

Living in the Dreamtime



"Unlike the creatures who move within visible nature and are indeed shaped by that nature, man resembles the changeling of medieval fairy tales. He has suffered an exchange in the safe cradle of nature, for his earlier instinctive self. He is now susceptible, in the words of theologians, to unnatural desires. Equally, in the view of the evolutionist, he is subject to indefinite departure, but his destination is written in no decipherable tongue.

"For in man, by contrast with the animal, two streams of evolution have met and merged: the biological and the cultural. The two streams are not always mutually compatible. Sometimes they break tumultuously against each other so that, to a degree not experienced by any other creature, man is dragged hither and thither, at one moment by the blind instincts of the forest, at the next by the strange intuitions of a higher self whose rationale he doubts and does not understand. He is capable of murder without conscience. He has denied himself thrice over, and is as familiar as Judas with the thirty pieces of silver.

"He has come part way into an intangible realm determined by his own dreams. Even the dreams he doubts because they are not fanged and clawed like the life he sees about him. He is tormented, and torments. He loves, and sees his love cruelly rejected by his fellows. Far more than the double evolutionary creatures seen floundering on makeshift flippers from one medium to another, man is marred, transitory, and imperfect."

—Loren Eiseley, *The Man Who Saw Through Time*

Southern Quill 1993-94

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Contents

I. Nightmares and Dreamsakes

In the Dark (Jennie Halverson) 6
 Again (Dina Gerhauser) 7
 Experiments Performed on Vietnam Vets
 (Janna Gifford) 8
 Life is a Merry-Go-Round, and I Want My
 Money Back! (McKay Hall) 9
 Nosferatu (Calvin Fox) 10
 I Am (Debbie Harmon) 11
 Room 113 (Joy Taylor) 12
 Return of the Dark (Philip Johnson) 13
 Lotus (Ace G. Pilkington) 14
 That's All, Folks (Calvin Fox) 15
 Courage (McKay Hall) 15
 Obviously (Philip Johnson) 16
 Who Indeed (An Ode to Houseguests) (Janna
 Gifford) 18
 Drinks (McKay Hall) 19
 Self-Elegy (Mary Ann Miles) 25

II. The Long Prospect of Eden

The Storm (Jennifer Johnson) 26
 Nature's Remembrances (Jennie Halverson)
 27
 Seeking (Montrue Larkin) 28
 Portrait of Me (Dina Gerhauser) 29
 Stand Ready (April Foiles) 30
 To Hold a Sunset (Christina Zender) 30
 Rhinestone Snow (Joy Taylor) 31
 Other Places (Christina Zender) 31
 The Lovers (Christian Arial) 32
 Gift of Sunshine (David J. Roberts) 33
 Miracles (Meg Gilmore) 34
 Rain (Angie Jacobsen) 35

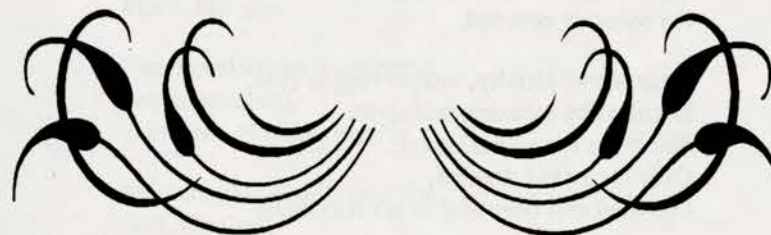
In Utah (Angie Jacobsen) 35
 Fairy Tale (Meg Gilmore) 36
 Illustration (Liz Kulick) 36
 Solitude (Jandi Jones) 37
 The Beauty of Two Beasts (Amy Sherman)
 38

III. Reality's Prism

Wolfman (Peter M. Chidester) 39
 Words (Dina Gerhauser) 42
 The Dojo (Christina Zender) 43
 Consequence (David C. May) 44
 Illustration (Liz Kulick) 44
 What Little I Knew of Myself (Joy Taylor)
 45
 Windows (Meg Gilmore) 49
 Life (Debbie Harmon) 50
 Lampblack (Pete Nuffer) 51
 Security (Todd Roberts) 52
 Too Groovy Blues (Michael Van Wagenen)
 53
 Hands (Natalie Nilsson) 54
 Flowers in the Dark (Shauna Thomas) 56
 Fear (McKay Hall) 56
 Healing (Natalie Nilsson) 57
 Queen of the Mountain (Melanie Davie) 58
 Mirage (Debbie Harmon) 59
 Help You We Can! (Janna Gifford) 60
 Staff Members' Biographies 65
 History of the *Southern Quill* 67

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Associated Students of Dixie College
 Tim Bywater
 The Division of Humanities and Social Sciences
 Cheri Drew
 Bill Fowler
 Joe Green
 Thomas "Randy" Judd
 Sharon Lee
 Phil Williams



I. Nightmares and Dreamsnakes

Jennie Halverson

In the Dark

In the dark I've been called beautiful,
A soft and sensuous lover.
In the dark I'm set free,
My soul glows in enfolding night,
I'm securely covered.

Fingers trail blindly, unknowing to eyes,
Engulfed by looming midnight,
Blackness my eternal lover.
Only then am I wanted,
Unveiled and beautiful in his blindness.

Dina Gerhauser

Again

I truly believed it would not happen
This time.
Naive, innocent, terrified.

My almond nails dig,
Heart releases.
Blood, still, silent.

Arms brutally tight, you lift me to
Green velvet.
Plush, faded, it gives little.

Carved wood curls are
Lurking beasts.
Much like you.

I see floral above your brow,
Seems beautiful.
Yet how? Nothing here is.

Seconds pass, finally you rise.
God, Oh God,
Thank you, sir.

You're gone, and only
The stench
Of your passion remains.

Janna Gifford

Experiments Performed on Vietnam Vets

The only reason they came that night,
 Making no more noise than the lightest sleeper could detect
 And pushing through time
 As if it were a slow, palpable succession of parallel geometrical planes,
 Was to whisper the suggestion in the ears of the fighters
 That the threat was still there
 And could not be alleviated by simple blood alone,
 To scare up their minds and pump adrenaline
 Though the battle existed eons ago.

They were smug and satisfied with the results
 As they calculated the writhing of the subjects,
 Visions of the past painting the slumberers' dreams
 An ugly shade of real,
 And they were jolly afterward in their yellow-lit rooms of science,
 Clinking glasses of success.

Still the soldiers--though they had not been called so in years
 And the only duties performed were the odd parade
 Or poppies sold to annoyed but guilty customers
 In hot tar parking lots--
 Were riled, and filed their fears away as they awoke.
 They put on their work-day faces
 And shakily said, "I was mistaken."
 Then secretly sought solace
 With psychiatrists and therapists.

McKay Hall

Life is a Merry-Go-Round, and I Want My Money Back!

Round and round I spin,
 Thinking of what's supposed to be.
 Is life truly all just one big game,
 Or is it simply that childhood merry-go-round
 That causes what we see to spin and blur
 So that we can never be quite sure
 Of what it is at which we gaze?
 All just one big mesh of people and place
 Whose appearance is based
 Solely on where you look.
 One big game of positioning and stance
 That will whisk you up and spin you round,
 Never in life to quite let you down,
 For round and round you are spun again,
 Futilely seeking family and friends
 While out and about you reach your hand,
 Trying to get off and find the end.
 But there is no end,
 Go round and round,
 One big circle is that merry-go-round.
 It will take you up,
 And it will drop you down,
 But never will you gain your ground,
 For position is its only game,
 One that shall go on its merry way.
 You can never win,
 But play the game
 And in the end it's all the same.

Calvin Fox

Nosferatu

Swollen moon
Dripping hot
Liquid life
Never lost.

Cold light
Bleeding color,
Leaving only
Night.

The darkness moves
Hunger, nay, thirst,
Driving,
Consuming.

The hunt is easy,
So many prey
Drinking, destroying
Lest the cycle start again.

To be freed
Of endless nocturnity
To embrace
Peaceful death

But the night
Hides its own
So shadows grow.
Only the moon remains.

Debbie Harmon

I Am

Many fear the dark.
They feel its grasping claws sink deep,
Chilling, freezing their souls.
They fear what stalks the night
Or rather what their fears create for the night.
But I am not their creation.

Time and time again they seek me out,
"Run a stake through the hell-spawn's heart."
That cry I have heard many times,
And each time they are too late.
Never shall they taste my blood,
Though I often drank of theirs;
Its salty sweetness stirs me
And too often my prey fall, never to walk again,
And once more I regret what I am.

I shall never see the sun rise
In all its golden glory,
For my day ends with dawn.
My sky is filled with starlight
And a pale, waning moon.
It is not enough.
None who know me call me friend.
I am rejected again and again
Because I am.

Joy Taylor

Room 113

I knocked at the door and waited for only a minute; I unlocked it and stuffed the key into the green apron I wore. It was a room with two double beds, but only one had been used. The other bed had a gym bag and a Steven King book on it. I picked the wet towels up off the bathroom floor and threw them onto the bed that had been used. I began to wrap the sheets around the dirty linen when I noticed a condom that had been carelessly left between the sheets. I left it there for Jan in laundry to take care of. I threw the soap wrappers and some empty Coke cans into the trash can and poured the ashes on top of them. I wiped out the ash trays and thought how strange it was to clean up after another's loves and addictions. I carried the load to the linen room and stocked my arms with clean towels and bedding.

I was casting the top sheet onto the bed when an old man and a young girl entered their room. "We don't need your service," the old man said. I looked over to the girl, who wore tight Levis and a Metallica tee-shirt, and I could tell she had been crying before she walked into the motel room. "You may leave," the old man reminded me.

"Grandpa," the girl said, "let her stay." She turned to me and said, "Help me with this mess."

Philip Johnson

Return of the Dark

After years of light
The night has chosen now.
It has returned
From the age of its name
With its incurable hunger
To devastate and destroy,
Covering with black blankets
Of death and diseases.

From the dim pit
Monsters have emerged
With menace on the mind.
Scratching, slashing, slobbering
Death frozen on their grinning faces.

People run screaming,
"Nightfall is now!"
"The woe has wandered home!"
Cower or run,
It does not matter,
For we are damned again.

We didn't see its haven
Hiding in plain sight.
Any blind man could see it;
It was the emptiest of all voids,
The dirty stain of the human soul,
The evil of our ways,
The cruelty of our hearts.

Did we refuse to see it?
Have we tried to forget?
Could it be the dark hasn't returned?
Maybe it never left.

Ace G. Pilkington

Lotus*

The fruit we ate was not the food for us:
It chilled our hearts and culled our memories,
Made us recall our past lives with disgust
And stand confused upon a strand of dreams.
Our appetite grew a vapor in our brains,
Our mouths burned with the incandescent juice,
Old passions were a taste our tongues disdained,
As the drug we loved put us to its use.
What we consumed consumed us in its turn,
Our satisfaction planted our distress,
What made us live became our cause to mourn,
And misery was the harvest of our bliss,
Till Odysseus took us back with him at last
To a life which flew like seed pods from our grasp.

*Originally published in *Blue Unicorn*, Vol. 17, No. 1, October 1993

Calvin Fox

That's All, Folks

There did come a time,
Not far away,
When the bright was night,
And the dark will be day.

The people all march
To the sound of one drum,
And the speed of the beat
Is the square of the sum.

Then some crazy
Set off the bomb.
No major loss--
Humanity's gone.

McKay Hall

Courage

Time passes,
Life and death.
Can I truly face either?
For one is stalking all,
And one is wrapped in shadow.
Both must be embraced,
But all I can do is wait.

Philip Johnson

Obviously

"Stupid smegging computer!" I hate when my computer goes on the fritz. It really screws me up. Here was I, trying to get my creative writing assignment done before the end of the quarter, and my computer decides to have a tizzy fit. This did not look good for me. If I didn't get this story done, I could kiss my grade goodbye. *Why does this crap always happen to me?*

Plus, I had one extra problem: my story sucked big time. I had been racking my brains to come up with a good story line, but nothing was coming.

"Man, I need a break." I turned off my computer and headed for the kitchen. Opening up the ice box, I found another little disappointment. I was out of Dr. Pepper.

"Freaking great!" I yelled. Well, I really wanted that Dr. Pepper, plus my brain was fried over trying to come up with a good story line. And if I stayed around much longer, I was going to destroy my computer--it cost too much for that. So I grabbed my coat and headed out the door for the gas station.

On the way over to the gas station, I tried to think of some killer story that would be great. I needed a burst of inspiration that would make all my worries go away. So wrapped up in my thoughts was I, that I didn't notice the three blue lines of energy that were

forming around me. I didn't even notice the ley line nexus forming before me. Soon the crackling magic of the ley lines formed a rift at the nexus point. I stepped through the rip in reality and found myself on the other side.

"Damn!" I swore as I realized what I had done. "Freaking forgot about the ley line nexus on that sidewalk." I had obviously been transported to some other part of the universe far from earth. *I hate it when this happens. Last time I almost got eaten by that crazy dragon. Well, might as well find out where I am. Hopefully, it's somewhere I've already been so I can easily find another nexus point.*

After one good look, it became obvious that this was my first time here. "Purple sky? Didn't Grefador have a ... no. The sky there was an orangish color. Crap, I hate traveling through rifts." I decided that I had better start walking around, and maybe I would get lucky and a rift would just open up and take me home. *Yeah right. Random rifts only took me where I didn't want to go.*

Soon it became apparent that I was on some kind of battle field. I believe it was all the dead bodies lying around with weapons and armor on them that gave it away. This culture was obviously advanced, by the looks of the hardware. After picking up one of the rifle-looking weapons and looking carefully at it, I figured out it was obviously some kind of plasma ejector. Grabbing some of the extra clips, I headed on my way, hoping I

wouldn't have to use the weapon.

"DIE, YOU BASTARD!"

I ducked as the vibrating sword whizzed over my head. I then performed a back flip over my opponent and brought my weapon to a ready position. He was basically human in appearance, with the exception of the red skin, oversized muscles, green eyes, sharp teeth, and pointed ears--an obvious mutant bad boy with a vibro-sword. As he reared back to execute another strike, I opened up with my plasma ejector. The red beams of heat struck the creature full in the chest and sent him flying. *That's one less mutant freakboy this world will have to worry about.* That's what I thought until he got up and wiped off the burnt skin. *Great! Just my luck to run into a Superman wanna-be.*

"Now weak thing will die," he said with an evil grin. Well, if he was going to be a jerk and not die when I shot him, I was not going to stay. So I ran like hell. He started to chase me and was catching up with me. It looked like I could be screwed. I then noticed the blue ley lines starting to form up. What a stroke of luck, what a change of pace. I saw the rift open up, and I doubled my efforts to get there. I heard the monster coming up behind me. *I hope I don't bring him back home with me.* The Loch Ness Monster and Big Foot were mistakes I didn't want to repeat. I made a mad jump through the rift.

As I hit the sidewalk, the breath was knocked out of me, so I decided to just

stay there for a while. I got up and brushed off the dust. *I've got to remember to avoid this sidewalk next time.* I stuffed the plasma ejector under my coat and walked toward the gas station. *Well, that's one problem solved. Now, if I could just come up with a good story line.*

Janna Gifford

Who Indeed (An Ode to Houseguests)

Who is this jolly fellow
Who is holding out his hand,
Who presses me for favors,
Who presents a face of innocence,
Who is telling family secrets,
Who laughs at my misfortune,
Who scoffs at my caution,
Who sweatily sidles up to me,
Who is leering at my wife,
Who cleans out my refrigerator,
Who peers into hurtful memories,
Whom I'm not related to, but
Who makes me feel obligated,
Who has covered up his lies with a toupee,
Who grates and baits and chafes?
Who has braved "Darkest Africa," but
WHO HAS NEVER LEFT MY HOUSE!

Who is this jolly fellow
Whom I'd jollily see dead?
But no matter where you cut him,
He grows another head.

McKay Hall

Drinks

Doman tromped through the doorway and glared at the bar. It was one of the few bars that he knew of that had been restored to look as it had in the earlier part of the century. In fact, when he stopped to think about it, it was the only bar he knew of that had been around since the earlier part of the century.

Doman moved over to the bar and seated himself on one of the many stools. The place often had some fair sized crowds packed between its four walls, and when it didn't, there were usually a half dozen regulars lost in the shadows and smoke. As Doman looked around, though, he was surprised at how empty it was. There weren't any other customers in the establishment. He was by himself except for the company of the bartender.

"Just as well," Doman thought to himself, "I don't really think I want to put up with a large crowd tonight, not after today. How could this happen? I've never hurt anyone. Not seriously. How could they do this to me? It just isn't fair!"

Doman glanced up as the bartender approached. He quickly ordered a drink and turned back to his thoughts. He had managed to keep the despair and anger that he felt at bay, but as the day wore on, he found it becoming harder. The two were almost overpowering. He felt that he had no hope.

A sound at the entrance caught Doman's attention. Another customer had arrived. He was a tall man, though not overly so, standing a little over six feet. A pair of sunglasses hid his eyes.

His blond hair, of respectable length, was brushed back and served to highlight his features. He was dressed in a sharp black suit, wearing a black silk shirt and a slim dark tie which held some sort of a scene painted in white. What the scene was, though, Doman couldn't tell. It seemed to be shifting ever so slightly.

Something inside of Doman seemed to resent this stranger who would dare to intrude on his privacy. Deep down inside, the tension and stress screamed for release. Doman tried to bring to mind something that would belittle the man and send him away, but nothing would answer his call. Still, he felt the need to say something.

"Hey, buddy, suits are going out." The stranger turned his invisible gaze upon Doman. "Besides, who in their right mind would wear that much black at one time? And sunglasses at night? Are you some kind of loon?"

With non-hurried steps the man began to glide towards Doman. The stranger drew up in front of him and looked Doman in the eye. For a minute, all Doman could do was gaze at his reflection in the glasses.

The stranger turned to the bar, "Bartender, get me a drink." His voice was quiet, but carried a tone of self-assurance that the other man felt he lacked.

"What will it be?"

"You got a name, buddy?!" Doman's self-consciousness and his irritation at this man were getting the better of him.

The man turned to resume staring at Doman, "It doesn't matter, just give me something strong," he replied to the bartender.

Doman turned to look across the bar at the back wall and tried to ignore the

stranger. The bartender brought the man his drink, and Doman heard the weirdo move to a table somewhere behind him.

Doman's thoughts slowly turned from the man who was bothering him to the problems that were haunting his life. "Who is that jerk anyway? Why do I get so nervous when I have to confront people? I need to have more confidence in myself. If I could just have that confidence, then I might be able to take care of these problems that I have. How could she do this to me? How could she talk them into doing this? But none of it's true. I can fight it! And the truth will show through! Ah, who am I kidding? They'll tear me apart. It's not like I can do a lot to stop them. I can't even afford a lawyer. How am I supposed to fight? Why should I even try? A bullet through the brain would solve this matter. Might as well, I have nothing else to live for. It's all gone. It's ..." Doman's head rose from the counter where it had so recently retreated for support and comfort. "Something"

Doman slowly spun around on his stool to look at the stranger who was sitting at one of the tables enjoying his drink. There was something about the man that pulled at the back of his mind. The man was strange, but he seemed familiar for some reason.

Doman picked up his drink and began to move across the floor. He came up opposite the stranger and after a second's consideration, decided to remain standing. "Hey, do I know you?" The man continued to sip at his drink as if he hadn't heard. Doman took a deep breath and decided to swallow his pride for a second, "Listen, bud ... I mean, listen, I'm sorry if I seemed rude or obnoxious. But I seem to remember you from

somewhere."

The stranger turned his sunglasses on Doman one more time. Doman waited as the seconds began to add up. After almost half a minute, the man replied, signaling to the chair in front of Doman, "Have a seat."

Doman sat down and waited for him to continue the conversation. To his surprise, though, the stranger began to sip his drink again. Doman's irritation began to build again. "Hey, buddy, do you have a name, or should I just call you buddy all evening?"

The man replied almost immediately, "You can call me Shinu if you want to."

"Shinu, huh? That's oriental isn't it? You don't look Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese, or any -ese."

"Sometimes, when one travels in this terribly small, technological, modern world of ours, one can pick up a nickname or two. This is just one that I have picked up that I want to use tonight."

"So what does this nickname mean?"

"That's not important," Shinu seemed to ponder for a second. "Now as to your first question: you do not know me."

"That's funny, 'cause I could swear I know you."

"You must have me confused with someone else."

"If you say so." The touch of sarcasm seemed to go unnoticed, "Besides, I need another drink."

Shinu called out to the bartender, "Hey, bartender, bring my friend and me another drink."

"Thanks, but I didn't think I was your friend."

"I had to call you something, and

buddy just didn't seem to fit," Shinu said with the faintest hint of a smile.

"Thanks." Doman watched as the bartender set the drinks down in front of the two men.

"Do you have a name, friend, or shall I just call you friend all evening?"

"I think I could take being called friend. Still, I guess it's only fair I tell you what my name is. It's Doman."

Each man took a drink and began to study the other. A blanket of silence settled in on the room, swallowing up and repressing even the smallest sound.

Doman began to feel suffocated, crushed. He struggled to his feet and stumbled back to the bar. "It looks like you might have had a bit much to drink, Doman." Doman spun around and rested his back against the bar.

"I'll be OK. I'm curious, though; what are you doing here, Shinu?"

Shinu looked up to the ceiling as if he were becoming lost in some other world. "Have you ever been involved in a rat race, Doma? A beast with a mind of its own? A prison that won't ever let you go? A situation where you can't do anything? Have you ever had any of those, Doman?"

A laugh escaped Doman's lips. "I'm sorry, Shinu, but that's been the story of my life." He stopped for a second, as a look of reflection crossed his face. "It seems that all my life I've had no control over what I do, where I go, or what happens to those around me. I remember one of the first times I wished I could change what happened. I was about eight at the time, and I was your average, optimistic child. Well, this family moved in across the street, and there was a girl about my age. She was really sad 'cause she had had to move and leave all her

friends behind, you know, like most kids feel when they move."

"Children can be so touchy that way."

"Yeah, they can be. I wasn't sure I'd like her because she was a girl, another one of those things that kids are touchy about. After I got to know her, though, she became a really good friend. For a little over a year she was my best friend."

Doman stopped to take a drink.

"And?"

"And then she went away. She was over at my house one day. We were just playing on my lawn, and the day was wearing on. Her mother called across the street for her to go home. I'll never forget what she said then, she said, 'I'll see ya tomorrow, Doma,' that's what she used to call me, Doma. Anyway, then she turned and dashed into the street. That poor driver never had a chance of stopping in time And she went away."

Doman fell silent and watched Shinu. Shinu toyed with his drink for a couple of minutes before making any sound. "That's too bad, Doman; I'm sorry."

Doman shook his head as if trying to clear out some cobwebs. "Yeah, but that's passed, and I've gotten over it a long time ago. There have been others since then, though. I remember when I was in college, my roommate and I decided to cruise down to some store that was a little way away. On the way back we ran into some punks who decided that they wanted our money. My roommate was always a little hotheaded, and things began to boil over, and the punks pulled weapons. By the end of the evening, my roommate wasn't my roommate anymore.

"Then the big one was a few years ago. My parents decided that they would

come and pay me and my family a visit."

"Let me guess the outcome."

"Yep, you got it right. On the way to our place, there was an accident; the roads were slick, and a car crossed over into the other lane. My mother was dead before the ambulance arrived. My father didn't make it through the night. That was a really tough time for me. I almost didn't go to the funeral, can you believe that? Almost didn't go to my own parents' funeral, I was bothered by the thought of death that much. Still, then I was able to overcome my problems. Now ..."

Shinu continued to stare at Doman. Doman turned around looking for the bartender.

"Where did he go?"

"The barkeep? I think I saw him go into the back before we really started to talk."

"I think I could use another drink-- how about you?"

"I think I could use another drink as well."

Doman called the bartender, who quickly came out to serve the two men their drinks.

Shinu rose from his chair and moved to a jukebox that was discreetly tucked in a back corner. There was the tinkle of money being placed in the jukebox, a momentary pause, and then music began to fill the room. It was a slow, sorrowful, and haunting jazz ballad which Doman couldn't place.

"What is it?" Doman called out.

"Just a little tune I like to hear when pondering the eternities."

"Pondering the eternities," Doman said as the bartender disappeared once again through a door behind the bar, "is that what we're doing?"

"Well, maybe not we. But I know I

often do around this time of night."

"I've never been that much of a philosopher."

"From the sound of some of the problems you've had, I would think you would be. So much that you've been through; but there's more, isn't there?"

"Yeah!" Sarcasm once again dripped from Doman's lips, "And this just might be the last chapter. You know, I've tried all my life to do things right and well. I like to think I'm a pretty optimistic guy. I mean, I've had all these things happen to me, all these depressing things, but I came through 'em. But now, now ... You know, I've got two little girls. Elsa, the oldest, is ten; here--let me show you a picture."

Doman beat his pockets futilely for his wallet, "Oh yeah, that's right, I just grabbed some cash as I left the house. Guess I don't have a wallet here tonight."

The final chord of the song rang out, breaking the conversation.

"Anyway, Elsa's ten, and Mary, my second girl, she's eight. They're both beautiful girls. But I probably won't see them again. My wife, she hates me. She took off the other day, to her mother's, I think, and she took the girls with her. That, I could handle that; I was sure I'd get to see my girls again. But today I find out that they're bringing molestation charges against me. I know you don't know me, but you have to believe me. I would never, never do something like that. Those girls are the only things I have left. How can I go on without them?"

Once again Doman fell silent. Shinu continued to watch Doman and sip at his drink. "Well, I guess that's enough of my problems," Doman piped up, "How 'bout you, Shinu, why are you here this evening?"

Shinu paused as if once again weighing something in his mind, "I'm taking a break. It is as I said earlier, I was feeling trapped, powerless. I needed to get out for a while. Even if for only one evening. That is why I'm here."

"That's it? You just needed to get away from a job?"

"You would be surprised what some jobs are like. Some of the things you see. My job requires a fair amount of traveling--I mentioned that earlier as well. I have been to several different countries, and I've seen some very different people. I have also seen blind men who have been spit upon for their blindness. I have seen people lose their lives simply because they have no place to go, turned into the streets by men of power and wealth. Man's inhumanity to man is something that I've never been able to stomach, and believe me, I've stomached quite a bit."

Shinu fell silent. Several minutes dragged by as Doman waited for Shinu to continue. Just as Doman was about to reinitiate the conversation, the bartender re-entered the room.

Shinu's quiet voice filled the room, "You're just in time. One more drink for me this evening. Give my friend another, too."

As Shinu raised his drink, Doman took note of him again. His hands were slim and pale, but they held the glass firmly and steadily. His arm moved with a power that was masked by his slender form. The posture he held gave him a sense of confidence and almost gave him an air of superiority. Once again Doman was struck by the idea that Shinu was familiar to him and was someone to be careful around.

"Still, I suppose I shouldn't lose

hope," Shinu continued. Doman began to notice how strange it was that the bartender had disappeared again. "I guess there is still some good in the world. I can name off a dozen kindhearted people that I've come across. People who have made their lives successes but haven't made successes their lives."

Doman was listening halfheartedly. Something was playing at the back of his mind.

"Sorry, Shinu, I don't mean to interrupt, but I had a question come to mind."

Shinu was silent for a second as if perturbed that he had been interrupted. Eventually a small smile crossed his face, "That's all right, what's your question?"

"Have you ever worked at a hospital?"

"That's an interesting question. I have had some dealings with hospitals. What brings that up?"

"A stray thought that's been running through my head tonight. I haven't told you about all the sad times I've had in my life. When I was younger, just out of high school, I had a girlfriend who meant quite a lot to me. Life was grand and cheery, and everything was going well. Then one day we found out she had cancer. Worse than that, it was terminal--there was nothing they could do about it. She lived for several months after that, but it wasn't a very happy time. I couldn't understand why this was happening to her. She was such a great girl. Had always been cheerful, compassionate, and understanding. She had so much going for her, and it was all going to end. The stuff she went through in the following months was heartwrenching. So we were all rather..."

He halted, seemingly searching for a word, "Happy, no, relieved, when she died. She was finally free of the pain that had been tormenting her. I was there when she finally passed away. Me and her family crammed into that little room to be with her at the end. I guess the thing's rather morbid now that I think about it. Almost as if we were fighting for front row seats to watch her die. Anyway, I seem to be putting you there for some reason. Did I see you there? Or could it have been somewhere else? 'Cause it seems like I remember you from somewhere else too, but I just can't seem to place where."

Shinu stopped in the middle of raising his glass. He studied Doman for several seconds before finishing off the last of his drink. He stood up, removing his glasses.

Two black eyes locked with Doman's. Doman could feel himself being pulled into those eyes. Being pulled into the void that threatened to embrace and envelop. Taking him away from his problems. Ending the pain, the sorrow. No more fighting, no more losing. No more hatred, envy, longing, or hope. No more life.

"As I told you earlier, Doman," Shinu's voice had become as ice, a pale whisper that hinted at the dreams that he had robbed, "You do not know me. You have seen me on and off throughout the years, but you do not know me yet. I must be going. I cannot afford to take a break for very long; there is work out there that I must do. Before I go, though, let me leave you with a word of advice. Don't give up your daughters so easily. You still have life; you still have hope. Unless you give that up. A bullet through the brain won't solve anything for you or

your family."

Shinu turned to a clock that hung on the wall.

"Look at the time." Replacing his glasses, he continued, "I really must be going." As Shinu reached the door, he turned back to Doman, "Remember, friend, the next time we talk, you will have no hope for change. I will see you when I see you, but when we talk depends on you." And Doman watched as Shinu disappeared through the door and vanished into the night.

Somewhere off in the distance Doman could hear sirens race down an unknown street. He thought about where they could be headed and what they could mean. The entire time he was pondering what Shinu had said. As long as there is life, there is hope.

Mary Ann Miles

Self-Elegy

They say that you, locked in paralysis,
Look more natural than you did in life.
But nothing about you looks natural to me.
You overflowed with energy and zeal
And could not even stop to sleep;
In life, you could never lie so still.
Your face is now distorted and deformed,
Trapped in a semblance of peace.
Your silent heart and your stagnant blood
Can't break your fixed body free.

They say that looking on you heals,
Warms their blood and chases quiet fears.
But looking at you now, I feel no peace.
You are not you anymore;
You are drained of everything I've known,
Seeing you only empties me.
For you, although you may not know,
Were vital to my life as I was to yours,
And seeing you, a shell sucked from its soul,
Reminds me that I too am not whole.

And they, smiling through living tears,
Whispering of how you merely sleep.
I cringe, for I know what they can't
That breath will never pass your lips.
For the Son won't come soon enough;
The Grave can't yield from rotting cell,
And I, though I gave you life before,
Without you, can't grasp a hold of it.
I can't, no matter how I wish,
Touch your heart and raise you to your feet.

II. The Long Prospect of Eden

Jennifer Johnson

The Storm

Sunlight begins to dim, as clouds join together.
 Tree branches quiver as
 Soft, tender winds gently caress the leaves,
 Slowly, laying them to the ground.
 Thunder releases a low, slow moan
 As two opposing gusts of wind
 Conform to each other's movement.
 Nature's rumble becomes louder, more intense;
 The wetness pours forth as the storm is ...

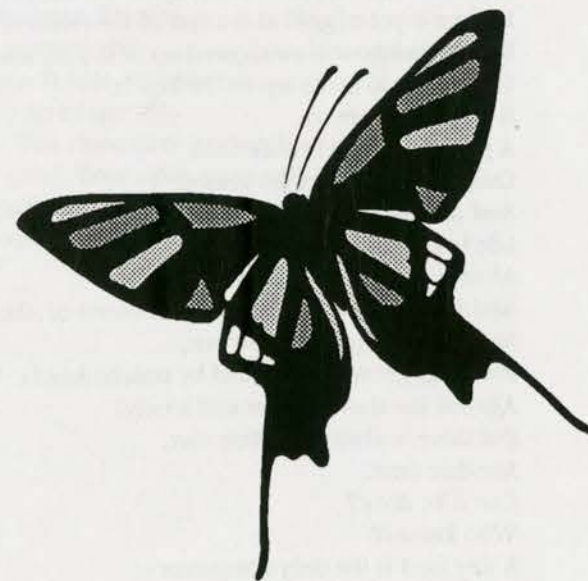
Drenching, dancing, dripping, and driving
 Thrusting, hurling, tossing, and throwing
 Wailing, flinging, writhing,
 Slinging, shrieking, whining,
 And bursting.

The clouds slowly roll apart, exhausted and weary.

Jennie Halverson

Nature's Remembrances

Fading summer winds, crystal shining nights,
 Whispering babies' breath winding through crisp fields
 Gently, oh so gently,
 Brushing against iridescent lily petals
 Where frolicking, busy bees once left
 Their mark of pollen.
 A glowing opal moon
 Slides its beam upon a stream bank,
 Where soldiers shed blood and tears,
 In a trail of turmoil,
 Yet, it is a place where two lovers once lay,
 Exploring, caressing nature's essence.



Montrue Larkin

Seeking

I sit in my hotel room in Puerto Vallarta
 Alongside the Pacific Ocean,
 Watching the endless gathering of the ocean
 Like a ruffle washing to the shore.
 Hoping for what?
 As it crashes white-foamed on the edge of the beach
 And slowly loses its force and disappears,
 What was it seeking--
 A way farther up the bank?
 Lonesome for the ride back as the waves receded,
 Over and over again it has tried for eons with the same ending.
 Man is only a small mark in its vastness,
 Never to conquer, always the victim of the endless struggle to arrive.
 There are ships also seeking a safe harbor.
 When the moon shines down on the sea, it's like fine blue
 Crystal as the waves wash softly on the beach.
 Is there a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?
 But the rainbow is swallowed up in the distance.
 So they try to climb up on the beach.
 It will be so forever.
 A piece of tree, a broken shell,
 Only they arrive for no reason
 And for no one.
 Life is like the ocean,
 Always struggling to overcome
 And to find Aladdin's lamp or the secret of Abba Babba Boo.
 So be it, as long as worlds last,
 Building, growing, pursued by unseen hands. To crash
 Against the shore--spent and lonely!
 But there is always another day,
 Another time.
 Can it be done?
 Who knows?
 A tiny bird is the only conqueror--
 It flies as if by some strange power,
 Ocean to ocean and back again,
 With built-in radar.

Dina Gerhauser

Portrait of Me

In your heart, you can see
 That perfected picture of me.
 My cheeks are pink and my
 Mouth puckered and closed.
 Blue eyes glimmer, under that
 Curious peaked brown brow.
 Auburn ringlets drift around
 My oval face. I sit straight,
 Smugly, shyly, just as every day.
 You still see the fear,
 That girl struggling to impress;
 Yet you often recall so much more.
 Tenderness, strength, love,
 And most painful, grief.
 This brings you closer, for you,
 My sweet, are grieving still,
 Longing for my soft tone, my warm
 Lips. The vision no longer fills
 The loneliness. You remember too much,
 And this is my gain! Your open arms will
 Return, and together
 We will love away the pain.

April Foiles

Stand Ready

Measured gusts of water palpitate along the shore.
 The dusk line is waning,
 The sun swimming out into the sea.
 Finger lines full of water fight on the sand to stay free.
 Ah ... and what a night!
 When sailors turn sails to the wind,
 Sea gulls dream of the morning sky,
 And young girls, such as I,
 Nigh on the brink,
 Stand,
 Kissed by the cool, salty, fishful breath of the ocean.

Christina Zender

To Hold a Sunset*

To hold a sunset in my hands,
 To actually lull its additional advance
 And to possess its splashes of pink and blue
 Are the thrilling things I desperately dream to do.
 What would I do with a sunset? you ask.
 I would wind it in my arms and commence to dance.
 Turning on my tip-toes like Titania and her sprites,
 I would forget all the world's furious and wanton fights.
 Spinning and swirling with the sunset's warmth against my chest,
 I would, with each pulse, release unpleasant stress.
 As I blinked my violet-blue eyes from this lovely reverie,
 Simply the thought of possessing a sunset, set me at peace.
 It slowly disappeared, too distant to touch.
 With dabs of periwinkle, the sky seemed to blush.

*Second Place Winner 1993-94 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Joy Taylor

Rhinestone Snow

Have they painted the hill with coins?
 Who, in the life of the moon,
 With hands of ice and saber wit
 Has played this joke on me?

This is warm to see the white,
 To hear the slivering silver
 When draped in painted ice,

With crystal winds that spin
 Frozen powder off higher limbs.
 And I hear the falling snow
 On the jewelled roof of gold.

Christina Zender

Other Places

Hot, colorless gasses swirling in the sky
 Seem to be sailing, but unseen by the natural eye.
 Life forms we feel to be nonexistent
 Persist inside the passageways of imagination.
 Distant seas upon distant stars
 Lured by meticulous moons, lie not far.
 Curious and capricious anomalous creatures
 Ferment us with their ferrous features.
 All congruent with the atomic clock,
 And with them, in tempo, we could walk.

Christian Arial

The Lovers

Heart piled in penstemon stems;
Unpenitent morning, noon & night.
Color suspended,
Caught in the quick moments between breaths & silence.
Sun pastures & particled sun.
Eyes in amber & the surge of seamless skins
Devoured by water.
Red & the fallen fingers of wrung wrists.
Flesh in the drapeless spectrum--
Dromedaries at drink.

To wish & heave the rudiments,
To cup birth upon the tender tongue,
This is embrace,
Unbound & unasking.

Alms in an open cathedral, where we
Stole those thousand moments
As daylight began peeking into us
Again.

David J. Roberts

Gift of Sunshine

Cat sprawled out on the summer lawn
Sunned herself all over.
It was like she felt it healing;
Now she'll never get enough.

The drug of new harmonies
Holding life, its flower to be.
In the moment we touch it we are all.
Meek is mine,
Eternity.

I ran to the edge of the earth
And screamed into the distance,
"I am drenched with rebuke!
Give me love and I can run forever!"

And it ran over my soul like silver,
And flooded through my hair, around my fingers.

Turn another year,
By and by and by,
We all see a dividend.
And group together to stay confident.
How we long to stand out in the sun
With both feet firmly on dry cement.

Meg Gilmore

Miracles

I know what a miracle is:
Mr. Webster says it's
"An event or action that contradicts natural law,"
And I've been miracled before.

Miracles are in sweet song
From blooming flowers
In desert suns.

Miracles are in whispering woods
When a delicate robin's
Egg cracks.

Miracles are in red-yellow and
Violet-amber-indigo
Twilights.

But the greatest of all are
Miracles in you
When you hold my hand
Or touch my cheek.

Like the first flight of
A new starling,
I am stepping over the edge
Of my protection,
And I start to fall,

But I fly.

Angie Jacobsen

Rain

Rain dresses up
In its old grey coat
And swaggers across the street.
Rain writes its name all over
The dead white steeples
Of the city and then skips off
Through the alleys of the world.

Angie Jacobsen

In Utah

Walking in the mountainous
Heart of Utah, I breathe the silence
Of the cloud-speckled sky
While rivers flash
Like sharpened knives glistening
Among white painted canyons.
I like it here where soft-furred deer
Plant their cloven footprints
In the glittering snow.

Meg Gilmore

Fairy Tale

Roses on doorsteps mend broken hearts,
Fancy rings in suitcoat pockets gloss over
All past wrongs, new loves close old scars,
And there is never more hurt.
Happiness is all that this new love imparts;
Fairy godmothers make all your wishes come true.
Tears turn to diamonds--never cut sharp--
That heal and fill and shine for their love.

But in bedsheets of lovers--satins, percales--
The real world enters, light-love turns to dark;
Small details sprout through the neatly placed topsoil,
And spoiled is the fruit, lifeless green, stiff as bark,
Supposed to be succulent, oozes out black as oil,
For happily ever after only happens in fairy tales.



Jandi Jones

Solitude

Alone, a silent soul
Standing on a red ridge of barren time,
The soothing wind breathing soft caresses
On the masked features of my face,
My thoughts hiding fearfully
Behind my voice,
Aching to break out.
Endless echoing valleys surround me,
Mocking my silence;
The gathering clouds
Reach out to touch the horizon.
In the tension of the rising storm,
I quietly flash a shy smile,
My downcast eyes unnoticed
In the violent outbursts.
Cold crystal droplets are pulled down
Into the depths of my death-white skin.
Here, the truth of solitude
Stretches out before me
In the vast plains of reality.

Amy Sherman

The Beauty of Two Beasts

There are many stories that tell of the beauty that lies within a person. They tell of how one must look past the outside appearance and search for the strength and beauty a person holds within. Two stories of this kind are *Rigoletto*, as directed by Leo D. Paur, and *Beauty and the Beast*. In these stories there are two very similar characters. In *Rigoletto* that character is Ribaldi, and in *Beauty and the Beast* it is the Beast. They share many qualities and experiences that deal with finding the beauty that lies within themselves.

Because of his misfortune, each character has an evil spell cast upon him: the Beast because of the wickedness in his heart and Ribaldi because of the anger in another's soul. Only the pure and innocent love of a kindhearted, young girl could break the spell.

"The Master"--that is the title that the servants use when speaking to others. They both demand respect, more because of the image they hold on the outside than what really lies within their hearts. They can seem very mean and cruel at times. For example, when the Beast found he had an intruder (Belle's father), he took his intruder to the upper tower of the castle and placed him in a cell to remain until death. In parallel fashion, Ribaldi's ugliness causes him to become very angry when people want to be close to him. He gets very upset with Bonnie when she

enters the music room where he resides. When he discovers her presence, in many ways, he acts like a beast.

Stumbling upon a young girl, both Ribaldi and the Beast hope this young girl will be the one to break the spell and end the curse forever. The Beast takes Belle as a trade for her father; likewise, Ribaldi takes Bonnie to clean his house in trade for her mother's house payment. In doing this, both Ribaldi and the Beast must learn to control their tempers so that the young girls will show their tender love.

The townspeople are afraid of Ribaldi and the Beast in both stories. They build up anger, fear and hatred for the unknown. They make their judgments from what they see on the outside and do not take the time to search for the beauty, love and kindness locked deep within.

At times, they both show kindness and love. Usually, this is brought out by the two girls. The Beast shows how much he has grown when Belle comes to him and asks to go to her sick father. Knowing he is losing his chance for freedom from his curse, he sets her free. Ribaldi shows kindness when he stops trying to scare off Bonnie's young friends and instead plays with them (something he would never have done without Bonnie's love).

At the beginning of each film, Ribaldi and the Beast both seemed like evil people; but when shown love and compassion by someone who would look past their outside appearance and gestures, the beauty that was deep inside began to shine through.

III. Reality's Prism

Peter M. Chidester

Wolfman

The old service station was the last of its kind in the town of Russell and soon would be gone. All of the town's other gas stations had long since forsaken their duties of automotive service in favor of selling snacks and groceries. This was merely a change to accommodate our contemporary American lifestyle. "Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death," the title of a punk rock album, seemed to be the battle cry of modern society. A lack of convenience was the agent of slow demise in the case of the old service station. It seemed to be forgotten completely by the passing motorists as if it were invisible.

The Sinclair was now little more than a dilapidated monument to the days of two-lane highways and regular gas. The green dinosaur on the logo of its highway sign made a statement much different from what was originally intended. Looking at the old station, one could visualize its former dignity. The large, inviting windows and the green and white tile of the floors testified to the fact that this was meant to be a first-rate station when it was built. It was meant to be an oasis for the weary traveler. There

was a large shop to provide repairs, a canopy to shade the pumps, and a bell that would herald the arrival of patrons and cue the attendants. Increasingly the bell remained silent in the declining days of the station and had fallen into disrepair, seemingly unnoticed. Now the large doors of the empty shop were left open as if desperately beckoning to passing cars that might come inside and fill the void.

This particular evening, very near to the station's last, was darker than most. In the moonless night's heavy blackness, the well-lit Sinclair appeared to be suspended at the corner of a vacant universe, vacant that is, save for the barely discernible silhouettes of a man and two large dogs which wended their way through the darkness from behind the Sinclair.

In front, a young attendant could be seen, as if on display, in the warm light of the station's large, aquarium-like windows. Kevin was mopping the lobby floor with a familiar precision as if painting a mural on it. He was clad in a clean white shirt and a pair of old, faded blue jeans. Music was echoing softly from a small radio in the shop, and Kevin hummed along with the tune. While he basked in the familiar, clean smell of ammonia, the teenager's thoughts dwelled on the station's final

closing. The convenience stores had choked them out at last, and there was no saving the station now. There was a sense of loss about the whole thing for him, more than just the loss of a job. It felt as if the old station had been defeated, and maybe, he had been defeated with it.

As Kevin was placing the finishing strokes on his custodial masterpiece, the baying of a loud horn jarred him from his thoughts. He hurried outside to find an obese woman, swathed in expensive fur, sitting in a hot red Cadillac, the size of which seemed to be relative to its owner.

"Boy," she demanded, "will you get out here and take care of my car? I've never had to ask for service here before. I wish Mr. Hayden would get some better help."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Antoinette," the attendant apologized. "I was so busy mopping up that I didn't see you pull in. I'll get right to it."

The woman sniffed and replied, "Well, just take care of the car and be quick about it. I don't have all night."

Mrs. Antoinette was the wife of Mayor Antoinette, the most prominent man in Russell. She was painfully aware of her status and made sure that everyone else was as well.

Kevin had begun fueling the thirsty El Dorado and was washing the windshield when he noticed several figures off in the dim light of the station's flank. A man was foraging through their dumpster in search of aluminum cans as two dogs waited patiently at his side.

Kevin immediately recognized him as Wolfman. A foreboding shiver ran down the attendant's spine. Wolfman was a local tramp who wandered around the streets of Russell with two very ominous looking dogs. These were not just your run-of-the-mill stray dogs. They had the look of full-blooded wolves, which, for all anyone in Russell knew, they were. Wolfman himself had quite a hairy and unkempt appearance, and, as you might have guessed, his appearance and his choice of companions were the source of his name.

Wolfman had only been in Russell for a period of several years, but he had become a well-known character during this time. The townspeople feared him and kept their distance, as did Kevin. It was the wolves, for the most part, that inspired this irrational fear. Most people weren't aware that, in fact, wolves are extremely shy creatures and will flee from humans before attacking. This lack of understanding, as well as the commonly promoted idea that most homeless people are mentally ill, bred contempt in Russell for this man and his wolves. They were viewed as pariahs and treated so.

Many of the fears of the populace were swiftly running through Kevin's mind as he observed the Wolfman.

"What if he and his two wolves were to try and rob the gas station?" The attendant pondered silently to himself. "There really wouldn't be much that I could do to defend myself against this

crazed man and his vicious pets."

He was absentmindedly envisioning such a sinister event as he finished waiting on the township's first lady. Seeing Wolfman rummaging through the station's trash, she wrinkled her nose in a look of disgust. "Can you believe the inhuman creatures that have come to this town?" Mrs. Antoinette asked. "I've heard that he's crazy as a loon." She then muscled her fat little arm out the window to pay Kevin. "I'll need my change back," she squawked. When he had returned just over half a dollar to her, she sped away in silence.

After the mayor's wife had been taken care of, Kevin occupied himself in cleaning the station's old shop. It had not been used enough recently to really need cleaning, but he felt duty bound to at least dust off the ancient equipment. He knew that most of it was obsolete and would be junked when the place was closed, and that, eventually, the station itself would be demolished and discarded along with everything else.

Kevin was again absorbed in melancholy thoughts of the station's coming end as he dusted the shop's worn-out tire machine. It was then that he heard the shuffle of footsteps entering the garage. He turned and was stricken dumb with fear. There stood Wolfman with his two companions not far behind.

"Oh God," he frantically wondered, "is this really happening? Is the old bum really going to rob me?"

"Have you got any aluminum cans

in here that I could have?" Wolfman inquired.

"Aluminum cans?" Kevin stammered.

"Ya, you know, recyclable aluminum cans and stuff like that."

"Oh," Kevin paused, caught off balance by the apparent fallacy of his expectations. "No, there's nothing here that can be salvaged. Sorry."

"Nothing huh," Wolfman replied. "That just seems to be the way of things anymore." He and the wolves departed into the black night which surrounded the old station.

Dina Gerhauser

Words

Within my tongue,
A piece of another's life.
I have learned well,
Do you not agree?
No guilt, no pain,
Only the disgusting joy.

As my words gnaw,
I taste the tingle of blood;
The tears were never pure,
Stained with anger, hate.
My opponent screams;
Her veins pulse.

I remain ever calm,
Her childish words
Bore one such as I.
Yawning,
I feel the end is here.
With a mere sentence, she is down.
What Glory! Oh God,
I have destroyed yet another.

Christina Zender

The Dojo

When I first walk in Dojo
It is imperative that I bow
In big, white gi;
I look like big, white cow.

Wearing big, baggy, white bell-bottoms
And big, baggy white shirt,
Bound up with big, white belt,
I look like big jerk.

When started with seiza,
In meditation, I must kneel.
I must retain my respiration
Despite fiery pain I feel.

After time, I have to rise,
But what am I to do?
I cannot feel feet,
They turned tone of blue.

I wobble to weird position
That I was taught to take,
Knees slightly bent,
I begin to shake.

If I forget to block,
I end up hurt;
And if I don't furnish attention,
I get face in dirt.

We circle each other
Like predators their prey;
We dare to doubt
Why we came this day.

My foe-friend swept me.
I fell like sinking stone;
While I patted at the pain,
My sensei disgustedly groaned.

On and on this went,
Two hour straight;
Despite dark night
Aches kept us awake.

And as I left lovely Dojo,
Was imperative that I bow
In big, white gi;
I felt like big, white cow.

David C. May

Consequence

Within my soul exists a strong desire:
An inner craving starves my concentration,
Creating thoughts my cluttered mind cannot contain.
And while intending casual conversation
In speaking to a friend who understands my pain,
A vivid image interrupts my sentence.
I clench my hand, attempting to resist,
But violence has torn apart my conscience;
So, consequently, I have aimed my tightened fist
And viciously concaved his solar plexus.

And as my bruised opponent begs for air,
My piercing laughter halts the burning fire
Which hunched my comrade over in despair,
Our friendship now annulled with one desire.



Joy Taylor

What Little I Knew of Myself

When I met Cleo, she told me she thought I was an Amazon woman. I am glad she didn't say warrior, or I would have assumed male, and been offended. I was twenty-five at the time and determined always to be an independent. I was a free spirit who used men for sex and dinner, but thought love only complicated things. I was an avid fan of Jacqueline Kennedy, Gloria Steinem, and Bugs Bunny. There were things I didn't understand about all three, like why Gloria was a Playboy Bunny, if Jackie ever had messy hair, and why Bugs didn't just shoot Elmer Fudd, but I liked them all the same.

I spent a lot of time in small cafes wearing non-prescription eyeglasses because I thought it would be poetic. The whole charade turned out to be nothing but stupid and lonely. I was drinking coffee more than I cared for, trying to fit what little I knew of the Amazons into what little I knew of myself. I did this partly to amuse myself, and partly because I knew in my heart of hearts Cleo was right. The Amazons, I knew, lived by the river bank. I could handle that. What I couldn't handle was cutting off my right breast to be a more efficient archer in war.

Cleo was my Mocha Guru. She worked in "Mug Shots," a boutique "for all your coffee needs," a boutique I

frequented for their supply of the freshest Irish Cream beans in the Western states. Cleo sold coffee mugs with prints of cows, frazzled women, and the Three Stooges; she sold mugs with funny and serious quotes, mugs with flags and faces from around the world; and she sold coffee mugs with actual mug shots and the famous mug shot of yourself printed on the mug for that certain someone, on every occasion. In fact, that is how I met Cleo: I couldn't decide whether to get Dad a mug shot of me, or a flesh-colored mug with protruding breasts for Father's Day. Cleo said, "You should buy both now and decide later on how the moment feels, because one mug might feel right now, but will that same mug feel right later?" I, of course, took her advice and bought both mugs.

"Which mug did you give your father," Cleo asked after my next purchase of Irish Cream and dried apples.

"Oh, the mug shot mug," I said. "I can't believe you remembered." I really couldn't. I was startled at Cleo's interest in me.

"Of course I would remember. You come in and browse through all the bins, sniffing and tasting all the beans, but you always buy Irish Cream, and I make it a point to pay attention to women with good taste."

"Is Irish Cream your favorite too?" I asked.

"No," Cleo said, "I hate the stuff--but you take your time choosing. I like that."

One night two years ago I stayed at "Mug Shots" to help Cleo close the store.

"Ellie, try this new coffee. It's called Foglifter," she said.

"Foglifter," I repeated.

"You look like you need one anyway--and in what better form than coffee," she said.

Cleo did her paperwork slowly that night. Slow like the man on channel seven did his oil paintings, when it was that late. I didn't finish the Foglifter; it was good, but I wasn't feeling well.

"How long have you felt this way," Cleo asked.

"Too long," I said.

"Tomorrow you see a doctor," Cleo said. She didn't look up from the stack of dollar bills she was counting, but Cleo said it in a voice that was all ice and stone and woman.

That visit to the doctor was the beginning. I found myself finishing book after book in the doctor's waiting room, or on the sofa at three in the morning because sleep was impossible.

Cleo was acting differently, and I was acting differently, so we didn't talk much about doctors. Cleo was forever trying to break the silence.

"Can you taste the almond in our Chocolate Almond coffee?"

"Cleo," I said, "I can't taste the almond in the Chocolate Almond coffee; I can't taste the coconut in the Coconut Cream Java; I can't taste the orange, the mint, the raspberry, the vanilla; I can't even taste the Irish in the Irish Cream--I

only taste coffee. It's all the same, so please, stop grinding this coffee thing to death."

I looked up and Cleo was laughing. "Can't taste the Irish in the Irish Cream," she said. "Stop grinding this coffee thing?"

"What," I said, "I'm clever, I'm cute, damn cute." And I was, nobody could deny how cute I was. I had a mind and a mouth that worked like magic, kept me out of trouble, made grown men and women have secret crushes on me.

I went into "Mug Shots" just before closing that Saturday evening.

"Cleo," I said, "can you get Monday off? They have my test results; I want you there."

"Sure," she said, "are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm just tired." That was a lie; I went home and took enough sleeping pills to hold me down through most of Sunday. Cleo called that afternoon, at about four, and said she was coming over with some Irish Cream and lasagna.

"Bring a Vienna dark roast instead," I said. "We need a change."

"But, Ellie, you can't even taste the Vienna in a Vienna dark roast," Cleo said.

Cleo ended up spending the night at my place, but that whole night and even the next morning, neither of us asked aloud the question that was lodged on our tongues. I tried to answer the question in my own mind, and I think Cleo did too. But there was no answer. I was healthy, I was twenty-seven, I was named after Eleanor Roosevelt--that had to count for

something.

Cleo came into my room long after I thought she had fallen asleep, said, "Ellie, remember you are an Amazon woman," and turned back into the dark.

When the doctor said I had breast cancer, Cleo talked and listened for me. She kept repeating, "It doesn't make sense, it doesn't make sense." But it all fit into place for me. Cleo had said I was an Amazon woman, and I instantly believed her, but I never felt it until that moment. I never felt it until I knew I would cut off my breast and go to war.

I sat in my kitchen that night sipping from the flesh-colored mug I kept for myself, water this time, and the boobs on it would hit up against my chin every time I took a drink. I didn't do it consciously, but I realize now, I needed to feel the shape of a woman in my fingers, and have the perfectly shaped breasts as close to my mouth as the words that wanted to spill out. I kept filling the mug with water, sipping it slowly, letting hours pass. I set the mug down and went to sleep.

I spent the Fourth of July in bed; chemotherapy had gotten the better of me. I didn't mind--chemo on the fourth meant freedom on my birthday. I was excited for my birthday, glad finally to have something to look forward to. Cleo hadn't called me for a few days, and I had secretly hoped that meant she was planning a surprise party. Cleo kept secrets like Nixon kept his word. I let her go about her business as she pleased, not

calling her at home or dropping by "Mug Shots" until the morning of my birthday.

I paid for coffee beans and eight hand-painted coasters and said to Cleo, "I've always wanted these coasters, but never had the excuse to buy them."

"What's the excuse?" she asked.

"It's my birthday, you know," I said, playing the game.

"Oh, that's right," Cleo said, "happy birthday." I left the store confused, but knew for sure she wasn't going to surprise me that night.

I'd lost my breast, I'd lost a lot of weight, and I was losing Cleo. She seemed so distant. I could practically feel her pulling away from me as soon as I started getting sick. We were so bonded before I got cancer that her leaving felt like a magnet being forced away. I was still drawn to her when I could feel the struggle, the pulling, but I never caught up with her. We weren't connected.

That night I fell asleep in my cut-off jeans and an over-sized sweatshirt. I had a handkerchief around my head; the wraps didn't bother me--I'd gotten used to the feel of cloth on skin. I fell asleep that night thinking about Cleo. And then I dreamed.

I dreamed I went to see Cleo. I walked into "Mug Shots," and it was more crowded than I'd ever seen it. Women and their children, women and their lovers, their friends, their mothers, women standing alone and in crowds. I craned my head to find Cleo; the store was too crowded. I could smell the coffee beans. People were snapping mug shots

of themselves and the women around them. I could hear nothing. Mouths were moving; I couldn't make out their words. I yelled out, "Cleo, Cleo," and it vibrated through my own ears, but in my dream, nobody heard the name. I pushed my way through people in a panic, and I could see Cleo standing in a corner cupping a flesh-colored mug, without any breasts. In the dream, she looked at the mug and back at me through the masses of people.

I slept through the night, and the next morning I called Cleo. "Cleo," I said, "I understand. I understand now that when you look at me, you see only what is between my neck and my waist. You don't see the mouth that speaks these words. You don't see the eyes that can see things even you said most women don't see. You only see the breasts, and the cancer. But Cleo, you forgot I am an Amazon woman." And Cleo started to cry, but then she hung up without a word. And I'd wondered when friendship became so complicated.

I don't care about Jackie or Gloria or cartoons; I don't even care about birthdays or doctors. I only want Cleo to come over for a cup of coffee.

Meg Gilmore

Windows

I know we can see the light through this pane,
Making the storms in our home
Thunder even louder than the ones through the window.

Sometimes we look at the stars,
Their twinkling refracted and bent
Through the glass, but
The silence of nighttime
Is noisy in our thoughts--

Thoughts gluttonous with meaningless words,
Hungry just to be.

The shades are being drawn on the window
That looks in on our alliance
So that our eyes see only in sightlessness;

Perception breathes to me
Like the cool wind that billows
The pale yellow curtains.

We both know of hurt;
And through the blinds I sense your regrets,
So I remind you
Because I am forgetting, too,
That the light of dawn
Always turns into night, no matter the price.

With blinded windows it may seem dark,
But I have seen dark more dismal.

And yes, I know my warning is useless,
For we will not see until the dark arrives
And surrounds us, breaking the storm windows
We've worked so hard to secure.

Debbie Harmon

Life

A dust cloud swirls in black nothingness
Lit only by nearby stars.
Some decide they like the center;
Others prefer the outer edge,
And there they go.
A lifetime later they die,
And as the sun goes nova,
They go spinning outward,
Hoping to bring forth new life.

This is the only truth:
All things change.
Trees grow from seedlings,
Becoming soaring oaks.
Birth becomes death,
Sometimes in a mere heartbeat,
Sometimes in a lifetime,
But it is always so.

We break free and see light,
And we cry.
We fall and are hurt,
And we sigh.
We find love, and we give
Till we die.
For we live by the only truth:
All things change.

Peter Nuffer

Lampblack

A lonely man sits quietly,
Engulfed in the shadows of his bedside lamp,
Thinks of wildflowers on a spring afternoon,
Wishes for riches,
In a paradox of reality.
His curtains shelter him
From the street lamp of truth,
As he looks for an answer to the query of life
By negating the motion
Of his hand to the light switch,
Of his fingers to the curtain rod,
Of his mind to the street lamp...
A fastidious smile splits his
Overcast face, crackling the texture
Of his paralytic features,
As he stretches in his voluntary ignorance,
And sinks further into the folds of warmth,
Falls asleep with the curtains closed,
The street lamp unnoticed,
And the light switch on.

Todd Roberts

Security

Empty in the room tonight,
Empty space for head debris.
Close my eyes to change my sight,
Slow my heart, and feelings slide.

Crystal droplet dangling falls,
Pool of worries, dark and old,
Laughing once but cry out loud,
Shaking hands to fight the cold,
Stealing threads from silken gowns,
My brother's dress to be my own.
But if my idle heart persists,
I wear the shroud the hours sew.

Stumbling in the daylight brought,
Stretch my limbs, high for a thought.

Michael Van Wagenen

Too Groovy Blues

I can't write no poems
'Cause I ain't got no blues.
Nobody never writes nothin'
When baby don't need a new pair o' shoes.

Every poem I hear
Shows someone new is alone--
Nobody comin' to the door,
And nobody on the horn.

All the cats that need someone
To come closer and share their pain
Are the only cats I can ever find
That'll spill their guts on the paper again.

I don't need nothin' that I ain't got,
And plenty o' people dig me.
My only problem is writer's block
'Cause I'm so damn happy.

No, I can't write no poems.
My heart ain't been torn apart,
I ain't lost no lasting love,
So I can't make no art.

Until my baby leaves me
And problems come hard and fast,
I ain't gonna write no poems,
And I ain't gonna pass this class.

Natalie Nilsson

Hands*

There was a quietness about the room,
An overwhelming peace.
And in the circle around the bed
A love radiated,
Brighter and softer than the sunlight
That trickled through the sheers in the windows.
Nothing but a frail body
To suggest that the end was near,
Waiting silently for the sun to go down.

Quietly, I reached for his hand,
A hand that had loved me and held me,
His wrinkled and withered fingers
Now clenched tightly,
But still warm.
"I love you, Grandpa."
The only words I could whisper,
But he knew.

I stood there,
Holding his half-closed hand,
Feeling a searing pain deep in my throat.
I could not comprehend living
In a world without him,
And I could never have imagined
That I would miss his hands so much.

Soon I would be standing over a casket
Reaching out to feel the warmth,
Startled by the chill.
So stiff and frigid,
Once his hands had sustained me,
Yet I could not warm them with my own,
And I could not bring him back.

Today he lives within me.
I sometimes see his smile.
Every now and then I hear his laughter,
And it's warming to my soul.
To remember him as he lived
Brings a comfort to my heart.
And when he speaks gently to me
I reach out--
And take his hand.

*Third Place Winner 1993-94 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Shauna Thomas

Flowers in the Dark

They are living like flowers in the dark,
 Not letting anyone see their true beauty,
 Not letting their full colors show.
 They live in fear.
 They like what they have become,
 Starting to believe that they are what they aren't,
 Wearing a thousand shades a day,
 Confused about which is really them.
 Struggling through life,
 Trying to find happiness,
 Realizing that something is missing,
 They have no individuality,
 No idea of who they are—
 Flowers in the dark.

McKay Hall

Fear

Have I become like the rest?
 I sit and wonder.
 Wearing a blank face and glazed eyes,
 I sit and simply ponder.
 Many times have I berated those
 Who dread and hide from oncoming life.
 But now I too can only do
 That which I loathe in others.

Natalie Nilsson

Healing

Smothering sounds long held silent
 Now fight to escape the chasm of my soul
 Where the essence of my body aches,
 Ruptured by merciless beating.
 The feelings that first you aroused in me
 Withered and died in the scorching desert
 Where, standing in dried pools of a forgotten oasis,
 I realize that once again I am left alone.

Trapped inside an hourglass,
 My lamentations were echoed,
 Yet unperceived by your inattentive ears.
 You did not see the eyes scratched by sand.
 Fists clenched, the glass was shattered,
 And I lie in the broken shards.
 Lungs expand with the sweet smelling air,
 And again I am filled with life.

Content and motionless on the remains of my prison,
 I commit to cleaning my bleeding wounds,
 Washing the sand from my eyes
 With my tears.

Melanie Davie

Queen of the Mountain*

Look, all you flouncy, frilly girls,
 I danced and sang just like every other "She" you've known
 But I came upon this big, bad, red rock,
 And I held his hand and he gripped it tight.
 When I let go, mine was full of sand.
 And it felt real and gold and happy.
 I chose to marry him and not Barbie--so go away.
 I won't grow up with beauty creams and blushes and tea,
 Monotony and predictability.
 I don't need your lovely white dresses
 On beaches at sundown.
 I need sweat in my eyes to sting me back to life.
 I like a good fall every now and then
 To remind me how close we are to death.
 I need my hands full of rock
 And chalk
 Because I won't be seen through adolescence to motherhood
 With roses or fashion shows
 Or polished toenails or lingerie catalogs.
 I just crave that daily deep thought
 And a hand full of sand.

*First Place Winner 1993-94 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Debbie Harmon

Mirage

Trudging, then struggling, we continue on,
 Hoping to cross this endless waste.
 No trees offer shade, no grass cools our feet,
 Not even scrub bars our way, yet
 A lonely tumble-weed sits,
 Brought this far and no farther by a wind that once was,
 And is no more.

Chest aching, tortured by hot air,
 Feet burning, singed by sun and sand,
 We struggle, still trying for a distant goal.
 When suddenly over a dune,
 A mere rise in the sand, it appears.
 Water!

The liquid seems cool, inviting,
 Waiting to serve, to dampen chapped lips,
 To trickle down a parched throat.
 Few realize the ripples they see are not wind stirred,
 Do not sit in the sand but rise above it,
 Tantalizing, taunting, to be pursued
 But never caught.

Janna Gifford

Help You We Can!

(The scene is just outside an upper story apartment window and the ledge that runs along it. There is a clothesline extending from the window to offstage. It is midday. A small, neat man is standing in front of the window, poised to jump. A very large, balding man, chewing a cigar and wearing only a once white tank-top and boxer shorts, has just opened the window. He is balancing a basket of laundry on his hip.)

LARGE MAN: Jump.

SMALL MAN: *(startled)* I will.

LARGE MAN: Well, jump then.

SMALL MAN: *(reluctant)* I am jumping.

LARGE MAN: So jump, already.

SMALL MAN: I will!

LARGE MAN: Jump!

SMALL MAN: Shut up, will you? You're not the one trying to make a statement here!

LARGE MAN: It's just that you're blocking my window. You're blocking my window, and I can't hang my wash out to dry. That's a little inconsiderate.

SMALL MAN: *(righteous anger)* Hey, see here, sir, I am very depressed. I'm on the threshold of death, the only and truly final frontier, so *don't* talk to *me* about *wash!* I *know* wash!

LARGE MAN: *(nudges the small man's leg with the laundry basket)* Yeah, well if you don't jump soon, I might just have to push.

SMALL MAN: *(defiant yet hopes the large man might try)* You cannot stop me, you know. Why are you even talking to me? Why do you even

care?

LARGE MAN: It ain't stopping that I'm talking about. It's speeding up the process. *(holds up a voluminous pair of dripping pants and shakes them for effect)* You see these pants? Wet. I gotta wear these pants to work tonight. I wear 'em wet, and I'm gonna be all mean and uncomfortable. I wouldn't like that, now, would I?

SMALL MAN: Death! I am talking about death here! I am committing suicide! The ultimate! Zippo--nothing after, just complete and total deadness!

LARGE MAN: And I'm talking about having pants sticking to my legs. I hate that. I might just get a rash.

SMALL MAN: *(nervous and a little hysterical)* Sir, if you're going to insist upon talking to me, then please talk about something a little more monumental than a rash on your nethermost regions. This is my last earthly conversation--it should be deep, revealing, and philosophical, like ... like ... Thoreau.

LARGE MAN: *(takes out his cigar)* Who?

SMALL MAN: *(relieved to light upon a subject in which he deems himself an expert)* "Civil Disobedience," Henry David Thoreau.

LARGE MAN: *(mutters to himself, fiddling with the laundry)* Tha-row you off of my window ledge.

SMALL MAN: *(loses bravado)* What?

LARGE MAN: Nuttin'.

SMALL MAN: What did you say?

LARGE MAN: I said nuttin'. No-thing, okay?

SMALL MAN: It's amazing.

LARGE MAN: Yeah, I know.

SMALL MAN: I mean, it is amazing that I can be so educated, even pronounce the word "nothing" like "nothing," while you can be so base and simple, saying "nuttin'," yet here it is I who am committing suicide. The irony would be humorous, were I not so depressed. *(He says this like a man who has read a book about an intellectual, and is trying to imitate that man.)*

LARGE MAN: *(warms up to the conversation, with one arm leaning on the ledge)* You talk like Yoda, with all that "here it is I" stuff.

SMALL MAN: Who?

LARGE MAN: *Star Wars*, Yoda. Maybe that's why you're depressed--too much "Civil Disobedience," not enough *Star Wars*.

SMALL MAN: *(with contempt)* Probably so.

LARGE MAN: *(gets confidential)* Let me tell you. I had an uncle in Queens who never left his house. Just watched game shows and soaps, but that was enough for him; he was happy. Lived off his social security. The guy next door was a ritzy bank clerk, or something, you know, upper class. Well, one day--

SMALL MAN: I think that I'll just jump now.

LARGE MAN: No, wait, you gotta hear the end.

SMALL MAN: Yeah, I'm sure I just "gotta."

PERSON BELOW *(from below, off stage, a voice shouts)*: Hey, it's a jumper! Are you gonna jump, fella?

LARGE MAN: *(leans far out of window, looks down)* Shut up, jerk, we're conversin' up here.

PERSON BELOW: No problem, just don't talk him out of it. Things have been slow all day.

LARGE MAN: *(disappears inside of his window, then comes back hefting a*

large glass bowl with sinister dark stains spotting it) How's this for falling action?! *(throws the bowl in the direction of the voice; there is a shattering of glass and muffled curses; he turns back to the small man.)* Well, anyway, one day this guy next door blows his brains out. Kablooeie. What I'm saying is that sometimes you just gotta live for the simple things. You know, those tiny things that just make you happy, no one else, just you.

SMALL MAN: *(gestures toward the large man)* This is too much.

LARGE MAN: *(grins)* Ain't it just?

SMALL MAN: I mean *this*, the cliché, that under even the most callous exterior lurks the soul of a poet.

LARGE MAN: Hey, I ain't never lurked nowhere.

SMALL MAN: *(becomes sincere for the first time in the conversation)* So, your uncle's happy?

LARGE MAN: Happiest guy I know. He's eighty-three now.

SMALL MAN: *(softly)* Oh, to live to be eighty-three and still wish to continue living!

LARGE MAN: So, what made you give up?

SMALL MAN: Give up?

LARGE MAN: You know, *(He makes a noise like a bomb dropping.)* kersplat?

SMALL MAN: *(becomes reflective and intense)* Oh, that. I think that I just became too smart for my own good. I've cheated myself out of being able to enjoy simple things. It seems that there's nothing left for me. *(as if reciting, content to hear the sound of his own words dripping off his tongue)* All before me is a bleak horizon, dotted with the bleached bones of worthless individuals who dared to be happy; individuals who are dead, gone--

LARGE MAN: *(has been having a hard time paying attention)* While you're talking, could you just hang these pants on that line there? *(He starts handing out laundry; the small man, apparently not noticing, absently places them on the clothesline.)*

SMALL MAN: --all are dead now. I know fairly well how my own life is going to continue. I know the future, so I asked myself, why do I actually have to live it? *(twirls a clothespin)* Happiness is such a thin thread to grasp in a sea of hopelessness, it is so filar--

LARGE MAN: My cousin Ed, in East Cicero, used to go on like that. Everything was "filar this," and "filar that," until he just gave up and had to take a laxative. It gave him an ulcer in the end.

SMALL MAN: *(sarcasm returns)* I think you mean "fiber."

LARGE MAN: *(indifferent)* Yeah, but it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?

SMALL MAN: *(pauses for a while, considering, then sighs)* Yes, yes, I think that it does. *(Resignedly, he crawls into the window.)*

Staff Members

Christian Arial, from St. George, Utah, is an English major who graduated from Dixie College in 1993. He served as editor of the *Southern Quill* and the *Honors Quarterly* for 1991-1992. He also served as special guest editor for the 1993 *Southern Quill*.

Stephanie Chidester, co-editor from 1988-1990, was Dixie College's 1989-90 valedictorian and Southern Utah University's 1991-92 valedictorian. SUU named her Scholar of the Year for 1990-91 and 1991-92. Her essays have appeared in *Encyclia*, *Midsummer Magazine*, *On-Stage Studies*, and *Shakespeare Edition*. She currently teaches German and English composition at Dixie College.

Jami Davis, from Lehi, Utah, is a freshman majoring in communications with an emphasis in journalism.

Gail Fawcett, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore at Dixie College.

Calvin Fox is a sophomore physics major from St. George.

Dina Gerhauser, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College.

Janna Gifford is a sophomore from Hurricane, Utah.

Meg Gilmore, from Bountiful, Utah, is a freshman at Dixie College and is majoring in English and business. She was a staff member of and contributor to her high school literary magazine in 1993.

McKay Hall, from Hurricane, Utah, is a freshman computer science major at Dixie College.

Debbie Harmon, from Washington, Utah, is now in her third year of college working on a math major.

Philip Johnson, from Sandy, Utah, is a freshman English major at Dixie College.

Jandi Jones, from Santa Clara, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College. She was the Outstanding Freshman Student for 1992-93, and was the 1992-93 recipient of the Kip Bowler Memorial Scholarship, the American Association of University Women's Returning Student Scholarship, the BPW Scholarship, and the Lady Lions Returning Student Scholarship. She recently received the 1993-94 AAUW Graduating Woman's Scholarship and has also been awarded a Utah Career Teaching Scholarship. She served as an editor for the *Southern Quill* in 1992-93.

Martha Millett is originally from Montevideo, Uruguay, and graduated with an English major from Dixie College. She is currently attending Southern Utah University.

Carol L. Moesinger, a sophomore at Dixie College, lives in St. George, Utah, and is currently a human anatomy major.

Lee Mowery, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore at Dixie College, and is the recipient of the BYU Honors Forum Scholarship.

Natalie Nilsson, from Elk Ridge, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College. She won third place in the 1993 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition. She served as an editor for the *Southern Quill* in 1992-93.

Peter Nuffer is a freshman from St. George, Utah.

Alisa Paulsen, from Boulder City, Colorado, is a sophomore majoring in life science.

Ace G. Pilkington's poems have been published in five countries; his articles on Shakespeare have appeared in *Literature/Film Quarterly*, *The Review of English Studies*, and *The Yearbook of English Studies*. He is the author of *Screening Shakespeare from Richard II to Henry V*, University of Delaware Press, 1991, and he is currently editing a book on the films of Branagh and Zeffirelli for the same publisher. His poem "The Robots' Farewell to the Master (For Isaac Asimov)" won the 1992 Readers' Choice Award for *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*.

Cristy Orton is a sophomore life science major from Panguitch, Utah. She was awarded a full tuition leadership scholarship, and she is applying for the radiology program at Weber State University.

David J. Roberts is a freshman from Provo, Utah.

Todd Roberts, from St. George, Utah, is a freshman English major.

Amy Sherman, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore math major.

Shauna Thomas, a freshman from Bountiful, Utah, is attending Dixie College for personal reasons.

Michael Van Wagenen, a sophomore at Dixie College, is a physics major from Midland, Texas.

Christina Zender is a freshman from Hurricane, Utah, majoring in pre-med. Scholarships she has received include the Dean's Academic Scholarship, Summer Academic Scholarship, and English Department Scholarship. She is a state finalist for Utah for Miss Teenage of America.

HISTORY OF THE *SOUTHERN QUILL*

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Rose Esplin
1953-57	No magazine published	
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Emily Cottam	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Kay Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force	Robert O. Dalton
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Connie Gifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Perry	Janice F. DeMille
1977-78	Marilee Camp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Batzlie	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graff	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick, & Aderianna Smith	Ace G. Pilkington
1981-82	Melanie Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton	Ace G. Pilkington
1984-85	Julianna Burton	Ace G. Pilkington
1985-86	Janae Daley	Ace G. Pilkington

HISTORY OF THE *SOUTHERN QUILL*, cont.

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1986-87	Bonnie McCowan & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1987-88	Karen Hansen & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1988-89	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1989-90	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1990-91	Tiffany Durrant & Joni Jones	Ace G. Pilkington
1991-92	Christian Arial	Ace G. Pilkington
1992-93	Jandi Jones, Natalie Nilsson, & Chris Pellew	Ace G. Pilkington
1993-94	Jandi Jones & Natalie Nilsson	Ace G. Pilkington

