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Metamorphosis
amorphosis
morphosis
phosis



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The Met·a·mor·phosis

A publication
of Quiz and Quill
Winter 1984



Editor's Note

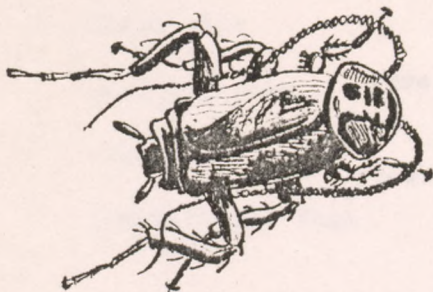


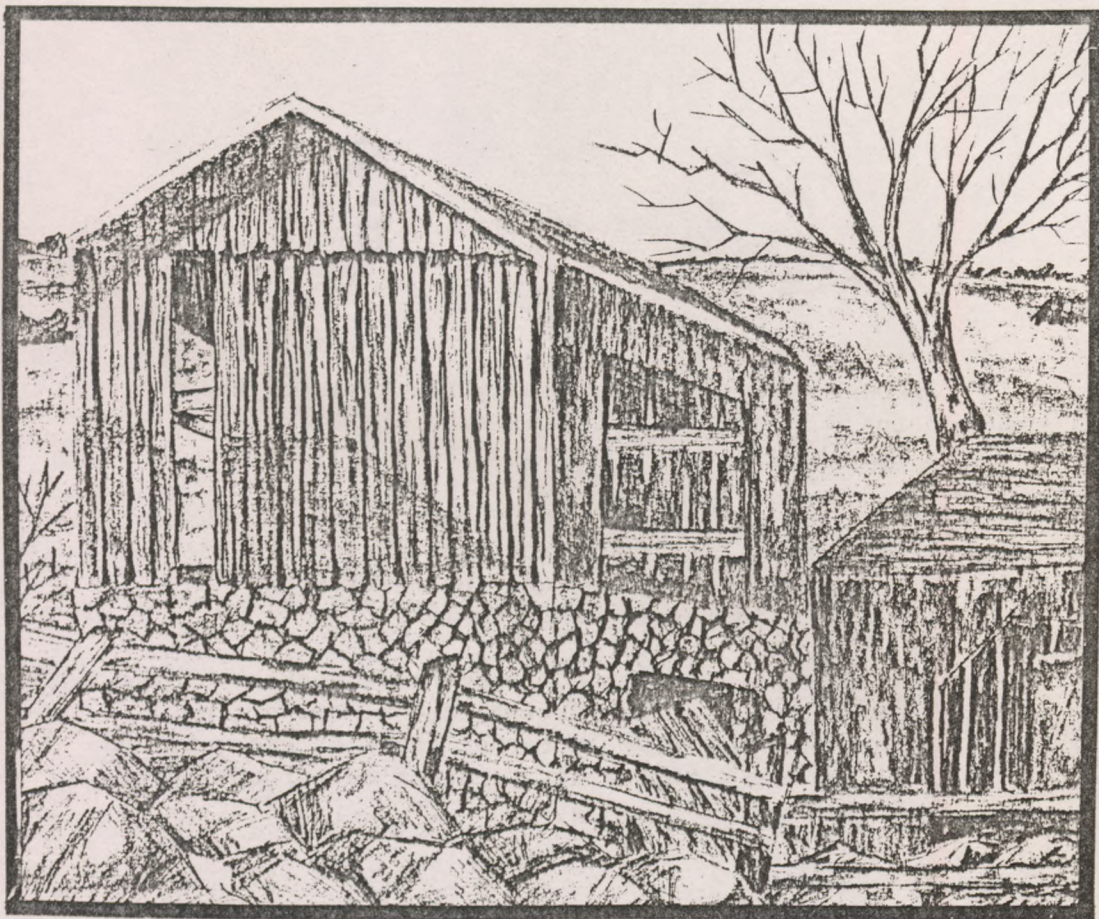
"The Metamorphosis" is not only the title of the winter issue of the Quiz and Quill but is also the title of a story by the philosophical novelist Frank Kafka.

However, unlike Kafka's story about a man who is mysteriously transformed into a cockroach, our title signifies the transformation of the magazine and the changes that have taken place since its reawakening in 1982.

The Quiz and Quill does not resemble a cockroach except that it seemed small, insignificant (and almost extinct) to our campus and audience. We would rather think of the Quiz and Quill as being like a butterfly, breaking out of the cocoon which once encased it.

Julia Slack





"A Haiku"

A harsh summer storm
Three weeks of pain, misery
I feel the thunder

Craig Summers

The Met·a·mor·pho·sis

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NIX

Words mean nothing
And what is more,
Actions are but words
Encased in a body.
The artisan of speech
Is merely
An emperor of nothingness
But feelings are all that is tangible.
And
After the end of time
Emotion will exist
Without the human race,
Without action
Without words
Everlasting
Alone

Beth A. Deiley



The Desert of Age

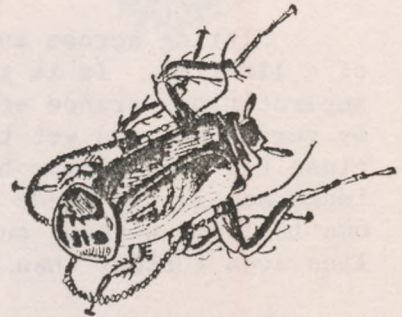
Sitting across an empty street I look into the seclusion of a lifetime. Is it true that the dark faces believe in the superstitious trance of the past? When was I ever free to handle my very own? And yet there is talk of freedom as if it sat so close by. The mirror behind the eye tells the truth. Even the image across the shade is thought-provoking. But to handle one's own is life; without such knowledge the meaning of a recollection lies even further than a dream.

It is the coldness which shows the street, like an endless "desert of age." And metaphors spill along the segregated fragments of the human touch. One can never believe how selfish one becomes. All this is mine. Even the pain is my very own child without a womb to feed on.

The desert entices me. It is unthinkable in its vastness. It is as vast as the ancient tale of love once told. But the only difference is that it is not a lie. It is the mirror behind the eye which tells the truth. Ah! The lovers land, how sacred it once was. The very meaning changes if one looks at it from the angle of eternity. It is not true that I cannot find my very own, but to handle your own is a different matter. One can never get over such an age; it is too vast even to step on. It is unlike the moon, closer and yet unthinkable to reach in totality. One can predict the conquest but never live to see it.

What becomes of life then? Is it just the metaphors that count? And I can see the smirk on the faces of all who know me and I can see my very own smirk from within that says, "They do not know you."

" 'It is still lighted,' I
say and the eyes
smile as if nothing
has changed.
But when one looks
across seclusion,
there is no sanctification
to nourish the soul.
Hands, unwanted and
materialistic, talk of the
land which had no
skies.
And I see it in the
smiling eye.
One day they will talk
of life, which was not
their own."



And the empty street strips my very own thought into a
parable: "It is hard to handle your very own, but it is still
harder to see the difference." It is the coldness which shows
the street, like an "endless desert of age."

Arif Mahmood

Tappin' the Tight Skid Rap

He muttered a few words
as if he were Brando playin' the scene
as if she would of never believed
She knew just what to expect
as he quietly tapped his cigarette
tappin' to the rhythm of the tight skid rap

So she played along
as he raised his collar to the wind
he was totally surprised by her cool and ease
But she was just as anxious
to play second fiddle
but not in this orchestra
So why not just
make it easier and
admit defeat
and promise
you won't talk about me
you won't talk about me

Say here's your chance
to up and escape it
To drop the tired burden
work your way around it
what a perfect fit
What an entwined reversal
Tappin' the tight skid rap

All the kids on the block
work out the roles and write our dialogue
nudging each other and betting on who's next
All the time we knew we were being watched
Yelling from two feet away
so's not to misdeal any cards
so's not to really get attached
Tappin' his fingers to the
Tight skid rap
promise
You won't talk about me

Giovanni Moscardino

The Metamorphosis

Madeline Krumm woke up one morning
from a particularly sound sleep
to find that she weighed 280 pounds.
She lay on her back like a tortoise
and tried to move her arms and legs.
They were like tree stumps
and the fingers and toes were splayed out
like huge sausages.

"Oh my God, no!" she bellowed.
(Her voice had a deep resonance
that jiggled her flesh
like water on an airplane wing.)
"How will I ever get out of bed?"
She began to roll back and forth
slowly at first, then gaining momentum
she finally threw her body off the bed
like a side of beef
and, mercifully, landed on her feet.

"What ever will I wear?" she sobbed.
She remembered the wrap-around skirt
her mother had made her for Christmas.
By pinning it carefully along the two edges
(it didn't wrap over any more)
She was able to conceal her lower body.
But what about the top part?
She remembered that there was a plastic poncho
under the seat in the car.
Swathing herself with a bedsheet
she waddled out to the car.
With a few pins at the sides
the poncho covered her
with an inch or two to spare.



She surveyed the effect
in a full-length mirror:
her hair seemed much shorter and thinner
spiking out over her upholstered shoulders.
Her eyes looked like yummy little raisins
in a sea of porridge.
And her body looked like a huge green pear
hanging heavily from the tree.
She stepped into her bedroom slippers
like pink bows on two loaves of bread
and hurried (in a manner of speaking)
out the door.

"I can't let anyone see me this way!" she fumed.
So before she reached the college
she turned off down a side street
and parked behind the candy store.

I'll take the three-pound box," she said
trying to sound casual.
On the way back
she didn't even slow down
to go over the railroad tracks
which set her sea of flesh in motion
like a lake-full of jello.
She was in a hurry to get home-
she was, you see
very, very
hungry.

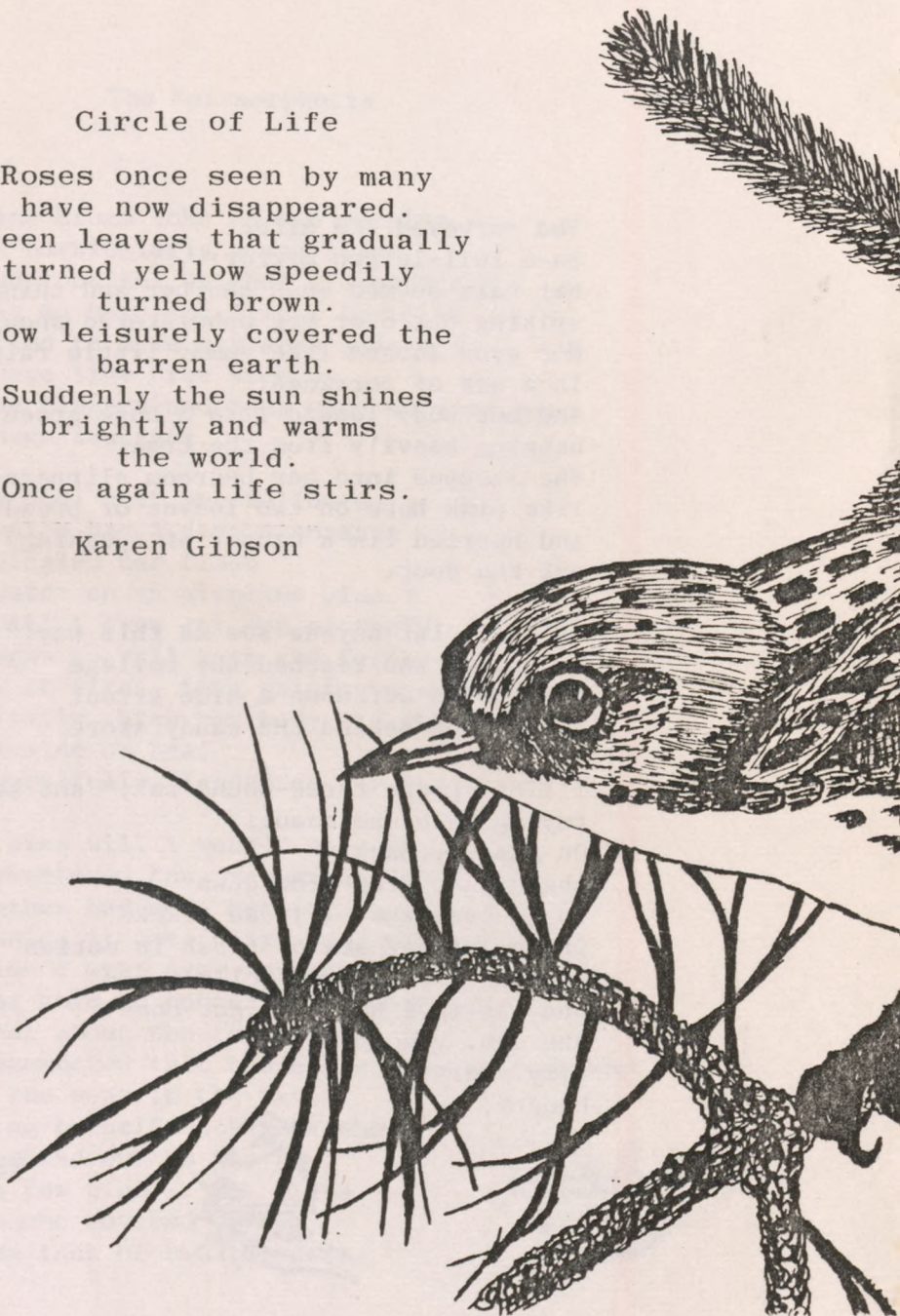


Mary Wehrle

Circle of Life

Roses once seen by many
have now disappeared.
Green leaves that gradually
turned yellow speedily
turned brown.
Snow leisurely covered the
barren earth.
Suddenly the sun shines
brightly and warms
the world.
Once again life stirs.

Karen Gibson





In the Fields

He stops the car along the ditch.
I click off the radio, and the music dies
So quickly it seems never to have been;
And the fields lie hushed before us.
The black earth is freshly frozen;
The mud holds stiffly in its troughs and ridges,
Making the hike easier.
The two of us steal quietly through
Broken cornstalks, bent over to the earth
Like dry and withered bodies, bowing to a forgotten god;
The sky is gray and the wind strong;
A hint of flurries--snow before long.

We stare at the ground before our feet,
As the wind takes our warmth from us,
And we steadfastly march across the fields.
I hear the grove--the new winter wind howls
Through empty limbs of oaks and maples,
And rustles dry underbrush below.
It is in the woods that the trap is set.
As we approach, we lift red faces to the wind:
The gray trees melt against the impending darkness,
And waves of dried leaves sift between trunks,
Set in motion by the brisk wind.
No other sound; in the fields there lies
A silence of things hid from eyes.

He leads, black pistol pointed boldly at the sky.
As we near the edge of the woods
No sign of life--all, in fact, seems dead and gray
Until--a bright flash of orange
In the underbrush, and we ignite, and are
Running across the last field.

The fox springs, a bolt of graceful orange
Fire rushing through the dry brown leaves
That is jerked violently to a halt;
As the chain pulls taut, he's snapped around,
And wildly hurled back to the ground.

The trees loom in front of us like pillars of some
Dark and ancient fortress. We stumble and trip
Across the uneven ground. If only
We can get to the wood's edge, we will be close enough
For a clear shot, that will not spoil the pelt,
And will give us fifteen dollars apiece.
He raises the gun as the fox springs again.
This time I am close enough to see the face--
Snarling, terrified, bewildered--and,
The back leg pulling taut once more,
White bone shines in orange fur;
The steel jaws slip; he tumbles through brush,
Rolling to his feet, and shooting
Through the grove, flashing orange, crashing leaves;
And then, only the distant echoes flee
And the fox, once more, through woods runs free.

"Damn," he says in a whisper that is
Instantly carried away by the wind;
And lowering the unfired gun, he sets the trap again.
We return across the fields, and the wind
Screams as night falls, with the fury of a beast.
Soon snow fills the air, blurring,
And I can see neither the road before me
Or the grove behind,
Nor earth or sky, in swirling gray.
I am neither angry that the fox escaped
Or happy that he's free;
I think just of the screaming,
And the city, where I flee.

John Tetzloff

The Meaning Behind "A Hunger Artist"

Franz Kafka's "A Hunger Artist" is a narrative representing conformity and rebellion. This tale of an artist of fasting is compelling, thought-provoking, and applicable to all artists. We are all artists in our own way. We all have some talent to present to others for their acceptance and their approval. A hunger artist, not unlike a literary artist, has a talent to share, and in presenting this art form to others, he may run across many difficulties familiar to all artists. These conflicts arise from the artist's interaction with his impresario, his feelings about himself as an artist, and his audience and its reaction to his art form.

Throughout the story is an ever-present, yet subtle reference to the influence that the impresario, or manager, has over his employer, the hunger artist. For example, during his fasts, many spectators try unsuccessfully to persuade the hunger artist to end his seemingly meaningless fast. Only the impresario, when he sees fit, can convince the hunger artist to submit to his wishes and terminate the fast.

This manager is interested not in the artist, but in the popularity of the artist's creative talent. His attitude toward this talent is quite business-like. (The impresario's only concern is that the artist continue to create.) He never seems to wonder or even care about why the artist is taking the trouble to create. This business-like attitude is illustrated in the story many times. One example is this passage:

The longest period of fasting was fixed by his impresario at forty days. . . . Experience had proven that for about forty days the interest of the public could be stimulated by a steadily increasing pressure of advertisement, but after

that the town began to lose interest, sympathetic support began notably to fall off. . . .¹

This attitude shows little, if any, concern for the well-being of the hunger artist.

Another example of this business-like attitude of the impresario is when he apologizes publicly for the artist's behavior in reacting with an outburst of fury to a sympathetic spectator. This apology shows no emotional concern for the hunger artist. He never even worried about why the artist yelled. He just knew that it happened and what he had to do about it. Judging from the manager's actions, he wants no more from their relationship than business. It must be difficult for the artist to try to perform when the help he gets from his closest associate, his manager, is not the encouragement to enrich his art form, but only the tolerance of it as just another business.

The artist's conception of himself and his art form is also an obstacle that the artist must overcome in projecting his craft. The question "why" comes up very often in the story. The hunger artist seems at times to be very perplexed by this question. Throughout the story he even attempts to answer this challenge, and his answer varies according to many factors, such as the audience's reaction.

At one point in the story, the hunger artist comes to the conclusion that he fasts for the satisfaction it gives him. He gains a feeling of fulfillment when he fasts, and this feeling may truly be felt only by him. The author

¹Franz Kafka, "A Hunger Artist," reprinted in Richard Abcarian and Marvin Klotz, Literature: The Human Experience, shorter ed. (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1980), p. 166. All further page references are to this anthology.

states ". . . [the hunger artist] was therefore bound to be the sole completely satisfied spectator of his own fast" (p. 166). He also gains satisfaction from the fact that his fasting is making the audience suffer, because he doesn't particularly like his onlookers as a whole. He thinks that they are only there to watch a show. They not only don't understand the reasons behind an artist's actions, they don't even want to know them.

Although the hunger artist's reasoning at the end of the story seems quite shallow when compared to the explanations he has given earlier in the story, it is still a personal reason for fasting. Here he states simply ". . . [I] couldn't find the food I liked" (p. 171). It is hard to understand the logic of such a simple answer after such involved ones have been discussed. It seems somewhat symbolic of the artist's giving in to his strictly business-like impresario and his superficial audience.

The hunger artist feels that he works honestly. This is his conception of his art form, and it shows respect for his craft. When his audience is so shallow in its response to his craft, he is bound to feel cheated. As Kafka states in the story, ". . . the hunger artist was working honestly, but the world was cheating him of his reward" (p. 170). This must be a difficult barrier to overcome and would seem to cause an inner conflict for the artist. It may make him wonder if performing his art is really worth all the hard work it entails.

Lastly, the artist's relationship with his audience is complicated by its response to him and his craft. Its attitude is easily influenced, can change at any time, and often does. The story illustrates its attitude as going through a gradual, but definite change.

In the beginning of the story, the onlookers seemed in awe of the hunger artist and his fasting. They had a lively

interest in him and were excited about what each day held in store for him as he fasted. This appears to be symbolic of the people's real fascination by death. It's not unlike the excitement that accompanies being scared. The people may be very frightened of death, and yet they want to experience death even if it is as onlookers. This experience gives them a little more security about death so that when it is their own time to face it, they will have some grasp of what death is all about. This attitude keeps the people watching and wondering about the hunger artist. It challenges them to question the artist and keep a heightened interest in him. This makes the artist feel superior and motivates him to continue his fast.

However, the audience is prone to changing attitudes as the hunger artist's novelty wears off. The audience begins to realize the solemnity of death and becomes intimidated by it once it begins to see value in life. The onlookers become obsessed with life's vitality as demonstrated in the sprightly panther that replaces the artist at the story's end. This obsession is opposed to their fascination with death's hidden secrets at the beginning of the story, as demonstrated in the hunger artist. It is a complete turnaround of the audience's attitude and excludes the artist. Without an interested audience, he loses his desire to perform and then retreats from the world. He has been dependent on the audience for his livelihood, and when he discovers that "he was only an impediment on the way to the menagerie" (p. 170), he thinks of himself as second-rate. An audience's changing attitude is hard to live with when its opinion is important.

"A Hunger Artist" is a story within a story. Its use of symbolism and visual imagery illustrates ideas beyond the literal. The points raised may help us as artists to recognize and overcome the conflicts we all face as we project our own art forms to our audiences.

Julie Lynch

The Theatre People of Otterbein College

The theatre students of Otterbein College are a group as wide, varied, and multicolored as the profession they are training for. Theatre people generally come under three distinct categories. There are what I call the "outlandish," the "a star is born," and "The actor." Each of these categories represents a definite attitude towards the world of theatre, and invariably towards the world itself through outward appearance and the odd and often hard-to-understand personalities. I sound as if we're calling off the categories for the Oscar Awards.

The first little band of performers we see dancing about campus--and believe me, they are not hard to see--are the "outlandish" actors. The typical "outlandish" actor is adorned in the latest fashions which one rarely sees outside of a New York, New Wave bar. There are the skin-tight satin pants in blinding pinks and purples tucked away into a pair of swash-buckler boots and topped with the skin of some poor unfortunate leopard, all held securely in place by safety pins which hardly look anywhere near what the Surgeon General calls safe.

Next there are the actors and actresses who strut around in their "Lazarus" hand-me-downs, singing show tunes, and looking as if they are in a perpetual state of "showtime." These are the "a star is born" actors. One of them may fly by, avoiding imaginary fans and autograph hounds, like a meteor which lights up the sky. Oh well, sooner or later that meteor will hit the atmosphere and burn out. But don't get me wrong. There are some very talented people in both the "outlandish" and the "a star is born" categories. Sometimes you wish they would wait until they are in a picture tube or on a silver screen before acting like a National Inquirer candidate.

Lastly, there are the often-overlooked theatre people who rightly deserve the title of "The actor." These are the men and women who generally look like you and me, with maybe an

occasional leg warmer about their ankles. They are seldom seen, or should I say noticed, unless onstage, where a wonderful character shines forth through the ordinary covering called a human being. "The actor has no need to go leaping about the campus center as if in a dance sequence from "FAME" to show off his or her talents. The appropriate place for "The actor" is onstage. Offstage each can be a real, tangible person and not the star-studded cut-out who recites Shakespeare when asked "How are you today?"

I am not cutting down on these people, nor taking sides, because, despite the apparent differences among these theatre people, there is a bond which holds them together. They are striving for the same goal, whatever that may be. It is interesting, though, to watch how they go about achieving that goal. Yes, strange as they may seem, I am, I must confess, one of them. Despite the strangeness of the theatre people, we are, after all, only human.

Charlie Daruda

Still Life

Nothing is left inside me.
All the nerve endings,
tissues and muscle fibers
Have just been scraped out.
I feel nothing--
no pain, sorrow, grief
no joy, passion, no love.
All that's left is flesh
--numb and lifeless--
hanging on the edges of
my body.

Karen Frye

Darkness finds half-lit talents
Where clowns retire
And no one admires

Futile attempts

A lost art, or at least a forgotten one where lazy men
Make no sacrifices

And just caring doesn't cut it

Craig R. Summers



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Michael Blankenship is a senior theatre and art major and staff member of the Quiz and Quill whose art has appeared in past issues.

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Craig K. Summers is a theatre major who is known by his friends as Thor.

John Tetzloff is 5'10", 150 lbs. with brown hair and green eyes and is available Saturday night.

Mary Wehrle is an ADP student who won Honorable Mention in last spring's Quiz and Quill for her poem "The Metamorphosis."