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1993 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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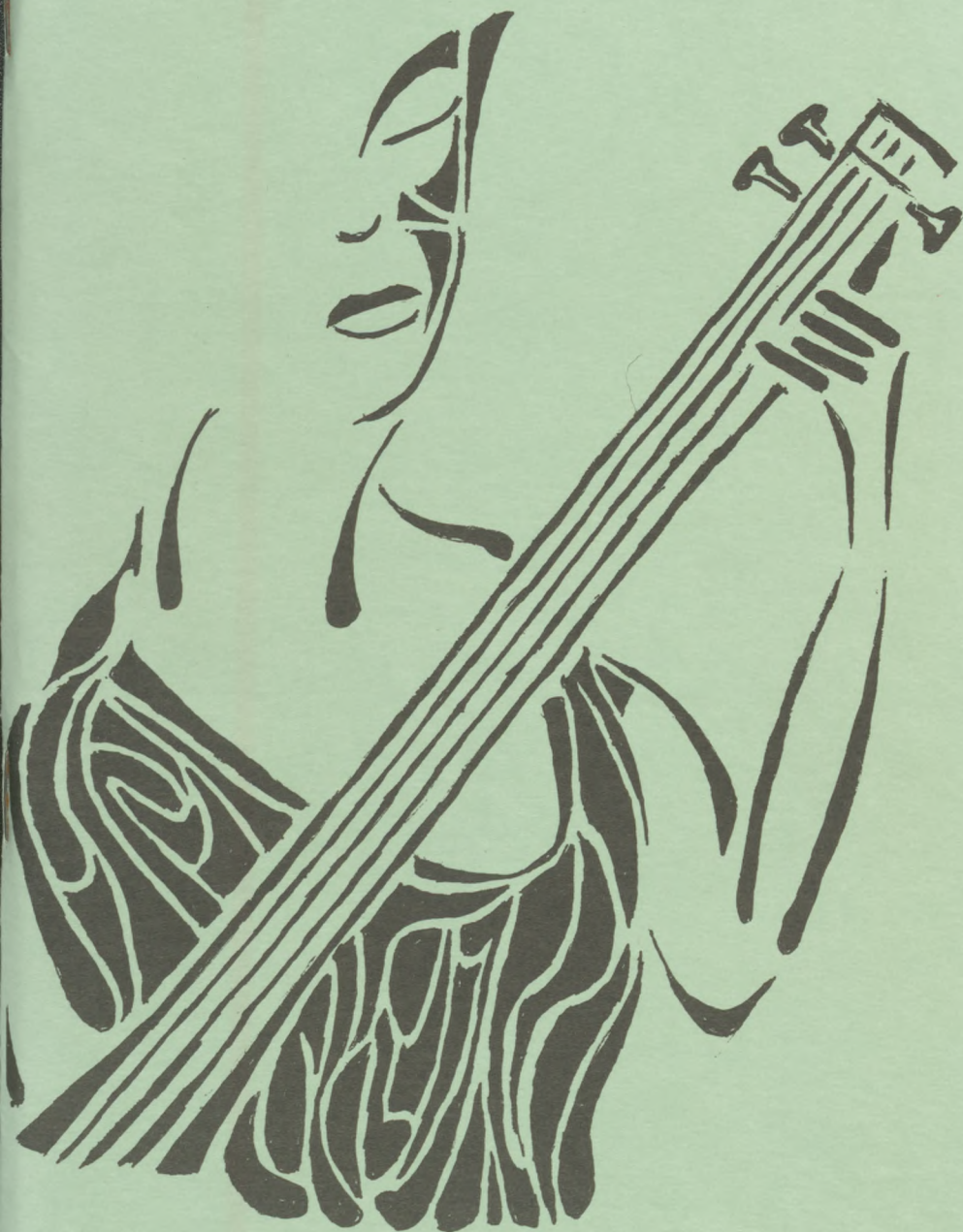
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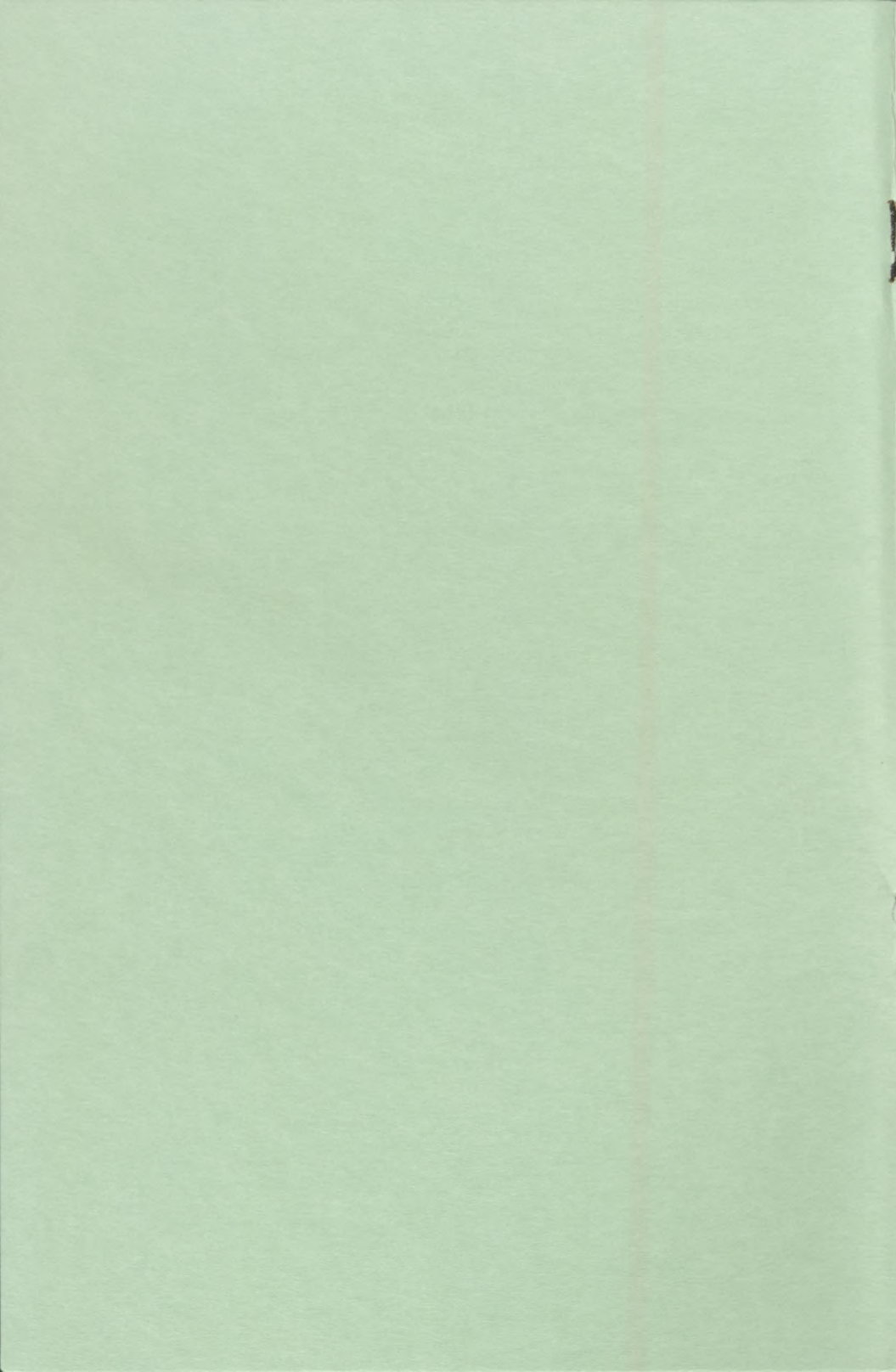
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Quiz & Quill ♦ SPRING 1993





Quiz and Quill

Spring 1993

This edition of *Quiz and Quill* marks the end of a very successful year. The regular readings at the Cappuccino Cafe, the readings at Campus Unity Day, and the Philomathean Room readings had mixed results, but who can forget the two-hour student reading of last quarter? There were similar marathon readings autumn quarter at the Cappuccino Cafe. I see these readings as the primary function of *Quiz and Quill*—the literary magazine springs from a nurtured love for language the readings offer.

This edition also marks the end of the "Saveson years," as future histories of *Quiz and Quill* will certainly call them. Dr. Marilyn Saveson is retiring as professor and advisor to gallivant across Europe, braiding rugs as she goes. This is also the end of my time at Otterbein, but I won't be doing any gallivanting. We are passing the torch to Dr. Wayne Rittenhouse and a group of young, talented poets.

Well, it's been real, but it's mostly just *been*. Enjoy this very special issue of *Quiz and Quill* and *keep* enjoying.

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<i>Cover design</i>	Greg Davis

Highway Rubbish

First Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Searching for the American dream in the dirt of an exit ramp,
he holds a sign reading,
"Will work for food, Please we are starving two children!"

I wait for the light to turn, for my thoughts to pass,
fighting the urge to roll up the window
on the fingers of this desperate man.

His cap lowered, eyes shielded
shamefully waiting for someone to see, to feel.
If only he would look up,
if only I could see.

Staring at him, I face my own humility and open my mind
to the possibility of showing up with this man
on the steps of my parents' comfy suburban home,
setting him to work on the lawn
or in the garage.

The light blinks to green
pulling me away from what seems an impossibility,
reassuring myself that he wasn't safe and I was alone,
placing the blame on him.

Jodi Susey

A Mother's Name

First Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Can you imagine what it is like to wake up in the middle of the night wanting to scream the name of your mother? Can you imagine further still what it feels like to want to scream a name so desperately in the midnight hour, and yet hear no sound escape your throat, because you do not know the name of the person you want to scream for?

I've never known the name of my mother, and some aren't certain it even exists anymore. Until only a few years ago I admit I'd never had much curiosity about who she was. I was comfortable. I was the adopted son of a loving family whose only crime in raising me may have been in granting me so much freedom to explore my own destiny. All I knew of my mother was a story that had been compressed into an anecdote that could be told in just a matter of minutes.

To give a brief background on who we were, it is important to understand that our people were the Hmong of Laos, a tribe that had migrated over the centuries from lowland China. Or rather, had been gradually driven out because warlords saw us as "Miao" or "Meo," which translated into "barbarians." At the very least, we were "troublemakers," and so the heads of our leaders suddenly became very fashionable decorations on the outside walls of the cities. But ask a Hmong and he will tell you the reason we were chased out was that we challenged their authority because instead of a life of ease or gold and silver, we loved freedom. The very word "Hmong" reflects this love. Dr. Yang Dao, the first of our people to ever earn a Western doctorate, once said, "We have always called ourselves Hmong, which means 'Free Men.' When you write about us, use our real name." We chose

to live in the mountains of Laos for three reasons: we did not wish to cause trouble with those who already lived in the plains and valleys, the mountains were easier to defend, and it was preferable to work hard as a free person rather than to live a "life" of ease as a slave.

We have had many names given to us over time: Mong, M'Peo, Miao-tze, Meo-Tze. We are the famous "Kings of the Mountains" who fought in the wars, secret or otherwise, against the Communist guerrillas for the promise given by the CIA of protection if the United States withdrew from Southeast Asia. It is the Vietnam war where my story truly begins.

In his poem "Mother," Yevgeny Yevtushenko writes, "Surely it's unthinkable to load onto my mother's shoulders/ Burdens I can hardly bear myself./ Fathers can be accidental, Only mothers are always real." Who was my father? I cannot say. But the year was 1972, and the war was going badly. The U.S. forces had begun to pull out. What is known is that my mother was alone and the collapse of the royal government of Laos was imminent. What was a lone, pregnant woman to do? Particularly, one who belonged to a race that had so ferociously fought the coming invaders? These were the worst moments for her.

As she struggled with the options, a friend of hers who had taken a job as a housekeeper for a member of an Australian intelligence agency found a key to solving at least half of her problem. An American pilot had moved his family over to Laos while he flew for the Royal Air Lao airline, and they had wanted to adopt a child, but found themselves stonewalled at every turn by the government and orphanages. She thought his wife was a kind lady, and suggested my mother see for herself. My mother agreed to do so.

For six weeks, my mother secretly followed the American's wife around the marketplace, watching from

across the street, from around the corners, wherever she could be unobtrusive. She watched as the wife dealt with others, particularly children, and finally came back to her friend and said, "Yes, she is the one I want to adopt my child."

The housekeeper petitioned her employer to help her, and he agreed. A few months later, I was born on the day years end and years begin, and the Americans were told to come to the house of the Australian in three days if they were truly serious about adopting a child. They came, and were ushered into the living room to have a seat. A few minutes later, two nurses came in, carrying a newborn Hmong child. No words were exchanged; I was quietly placed into the arms of the American's wife. What would not be revealed to her until later was that the woman who had placed me in her arms was my mother. And they never met again.

What kind of hopes did my mother have for me as she placed me in the arms of a stranger? One can only imagine. But it was surely a better future than awaited me if I had remained in Laos. I have no memory of her, I do not know her name. Some say it is written in Hmong script on my birth certificate, but no one knows how to translate it. All I have to give me a clue of who she was is a single black and white photograph that I had never asked for until a few years ago. And a single picture surely tells me nothing.

Is she alive? Is she dead? It had always been convenient to assume the latter, but lately I haven't been so sure. It is said that when a Hmong child is born, it is given an iron necklace to warn the spirits that the child is not a slave, but instead a free person and a member of the family. I have no iron necklace. Only a black and white photograph.

Bryan Worra

Reflections on a Coke Can

While sitting in my room the other day,
Just aimlessly lounging in a placid state
Of mind—alas—I then became irate.
I couldn't believe what my Coke can had to convey!
"Natural flavorings" - for this, I overpay?
Now, don't you think that it is appropriate
That we take these duplicitous feelings and vociferate?
But for now, I pushed those irksome thoughts away,
Because I think I've figured that "natural flavorings"
Was something that could be possibly explained.
"Perhaps it is on the shelf with other seasonings
Probably between 'mustard' and 'oregano,' I sighed.
Whew! I feel much better after figuring
What the heck a "natural flavoring" signified.

Valerie Lockard



Matthew-David Hopkins

My Trip Home

Floating 33,456 feet
above lands divided
by squares of tractors
and bricks of architects.
The conversation
across the aisle
returns in idleness.
The jack of trades
pushes her hot dog stand by
asking what I want.
I ask for things
like salted wontons
and green onions.
She offers ground ears and legs.
The principle screamer
tells me it's 24 degrees
and a hard wind is blowing.
A shriek of tread
brings us back
to the world of walking.
In the terminal I see,
little girls shrink back
because daddy's home
and old men
calling virgin Mary
about red eye flights.

Adam Ellis

Technology, Literature, and Ethical Growth
Second Place Winner, Elie Wiesel Prize in Ethics 1993

Quiz and Quill has been granted permission by the Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity to publish the following essay.

I imagine that nurturing the ethical development of today's college students is an important priority for twentieth century educators. However, with an increase in society's secularization and demand for highly-specialized college graduates, professors are being forced to restrict their discussions of morality to only those areas most "relevant" to students' professional maturity. To be effective, though, college training in ethics must be comprehensive, demonstrate the importance of "professional integrity," and encourage students to learn how their personal motives influence their ethical convictions.

As the next century approaches, I believe it is critical that the role of college education in the ethical growth of today's young people not be underestimated. College orients students to the historical significance of the twentieth century for their lives. Because society experienced a decline of religious sentiment and an increased dependence upon technology and rationalism during this time period, college students today are expected to be at home with technology and prepare themselves for a particular niche in the apparatus of the modern world. However, there is a great likelihood that contemporary education's emphasis on technical specialization will so restrict ethical learning that today's students will not acquire a comprehensive understanding of ethical values or themselves.

When I entered college, I was in the highly specialized program of aeronautical engineering. I chose this field because I had always dreamed of flying but more importantly because my high school teachers told me that "one must specialize in a complex world." This advice, in the spirit of American pragmatism, was for the most part true, but it did not account for one important variable in life—uncertainty. I became powerfully aware of that uncertainty when, just after entering

college, I discovered that I had a brain tumor. I never dreamed I would experience such a difficult obstacle in my life, and certainly never expected that such an episode would be the strongest motivation for my ethical and educational growth. The story of my diagnosis, treatment, and recovery reveals the birth of my ethical perception of the world, explains how that perception was changed by my illness, and ends with my endorsement of literature as an authentic means to teach ethics and self-awareness.

For the early years of my life I believed that moral questions could be easily answered by the strict standards of conservative Christianity. When I was a freshman in high school, I went through a spirited religious conversion, one marked by a strong sense of religious devotion and obligation. My fundamentalist grandmother was the central influence on my "spiritual awakening." She choreographed my religious "coming of age" because neither of my parents had much use for religion. Both of them had grown up in church-oriented families but lost interest in religion as they began to have marital difficulties that led to their divorce. My father's mother was the logical figurehead for my "instruction in the Lord" because my parents were not interested in the job.

Regular church attendance with my grandmother was an important follow-up on my conversion because I had to learn more about my new faith. My grandmother was one of the pillars of her local Methodist church, where she had substantial influence over Sunday school teaching. She taught a young adult class in which she involved me. Her teachings for that class were based on the inherent perfection of the Bible. There were no gray areas in my grandmother's perception of the world. To her there was good and there was evil. I soaked up her absolutist perception and held it myself for some time.

As my devotion to God grew, my grandmother impressed upon my "new heart" the importance of "ministering to God's suffering people." One of the best ways to do this, according to her, was to become a missionary. She strongly encouraged me to look into the possibilities of mission aviation because she knew that, next to God, airplanes were my deepest love. My

grandmother's challenge struck a strong chord in me because at the time I was wrestling with what I wanted to do with my life professionally. I had always talked about being a pilot, so ministering to people as a "missionary aviator" seemed to my grandmother to be nothing short of my divine purpose. I was to become a missionary pilot, plain and simple—Grandmother believed it, and I came to believe it.

At fifteen years old I started the process to get my private pilot's license. The first step in this process was to earn enough money for flight training. I did this by working on a local farm during my freshman summer in high school. I made enough money that summer to pay for ground school during my sophomore year. I spent that second year learning the arm-chair facts of flying and finally got behind the controls of an airplane when I was a junior. The experience of flying was everything I had imagined it would be—thrilling . . . terrifying . . . challenging . . . expensive. As finances allowed, I passed my junior and senior years practicing flight maneuvers and dreaming of jungle airstrips and ministering to "unbelievers." The time I had flying during my junior and senior years convinced me that being a missionary pilot was indeed God's calling for my life. It was very efficient because I would be doing what I loved most and serving God at the same time; efficiency was a value I held. After high school my goal of becoming a missionary pilot led me to The Ohio State University, where I began studying aeronautical engineering. I thought that learning both professional flight techniques and airplane design principles would make me a more confident pilot. My high school teachers thought that this was a good idea too because someday I would have to "return to the U.S. and get a real job."

When I began my first quarter at Ohio State, I had only four hours of flight time left from my high school training—a 350-mile cross-country and a one-hour check ride. I planned to finish work for my license that quarter so I could be well ahead of everyone else in my program; competition was also a value I held. However, about two weeks into the term, I started having dull headaches and trouble hearing with my left ear. I

had always had a hearing deficiency in that ear, so I didn't think much of it. But the headaches got worse, much worse, and convinced me to see a doctor. I first went to see my allergist, who had been treating me off- and-on since I was a small child. I told him that I thought my symptoms were just aggravated allergies. He found some signs of allergy-like irritation in my left ear, but doubted whether it would cause migraine-like headaches. After examining me, he casually said, "Aaron, I'd like you to go see a doc I know. He's an ear specialist. He might be able to tell us a little more about your headaches and hearing. It could be more than just your allergies."

When I saw the ear specialist, he put me through a maze of tests before he would tell me anything about my condition. He gave me everything from a simple hearing exam to a cranial CAT scan. After I had made several visits to him, though, he was just as puzzled by my symptoms as my allergist had been. Unable to diagnose my problem, the ear doctor referred me to a neurosurgeon for more evaluations. Being referred to a "neurosurgeon" rattled my nerves. I didn't relish the idea that what I initially thought was a simple allergy flare-up might be a problem with my brain. But, I felt assured that God was in control of my situation—I was going to be "His" missionary pilot.

The first thing the neurosurgeon did was take a picture of my brain with a magnetic resonance imager. This state-of-the-art test was fascinating because it allowed me to see a computer-generated picture of my own brain. However, that same picture showed the surgeon the cause of my symptoms—a small tumor somewhere within the bundle of my left cranial nerves. Once I was over the shock of learning that I had a brain tumor, the surgeon explained that my "acoustic neuroma" would have to be surgically removed because it had the fatal potential to grow into my brain stem. When I asked him what risks were associated with my needed surgery, he said that because he wasn't sure which exact nerve contained my tumor, I had to consider three possible side-effects: loss of left ear hearing; loss of left facial movement; loss of left vestibular system functions; or a combination of all three. There was also

a slight chance that my tumor could be cancerous, but the surgeon assured me that acoustic neuromas were rarely malignant.

Considering that I had little risk of cancer, I tried not to dwell on the possibility. However, I did dwell on the possible side-effects of the operation. I feared losing my left vestibular system the most because, having studied it in flight school, I knew it was responsible for balance—an absolute necessity for pilots. Even a mild weakening of my balance system would mean **no more flying**. Considering that all the time and effort I had put into becoming a missionary pilot might be stolen from me by a pea-sized tumor made me feel an emotion towards God that I had yet experienced—apathy. I didn't love God. I didn't hate God. I felt nothing toward God. I wasn't even sure I still believed in God.

I had neurosurgery during the Christmas break of my freshman year at Ohio State. My operation lasted a long time because my tumor was more difficult to remove than the surgeon had anticipated. Because of the extra muscle and nerve "dissection" during the procedure, I lost all hearing in my left ear. This was obvious when I woke up from the anesthetic, but what was not obvious was that my tumor had been removed from my vestibular nerve. The surgeon broke this news to me once I was fully awake—no more flying.

I was in an intensive care unit for several days after my operation. I wasn't allowed to get out of my bed during this time because I couldn't keep my balance; all I could do was rest and think. Knowing that I would never be able to fly again made me extremely depressed, but realizing that my dedication to what I considered God's "call" was ultimately meaningless made me furious. I believed that God had a special purpose for my life, and when the years of preparation I put into that purpose were taken from me with a single slice of a scalpel, I lost any conviction I had "to minister to God's suffering people," or any people for that matter. I had a life-changing problem, and God hadn't helped me, so serving "His" people was no longer my obligation.

Once I got out of the hospital, my recovery was slow and

discouraging. I had surgery-related headaches and dizziness for several weeks, but the most difficult aspect of my recuperation was concealing my growing indifference and anger toward God. I stopped going to church and worried my Grandmother with the distance I was keeping from my friends. Much of my indifference was because I was unrelentingly consumed by the issue of my education. Since I could no longer fly, I wondered if I should stay in aeronautical engineering. I knew I could still design airplanes and that specializing was *essential* to survival in the world, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to look at airplanes all day long without being able to fly them.

I wanted to get feedback about my educational concerns, so I went to see my academic adviser. She recommended that I allow myself time to adjust to my new limitations and be flexible about my career plans. Specializing in aeronautical engineering, or anything for that matter, was not her main concern for me; my mental and emotional health was. She suggested that I might use my elective credit requirements to explore classes outside of engineering to give me "a broader scope on my options for the future." I thought she had a good point, but I felt a strong internal pressure to keep focused on the field of engineering. I had started out with it as a concentration and wanted to at least try it as my field of expertise.

When I returned to school after a ten-week recovery, I enrolled in the several introductory math and science courses I still had to complete before I could take design engineering classes. I thought I would have a smooth return to school because I expected that these weed-out classes would be easy. However, they weren't easy. I could not concentrate on my work because the feeling of apathy that I had formed toward God was spilling over into the other parts of my life. I also couldn't rid myself of the memory that flying—not airplane design—was the primary goal for my being in aeronautical engineering. My ambition for learning anything about design engineering was weak at best. When I returned to school I had problems in my heart to resolve and my calculus classes were not addressing them. As aeronautical engineering, with its goal

of keeping airplane wings on in flight, became less and less appealing to me, I decided to try my adviser's suggestion to explore other classes.

The first non-engineering class I took at Ohio State was in comparative literature. I chose this class because it had an intriguing title—"The Individual and Society." For the class we read everything from Greek tragedy to modern absurdist novels in order to learn how the role of the individual in society had changed throughout history. The most compelling book we read, the book that conceived my respect for the power of literature to teach ethics, was Albert Camus' *The Stranger*.

The Stranger centers on a peculiar character named Meursault, who shows a disturbing indifference to his mother's death, the central action of the book. Meursault was spurned by my classmates because they thought that his indifference toward his mother was "callous and immoral." Many people in the class speculated that Camus presented Meursault as a cold monster to "illustrate the universal love that should exist between a mother and a son." However, to this the professor asked why Meursault was obligated to "cry for his mother." The class sat silently for a few seconds, and then gave their best response—"because she was his mother." The professor was dissatisfied with this reply, to say the least.

During the week that we discussed *The Stranger*, I was silent because I was not used to literature classes. However, on the last day of our discussion of *The Stranger*, the professor asked me what I thought of Meursault's attitude. I felt a little nervous responding, because I had reacted to Meursault much differently from the way the other students had. I said, "Maybe Camus wanted us to sympathize with Meursault because, like everyone else, he is trapped in the craziness of life. People die—that's life. It could be that Meursault's mother's death reminded him of his own eventual death, and he couldn't handle that realization. Shutting down emotionally might have been the only thing he could do." My professor said that my comments were "somewhat simplified but offered a good way to wrap up discussion on *The Stranger*."

Meursault's character, according to the professor, was

meant to arouse both disgust and sympathy from the reader because through it Camus was trying to show that life can drive people to "tragic indifference." Many people in the class were surprised when the professor said that Meursault's indifference should make the reader just as sad as the death of Meursault's mother. The professor also jolted many of my classmates when he referred to *The Stranger* as an example of moralist literature, because at the beginning of our work with *The Stranger*, he said that Camus was an avowed atheist. When students reminded the professor of this, he declared that Camus' atheism did not discount his belief in the existence of moral truth. *The Stranger*, according to the professor, was Camus' illustration of the moral challenge of life. This challenge is not to let oneself slip into personal indifference, whether doing so is justified or not, because "such indifference leads to moral apathy."

At this point *The Stranger* became highly relevant to me. My indifference toward "God's suffering people" after my illness was parallel to Meursault's indifference to his mother's death. I faced the absurdity of having a brain tumor and Meursault faced the absurdity of his mother's death—both of us gave in to absurdity and stopped caring about other people.

After the final discussion of *The Stranger*, the professor wanted to talk to me privately about my comments on the book. I explained to him how my illness had caused me to sympathize with Meursault and how it also had led me to his class. He was intrigued by my story and wanted to talk more with me about *The Stranger*. One of the themes associated with the character of Meursault that he said he had not mentioned in class was that of human duplicity. This theme was demonstrated by Meursault's unwillingness to face his fear of death. His refusal to face this part of his being made him a divided person, a stranger to himself. I identified with Meursault on this point because when my illness made me lose control of my flying, I was unwilling to face that serving and caring about other people may not always be comfortable. My intention to "minister to God's suffering people" left no room for the uncertainty of my own life. My motives to serve others had

more to do with the thrill of flying and looking good in the eyes of God than acting on my own moral conscience. As a missionary, I would not have understood suffering people because I did not understand suffering myself or the truth that genuinely ethical people do not give up when things do not go their way.

My discussion with the professor and my experience in this comparative studies class had such a profound impact on my awareness of myself and my ethical convictions that I changed my field of study to literature. Making this switch was a little difficult because I was still concerned about specializing in a technical field, but with my loss of interest in engineering and my desire to learn more about literature and myself, I turned my education in a different direction.

After declaring an English major, I transferred to Otterbein College, a small liberal arts college a few miles north of Ohio State. The advanced facilities at Ohio State had appealed to me when I was in engineering, but once I was in English, I needed a smaller school where I could interact with my professors more closely than I could at a large university. My education at Otterbein has been primarily focused on the many functions of literature. The most important of these functions, I think, is the reflection of human experience. Literary characters are in life, and readers see how they feel their way through given situations. Sometimes characters act in ways that bother readers (as with Meursault), and sometimes they act in ways that win praise. In either regard, literature presents life for what it is—a complex experience in which the discovery of ethical truth is a process, not an adherence to moral or ethical absolutes. Obeying road signs never made anyone an ethical person.

As I consider the forward momentum of contemporary college education, I think that the effectiveness of literature to teach students the comprehensive value of ethics and self-awareness should not be lost in the sea of technical education. Encouraging students to grow ethically through the study of literature, though, is not easy. Today's students are oriented to a century that has shifted from the extreme of religious

absolutism to the extreme of technical absolutism, and this polarity has caused students to be more concerned about learning proper professionalism than comprehensive ethical values. There is nothing wrong with students being concerned about living in a modern world, but it is important that they also understand that life's ethical dilemmas stem from the relative and often absurd nature of life and that ethical maturity requires dealing with life as such.

Now that I am near the end of my undergraduate degree, I can say that changing my major to English was the right decision for me. This is not to say that the study of technical fields is unethical. If it were not for technology, I might not be writing this paper. Technology is a reality for everyone. In fact, technology can be an effective way for society to keep informed about global ethical concerns. The technology of modern media certainly had a great role in the decision for U.S. troops to be sent to Somalia. The emotional pictures that America saw of starving Somalis prompted action by the government. However, this kind of technology can only go so far in addressing ethical issues. Media technology cannot explain why people hate or kill or why U.S. foreign assistance is selective, assisting Somalia but not Haiti, Liberia, or Bosnia, where people also suffer from political unrest. Questions of this nature are addressed in literature as in no other medium.

I firmly believe that it is important to recognize that even though the world is controlled by technology, humans are still collective creatures, story-tellers if you will. Each person's life is an account for which he or she must be responsible. I have worked through the story of my religious conversion and my illness to discover that life is unpredictable and sometimes painful. I no longer consider myself a fundamentalist Christian, although I still respect the beliefs of people like my grandmother. I just prefer to think that finding answers to ethical dilemmas requires a kind of gradualism.

It has been five years since my surgery. The changes that have occurred in my life during these years have been challenging, but the new awareness I have of myself casts a positive light on the episode. I still feel a kind of apathy toward

God, not because spirituality does not matter, but because I think that focusing on the tangible struggles of people is more important than nurturing our attraction to God's eyes. Maybe we become closest to God, whoever He or She may be, when we are closest to one another.

I have regained a desire to serve people in my life, but this time my service will stem from a personal willingness to serve rather than a religious obligation. My new service will be to teach literature to college students, emphasizing the search for comprehensive ethical values. I believe that college should be a time for today's students to learn particular skills, but also a time during which they can carry on dialogue with their peers about ethics for their futures. I want to be a force in twenty-first century education emphasizing the point that distinguishing between truth and falsehood is a function of both the intellect and the heart.

Contemporary education must never lose sight of the fact that the world is a collection of individuals and that each of those individuals is him- or herself a story of emotions and motives. The challenge of college educators then should be to connect with the narration of their student's lives and to encourage students to discover themselves through literature.

Aaron J. Thompson

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Gaia's Last Parable***First Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest***

Fruitful spores, thick gray
And urban green, multiply.
Soon bread will be gone.

Scott Gottliebson

Answers

Pain closed my eyes
making me blind to truth
searching in the dark for
the answer.
What was the question?

Sidonia Gause

A Woman to Match the Mountains

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

It was twilight and traces of orange were beginning to streak the cloudless sky. I stepped hesitantly from my car and sized up the squat, brick building. I summoned my "professional look" and entered. It was my first day of volunteer work at the Marjorie McCune center for the blind and elderly.

My first priority, which appeared easy enough, was to serve as a companion to the residents. Alice, the nurse, ushered me into the solarium, a large, warm, well-lit area with comfortable, overstuffed chairs. The majority of the residents spent their spare time in this inviting room. Ill at ease, I tiptoed around, introducing myself and desperately striving to find someone willing to talk to me. Eventually, a small, wizened lady tugged my arm and bid me sit. I obligingly grabbed a stool whose appearance, at least, was comfortable and I sat directly in front of her. We went through the obligatory introductions. I was beginning to become uncomfortable when she pulled an ancient photograph from her oversized purse and stuck it in my direction.

It was a grainy black and white picture of a stereotypical country home—a medium sized frame structure with flaking white paint and a large front porch. The grass was thick and there was a huge poplar off to the left. The traditional tire swing was transfixed in the absolute stillness of the most windless of days. Deep gray clouds hung heavily in the sky, threatening a terrific storm.

"That photograph was taken by my mother one hour before she went into labor with me. We lived in Yancey County, fifteen miles from the nearest town and twenty-two miles from the closest doctor. Ten hours later, I was born on the same bed that eight of my thirteen sisters and all three brothers were born on. My mother, Jane, selected my name, Ella Shope. That was February 27, 1907."

For the first time I really looked at her. Lines crisscrossed her face, setting her cracked lips in an everlasting smile. Her face was weather-beaten and sad, but her eyes were sharp and clear. Her gray hair was still thick and shiny. Her body seemed in sharp contrast to her spirit. She was small and defenseless, a contradiction to the fire in her eyes.

She grew up on a struggling farm. She took on mature responsibilities at a very young age. "But I was determined to remain young as long as possible," she said proudly, almost defiantly.

Her community consisted of four houses spread over a four-square-mile stretch of land encircled by towering mountains. There were only three roads out. On sunny afternoons in the spring, all the women gathered their children and ventured into the mountains to pick gaylack. It wasn't until she was seven years old that her mother finally invited her.

"I can still remember the outfit I wore. It was a white dress, covered with cream and pink lace. It was my Easter outfit. Mother told me not to wear it, but I was finally wanted by the older girls. I had to dress up. That day must've lasted forever. I picked more gaylack than anybody else. I didn't even know what it was used for. Later that night, I saw Mother arranging the gaylack flowers in small vases, three to a vase. I walked over to her and watched. I was fascinated watching her. She slowly lifted her eyes from her work and smiled at me. 'I'm very proud of you,' she said. Then she gave me a hug. I'll never forget how her warm breath felt on my cheek."

She just sat there staring over my shoulder. I could see memories flashing behind her eyes. We sat in silence for what felt like an eternity. When she spoke again, her voice sounded like low, clear music.

"When I was eleven years old, my father was a preacher at the community church. One Sunday afternoon, after the service four orphans stumbled into the sanctuary. Their parents had died in a house fire and they were left homeless. My

mother instantly latched on to them so we took them home and raised them ourselves. One of them put himself through college. Michael was his name. I met him again about two years ago and the first thing he said to me was, 'Thank you.' He said, 'Thank you Ella Shope for taking me into your home. You made me. Thank you.' "

Once again she fell silent. She started to rock slowly back and forth. Her tiny, veined hands were restless in her lap. "I've always lived a Christian life," her voice was self-consciously righteous. "I was a Sunday school teacher at my father's church. That was my career. My children knew more about the Bible than any other class. They all looked up to me. I was the role model. My husband was a preacher. My son was a preacher. Out of all my family, all thirteen children were involved with the church. Why do I have to stay here? Why?" she was almost crying. It took a physical effort to gain control.

"I was the last child to get married. The last child to leave home..." She started telling me stories of her life. She spoke about the time she and her best friend sneaked into the stables and let all the horses out into the fenced pasture. It would have been fine, except her father had left the fence unlatched. It took two days to round up the horses. "I didn't even get a whippin'." My father never spanked me in my whole life. He said I was too precious."

For three and a half hours I listened. She recounted more stories about her Sunday school class and how she had made a doll for one of the orphans at Christmas. We laughed and she cried and I felt a lump in my throat. She created for me the rich reality of a bygone era peopled with vivid, energetic characters. I learned. I learned that life had a different pace back then. I learned the importance of family. I learned it doesn't take material possessions to provide happiness. I learned that strong, religious, fiercely independent folk sprang from the rich, rocky soil of the Appalachian mountains and valleys. They were born, struggled through life, and died, close to the land

that defined their world. Their first and last memory was of the lonesome wind sweeping around the towering mountains. Ella Shope was indeed a woman to match the mountains.

She stood up. "You're a good boy for coming here and talking to me. You know, I'm the last of my family alive. All those brothers and sisters. My mother and father. I am the last one. I'm not sorry for my life. It has been wonderful." Her body sagged and she looked relieved. "I'm just waiting now. Only waiting."

As she made her slow, painful way to the door, I thought of the debt I owed her. "Mrs. Shope?" my voice stopped her. She turned her head a little. "Thank you for helping me to see the things in life I often overlook." She answered in her strong, raspy voice, "Thank you for letting me remember."

I stood up, walked to the door, and turned for a last glance at the overstuffed chair where Mrs. Ella Shope, eighty-four years of age, from Yancey County sat. An ember of pride glowed in my heart.

Good night, Ella Shope. Thank you.

Robert Holland

Chrysanthemum Memories

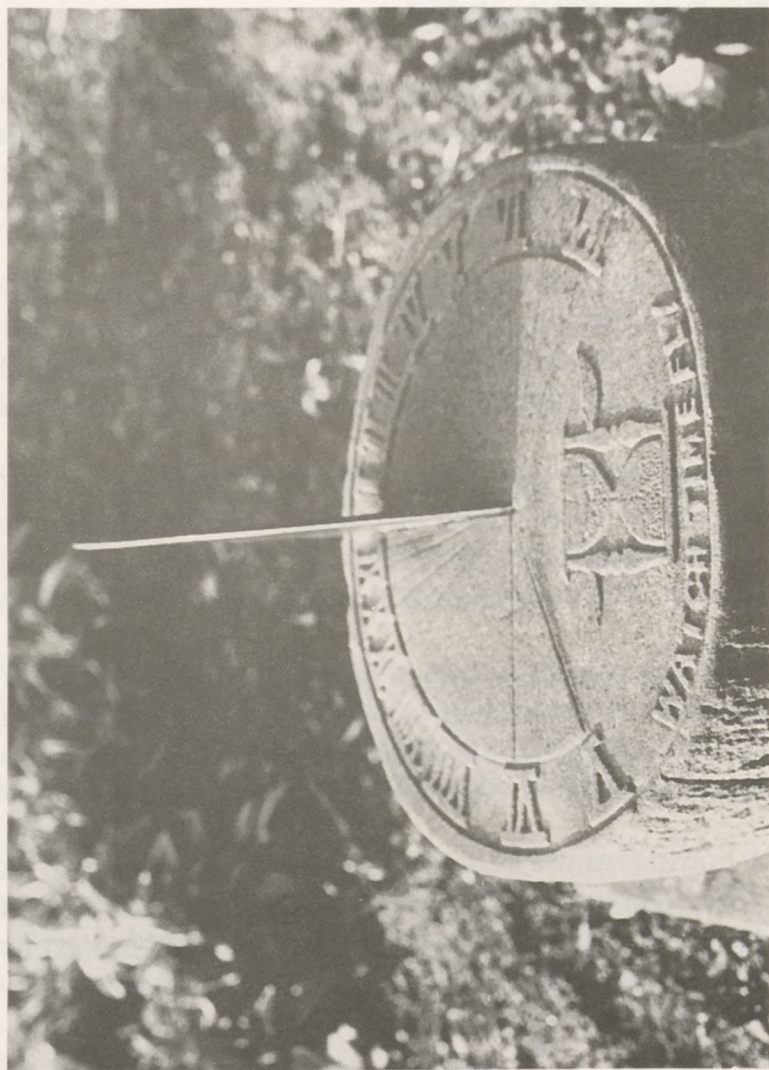
Fluorescent hate light beaming.
 Blinking off but always Flickering (at least).
 The Crampin' in my mind
 Grab Phone
 Ring Dialtone
 didn't really want to talk
 only to hear her say "HI"

I saw a picture in my past
 as if the picture fell out of
 my mind and slapped my face.
 Memories do sting
 starting as a cloud of
 Chrysanthemums
 that buzz like a bee.
 Attack! Defend
 They'll Come Again.
 Walking right by you with a
 new crutch to help heal wounds.
 A new crutch to prop up delusions of grandeur.

I saw how fragile I am, all these
 things that will bring me pain.
 Do I run from or to ? Do I search for
 security or spite ?

These Questions Born, Growing, Maturing,
 Reproducing, Bleeding, Dying, Decomposing,
 never answered only stored. They are the
 Chrysanthemum memories that slice your arm
 but these never bleed.

Chris Selfert



Lauren Balden

The Scare of Miss Muffet

The dreaded scene leaps to my mind once more
With that big ugly spider scaring me;
The whole thing quite unnerved me, I'll admit,
Yet now it seems more trivial...let's see...

I think I was just sitting there that day,
(As far as memory will bring to mind)
Not eating much for lunch, just curds and whey,
I used my bit of leisure to unwind.

I turned to talk one moment to a friend—
The certain subject does not quite pertain—
I then returned into my own small world
Though droning background chatter did remain.

Then eek...my goodness...um...oh, what to say!
My heart, so startled, froze, then came again
Out of its shock to find beside me sat
A certain male I'd had no interest in.

A horrid creature he did seem that day,
With eight long legs and piercing eyes like glass.
He leaned to speak as one black leg stretched out—
I know I thought, "What funny hair he has!"

A brief hello, some slight small talk we had
Before I quickly found a chance to leave;
The fright he gave me really was too much
To talk with him I just could not conceive.

Since then I've met with others who did scare
The senses out of me upon first glance;
But some of them I found were really nice
Because I later stopped and took the chance.

Now what if I, Miss Muffet, had not run
So quickly to escape that scary "bug"—
I might have stayed and found a caring friend,
A cheerful smile, or even a warm hug.

What seems to be so rough at first could change;
I know for some I knew that was the case.
Eight legs or different styles might not appeal;
But looks deceive the heart, not just the face.

I'll never know about that spider now
For past events are gone and there they'll stay;
Of course, someday we just could meet again.
Oh, I hope I'll have a few more words to say!

Julia Gwin

Life's No Bowl of Cherries***First Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest***

Your alarm goes off this morning just like every morning, and you open your eyes, but they ache because you cried for an hour and a half last night. You roll over, glancing at the clock radio, listening to the irritating screams of some heavy metal singer. You hit the snooze button, hating noise, hating heavy metal, hating school, hating consciousness. You know even before you try to get up that today will be a bad day. Every day is a bad day.

School starts in an hour. You have to get up. You are a good kid, a smart kid. This cannot be happening to you; you cannot be sick. You think, "But I feel sick; maybe I'm just crazy." You roll out of your safe, warm bed and drag yourself into the cold and harshly bright bathroom, into the shower. You brush your teeth and comb your hair, just like you do every morning. Without a routine, you do not believe you could function. Your movements are mechanically graceless. In the mirror you see your ashen face: tired, sunken eyes bruised from crying, the corners of your lips weighted down by the pain, the oppressive sorrow, the ceaseless darkness. You know you must put on your makeup, for it is your superficial mask, the one that hides the evidence of the toll your sickness is taking on you. You are very good with your makeup. Everyone says so.

Your sister drives you to school. You can drive, and you used to drive every day, but now you cannot concentrate long enough to drive. It takes too much effort to look in the

mirrors, to glance at the signs along the sides of the road. Your first class is journalism. Your friends say, "Hey Madalaine you look tired today." You smile weakly, your expression a ghostly reflection of happier times. Then you bend over your books and hope you look busy so they will not talk to you. The illness makes you feel hideous, grotesque even, and you are ashamed to have them look at you. Your second class is physics. A classmate brightly comments, "Is something wrong? You don't look too cheerful today!" You wish she would leave you alone. You wish you were at home with ice packs on your burning, swollen eyes. "Cheerful?" you repeat, looking at her with what you hope is an innocent expression. You chuckle without mirth and say, "When you see me looking cheerful, you let me know; we'll have the date made into a national holiday." She smiles, tossing her thick, dark curls over her shoulders. Imperturbable, she returns to her reflection in the hand mirror she never fails to carry. You turn away, wishing desperately that someone would recognize your illness for what it is. Your teacher slaps your physics test down on your desk and you see an angry red **F** in the top right hand corner. Below the scarlet letter are the scrawled words, "What happened?" ; You hear your own voice saying, "This is the kind of thing kids go home and slash their wrists for." The class enthusiastically agrees, but the teacher just mutters something about your having an attitude problem. He turns his back on you, on your subtle cry for help. You feel deserted, helpless, and hopeless. You wish you had a razor blade in your purse. You would do it right here, right now; show him, show them all. Dark crimson blood trickling down the legs of your chair, into the matted beige carpet. The teacher is saying, "Page 203, hurry up class you think I'm kidding?" He has forgotten your comment, forgotten you. So has everyone else. The

darkness whirls up out of its black metal box and devours the teacher's words. Anger at being ignored seizes you. You want to hurt yourself; no, you want to destroy yourself. You want more than anything to escape from the perpetual darkness. You dig your fingernails, bitten ragged in your frustration, into the palms of your hands. Later, you find four delicate crescent bruises.

By lunchtime, you are exhausted. You do not feel you can face your friends; the sadness is simply too overwhelming. You stumble into the restroom, lock yourself into a stall, and sit down on the floor among the ashes of cigarettes smoked in secret. You tip your head back against the graffiti-scarred cinder block wall and wrap your arms around your body like a child who has just been beaten. You listen to the Popular Girls' muffled giggling. You are sure they are laughing at you. They know your friends do not care about you because you are alone. They know you have never had a boyfriend because you are always like this, sad and angry and struggling to endure the pain you must have done something awful to deserve. Then they forget about you like everyone else and complain loudly that their poufy, bleached blonde hair is not poufy enough or blonde enough. They exchange kohl eyeliner and Sunset Amber lipstick. You wish they would leave. Their laughter mocks you, because you do not know how to feel good anymore. You cannot imagine being able to laugh like that. Finally they are gone and there is silence to mock your solitude. You are alone in this misery, aching so badly that you are desperate to escape. You would do anything to escape...even kill yourself....

You force yourself to go to lunch after you wipe away all traces of your tears. Your mother is always telling you, "Eat something, dear; you're so thin." Thin indeed, you are a waif. She says, "Maybe if you ate something, you would feel better; maybe food would help." But nothing seems to help. You have seen every practicing doctor on God's green earth, and you know they are all ignorant fools. Not one of them has made you feel significantly better. Besides, you are not hungry. The idea of food when you feel like this is nauseating. It tastes like cardboard and mud, all of it. Still they insist you are too thin. They say lots of things, lots of things for you to add to your Worry List: "You look sick, Madalaine, you look tired." Everyone thinks you look tired. They all know you are crazy, and that you should be locked up somewhere so you cannot hurt yourself. You keep your mouth shut and your problems to yourself. No one can help you anyway. You know that you were meant to be miserable. You know you are a horrible person, and that you deserve this ravaging sorrow and pain. You know that you should kill yourself and relieve everyone of your burdensome presence.

It started out as The Blues, and you have been sinking ever since. At first your parents yelled at you and punished you for what they termed your Attitude Problem. You were sullen and never spoke to anyone at the dinner table, they complained. And every time you did open your mouth, you were snapping at someone. They would come to your room where you were hiding after you had angered them and yell at you some more. And then you would flee to your closet and huddle in the darkness and cry...and cry...and

cry...wishing you were dead. It was then that the Final Solution began to look like the best option, the only escape. You would sit in the kitchen while your family was out and stare at the garage door and think about the car. You could not drive then, of course; you were still too young, but you had heard that carbon monoxide put you to sleep first, so there would not be any pain.

You do not really want to kill yourself. You just want to disappear. The pain is too much. You often find yourself tearing at your hair, scratching your face, sawing at your wrists with dull scissors. You remember the history class in which you learned that during ancient times people bored holes into their skulls to let the evil spirits out; in medieval times they used leeches to suck out the bad blood. You think, "Maybe that's what I'm trying to do, tear out the bad feelings." They are rooted too deeply within you, though. They do not like being in there; they do not like confining places, and apparently your skinny body makes them feel claustrophobic. They beat on you, tell you how evil you are, how life is too good for you. You tell yourself that there must be a reason why this is happening to you. You must have done something really awful. You just wish someone would tell you what that something was.

Finally you get to go home. You collapse into tears in the empty house. You are exhausted; just holding up the porcelain mask of normalcy in public drains you. All you want to do is go to sleep...forever. But you cannot sleep. You are too miserable. You lie on your bed and hate yourself. What you really hate is the bad feelings, but they

are so much a part of you that you cannot separate the two. You feel like such a failure. You know that your grade card has a 4.0, but the figures mean nothing to you. You are still a failure. You cannot remember anything; you cannot concentrate. There is a rubber block in your mind, and everything just bounces off of it. You hate school. Each day is like three days. Three very long days. You cannot handle it. You want to die, to shrink into nonexistence. You take the bottle of extra strength aspirin off your shelf and sit down on your bed again. You pour some of the pills into your palm. The bottle says, "Do not exceed 8 per day." You estimate that you are holding about fifteen in your hand. You pick up your can of cola, take a sip, glance at the capsules again....

The sun is shining orange outside as it sinks down behind the violet Pennsylvania mountains. The red light is like fire across your bedroom walls and carpet. You feel as though you are surrounded by flames. You stare at the red and yellow capsules in your hand as if mesmerized by the possibilities and their ramifications. You have been taught that Hell is the irreversible consequence of suicide. You close your hand over the pills, feeling hot tears trickling down your cheeks. Capsules slip between your fingers and fall silently to the carpeted floor.

Only Hell could be worse than this pain.

Carolyn Kaufman

Poetry for Morons

For form see Riverside Anthology of Literature.

I want to tell you how to get an idea for a poem.
In your 5 CD changer put 5 CDs in that will remind you of a
time.

I should tell you how to get the "time."
A time of good times with friends who are diverse. You
know. or maybe you don't. Music, man, music!

Hey, man, stop focusing on a subject!

Well anyway, put the CD's in and shuffle.

That word doesn't look right. It could mean a food.

No stupid, that's souffle.

But isn't that the same thing.

No, souffle is to put a lot of different things in and in
the end it is great.

And shuffle?

Shuffle is to trade positions.

But if you put all different CDs in you get the same.

That's what I said.

Well you didn't make that clear. Let's get back to the
CDs.

The five disk experience.

The theme is pucked up. Notice the "pucked up."

Yeah, that one
above.

This is using the English language at its best.

Back to the music. Listen.

Toad the Wet Sprocket, "Butterfly"

Pearl Jam, "Black"

Sting, "All This Time"

The Beatles, "Glass Onion"

Alice in Chains, "Dirt"

What do these songs mean?

Listen to the art of poetry.

And write about the experience.

Chris Grigsby

The Shun Poem

How long can you be still to lie at his knee
Then to leave you in such degradation?
The best it can be is that now you are free
To go try on your own permutations.
How sure can you be to become what you see
When you look into life's complication?
The worst it can be is to lose sight of thee
And to pine on your own fascinations.
How soon will it be when you fall into Thee
Or to fall from your waning obsession?
The trick you see is to go climb a tree
And your love will be such a succession.

How long can it be still to mesmerize me
Then to leave me with no trepidation?
The best it can be is that now I can see
That I am without hesitation.
How sure can we be to become parts of we
When it looks like there's no expectations?
The worst it could be is to lose sight of we
And to miss out on our veneration.
How soon will it be when it feels right for We
Or to forgo your lasting impression?
The trick then will be to go climb a tree
And our love will be such a succession.

How long can I be still to wait upon thee
Then to leave this with much altercation?
The best it can be is that now I am free
To go shine on my true destination.
How sure can I be to become what I see
When I look beyond love's resignations?
The worst it could be is to lose sight of me
And to find you with no presentations.
How soon will it be when I fly into Thee
Or to fly from remaining expression?
The trick seems to me to go climb a tree
For my love is just one long succession.

Scott Gottliebson

"Wan."

"What?"

"Wan."

"Pal, would you talk English?"

"I mean make it pale, sick, greenish—you know, wan."

"Black I've heard of, or brown, but green?" The fat man with the buzzing needle pushed his glasses farther up the bridge of his nose and soaked blood with a wad of gauze.

"Sure hurts like a son of a bitch, doesn't it?" Gregor asked and swiped at his wet brow with the forearm that wasn't throbbing and spent.

"Some ice and a bottle of booze will take care of that in a hurry. Think I just about got it here." The fat man with the buzzing needle moved a finger around the edges of a crucible of ink and tipped it toward Gregor.

"Looks good to me—now that's what I call wan," Gregor said. He then eased back into his chair. The fat man loaded the needle with the newly-mixed color and set back to his work.

Gregor bit his lip more from the sound and the tight pull of skin than any pain. The pain was why he was here in the first place. He let the pain snake past his forearm and curl and twist its way to his elbow and palm.

He looked around as he bit his lip harder and arched his feet. A black and white tapestry of dancing girls, daggered hearts, anchors and spiraling dragons. A Pan flute leached through the ceiling from the Greek dive upstairs and wove with the Grateful Dead tape in the fat man's stereo.

"How we coming?" Gregor asked and snapped his head forward—aware he had become comfortable, lost in the details of the room. He focused on the matter at hand.

The fat man with the needle grunted and rose slowly to his feet. His set of chained keys fell slack and jangled. "Yeah, I reckon that's about it. Why a horse, though? I mean, I do a lot of names, and panthers and shit, but this is my first horse. Just reminds me of heroin, you know—horse."

"Yeah, right," Gregor said as he pushed himself out of the green vinyl chair and looked at his arm in different ways. He moved his arm close then far, akimbo and then to the ceiling where the Pan flute crawled along.

"So what's the verdict?" The fat man rubbed his fingers and pushed the tray of ink back with his foot.

"Fifty dollars was it?"

"Yep."

"I suppose I'll raise you ten and make it sixty. I like it just that much." Gregor smiled at the tight pain in his arm as he reached for his back pocket and shoved in his wallet.

"Much obliged. That'll stop hurting in a couple of days—just like getting stung."

"Thanks again." Gregor walked out into the cold, satisfied with the way his sweat iced and his arm went in to spasm. He had to be getting home. He had cigarettes to smoke, a bottle to drain and a phone call to wait for tonight.

* * *

He walked the few blocks to his apartment and felt his raised, pink flesh around this skinny horse in full gallop on his arm. It was in the mall, that was when they had last seen each other. She needed a gift for a friend's baby shower and she thought he had a good eye for picking out the perfect gift. He showed her a big purple bear and she called to thank him later that night. That was almost three weeks ago.

She had called him each night since then to tell him they should try some new Thai place out by where she lived. He just told her he would think about it and she should ask him about it later.

Gregor reached his apartment building and shuffled down the hallway. He reached his door at the end of the hall and turned the key with his throbbing hand and pushed the key hard to the right even though it had already opened the lock. He hoped the phone would not be ringing as he pushed the door wide. It was not.

He left the lights off and stumbled his way to the sofa. His blind hands found a half empty bottle of scotch and the remote control.

His tired eyes stared at two roasting chickens, a black and white war zone, a cocktail ring for sale, a marching band. Not a blink, not a thought—even the pain faded in the repeated sequence of thirty-one channels.

Something broke the meditation. Somewhere between George Bush, a streaking jet, and a river trout being reeled. Gregor's heart pumped harder and he slapped his arm. It awoke from sleep, pulsating.

He took a slow, long swallow from the bottle as he heard it clearly. The plastic table rattled under the whining, living thing—his phone. He knew the thing would not be silenced without a sacrifice.

He crept close and pressed his fingers against the receiver, as one might try to quiet a tearful child, but the phone kept on ringing.

"Yeah. Hello?" Gregor took another swallow and hit his smarting arm against the back of his leg.

"Hey, what's up?" the phone whispered back at him. Gregor grunted, took another long swallow of scotch, and hit his arm hard against his knee then swallowed again.

"Come on, lighten up—God. I've had a hard day too, but I can still liven up when I talk to *you*. You're always so down all of the time. Come on—party," the phone cloyed. He held on to the phone gingerly, like something foreign, as he might hold a handgun.

"What can I say to that?" he asked the phone.

"Just promise me you'll lighten up," the phone chirped.

"I'll lighten up," he said flatly and took another long draw from the bottle, almost draining it.

"Come on, sound like you mean it," the phone implored quietly. He thought it sounded like it was trying to seduce him.

He coughed and balanced the receiver from finger to finger. The television screen had settled itself on the green-tinted face of a colorized John Wayne. "Really, I do, I mean it," Gregor weakly said to the phone.

"You sure are in a mood, but let's not talk about that stuff right now. What are you wearing?" the phone whispered.

"God. Does it ever seem to you we're having the same conversation we always do? We say our hellos, you ask me what's wrong, I say, 'nothing,' then you try to verbally get in my pants. Jesus, I feel like I should be paying five bucks per minute when I talk to you," he said to the phone as he let the empty bottle fall from his other hand.

"Look, I can tell you're in one of your moods again, so I'll call back later when you're more clear-headed. I love you. Bye." The phone clicked and then made a high-pitched hum.

Gregor found the sofa and lazily stretched out on it. *When I first met her I tried to be in love. I even told her I loved her—often. Things just went south on us. Dammit, sometimes you just can't swallow your words back up. There are some words that'll force you right down a path. Couldn't*

take back those words, so I had to keep on living like I meant them. Maybe old words get forgotten and habit becomes He stopped his thoughts. Too much introspection always gave Gregor a headache.

"I've been having the same damn conversation for five years running," Gregor told the green-tinted John Wayne. He rubbed the wan horse on his arm, trying to find some old pain there that had faded a bit. He rubbed this reminder, this mystic rune which he had hoped would ward off an old addiction.

"Could have just left myself a note or tied a string around my finger," he mumbled to himself, as he rubbed his skin horse harder. He knew no note, string around his finger, nor rune standing for an addiction would change anything when the phone would ring again later that night.

Greg Davis

An Outburst Of Sarcasm

Oh, to be a hero,
 To have polished social skills.
 A rugged loner is a fine alternative,
 but he must remain aloof.
 Should he progress from his tragic form,
 the reader shall cry out in horror.
 The terrified author is forced to deflate his creation,
 the reader is placated and misery resumes.

What fun it must be to save a maiden in distress.
 Never mind the sexist leanings,
 just blame the author as the reader shells out \$5.95.
 Such a contradiction that may seem, but it stems from logic.
 The technical word is GUILTY PLEASURE!
 THIS IS PURE LITERATURE FROM A REVERED AUTHOR!
 DON'T YOU DARE CALL IT TRASH!

Let's gather 'round to hear a tale,
 the storyline must be nice and tight,
 the story must be original and the ending must be sad.
 The hero must never win the girl,
 the villain must always meet doom.
 Romance is downplayed on orders from Jesus.
 Shame to those who disagree!

A cast of characters entirely of women is progress!
 A cast of characters entirely of men is sexist!
 My God, don't you know the difference?
 Let's drink a toast to popular culture!
 Let's drink a toast to underdeveloped romance!
 Let's drink a toast to overdone romance!
 The middle ground is too much for us all to bear!

Steven Post Hitchcock

identities

i am sustained by the mysteries of identity.
Is there not more than one existence allotted to every man?
There are those who say that the path selected
may not be withdrawn from—once determined;
does this mean we are bound to our present plight,
or may we produce an epochal revelation,
that begins our existence anew?
Perhaps the answer is two or more existing beings
that function as one.
Certainly to some, i represent one institution
while to others, i may represent something else.
If i am perceived dissimilarly,
why should i struggle with inconsistency?
It is that wet blanket of conformity that causes
individuals to succumb to what is forever expected.

To yield all diversity within us,
is surely to administer the greatest forfeiture of all.

Steven Gray

Contributors

Lauren Balden is a senior elementary education major who looks forward to having time to devote to photography and writing.

Greg Davis, a senior writing major, insists that, "the Davis quadrilateral is: sarcasm, stout, Raymond Carver, and Milano Cookies."

Adam Ellis, a freshman with an undecided major, ponders, "I guess the color yellow means that the center of daisies is really orange. Yes, I know."

Sidonia Gause is a sophomore physical education major who "enjoys writing all the things I don't have the nerve to say to people."

Scott Gottliebson, a (finally!) graduating senior English major, says, "Good-bye!"

Steven Gray, a junior English literature major, says, "Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich starker." —Nietzsche

Chris Grigsby, a junior English major says, "Why do I write? 'To die but not to parish is to be eternally present.'" —Lao Tsu
Tao Te Ching

Julia Gwin, sophomore elementary education major, says, "Above all else in life, I think everyone should follow Shakespeare advice — 'to thine own self be true.'"

Steven Post Hitchcock is a twenty-five year old psychology major who is a four year resident of Columbus, Ohio. He is writing his second book between schoolwork and liturgical dancing.

Contributors continued

Robert Holland, a freshman technical theatre major, says, "You can give without loving, but you can't love without giving."

Matthew-David Hopkins, a junior with an undecided major, is making his first appearance in *Quiz and Quill*.

Carolyn Kaufman is a sophomore English writing and psychology major whose short story "Life's No Bowl of Cherries" is based on her own battle with depression. It is important to her that people realize that Clinical Depression is a serious illness.

Valerie Lockard, senior English literature major, says, "As Auntie Mame in the 1958 film says, 'Life is a banquet and most poor suckers are starving.'"

Chris Selfert is a member of Voodoo Chili who believes "everything is an illusion basking in perception." He is a junior broadcasting major.

Jodi Susey, a senior English writing major, is temporarily experiencing writer's block, "stay tuned."

Aaron Thompson, a senior English and philosophy major, plans to be a professional student with a thriving dog grooming business on the side.

Brian Worra, a sophomore public relations major says, "in between the borders of perception and reality, the one-eyed artist looks for home in the republic of the blind."

1993 Contest Winners

Short Story Contest

First Place

Carolyn Kaufman.....Life's No Bowl of Cherries

Co-Second Place

Greg Davis.....The Skin Horse

Carolyn Kaufman.....Obsession

Co-Third Place

Kelley Grant.....She's No Angel

Susie Fields.....Grazing

Personal Essay Contest

First Place

Bryan Worra.....A Mother's Name

Second Place

Scott Gottliebson.....Love in the Time of AIDS

Co-Third Place

Robert Holland.....A Woman to Match the Mountains

Jonny Steiner.....The Green Monkey Bars

Damien Woodson.....Here I Stand

Honorable Mention

Kevin Brown.....Lifequest: The Adventure Begins

Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

First Place

Scott Gottliebson.....Gaia's Last Parable

Second Place

Bryan Worra.....My Autopsy, Thank You

Third Place

Aaron Thompson.....The Voice Goes

Honorable Mention

Donald Daugherty.....I Enter the Fray With Abandon

Contest Winners continued

Poetry Contest

First Place

Jodi Susey.....Highway Rubbish

Second Place

Aaron Thompson.....Breakfast Cleanup

Third Place

Scott Gottliebson.....Soon

Louise Gleim Williams Newswriting Contest

First Place.....Jennifer Feakins

Second Place.....Erika Morton

Third Place.....Julie Perry

**1992 Writer's Prize Winner was Deanna Ratajczak,
winner of the 1992 Newswriting Contest**

1993 Judges

Poetry

Diane Kendig was editor of the 1972 Quiz and Quill, is a published poet, and teacher of creative writing.

Essays

Barbara Porter is a professional writer as well as a college teacher of writing.

Short Stories

Candace Barnes has published many short stories of her own and also has taught fiction writing at OSU.

Newspaper Articles

Robert Shapter works at the Features desk of the Columbus Dispatch and writes book reviews.

