by precision-balanced, unbreakable rods that are guaranteed to withstand the tug of anything short of Moby Dick. Invariably this modern fisherman, who by some unwritten law must always wear a baseball cap and a jacket covered with patches promoting his favorite tractor company, has caught his limit by the end of the day, if not sooner. In fact, for this high-tech master, it is harder to get fish at a fish market than it is at the local fishing hole.

Another type of fisherman takes the opposite approach of the high-tech master: instead of making fishing easy, this breed attempts to make it as difficult as possible. To such a person, fishing is an art--the ultimate test of man's cunning versus nature. He thrives on seemingly impossible situations, such as attempting to catch a frisky 5 lb. brook

trout in a raging, ice-cold mountain stream using 2 lb. test line. This type of angler can be spotted easily: he will be wearing hip boots, a flannel shirt, a hat on which hang his most intricate and expensive flies, and an empty pouch slung over his shoulder. To him, the more difficult the situation, the greater the reward of victory. He may be after the elusive and highly prized muskellunge--which, if through some accidental cooperation of feeding patterns, mating seasons, and celestial alignments, it happens to bite the angler's lure, is nearly impossible to land. Or he may stalk the beautiful and probably fictitious arctic grayling, which is rumored to reside in glacial streams somewhere in the Arctic Circle. But the result is almost always the same--an empty pouch at the end of the trip.

And finally, there is the type of fisherman who is concerned with neither quantity nor quality, but merely getting out of the house and into the great outdoors. This particular kind of "angler" is characterized by a marked tendency to put forth no effort toward actually catching any fish, and a tendency to look a bit annoyed if he is unlucky enough to get a nibble. The classic example of this breed of fisherman is the boy with a floppy straw hat and a piece of grass between his teeth, sleeping underneath a shade tree along the Mississippi River. Equipment often consists of a cane pole, a piece of string, and a bent pin. A can of ordinary earth worms is also common. But although this species does not necessarily have such crude equipment, he can always be distinguished from other types of fishermen by his unmistakable attitude. His goal is merely to escape from the everyday rat race and enjoy a peaceful day in the country. Heaven forbid that he should come away with a stringer of fish to clean.

John Tetzloff



ARTIST'S AUTUMN

Fine and dark the lines of limbs
Etch deep their sombre strokes
Against the landscape tinted in
The life that death evokes.

Opaque, the clouds drift and churn
Within translucent tides
As nature's forces brew and stir
Above. Movement resides

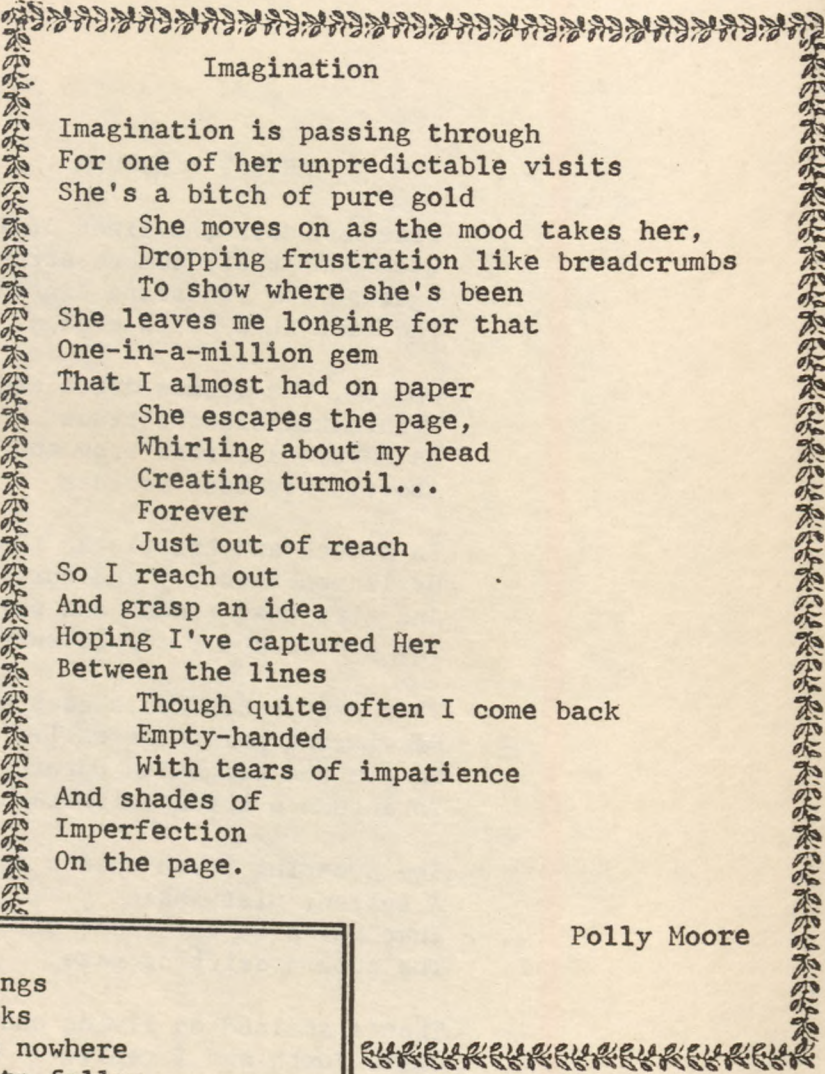
In branch and bristle as they quake
Or leaves that dry and curl;
And fire that floats and shimmers in
The dancescape's supple swirl.

That gently brushes shades and hues
Of vibrant paints of fall.
So dim the bright in burning light
In autumn's strong withdrawal!

The sweeping brush shifts shadows in
A sullen, misty haze
That moves in stillness silently.
The autumn drifting gaze

That's stained on living canvases
Calls forth and I reply.
Forever I can sense the sight
Upon my inner eye.

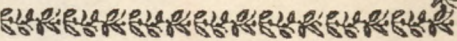
Michael Hitt



Imagination

Imagination is passing through
For one of her unpredictable visits
She's a bitch of pure gold
 She moves on as the mood takes her,
 Dropping frustration like breadcrumbs
 To show where she's been
She leaves me longing for that
One-in-a-million gem
That I almost had on paper
 She escapes the page,
 Whirling about my head
 Creating turmoil...
 Forever
 Just out of reach
So I reach out
And grasp an idea
Hoping I've captured Her
Between the lines
 Though quite often I come back
 Empty-handed
 With tears of impatience
And shades of
Imperfection
On the page.

Polly Moore



Countless beginnings
Torn from notebooks
Alleys leading to nowhere
Tunnels too deep to follow
Open wounds-- aggravated.
In tribute to those pages
Covered with cold thoughts
This fragment I cast to the
wind...

CATHYGRIFFIS

MY GODDESS

Let there be no rules that can witness my thoughts. No rules that can conceal the unreal from the real. All I know is that the white paper on which I scribble in earnest is mine. It is mine to hold, to touch, to smell and even feel to the extent of madness.

I sit upon books and knowledge dwindles. Such is my creation, it is without the aid of a helping hand. It is the Goddess of many longing gods. It is an image of me which I have made to breathe.

And so she lives in my heart and many more to come. The world cannot see her, for she was not made for the world but only for me. She is totally mine.

Whenever there is a gentle breeze across the sun, she appears. She appears only to me in the midst of many voices. In the midst of many questions. At moments like these, I do nothing but smile. Laughter for me is the opposite of pain but the same. For I suffer and smile at the same time without the difference of feelings.

The other day, I was with humans and I saw her from behind the corners of my eyes. They could not believe that I could witness nothingness and be amused. Alas! the essence of madness is only known to me. And I do not wish for such an essence to be common. I am selfish, yes! very selfish. She is mine and only mine. But yet I do not really possess her. It is such a case that makes my pleasure and pain the same.

When one looks at it reflectively, one knows that the pen cannot always say what the soul has in store for it. It is too meager and abstract an object to consider the whole. I cannot say what I want to say. For many, this is a part of their lives. For me, it is life itself.

I shall not tell you the truth about my creation, for then it shall lose the very meaning of its meaninglessness.

I saw her today, as I write my illusion and paint it black. I saw her among many not of her kind. I saw her beside me and within myself at the same time. She has seduced me, for how can the external and the internal elements be the same? If they are, I am a victim of seduction. How ironic can thought become? She is nothing, but mine alone, a part of me and yet she seduces.

I have a lot to say about her. I have a lot to say about you who read which can be considered me. Cherish it! For only in remembrance will you see my present state. You think I am mad, don't you? An uncommon lunatic in front of your eyes. But in spite of such a thought I am living in your mind. Stretch it open and see me for yourself if you dare. If you were a warrior, you would finally commit the ultimate suicide and look me straight in the eye. But you are not; so just suffer instead.

Let me tell you something about my "self." I am tired of being my "self." It is too scary. Have you every heard someone say something like that about his "self"? Well isn't it bold of me to say so? Isn't it a new invention?

Is my writing too common for you? Consider it the commonest among the common. I have written better, but that is better known in being unpublished. I hate people; I hate understanding, too. Both are contradictions in their own way. Nobody yet has understood me; why then should I take pleasure in understanding anything at all?

I am angry at you. Yes! I have been angry since the day I was born. Contempt is the only virtue that I possess for you. Share it with me or live without it. It shall remain. And yet I see her again, my last creation, my Goddess. Let me leave you in your own despair; I have my own to look forward to. Here she comes, comes only to me along with a gentle breeze from the clouds; there is no sun behind her, there is no reflection.

Arif Mahmood

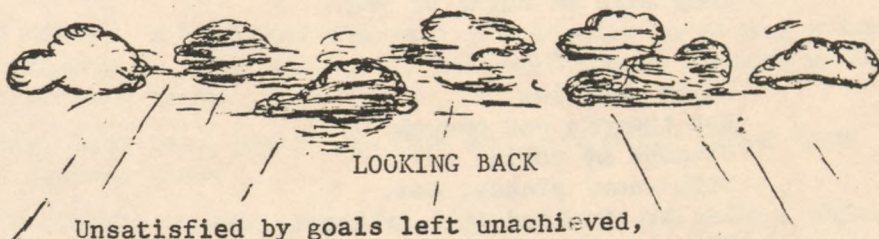
WEEDWHIPPING THE HOLY PLACE



I feel Your Presence
As the rotor twirls
The 8,000 pound test line
Clearing the way for holy feet.

The residue spatters
My clothes, my face.
I am baptized in Love,
The holy castoff
Coating me,
Making me whole.

Greg Grant



LOOKING BACK

Unsatisfied by goals left unachieved,
Her withered countenance revealed her plight.
She realized the role she'd played, and grieved
About the years when truth was far from sight.
A stash of adolescent fantasies
Had been replaced by realistic aims.
Intrigued by thoughts of rationality,
She'd followed truths that were already claimed.
It now was clear that she possessed the skill
To follow goals and dreams that were her own--
Perceiving this she knew that she had grown.
In retrospect she longed to live again;
To see the changes that her dreams might lend.

Julie Lynch

SUITE FOR A WINTER NIGHT IN WESTERVILLE

I

I want to see the stars
On a winter's night
But the lights are
Too bright
And I can't get above them.

I want my soul to run free
On a winter's night.
I want it to soar to the stars
But the lights are
Too bright
And I can't get above them.
Let me see the stars, please, God.
They make me think of you.

II

White purifies
But there's not enough.
Cleanse my world
With snow, please, God.
Let it stay and fill my heart
For there's not enough.

III

The world is sleeping
In a blanket of slush;
Polluting grey mud
Clogging my life,
Emptying my heart.
Send me some snow
From the stars,
Please,
God.

Greg Grant

CONTRIBUTORS

- DEMAREE CLAY is an art major, an ADP student, and a new contributor to Quiz and Quill.
- BRIAN DRIVER is a budding young writer who enjoys talking with short birds as well as long ones. He is an English major.
- T. J. GERCKENS is a freshman theatre major from Grove City, Ohio.
- GREG GRANT is a sophomore English major whose "Suite for a Winter Night" won Third Prize in the 1984 Burkhart Poetry Contest.
- CATHY GRIFFIS, who rarely titles her work, is a sophomore sociology major.
- VICKY HAHN won our cover contest with the design on the front of this issue. She is a senior chemistry and art major who has also done some of the art work inside the magazine.
- BETH HELWIG, a freshman elementary education major and a new member of Quiz and Quill, has contributed several drawings to this issue.
- MICHAEL HITT is a junior English and psychology major from Dayton, Ohio.
- DAVID KIMMEL, a senior English major, likes the Towers chimes. He is a regular contributor to Quiz and Quill.
- JULIE LYNCH, the Assistant Editor of Quiz and Quill, is a sophomore Speech-Communications major.
- ARIF MAHMOOD, a senior business major from Pakistan, is the ultimate paradox.
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