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Fall 1987

### 1987 Fall Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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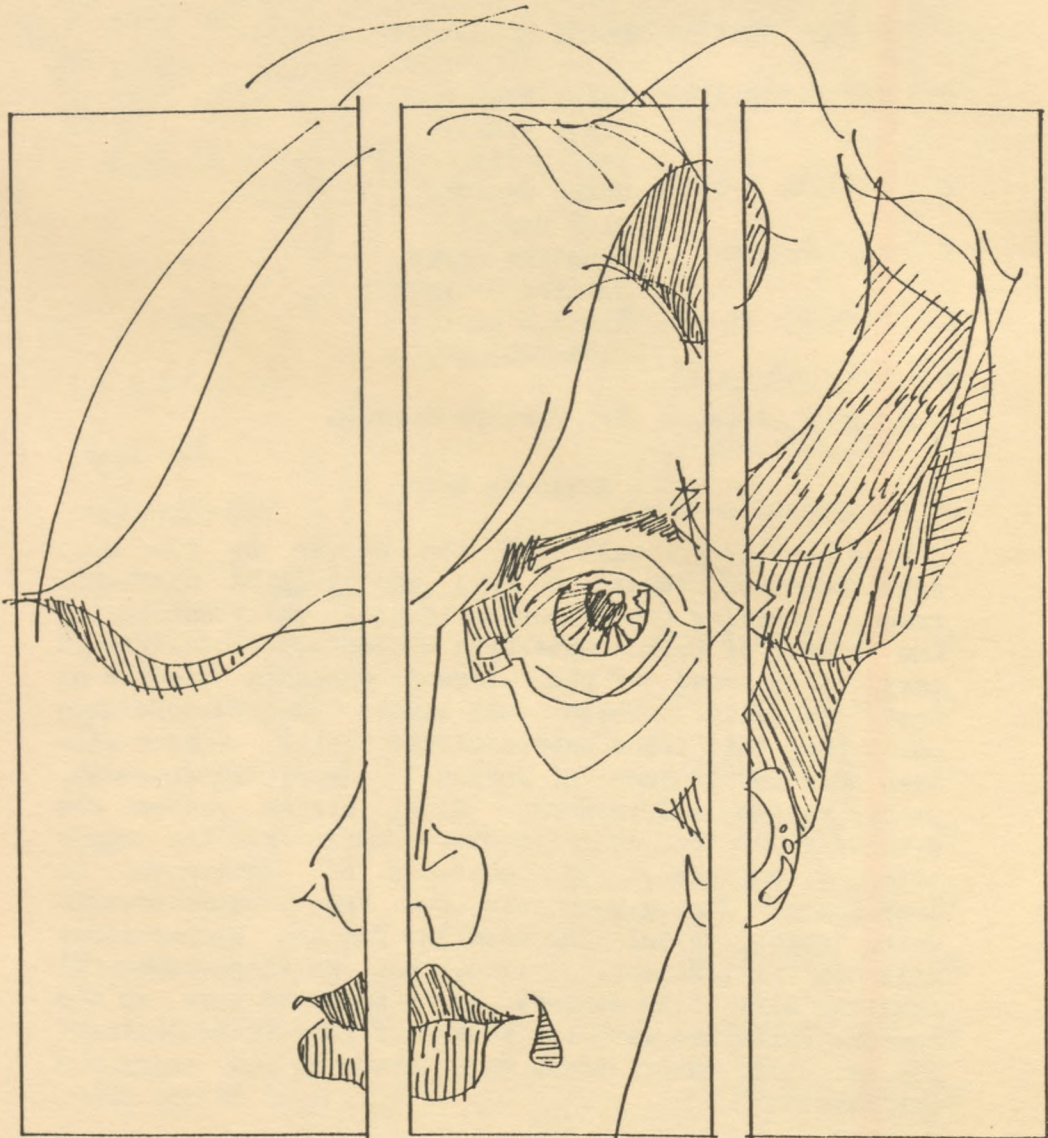
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#### Editor's Note

I hope many of you will find the answer to the much asked question, "What is Quiz and Quill?" with this issue. Striving for universal appeal, while showcasing the talents of fellow Otterbein students, is not always easy. I am proud of this issue's contents because of their diversity. While fall always turns people into poets (and this issue substantiates that!), we have also been able to include a personal essay, short story, poetry review, and artwork. Also, please notice the diversity of the contributors. This is the campus literary magazine, and everyone is encouraged to contribute. During your six week break, take time to write, write, write! Our deadline for the Winter issue will be in January. Also, the writing contests' deadline will be in January, so be sure and pick up the contest rules the last two weeks of fall quarter in T-205 or T-303. Until then, keep studying and enjoy the holidays!

Otterbein College  
Westerville, Ohio

Vickie Kayati



micki

EQUINOX--A MEDITATION ON NORTHERN AUTUMNS.

I breathe ghosts into the cold morning air,  
The souls of autumn  
Rising from my lungs, and from the rivers  
And lakes, that through Spring and Summer  
Swelled in renewal.  
The water is still now, exhaling fear  
Of the inevitable freezing.

Autumn is a time for reading, not speaking.  
It is a time for looking, absorbing.  
The season for slow poems,  
Scrolls unrolling and calmly surrounding us.  
In every direction we reach  
We touch time.  
It tumbles from the trees, an acrobat  
Suspended in the air for longer  
Than we thought possible.  
Time, now, can slink across the grass  
To Autumn's adagio melody.

This music is slow, smokey blues in a minor key.  
Played on us, tactile  
Like the chill in the air, or  
The subtle lament of the rising ghosts,  
Departing souls, a slow slide down  
Into another season.

CATHY GRIFFIS

## CELEBRATE

It's not for us to mourn his death,  
But to celebrate his life.  
Not with tears,  
But with smiles.  
No matter how short the moment  
Or how far off the memory,  
He touched us.  
It's those moments and memories  
That are priceless to us now.  
He lived with enthusiasm--  
Filled with the spirit of the Lord;  
Facing each day  
And living it to the fullest,  
Without forgetting  
The lessons of yesterday,  
Or losing sight  
Of the dreams of tomorrow--  
Yet always, always making today better.  
For this we dare not mourn,  
But do as he did--  
Celebrate.

Mary McKean

## WIN OR LOSE

Perfection or near perfection.  
Such an idea exists  
In the minds of children.

Bigger, better, best, and first  
Are all words of the same language  
That are all Greek to God.

There is no place in life.  
There is no trophy for the best.  
There is only life, death, and the hereafter.

To win for the sake of winning  
Is to lose in all of the things  
That you stand for.

For the love of money.  
For the love of victory.  
For the love of GOD.  
I wish we could just all lose for once.

Michael S. Highman



## THE HOLY CITY

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Wandering through beast-trampled streets, I stay close to my father, excited, eager, yet a little bit in awe of the scene. The bazaar is overflowing with people pawing and clawing, buying and selling, laughing and gibbering in a fluttering stream of foreign tongue.

The smells mingle. Incense coming from that tent over there, sweet, clinging, pushed around by the hot breath of people, is mixed with sticky perspiration of mules and the odor of those damp, wool blankets upon their backs. People upon people swarm like flies on a dead fish. I don't think that indoor plumbing is a major part of this culture. (My nose tells me that much!) Clean merely means "Blessed by a rabbi."

This ancient city, encased by a crumbling wall, holds the saga of a people who claim Yahweh as their God. We continue through the streets and come across a building dilapidated enough to be from Solomon's days. Solemnly, through the archway and into this domain, a bent figure wanders. He clutches a prayer book to his bosom as if it were his very soul. And from where we stand, hidden in a shadowy corner, we hear snatches of the murmurings that are meant for his God alone. Yahweh is his God.

Down the alley, two small, olive-skinned boys skitter out of the door of a house and down the street. We see a woman come out upon the stoop and peer after them. Left in a cloud of dust, she raises her arms in frustration. Her words are foreign, but her tone is universal. "Dear God, my God! Help me raise these boys!" we imagine her words to be. She prays to Yahweh in maternal vexation.

We leave the alley, eager as all tourists are, to see the next sights. We are still in awe of ancientness. We want to be sure to stop at that Kosher bakery. We have yet to see the remains of King David's shrine. And where is the Wailing Wall? Temples, synagogues, priests! Everywhere, that incense permeates as the people pray to their God.

My father and I wonder what sights to capture next; our wonders are fulfilled. Down another alley, a way that we almost missed, I see a man, a man clothed in khaki and holding a gun. Yahweh is his God.

Jennifer Olin

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#### COMPLAINT

I can't write funny poems today.  
The air is forcing down my eyelids.  
This pen won't dance.  
My hand is not a worthy partner.

Other days, my red nails tapdance  
Across the paper.  
I write with glue and sprinkle glitter.  
I make posters of my poems  
And my name at the bottom  
Is the biggest word on the page.

Today, though, I play with awkward blocks  
Cut to odd angles.  
I try to stack them into poems,  
But they fall flat  
And make annoying noises.

CATHYGRIFFIS

## AFTERTHOUGHTS

Sleepless nights,  
    and unconscious days--  
The sunlight serves to amaze us  
    and cast doubt upon dark acts gone before,  
    when  
Hasty hands  
    and trembling hearts  
explore desperately parts of the soul  
    hitherto untouched by such possibilities of splendor.

Passion, my friend,  
    is a funny thing--  
Morning may bring with her  
    a mantle of deception to ease our silent denial,  
    but

We know--

I know--

You should know

    that our untold story,  
    though not a tale of glory by blue moonlight  
    need not be of anger, nor regret...

and perhaps tomorrow we shall laugh together again.

Kathryn Barnhardt

## AMATEUR FILM ACTRESS

"Lithuanian Underground," I answered the phone one boring Friday night.

"Vickie, is that you?"

"Depends on who wants to know."

"It's Paul. Paul Kovach."

"Hey, Paulie! How're you doing?"

"Fine, just fine. Listen, I need you to say yes."

"To what."

"Look, I'm in a real bind, and I need a really big favor. Promise me you'll help me no matter what. Please. I've called everyone else I could think of, Vic."

I felt like the Last Chance Motel on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, but I nodded and said, "yes."

To which he replied, "Oh! I love you! I love you! I knew I could count on you!"

Bewildered by how quickly I had risen in his eyes, I asked him what I was to do.

"Oh, it's no big deal. Some friends and I are making a movie at Ohio State, and we need you to be in it."

"Excuse me," I shot back in disbelief.

"Like I said, it's no big deal. Just a twenty minute movie short we're doing for our final project."

"You want me to be in a movie! Good God, Paul, I can't even act!"

"You don't have to," he said just a tad too enthusiastically. "I just need a body, I mean an extra, in two scenes. Besides, it will be a great learning experience."

"Oh."

My adrenaline shifted back into low gear. Okay, I admit it. The thought of acting in a college movie short terrified me, but it also excited me. I have always had a love affair with live theatre and movies. Like other culture deviants who live in theatre houses, I have always longed to be the actor on the stage or screen. I live for the moment when the lights dim and the curtain opens. Thanks to Paul, for a brief, shining moment I had visions of center stage and my name in lights--albeit small letters, but . . .

However, the reality was he just needed an extra body for filler. Believe me, I have plenty of that! At 5'6" and too many unmentionable pounds I could take up my share of empty space. What the hell, I thought, a small part is better than nothing. So I said, "Well, I guess I could do that. Where and when?"

"Tomorrow morning. Nine a.m. The front entrance of Drake Union. Thanks, Vickie. You won't regret this. I promise. I love you!"

"Yeah, yeah. They all say that. Next time give me some advance notice, okay!"

As I lay in bed at three a.m., nervous about my upcoming inconsequential screen debut, I realized I'd forgotten to ask what the movie was about. I spent the rest of the morning fantasizing several plots.

My favorite was the love scene (whose isn't?). A male latin lover, Ramone, is trying to seduce the unsuspecting and willing leading lady, Victoria. He starts a slow, rhythmic dance which brings her close to him and then turns her out and away, just so he can pull toward him again. Then the rhythm picks up and they dance the fox trot, the swing, and finally a wild rumba that reaches a shattering crescendo and ends with Victoria lying atop Ramone on the floor, her head on his chest. The music slows down and she methodically inches up his body, deliberately grinding into him until her lips are in line with his, and they kiss passionately while the lights slowly--and I mean slowly--dim.

Since this was my fantasy plot, I went two steps further. First, I decided the only person who could play Victoria the way I had fantasized her was me. Second, the leading man had to do two things extremely well: kiss passionately and dance well. It's sad when a man thinks a passionate kiss is two sets of lips pressed together. However, worse is the man whose dance repertoire consists of variations of that dreaded hip-jolting dance--the "bump." I'd rather not dance at all, thank you very much. In my perverted mind I continued my fantasy by conducting numerous auditions for the male lead until my alarm rudely interrupted me at seven a.m.

I pulled myself out of bed and into the shower, while systematically viewing my mediocre wardrobe in my head, and muttering obscenities at each article of clothing. Nothing seemed "just right" for my one moment of fame. Finally, time became a factor, so I threw on my blue and white striped blouse and my slimming white skirt, which would look fantastic with my baby blues, and headed for Drake Union.

There was no sign of Paul at the entranceway, just a long-legged girl with long, curly brown hair, and a body that was crying out for the Playboy centerfold.

"Hi," I said politely as I tried to slip by.

"Hi," she said smiling. God, even her teeth were beautiful. "Vickie, right? Yeah, you fit the bill. Paul's, um, friend."

"Yep, that's me," I smiled back, thrilled I had filled the bill.

"Good. Follow me. I need to get you ready for the scene you're in. My name's Barbara. Everyone calls me Barbie," she giggled.

That made sense to me. "So, what's this movie about, anyway?" I asked.

"Paul didn't tell you?"

I shook my head no.

"Well, it's called 'A Disease for Mankind,' and it's set in the future. It's got a really neat concept. The government is involved in disease warfare. That's Richard's idea."

"Who's Richard?"

"Paul's partner. My future boyfriend. He's gorgeous! And smart, too. He can give you the details. I never worry about them. All I need to know is my part."

"What part do you play?"

"Well, none yet. But Richard will make me the waitress. Count on it."

"The waitress?"

"Yeah. She picks up the diseased soup and gives it to the wrong person. I think Paul and Richard decided on a little kid."

"How disgusting!"

"Hmmm. Great, isn't it?" She stopped outside a women's restroom. "You'll be part of the kitchen staff that's in the background. We need to get you in costume," she said as she knelt over a brown grocery bag. Much to my horror, she produced a shiny, white one-piece suit with an elastic waist and built-in sticky, rubber bottomed feet just like sleeper pajamas.

"Excuse me, but does that come in super fat?" I asked sarcastically.

"Don't be silly! It's one size fits all," she replied and then giggled.

"There is no way my body is going to fit in that contraption."

"Sure it will. It just won't blouse out like it does on me."

No kidding, I thought.

Inside the bathroom I struggled into the white plastic costume.

"You see," Barbie said smiling, "I was right. It does fit."

"Yeah, with no spare material!"

No matter how hard Barbie tried, she couldn't convince me I didn't look like the Pillsbury Dough Girl. I decided I was not going to be seen in public, and I vowed to kill Paul the first chance I got.

However, I soon learned Barbie was very persistent. She introduced me to Mr. Guilt and gave me hell for letting everyone down.

"People are counting on you. The production would be held up while we tried to find a replacement."



It worked. I meekly mumbled, "what the hell," and waddled out the bathroom door. In my mind, I was planning a slow, torturous death for Paul.

My eyes were glued to the floor as I made my way into the Drake Union's kitchen, where the first few scenes were to be shot. A deep, sexy voice aroused my attention, and my eyes slowly inched up a sleek, tanned body with black hair on his legs and arms until they came to rest on his face. Ramone! He mesmerized me with a beautiful smile, and then walked right by me to . . . Paul!

I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. Was I really standing in the same room with Ramone dressed like the Pillsbury Dough Girl? A fate worse than death. I was flustered. I was frantic. I was furious! I turned to Paul with a murderous look on my face and was met head on by Ramone with Paul at his side.

"So, you're Vickie."

"Uh, yes."

"Well, it's great to meet you. My name's Richard and I'll be directing all the scenes today. Thanks for helping us out at the last minute."

With that, Ramone, er Richard, walked away. To hell with Barbie, this was going to be my next boyfriend!

Paul took one look at my face and knew he was in big trouble. Just then the telephone on the wall next to me rang.

"Get that, will you, Vic," Paul asked.

I glared at him. "Drake Union Water Tower. Which drip would you like to speak to? Yeah. He's right here. Paul?"

"Yeah. Uh-huh," Paul said into the telephone. "It's all taken care of. Yeah. Goodbye." Paul turned to me. "Well. Listen, Vic. I have to help set up the lights and sound for the first kitchen scene, so I'll see you a little later." He turned to go.

"Paul Kovach!"

He stopped, turned and smiled. "Yes, Vickie."

"How do I look to you?"

"You look great."

"What do I look like to you?"

"What do you look like to me?"

"Now dammit, Paul, admit it. I look like the Pillsbury Dough Girl."

Paul started laughing and saying things like, "That's ridiculous!", "You're crazy!", and something that sounded like I "was too good to be true." Just as my hands reached for his neck, Barbie intervened.

"Hey, you guys! Paul, you're needed by the ovens to help with lights and sound. Vickie, Richard would like a few words with you. He's in the dining room."

Paul scurried toward the ovens, while I hesitated just long enough that Barbie decided to be my escort.

"Hey, it's no big deal. Richard just wants to tell you what you'll be doing."

She led me through the kitchen's swinging doors into the dining area. Richard was busy giving directions to four or five people, but when he saw us he motioned them away and came over. I hoped I wasn't drooling. Did this man know he'd spent the night in my fantasies?

"Here she is, Richard." Barbie put her hand on his buttocks.

"Thanks, hon." He kissed her on the cheek. I wanted to throw up. "Vickie, great. Listen, Barbie said you were wearing a blue and white outfit earlier. Is that correct?"

"Yes," I answered tentatively.

"How long would it take you to change back into those clothes?"

"Five minutes!"

"Great! Now--have you ever acted before?"

"Um, not really, but I'm willing to try anything."

"Great! You'll only have to learn a few lines. I want you to be the waitress."

"Richard!" Barbie whined.

"Yes."

"I'm supposed to be the waitress."

"Barbie, you're my production assistant. You're not in this film."

"But . . ."

"Come on, we've been through this. Now run along and find someone else for the kitchen staff. Okay, hon?"

Barbie glared at me and stomped away.

"Now, where were we?" Richard asked.

"The waitress."

"Oh, yes. Did Barbie fill you in on the plot?"

"No, she left the hard part to you."

"Basically, the government is giving healthy people shots containing a deadly disease. One of the outpatient guinea pigs finds out what they're doing. She decides to get her revenge by giving the disease to the government scientist who has been administering the shots. Her plan is to get a job as a cook at this restaurant where he always eats, cut herself and drip the diseased blood into his food--for the movie it will be soup. Her plan will be working smoothly, until the waitress comes into the picture."

"Right. I serve the diseased soup to an innocent little kid."

"Right. Your job will be to pick up several bowls of soup in the kitchen, put them all on the same tray, go out the swinging doors, and serve them to the innocent, young boy instead of the bad government guy. Got it?"

"I think so."

"Good. Go get changed. Okay, everybody, we'll be shooting the first scene in the kitchen in five minutes."

I strutted out of the dining room and down the corridor until I got to the bathroom and saw my face in the mirror. One word from Richard and I thought I could be an actress! Oh well, this film wasn't going to be nominated for Best Picture anyway. I threw cold water on my face, slapped my cheeks, changed into my slimming outfit, applied my cranberry lipstick, and forged ahead into the great unknown.

I strode into the kitchen with my head held high and my shoulders back. Unfortunately, I walked in to general mayhem and people shouting "we got more cable around here somewhere." Richard and Paul were arguing over a camera angle, and Barbie was trying to calm down the cast by singing, offkey, "The sun'll come out tomorrow . . ." What kind of amateur production had I gotten myself into?

Fifteen minutes later someone found the cable. Thirty minutes after that we were ready to shoot the first scene. I was to enter from stage left carrying a silver tray, put four bowls of soup on it, and head off camera stage right, which meant heading toward the camera and walking by it without tripping over cables. We repeated this scenario four times. Finally Richard, God bless him, yelled, "Cut and print!" Then, to my dismay, Paul and the rest of the crew started moving the lights and camera. I soon discovered they did this after every shot. Naive little old me. Now I understand why movie stars insist on comfy trailers with all the amenities. I settled for the black plastic chair in the corner next to the water fountain. Movies really are all hurry up and wait. Take it from me. I've been there. My two hour bit part had turned into an eight hour minor role. I was only in three scenes, but they had to take wide angle shots and close-ups. They shot a close-up of my hand picking up the diseased soup five times!! The first time I picked up the bowl too fast. The second time I sloshed the soup onto the counter. The third time the cook wasn't watching and the bowl hit the edge of the counter and splattered to the floor. The fourth time was perfect, but Richard wanted to make sure, so we shot it again. I won't get into what happened in the scene where I come through the kitchen doors into the dining room. Suffice it to say the swinging doors swung back rather quickly. Thankfully, the "soup" was just water with chives floating around.

At long last, it was time to shoot the last scene. I served the diseased soup to the innocent, young boy

instead of the bad government guy. The scene ended with a close-up of the boy taking his first spoonful. You couldn't have paid me to put that spoon in my mouth after it had been dipped in that water. Maybe that's why they got a kid named Mikey. In any case, Richard finally yelled, "Cut and print! Okay everybody, that's a wrap. We're done for the day."

I would have kissed him, but Barbie beat me to it. Besides, I was too exhausted. I plopped down into a padded chair and closed my eyes. Barbie came over to make sure she had the correct spelling of my name for the credits. Richard came over and thanked me again and invited me to the showing of the film. Paul came over and told me I was "the greatest." I felt like a side of beef that's just been butchered. Part of me felt like filet mignon. Part of me felt like T-bone steak. Most of me felt like hamburger. I stood up slowly, collected my personal belongings, and ambled out to the parking lot. I'd almost reached my car when I heard someone calling my name. It was Barbie.

"Vickie! Wait a sec. I wanted you to have a memento of your screen debut."

She laughed and handed me the shiny, white one-piece suit. Very funny, I thought.

I heard from Paul three weeks later.

"It's your quarter, shoot," I answered the phone.

"Vickie, it's Paul."

"My hero!"

"Cut the crap. Richard told me to invite you to the screening. It's this Thursday at seven p.m. at Drake Union. I thought I'd offer to take you. If it's okay, I'll pick you up at 6:30."

"Yeah, it's okay. I'd love to see how everything came out."

And so I did. I wasn't too bad either. A little too perky, but still not bad--except for one thing. Paul forgot to mention film adds fifteen pounds to your physique.

After the movie we hit the campus bars and celebrated. I had a great time dancing with Paul--he's a natural.

"So, Vickie, did you have fun?" Paul asked as he smoothly moved me around the dance floor.

"Fun?" I teased, "yeah, I had fun."

"Did you learn anything?"

"You bet."

"What?!"

"Never believe anything advertised as 'one size fits all.'"

"Get out of here!" he laughed and headed us off the dance floor. Richard stood at the edge waiting.

"I believe it's my turn to dance with the wicked waitress, Paul."

"She's all yours--see if you can handle her, no one else can."

"Paul!" I protested as Richard led me back onto the dance floor. I was in heaven. This man was so different from Paul--quiet, caring, and polite.

"So, where's Barbie?" I asked.

"Who?"

"Oh give me a break. You know who."

He smiled. "Barbie was just a production assistant, nothing more."

I was definitely in complete lust. The deejay played a slow song. My imagination started going wild. Richard took me in his arms and pulled me so close to him I could feel his breath in my ear. Then he started to move--slowly shuffling back and forth using the same three steps over and over and over . . . Not bad, but not fantastic either. The next song was fast. My heart started racing. I held my breath as Richard let go of me and then pulled me back toward him. Then, to my utter disgust, he started bumping.

Vickie Kayati







## A LETTER TO MY MOTHER

I went shopping today.  
I put things in the cart,  
And you did not take them out.  
I picked up the pretty cans and boxes  
Now within my reach  
And thought of you  
And bought them anyway.  
I was not trailing behind you  
Thinking, "my Mother, my Mother."

But I still carry your packages  
The heavy ones  
That send me wild and impertinent  
Banging on the doors of heaven  
Demanding answers from God.

I see you in line ahead of me  
Your jaw set, like always, and I feel  
You struggle with words you cannot release.  
The real battle, though, was not with words  
But with letters -- an "M" and an "S".  
Like a Hawthorne story --  
We are allowed no pity  
But we don't know what sin.

No sin. No crime exists that deserves this sentence,  
And I am sorry.  
This is the one luxury I will allow myself;  
That I am sorry now, but glad  
Because we can still shop together,  
And argue over prices and brand names.  
And I can push you in your chair.

CATHYGRIFFIS

## POETRY BY LINDA GREGG

Linda Gregg's poetry seems to have a woman's theme running through the majority of her work. She writes about everything from her sister to the women in the homeless shelters in New York. She also seems to be obsessed with the idea of finding some Greek goddess in the mountains of Greece. Greece is dominant in much of her writing since she lived in Greece for quite a period of time.

Her thoughts about life seem to revolve around a theme of love and loss and the good that may arise from these themes. Some poems have to do with romantic love. Others, such as "Gnostics on Trial," relate how we love our search for unhappiness. We try to keep happiness from us, but cannot. Just try to keep away from happiness, just try, she says. We cannot. Human nature urges us to seek happiness, not unhappiness. Her poem "Dry Grass" speaks to the love for life that some people still have regardless of their circumstances. To most of us the hard, bitter life of those on welfare is grim indeed, but she ends this poem by stating that all life is beautiful at a distance.

Conversely, loss is explored in several poems. "Dead at Belsen" tells of the horrible slaughter of the Jews at a death camp during the second World War. The stark picture of hundreds of human limbs in the cold contrasts with pictures in our minds of the German soldiers in warm coats. I think she wrote this poem to remind the world to never let this atrocity happen again. In "Death Looks Down" she examines the relentless fight of the salmon to reach their spawning ground only to die later. However, even in death there is good. The fish will decompose, thus feeding the earth and providing soil capable of supporting new life. Ms. Gregg's poetry covers a wide range of topics, but throughout all of the poems she seems to believe in one central idea--life is good.

Sue Crawford

Linda Gregg read her poetry on October 7, 1987 in the Philamathean Room.

## THE PROMISE OF LIFE

The sun sets, the moon rises  
On generations of men and women  
Walking in darkness,  
Groping in vain for the meaning of life--  
It cannot be found on earth.

The sun sets, a star rises  
With a tail as long as eternity  
Stretching out in love,  
Encompassing all with the promise of life--  
Finally come to earth.

The moon sets, the Son rises  
On generations of men and women  
Walking in his light,  
Reaching toward others with the hope of new life--  
He again will come to this earth.

Kathy Becker

## THE MEANTIME

I have grown into a new range of hearing  
Where mortality is audible,  
Like the whisper of air  
Hissing from a flattening tire.

My mistake was to measure space  
Looking for the hole containing God.  
Analogies fail --  
We are not as needles to haystacks,  
Or fleas to elephants.  
We are something infinitely smaller --  
Angels dancing on the heads of pins --  
Barely even worth the effort of searching beyond cliches.  
Even God, as large as I can comprehend him,  
Is beyond the probability  
Of my discovery.

In the meantime, I'll just keep  
Shoveling sand  
Hoping to confuse the hourglass.

CATHY GRIFFIS

## RADICALS DEFINED

"Birds of a feather..."

So the saying goes,  
says much for

Bouncy Blond hair -  
streaked? - not at all.

Dressed in jeans, cardigan sweaters with  
pearl type accessories.

They are squares?

They are preppy?

They are all alike! --

Talk of nail polish, Duran Duran,

how life's a party

so trippin'

so totally

Speak of conformists, you cry with rage.

They are inseparable. Yet,

Triangular shaped hair,

streaked with blue and green,

Dressed with black leather and lacy

type accessories.

They are radicals?

They are unique?

They are all alike as well! --

Talk of witchcraft, punk rock,

how life's so square

so typical

so mundane

Speak of liberals, you cry with hope.

They run in packs too.

Cyndi Miller

## RAIN ON THE ROOF

Our weekdays have tiredly stumbled into this weekend,  
When rest can be polished with the soft touch of bed-linen.  
On those Saturdays, early workless Sabbaths,  
We worship sleep, and drop the morning hours  
Into the collection plates of our dreams.  
I awaken for the third time, to the welcome familiarity  
Of his arm slung over me, which twice convinced me  
To reenter my dreams for fear of tearing him from his.  
I watch him sleep beyond romantic illusions.  
I giggle at his handsome face half flattened into the pillow,  
His mouth slightly parted in blissful release  
From the tie-tacked, cuff-linked, weekday world  
Of musicless, made-bed, alarm clock mornings.  
Near noon, he stirs awake and reaches for me.  
Warm beneath the covers, we listen  
To a lazy spring symphony, tapping natural rhythms on the  
roof...

CATHYGRIFFIS

## CONTRIBUTORS

KATHRYN BARNHARDT, a sophomore theatre major, is a hopeless romantic and sometime buffoon, who is terrified of the dentist and still wishes upon stars.

KATHY BECKER, a junior English literature major, loves to write as well as read and is dreading her inevitable entrance into the real world.

SUE CRAWFORD is an ADP nursing major. After twenty years of being out of the college classroom, "Super Mom" is hitting the books again.

MICKI GLASSBURN, a senior art major, does graphic and fine art work on and off campus.

CATHY GRIFFIS, a senior art and sociology major, will graduate in November. Her contributions to the Quiz and Quill will be missed.

MICHAEL S. HIGHMAN is a senior elementary education major from Upper Arlington, Ohio.

VICKIE KAYATI, a sophomore ADP English writing major, is a culture deviant, who lives anywhere there's a couch and is currently working on a play.

HEIDI MCDANNALD, a sophomore secondary English education major, finds human experience is life's best teacher.

MARY MCKEAN is a junior elementary education major whose poem, "Celebrate" is dedicated to her friend, Rory.

CYNDI MILLER, a freshman international studies/English writing major from Bexley, Ohio, loves foreign movies and is partial to Italian men.

JENNIFER OLIN is a junior English literature major who enjoys music and Thanksgiving Dinner.