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1991 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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Quiz & Quill
Spring
1991



Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1991

These are hidden wonders in the world. Often, rickety bridges built by one man's two hands can lead you into an opening of green where fireflies hover and butterflies dance. The writers in this issue have found wonders hiding behind shadows, lingering between breaths, and even stuffed under an orange couch like loose change or a broken remote. I hope these works take you somewhere, that they pull you out from beneath your couch, for you already know more than you think you do. Enter and enjoy.

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on break with skinny and doodle

orange couch
altered point of view
feels like i'm out of state
feels like i'm in pennsylvania?

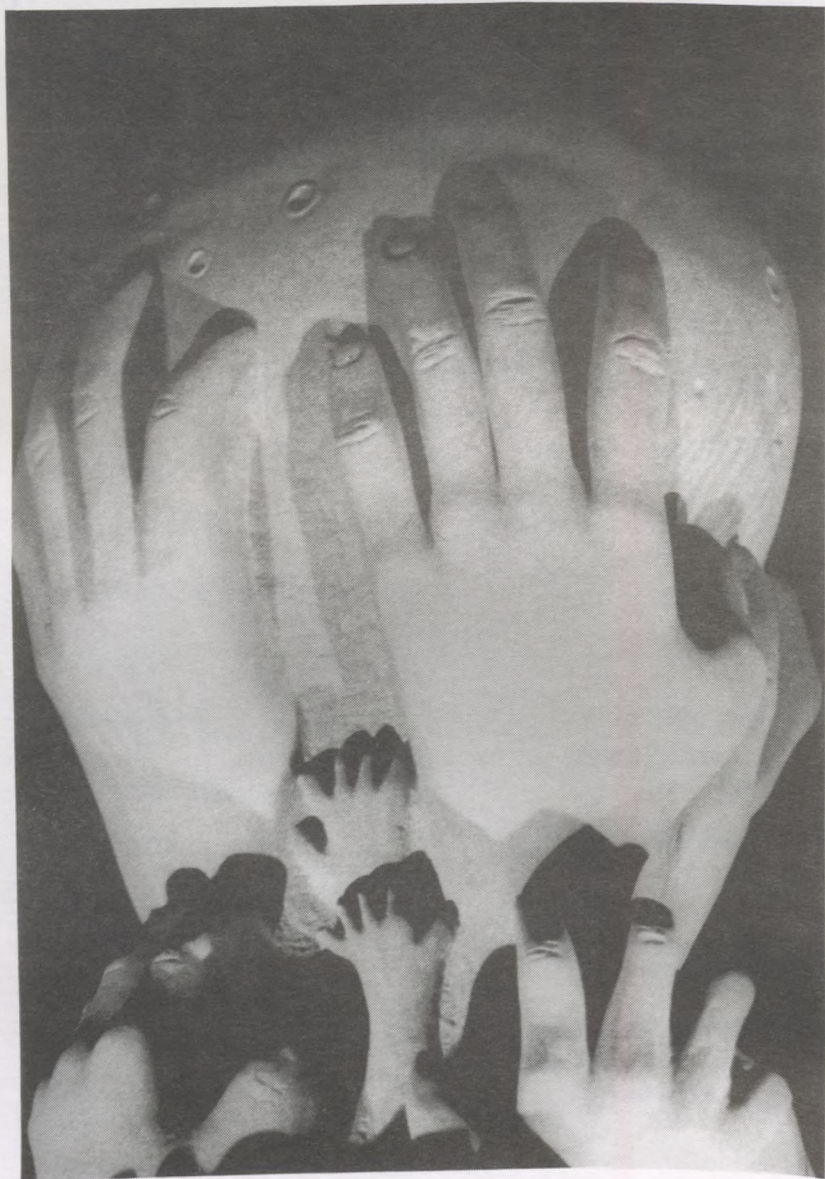
a place where minds are open
where thoughts come to life
and fly on the wings we choose to give them

not there:
thoughts are caged
life is bleak—boring
tv, radio, movies, sex
it's all the same there

no
here so close
i am a world away
i can be me
i want to be me here
thoughts are free

and each view is seen
not judged
merely viewed
as a child sees the stars

Dave Smith



Christine Long

Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1991

Buaphaeng*First Place, Walter Lowrie Barnes Historical Short Story Contest*

Dear friend,

20 December 1978

My name is Buaphaeng Wongwirat. I am nine years old. I am sorry I do not know your name yet. The people at the agency say I am to have a sponsor now. They asked me to write a letter to tell you about me. I have taken English at my school for three years but I am still not very good. Please excuse me.

My parents went to work in the town. They don't come home every day. I live with my grandmother. We live in the village of Udonthani in Thailand. I am responsible to go get water and clean the house. Also I put kerosene in our lamp. I have just been to school. Today I learnt mathematics. My favorite study is English because I have wanted for a long time to come to America.

Are you doing well? Right now it is very cold in my country. Is it cold in your country? Would you tell me a bit about your country? I hope to know you better.

Sincerely yours,
Buaphaeng Wongwirat

Tears welled in my eyes as I read the letter. After years of thinking about it, I had finally "adopted" a child from Thailand to improve her living conditions and give her a chance at an education, and here she was. It had started off as a charity—my church always stressed giving to the poor—but suddenly it seemed like so much more than an act of charity. To actually have the chance to change a child's life. . .

I looked at the picture the agency had sent of my

new child, suddenly feeling an intense pride, almost as though the child were my own. She was small, thin, and dark with shiny black hair cut short "to keep it out of the way," the description explained. She had a round face with deep-set black eyes and a tiny nose. The only thing missing was the smile, but then a nine-year-old child who's never seen a camera before might be a little nervous. She wore a nondescript white shirt, a shabby blue skirt, and was barefoot. She seemed so innocent! And yet her life could hardly have been easy. I could see her "house" in the background. It was tiny—one room probably—and had a grass roof and sticks for walls. Nothing sturdy, just sticks like you'd use for kindling in a camp-fire. But the picture was somehow beautiful, like something out of some travel magazine.

And she wanted to come to America. A stark reminder that the life that looked so picturesque to me wasn't so picturesque from her side. Maybe someday I could help her accomplish her dream. But that was doubtful. The statistics were drastically against her.

I shook the thought from my head and got out stationary to write to her.

Dear Buaphaeng,

February 13, 1979

Greetings from America! It was wonderful to get your letter and to get to know you a little. It certainly takes mail a long time to get here from Thailand! You probably won't get this letter until April or so. My name is Heather Griffin, and I'm twenty-four years old. I live in a state called Colorado. My country is divided into fifty states. Colorado is very cold right now, but it will start to get warm in another month or two.

To tell you a little about myself, I live alone in a house in a small town. My parents live in the same town and we visit each other a lot. Actually, I don't live quite alone. I have a

dog named Skipper. I'm a teacher in the local elementary school where I'm currently teaching first grade, children two or three years younger than you are.

You asked about my country. As I mentioned, it is cold here now, but there are some parts of the country that are warm all year round. In Colorado, there are a lot of forests where there are deer, squirrels, bears, and other animals. I'm sending some pictures to show you what the animals look like. I'm also sending a map of my country. The red mark is where I live. The blue mark is our capital city, Washington, D.C.

How are you? How is your grandmother? Do you have any animals? I'm eager to learn more about you! Maybe someday we'll even get to meet each other.

Sincerely yours,
Heather Griffin

I folded the pictures and map into the letter and licked the envelope shut. All mail would have to go through the agency to be delivered to the child's house. The agency workers in Thailand take her the mail.

I sent the letter on my way to school the next day. Walking into my class of first-graders, it was hard to imagine the world being different. My world was full of bright faces coloring with crayons, writing their alphabets (also in crayon—for some reason the children always refused to use their pencils), and cutting out red paper hearts for Valentine's Day. But half a world away Buaphaeng was probably going to school, diligently studying English and mathematics, in quite a different setting. I thought it was bad that we didn't have a drinking fountain in our hallway, but the children in Buaphaeng's school didn't have running water at all. I was worried about first-graders not zipping

their coats while Buaphaeng went barefoot with no coat at all. We really were from different worlds.

I wondered what would happen to her. Could I really change her standard of living? Would she really have chances in life that she wouldn't without me? Would she really be able to choose her own life because of what I was doing? I was beginning to believe she could.

In July, I got another letter.

My Dear Aunt Heather,

April 17, 1979

I thank you for your letter! I thank you for helping me and my family. We have a well now. Lydia, she is the agency worker in Thailand, taught me a well is a great big bucket that is always full. She says the water from the well is clean. She said the other water would make us sick. Many people use the well.

Is all well with you? I hope so. I and my grandmother are fine. My parents live with us now. They came home to take care of our rice fields. We have one buffalo. It helps work.

I like that you are a teacher. My teachers are nice. There are two in my school. Do you think I may visit you? I've been practicing my English. Do you think I am better? Lydia comes to my house to help me. It's easy to read English but not as easy to understand the talking. Lydia is from America, so she knows how to talk English.

Thank you for your map. My teacher put it on the wall at the school. She liked your pictures but I keep those at home. Could you send me a picture of you?

Sincerely yours,
Buaphaeng Wongwirat

This letter, too, made me cry. I don't know why.

Maybe it was my surprise at being called "Aunt Heather." She considered me family! I wanted to encourage her, to tell her she could come stay with me, to tell her all the wonderful opportunities she could have if she came here. But the chance was slim. The agency would never let her come. Their purpose was to help children within their own cultures, not bring them into a new one and change their lifestyles. But it didn't seem fair. Buaphaeng *wanted* to change her lifestyle. It wasn't being forced upon her.

I spent most of the evening trying to find just the right picture for Buaphaeng. It had to be a good one, but one in which I wasn't wearing anything too fancy. I didn't want her to feel bad for the things she didn't have. I finally found one my parents had taken at my birthday party almost two years ago. I was dressed simply, in a sweatshirt and jeans, and my long brown hair was loose, swinging dangerously close to the candle on the cupcake in front of me. I chose this picture because of the smile. All my other pictures seemed to have a fake, crooked smile, but this one was different. The smile was genuine and broadened my otherwise plain, narrow face.

Buaphaeng and I exchanged letters every couple of months. I sent my twenty dollars a month to Thailand, not sure how much good that would do in the greater scheme of things, but glad I could help for the time being, at least. The agency sent pictures and updated reports of where the money was going every year. At first, I didn't notice much change in the photos. But when I got the picture of Buaphaeng at fifteen, I realized she was growing up. She seemed to have grown a foot since the year before, and her face looked older than mine. Her eyes seemed sad and there was no glow to her cheeks, and there was still no trace of a smile on her lips. Her growth in learning was obvious, too. Her letters had become impeccable and her sentences more complex than I ever bothered to write. My own funds and those of the agency had provided clean water for the community, a health care facility, basic nutrition education, and a school lunch program, in addition to

providing for Buaphaeng's personal needs such as food and clothing. It seemed to me twenty dollars could never be enough, but every penny seemed to help.

Dear Aunt Heather,

23 November, 1985

Greetings. How are you doing? I am doing well. Lydia has been coming quite often to share with me about your country. She is wonderful to talk to! She tells me the most wonderful stories and brings pictures and maps so I can better come to understand your country. Sometimes she even stays overnight with my family when we stay up too late talking. My family is always hospitable, but I think Lydia makes them uncomfortable. I am the only one in the family who knows English, and Lydia, although she knows Thai, speaks English in our house to help me learn correct pronunciation and new vocabulary. My mother must constantly ask what is being said.

I am always happy, though, to see Lydia. She seems to like me and always brings new things to read and learn. The school really doesn't teach me much any more. Most children leave school at a much younger age than I am now, but I have been able to continue, thanks to you. However, most of my education now comes from Lydia.

Lydia always asks about you when she comes. I told her I wanted to go to America to visit you, but she didn't look very happy when I said that. She told me I should be happy here with my family, and should use my education to help others in Udornthani. Maybe she's right, but I still want to visit you. And I want to meet Skipper, too, and maybe even visit your class at school. I hope they realize what a special

teacher they have.

Sincerely yours,
Buaphaeng Wongwirat

After reading Buaphaeng's letter, I wanted to thank and praise Lydia for all she was doing for my child. Being a teacher myself, I could appreciate the impact Lydia would have on Buaphaeng's life, and she seemed to be doing all she could to not only educate, but befriend my child.

But it wasn't just Lydia. Buaphaeng had a desire to learn that far surpassed any I'd ever seen in the school children I taught. Perhaps it was her desire to come to America that inspired her to learn so much so quickly. Maybe it was simply the fact that so many other children around her were denied an education that she felt honored and grateful for the gift she was being given. I chose teaching as a profession because I loved the inquisitiveness of children and their eagerness to learn, but not even my brightest kids took as much interest in their subjects as Buaphaeng.

I got another letter just a few months later.

Dear Aunt Heather,

30 March, 1986

Greetings! How are things with you? I hope your students are working hard. (I'm sure they're doing well under such a great instructor!)

I just turned sixteen last month, and that's the age at which people in my area must leave school and begin work (if they haven't already). By the time you receive this letter, I will either have a job in town, most likely working in a store or sewing, or I will be working in the rice fields along with my parents. My teacher says I know enough English that I might be able to get a job as a teacher, but there are few such jobs available in Udornthani. But,

Heather, I don't want to live my parents' life! They never had a chance at the education you've allowed me to have, but it seems there is nowhere I may use what I have learned. It makes me sad to have to leave school, but since the agency no longer supports children over eighteen, I must begin to make my own living. I have less than two years left in the program, and my parents need the money for my younger brother. Maybe I can save enough money at my job to come to America and stay with you. I've studied a lot and learned about your culture. Lydia comes often and brings all the books she can find for me. I just wish I could come! Do you think there is any possible way? Do you think it possible that I could raise the money? I can work hard. I know I haven't learned enough to become a teacher in America, but I can take care of small children and keep learning until I can teach. Lydia promised to help me by talking with other leaders in the agency, but she didn't offer much hope. She's leaving Thailand within the year to go back to America and says she will do all she can to take me with her, but she said, too, that I should not get my hopes up.

My parents and grandmother wish for me to find a husband, but I really don't want to yet. You're not married and you are still happy. You seem to be content with the children at school for company and Skipper at home. What do you think? Should I look for a husband?

By the way, how's Skipper? You didn't mention him in your last letter. Are your parents well?

Sincerely yours,
Buaphaeng Wongwirat

Quit school and work in the rice fields! How could that be? Hadn't I spent the last seven years trying to raise this child's standard of living? Now she would probably follow in her parents' footsteps! Had I helped her at all? Or had I only hurt her by showing her what life could be like?

I don't know why I thought it would be different for her. The money I'd sent had kept her alive and benefited her community. Without it she would have had to quit school long ago. I should have been proud of my efforts, but it just wasn't enough. She could be so much more than a field worker! She just didn't have a chance to try! Not every child in my class would end up in college. Not everyone would become an artist or an engineer. Not all of them would be famous or successful, but at least they had a chance. The opportunity was there for the taking. Not for Buaphaeng. She was caught in her social class, unable to continue her education or find a job that used her talents. I couldn't afford to bring the girl here, and the agency certainly wouldn't help. There was an emergency fund, but that went to children who had no one at all to take care of them in their home countries and were adopted by American parents. My child could never qualify for such an award.

I never knew I could become so attached to a child I'd never even met. Here I was, a loner for eleven years, wishing I could adopt a child into my home. And over the weeks I surprised myself. Not only was it her dream to come to America, it was my dream as well. Not just for her, but for me. There had to be a way!

But the months passed and no possibilities became evident. Unable to get a job in town, Buaphaeng was working with her parents in the rice fields. Her grandmother had died, so she spent any extra time taking care of her nine-year-old brother and helping him through his lessons. Her parents chose a husband for her. She did not want to be married, but she didn't think she could hold out much longer.

All of this I read in her letters, along with a general

aura of sorrow that had developed in the seven years of our correspondence. Maybe if she'd never known me—never known what life outside her small town was like—she wouldn't have been so sad and discontented.

One night in November I was up grading math papers, an aging Skipper sprawled over my feet. The pictures from each year of Buaphaeng's growth hung on the wall and I could see them from my position at the kitchen table. She would be seventeen now. Maybe even married to that boy her parents had chosen, by now. I wondered if the agency would still deliver my letters after she turned eighteen.

Skipper perked up his ears at a knock on the door. I got up to answer and there was a small woman with shoulder-length blond hair looking up at me.

"Miss Heather Griffin?"

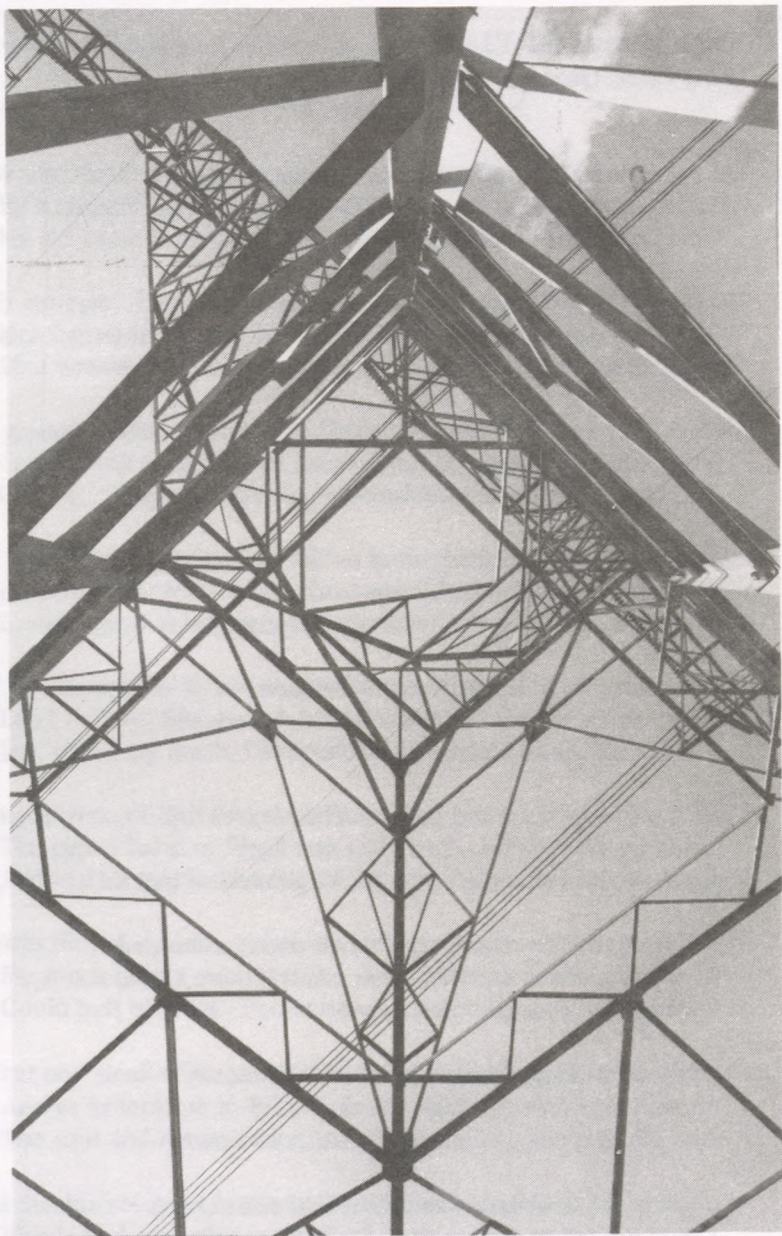
"Yes," I answered.

"Good evening," she said, smiling and reaching out her hand to shake mine, "I'm Lydia, the agency worker from your child's precinct. I have been transferred back to the States as the director of the agency's main branch."

"I think Buaphaeng mentioned in one of her letters that I hoped to bring her with me. Like others from the agency, I believe children should not be removed from their homelands. However, I became very attached to your child and couldn't bear to see her forced into a life she didn't want to live. There is simply no future for her in Thailand."

"Anyway. . ." Lydia paused, taking a step to the left, "Miss Griffin, I would like to introduce you to Buaphaeng Wongwirat."

Kristy Wadsworth



David Henn

Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1991

14 **Ego's Cantos I-VI**

First Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Canto I

As I finished XXXIV, I scoffed at the mighty
Dante, at sin and at salvation. Dante and all wear chains,
That hold their capacities tightly

In place. Their Almighty holds the short reins
That connect to the bits that are crammed into their traps At so
young an age, they never know it is unnatural pain

Which they feel. Without the guide of the non-believers' maps,
These shackles, they will never cease to wear;
The bits in their holes are not of sugar, but of crap.

As I finished XXXIV, these were my feelings of despair.
My mind was foul with excommunicatable
Thoughts. It was at this time, when I, completely unaware,

Was tackled by Morpheus the unconquerable.
He spun me to and fro, and in a dark woods did
The spinner finally leave my stable.

The trees were dead and barren. Their leaves hid
Away inside their branches. Not one furry
Creature did I stumble upon, for all gentleness had rid

Itself from that place long ago, when darkness hurried
In wearing chaos and bleakness. And I, there alone,
Twisted and struggled in a flurry,

Randomly striking tree and ground. Like blown
Snow, I was dropped from the sky to fall
And die in a place where birds had once flown.

So lost was I, and dark was it, that I, like Saul,
Could not tell the moon from the Son,
Nor the short tale from the tall.

For time unknown I stumbled there another comic one.

Canto II

My uncontrolled faltering was suddenly harnessed,
By a sweet bit which I freely tasted under my tongue;
My aid came from a poet who witnessed

My struggle. Even though this poet could easily outrun
Me, the wild mare, he brought charity and compassion
That warmed me like the song the universe always sung.

"I miss that song here in this dismal abrasion,"
I said to my master as he led me through the forest
Of evil. Never once in the woods did my guide happen

Upon words to speak, but with a look of unrest
He pulled my reins to the doorway of hell;
It was here that he explained my test.

"I am the mighty Whitman, proud and well
Did I believe, like you, that God was I.
But, upon my death, I slipped off my pedestal and fell

Into a circle of Hell that even Dante, by
The clever hand of Virgil was not
Allowed to see, for the fate of my

Lot is dismal indeed. Virgil knew that upon entering
My mock utopia, not even the Great One
Could pull him out. For its haze is so tempting

That one smell of its sweet stench will cause forgetfulness of the Son,
And in its intricate maze one will tangle
The soul and the mind into one."

At this his voice spoke no more, and his mangled
Hands took my reins and led. Down
We travelled, past the Lustful and the Gluttoned,

Past the Avaricious, the Prodigals, and around.
 Past the Angry and past the Sullen, stopping
 Only at the gates of the city underground,

Where on the door, my master started knocking.

Canto III

"Why do you pull my reins to this dismal place?"
 I asked my poetic jockey. "What is the purse
 Given to the victor of this dark and confusing race?"

"Be assured, my philosophic twin, that worse
 Will this journey become, before the day
 Is done. For a gift of pity upon the curse

Of your soul has been granted by the one who shaped the clay
 Of all." After these confusing words, my
 Romantic pulled the reins, and without further delay

Led me into that city of fire. I, not able to affirm or deny
 My presence, followed like a master's dog
 Through the iron gates and replied: "Try

To say more of the foul smelling, conceited hog
 Who unjustly believed that I needed aid
 In the style of pity. For I am not a sleeping log

In need of a carving." My lord responded not, nor jester made,
 For he, not listening, was unloosing the lid of a tomb
 And climbing inside, still pulling my reins. To lie

On top of him, he forced me. Medusa entered to seal our doom.
 "The burning tomb of the heretic," I scoffed.
 And rolling over to face my face against the gloom

Of Whitman's, the words of Milton's Satan I sounded off:
 "Better I reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."
 Again, he replied not; he merely coughed.

At the sound of which, the tomb lost its floor sending us men
 Inside, falling into tar-black nothingness.
 We landed where not even the Comic had been,

On the fungus-covered foot of eternal ugliness.

Canto IV

"To borrow from the words of your Milton, 'To set himself in glory
 Above his peers, He trusted to have equalled the Most High.'
 Here we all dwell, below Cocytus. And a story

Many you will hear. Over there, on that toe-nail sty
 Resides your misguided Nietzsche. Go
 Speak to him, but be careful for he lies.

Using the long satanic hairs, I climbed from toe to toe.
 And reached him. I am ruler here, you who are new, do
 As I say, and I will not have you assigned below,"

The philosopher spoke. I am God here, you lonely shoe
 Of Dis's foot," my master fired back.
 Pay no attention to this Germanic cow's moo,

For he, as on sod, believes it fine to assume attack
 On all those who spit in his vile face.
 Let us go talk to Donne, for it was nastiness that he lacked."

Pulling my reins once more, he led me to another place,
 Where a poet sat in sheer despair.
 Donne are you done? Tell me your case."

"Death be not proud, for through you I will fear
 A greater power for all eternity. For
 The one whom I worshipped with great care,

Sent me here in pure trickery and humour poor.
 While up there, spoke to me was this:
 "Thou never didst desire to caress my sores,

Yet, thou did it believing thou had to fear Dis.
 If thou hadst thy wish, what would it be?
 Why, I would have tried it on my own, hit or miss,

Replied I. He then: 'Such option dost thou now have, choose me
 Or thee. For I can reward thee with thine own kingdom
 To rule with unlimited power.' Replied I: "I now see

That the choice is up to me, and if it does not seem dumb,
 I will choose freedom from all ruling masters.
 And at that I found myself here as an egoist crumb

On the foot of the one who closest came to causing disaster
 By overthrowing the one who doesn't believe
 The created should destroy the creator. The bastard!"

At this his eyes grew red, so I perceived,
 And fire flew from his tongue. "But, now knowing
 What I know, I would have done nothing on turf but conceive

An army to destroy that conceited, overstepping
 Molder." "Enough, my slave, remember, I am your
 Lord now," my master replied. I was trembling

By now with the vibrations from Dis's foot. Into a pore
 My master pulled me, and the quaking grew mightier
 As we covered ourselves with worms to avoid the downpour

Of Dis's urine. But the pore quickly filled up and wetter
 Than the Atlantic's bottom we became.
 We waited there in the pool until the weather was better,

And little did we think of our egoist's fame.

Canto V

When clearing came, out of the pore I was led
 And to a new resident was introduced.
 Lady Lazarus was chiselled on her forehead.

The poet sat in fungus and pus that reduced
 My previous high regard for the rebel.
 She spoke, "While I lived, I believed I had produced

My death and resurrection to coincide with the ringing of a bell,
 But the fourth gong found me on this corn,
 In the deepest, foulest, domicile of Hell."

Pitiful did she look, and finally I let loose my natural horn;
 The first tear in Hell fell from my eye.
 It rolled off my cheek and burnt the torn

Skin that covered Dis's foot. The Bell replied: "Don't cry
 You illegitimate son, for I shall not return to the sod
 No matter what fool pities me. It is your turn to try

And rescue your Soul, and mine, for my rod
 Is useless in this place where all are kings
 And queens in never-ceasing civil war."

"Shut your trap you babbling wench, and the ring
 Return to your nose. I am your master;
 You are my toe, meant to tromp, not sing."

Returned my Ariel, "You lead not me, you self-appointed master."
 Then to me, "Go back now and gather an army
 Strong enough to defeat that victorious bastard;

For then we all can go free and exercise our personal harmony
 That was given to us to sound barbarically,
 But which now damns us to the pit of anarchy."

At this my master kicked her in the ear, scornfully.
 Thus setting off a wrestling match that
 Lasted for time unknown, and was ceased only pitifully

Upon the realization that no victor could ever win the jewelled hat
 That was desired by all. They lay there
 bruised and tired. Tremors began to shake their mat

And more urine expected I, as satanic dung washed my hair.

Canto VI

With that last splatter, I broke Morpheus's grip
And reality did I realize in my eye;
Faded memory began as I thought of my trip,

But I could not forget the philosopher's sty,
Nor the power given over to fools
Who sit in thrones of gold and expect me to cry.

Out of everywhere, and out of nowhere, I heard a bell toll.

Joseph Hecker

Go Forth and Multiply

The math of life is difficult
For those who never see
That seventy times seven
Is, in fact, infinity

Sharon Richardson

Stay, he said

Grey morning.
I await the familiar emergence
into solitude
suffocating into formless drone
aloneness seething sinking
its unbearable weight
eating away the substance
licking with acid tongue
the open gaping wound.
Anticipation overrunning
Desire for feeling chasing eternal evasiveness

(Breathe)

I feel you now
Your sleeping breath
rhythmic.
Leaving a moist kiss of passions remembered
lingering on my forehead.
With one arm drawn effortlessly
over my bare shoulders
you lift solitude's dead weight
and drape it over a chair
in the forgotten places.
Encompassing arms
drive away the carnivorous emptiness.
I breathe in
our nakedness, our passion.
Its redolence
intensifies our togetherness, our understanding
and we feel. . .

Jennifer Lynn Hillmann

Jesus: Another Self-Portrait*First Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest*

I saw a painting of the Crucifixion
in art class
but there wasn't any cross.

A man named Kokoschka painted it:
The skin had been peeled from Jesus' body—
Spilling a mass of oozing blood,
flooding his naked bones.

I thought about Jesus,
his time here on earth,
what he endured in the name of Truth,
and how agonizingly painful it must have been.

I thought about that time last year
when I felt so much was being
ripped from my body
it felt like rape.
I walked around feeling raw and sore,
open and vulnerable and bleeding.

But that time has made me stronger.
I have no weight to pull me down,
no secrets left;
I am stripped naked.
The truth of me is exposed.
I am left with only the core
of my being.
I am whole.

As Jesus was stripped ,
dispossessed,
dismantled,
deprived,
only the true self was left.

I have begun to think
perhaps this Jesus was so wholly a human
that he defined divinity.

The true self
when left to stand alone,
without any skin to protect it,
is a bloody mess,
yes,
but it is full of power
and wisdom
and goodness.

That is God.

Diane Schleppei

December

I have seen the writing on the wall
I have been a glowing ember
I have seen the dead fields past December.

I have listened to the wind
and felt its presence burn
I have seen the sky filled with concern.

Once I saw the sun as all in all
now it is only plain
The forest in the distance feels the same.

And grass as green as this
As green as night and day combined
marks the movement of the time.

And once the unpolluted land
Had problems few, unlike the others. . .
Houses: row by row with painted shutters.

Sky of blue
The air so free
of man-made clouds—smokestacking spree.

and auto DIESEL-DUNG
The sludge of transportation
the land cries out in desperation.

What must be done, must be done
So that all was not for naught. . .
before the winds stop.

Jay Donovan



Jennifer Writesel

Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1991

The Lively Library

First Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

I miss the old Morse Road library. Dark and abandoned, it now stands like one of those forgotten barns seen off a gravel country drive—stripped of life and a *raison d'être*. Once, though, this haven of books rang with more than just the buzz of ultraviolet lights. Children happily squeaked their fingers on the windows, while pre-teens chatted away their “study” hours. Adults skidded on wet floors and scraped the soles of their shoes against the carpet. Although most libraries echo with quiet, the Morse Road library had dozens of onomatopoeic noises and occasional bouts of din.

Heavy, swooshing doors announced the arrivals and exits of the bookish. Opening doors echoed the outside wind, while closing doors smacked like huge suction cups. Sometimes, people pulled and pulled on the door handles to no avail, without bothering to read the “Push” sign, etched in white, on the glass. Two sets of doors gave library visitors a choice of where to make their grand entrances—on the east and south sides of the building. The east-side doors pulled in a lot of the outdoor sounds: loud mufflers, screeching tires, and bikes smashed into the rack. I preferred the east entrance when I wanted to sneak in, unnoticed. Once inside, I could duck behind the card catalogs and get lost among the myriad works of juvenile fiction. The doors on the south side were used more often by the general public. Why? Because behind these portals awaited the bibliophiles’ paradise—abuzz with books and auditory delights. I used the south doors when I wanted a drink at the water fountain (even if I did have to practically eat the spout to sip the trickle). More often, though, I needed to march straight to the dreaded electronic book

catalog.

The electronic book catalog—or Screech Machine, as I liked to call it—provided my greatest source of embarrassment at the library. The Screech Machine had a television-like screen, with an alphabetized scrambling of titles, subjects, and authors. Usually, all of the screens were occupied by frantic eight-year-olds, doing last-minute reports. The boys' mothers invariably tagged along and nagged: "Johnny, if you knew about this assignment months ago, why did you wait until now to start working on it?" I wasn't embarrassed about the scolding mothers. It was the sound of the catalogs' fast-forwarding and reversing that made me cringe. Once a screen was free, I'd pray that it wouldn't screech when I searched for the title I needed. But the thing always cawed like the frightening fowl in Hitchcock's "The Birds." I'd press the fast-forward button through the R's: screech, screech, scratch. Although the machine was supposed to be electronic, I think its power was generated by unfed gerbils running on treadmills, behind the screen.

Another distracting noise at the library emanated from shoes. Footsteps ran the gamut from creepings to stompings. On rainy days, no one bothered to wipe his or her feet, because the predominant onomatopoeia was: squeak, squeak, squeak. Most people tip-toed into the library with reverence. On the other hand, anyone in clip-clopping, high-heeled boots drowned out the squeaks, heavy swooshing doors, and the Screech Machine. Luckily, bare floors only covered a small part of the square-footage. The rest of the place was carpeted, which resulted in muffled shoe shuffles. When people move from a tile floor onto carpeting, some hidden force causes them to drag their shoe soles against the carpet as they strut. Maybe they like the friction against their feet.

Or, maybe they like to annoy others. I usually tried to walk quietly, unless I felt like joining the crowd of floor-squeakers and carpet dawdlers.

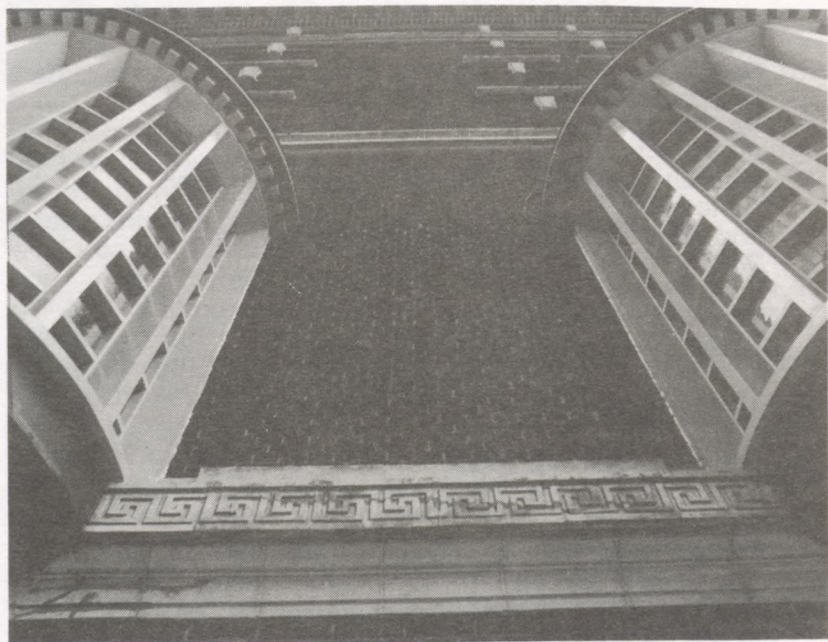
The quietest section of the library was where the adult books were kept. As a child, I was terribly intimidated by its long, claustrophobic aisles of books that were too "old" for me to read. When I did venture into this calm territory, I was amazed by the quietness. Except for the occasional drop of a book, the adult section basked in silence. Even as a child, I knew such lack of sound was as dull as a lettuce sandwich. It was sickening. Thus, I sauntered back to the juvenile section, where life did not exist in a vacuum.

The noise level I most liked was found in the children's section. At eleven, I couldn't bear complete silence. I liked to hear a few pages rattling or a cough now and then. Also, I enjoyed the smooth hum of cars running down Morse Road. I had traveled down that street many times, mostly with my family. The bottoms of pint-sized chairs constantly rubbed against the carpet, because children didn't stay seated very long. They liked to wander over to the wide glass window and smear their finger-prints all over. The chairs were too little for eleven-year-olds like me, so we pre-teens were forced to sit in the reference section.

The librarians had their own built-in radar system under the reference section tables. I'd swear they had binoculars up at the circulation desk. Once, when a couple of my friends and I were joking—under the guise of studying—a librarian walked up to us and sternly said, "I'm going to have to ask you girls to settle down. Be quiet." And what, no smile? We nodded an "Okay," and she left. But I tried so hard to repress my laughter that I nearly burst. For the rest of the trip, the librarians circled the area, monitoring our behavior.

There will never be another library like the one on Morse Road. It was full of squeaks, whooshes, and scratches. That cove of books overflowed with the sounds people made, but sometimes wished they hadn't. I could count on those same bits of din every time I tiptoed inside the whooshing doors. I can't believe that the old place now stands empty, silent. Like my childhood, the Morse Road library can now only exist inside my noisy brain.

Sally Gross



Jennifer Bossert

Looking at a Fragment

The young woman turns, Her taut
body wrapped in the manila uniform of
a man's job.
Her name on the front, sewn to her breast,
is Her smile, and She laughs because
She is doing it! She has her boy!
She sees him waiting every day
watching for the plume of country gravel dust
waiting to be lofted up into Her hair
and the smell of her denim jacket
when She comes home late at night.
The boy's brown eyes have not seen time
She only tells him
it is late
and then lifts him into Her carpeted bosom.

The light on the wall flickers
flashes fast forward
new people, homes, husband, and sibling
Neither can really remember how
no matter
He only knows she can shield him from time
no longer
and He drives her to throw things at Him
Watching her sit
crying and dying
Trapped in her own little
home by the sea

The brown haired fellow pauses
—here, for a moment
On his long, long walk.
The noontime sun floods him with
the smell and feel of
Her perfect smile
and the freshness of her hair as it
spills over her strong body,
the only clean things
he has ever known.

Christopher DeVol

The Customer

First Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

"Only 3:30," I groaned, glancing at my watch.

I stood on the sidewalk and slipped off my shoulder bag and heels with one swift movement, while calculating the number of houses I had left.

"About 25," I said out loud, closing my eyes and leaning my head back into the sun, to better enjoy the instant relief that washed over my body from big toe to shoulder.

A little boy zoomed by on a skateboard. He flipped down one curb, then up the next one, hopped off, and ran into a large, white house. Mr. Hunter would be horrified if after all my training I let such an obvious sale go by. Hunter said small towns were easy to work because they were hit less often. You could make more sales on a Saturday afternoon in a place like Richford than during a good week in a wealthy suburb.

"It'll be cake," he and the others said, slapping me on the back as I got out of the car that morning. It was my first day out by myself. "Just remember everything we taught you, and I guarantee you'll make so much money this summer you'll quit college like I did and work for us full time," he added with a wink.

I didn't think I'd quit school, but the \$200, ten-percent commission I earned for each sale might motivate me to stay the summer. With the kind of money he claimed I could make, I wouldn't have to work at all during the school year and I'd still have money left over for the trip to Europe I was planning for the December break. With renewed energy, I threw my bag over the other shoulder, shoved my feet back into my white pumps, and walked over to the little boy's house. Dodging the rollerskates and Barbie dolls, I made my way onto the porch and pounded on the screen door. A large woman in a mustard-yellow gingham dress quickly appeared behind the thin metal mesh, wiping her hands on an old dishtowel. She brushed aside a loose strand of hair from her bun, crinkled up her nose, and asked, "Yeah?"

I took a deep breath, smiled, and began the

memorized passage for what seemed like the hundredth time that day.

"Hello, my name's Cyndi Miller and I'm a representative of Murray Incorporated. We publish educational materials for schools and homes. Maybe you've heard of us?"

"Don't think I have," she said, still staring at me with a doubtful look on her face. In the background I could hear the skateboard kid slamming stuff around in the kitchen. This was a crucial moment. If I lost her attention now, I'd never even get inside the door.

"Well," I went on a little louder, "You may have seen our name on your school text books." I paused a few seconds to let her absorb that fact, then continued. "Like I said, I'm a representative of Murray, and we're in your neighborhood today talking to concerned parents like yourself about educating your children. I'd like to just grab about five minutes of your time to ask a few questions. Is your husband home?" Rule number one—never talk to just one parent. Both have to be there to agree on the sale. That way one won't buy the deal, then get talked out of it by the other one later.

"Well, I guess I can take a few minutes," she said slowly, pushing open the screen door. "My, it's an awful hot day to be wanderin' 'round, 'specially all dressed up. Why don't ya come on in, have a seat on the sofa, and I'll get my husband. You're probably exhausted." I smiled and stepped into the dim living room. Hunter's words pounded in my head as I glanced around the room. "Remember your advantage," he had said; "you look more like a girl scout than a salesman, so use it."

I could hear muffled words directed to the skateboard kid still rummaging in the kitchen. They were followed by the bang of another screen door. I focused my attention on the room and headed towards a ragged couch with one end of an old sheet tucked under the seat cushions and the other end draped over the back. My mother would have been horrified to see this offensively tacky decor. A floor lamp leaning at a slight angle against one side of the sofa reminded me of the one in my grandmother's attic. It used to mark the third base on rainy days when she'd turn me and my brother loose

to explore the darkest corners. When my eyes adjusted to the light, I could see a large family Bible on the coffee table partially covered by a pile of old newspapers and several older issues of *Better Home and Gardens*. At least they read, I thought, moving a box of racecars and a basket of unfolded laundry to sit down. I waited about a minute before the woman re-entered the room, followed by a man wearing a white sleeveless t-shirt, blue cotton pants, and socks, but no shoes.

"Howdy, Miss," he said, without removing the cigarette from his mouth. I stood up and shook his outstretched hand. He motioned for me to have a seat, then crouched on the edge of the brown vinyl lazyboy across from me. The woman stood behind him.

"Well, sir," I began.

"Oh, just call me Frank," he said, pushing the end of his cigarette into an overflowing ashtray near the chair.

"OK, Frank," I continued. "Like I told your wife, I'm in the neighborhood as a representative of Murray Incorporated, who make school text books and we're talking to concerned parents like yourselves about education. I just want to ask you a few questions." Frank nodded slightly and I continued. I remember practicing the questions over and over, in the corporation's downtown, fourteenth-floor office, memorizing the exact wording. Hunter said the exact wording was so important because the question helped you read the customer. If I watched how they reacted, I could tell if they seemed enthusiastic or not. If they are, then you've bagged 'em, but if they lack interest, even a little, don't waste your time.

"Sir, how do you feel about education materials in the home?" I asked, directing my eyes towards Frank.

"Are they extremely important, or not something you think is necessary?"

"Well, education for the kids is real important to us," the woman answered, smoothing imaginary wrinkles from her skirt.

"What types of materials do you have in your home now?" I asked, looking at both of them.

"Well, we got a bunch of little kiddy books from

Frank's sister, Margaret."

"She volunteers up at the elementary school," Frank added.

"How many children do you have?" I asked as a muddy, redheaded blob about three feet tall wandered into the room.

"Well, three and almost four," the woman answered, smiling as she patted her stomach. "Little Rachel here's the youngest. She just turned two." I waved to Rachel, who had ground her little face into the yellow skirt, then looked at Frank.

"Frank, what do you do for a living?" This was the most important question. It weeded out people who couldn't afford to make the payments.

"I work a forklift up at the glue factory."

"Well, I can see from your answers that you and your wife qualify as likely participants for a new, special program Murray Incorporated has developed for young families." They looked pleased, so I continued.

"After months of research, we have completed an educational kit meant to compliment what your child learns in school. We're looking for a few quality test families to be charter participants in the program. Because the program cannot be found in stores and may only be purchased through a certified representative who visits your home, we are looking for enthusiastic families who will proudly display the books for everyone who enters your home to see. I brought a few sample materials with me. Could I take a few more minutes of your time and show them to you?"

"Now hold on just a minute there, Miss," Frank inched forward, squeaking against the vinyl. "How much does all this cost?" My brain searched for the appropriate memorized answer.

"Well, Frank, as a practical man I can understand your concern with money, but I'd like to get back to that question a little later after I've showed you what you'd be participating in. I'm sure I can better answer it then." Rule number two—never talk about money until the very end, when their living room floor is covered with samples of the kit and the bargain monthly price is obvious. Some of the guys even went as far as leaving

the deposit check on the coffee table. If they came chasing after you, saying you forgot the check, you knew you had them. I dug into my case as little Rachel began screaming, and pulled out the first 3 x 2 foot plastic poster.

"The first part of the program was developed for children around Rachel's age," I said smiling at the grubby face. She let go of her mother's skirt and toddled over to the poster to touch the large zoo animals and splashy colors leaping from the page.

"Rachel, don't touch that," her mother ordered sharply.

"Oh, it's OK," I assured her. "The posters are made of the same materials as the books and games, so they're kid-proof." I handed the poster to Rachel, then paused to let that fact settle in while I pulled out the next 3 x 2 foot poster. I went through the easy-reader part of the kit and moved on to the set of family encyclopedias. I could see their interest growing and felt closer and closer to my \$200 commission.

I was getting into the law and mechanics handbooks when a thundering of feet down the steps drew my attention to another dark corner of the room. I glanced up and noticed, for the first time, the staircase near the door. The top half was hidden by a wall that supported a large picture of Jesus hanging on the cross—the kind sold on corners near the mall on Saturday afternoons. The bottom half of the stairs had a wooden railing that kept piles of clothes and toys from tumbling onto the table five feet below.

Frank and his wife continued to concentrate on the sample encyclopedia I had just handed to them as another little boy appeared from behind the wall, jumped down the last half of the staircase, and landed with a muffled thud at the bottom. He was a little bigger than his sister and although one of his arms was up in a sling, the rest of him moved without any hindrances. He turned to greet his welcome party, but froze when he saw me, sitting on his couch surrounded by several huge posters and sample books. I continued to spout my memorized lines as he began to shyly walk towards the posters thrown all over the floor, but my eyes met his

steady gaze.

"Well, Frank, I've reached a point where I can fully address your money concerns. The plan makes paying for the program easy. Each week we just ask families to deposit about \$10 worth of leftover change into our free piggy bank that you can leave in a convenient place. At the end of the month you can shake about \$40 out of it and write a check to Murray Incorporated. Then the whole thing's paid off in just a little over two years. In addition, because you'd be a charter family, we will give you \$20 for every family you refer to us because you've helped our company by simply displaying the books in your home where your friends can see them." I held up the plastic encyclopedia piggy bank for them to inspect, but was making a point of trying to break the stare-down between me and the little boy. However, as he inched closer, out of the corner of my eye I saw him unknowingly put his foot on the edge of the skateboard left by his brother in the middle of the floor.

"Watch out!" I screamed, jumping up from the couch. The woman whirled around just as his arms and legs went flying up into the air and his face came crashing to the ground. He began to cry as I heard his cast slam hard against the floor. His mother stood above him, then let out a sigh and said, "That boy is just going to have to start putting his toys away," as she awkwardly bent down to help him up.

Frank went over and picked up Rachel, who, startled by all of the commotion, was crying as hard as her brother. He calmed her by a kiss on her grubby forehead. I sat back down and stared at the scene. My mind raced as I tried to calm down and regain my concentration. Finally Frank spoke and sharpened my focus once more.

"Sorry, Miss, could you excuse us for a moment? My wife and I would like to discuss this thing a little." I nodded, but didn't say anything as they stood, gathered Rachel and the boy, then left the room. I sat still and mentally snapped a portrait of Frank's family: the woman who bent awkwardly next to the boy, putting his arm back into the sling; her husband, the tired father, bouncing messy little Rachel on his knee, wiping her

tears. I could hear the skateboard kid outside, running around, distracting my attention, making it difficult for me to forget the bright afternoon sun. When they returned, all the memorized lines left me and I began groping for words.

"Now, how does the part with the families work again?" he asked, settling back into the chair. I paused for a moment, searching for the memorized answer, but I couldn't remember how exactly Hunter had explained it to me. Actually, I was kind of vague on the whole concept, but I hadn't really had time to clear it up because when I asked, Hunter said I should worry more about the presentation than the referrals.

"Well, uh," I finally began, "Well, we ask families to, uh, join the program and then we hope that their satisfaction will bring their friends' families into it through word of mouth. Then, uh, see, their families, I mean their friends are referred to the company and give the representative your name, then we will, um, let you know about the referral and send your check."

"Well," said Frank after a short pause, "after talkin' everything over, it sounds like a fine program and we'd love to be a charter family. How do we sign up?"

"Uhh, the deposit's \$50," I said, feeling a slight headache begin. He got up from his chair and went into the other room for his checkbook. I began to pack all the posters and gadgets, while the woman looked out the door into the yard. When he returned, I stood, took the check, and felt the \$200 from my first sale tingling through my body as he shook my hand and left the room. I turned to walk out the door, then stopped and let out a sigh.

"It sure is a hot day. Would you like to have a glass of water before you go?"

"Sure," I replied, still staring at the check as she headed back towards the kitchen. Then quickly I tore the check in half, and laid it on the coffee table next to the pile of *Better Homes and Gardens*, and walked out the door.

Cyndi Miller

The Individual and the State

First Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

In *Antigone*, Sophocles confronts the reader with the dilemma of the exercise of individuality within an organized state. However, *Antigone* more specifically addresses how human pride and motivation can complicate or even destroy the relationship of the individual and the state. Sophocles leaves the reader asking the two-fold question of when should the individual (Antigone) not compelled by selfish means cast off the “unifying” dictates of the state to act out of independent conscience, and how much power should the state have (or need) to maintain its structure?

In the first actions of the play, the reader is introduced to both Antigone’s and Creon’s motives and wishes concerning the burial of Antigone’s brother Polynices. One sees that Antigone is compelled by both divine forces and family bonds to give her brother a proper burial—selfless motives that gain the reader’s immediate admiration. Creon the king, on the other hand, has ordered that Polynices be left to rot in the battlefield as a traitor, an intention that elicits disgust from the reader. Initially both Creon and Antigone have what they think are justifiable motives. Creon is interested in preserving the state, exercising control over his new governance and making an example of a traitor (Polynices):

These are my principles. Never at my hands
will the traitor be honored above the patriot.
But whoever proves his loyalty to the state—
I’ll prize that man in death as well as life. (68)

Antigone, though, is interested in giving her brother proper burial rights to appease the gods and to show her respect and love as a sister. In response to her sister Ismene's ambivalence, Antigone replies:

I will bury him myself.
 And even if I die in the act, that death will be a glory.
 I will lie with the one I love and loved by him—
 an outrage sacred to the gods! I have longer
 to please the dead than please the living here:
 in the kingdom down below I'll lie forever. (63)

Besides recognizing the initial motives of Antigone and Creon, the reader also must face what may be termed the "attitude" of the citizens of Thebes. This attitude is a direct result of the tyranny that Creon keeps the people under. Two of the characters that best convey this fear are Ismene and the Sentry. With Ismene, one sees someone so terrified by "the authorities" that she cannot even muster the courage to bury her own brother. Even in the light of her sister's plea for help, Ismene's cowardice is obvious:

. . . I'll beg the dead to forgive me—
 I'm forced, I have no choice—I must obey
 the ones who stand in power. Why rush to extremes?
 (62)

Ismene knows that she is showing disrespect for the dead (by needing their forgiveness), but she will still not obey the state powers. Like Ismene, the Sentry, too, is paralyzed with fear of the state. After finding out about Antigone's burying the body of Polynices, the Sentry must tell Creon in person about the violation of state or-

dinance. His dialogue also conveys the terror that resides in the citizens of Thebes:

First, myself, I've got to tell you,
I didn't do it, didn't see who did—
Be fair, don't take it out on me. (70)

The Sentry, like Ismene, shows the root of all the fears of the people of Thebes: self-preservation. The Sentry knows that even though he did not commit the crime, he might be held accountable for it, and it is apparent that he recognizes a very serious fate if that is the case. The reader, though, recognizes as Sophocles intends, that the fear of the Sentry is derived from the heavy hand of Creon—a hand made weighty by both the need to safeguard his state and preserve his inflated pride.

Even though the reader can readily identify the fear that the citizens of Thebes live under, Sophocles uses the influence of these same people as a medium for change in the characters of Antigone and Creon. The initial motives which Creon and Antigone held so firm begin to be transformed by the chorus for Antigone and by Haemon, Creon's son, and the seer Tiresias for Creon.

In the case of Antigone's secondary motive, one sees a move from selfless, one-minded concern for a brother to a suggestion of self-glorification. The passion of Antigone's spirit can be seen in the following remarks that she directs at Creon:

Give me glory! What greater glory could I win
than to give my own brother decent burial?
These citizens here would all agree,
they would praise me too
if their lips weren't locked in fear. (84)

Ironically, though, Antigone goes through her transformation of motive because the chorus begins somewhat cautiously to sympathize with the plight that she expresses so well in the following lines:

A husband dead, there might be another.
A child by another too, if I had lost the first.
But mother and father both lost in the halls of Death,
no brother could ever spring to light again. (105)

Immediately after this sorrowful discourse, the chorus shows its firmest sympathy for Antigone's condition. In fact, the chorus goes so far as to compare Antigone's situation to that of Danae, the mother of Perseus, who suffered the same fate of being sealed alive in a tomb:

Danae, Danae—
even she endured a fate like yours,
in all her lovely strength she traded
the light of day for the bolted brazen vault—
buried within her tomb, her bridal-chamber,
wed to the yoke and broken. (108)

As with Antigone, Creon's character also changes with the progression of the play. Although the reader is initially repulsed by Creon's attempt to rationalize his ordinance forbidding the burial of Polynices, a change in his attitude puts him in a better light for the reader. Creon's attitude, like Antigone's, though, is changed only through the intervention of the people of Thebes. One influential character that comes into contact with Creon is Haemon his son. Haemon shows his father respect initially; and throughout their discussion of Antigone's im-

prisonment, Haemon tries to moderate his words so as not to anger his father:

Far be it from me—I haven't the skill,
and certainly no desire, to tell you when,
if ever, you make a slip in speech . . . though
someone else might have a good suggestion . . .

. . . Now don't, please,
be quite so single-minded, self-involved,
or assume the world is wrong and you are right. (95)

Haemon's careful words are not received well, though. Creon responds:

. . . So,
men our age, we're to be lectured, are we?—
schooled by a boy his age? (96)

Again Creon's pride is evident even at the expense of his own son, and Creon's anger with his son becomes greater. In fact, Creon does not bend from his position until he is confronted with Tiresias, the seer who predicts the death of someone from Creon's family:

The chariot of the sun will not race through
so many circuits more, before you have surrendered
one born of your own loins, your own flesh and blood,
a corpse for corpses given in return . . . (115)

Creon sends the seer away but is affected by his prophecy and finally resolves:

Oh it's hard,

giving up the heart's desire . . . but I will do it—
no more fighting a losing battle with necessity. (117)

Creon is not the most admirable of men, but the reader must at least admire his admitting the need to repudiate his own measures. However, Creon's change of heart is too late because Antigone hangs herself before he can have her released, and Creon's son and wife both commit suicide after Antigone's death.

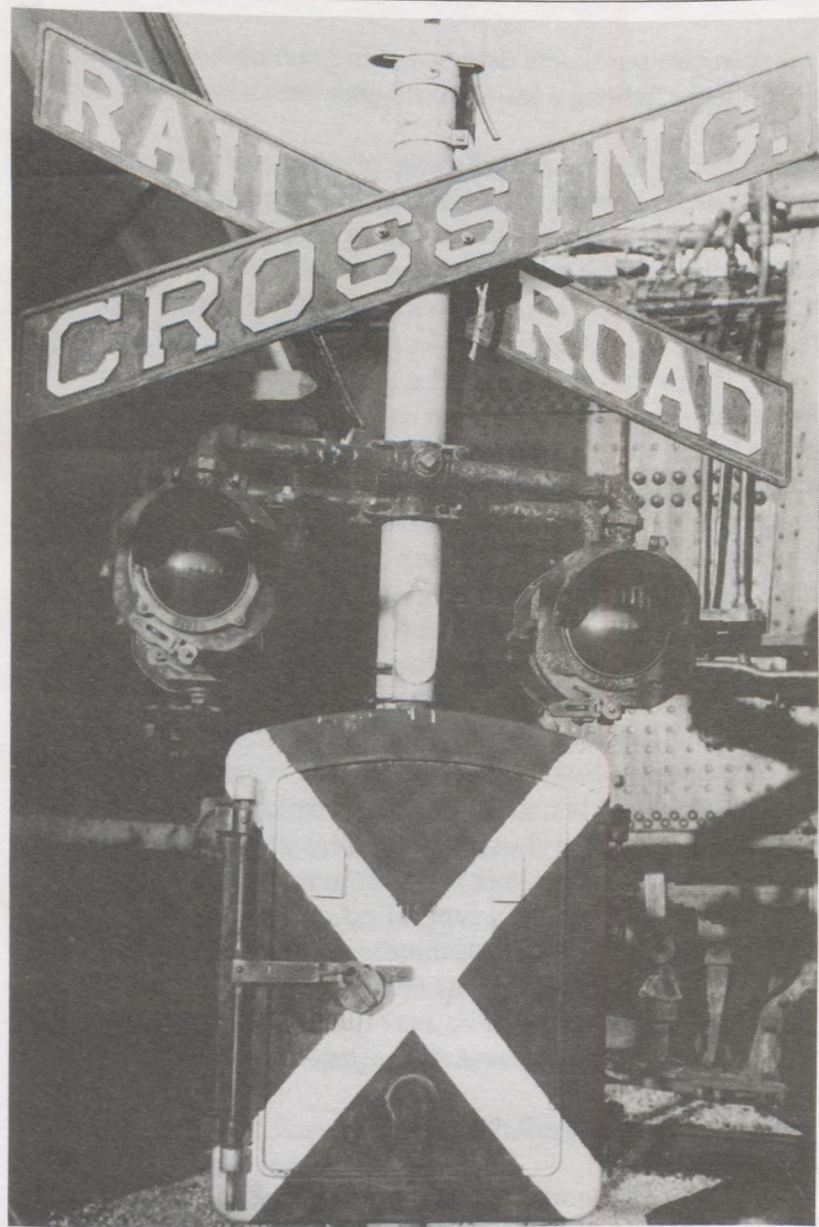
With the changes in the characters of Creon and Antigone, Sophocles shows what happens when human pride interferes with the relationship of the individual and the state. *Antigone* plays with the sympathy of the reader, first drawing compassion for Antigone and then for Creon. Sophocles also uses the influence of the citizens of Thebes to highlight and question the intentions of Creon and Antigone. But more importantly, Sophocles uses the direct influence of the citizens to show how a state should function: recognizing the wishes and bending to the influence of the people as a whole.

Antigone is not meant as an exploration of right or wrong; it merely shows the consequences of inflated human pride with respect to the functioning of a state. The reader is taken on a type of educational journey through this play to see all the damage deviant human motives can create within a community.

Aaron J. Thompson

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Lauren Hobby

Contributors

Jennifer Bossert is a Continuing Studies art major who enjoys viewing things from a different perspective.

Brenda Burger. The *Quiz and Quill* staff thanks Otterbein graduate Brenda Burger for her computer cover art on the winter 1991 *Quiz and Quill*.

Greg Davis: The cover art this quarter was done by sophomore English major Greg Davis, whose art can also be seen in the *T&C*.

Christopher DeVol is a junior history major. The only career he's really interested in right now is that of being a pilot.

Jay Donovan is a freshman English major who would like to bum a smoke.

Sally Gross, a junior English major and avid fan of *North-ern Exposure*, likes to ride in shopping carts at daring speeds.

Joseph Hecker is a graduate student whose poem was inspired by Dante's *Inferno*.

David Henn is a senior Speech Communication major who became interested in photography while living in Europe. David hopes to get a job in the video production industry after graduating.

Jennifer Lynn Hillman is a junior Equine Science/business double-major who enjoys listening to music and reading poetry. She writes mostly at work or in class.

Lauren Hobby, a senior Equine Science major says, "Don't forget to stop, think, and look."

Christine Long is a sophomore music major being published for the first time.

Cyndi Miller, a senior English/International Studies double-major, was *Quiz and Quill* editor in 1989-90 and has participated in *Quiz & Quill's* changes to electronic layout and helped increase contest prizes. She hopes the magazine continues to balance its traditional foundation with modern advances.

Sbaron Richardson is a Continuing Studies English major who wears a helmet to the grocery store because of people like Sally Gross.

Diane Schleppei is a senior who can't wait to enter the 9-to-5 life.

Dave Smith is a junior English major who would like to buy a clue.

Aaron J. Thompson, a junior English/philosophy double-major says, "The cruelest word in the English language is 'but.'"

Kristy Wadsworth is a sophomore English major and art editor of the *T&C*, whose interests include Judo and horseback riding.

Jennifer Writesel is a junior art/photography double-major. She plans to pursue the new American dream—winning the lottery.

