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1988 Fall Quiz & Quill Magazine

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Lawrence Guy

*Quin
&
Quill
Fall
1988*



David Laundy

QUIZ AND QUILL

1

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Autumn 1988

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Editor's Note

With the closure of another academic term, it is time, once again for the *Quiz and Quill* to make another public appearance. We are proud to present this issue to the Otterbein community.

As you leaf through the pages of this issue, you will see some returning poets as well as many new names. Autumn seems to draw out the poetic instincts in many of us! *Quiz and Quill* is pleased to share with you the talents of these new-found writers. Because we had so many submissions, it was difficult to decide what to include in this issue. Each of these talented people reminds us that writing is not a lost art. Rather, the creative tradition of Otterbein lives on.

I would also like to publicly recognize the 1988-89 *Quiz and Quill* staff members. Quite a few people have joined our ranks. These new members have contributed greatly with their support, their ideas, and their time. Thanks to these people, this issue has been a pleasure to create.

Jennifer Olin

Quiz and Quill

Fall, 1988

CONTENTS

<i>Table of Contents</i>	2
<i>WCW</i>	<i>Lisa Weems</i> 3
<i>A Good Jazz Trumpet Solo</i>	<i>Cyndi Miller</i> 4
<i>Artwork</i>	<i>Heidi McDannald</i> 5
<i>The Concert</i>	<i>Michael Mann</i> 6
<i>Desire</i>	<i>Kyra Robinson</i> 8
<i>Anthropomorphic</i>	<i>Linda Hardesty</i> 9
<i>First Bike</i>	<i>John Deever</i> 10
<i>Reflection</i>	<i>C.S. Denton</i> 12
<i>Artwork</i>	<i>Laura Guy</i> 13
<i>Traveling</i>	<i>Mara Matteson</i> 14
<i>Soft Hands</i>	<i>Michael Mann</i> 16
<i>Five</i>	<i>TJ Garmise</i> 17
<i>The Stranger</i>	<i>Lisa Weems</i> 18
<i>Artwork</i>	<i>Laura Guy</i> 19
<i>Buses</i>	<i>Michael Mann</i> 20
<i>Contributors Page</i>	21

WCW *

i look

past
the glass

at a dance

of lucid waterbeads

up, up, up
they fall
down
the well worn wall

clinging

to each other

against
the wind

Lisa Weems

* The poet would like to acknowledge William Carlos Williams, whose poetic style inspired her to write this poem.

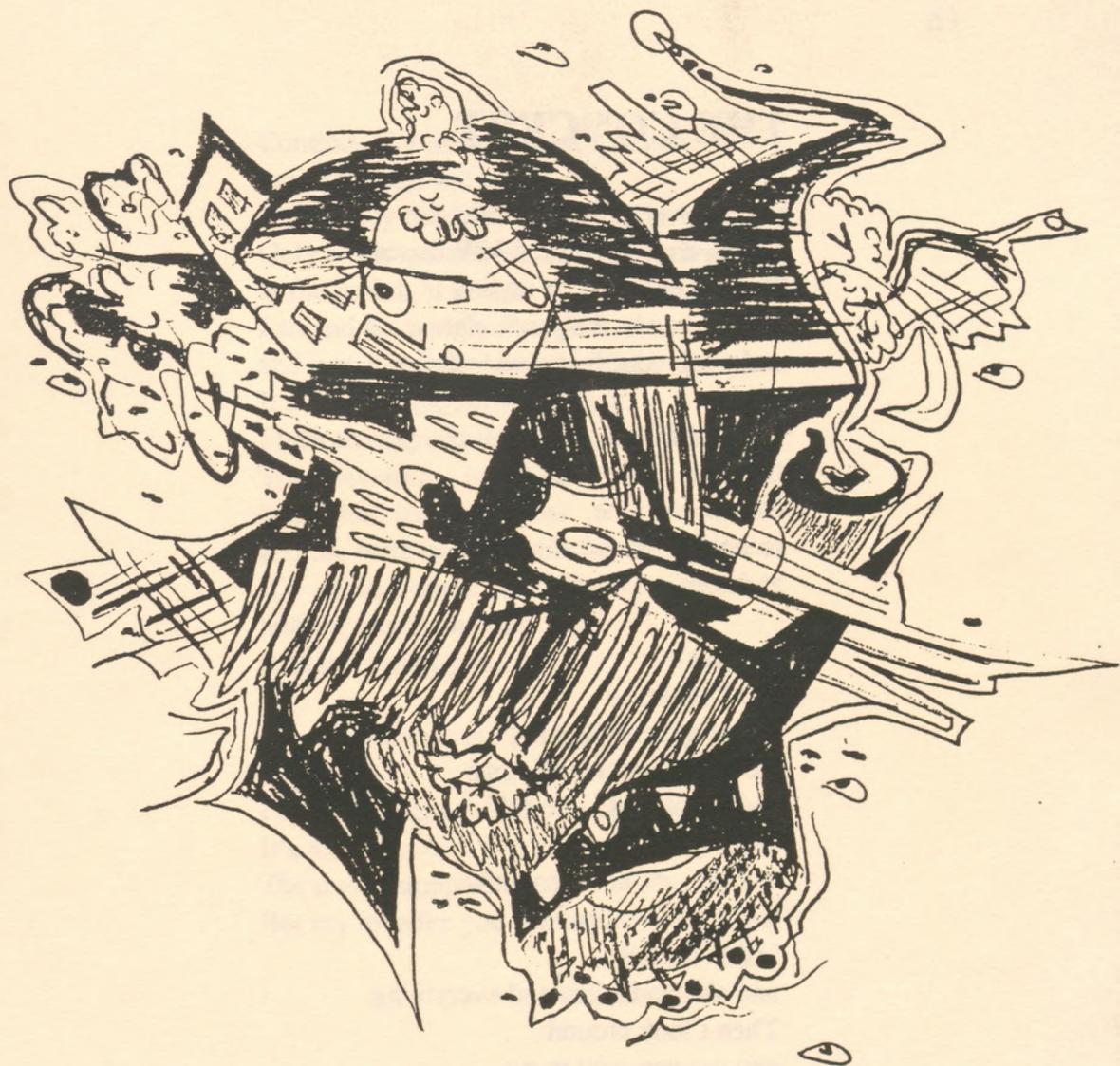
A GOOD JAZZ TRUMPET SOLO

Ideas originate internally
Combine with CO₂
 forced through a maze of cold metal
 warming dead chambers as they flow
Particles pierce the air
A pin prick,
 unzipping the atmosphere
Slowly slithering from the bell
 to the stage floor,
down the steps — goo
 oozing to the front row
Touching my toes — involuntarily tapping
The air has burst
Splattered on my face —
 gum that was the most enormous
 bubble.

My shoulders sway
 fingers snap
Snapping as my head bobs
Energized I leap to my feet —

Applause places a period
 at the end of a remarkable sentence.

Cyndi Miller



THE CONCERT

Multi-covered melting shirts
oozing from splattered VW Buses.
The ground is so far down
but hold on to the peace sign
and plant your feet next to me.

Your marble eyes are glassy
from the dollar fun.
But so are mine,
so hold my hand
and come close with me.

You are me
and I am you.
My body is embracing
the music that never stops
and I look inside myself
to see you.
But you are not there now
and I get wrapped up
inside myself
and almost understand everything.
Then I look around
and see you next to me
where you will always be.

Continuous waves of color and hair
move through the crowd.
Our muddy feet join them,
Only to escape and we sit by ourselves
in the midnight grass.
I sit and stare at the Royal Flushes
and watch people knocking at the doors.
It fascinates me for awhile but
I turn around and see the scene behind me.
The heavens are wrapped
in brilliant reds and blues
and the eerie moon is shining through.
It watches a circle of barefoot souls,
holding hands and dancing.
And it watches you.

Why do we turn our backs to beauty?

Let me get deep inside of you.
It's too late.
The music stopped.
But my love for you will not.

Michael Mann

DESIRE

That chain around his neck
Lying there, crimped and curved
On his skin, turning brown.
His bare chest revealing all he has to offer—
For a while.
His muscular frame, rippling
Beckoning my hand's stay.
His name, inscribed in gold
On his mother's gift lies there
On perfect flesh
That cannot be touched, nor he,
By anyone but her, yet . . .
His heart is given with a chain,
Fragile, trusting, neverending.

Kyra Robinson

ANTHROPOMORPHIC

Dead
dried hard and
flattened

Soft fur brittles
against wind and
time

Teeth clenched
flesh grows
grisly

Dark eyes
pain and
disappear

Linda Hardesty

FIRST BIKE

He sits on the dark, chrome-gilded machine in the driveway and his eyes light up like those of a starving man at feast. His hands caress the tear-drop gas tank, his gentle fingers learning the curves of the throttle, the clutch, the entire delicious shape he calls "my bike."

"Wow!" the graying woman beside him marvels. "It's big."

"Well, not *too* big, though . . ." the boy replies. At 17, he knows little of the world, but likes it so far. Especially if it can give birth to creatures like this.

"Wow," his father echoes. "You got a really nice one." His wide eyes and restrained voice betray his nostalgic envy of youth.

"Yeah, it's a CX500 Custom, liquid-cooled transverse-V, Dad," the boy recites with glee. "And the guy threw in the fairing and trunk box for free. Sure, it's six years old, but look at the condition," he grins, stroking a silvery cylinder. The sunbeams reflecting from the shiny machine cannot match the beams from his face.

"It's illegal to ride on the freeway with only your temps, though, right?" Mom knowingly probes.

"Well, right, but who'll know?" the boy provokes. "Anyway, I get tested next Thursday."

Mom frowns faintly, but Dad drifts back in time with a smile. The forthcoming story is apparent before he even speaks. The boy listens humbly, of course: this would be the wrong moment to annoy either parent.

"You know, I once rode a motorcycle with your Uncle Jake back in high school. I borrowed Roger Trumbull's 1949 Indian -- you remember Roger, Sara -- and Jake rode his Norton. In fact, that was the time . . ."

Dad continues to wallow in the oh-so memorable time the Indian quit on him and never ran again, but the boy is lost in a passionate embrace with his

new bride. His legs straddle her wide, and her sweet perfume of gasoline floats in a halo around him. Gently he plays with her soft clutch, sensing his awkward appearance and yet fairly drooling over the pure and total badness, the coolness, the romance of owning a motorcycle.

"And it's mine," he thinks. "Mine, mine, mine, mine, all mine . . ."

"... mine was a kickstart, ya see, so we jumped and jumped on that thing, trying to start it, until . . ."

"... until I wreck," he thought. He knew that every biker -- the word was heavenly -- took a spill at least once in his life. And he knew the threatening statistics of how many lost their "safe driver virginity" within the first year of riding. The bike inspired him, but it also frightened him. His awe had two faces. But he swore not to admit to the second, less glorious one.

He remembered to share his father's chuckle at the conclusion. The concentration on his mother's face deepened, and he braced himself for a lecture of a different sort.

"And babbled helmets and other drivers gobbledy don't seem motorcycles gook careful blahblah careful . . ." He yeah-mommed with all the honesty he could muster.

But the bike was his parent now. Or more like a mistress whose command he could not refuse. Where she would go, he would follow. When the rumble of her engine called, he would come. He twisted back the throttle of his silent, waiting bride, and felt the wind beating him, the whirl of wheels gobbling the pavement. She called him to the dance, that elusive dance with death. And he was willing.

John Deever

REFLECTION

I look in the mirror and what do I see?
Two eyes looking back at me
 Beyond the white, the black, the blue
 Those two eyes pierce right through. . . my soul
 Telling me of the good times
Telling me that I should have known
It wouldn't last
Saying that nobody's perfect
Wishing I'd been the best
Telling me fate says this time
I don't pass the test
 But, if I cannot be perfect
 Then what's the use
 Should I keep on trying?
 Or call a truce?
 Will my hurt pride suffer
 Any more abuse?
 Oh, what's the use?
So you haven't shaved in a while?
It's hard to muster up a smile
Should you even dare?
Do you really care?
Monday morning comes so soon
 Afterwards comes Friday noon
 You'd better get your thoughts in time
 Because the show
 Will be over soon. . .

C.S. Denton



TRAVELING

I
want to stop but
I am stuck I
have ... to ... stay ... in- ...
side .. this .. stall .. The ..
train keeps mov ing
mov ing mov ing
yet it ne ver
gets to my stop
Stop Stop Stop I
want to get off
move a bout make
my own tracks and
be my own con-
ductor! All the
mountains call to
climb them All the
rivers want my
swim but I am
stuck inside this
box and I can
only wave to
all the things that
pass me by. Bye-
bye! I think I

can I think I
can I think I
can and still I
don't. Oh how much
longer must I
travel? What if
I never ar-
rive? Or what if
when I finally
get there what I'm
waiting for is
gone? Will I be
stuck in side this
train for ev er
search ing search ing
search . . ing . . search . .ing . .
Search . . ing . . for . .my . .
fin . . . al . . . des . . . tin . . .
a tion

Mara Matteson

SOFT HANDS

My world is black and white.
Gray storm clouds envelop it.
White lightning strikes my eyeball
And burns my iris.
In my other eye,
I see you dancing,
Pine needles at your feet.
You pick a needle up
And stick it in my good eye.
I cannot see your beauty,
But I reach out and touch you.
Your hands are so soft.
My world is no more
Black and White.
My world is your soft hands.
And the pine needles that
Prick my feet.

Michael Mann

FIVE

Five.
No, seven.
Yeah, seven.
Do you agree?
Or is five better?
OK, five.

Silver.

Speckled.

And curved.
But only on top.
The bottom's good flat.

But always five.
Are you sure seven's not better?
OK, always five.

And make sure the bottom's flat.

TJ Garmise

THE STRANGER

a stranger calls me,
uses charm for bait
because he knows
how long i've waited
to be tantalized
and passionately teased.
He smiles at me
only because he knows
he's succeeded,
once again.

Lisa Weems



Laura
Guy

BUSES

People on buses are weird.
When the bus goes over a bump,
their faces shake like jelly
and melt like ice cream.
White people who work in offices and
Blacks who do not have transportation;
people reading and looking depressed.

I make up lives for them and
create tragedies.

The man with the paper bag lunch,
What do you have in there?
A peanut butter sandwich?

I move to talk to a girl
whose face has not melted yet.
On the way, I step in chocolate and vanilla
ice cream.

I talk to her and try to get a screw.
She holds up a compact to suck on
her lipstick.
The bus goes over a bump.
I drip on her dress.
In her mirror, I watch my face melt.

Michael Mann

CONTRIBUTORS

21

JOHN DEEVER is an active member of the Otterbein community. Fortunately, the Quiz and Quill was able to snatch him away from the T&C long enough for him to write a humorous piece of prose.

C. S. DENTON is a "second-timer." He made his first appearance in the Quiz and Quill last spring. He is an applied voice major and he sings in the Otterbein concert choir.

TJ GARMISE is a sophomore broadcasting major from Westerville. He enjoys writing demented, sadistic poetry and stories.

LAURA GUY, the art editor of the Quiz and Quill, has contributed a great deal to this issue. She is also an active member of Epsilon Kappa Tau and the Otterbein Equestrian team.

LINDA HARDESTY made contributions to Quiz and Quill when she previously attended Otterbein. She has returned as an ADP student, majoring in English. Recently she sold an inspirational piece to the Sunday Digest.

MICHAEL MANN, a sophomore English major, is from Pittsburgh, and a member of Eta Phi Mu fraternity. He is a first-time contributor.

MARA MATTESON, a senior International Studies/English major, was published several years ago in the Quiz and Quill. We are pleased to publish her once again. She is a member of the Otterbein concert choir and the Residence Life Staff in King-Dunlap Hall.

HEIDI MCDANNALD is one of our faithful and talented contributors. Her artwork always livens up our issues! She is a member of our staff and is a Visual Arts major.

CYNDI MILLER likes diet Coke, smoky jazz clubs, and traveling to exotic places. She's a sophomore International Studies and English Writing major. This is her third poem in the Quiz and Quill.

KYRA ROBINSON is a junior Pre-Med/Life Science major from Millersport, Ohio, who enjoys sports, especially basketball, waterskiing, and cycling. She is a member of Hall Council, AED, and Epsilon Kappa Tau sorority.

LISA WEEMS, a freshman, is one of our new-found talents. We are pleased to display two of her poems. Lisa is also a singer. She sings with the Concert Choir.
