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### 1988 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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Quiz & Quill  
Spring  
1988



Laura Linn

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# QUIZ AND QUILL

Otterbein College  
Westerville, Ohio

Spring 1988

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Jennifer Olin

**Staff:** Kathy Becker  
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Cyndi Miller

**Faculty Advisors:** Dr Beth Rigel Daugherty  
Dr Marilyn Saveson

## *Editor's Note*

We are excited to present the spring issue of Quiz and Quill. We are proud of the creativity that comes forth from this campus. Hopefully, this issue will give you a better understanding of the talent that Otterbein is fostering!

It has been a year of challenge and growth for the members of Quiz and Quill. A Macintosh Plus computer system has enabled us to expand our possibilities. We have spent the last several months experimenting with our "new look." Dr Jim Gorman has been invaluable as we have struggled to learn this new system. We are grateful for his patience.

Also, words of thanks must go to Dr Beth Daugherty and Dr James Bailey. They have been very supportive as Dr Marilyn Saveson, our advisor, has been on a sabbatical. The encouragement of both Dr Daugherty and Dr Bailey has been greatly appreciated.

We hope that you enjoy this issue. There is something here for everyone—browse at your leisure!

*Jennifer Olin*

It was old.  
Ragged and worn.  
Most of the time we left it alone  
Sitting—all alone  
To watch us play with all our other toys.

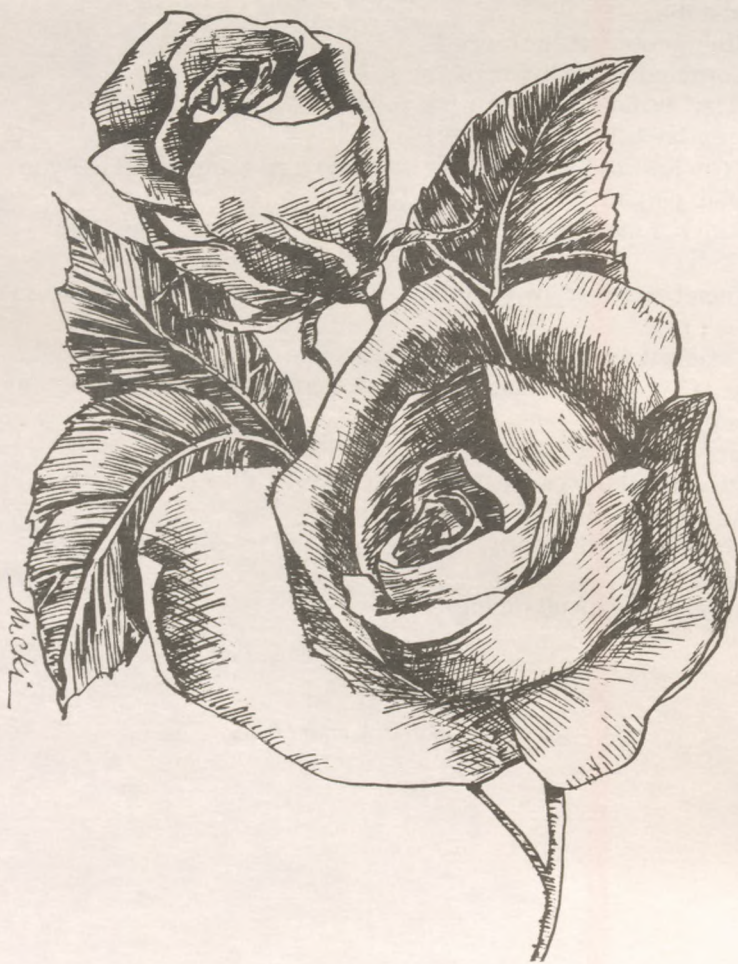
I cannot remember the start of it.  
He probably pulled my hair or something  
No,  
Wait! He did pull my hair.  
He pulled my hair because I got a SORRY card, which enabled me to put his  
man back at the start and my man closer to home.  
So, never one to let things become unfair,  
I pinched him.  
(His hair was too short to pull)  
I think that's when he reached for it  
The torn thing  
His blue bunny rabbit.  
Given to him by grandma many, many birthdays ago.  
He lobbed it at me--  
As hard as he could!  
I felt the furball whiz past my ear.  
I leaned over to get it,  
I started to throw it back--  
But stopped.

"Well," I stated grandly,  
"Thank you very much for this kind gift."  
Then I got up and left the room.  
Instantly, he jumped up and ran after me.  
"Give it! Give it!" he yelled. "Nope," I said smugly.  
"You were kind enough to throw it to me—so it's mine!"  
"Give it," he repeated.  
I loved to see him squirm.

"Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope!"  
I screamed and ran downstairs, through the kitchen, whizzed  
past the  
dining room, then stopped—  
Cornered in the living room.  
"Ha!" he laughed, "now it's mine."  
He edged closer and closer.  
"You lose and when mom gets home, I'm going to tell her you  
were playing  
with her makeup again! Then you're gonna get in trouble!"  
"You . . ." Fear seized me.  
Then before I knew what happened, this incredible hatred came  
over me.  
I reached over and just as he grabbed for it, I yanked it back.  
In a fit of uncontrollable rage, I shoved my fingers into the  
bunny's  
face and—POP!  
Off came the eyes, then down the register they fell.  
As soon as I did it, I was sorry.  
We both stood silently, side-by-side, and listened to the plastic  
rattle  
through the metal tubing.

*Cyndi Miller*





## CREATED FOR YOU

Petals yawn wearily in the morning's  
splendid scintilla.  
Unfurling each layer of their  
majestically haughty attire,  
Each leaf sends glimmers of beauty  
like the thoughts and dreams  
you bring to me.  
Open yourself to the glare of the sun.

I am here. . .  
. . . for you.

*Kelleyanne Pearman*



# KIDDO AND THE FALLEN FOREST

Once upon a time there was a forest. This forest was thick with tall trees and lush green leaves. She was the grandest forest in the land, and animals would come from miles around to live in the forest. The animals would feast on her leaves when they were hungry, build homes when they needed shelter, and shade themselves when the sun was too hot.

In the forest's tallest trees there lived a small green bird with big brown eyes. The green bird was the forest's best friend. Every evening, when all of the animals were sleeping, the bird would entertain the forest with his beautiful, cheerful songs. The forest was very happy.

Then one day, two hunters who had lost their way came upon this grand forest. The hunters were very tired, and the night air was chilly. They gathered twigs, which the forest was happy to provide, and built a fire.

The hunters fell asleep under the protection of the forest. They spent a quiet night relaxing to the green bird's beautiful song. However, when the hunters left in the morning, they neglected to put out the fire which they had built the night before.

Soon the forest was completely engulfed in the fire set by the two hunters. The animals of the forest, including the green bird, were awakened by her screams of, "RUN, RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!" Luckily, all of the animals escaped the fire. As the green bird was flying away, he turned and saw the forest burn to the ground. His big brown eyes filled with tears, and he vowed never to sing again.

Every now and then, animals would come to visit the fallen forest, but she could no longer feed or shelter them. As time went on, the visits became fewer until nobody came at all.

Sometimes at night, the fallen forest heard the song of the green bird from far away—like he was trying to reach her, but it was only the cold wind blowing through the lonely night air. The fallen forest was very sad.

Then one day, a strange animal happened upon the fallen forest. She was very excited to have a visitor, even though he was peculiar looking with his big plaid ears.

The animal called himself Kiddo, and although he was strange and new to the fallen forest, they became friends almost instantly.

Soon the fallen forest felt so comfortable and trusting of Kiddo that she told him about the two hunters and the great fire. Even though this was very difficult for the forest to talk about, somehow Kiddo's big plaid ears made it easier for her.

One day, Kiddo told the fallen forest that he had a gift for her. He had brought her seeds and shrubs of every kind. Kiddo spread the seeds all over the fallen forest, and planted the shrubs around her borders.

Time passed, and soon the fallen forest began to grow roots and trees and lush green leaves. The shrubs grew as well, and provided a bit of a shield around the forest as she grew stronger and stronger.

Every day, as the forest was growing, Kiddo would visit her and urge the forest to keep her roots and trees strong. In time, the forest was as grand as she had been before the fire. There was only one problem: the shrubs that Kiddo had planted grew very tall and it soon was impossible for anyone to get into the forest. Only Kiddo knew how to penetrate the walls of shrubs that had grown around the forest.

Thanks to Kiddo, the forest became strong. However, the forest grew so strong that Kiddo believed she didn't need him anymore. So one day, when Kiddo left the forest, he decided never to return.

Day after day, the forest waited for Kiddo to visit. She missed his comforting voice and his big plaid ears. The forest was very lonely.

Soon, word spread about the forest's recovery, and the animals began to return. However, they could not find a way to penetrate the great wall of shrubs that Kiddo had left behind.

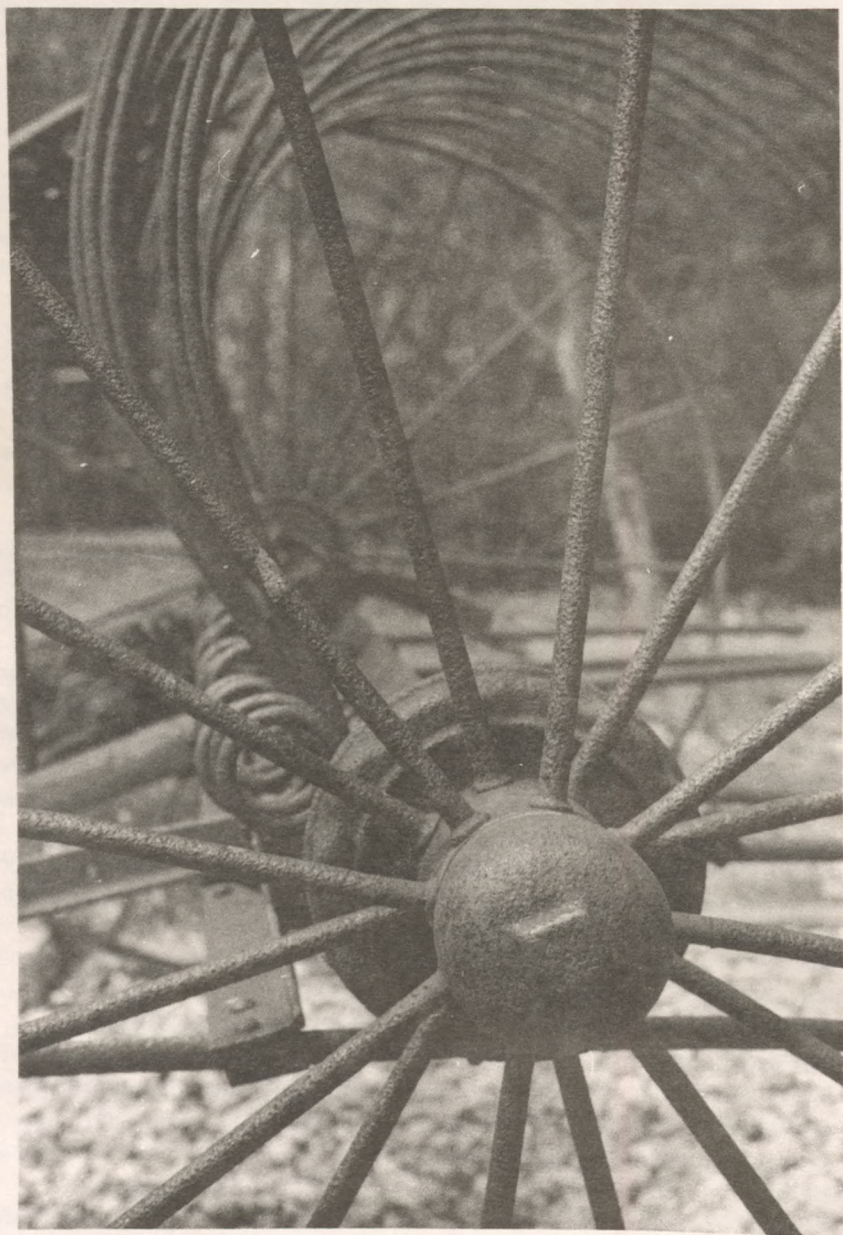
Then one evening, when the forest was feeling lonelier than usual, she heard a familiar song. It was her best friend—the small green bird with big brown eyes!!! He had mustered up all of his strength and flown over the wall of shrubs.

Together, the green bird and the forest tore down the wall. Although the green bird was not very strong, he gave the extra push that the forest needed in order to collapse the wall of shrubs. Once the wall was down, all the animals came running into the forest. They re-built their homes and lived happily ever after.

The forest is happy as well. However, she still remembers the time she spent alone with Kiddo. The forest keeps these special memories to herself; she doesn't even share them with her best friend—the small green bird with big brown eyes. And every now and then, at night, when all of the animals are asleep, the forest thinks of Kiddo and smiles, knowing that she wouldn't be here today if it hadn't been for that strange animal with big plaid ears.

*Mary McKean*







# LOYALTY, RESPECT AND LOVE

## *Second Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest*

As one reads the book *Tell Me a Riddle* by Tillie Olsen, he realizes that many common themes exist between the stories themselves. For example, it cannot be denied that poverty and sickness are poignant in each of the four stories. In "I Stand Here Ironing" and "Tell Me a Riddle," however, because of the underlying duty, respect and love for others, family members learn to cope with difficult circumstances and to accept the sometimes burdensome relationships.

Olsen presents a conflict between Emily and her mother in "I Stand Here Ironing," a result of the separation that began between them while Emily was an infant. This separation comes from a variety of uncontrollable circumstances. Olsen reinforces their separation with subtle and obvious situations. For example, Emily's mother, because of inexperience, would nurse Emily by the clock, "though her cries battered me" (10). This early separation in their relationship is further compounded as the mother is forced to leave Emily in nursery care while she works. Olsen shows how the bridge between the two is lengthened as Emily refuses to share the anger she is really feeling. "But never a direct protest, never rebellion" (12). Another blow to their personal relationship occurs when Emily's mother remarries and begins to have more children. Olsen displays Emily's loneliness when Emily asks her mother not to leave her alone. "'Can't you go some other time, Mommy, like tomorrow?' she would ask. 'Will it be just a little while you'll be gone? Do you promise?'" (13).

Just as an early separation causes conflict in "I Stand Here Ironing," so is an early separation between Eva and Grandfather in "Tell Me a Riddle" the cause of their quarrel. Olsen shows the reader that their separation happened through the course of time and struggles. Eva, as a young mother, became so busy with her children and housework, that she lost the time to read, listen to music, and in other ways enlarge her mind. "Now they had no children. Let him wrack his head for how they would live. She would not exchange her solitude for anything" (76). Grandfather, on the other hand, wants financial security, and he feels he will find this security at the Haven. "Poverty all his life, and there was little breath left for running. He could not, could not turn away from this desire: to have the

troubling of responsibility, the fretting with money, over and done with" (73). Through their arguments, Olsen displays how the two have grown apart over their forty-seven years of marriage; they do not have the same goals any more.

On the surface, it seems as though both relationships are superficial. For instance, Emily and her mother, of "I Stand Here Ironing" do not seem able to relate on a personal level. "This is one of her communicative nights and she tells me everything and nothing as she fixes herself a plate of food out of the icebox" (19). In this example, Emily talks to her mother, but does not really relate to her. Olsen also exemplifies the mother's shallow attitude towards Emily. "Night after night she had nightmares. She would call for me, and I would rouse from exhaustion to sleepily call back: 'You're all right, darling, go to sleep, it's just a dream,' and if she still called, in a sterner voice, 'now go to sleep, Emily, there's nothing to hurt you'" (13).

"Tell Me a Riddle" also presents what seems to be a trivial relationship between Grandfather and Eva. Grandfather spends his days at meetings and playing cards with his friends, wherever there are other people. Eva on the other hand, stays at home with "The few old books, memorized from rereading; the pictures to ponder. . . growing things to nurture" (77). As the reader can see, Olsen paints a picture of two lonely old people, living together only out of habit. Both are hurt by the other's lack of understanding, and yet they cannot see beyond their own thoughts. "A bellyfull of bitterness and every day the same quarrel in a new way and a different old grievance" (83).

However, there are underlying emotions in each relationship that, in the end, overcome the superficiality of the relationships. In "I Stand Here Ironing," Emily and her mother both feel dutiful, respectful and loving towards each other, despite the surface appearance. For example, Emily is dutiful as she helps her mother. "She had to help be a mother, and housekeeper, and shopper. . . mornings of crisis and near hysteria trying to get lunches packed, hair combed, coats and shoes found" (18). Emily is also respectful of her mother. Olsen shows this respect when Emily "sometimes, to make me laugh . . . would imitate happenings or types at school" (18). Most of all Emily loved her mother, and Olsen proves this to us through Emily's dedication and loyalty to her mother.

The mother also felt duty, respect and love for Emily. First of all, she is responsible for Emily and she does everything she can for her first daughter. "There were all the acts of love" (12). Olsen also shows the mother's respect for Emily and her talent when she urges Emily to develop her comic routine. "I think I said once: 'Why don't you do something like this in the school amateur show?'" (18-19). Finally, Emily's mother loves



her very much. Olsen describes, through the mother, her love for her daughter. "It [nursery care] was the only place there was. It was the only way we could be together, the only way I could hold a job" ( 11).

"Tell Me a Riddle" also contains underlying emotions. Eva, though she did not seem to need Grandfather, felt a loyalty, respect and love for him that cannot be denied. For example, although Eva wants to be home in Olshana instead of traveling around the country, she stays with Grandfather out of duty. He refuses to take her home, and she could have gotten one of her children to take her to Olshana, but she stays with Grandfather. The reader also witnesses the love and need Eva has for her husband. "Nighttimes her hand reached across the bed to hold his" (114). "'She needs you, Granddaddy,' said Jeannie. 'Isn't that what they call love?'" ( 115).

Grandfather, too, is exposed as a truly loyal, loving husband. When he learns Eva is dying rapidly of cancer, he borrows money to travel and try to make Eva happy instead of dumping her in the Haven to die. Grandfather also respects Eva as he realizes all she has done with her life. "He remembered she had not always been isolated, had not always wanted to be alone" (119). Olsen shows the reader, through Grandfather's thoughts, his deep love for Eva. "He slept badly, so used to her next to him. After all the years, old harmonies and dependencies deep in their bodies; she curled to him, or he coiled to her, each warmed, warming, turning as the other turned, the nights a long embrace" ( 83-84).

Time Magazine reports that "the central figures, with their bickering love for each other. . . are as delicately done as a perfect figure" (101). Although this quote is in reference to "Tell Me a Riddle," it can also apply to "I Stand Here Ironing." Emily and her mother, Eva and Grandfather—they all have inner loyalty, love and respect for the other. The way in which Olsen represents these characters is original, unique and "worth waiting for" (101).

*Ginette Boyer*

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"Radicals and Stiffs." Time. October 27, 1961: 101.



## MY KEYS TO LIFE

The bulge of keys in my pocket is a constant reminder that I am in control and free to do what I want in life. The gold and silver objects give me a sense of power over problems, people, and the dormitory in which I live. I am a Resident Assistant and with this position comes the power of a master key. With the turn of this key, I am able to let residents into their rooms when they have been locked out or have lost their keys. Without my master key, their freedom is gone. My keys symbolize the power to solve all problems. My residents think of my room as a place to go to replace a burned-out light bulb, heal a broken heart, talk over a career decision, help pick a place to eat, or simply to air out bottled-up feelings. I hold power over my residents in another way also, for only through my key into the R.A. Office can they get to the long-awaited package that sits for them inside the mail room. Not only power, but a true sense of freedom comes with being the holder of such a large array of keys. I have the freedom to open the R.A. Office and explore the file cabinets, the mail room, the desk drawers to my heart's content. It seems as if I am invading someone's privacy as I read program reports, referral forms, money and service requests, but I am not. I am free to investigate these things all that I desire—my keys give me the liberty. Freedom is found in my car also. I can turn the key in the ignition at any time of day and drive wherever I choose. The farther I drive, the more freedom I possess—each mile heightens this freedom as I pass open meadows, quaint little towns, rolling hills, and babbling brooks. I am able to drive for as long as I want; no one is around to stop me or to tell me what to do. Finally, my keys give me the freedom to be

alone. I am able to unlock any door and reside in complete peace and quiet in order to think, pray, or cry. In a less radical sense, my keys act as my escape to refuge and security. I find refuge in my car as I listen to the radio and let the music carry me away to a world with no problems, heartaches, or disappointments. But then again, sometimes the silence in my car is just what I need to calm my nerves and enable me to see my life in a whole new perspective with answers to all my troubles. My keys lead me home as I drive away from an unfamiliar and undesirable place to the safety and warmth of well-known friends and surroundings. Once again, the key to my room is important. This time it takes me to refuge—a hideaway from the hustle and bustle of the college campus. My room becomes a secluded place to study quietly, to enjoy my secret possessions of delicate ceramic figurines, glittering jewelry, and photographs of loved ones, or to talk to my beloved koala bears about the joys and sorrows I encounter each day. My life exists within these walls—it is my room only and no outsiders can see it unless I unlock the door. Through my keys, I can also find a refuge in the R.A. Office. Inside the office I find my mail which can carry me to the security of home or to other states where old friends reside. This office can serve as a quiet shelter to create beautiful stories and fantasies and to type out all the thoughts and emotions I will never be able to express through verbal communications. Without my keys, I am lost. When they mysteriously disappear, I am out of control and left powerless with no sense of direction and no where to go. I am shut out of everywhere. I have no freedom and my security is gone, for my keys unlock a part of me that is the confident, self-controlled young lady I want to be and lock away the frightened, insecure child it is so easy for me to become.

*Vicki Cawley*



## BREAKFAST FOODS ?

Waking up about mid-afternoon  
Have a class to get to fairly soon  
Open the refrigerator door  
Guess what's left over from the night before

Cold pizza  
Guess it oughta feed ya  
Shame to waste it; why not taste it?  
Cold pizza.

Next day have a little bit more time  
But I just don't feel like standing in a cafeteria line  
Only food around though is some pasta  
Well, if you gotta, you gotta.

Spaghetti for breakfast  
No one said it was so wrong  
Tastes all right; why save it for night:  
Hey, it's good for you!

Saturday morning, had a party Friday night  
If the room would just stop spinning, well, I'm sure I'd be all right  
Check the fridge for leftover dessert  
After all, what could one piece hurt?

Chocolate cream pie  
I think I got some in my eye  
Fun to eat; yeah, what a treat!  
But it's such a mess!

*C.S. Denton*



## AT NOTTINGHAM FAIR

As I walked through the Nottingham Fair  
Dressed in rich silks, all bright and gay  
I was stopped by a thief with dark hair  
As I walked down the Marketplace Way.

Into my weighted pouch he slid his hand  
His slight touch I felt immediately  
My hand at the hilt I drew my brand  
And turned to stop him thieving from me.

He was not a he as I first assumed  
but he was a she—and she was unarmed  
'round sixteen years, raven locks ne'er been groomed  
A waif of a creature I couldn't have harmed.

I tossed her a coin—none brighter nor golder  
And told her to try again when she was older.

*Brad Wees*





# SUBSTANCE

*Second Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest*

Music is a top priority in my life, especially music with an impact. While the airwaves fill with babbling pop music, my room fills with something different. Music without meaning is like a fine-looking but simple man: he's great to look at, but he gets dull after awhile. Although more than a few groups with consciences have captured space in my collection—U2, Grandmaster Flash, the Dead Kennedys—only one holds my single-minded devotion: New Order. Even beyond their musical finesse, New Order has inspirational power. The band attacks what they call the "cult of personality" that surrounds the music industry. They believe it is the music, and only the music, which is important. They consequently never print their names or photographs on the record sleeves or covers. They feel it shouldn't matter if it is Karl Marx or 'the Elephant Man who is mastering that guitar—it is only the wailing guitar that matters. The band has also earned an admirable progress report. New Order was formed with the survivors of the collapse of the British punk band Joy Division. On a very blue Monday in 1980—following the completion of one of the Joy Division's finest singles, "Love Will Tear Us Apart," and on the eve of their U.S. tour, Joy Division's front man, Ian Curtis, hanged himself. Curtis' suicide culminated and secured the band's gloomy reputation. But instead of following Curtis into the grave, Joy Division's band members united, giving birth to New Order.

Listening to New Order also brings back memories of my own blue skies. This summer, New Order played at the Nautica—a small, open-air arena in the Cleveland flats. Against a darkening sky and gull-covered lake, dirty brown buildings rose to surround the unusual crowd. Dressed in black like hundreds of swarming others that night, Julie and I waited, Julie with her dyed-black hair and pierced nose. By the time New Order, the concert's third act, appeared, I had made my way to the edge of the stage. Thrashing began, people pushing, falling, crying out. Then the band appeared. In contrast to the crowd's dominantly black clothing, they were dressed in white and they seemed like gods as they glided, pale, onto the stage. They threw themselves into a funk-ed-up "Perfect Kiss," and everything else faded. All around the music soared. The sheer volume prevented any other thoughts from interfering with the night's perfection.



But finally, the truly spectacular quality of New Order is their dazzling sound, revealed on their record "Substance 1987." It is likely the tragic birth of the band which leaves an edge on otherwise flawless dance songs. The sugar-soppy disco music which climbs the chart with no greater worries than fighting for its right to party is left without a foot to dance on. "Substance" follows the band from its dark early days of creation on up to the present. The emphasis of the music is markedly on mood. One doesn't have to catch the words to hear what is being said. And while the steady beat keeps pumping through, the anti-commercial mood is accusatory and harsh. From 1981, "Everything's Gone Green" reels with Joy Division's somber influence and the shockwaves of Curtis' suicide. The lyrics are stripped bare, but the mechanical, continuous keyboards scream out in despair. One of the record's best cuts is "Blue Monday," New Order's first hit after Curtis' death. Through plummeting keyboards, singer Bernard Sumner accuses: "If it wasn't for your misfortune/I'd be a heavenly person today. . . Tell me now, how should I feel?" The record is completed with the forceful "True Faith." Amidst great, crashing keyboards and a heavy, slapping beat, Sumner manages to sound mournful without being maudlin, accusatory without whining. He chants: "Chances are we've gone too far....Now I feel you've left me standing/In a world that's so demanding." The sheer force of New Order's music alone would warrant it a spot on my stereo, but as the title of their record suggests, New Order offers more: they are a band with substance.

*Marcie Hochwalt*

# MARIE

*First Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

She smoothed her hair as best she could with chained hands, and adjusted her posture in such a way that to the casual observer she became a new person.

These were the actions that stopped Commander Hauer on his stroll through the antechamber. He realized that her case was next and he was suddenly keenly interested in it. He angled his trajectory and commandeered a seat in the courtroom.

Her case was announced. She strode into the room with a gait so assured that it was like each step was hooked into the ground. The guard was left trailing two paces behind. The undercurrent of murmurs dashed into a roar and it took much hammering and many threats from the chief judge to quiet the crowd.

After an overly dramatic pause the chief judge stated in his gravest voice, "Marie Page, you are charged with leading subversive activities and high treason against our glorious state." Another overly dramatic pause. "How do you plead?"

The Commander was seated off to one side where he had an excellent view of this exquisite creature. The image of Christ before Pontius Pilate refused to leave his mind.

She had, she was, conspiring against these invaders and she had even signed the confession. She pleaded the only way she could. "Guilty."

The crowd was tumultuous again. Although officially a number one enemy against the state, to many in the courtroom and out of it, Marie was secretly beloved and admired.

Marie was aware of the tremendous effect all this was having on the crowd but to her this was all peripheral. Foremost in her mind was Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum." She was sure that had there been candles in the courtroom, she would have seen them as angels.

No verbal communication was required from the judges on the right and left of the chief judge. With just a glance at both of them the chief judge passed his sentence.



"Marie Page, you leave this tribunal no choice but to find you guilty as charged and to sentence you to death by firing squad one week hence."

A bang of the gavel and the case was closed.

The crowd for a third time went wild. Marie faced them with such a charming gleam in her eye that the crowd went silent. Then she walked out, once more leaving the guard scrambling to catch up. Many prayers followed her out the door.

On returning to his office on the top floor, Commander Hauer ordered his secretary to provide Marie Page with soap, a hairbrush, and any other amenities she required. As administrator of the detention facility, it was within his rights to do whatever he wished with the prisoners, except to let them go.

Later in the day the commander went to Marie's cell. He stood watching her through the grille in the door. She stood on a chair, her back to him, staring out the barred window with her arms resting on the sill and her chin resting on her arms. Charisma flowed from her. It is no wonder that the Resistance had put so much faith in her, thought Commander Hauer. It had taken three days to beat the location of the Rebel base out of her. She knew full well that in the event of her capture, her group would move to an alternate location. She had bought them much time.

It was impressive to hold out against such interrogation, but the Commander had seen it before. No, what piqued his interest now was what appeared to be Marie's total acceptance of her fate. Commander Hauer had seen this too, but only attached it to despair or martyrdom. Marie displayed neither of these attitudes. Perhaps she was in shock. If so, she would break, and Hauer was curious to see when this happened. He unlocked the door and entered the cell.

"Colors seem so much brighter to me now," said Marie still staring between the bars.

For so long she had worried about others. Now this was her time.

She turned to him.

"I'm Commander Hauer."

"Yes, I remember you from the interrogation. You came a few times, but you didn't enjoy it." The corners of her mouth turned up, "You aren't here for more questioning, are you?"

"No." He returned her smile.

"Good," her smile grew wider, "because I really don't

know where they are now."

Marie stepped down from the chair. "Thank you for the brush and soap. It was very kind of you."

"You're welcome."

"I hope you won't get in trouble for it."

"I won't. Now I must go."

"Commander, just one thing. I wanted to know if I might be allowed some paper and something to write with." She paused, "I have all these thoughts."

"I'll see to it at once. Good night."

Hauer left and Marie went back to the window. She wondered why Commander Hauer had come for apparently no reason.

When Hauer came the next afternoon, Marie immediately blurted out, "You're waiting for me to go into hysterics, aren't you?"

Hauer was taken aback a moment; then he responded evenly, "It usually happens."

"I thought so." She grinned in triumph. "Let me tell you Commander," she said without malice. "I did all of my crying the first night before the rapes and interrogations. And now I don't have enough time for any more tears."

"So you really don't mind dying for a cause," he said a little smugly.

Marie genuinely laughed. "I'm not dying for a cause. I'm dying because I was caught." The Commander joined in the laughter.

After the laughter subsided, Marie continued. "It was inevitable that my luck would run out. I've been living with this fear for a long time. That was the hard part and now it's over. This is easy."

"You hold no hope for rescue?"

"Well, anything is possible but I think it highly unlikely that an attempt would be made and even more unlikely that it would be successful. Our organization is too intelligent to compromise everything for one."

They talked the rest of the afternoon. Hauer was convinced that Marie was not in shock, that she was clearly aware of what was going on. However, he still believed that she would break down. He hoped with all his heart that this would not happen, but when it did, he wanted to be there to help.

He spent the next five afternoons with her. They talked about everything: politics, religion, philosophy, literature, his wife and family, her family and lover. They laughed and argued, and they learned



about one another without trying to convert each other.

The Commander returned to her the fifth night, her final night. Marie was writing.

"I wasn't expecting you," she said.

"I brought you a present," said Hauer excitedly, and he whipped out a gift box from behind his back.

Marie took it, set it on the table, and opened it. Inside were lovely hand-stitched undergarments, silk stockings, black shoes, and a beautiful, blue silk dress.

She held the dress up to herself. "They're beautiful. I'll wear them tomorrow."

"I'm glad you like them."

Marie turned back to the box to put the dress away. With her back to Hauer she asked, "They won't hit my face will they?" She was trying her level best to be cheerful, but for these few minutes it was difficult.

"No, they will aim for the chest," he answered clinically. To answer was harder than to question.

"Good. I'm vain. Will they give me time to get ready?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'd like a few moments alone with you."

Several silent minutes passed. She still had her back to him.

"Commander, I forgive you."

Hauer was not sure if he wanted or deserved this absolution, so he came back a bit flippantly, "The whole army and party also?"

Marie turned and locked her eyes to his. "No, only you."

She turned away, and Hauer left.

Just before Hauer reached Marie's cell the next morning, he paused to give orders to his aide. "Remind the sergeant to order his men to aim only for the chest and come for us in ten minutes." The aide left and Hauer entered Marie's cell.

She was in the same position at the window as she was the first day Hauer came to see her, only this time she was more stunning in her new clothes.

She climbed off the chair. "I was just wondering if I'd see the bullets coming at me," she smiled a little ruefully.

She gathered a packet of papers off the table.

"Here," she handed the papers to Hauer. Their fingers touched as he took them and he noticed that her hands were cold.

"I'd like you to put these in your personal papers."

Hauer thumbed through the pages. They were jammed with a tiny script.

"They are just my thoughts, feelings, things that have happened to me. If my side wins the war, which I believe they will, I would like them to know the facts, know that I was . . . brave." Her voice caught slightly on the last word.

"But if we should lose, I would like you to destroy them. I wouldn't want the words to be twisted and used as propaganda. You can read them later . . . if you like."

Marie turned her head to the window and her lips moved soundlessly. Hauer realized she was praying. He delicately placed the papers inside his uniform jacket.

"I'd like to go now." A euphoria was growing in her.

The hall to the yard was very long and grey. Hauer walked on Marie's right, his body almost touching hers, while a guard walked on her left.

Marie was happily drinking in the final moments of her life with senses heightened beyond normal human range, when suddenly a smothering fear wrapped around her.

She stopped in her tracks. Hauer stopped beside her. She trembled.

What if death was black?

The fear left as suddenly as it had come. The euphoria returned with a rush and leveled out into a fulfilling peace. She took Hauer's hand and squeezed it briefly and they walked on,

In that swift action of her now warm hand grasping his, Hauer understood why he was drawn to Marie. He had lied to himself that the reason was sympathy for her, when really it was pity for himself. She was so full of life and he so empty. He knew if he lived for a hundred years, he would not live as much as Marie had lived in twenty some years. He had wanted to be close to her to gain some of her life.

They were outside now. Only the brightest stars shone palely in the purple sky. Over the high wall, light would be clustering in the east. The birds were chattering noisily. The air was pleasantly cool and damp, promising a warm, sunny July day.

"I'm glad it's a pretty day. If it had rained I would have been depressed."

She smiled; Hauer wanted to cry.



Marie filled her lungs with the fresh air. "I'm happy to have known you, Commander."

"Go with God, Marie," whispered Hauer.

"Good-bye."

The guard escorted Marie over to the pole. She refused the blindfold. As her hands were being tied she looked at the stars. She could almost touch them.

After her hands were secured, she stared at the six pairs of pale, blue eyes opposite her. She smiled. She looked at Commander Hauer, the smile remaining. Her stare turned to the six men. She really could see the bullets racing towards her. Then she looked back at the stars. Now she could touch them.

*Amanda Brockett*

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## ISOLATION

Isolation filled the gray, misty beach. Charcoal black clouds rolled slowly through the humid early evening sky. A storm was brewing.

The waves formed white-capped hands that pounded the shoreline with blind fury. A steady boom echoed back and forth down the sheer, dark cliffs. Thunder had started to sing duets against the cliffs.

Lightning illuminated the storm-stricken sky leaving zig-zagging paths that touched the land, jabbing like neon spears.

The moist wind whistled through sea-eroded rocks. Palm leaves were whipped furiously as the storm took its toll on the white sandy beach. The wind formed funnels of white sand and an occasional strand of dead kelp.

Then the rain hit.

*Pamela L. Bloom*

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# THE CONFESSIONS OF A TOOTH-BRUSHING ADDICT

*Fourth Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay*

I'm proud to admit that I'm addicted to my toothbrush and my Tartar Control Crest. Considering the bad habits of others (smoking, doing dope, combing their hair when it's wet), I like knowing that my addiction is healthy. I brush more than five times a day; it is the first thing I do in the morning and the last thing I do at night. And every time I do it, I can run my tongue over my teeth and go, "mmmmmmmmmm," like that girl on television. I know my teeth are clean. There isn't one sugar grain, or one speck of acid slowly chewing away at my tooth enamel! My gums, too, are pink and healthy, void of any trace of gingivitis. (Yes, when I'm ninety-nine, I'll still have my pearly-white originals.) Since I use Tarter Control Crest, I do not have ugly, yellow tartar build-up that has to be scraped off by that little pick at the dentist's office. I even have a clean tongue! Technically speaking, I don't have halitosis either. (That's bad breath.) After all, a mouth free of dirt is a mouth free of odor-causing bacteria. So, I brush and brush and brush away these causes of unhealthy teeth. And in the process, I increase my sociability. I'm not afraid to get close up to people and have private conversations because I'm not worried about having onion breath, or coffee breath, or even taco breath. I know that when I brush, those bad-smelling chemicals are simply washed off my teeth, right along with the Oreo crumbs. I love to smile a friendly hello because I know my teeth are white. They are not speckled with traces of dinner. If I could find some special guy, things could really get social—even my lips taste good! Whenever I'm in a public restroom and I get out my toothbrush and toothpaste, everyone else in the bathroom seems to notice. And ask: "What are you doing?" "Do you always brush your teeth in the bathroom?" "Going to see your boyfriend?" It may be a strange way to meet people, but it works. Toothbrushing may also seem like a funny way to get emotional support, but since it's so good for me, I am encouraged to maintain my addiction. My mom and dad

are thrilled that I have only two cavities. I guess I've saved them quite a bit of money, except they do get tired of buying me toothpaste. The dentist likes me, too. I think I'm his easiest patient because he doesn't have to spend all that time scraping scum off my teeth. One time he even gave me the Good Tooth Award along with a new toothbrush because my teeth were so clean. I guess I took to heart his little saying, "You don't have to brush all your teeth, just the ones you want to keep." I'm not afraid to admit that I'm addicted to my Crest and my toothbrush. Let's face it, what other addicts can boast that the American Dental Association approves of their habits?

*Lori Patterson*

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## BLOSSOMS

Like a seed buried deep within the earth,  
A germ of human energy soaks nourishment  
From fecund soil of the soul.  
A time of gestation allows the seed  
To drink deeply and quench its thirst.  
For months the seed germinates  
As roots slowly crack the hardened surface  
Of a shell that cradles life.  
These roots that branch downward,  
Grasping, groping nutrients for growth,  
Provide a rich foundation for the seed.  
Then slowly, from the seed an upward thrust  
Shoots forth and seeks escape from its dark cell.  
The shoot breaks through the surface of the earth  
And blossoms into buds of creativity.

*Jennifer Olin*



# YOU AND I

*First Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest*

You are there.

Where am I?

You seem to know life,  
therefore I need to  
know you.

Intently I watch every  
motion you make.

You're so much you,  
therefore I want to  
know you.

I need not strain my  
neck to see you, yet  
we are not equals.

You advance so uniquely.

So much of me  
needs, wants,  
and silently pleads  
to know you.

*Kelleyanne Pearman*

# THE EAST END

*First Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

I believed  
Each time we had to separate  
child and parent  
--an act so unnatural--  
I died a little

The girl today  
--too young to mother--  
hadn't spoken.  
She'd stood by the road  
I'd feared she would fall  
. . . jump . . .  
in front of a car.  
Her despair so great  
twisting my dreams  
a den of lions deep in me  
Oh, I never wanted to take Sam away . . .

But to see his small body spotted  
with burns, like a connect-the-dot  
puzzle for a luckier child,  
to see open holes, like sores, in their  
ceilings, walls

to know this girl lived  
in a childless snow world  
where children's empty dolls, vacant, loud . . .  
God help me.

*Marcie Hochwalt*



THE THEME OF FEMALE MUTED CON-  
SCIOUSNESS  
IN  
"THE YELLOW WALLPAPER" by CHAR-  
LOTTE PERKINS GILMAN,  
"TO ROOM NINETEEN" by DORIS  
LESSING,  
THE BLUEST EYE by TONI MORRISON

*First Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest*

The 20th Century has been an era in which the realms of literature have been penetrated, extended, and interrogated by female authors. Sexist barriers in politics, employment, and the arts are consistently being eliminated, and women have been free to express themselves in many arenas, including, and perhaps especially, in literature. This freedom to write has produced mountainous volumes of poetry, prose, short stories, and novels authored by women. This prolific outpouring of feminine writing has initiated provocative debates regarding the direction of feminist criticism. Feminist critics are attending to the task of addressing the critical question: "What is the difference between literature written by women, and literature written by men?"

Elaine Showalter, a respected feminist author and critic, proposes a definitive response to this question. In her essay, "Feminist Criticism in the Wilderness," Showalter reviews the current and previous modes and theories of feminist criticism: physiological, psychoanalytical, linguistic, and cultural. She proposes that the most complete mode of criticism is a "gynocentric, cultural, anthropologi-

cal" system. This system retains everything that is valid from the other theories and studies them with an anthropological and cultural scope.

One of the most stimulating concepts within this theory is that of the "muted consciousness" of women. This concept is based on a model suggested by Oxford anthropologists, Shirley and Edward Ardener. Their model addresses the fact that men have historically dominated both the language and power structures. Thus it has been the male consciousness that has been communicated, leaving the female consciousness "muted" and "silenced" in an unchartered area of communication because of inaccessibility to language and power (Showalter 262).

Showalter believes that within this "muted consciousness" lies the difference in women's writing. Many feminist critics, including Showalter, observe two plots or alternating texts in female literature. Underneath the literary linguistic communicated text is the "muted consciousness," a "silence," the "wild zone" which emerges, sometimes obviously, sometimes after careful study. Three literary works which I feel reflect this "muted consciousness" are: "The Yellow Wallpaper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "To Room Nineteen" by Doris Lessing, and The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison.

In "The Yellow Wallpaper," Gilman creates a chilling scenario in which a woman suffers from what we would now diagnose as post-partum depression. This woman is driven to madness, however, because her physician husband does not believe there is anything "really wrong" with her. In a "careful and loving manner" he confines her to one room, nor permits her to do anything independently.

The woman is stripped of all creative and self-communicative outlets. Her consciousness is "muted" to the



the extent that only madness brings her a release. Specifically significant to female literary study is the woman's constant thwarted attempts to write. She says, "If they only would allow me to write a little, it would relieve this press of ideas and rest me" (1151). For centuries women have been forbidden to write; for centuries women were unable to "relieve the press of Ideas."

Relief in "The Yellow Wallpaper" is achieved in insanity. The woman, confined to a room where her only company is a hideous yellow wallpaper, begins to peel off and sometimes devour the paper. As she does this, she realizes there is another woman creeping behind the wallpaper, clawing for freedom. As the lady behind the wallpaper "creeps" the woman outside of the wallpaper also begins to "creep." Soon the story is filled with women "creeping aimlessly"—in the garden—in the streets—in the room with the yellow wallpaper—inside the yellow wallpaper.

When viewed within the concept of Showalter's premise, the main character in this story is an example of a silenced consciousness, so thoroughly suppressed by her husband's dominance and society's dictations that her only mode of expression is madness. Looking deeper into the story, we see an even more frightening example—the women who have supposedly gained "freedom" and are able to "escape" from behind the wallpaper are still "creeping aimlessly," indicating that even when expressed, women's consciousness can be crushed and muted by society.

Doris Lessing, in her short story "To Room Nineteen," also portrays a silenced woman—but in a much more subtle manner. It is this subtlety which disguises the seemingly ironic situation of the heroine; she has everything, but

is miserable. The following passage is indicative of this subtle, matter-of-fact tone through which Lessing tells her story:

They lived in their charming flat for two years, giving parties and going to them, being a popular young married couple, then Susan became pregnant, she gave up her job, and they bought a house in Richmond. It was typical of this couple that they had a son first, then a daughter, then twins, a son and a daughter. Everything was right, appropriate, and what everyone would wish for. (1882)

It is this "matter of fact," "this is how it should be" tone which permeates the story and follows Susan through her mandatory obligations of being a perfect wife, which leads her to eventually become selfless, depressed, and suicidal. Lessing successfully engages the reader in a serious struggle of discovering exactly why Susan is so miserable. Susan addresses this question and draws the following conclusion:

All this is quite natural. First, I spent twelve years of my adult life working, living my own life. Then I married and from the moment I became pregnant for the first time, I signed myself over, so to speak, to other people. To the children. Not for one moment in twelve years have I been alone, had time to myself. Now I have to learn to be by myself again. That's all. (1884)

Susan's "finding herself" is the core of this story. However, when we consider Showalter's contention that another reality exists underneath the basic story in women's literature, we can see another dimension—Susan's expressed consciousness. At first, Susan does everything



that is expected from a "perfect wife." This ranges from meekly accepting her husband's infidelities ("It was banal when one night Matthew came home late and confessed he had taken a girl home and slept with her" (1885)) to sacrificing her career because "children needed a mother around up to a certain age, that they both agreed on" (1884).

In reality, the true feelings of her "self" remained silenced. When her husband was unfaithful her thoughts were filled with "bitterness" and "absurdity"—but she suppressed these thoughts and offered the obligatory "forgiveness" and "understanding." And when her depression led to "bad temper and resentment" toward the children, she was not able to express it. "Why is it I can't tell anyone; why, why not?" (1891).

Lessing brilliantly leads us to examine the unexpressed, silent consciousness of a woman who has it all, but nothing—because she has no self. Although Susan finds temporary release in a rented hotel room where she can be completely alone and anonymous, when her husband learns of her escape retreat, she can no longer be at peace. Her consciousness can only escape the frustration of silence by ending it—she commits suicide.

Lessing's "To Room Nineteen" and Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" definitely fit into the framework of Ardener's model and Showalter's theory. The Bluest Eye, a novel by Toni Morrison, adds another dimension to the model—black consciousness. Showalter relates:

An important aspect of Ardener's model is that there are muted groups other than women; a dominant structure may determine many muted structures. A Black American woman poet, for example, would have her literary identity formed by the dominant (white male) tradition, by a muted woman's culture, and by a muted Black culture. (264)

American history has confirmed that black women have consistently been on the lowest end of economic and social scales. Toni Morrison articulates this condition in her novel by examining a black woman's experience in relation to her own self-image. As a result of white domination, a black female often develops an innate sense of self-hatred and a strong conviction that she is physically ugly and repugnant. This is manifested in the following self-analysis of Pecola, a little black girl in the novel.

As long as she looked the way she did, as long as she was ugly, she would have to stay with these people. Somehow she belonged to them. Long hours she spent looking in the mirror, trying to discover the secret of ugliness that made her ignored and despised . . . Each night without fail, she prayed for blue eyes. (2092)

Almost all of the black women in this novel are haunted by white standards which define beauty in terms of Jean Harlow and Shirley Temple—standards which dictate that black women do not need help during childbirth because "Their ugly kind deliver right away with no pain, just like the horses" (2136). Standards that cause a mother to look at her newborn baby and say, "Head full of pretty hair, but Lord is she ugly!" (2149). Standards which embitter and confuse black men to the point where incest occurs frequently out of conflicting emotions of "hatred and tenderness toward the child" (2149).



Within the content of this novel, the consciousness of black women is not only muted, but almost destroyed. After Pecola is impregnated by her father, she slips into schizophrenia, believing that her eyes have finally turned blue and all her black friends are jealous of her—yet she still fears that her eyes are not blue enough for her to be loved by the white world. In this world of white dominance and black social structure, Pecola's self-image is so filled with hatred, ugliness, and pain that she retreats to an illusory world of insanity. Morrison bemoans this reality:

Thrown, in this way, into the binding conviction that only a miracle would relieve her, she would never know beauty. She would only see what there was to see: the eyes of other people. (2029)

As women penetrate deeper into the realms of literature and personal freedom, the female "muted consciousness" will eventually be expressed and articulated. Until then, as Showalter proposes, we must question the insanity in "The Yellow Wallpaper," avoid being tricked by the suicide in "To Room Nineteen," and examine and understand the self-images in *The Bluest Eye*—always considering that "women have a duality, as members of the general culture and partakers of the women's culture" (Showalter 260).

*Phyllis Magold*

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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C.S. DENTON is a junior applied voice major from Reynoldsburg, Ohio. He is well-known for the many songs he has written. The poem, "Breakfast Foods," is one of these.

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