

Otterbein University

Digital Commons @ Otterbein

Quiz and Quill

Otterbein Journals & Magazines

Fall 1985

1985 Fall Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

Otterbein University, englishdept@otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1985 Fall Quiz & Quill Magazine" (1985). *Quiz and Quill*. 40.
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/40>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Otterbein Journals & Magazines at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quiz and Quill by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu.

Quiz and Quill

FALL 1985



CONTENTS

Bum	Beth Helwig . . .	4
All in My Family	Bob Fritz . . .	5
Nearly Identical	Greg Grant . . .	6
The Mirror	Beth Helwig . . .	7
What I Really Think Happens in Justus, Ohio	Greg Grant . . .	8
My Father's Fight	Cathy Griffis . . .	9
A Glance	Julie Lynch . . .	9
On <u>Atlas Shrugged</u>	Bob Fritz . . .	10
The Channel	Julie Lynch . . .	12
Another Day	Marcie Hochwalt . . .	13
Untitled Poem	Mary Christian . . .	14
State Park	Cathy Griffis . . .	14
Robert Morris	John Tetzloff . . .	15
Contributors		23
Elegy for John Becker	Cathy Griffis . . .	23

Quiz and Quill

FALL 1985

PUBLISHED By

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

THE QUIZ AND QUILL STAFF

Editors: Julie Lynch
Beth Helwig

Art Editor: Cathy Griffis

Production: Michael Blankenship
Bob Fritz
Greg Grant
Marcie Hochwalt
Vickie Kayati
Linda Shaw
Carl Sulzer
John Tetzloff
Duff Woodside

Faculty Advisor: Dr. Marilyn Saveson

Quiz and Quill continues to flourish this fall. Enthusiasm and the number of club members are on the rise as we prepare for another busy year.

Last year's successes were capped off with the annual Strawberry Breakfast for Quiz and Quill alumni. They praised the work of last year's staff, pledging support to the 1985-86 staff, in hopes that the Quiz and Quill tradition will remain strong at Otterbein. This overwhelming approval has been an incentive to improve upon last year. I can only hope this issue represents the enthusiastic efforts of our current members.

In accordance with the tradition begun last fall, Quiz and Quill will sponsor a student poetry reading on Thursday, October 31, at 8:15 p.m. in the Philomathean Room. We hope to see you there.



ALL IN MY FAMILY

When I was six or seven, I would stay overnight at my grandparents' house on Saturday. Their house was only a block away from mine, and I needed only walk down the alley to get there. I would usually find something to do that held the imagination of a six-year-old, like play baseball cards or pretend I was a spy from "Mission: Impossible," hiding behind a wall and making up names of imaginary gadgets. Grandpa Acky would sit in his favorite chair, smoke cigars, drink beer and watch television. One of the shows he always watched was "All in the Family," and these years of my life were marked by listening to the verbal battles of Archie and "Meathead." But most noteworthy was Archie's familiar pose in front of the TV with a cigar in his mouth and a beer in his hand. It looked as though Grandpa Acky was looking in a mirror.

This reminds me of an article I once read in which Norman Lear expressed chagrin at the number of "All in the Family" viewers who sympathized with Archie. No doubt Grandpa was one of these. He shared Archie's views on many issues, although he was a little bit more tactful at expressing them and was not prone to Archie's hilarious slips of the tongue (my favorite: "Patience is a virgin"). But there were other, more astounding similarities.

Grandpa and Archie both left school early to go to work; both worked in factories; both drank beer; both smoked cigars; and both (at least when Archie was in a good mood) had a very happy-go-lucky attitude toward life. I can still see Grandpa coming in around 3:30 in the afternoon, after another day as superintendent of Clark Grave Vault, singing some old tune and tossing his hat into a nearby chair. Both were balding, although Archie had a bit more hair.

However, there were also many differences. Archie was from New York; Grandpa, originally, from West Virginia. Grandpa, unlike his TV counterpart, was in poor health for the time that I knew him; he was crippled with arthritis, soon developed other problems, and died when I was eight. (And, I almost forgot to add, I could never picture Grandpa Acky giving anybody a Bronx Cheer.)

The smell of those Muriel Air-Tips is starting to come back to me as I write this, and it comes back whenever I walk past that old house. It passed into the hands of a series of neglectful owners after Grandma moved out, and it's now boarded up, a shadow of its former self. Many people drive down Little Avenue every day, and all they see, if they notice it at all, is a dilapidated old house.

They have no idea that Archie Bunker once lived there.

Bob Fritz

NEARLY IDENTICAL

Nearly identical houses inhabited by
Nearly identical people
Stretch out for
Nearly a mile in all directions

In small,
Nearly identical yards with
Nearly identical swingsets
Children play
Nearly the same games we did.

Ravenous packs of junior high boys
In moped gangs
Create terror in the streets,
Cruising past the nearly identical mailboxes
Nearly in ecstasy, as
Nearly identical parents
Curse in nearly identical words.

As I watch from the interstate highway
(Close to the interstate, convenient location,
Good schools, growing community,
say the nearly identical real estate agents)
I wonder how they give directions
To distant relatives
Over the telephone.

Greg Grant

THE MIRROR

There is a silver and glass streaked object which sits atop my dresser. It is an antique and reflects its wear by a few opaque streaks. I have turned to this object many times in my short life, not necessarily because I am vain, but because it reflects for me more than a simple image.

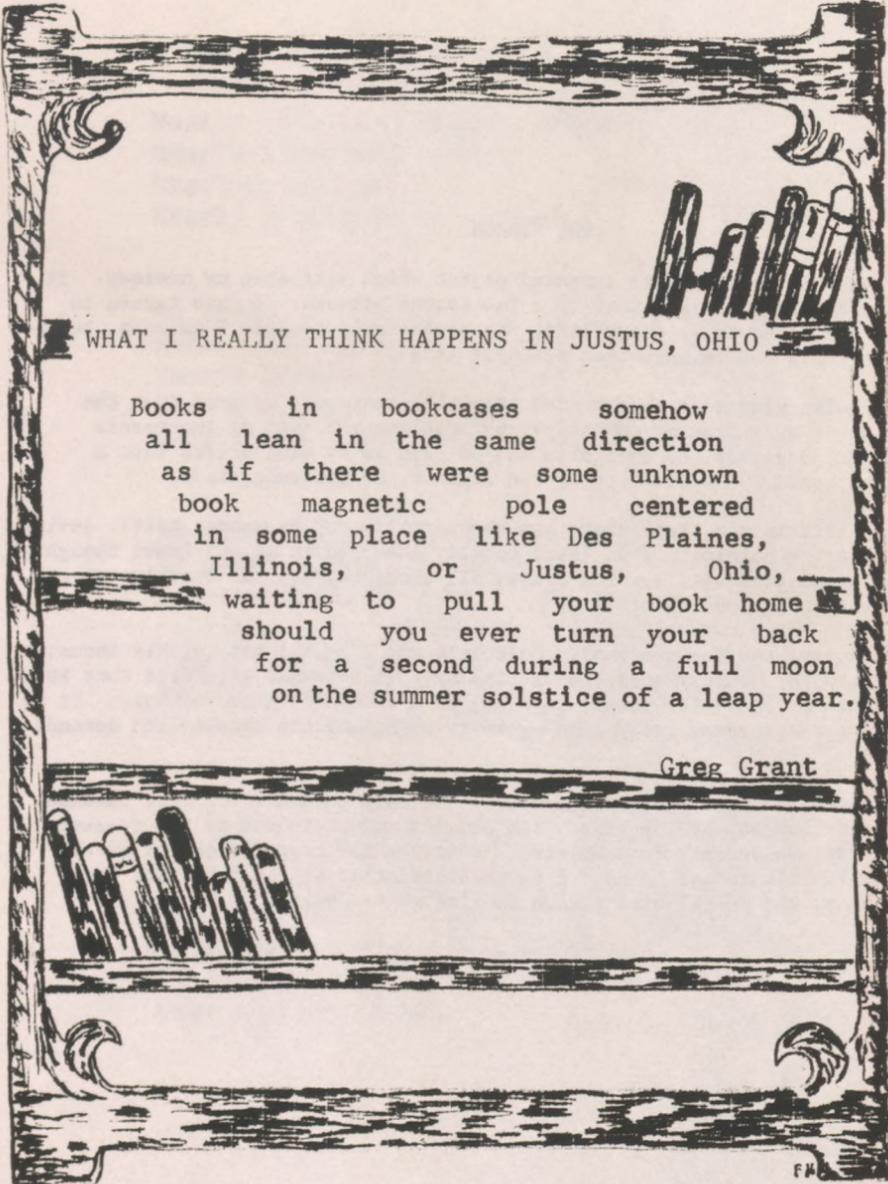
Often a quick glance or an extended stay will transport me away from the present world --- away from my anxieties, my problems and even my successes. There exists no judgement, no criticism and no pain as my mind drifts into a transcendental world. A world even I, the creator, do not understand.

My eyes shift into a blank stare and the normally roving senses halt: seeing, feeling and hearing nothing. I am lost, totally absorbed in my own inner thoughts. At peace, calm and tranquil, my mind erases all thoughts, and the troubles of the world disappear in a clouding mist.

Unfortunately, the fog eventually must lift and I am all too quickly thrust back to reality. My journey ends, but I find my soul somewhat satisfied that it has been soothed by one quiet moment in a sea of a thousand wasted moments. It is fortified and strengthened, ready once again to withstand the battles and demands of society.

The mirror which sits atop my dresser is the only object which will remember my journey, and thoughts of the past. The demands and pressures of the present crowd those precious secrets from my mind. However, the hypnotic spiral in the mirror's infinity always awaits me. I am reassured that all is not lost, for perhaps, someday, the spiral will return to find me --- waiting.

Beth Helwig



WHAT I REALLY THINK HAPPENS IN JUSTUS, OHIO

Books in bookcases somehow
all lean in the same direction
as if there were some unknown
book magnetic pole centered
in some place like Des Plaines,
Illinois, or Justus, Ohio,
waiting to pull your book home
should you ever turn your back
for a second during a full moon
on the summer solstice of a leap year.

Greg Grant

MY FATHER'S FIGHT

For the first time in
Twenty-four years of marriage
And nearly twenty-two of parenthood
My father's eyes came home distant
And blackened.
I looked at him and looked away.

That purring, strong and gentle man
Who built my white-picket-fenced reality
And pulled the weeds around it
Who did like the President said,
Hating commies and worried silently
That his son might be a faggot. . . .

That man brought his fists, in anger
To another man's face
And received retaliation.
And slowly the paint peeled
Off my white-picket world.

CATHY GRIFFIS

A GLANCE

A smooth, sloping eyelid
protecting a twitching orb,
A door standing ajar
allowing only a glimpse at hidden sentiment,
arousing interest,
but never fully surrendering,
revealing emotion
only to those shrewd enough to see.

Julie Lynch

ON ATLAS SHRUGGED

(To the genius of the late Ayn Rand)

When, in the course of human events,
I think about the world and its despair,
I feel surrounded by incompetence
That robs me and then whines that life's not fair.
They told me I should love my fellow man,
Even if he sucked my very blood.
My teachers said I must do what I can
For love, peace, and unselfish brotherhood.
And I agreed, for who was I to ask?
I compromised, and they won by default.
But the demon I have finally unmasked.
"Who is John Galt?"

Life went on if you could call it that;
I spent years following their great ideal,
A Capricorn, a perfect diplomat,
Though no one stopped to wonder how I feel.
But now I know what their words really say;
War is peace, and ignorance is strength.
Young intellects are hoodwinked, led astray,
Their bright minds immolated at great length.
"Why should I help you? Jimmy needs it more."
Genius hindered, it came to a halt
And ran back over where it went before.
"Who is John Galt?"

But this is not the way the world is run
(Or at least not how it's naturally inclined).
The object is to reach and touch the sun,
And not leave beggars pieces of your mind.
All around, I see the grim results
Of how man turns away from this great truth:
Our planet Earth, in chaos and tumult,
The haggard old, the vicious scowl of youth;
Nations starve to death while leaders feast,
And talk of love, and say it's not their fault,
While prosper those whose rulers govern least.
"Who is John Galt?"

It's up to every single one of us;
Man is a being of self-made soul,
Origin accidental, random; thus,
From day one, his life he must control.
To survive, the mind's his only hope;
To turn it off means naught but certain death.
Thinking is the only way to cope
With those who wait to steal your life's last breath.
They're numerous, and worse than any cancer;
Why do they delight in the mind's assault?
For some questions, there seems to be no answer.
"Who is....."

Bob Fritz

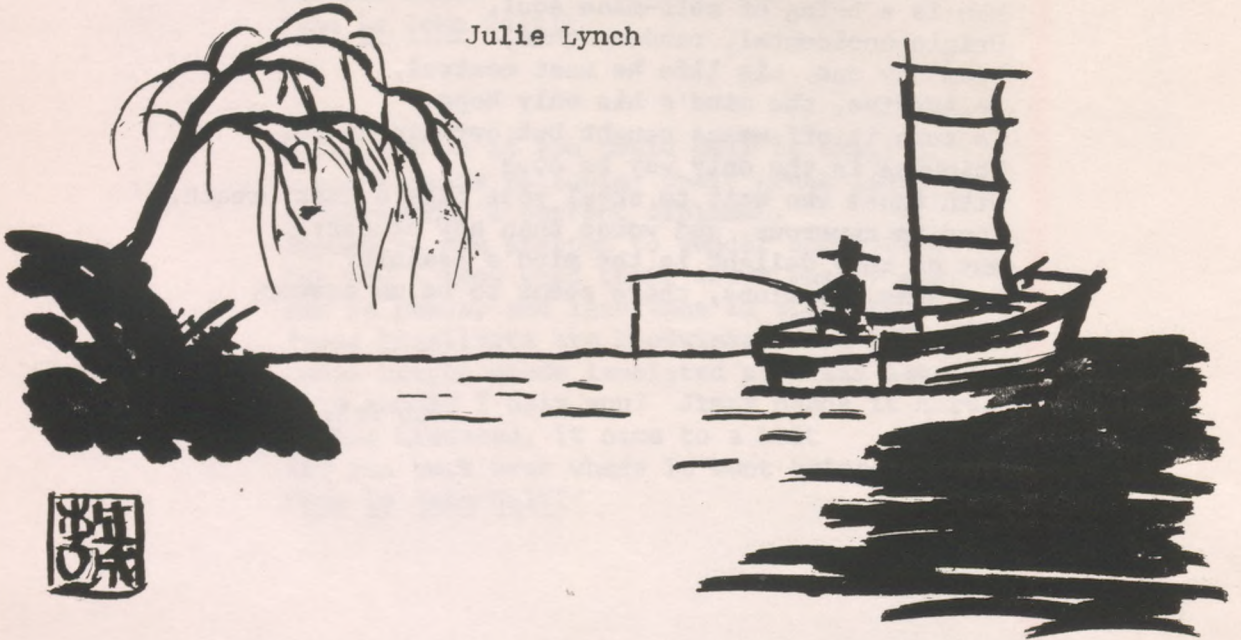
THE CHANNEL

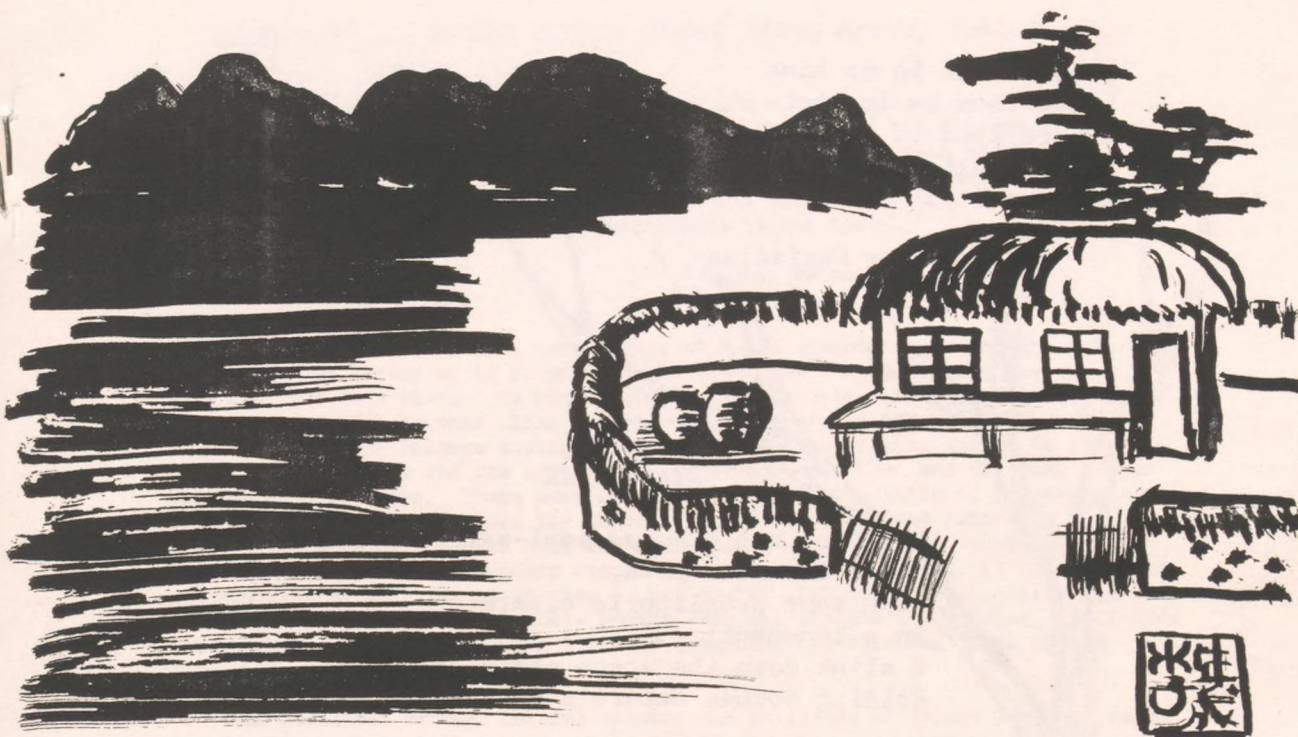
He squandered his words,
scattering them before her.
He gestured to impervious eyes,
hoping for a glimmer of response.
A brush became his channel.

Seeking to explain his complex thought,
expression flowed through his brush
finding rest on the canvas
in splotches of color.

He revealed his passion
with a sharp red stroke.
Her eyes,
now receptive,
understood his message concealed in image.
He never received her answer.

Julie Lynch





ANOTHER DAY

One more day I scattered
Like leaves falling
Down, dried up and brown,
Callously crunched
By one too carefree.
Piled up and forgotten,
Whirled away--
Gone.

Marcie Hochwalt

Clouds form in my mind
Leave them be so that
My droplets of knowledge
May collect and form
My identity.

Mary Christian

STATE PARK

Entering the groomed semi-nature world
On a well worn path,
Like some prehistoric creature
In a tenement,
I slink down the stone staircase
Holding Mother Nature's handrail.

Steel girders hold up the leaves
And I stealthily hunt
Gag gift spiders and snakes
And bears and raccoons
Fresh from the taxidermist.
What natural disaster distributed
Trash cans every five hundred feet?

Nonetheless, today I am hunter
In quest of the indigenous cub scout

CATHY GRIFFIS

ROBERT MORRIS

First Place, Walter Barnes Short Story Award, Spring 1985

The once well-worn streets are now grown up in grass, save a few narrow tracks made by sheep and swine; and the strands have more the appearance of an uninhabited island than where human feet ever trod. . . . Bereft of all former greatness, nothing remains to console her but the salubrious air and fine navigation which may anticipate better times.

---Jeremiah Banning

Robert Morris stood in a warm pocket of shade underneath one of the tall trees that lined the Strand as it stretched out toward the long peninsula that carried into the Tred Avon River. To his left, the bay was calm, and only gentle rolls lapped the scattered rocks along the beach. There was no breeze at all. The sky above was white as intense sunlight spread through the morning haze. He stood looking at the water and the sky as they surrounded the town and the long avenue stretching before him. There were sounds all around him--children laughing and shouting as they played along the beach, seagulls circling and screaming above the water, horses pulling wagons over the hard stones of the street, customers and merchants trading at the outdoor stands and open warehouses, and, in the distance, men shouting briskly to one another at the docks. Yet in that hot, still air it seemed to Robert Morris that these sounds were all distant and muffled, as if they were hushed by the overwhelming heat and stillness and blinding light of the atmosphere.

The stillness of that morning matched the stillness of Robert Morris. As he stood motionless beneath the tree overlooking the throbbing town of Oxford, he felt the desire to do nothing more than watch. A faint smile was fixed on his handsome face, which never seemed to falter, and yet never ventured into anything more. For he was content. Oxford on that morning was to him a beautiful scene with its constant swirl of events and people. Before his eyes he saw all that was his life contained in that growing harbor town. In that swirl of activity he saw something motionless and calm that touched his soul.

Robert Morris had come to Oxford twelve years before on a ship from London. From that bustling center of the world he had on a cold afternoon stepped foot onto a muddy path that followed along the sea wall of the small port. As he disembarked, he had watched in amazement as a lone wagon rolled slowly down a pitted dirt road toward a town consisting of a few crude houses set among many trees, as if they were being overrun by the surrounding wilds of the Eastern Shore. A lone warehouse had stood on the flat peninsula, about which there had been no sign of life. As he rested beneath his tall tree, he remembered that as he had stood along the waterfront, watching dirty sea gulls flying low over the water around the newly-arrived ship, and watching as driftwood and other flotsam that had collected in the still pockets of water between planks in the sea wall bobbed slowly up and down in the thick water, and waiting for someone on the ship to unload his belongings, it had begun to rain.

The memories of that miserable day, and of the many miserable days between then and this calm morning, were constantly intruding in Robert Morris' thoughts. And they gave him a pleasure stronger than any he had known in his earlier life. As his mind wandered to those times his constant half-smile almost deepened, almost ventured into something more. For as he looked out over his town, these memories only heightened the blissful calmness of that day. The dreams of the past brought life to the bustling present. The heat of the morning descended fully on him, and as he rested in the hot shade his dark eyes were untroubled as they wandered slowly in every direction.

The people of the town, going about their businesses, hardly noticed him standing under the tree. For it was not uncommon for him to stand there surveying the town like a king on his throne. After all, Robert Morris, for all practical purposes, owned the town of Oxford. Since that rainy afternoon when he first set foot in the town, he had allowed little doubt in anyone's mind that he had come, not to become a citizen of the town, but had, as if he were the purchaser of a new estate, come to establish his rightful place as master. It may have seemed strange to outside observers that this man, who (he took no pains to hide) was in fact of only modest birth and nearly no education, should have met with no resistance in establishing this stance. Some claimed that it was his very refusal to admit that this stance was strange or unusual that made his succession possible. Others argued that it was his personal carriage--his blatant good-looks, his confident, resolute manner, that allowed no other stance to develop. Still other, less romantic, observers said that it was simply the dull passivity of a dead town in an overlooked wilderness in an overlooked part of the country. Whatever the case, from that afternoon on it was the opinion of both Robert Morris and everyone in Oxford that he had the freedom to do as he pleased with the town and all of its inhabitants.

Even his employers at Foster, Cunliffe and Company (that warehouse that had been the one outstanding feature on the peninsula), seemed to immediately bow down to Robert Morris. While he successfully saw to his duties as director of the interests of that company in Oxford, the business ventures that stemmed from the capital of the warehouse soon conformed not to the designs of his employers, but to the designs and ambitions of Robert Morris himself. The owners of the company would probably, at a later date, have explained their leniency by citing the fact that Morris' adventurism paid off: but they secretly must have realized that they had in fact fallen victim to the undeniable personality of the man, and that they had had no more power to stop him than they did the seasons of the year.

The amazing result of this force of personality and the investments that he made was that Robert Morris was shortly a very wealthy man. He soon had interests (indirectly, of course, through Foster and Cunliffe) in countless enterprises along the Eastern Shore, ranging from Cambridge and Dover on the Choptank River, to The Head of Wye and Townside on the Chester. Further, it soon came to be believed by merchants up and down the Chesapeake that Morris was a fair man of his word who had the delightful characteristic of being content in any transaction to glean only his fair share, while personally seeing to the relative success of the deal for whomever he was dealing with.

Thus, he was a politician. Up and down the Bay, and of course in Oxford itself, he became revered. That is to say, the sovereignty that he had possessed from the beginning by his confidence and personality soon became an earned sovereignty, and no one would ever again wonder how he had come to own the town. He soon used his political power to see to certain economical reforms that he deemed necessary to insure the health of the economic system that had grown there. He first installed, with little effort, a system in which all tobacco, which was the chief product of the Eastern Shore, would be subject to inspections. Before long, nearly a third of all tobacco produced on the plantations around Oxford was rejected as inferior. And short months later, Morris introduced a government currency to the area, which replaced tobacco (which had been subject to violent fluctuations in value) as the accepted payment for all sales. As a result, the economy of the Eastern Shore was greatly stabilized, and continued to prosper.

The overall effect, then, of the coming of this man from over the Atlantic was the flourishing of the town of Oxford. From that dirty little town hidden in the forests along the shore of the Tred Avon, Oxford became the center of activity on the Eastern Shore, and came to rival Annapolis itself for supremacy over the whole Bay. Soon the Strand was filled with private carriages rumbling to and fro. The simple citizens of the town were miraculously replaced with men and women who gracefully glided along new boardwalks, dressed in the finest fashions from London. These newly-discovered gentlemen and gentlewomen, suddenly overcome with leisure time to which they were unaccustomed, filled their hours with such pastimes as horse racing and the theater. And from that one lonely warehouse, the peninsula soon grew to accommodate no less than seven more British firms, and an equal number of local establishments. The waterfront grew as well, with new wharfs holding at any given time seven or eight large ships from all corners of the globe. These ships unloaded all sorts of goods--many luxurious--in exchange for the ever abundant tobacco, wheat, pork, lumber, and countless other products from new enterprises that had developed throughout the area.

All of this was the result of Robert Morris, for although the good water of the Tred Avon, the convenience of the peninsula, and the general richness of the surrounding country were factors that allowed the success of the area, all of these potentialities became reality only under the guidance of the determined and patient hand of this obscure personality from across the ocean. Without his confident adventurism, his quick business mind, his easy and friendly smile, and most of all his indescribable command of men, the Eastern Shore would doubtless have continued to struggle aimlessly toward its place as a subject of the prosperous West, which had Annapolis and the growing Baltimore (which even then showed signs of future greatness). As it was, under the leadership of Robert Morris, and his new port city of Oxford, the Eastern Shore enjoyed a time of relative equality with their rivals across the Bay.

All this Robert Morris saw and knew as he stood underneath his tree. In fact, Robert Morris knew these things in his every waking hour, for his mind constantly returned to the successes of the town. So he watched and waited in the morning hours, content.

In the later morning, when even the air in the shade began to swelter, and when the activity of the early hours had dwindled to a mere trickle in the heat, he came out from under his tree and began to walk up the Strand toward the waterfront. While he had been standing there along the beach, he has seen a doublemasted merchant ship struggle across the bay in the still air, round the end of the peninsula, slipping out of sight for a few moments behind the small stand of trees that the town had left at the tip, and then drift slowly up to the docks in the deep backwater that ran up the other side of the strip of land. Now he decided to walk to the docks to see what ship it was that had arrived, and to see what goods it had brought from its travels. Along the way, he determined to stop at Foster and Cunliffe to question his assistant about the current wants and needs of the warehouse, their current money situation, and their capacity to store any new purchases.

So he walked out from under his tree and set foot on the new stone pavement of the Strand. With the day approaching noon the streets were nearly empty save for an occasional pedestrian shuffling from building to building, and a small white dog that wandered aimlessly along the beach. The sun had become an oppressive source of intense heat that beat down on the town, and seemed to physically press and weigh on anything that ventured outside. But to Robert Morris it seemed as if the day was not hot enough. He welcomed the heavy warmth that surrounded him on the empty street. He welcomed the strong, comfortable heat that seemed to sink into his body and slow his pulse in a wave of overwhelming calmness.

So as he walked up the Strand he did not hurry. He was content to wander across the street, and back again, watching the familiar buildings and stores with an approving eye. There was no sense of urgency at all in the man. Farther up the beach, he casually noticed a flock of seagulls circling above a pile of rocks that laid burning in the white sand. The birds circled slowly in the thick air, their wings at times beating furiously, as if it was all they could do to stay aloft before the power of the sun. As they alternately flapped and glided, and rose and fell through the haze, Robert Morris stopped where he was for a moment, the near-smile fixed on his face, and a drop of sweat forming on his forehead. The white-winged beings, hanging gracefully in the sky, held his gaze for many minutes. Their slow movements as they hung suspended, slipping only slightly back toward earth, and then their quick flurries of blurred motion as they powerfully rose again, defying the sun and reaching toward the heavens, captivated him. He saw that the bright whiteness of the flying birds contrasted sharply with the dullness of the dispersed sunlight that was scattered throughout the haze-filled sky. And then from time to time, one of the birds would break the circling flock and fall like a stone to the pile of rocks below, only at the last instant halting its descent with a quick chaos of wildly flapping wings, to hover mere inches above the rocks for a moment longer, and then to rise once again against the sun to join the others. Robert Morris stood in unhurried calmness and marveled at the beautiful and graceful white beings that thus flew above the world of men.

Then he continued to wander up the Strand in the late morning. He continued his slow and careless pace, watching his town. As he passed one of the familiar shops---a general store that sold many goods from London and the rest of the world---he met Elizabeth Cabbot as she came down the front step. The young woman

wore a long white dress that moved gracefully as she walked. Her handsome face and long blonde hair was partly hidden beneath a white bonnet, and her whole upper half was in the shade of a white parasol that she held to preserve herself from the torrid sun. She saw Robert Morris walking toward her, and from beneath her parasol and her bonnet she smiled broadly at him.

When he saw her, his meandering path immediately straightened and he moved toward her. Her white dress shone, and beneath the parasol her smiling, handsome face was nearly lost in the shade. It seemed to him that her face was a long distance away, hidden as it was. Yet as he got closer to her, that pleasing face became clearer and he saw that she not only smiled broadly at him, but that with intent eyes she stared at him.

Elizabeth Cabbot was also a well-known figure in Oxford. Being the daughter of the owner of one of the other British firms that had been established in the town, and also being the possessor of a beauty that was famous throughout the Eastern Shore, she had assumed in the three years that she had resided in America a position of great admiration, especially among the well-to-do male population of the region. Of all this Robert Morris was much aware as he confidently held out his arm for her to hold. Without a word passing between them, they began to walk up the street. She held his arm close to her body with hers. As they walked he looked down at her upturned, shaded face, and held her gaze as tightly as he held her arm. On his face, he let her see his near-smile grow a bit. Finally, he spoke to her, and she listened intently. He commented on the attractiveness of the day, and asked her destination. When he stopped speaking, she answered that she was going to visit her father at his warehouse up the street.

In the intense sunlight on the deserted street, the pair walked slowly up the street. As they walked, he talked easily and slowly, and she laughed, delighted with him. She held her parasol loosely now, and absently twirled it around and around, and the spinning white circle and the flowing white dress shone in the midday sun. She laughed and smiled and held his arm close. Once a man came out of a building before them, and he paused for a moment and smiled and yelled a greeting. The two smiled calmly in return and walked on slowly up the street. With the woman at his side, Robert Morris was unhurried and content.

When they reached her father's warehouse, the two parted. As she left him, he spoke to her in his deep, slow voice. She brought her parasol down low above her, so that he could barely see her. She still smiled at him. It was not broad, yet was directed at him. Then the smile vanished altogether, and she stared at him for a short moment longer. Then she turned away and left. All this time he had merely stared at her without wavering, watching her. Then he too turned and walked on.

Next Robert Morris came to his own warehouse. The wooden building was the largest on the Strand, having expanded in two directions from that lone warehouse that had stood alone on the peninsula twelve years ago. In front, two sliding doors were both pulled open, apparently in the hopes of allowing some breeze, if any should occur that day, to carry through and cool the interior. He stood outside the building for a moment, watching the quiet bay that it overlooked.

Again he admired the circling seagulls that hung gracefully above the beach. At that moment he was the only human being in sight, and as he watched the deserted town it seemed that all was there for him. He hesitated for a moment at the double doors, and did not want to go inside. But finally some dim sense of purpose drove him on, and he wandered in.

In the comparative coolness of the shadows, he saw his familiar warehouse. Along one wall of the huge room, he saw the stacks of tobacco piled high to the ceiling. On the other side were crates and stacks of various goods that were either for sale or for shipping out on the first ship that would have them. And in one shaded corner he saw his assistant sitting motionless on a smaller crate, avoiding the sun.

When he saw Robert Morris, the assistant rose and hurried toward him. The man was young, fairly tall and very thin, and wore spectacles on his very straight nose. His intent, quickly-moving eyes shifted behind these glasses as he studied his master. For a brief moment the master looked approvingly at the hard-working, ambitious pupil. Then the two talked of the business of the day, with the master instructing the worker to see to the newly-arrived ship as soon as possible. As a result, the thin man hurried across the large dark room and disappeared for a moment into a small office, then reappeared with a packet of papers and scurried out between the large doors. Robert Morris was left standing immobile in the shadows.

He stood for a time, and then drifted slowly to the large square of bright sunlight outside the doorway. He reemerged into the street, which was no less sunny or hot, but which now held a single wooden wagon that rumbled across the stones toward the waterfront. Soon it disappeared and all was silent. He noticed approvingly that his assistant had already disappeared in the same direction. He slowly followed after.

In his steady fashion, he finally reached the end of the peninsula and the docks. In many ways, the waterfront was his favorite part of Oxford. It was here that the little town really touched the outside world, receiving gifts from all parts of the globe. It was here that he could come and watch his town actively participating in the economy of the world, as ships loaded and unloaded all sorts of riches. It was here that Robert Morris loved most to simply stand and watch.

On this day he stood in the blazing sun before a large, doublemasted merchant ship from London. Brown, muscular men without shirts crawled along its decks, moving crates and sacks and barrels. Dripping with sweat that sparkled in the white light, they struggled with the heavy cargo, their muscles straining and rolling in the dry air. He admired their health as they busily worked in the heat. The sight of them calmed him. He saw his assistant on deck, talking with the captain, who was a tall, thick man with red hair and beard that burned in the sun. Suddenly he felt a wave of warmth run through him that was even more powerful than the comforting heat of the day. Suddenly he felt that he could not stand any more warmth. But still he welcomed the feeling, and at that moment the near-smile deepened.

So in the hot noon he wandered aimlessly around the dusty grounds of the waterfront, moving surely among the crates and goods that had been unloaded and stacked on the earth, and among sweating, healthy men who yelled in quick short words to one another. With an experienced eye, he casually examined the riches that had been unloaded in his town, registering each bit of merchandise with something near delight. And still the sun beat down in an unfaltering shower of blinding light.

It was not until many minutes had passed that Robert Morris came to see the large wooden construction that the men from the ship had placed off to one side of the waterfront sea wall. But eventually it caught his eye, and he wandered over to it across the dry ground. He eyed it with curiosity. The thing was nearly as high as a man, and twice as wide. Box-shaped, the thing resembled a cage more than anything. It had a solid wooden top and bottom, with thick planks nailed vertically, and with thin gaps in between. As he approached all he could see were deep shadows between the gaps, and occasional strips of light shining through.

With a curiosity that had grown intense, he moved closer to the box. Between the boards, which were no more than the width of a hand apart, he could see vague shadows of indeterminate forms. Drawn by the shadows, he bent closer and peered into the box that sat there on the sun-drenched dirt. Suddenly his near-smile disappeared.

From the dark shadows two round eyes stared out at him. Instantly he stopped moving. It was as if he had unexpectedly come upon a dangerous animal mere inches from him. He could not move. From out of the blackness two spots of dull white peered at him in an unwavering stare. His own eyes gradually resolved the tangled shapes that were spread throughout the bottom of the box, and he saw twisted arms and legs and round heads of dark men and women. He stood bent over in disbelief and was incapable of moving. The eyes that were near him seemed to float in the darkest shadows, and he could see nothing of the head or body to which they must have belonged.

And then he was struck by an awful stench that trickled out from between the planks, and his stomach involuntarily tightened. As he stood transfixed in the presence of the terrible odor, he came to notice something strange about the eyes. They seemed fixed and empty, and did not blink or waver as they stared at him. It was as if they were detached or unalive. After a time, in the dim light he could finally see behind them the outline of a large, round head set on a thin neck. Later, he could discern a pair of arms, folded tightly over a chest and ribs. The hands on the ends of the arms were made of long thin fingers which clutched each withered arm in a tight grasp. And the creature did not move. Everything, in fact, seemed still inside the crate, and he wondered if the things were dead. Yet, close as he was, he soon heard a steady breathing that issued from the creature that stared at him as it sat motionless in the shade. And in nearby shadows he soon could hear other breathings, and also the slow shuffling movements of tangled bodies moving slightly. And now and then a moan rose feebly from the darkness.

And still he was held by the empty eyes before his face. His own eyes were wide and fixed, and a drop of sweat trickled down his cheek. Soon he could feel the brutal sun beat on his back as he bent over, listening to the soft sounds from the box. Then all of a sudden the eyes shifted quickly downward, startling him. In terror he quickly looked down as well, following the eyes. He saw that the creature had been suddenly distracted by the flash of the sunlight on the gold pocket watch that hung from his waist. He looked back to the eyes. They stared intently at the shining object. Suddenly the man noticed the hard sun seering into the earth around him. And he felt the sun burn his back and neck. He glared quickly down the street. It was absolutely barren, except for the men that crawled like ants on the nearby ship. There seemed to be a complete silence on that hot afternoon. There was no sound and no breeze, and he could hardly breathe. He looked once more at the eyes, which still stared at the dangling gold. And suddenly he saw that the eyes were no longer empty, but with a sort of life devoured the flashing gold. In horror, he watched the piercing eyes blaze forth from the darkness, with a fire of their own. He stood fixed to that place, and the sun would not stop showering him with heat, and the eyes would not stop glaring violently at his flashing gold watch.

Then without knowledge of what he did, Robert Morris reached to his side and removed the gold watch from his waist, and held it up to one of the gaps in the box.

A brown, dried claw quickly reached from between the boards and snatched the shining object from his hand. The man stumbled back from the box, and turned quickly to look around him. There was still no one around, besides the busy men about the ship. Without pausing, the man turned down the street. On his face there was no near-smile, but only wide eyes and a strange look, like confusion. This time he passed swiftly down the Strand. Again and again he looked around him, but there was still no one in the streets. As he hurriedly stumbled, almost running, sweat dripped down his face and neck. His eyes constantly shifted all around him.

Before he had gone halfway down the peninsula, he seemed to notice that he was near the flock of seagulls that he had watched circle the pile of rocks along the beach. Suddenly he seemed distracted, and took several quick steps toward them. But he abruptly stopped and stared for a moment at the birds that were now continually dropping from the sky and diving into the pile of rocks. Then just as quickly he was off again.

This time he did not restrain himself from running, but went tripping and falling down the deserted street, disappearing into the houses of the village, while the screeching birds continued to dive swiftly at the dead animal that lay rotting in the sand, returning to the heavy sky with bits of putrid flesh dangling from their sharp beaks.

John Tetzloff

CONTRIBUTORS

MARY CHRISTIAN is an elementary education major. This is the first time her work has appeared in Quiz and Quill.

BOB FRITZ is a junior public relations and business major who knows something Grant and Griffis don't know.

GREG GRANT is a junior English writing major who really has been to Justus, Ohio, and would like to invent a sump pump for sinus drainage.

CATHY GRIFFIS, the Art Editor, is a junior art and sociology major who knows something Fritz and Grant don't know.

BETH HELWIG is assistant editor of Quiz and Quill and is an elementary education major.

MARCIE HOCHWALT, a freshman sociology major, is a new member of Quiz and Quill.

YEON SUNG LEE is a sophomore fine arts major from Korea who is an editorial cartoonist, a member of Pi Beta Sigma and I.S.A. He contributed the cover and some inside artwork.

JULIE LYNCH is the editor of Quiz and Quill and an avid viewer of "Westerville's Channel"

JOHN TETZLOFF is an English and philosophy major, who has retired from various campus organizations.

ELEGY FOR JOHN BECKER

Under the shelf of the right side
of the first floor desk
in your library
are two boxes
holding yellow scraps of paper
proving the mortality of Otterbein students.

My job is to update them
as the new obituaries file in.
I used to shudder at the thought
of my name
written callously onto one of those
scraps
and filed under GR-I-FF-I-S (?)
Another artifact of Otterbein.

Tonight upon the news of your death,
My hand shook as my mind formed
the letters of your name
on that blank yellow slip
and interfiled it amongst all the
other names I do not know:
The most sinister burial of all.

Cathy Griffis