

Paths That Don't Lead Back



The Southern Quill

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Paths That Don't Lead Back

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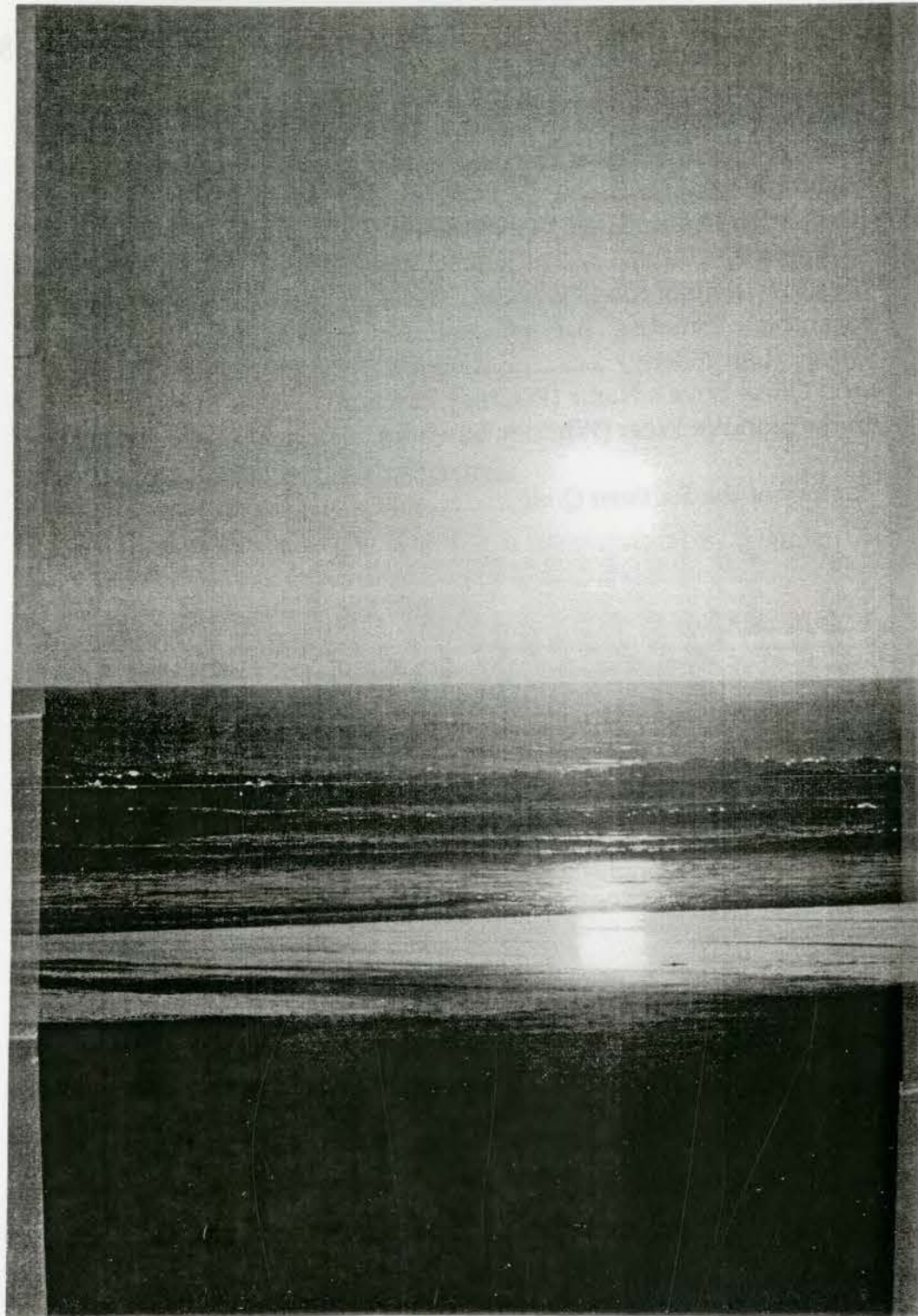
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I. Loves Found and Lost

Prentiss Thacker

The Warm Sun Sets Deep in my Heart

The warm sun sets deep in my heart.
It always happens at the close of day.
My love goes home, and again we must part.

The true feeling of being apart
Makes me draw back, and I soon want to say
The warm sun sets deep in my heart.

I feel alone; it is confirmed in my heart.
I just want to feel the sunlight's strong ray;
My love goes home, and again we must part.

I need to see you; you have become a work of art.
I want you to come out, and again play —
The warm sun sets deep in my heart.

The day will begin, and my love will start;
We'll be together all of the day.
My love goes home, and again we must part.

The day is young. It is a brand new start.
I hope it brings the good things it may.
The warm sun sets deep in my heart;
My love goes home, and again we must part.

Whitney Lawhon

So I Might Breathe

Darkness,
 Purples, blacks, and greens,
 All around me.
 Spinning—lying still,
 Falling.
 Up, down, I fall for you.
 Suffocating in your emptiness
 Thriving on your abundance,
 Waiting for the next gust of wind
 So I might breathe.
 Walking away from this crazy love,
 Running to your arms,
 Shielded by you, shielded from you,
 I want to stay away....
 I want to stay.
 Lightning striking all around, dancing angrily with each bolt,
 Crying to the skies, the skies with me.
 Pain, happiness, mad laughter,
 Into the night we yell.
 I am free; I am your captive
 I cannot leave; you do it well,
 Screaming for you—silent screaming—you do not hear,
 So I'm left standing in your darkness
 Alone.
 And I laugh out loud; it's all I know to do,
 All I can do, what else is there to do?
 I cannot stay away....
 I cannot stay.

L. Michelle Larson

A Moment's Pause

How can you stand
 So calm & inviting
 While I shiver
 In my skin, thinking
 Of your stare. I want
 You to notice me,
 Take a moment,
 Smile over my awkward
 Grin. You took like
 Fame tonight. You look
 Like a star. I feel
 You. I want you
 To shine within
 Me, a light in the cold.
 I want to be—Something
 To smile about—Someone
 To dream of in a crowded
 Room. Your eyes tell me
 Nothing--but I can't
 Stop looking... Your stance, silent
 To any rumors I might have
 Told myself. My hands shake,
 Itching to feel, or just
 Know if I reached
 Out ... You'd be close
 Enough to touch.

Cami Cox

Letting Go

Silver flashes of lightning danced across the sky. Cassidy could see blue streaks of rain falling down in the valley, but the storm hadn't reached their little hill yet. Maybe it wouldn't, after all.

Weeping willow trees were dipping and dancing gracefully like ballerinas all around her, and Cassidy burrowed deeper into the patchwork quilt which she had originally brought for sitting on.

Please don't be late, David, she pleaded silently. Please don't be late tonight.

She leaned back against the tree, the one which had always been "our tree" when they were younger. Before Dave had gone off to college, before she had studied abroad in London, this had been their spot. They would sit for hours together, talking about the future, doing homework, or just searching for shapes in the clouds like two little kids. But high school was over now, and they weren't teenaged sweethearts anymore.

"Cass?"

Cassidy looked up. Dave was standing in front of her with his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his jeans.

Cassidy gave him a small smile. "I didn't think you were coming."

Dave shrugged nonchalantly, but returned the smile. "Can I sit down?"

"Yeah." Cassidy disentangled herself from the bright folds of the quilt and spread it out on the ground. David sat down beside her. Neither of them spoke for several minutes; they just watched the electric flashes playing across the dark sky like little children at tag.

Dave cleared his throat. "So, your mom told me you really liked London."

Cassidy nodded. "I really did." She sighed wistfully. "I want to go back as soon as I'm able to." She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. "How about you? Was New York as wonderful as you thought it would be?"

Dave smiled. "Yeah, it was all right." He picked up a green leaf and twirled it in his fingers. "Did you get the postcard I sent you of Lady Liberty?"

Cassidy nodded. "Yeah, I did."

More silence ensued. The wind increased, and thunder became more audible as it answered the call of the lightning.

"I meant to write more often," Cassidy finally said.

"Yeah. Me, too," Dave replied.

"I just got so busy...."

"So did I."

A few raindrops pattered on the ground at their feet.

"So," Dave said. "Here we are."

Cassidy nodded. She shivered inside her light jacket, and Dave hesitantly put his arm around her. Cassidy leaned stiffly against him, and a pregnant silence ensued, interrupted only occasionally by the growling stomach of the sky.

"Hey," Dave said at last. "Do you remember the time we hot-wired your dad's car to go to the drive-in?"

Lightning flashed, and Cassidy giggled. "Yes! I was so afraid we'd get caught," she remembered. "Every time somebody walked by, I would panic, because I thought it was Dad coming to get us."

They both laughed together, and Cassidy relaxed into Dave's arms.

"We came here so many times," she reminisced.

Dave nodded, and his chin brushed against her hair. Wrapped up together, they lapsed into another silence, but this time it was a comfortable one as a thousand memories flew through their minds like old ghosts.

"Oh, do you remember senior prom?" Cassidy asked him.

"You looked beautiful, I remember that," Dave replied.

"It was stormy, just like it is now," Cassidy said, "and you let me hold the jacket of your tux over my head so my hair wouldn't get messed up."

Dave laughed. "You were so paranoid about spoiling your fifty-dollar hairdo," he said.

"I wasn't paranoid," Cassidy retorted. "And what about you? You said if I stepped on your feet while we were dancing, it would scuff up your rental shoes, and then you'd have to pay extra."

Dave chuckled. "I did say that, didn't I?" He stroked Cassidy's hair. "Boy, those were the days," he said dreamily. "Movie nights and burgers and strawberry shakes. And parties at John's house after every football game. I never wanted it to end."

"I felt the same way," Cassidy murmured.

Dave smiled. "Do you remember the night before I left?" he asked her. "We came up here and we talked for hours."

Cassidy nodded. "I said that I would write to you every single day and that we'd see each other every Christmas."

Thunder rumbled over their heads.

"All the plans we made," Dave mused. "Can you believe that we were only eighteen and talking about marriage?"

Cassidy stiffened, and she pulled away from him. "Dave," she said seriously, her mind crashing back to the present. "I'm not the same person anymore. I'm different than I was back then."

Lightning illuminated Dave's eyes, and he drew his knees up to his chest. "I know," he replied. "You're not the only one, Cass. I've changed, too."

"I'm not sure that I feel the same way anymore," Cassidy said carefully.

"About us, you mean?"

"Yes," she said quietly. Cassidy searched his eyes. "Dave, I'm

sorry," she said. "I'm so sorry. We planned so many things, but everything's different now, isn't it?"

Dave nodded silently.

Raindrops splashed on the dark earth, and tears spilled down Cassidy's cheeks.

"I wish things weren't different," she said sadly.

"I think, deep down, we both knew it would be this way." Dave looked over at her, and one corner of his mouth turned up. "I guess this is it, then."

Cassidy nodded through her tears.

"Hey, none of that," Dave said. He grabbed her up in a bear hug, and Cassidy sobbed into his shoulder. They stayed like that for a long time while lightning danced in the heavens.

The clouds broke above David and Cassidy, and the rain began to pour down.

"Hey, let's go, Cass," Dave said. "We'll get drenched if we stay here any longer."

They stood, and Cassidy gathered up her blanket.

"Come on," said Dave. "I'll give you a ride home."

Cassidy shook her head. "I have my car."

"Oh."

They gazed at each other over what seemed like a million miles of space.

"I guess I'll see you around?" Dave said, and Cassidy nodded.

They both turned away and went to their cars. Cassidy watched Dave's Chevy truck drive away through the watery windshield, and then she started up her Buick. As she drove down the hill, the trees danced and waved behind her, and Cassidy silently said goodbye to the hill that had once belonged to David and her.

Tasha Hansen

Awareness*

I smile at Failure.
 It cannot hurt me.
 We have met many times
 In the field where the fresh cut stalks
 Bit at my bare skin
 And I got a rash.
 As I ran down the deserted dirt road,
 The wind whisked the sweat from my face.
 I ran till I could not run anymore
 And my breath caught in my chest.
 It reminded me of when I tried to tell him
 But he wouldn't listen.
 He just kept yelling,
 And I cried so hard
 That I couldn't breathe.
 I wanted so much to be
 Like the lilies of the field,
 Bending and swaying
 At the mercy of the commander of the wind.
 Then one day I fell into eyes of brown and green
 It was not to be a bed of feathers
 But an ice-cold pool that took my breath as I sank.
 I was chafed, suffocated, scarred, burned.
 Then one day with sweet caress
 I heard a voice, a whisper in the wind;
 Life is not so harsh.
 Pain is purifying, sorrow refines,
 Disappointment teaches, battering builds.
 I kneel in the field and breathe in peace.
 I smile at Failure.

It cannot hurt me.
 Failure has made me what I am.
 And now Failure is my friend.

***Third Place Winner, 2000-2001 Annie Atkin Tanner
 Poetry Competition.**

Gracy Marshall

Die, Ian, Die

We could tour the White House,
 Or we could go to Graceland;
 We could have a baby, baby,
 Raise it in this wasteland.

We'll read T.S. Eliot
 And watch *The Price Is Right*,
 And, if it is, then we'll smoke reds;
 If not, then we'll smoke lights.

And if we find out God is dead,
 And has been, all these years,
 We'll screw all day and smoke unfiltered
 Till he reappears.

Cindy Lee Wallace

Happily Married

The Smiths' living room. The suburbs of New York. The living room consists of a sofa, a chair and a coffee table. James Smith is relaxing on the sofa with his feet propped up on the coffee table, smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper. He has a big gut and is balding. He is wearing a wife-beater shirt. Lilah Vanderheyden Smith enters stage left with an armful of shopping bags. She is wearing an expensive outfit with a matching hat. She is pretty, but her looks have begun to fade. The Smiths have been married for twenty years; they are in their late thirties.

MRS. SMITH

Put your feet down, dear. You'll scuff the table. (Mr. Smith mutters something unintelligible and makes no move to do so. She repeats herself, louder.)

MR. SMITH

I heard you the first time.

MRS. SMITH

(She crosses to the center of the stage where Mr. Smith is sitting on the sofa.) I really wonder because you still haven't done what I asked you to. I feel like I am talking to a brick wall. But I doubt even a brick wall would be as pig headed as you.

MR. SMITH

(Still reading his newspaper.)

You didn't ask; you commanded.

MRS. SMITH

(Ignoring him, she sets the shopping bags down.)

Lord and Taylor is having a big bargain sale. You won't believe all of the clothes I got. (She pulls a big, decorative hat out of one of the bags and places it on her head.) Isn't it lovely? (She strikes a pose.) Look what else I got. (She begins to take her purchases out.) Don't you just love it all?

MR. SMITH

(He doesn't glance up from his newspaper.)

Uh huh. That's nice, dear.

MRS. SMITH

The postman came over earlier today, and he and I made wild passionate love in the bedroom.

MR. SMITH

Uh huh. That's nice, dear.

MRS. SMITH

By the way, I threw out all of your *Playboy* magazines.

MR. SMITH

What? You better not have.

MRS. SMITH

Just as I thought. Will you please focus on me for once or is that too much trouble? (Mr. Smith ignores her. She yanks the paper from his hands and stomps on it.) There, now you have to pay attention to me.

MR. SMITH

What was the purpose of that? To show how immature you are?

MRS. SMITH

No need to get testy. It got your attention didn't it? And put that cigar out; you know I hate you smoking that vile thing. *(She visibly shudders. Mr. Smith doesn't put it out, instead he puffs the smoke into his wife's face.)* You disgust me! I hope that nasty cigar turns your teeth yellow and makes them fall out. You deserve it. Get plenty used to this couch, dearest, because you are going to be sleeping here tonight!

MR. SMITH

Gladly. You snore louder than a banshee. I'll get a lot more sleep here than I would anywhere near you. You make so much noise the neighbors have called and complained.

MRS. SMITH

Don't make me laugh. You're the one who snores; I'm always trying to beat you to the punch because if you fall asleep before I do, I won't get any rest at all. If we had separate rooms like I requested in the first place, we wouldn't be having this problem.

MR. SMITH

My dear, what newly married man would agree to having his bride in a separate room? Whereas if you made the proposal now, I would be more than willing to accommodate you. It's not like we ever do anything anyway.

MRS. SMITH

(She grabs the cigar from him and puts it out.)

Don't blame me. I am not the one who falls asleep in the middle of it.

MR. SMITH

You're a cruel woman. That was an expensive cigar.

MRS. SMITH

Good. *(Mr. Smith gets up from the sofa and begins walking off the set.)* Running away as usual right, James? You can give it, but you can't take it. Always running away when things get tough or when there's a confrontation. What a coward! *(He stops and turns.)* I can't believe I was stupid enough to marry you.

MR. SMITH

(He laughs loudly.)

Stupid enough to marry me? You were the one who pretended to be pregnant to trap me into marriage.

MRS. SMITH

Yes, and let me tell you there isn't a moment that goes by that I don't regret it. I could be filthy rich right now and living the good life if I hadn't married you, and you hadn't gambled all of daddy's money he gave us for a wedding present, and he hadn't cut me off.

MR. SMITH

There are worse things, like being stuck in a middle management job you hate, and saddled with a poor excuse for a wife who spends ten times more than you make.

MRS. SMITH

What would all of my friends think if I was dressed in rags looking like a pauper?

MR. SMITH

Better that than a cheap whore.

MRS. SMITH

Are you calling me a whore?

MR. SMITH

If the shoe fits.

MRS. SMITH

How dare you. You are the worst kind of infidel. You are lower than a pile of dog droppings. Your presence makes me sick.

MR. SMITH

Can't bring yourself to swear, can you? You have fonder feelings for me than you think.

MRS. SMITH

You wish. You're the male whore. I know all about you and that girl. What was she--nineteen at the most? That's sickening, if you only knew how sickening that is.

MR. SMITH

(He lights another cigar.)

Oh, grow up, Lilah. I am sick to death of your childish games of jealousy.

MRS. SMITH

I hope you choke on it.

(Mr. Smith merely blows smoke in her face in response.)

Larry Getty

Particular

I like single chinned women,
Much preferred to double grinning.
Now women can have a brain the size of a pea,
Eat everything that they see,
Be a few years younger than my granny,
Carry all their weight on their fanny,
Make strange noises when they eat,
Have arms that dangle to their feet,
The grace of a Jersey cow,
And over their eyes just one brow,
A nose bordering a quarter mile--
But I shiver at the sight of a multiple smile.

Danyela Magee

Far and Impossible

What if this could work?
But I know it can't;
Deep down inside it never would.
You need too much and not enough;
I need you to be my happy drug;
You need me to live and to die.
I need you to die with me.
Can't it be different,
Can't I not be messed up,
Can't you be perfect?
My eyes bleed tears.
The dollar bill is right--
In God I must trust,
Not you.



Whitney Lawhon

No Satisfaction Guarantee

These are my legs unshaven
 If you don't like them, that's too bad,
 'Cause I'm not shaving them tomorrow
 Or the day after that.
 And I woke up this morning without make-up
 It usually works out that way;
 If you don't think I'm pretty enough, believe me,
 You don't have to stay.
 I'll pull my hair up in a ponytail
 And throw on my favorite pair of jeans,
 If you're embarrassed, then don't come around;
 'Cause I don't come with a satisfaction guarantee.
 I'm not gonna say what you want to hear
 Or be what you want me to be,
 And your big, expensive car won't get you anything--
 That material stuff doesn't work with me.
 I'm not asking you to be someone you're not,
 And I expect the same.
 There are plenty of girls who will change for your sake,
 But I don't work that way.
 I won't agree with all that you say;
 I'm sure we look at life differently,
 So if you can't handle that, keep on searching,
 Cause I don't come with a satisfaction guarantee.



II. Lights Watched from the Dark

Sherry Everett

The Subway

Since he had been let go at the factory, Jed had been riding the subway to the Beeker-42nd Street interchange and sitting back in the shadows, watching the people to pass the time. He'd still mumble the usual "See you at seven" to Bernie and ignore her questioning eyes and quick morning kiss. He hadn't told her yet about Jack's letting him go. He wasn't quite sure how she'd take it this time, and besides, there was no need to hurry. The rent had been paid, and he had the rest of the month to find something else.

Meanwhile, he let the underground parade of people entertain him. He'd imagine secret stories about them, ones that made him shiver, and even laugh out loud if they were really good. He had noticed the lady with the baby on his first day. She was pretty, with soft, brown curls and big circles under her big eyes, and nervous lips that she bit back whenever someone brushed against her. Her baby was a pink, squirming thing, awkward and heavy. Jed saw him close up one day, when he ran into them on purpose. He could tell by her wilting expression that she was disturbed by him, but he told her how pretty he thought her baby was, and asked his name just the same. When she turned sharply away from him, he picked up the bootie she had dropped and stuffed it in his pocket.

He carried it with him now, in his pocket, and his hand snuck to it often, and he stroked it unconsciously. The shoe was brown and silky, and sent a chill through his body.

Bernie had never been able to have his babies. She complained that

it was because he was bad at lovemaking, but he did it the way it had said in those magazines Charlie Wagner hid in the basement, so that couldn't be it. He had only slept with one other woman, a prostitute he met one night in a bar after getting drunk. He told her if she got pregnant from him, not to go to a clinic, but find him, and he'd take the baby. When she laughed and said she was on the Pill, he pulled away from her and stormed off.

He knew there were more babies out in the park — girls with strollers and diaper bags. Mothers thought the subway was dirty, and tended to avoid it. But those who didn't.... He trembled happily. He remembered the day he had followed the young mother to her apartment. It was wrong to think about, probably, but he pictured bringing the lady's baby home to Bernie. They could hide him in the back room, keep him out of sight from the delivery man and the bill collectors. They could take him out in the evening and play with him. Jed tried not to think that Bernie might be mad, but pretended she'd be surprised, and she'd coo over the boy so loudly she would hardly pay attention to Jed's feeble story.

Maybe someone would suspect him, but they could move, maybe out to the country. Of course, he'd have to get a job. There would be formula and diapers, and probably a lot of other stuff he couldn't think of.

He sighed. The rush hour crowd was beginning to swarm around him, and he slid into it. A warm feeling started in the inside of his legs and spread up to his throat. Tomorrow, he'd start looking for a job, he decided.

A woman with a child got into the car, and he moved over to give her room. He stuffed his hand into his pocket and shivered. He stared at them for the rest of the ride.

Cindy Lee Wallace

Mr. Destiny

"Destiny is a pretty big constant when you think about it. Where you are in life, how you got there. What would have happened if one thing or another had been different." So says Larry Burrows (James Belushi) at the beginning of *Mr. Destiny*.

Have you ever wished you could change an event that you didn't like about your life, even just to see if your life would have turned out differently? Well, the main character in this movie is given the chance to see what his life would have been like if he had hit the home run and won the baseball game.

As he states in the movie, Larry Burrows lives an ordinary life. He has a pretty good job, lives in a house that he can't quite get all the way finished, with a dog and his wife Ellen, who isn't glamorous but is caring and pretty. He also has a rather quirky best friend, a fetish for building model cars, and a lot going for him. However, like many of us, Larry doesn't appreciate what he has. He wishes he was married to the boss's glamorous daughter, Cindy Jo (Rene Russo), which would make him the president of the company. More than anything he wishes his life wasn't so average.

On his 35th birthday, Larry Burrows begins to contemplate destiny after a lot of peculiar events happen in his life. After missing his morning cereal and coffee, everybody forgetting his birthday (except his best-friend Cliff, who gives him artificial puke), and losing his job, Larry Burrows finds himself stranded at a bar after his car breaks down. This is where we as viewers begin to hope that either his circumstances will change, or Larry will get an attitude adjustment. Both seem inevitable. The peculiar bartender knows everything about Larry, even how he takes his beer. After listening to Larry's problems, he mixes him up a

drink called spilt milk. Foreshadowing plays a role in this movie when the bartender asks Larry, "You really think your life would have been better if you'd hit that ball?" Then Larry discovers he has been given his wish.

Every choice we make determines our destiny. That's what we can learn from this movie. When Larry goes home, everything is miraculously different; his key won't fit in the lock, and a strange guy comes to the door. The bartender arrives on the scene and tells Larry that he changes destiny and Larry's life has been altered. Larry asks, "How can my life change so much just by hitting a stupid baseball?" The bartender answers, "When you didn't hit the ball, it affected everything else in your life; but instead you hit the ball, so you became the hero, married the prom queen, and so on and so forth, until you find yourself exactly where you are."

In this alternate universe, Larry has everything he's ever wanted. He lives in a huge mansion, and all of the model cars he used to build in his former life are the real thing in his six-car garage. He is married to Cindy Jo, which makes him the president of the company. But things aren't as great as he anticipated. Or maybe, like many of us, when Larry got what he wanted, he realized it wasn't what he wanted after all. On the down side, his parents are divorced, he discovers he was cheating on Cindy Jo with a woman who is vengeful because he is trying to cut her out of his life, and nobody likes him; even his former best-friend Cliff and his father-in-law are afraid of him. He also starts pursuing his former wife, Ellen, who is now married to another man.

The turning point in the movie, where we decide that Larry has learned his lesson and realized how good he had it, is when Ellen asks him, "Larry, if we had such a great life together, why did you want it changed?" His answer? "I guess, I just didn't know what I had." We, of course, are inclined to agree with him.

His circumstances don't change all that much. The house doesn't

get any more finished than it was before, and he still can't get his cup of coffee. But through the series of events, he finally begins to appreciate what he has.

Besides the choices we make determining our destiny, and appreciating what we have, another underlying theme is what goes around comes around. For example, in the alternate universe, Cliff was threatening to jump off the building, believing that Larry was going to fire him. Larry talked him out of it and offered him the job as vice president along with a Mercedes. When he goes back to his former life, he is offered the job as vice president, \$125,000 to start, and a Mercedes.

Arriving home at the end of the movie to a surprise party, Larry realizes nobody actually forgot his birthday. Then he tells his wife how much he missed her, how beautiful she is and how good he has it.

Like the bartender says (near the first of the movie) after hearing Larry's problems, "Some people believe things are the way they are for a reason." Many people have always believed that everything happens for a reason. We cannot focus on the past; we have to move forward instead of backward. We can't focus on what we don't have, but should instead focus on what we do and the positive aspects of life. We'll be much happier people. Larry is the perfect example because he had to change himself.

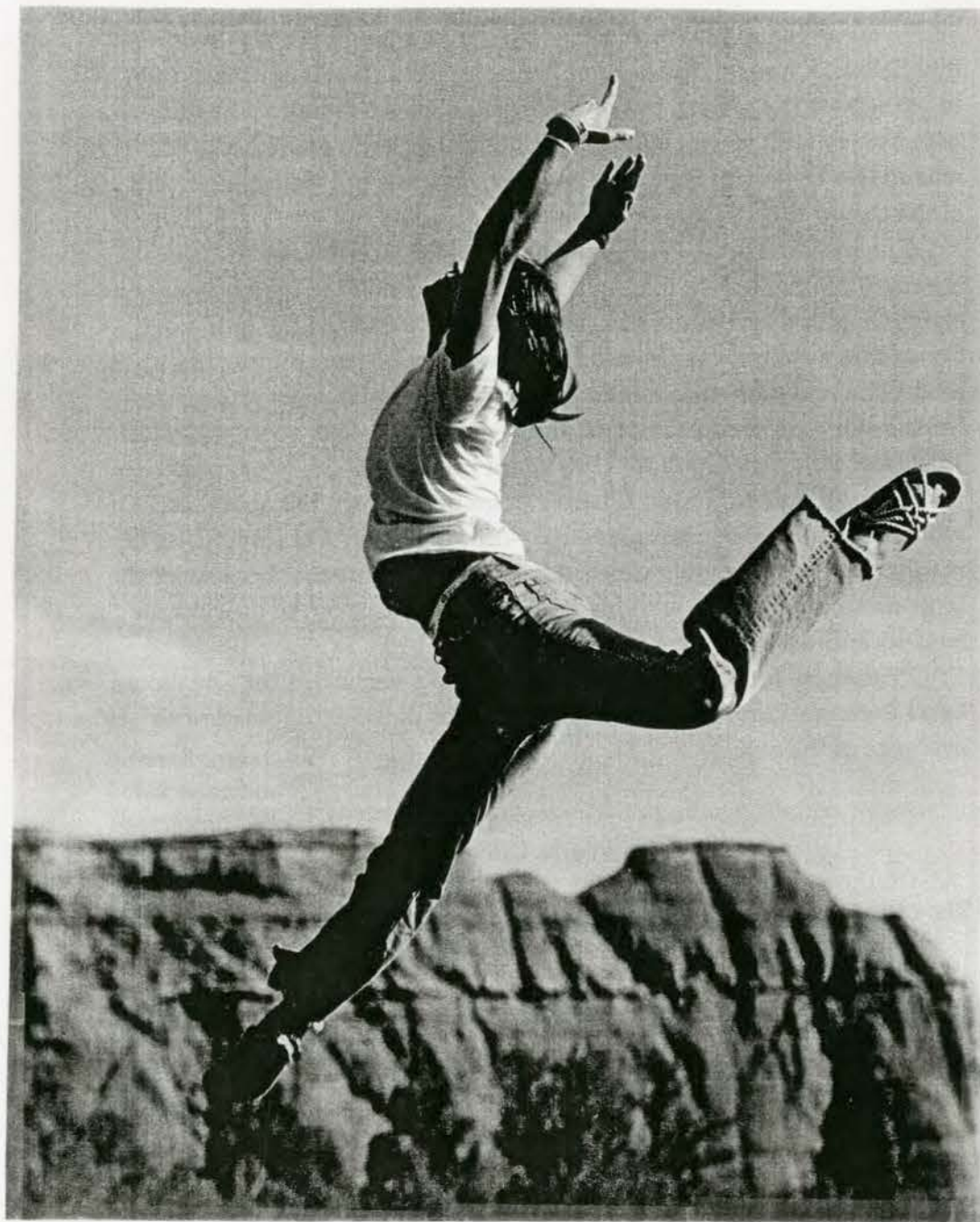
Amy Jeppson

Far and Away

The film *Far and Away*, directed by Ron Howard and starring Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise, premiered in 1992. The movie begins in Ireland in 1892, and follows Shannon (Kidman) and Joseph's (Cruise) quest for land in America. Although the movie is fictional, the conflicts the characters went through are historically based. The major climax of the movie builds towards the ending where Shannon and Joseph participate in the historic Oklahoma Land Run. An estimated 50,000 to 75,000 people raced to obtain a share of the over two million acres of land offered. I will contrast the movie's depiction of the Oklahoma Land Run with the actual event in 1889.

For the most part, the movie's portrayal of the Oklahoma Land Run is accurate. In the film, Joseph began traveling West while working on a railroad. Before arriving at his location, Joseph jumps off the train to join a wagon train heading to Guthrie, Oklahoma (although the film never specifies the location). The web site *The 1889 Land Run: Opening of the Unassigned Land* documents that, "Eight trains arrived in Guthrie throughout that day. Many passengers did not wait for the locomotives to stop, but simply jumped off the slow-moving trains at a choice spot. [...] It is estimated that over 50% of the participants rode the trains on the day of the run" (par. 6).

The race had many rules and regulations that were not specified in the film, but were, for the most part, abided by. *The 1889 Land Run: Opening of the Unassigned Land* states that, "To be eligible to participate in the run, one had to be the head of a family, at least eighteen years old if a male or twenty-one years old if a female, and be an American citizen or have filed a declaration of intention to become one" (par. 3). The film never tells the age of either Shannon or Joseph, but it can be assumed



that Shannon was not the head of her household. She was advised not to participate in the race, but only because she was female. The film never says that it wasn't even an option for her to do so. Because she was so strong-willed, she raced anyhow, and was not the only deviant of the crowd--historically or fictionally.

The race was set to begin on April 22, 1889, at noon. In the film Shannon's father leaves the night prior and hides at the land he wants to claim. In actuality, "Some participants illegally entered the area early. Those that were not caught and returned to the borders simply hid until after noon and then staked their claims. First known as 'moonlighters' because they sneaked in at night, they were later called 'sooners' " (*The 1889 Land Run: Opening of the Unassigned Land* par. 6).

Though the film shows fallen wagons and horses, we never see what happens to those homesteaders--only Shannon and Joseph. In reality, not everyone got a claim. Historians estimate that because of the large number of people who made the run, only one out of every three land-seekers actually got a claim.

With these few exceptions aside, the film's version of the Oklahoma Land Race is accurate and believable in terms of the actual historical evidence of the race.

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<<http://www.sandplum.com/guthrie/landrun.htm>>.

Elizabeth Starr Healey

To Find One's Self

It builds,
And my life suffocates
Waiting for a gasp of air.
The shrill of my soul
Awaits its escape,
Ready to reveal its colors...
Its face,

Searching beyond one's soul
To find one's self
Goes far beyond one's being.

Your windows are closed,
And your body is numb.
Darkness reveals your dreams;

Find yourself beyond this world,
Beyond this state,
Relax your body,
Your mind asleep.

Clear your thoughts,
While your soul heals
And let your memory expand.

Take in and remember,
Your intentions are your
thoughts,
And they make your soul

Open the door, and
Look through the eyes;
Someone is there.
You are your own

Do not fear,
For fear may flicker
Over the night sky,
And capture you in the face of
the moon.

Aubree Larson

In The Garden

"Oh this damned rain,"
I hear people saying.
"When will it ever go away?"
"My shoes are muddy;
My jacket is soaked,"
They mumble and trudge through the day.

They bitch and they whine,
Depressed ones are crying,
Faces are all dark and gloomy.
They moan and protest
And spit at the sky,
But out in the garden the flowers are blooming.

Rachelle M. Lewis

Parsimonious

I watch you standing there on your pedestal of gold,
With a mask of beauty, such a detailed mold.
Your surroundings are of nothing but priceless need,
Polished and placed in your museum of greed.
You display yourself to others as a material possession,
With a heart full of nothing but a hungry obsession.
There you stand brightest, shining between it all,
The sculpture of perfection in your dimly lit hall.

J. Damien Simpson

Gladiator

There was some tough competition this year when it came time for the Hollywood establishment to bestow their prizes. My growing disillusionment with the production machines of Tinseltown received a nice clean wound from a sharpened sword when, for the second year in a row, the film which won Best Picture actually deserved it.

William Goldman, longtime Hollywood screenwriter, in his book *Adventures in the Screen Trade*, stated that in his opinion all films can be put into one of three categories:

- 1) Those that aspire to Quality and succeed.
- 2) Those that aspire to Quality and do not succeed.
- 3) Those that never aspired to be anything at all.

He also said that unfortunately most productions fall into the last category.

I wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Goldman's perspective, and it is gratifying indeed to see such a Quality film receive the recognition it deserves.

Gladiator is an epic, a spectacle. Yet it is patient. It is about life and death. War and power. Heroism and humanity. But above all, honor. An uncommon commitment from a film in this age, because it is one which is hard to live up to. Especially when it is much easier and safer to churn out fodder for the masses, soaking the audience with blood but not alluding to ichor. And its delivery is both striking and subtle, a rarity which is most appreciated.

The movie is set in 180 A.D.; the Roman Empire is in full blossom. The ruling Caesar, aging Marcus Aurelius (Richard Harris), is a scholar and a believer in the idea of a republic. He is at the front to witness the war with the barbarians of Germania, the last threat to Rome's complete

dominance of a vast region, and supposedly the victory which will bring peace to the empire. Under the leadership of General Maximus (Russell Crowe), the Romans are successful, though they lose many men in the battles.

After the final confrontation, Maximus asks that he be allowed to return to his home and family, as he has been at this campaign for over two years. The Emperor asks Maximus to go to Rome instead, naming him as his successor, as Protector of the Realm, until the Senate can remake itself and make Rome a republic at last. This news does not sit well with Aurelius' son, Commodus (Joaquin Phoenix). Commodus murders his father, making it look as if he died in his sleep before the announcement was made public, and so assumes the role of the new Caesar. He has Maximus arrested and taken away to be slain. Maximus escapes from his captors, though not unharmed, and makes it to his home.

But the army of the new Emperor has already paid a visit, and Maximus finds his wife and son murdered and his home in ashes. Weakened by despair and the wounds of his last battle, he wanders off and is picked up by a convoy of slave-traders. Somewhat healed, he is befriended by Juba (Djimon Hounsou) and is eventually sold to Proximo (Oliver Reed), an owner and trainer of Gladiators. Maximus, Juba, and the other discardable fighters are forced to fight for their lives in arenas for the amusement of the crowds. Though seemingly disinterested and resigned at first, Maximus finds an outlet for his despair and rage in the battles, and his skills as a fighter and organizer make him victorious.

Meanwhile, Commodus, desperate to be loved by the people, his sister in particular, and respected by the Senate, attempts various charades to bring adoration to himself. One of his first proposals is to bring back the Gladiator fights to the Coliseum, a popular entertainment for the people. This just when Proximo is paying special attention to

Maximus, and it is not long before the betrayed General finds himself face to face with the new Caesar before the crowds in Rome. But by the time Maximus' true identity is revealed (he is known only as a Gladiator called The Spaniard), he is loved and admired by the masses, ironically having attained what Commodus so desperately desired by fighting for his life in a spectacle arranged by the Caesar. This sets the stage for a showdown between the rightful leader of the people and the false emperor. The drama which unfolds is well-written and thought-provoking.

In the opening battle scene, as Maximus speaks to his men to inspire them to battle, he utters eight words which echo throughout the film: "What we do in life, echoes in eternity." His character is betrayed by trusted comrades. The dreams of his slain father-figure are usurped. His home, family, and future are destroyed. His station in life is swiftly and viciously altered. A patriotic General who fought and served and led many men to protect and propagate what he believed in found himself a slave of his own country, with a future in which he appeared to be nothing more than fodder. Yet he summons the strength to utilize the tools he possesses, to organize and train his fellow Gladiators, so that he may survive long enough to right a wrong. The odds are stacked heavily against him, but instead of becoming resigned to a fruitless and dishonorable death, he uses these circumstances to fuel his courage and undertake not just a stab at revenge, but a quest for a reckoning.

In his acceptance speech for Best Actor, Russell Crowe said, "If you grow up ... in the suburbs of anywhere, a dream like this seems kind of vaguely ludicrous and completely unattainable. This moment is directly connected to those childhood imaginings. And for anybody who's on the downside of advantage, and relying purely on courage, it's possible."

Ace G. Pilkington

Dog Stars*

We joined you first around the campfires
Twenty thousand years ago. Your
Hands patted our heads, and our
Jaws and paws were on your side.
We barked and growled away the night,
Bit your enemies, and caught your food.
We made you look up to the bowl of the sky
By howling at the moon.
Before you ever got into space,
We rocketed round the earth and died
To show you the way.
And now you are going to the stars
In ships taller than any far
Hills we climbed together, in ships made hard
With the metals of the moon,
And we, who run ahead to save you, must go soon.
Around the campfires of the stars,
In that bigger night, you will need us to bark
And keep you safe and find you the way
In the sky to still other places.
And after so long together fighting the dark,
We would be lonely and afraid without you.
We think that you would miss us too.

*Originally published in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, Vol. 24, No. 5, May 2000.

Prentiss Thacker

Tragedy

In his *Poetics*, Aristotle defines tragedy as "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude.... in the form of action, not narrative.... producing pity and fear and the catharsis of such emotions." Human decision is usually central to the idea of tragic action.

Tragedy consists of two types: traditional and modern. Traditional tragedy involves heroes and heroines, or people of stature. The people in traditional tragedy are held up as icons and are looked up to. Traditional tragedy is written in verse.

Modern tragedy deals with everyday people, and their everyday problems. Modern tragedy says that tragic things don't just happen to people of high stature—they happen to everyone, everyday. Modern tragedy is written in prose, or everyday language.

Because I, as well as my family and friends, have and have seen many problems throughout our lives, I have to side with modern tragedy. Modern tragedy is happening all the time. This makes it more understandable because of the parallels between one's life and modern tragedy as opposed to one's life and traditional tragedy. I also believe that I can apply life lessons to what I learn from modern stories. Modern tragedy is all around us, everyday. The news is an excellent example of this. We hear about people throughout the world suffering through tragic situations and tragic problems all the time. Even within our own families, tragic circumstances take place. It may be the loss of a loved one, illness, financial struggles, or heartbreak. Modern tragedy is real, it's today, and it's current—that is what makes it valid.

Heidi N. Madsen

Anton Chekhov

(Originally appeared in *Insights*, Summer 2000.)

Anton Chekhov was neither a liberal nor a conservative, feminist nor monk--nor was he entirely indifferent. He dealt with cold realism, in the irony of unfulfillment, and, like Hemingway, he disapproved of adjectives. He detested arbitrariness, though he believed without bias that it equitably and universally existed. In the merchant's house, at the police station, in literature, in science and among the young, it existed.

Chekhov did not look the part of an author or a playwright; his physical appearance most stereotypically resembled his alternate profession as a doctor. Medicine was his "lawful wife," and writing was his "mistress," and for this reason, to read Chekhov's writing we must don the white clinician's jacket and the gloves and look at the human plight more scientifically. We must not allow ourselves to view the autopsic style of Anton Chekhov with too much morbidity. His heroes, perhaps as did his patients, speak, love, marry, give birth, and die. Physicians, as Chekhov was, must seek to be non-judgmental, even detached, and observe only with clinical precision. The surgeon's table is sterile, his tools cold and hopefully lacking in pretentiousness; and, omitting political, religious, and philosophical views, Chekhov wrote with the same medical ministrations. His wife, actress Olga Knipper, wrote to him in 1901: "My heart aches when I think of the quiet sadness that seems to be so deeply entrenched in your heart." To which Chekhov replied: "But darling, that is utter nonsense!" (Rene and Nonna D. Wellek, editors, *Chekhov: New Perspectives*. [New Jersey: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1984], 33).

Anton Chekhov was born in the Azov seaport of Taganrog. In 1884 he published twenty, of an eventual two hundred, pieces in his first book, *Tales of Melpomene*; published his only novel, *A Shooting Party*, and graduated medical school. *The Kreutzer Sonata* by Leo Tolstoy was

Chekhov's favorite book, but he was only partly influenced by his Russian contemporaries and did not mimic their styles. Some disapproved, including Tolstoy, but Chekhov was a transitional writer--the bridge between classical and contemporary literature. He also must be given credit for his particular revolution of theatre itself. Instead of the actor being given full reign on stage, his plays were designed to subjugate the actor directly to the text. Words, the words on the script, were responsible for mood and for staging, and it was not how or what the characters said that was most important, but more why they said it. No longer was the dramatist entirely at liberty to interpret. Donna Rayfield suggested that one of his motives in doing this was to antagonize actors as well as audience members (*The Cherry Orchard: Catastrophe and Comedy* [New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1994], 7).

However, as stated earlier, Chekhov was not a radical; he did not try to force opinions upon others. In fact, his resolve to leave his stories and plays in a way unresolved, reveals him as unassuming, noncommittal, and almost undecided in most kinds of politics. A good example of this was pointed out by Professor Nilsson, that stage directions may sometimes consist of opposing parts: "cheerfully, through tears" (Welleck 95). We do know that Chekhov did not believe life to be a series of resolutions; happy endings in his opinion were almost nonexistent.

His most successful plays were *Ivanov*, *The Seagull*, *Uncle Vanya*, and *The Cherry Orchard*. These owe their initial success to director Konstantin Stanislavsky, the founder of the Moscow Art Theatre and the father of "method acting," a technique

which influenced actors like Marlon Brando and James Dean. In fact, prior to Stanislavsky's directions, the plays were disastrously received.

Anton Chekhov was a writer who refused to pretend. In his stories "men are always being caught buttoning their trousers and women pulling up their stockings" (Frank O'Connor. *New York Times Book Review*, "A Writer Who Refused to Pretend," 17 Jan. 1960). Perhaps it was just part of his numerous intended--and ultimately successful--ironical effects.

Last summer some *Quill* staff members (past and present) were invited to review Utah Shakespearean Festival and Tuacahn plays for the *Spectrum*. -Ace Pilkington

Angel Pilkington

The Merry Wives of Windsor

The Utah Shakespearean Festival's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is nearly perfect, from the costumes designed by David Mickelsen to the actors directed by Elizabeth Huddle. Huddle has created an ensemble production that balances extreme humor and careful characterization.

Sir John Falstaff devises a plan to get money; he writes Mistress Ford and Mistress Page identical letters in an attempt to seduce them, so that he can gain control of their husbands' purses. After discussing the letters, the wives decide to get even with Falstaff and their husbands at the same time. Mr. Ford is to be made a fool because he is extremely jealous; and Mr. Page because his wife is upset with him over their daughter's pending marriage. Mr. Page thinks his daughter, Anne, should marry Slender, and Mistress Page wants her to marry Doctor Caius. Anne doesn't want either of these suitors.

Mistress Ford invites Falstaff to her home while her husband is supposed to be out. When her jealous husband comes home and begins frantically searching for Sir John, he must get in a large laundry basket. He is taken out by servants who dump him in the river. On Falstaff's next visit, Mr. Ford comes home again. This time Sir John is disguised as an old woman and beaten.

Eventually, the husbands are told about the letters and become part of the plan against Falstaff. During all of this, Mistress Quickly helps

Anne Page with a scheme of her own, one that allows her to marry the man she wants, Fenton. At the end of the play, everyone is reconciled, and everyone is deceived, except for the two young lovers, who are happy.

A surprisingly slim Dennis Robertson is convincingly fat as Sir John Falstaff. His character is funny, likeable, and sympathetic. Festival favorites David Ivers and A. Bryan Humphrey were Slender and Doctor Caius respectively; both brought their trademark comic inventiveness and thoroughgoing professionalism to the roles, raising the already high level of the production.

The wives, Corliss Preston as Margaret Page and Fredi Olster as Alice Ford, were playful, attractive, and witty. Their lines are so contemporary that the parts seem to have been written yesterday, not four-hundred years ago. These wives were superb at showing the nuances of Shakespeare's work and getting the better of the men in the play. Mark Murphey (Francis Ford) was terrific as a madly jealous husband. Raymond L. Chapman (George Page) was great as a sweetly unsuspecting husband. Corliss Preston and Raymond Chapman (Mistress Page and Mr. Page) are actually married, and they play a couple in the Festival's three Shakespeare plays.

Libby George (Mistress Quickly) was fun to watch as she fooled Falstaff and others. Mary Dolson (Anne Page) was as beautiful as you'd expect her to be, and she got a chance to show off her sweet singing voice as part of the authentic sounding music written specially for this production by Christine Frezza.

Stella, an adorable little dog, nearly stole a scene or two when she was led on stage by her owner, Jeffrey Walsh, and accompanied by a group of children. A dog is not usually part of this Shakespeare play, but it was a nice addition to the ensemble and yet another reason to see *Merry Wives* at the Utah Shakespearean Festival.

Lisa Ure Robertson

Peter Pan

The Utah Shakespearean Festival adaptation of the 19th century fairy tale *Peter Pan*, by Festival Founder and Executive Producer Fred Adams, originally written by, Sir James M. Barrie, very successfully lives up to its claim to restore the magic of childhood.

This play can unquestionably be categorized as good family entertainment, suitable for children of all ages (appealing more specifically to younger audiences).

By following the original story line and fitting the costumes and speech choice and patterns to the style in which the play is traditionally produced, the variations were more easily accepted. Adams, who also directed the show, revealed his experience in theater by creating a play that fit the expectations of his audience with surprises coming in at appropriate times and manners to perfectly appease the playgoers.

Through a careful coordination between scenic, costume, light and sound designers, the magic of the world of make-believe was kindled and coaxed into reality; I found myself almost believing in fairy dust and happy thoughts as a form of aerial navigation.

Squeals of genuine delight by younger audience members revealed the effectiveness of the special "magical" effects, including Tinkerbell, flying children and dancing mermaids. The animals played by humans, including Nana, the nurse-dog who was played by Michael Chmiel and the crocodile played by Sharla Lundberg, proved to move from awkward to a form of comic relief.

The casting was well done; Peter Pan, a part often played by women, was successfully played by an energetic and expressive Jered Tanner. He was able to portray a childish excitement, which only seldom bordered on over-animation.

His dramatic acting style was very effective in this part that required him to speak the language of children; his call to the audience to bring Tinkerbell back to life by clapping and showing they believed in fairies was a fun way to improve the level of rapport and participation in the audience.

Jonathan Gillard Daly played the parts of Captain Hook and Mr. Darling superbly; Hook's musical numbers were entertainingly accentuated by Daly's deep voice and arrogance. The contrasting parts were clearly portrayed to reveal the character of an arrogant man who is, underneath, a sniveling whiner.

Mrs. Darling, played by Leslie Brott, was double cast as Princess Tiger Lily in The Neverland with her aristocratic group of British Indians. Her obvious role as the undermining female leader fit both parts well. Wendy, played by April Hall, followed the pattern of her stage mother and believably fit the mother type and rival to Tinkerbell.

The production appealed to the child in every audience member; the cast portrayed an overall delight in dressing up similar to the glee a child finds in play acting. This attitude to accept the impossible contagiously spread from cast to children in the crowd and even into the skeptical adult audience. In the final curtain, the sprinkling of fairy dust over the audience seemed to convince even the oldest children in the audience that they may still be able to fly for a second after the curtain had closed.

Stephanie Chidester

The Merchant of Venice

Directors of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* invariably confront the spectre of anti-Semitism. I have always felt that while many characters in the play are anti-Semitic, the play itself is not, but is rather an indictment of prejudice of all kinds. Director Ina Marlowe's remarkable production at the Utah Shakespearean Festival makes this clear.

The play contains two main lines: the first is the ongoing conflict between Antonio, the title character, and Shylock, a Jew whom Antonio dislikes (primarily, he says, because Shylock lends money at interest) and from whom he must request a loan so that he, in turn, can lend money to his friend Bassanio.

Shylock, having suffered much abuse at Antonio's hands, proposes interesting terms: Antonio will get the money interest-free, but if he is unable to repay the sum within three months, the penalty will be a pound of Antonio's flesh, cut from the body part of Shylock's choice. Antonio, certain of his ability to repay the loan, accepts the terms, but things have a way of not working out—for both Antonio and Shylock.

The second plot line involves several love stories, the foremost of which is Bassanio's quest for the hand of the wealthy and lovely Portia of Belmont.

Marlowe illustrates the various ills of Venetian society, first inserting several slaves into the production (drawing from Shylock's line "You have among you many a purchased slave"), marching them on stage in neck-shackles, with prices written on their bare backs. These unfortunates are a constant presence in the background, waiting on and singing for their masters and moving props on and off stage.

We also see the mistreatment of Shylock by the Christian characters,

most viciously by a group of thugs comprised of Solanio (Joe Osheroff), Salerio (Cameron McNary) and three others, who at one point gang up on Shylock, threatening him with knife and cudgel while verbally abusing him.

As a result, Anthony De Fonte's Shylock comes across not as a homicidal outsider but as a complex, intelligent human being with ample justification for his vindictiveness. I found it far easier to sympathize with Shylock than with Richard Thomsen's sanctimonious Antonio, who seemed to relish his role as martyr—he'd go content to his death so long as he gained some attention from Bassanio in the process.

Shylock's daughter, Jessica, as portrayed by Corliss Preston, is a sullen and rebellious teenager who resents her father and wants to fit in with the carefree Christians. But she never quite succeeds at integrating herself and ultimately regrets her betrayal of her father.

The comic scenes were not entirely tarnished by the Christians' prejudices. Mark Murphey's Bassanio, Kathleen McCall's Portia and Gwyn Fawcett's Nerissa were well-executed. Gratiano, usually an annoying character, was surprisingly likeable as rendered by David Janoviak; Portia's suitors the Prince of Morocco (Ron Simons) and the Prince of Arragon (Danforth Comins) were hilarious as was the business of Bassanio and Gratiano giving away the rings Portia and Nerissa gave them.

This combination of drama and comedy makes *The Merchant of Venice* at the Utah Shakespearean Festival well worth seeing.

Heidi N. Madsen

See How They Run

Tuachan's Summer Festival Of Theatre 2000 includes not only scenic amphitheater productions of *Fiddler on the Roof* and *The Music Man*, but an indoor, Hafen Theater production of Philip King's classic British farce *See How They Run*.

The production is directed by actor (*King Lear*, *The Tempest*) and performing arts teacher on staff at Tuachan High School, Richard Hill, who also assumes to his normal high standard the role of Reverend Lionel Toop.

First staged in America a little more than 50 years ago and later appearing in a 1955 Hollywood adaptation with Greta Gynt in the role of Penelope (reformed actress and wife of Reverend Toop), *See How They Run* boasts an abundant plot of clergyman and misconceptions, protocol and mistaken identities—a 24-hour foray upon a normally quiet English vicarage.

It is the arrival of an old friend, now a recently transferred corporal in full uniform, who calls on Penelope while she alone tends the vicarage that starts the obstacle-ridden marathon.

After much reminiscence and a seemingly innocent reenactment of a scene long rehearsed while on the road together, the old friends of the theater decide to dine and take in the very play (by Noel Coward) in which they had once performed together. However, Corporal Clive Winton, concerned with consequences of military misconduct and enemy detection, changes from his uniform into Lionel's blacks, never suspecting what a chain of events this costume change would lead to.

It is local talent, returning Tuachan veterans, and educators who occupy the play's cast of characters which include a nosy and approved spinster (Martha Hill), a contemporaneous ex-actress (Terice Moody), a

corporal (Hank Smith), a maid (Tara Tanner) and an absconded German POW played by Lanny Langston.

Josh Scott, receiver of the 1999 Actor of the Year award for his depiction of Caliban in Dixie College's production of *The Tempest*, plays a needful law enforcer, Sergeant Towers, a passionately appreciated Sherlock Holmes at the eventual climax of the play.

And surprisingly, adding comic relief and respite for the nerves at the most opportune moments are the inauspicious Reverend Arthur Humphrey and Bishop of Lax played remedially by Ryan Slaymaker and Michael Eaton.

It is the same excited and exuberant cast which makes for a truly enjoyable evening or matinee out at the theater.

Angel Pilkington

Fiddler on the Roof

If you're looking for a night of song, dance, and comedy, *Fiddler on the Roof* at Tuacahn is the place to be. Brian Larson (casting coordinator/producer) put a brilliant and talented cast together for this production. The Tuacahn Amphitheater is the perfect setting for this musical; its space allows for livestock and horses. The horses were an especially nice touch in this production: the Constable (Eddy Schumacher) rides off on a horse after confrontations, and we see him galloping away on the mountain.

In our constantly changing world, it's easy to relate to Tevye and his family. *Fiddler on the Roof* takes place in a small Russian village, Anatevka, which has a Jewish community. Tevye is a dairyman who lives in poverty with his five daughters and his wife, Golde. There is a matchmaker, Yente, and she finds a butcher named Lazar Wolf for the eldest daughter, Tzeitel, to marry. Golde is extremely happy about this match because the butcher is wealthy. Tzeitel, on the other hand, doesn't want to marry the butcher because she is in love with Motel, a poor tailor. Tevye, who is big on tradition (and traditionally it's the father who picks the groom), has to decide which is more important, his daughter's happiness or a promise made to the butcher. Meanwhile, Hodel, who is the next oldest daughter, falls in love with a young student, Perchik. Tevye isn't even asked if Hodel can marry Perchik; they simply declare their love and insist they will marry. The last daughter who is old enough to marry is Chava, and she is in love with Fyedka, a Russian villager who is not Jewish. Tevye disowns Chava after she marries Fyedka against his wishes. At the same time, to make matters worse, the Czar had been forcing Jewish families out of Russia, and the Jewish population of Anatevka is next.

The difficulties in this production were minor. Some of the villagers can't dance and look rather awkward when they try. The special effects with water were more often distracting than effective. Accents are always tough, and this production, too, has problems. There is no consistency with these accents; the actors sound like they come from completely different parts of the world. Even the individual actors can't keep it straight; one minute Tevye (Lowell V. Noel) sounds American, then he sounds Jewish, while the other actors sound more like New Yorkers than Jewish people from Russia.

The accents may have been bad, but the singing was grand. Tevye and Golde (Cathy Gene Greenwood) did a superb job singing "Sunrise, Sunset." Lowell V. Noel may not have a voice as powerful as Topol (Tevye in the 1971 film), but he makes up for it with his expression, energy, and enthusiasm. The song "Miracle of Miracles" was made beautiful by Motel (Joey Khoury). Hodel (Melinda Larson) has a lovely voice and is a joy to watch; her version of "Far From the Home I Love" was absolutely perfect. Tzeitel (Katharine Matis), Hodel, and Chava (Rebecca Greenwood) perform "Matchmaker," and this scene is so well done that it alone makes the play worth watching. Coupled with the other delights of the production, it all makes for a satisfying evening.



Alice Land

III. Lives Gone by Like Dreams

Nancy Roche

The Knave of Hearts

"We belong to this country alone, and cannot leave it."

- L. Frank Baum

She stared blissfully at the rows of pens stretching as far as her mildly myopic eyes could see. She found comfort in the variety. There were the three-digit numbers for the executives, bright pink and blue things for children, mechanical pencils for students, and refills for everything. Ballpoint, felt-tip, EZ grip, more colors than could be found in a thesaurus; they all hung helpfully under price stickers, taunting her. Oh, she didn't need a pen. She had handfals at home, though she hadn't invested a cent in them. If you keep your eyes open, pens appear from everywhere. A kleptomaniac with such a penchant could find nirvana in an anonymous, untended desk drawer.

Pens were not the limit in an office supply store. Anyone with a mind to organize would not go without a single staple. "A bouquet of sharpened pencils..." her favorite movie said. Few people found that thought in the least romantic, but Alice was among those rare ones. What sickly rose odor could compare with the tantalizing wood and graphite? She sighed. There wasn't another human being within miles that could understand. But why dispirit herself with thoughts of the bourgeoisie? She could not be less than content with the smell of freshly sliced paper in the stale air. She sighed again, then smiled broadly to herself. No, there would be no purchase today, but what cared she for trifles when Gutenberg and all of his immortal children were lined up

on dusty shelves?

Alice ducked ashamedly by the clerks, half of whom knew her by name, and out the automatic doors. She took a few moments to calculate bus fare, buttoned her blazer, and ambled to the stop. The evening air was positively literary. The leaves rustled by wind brought back the sound of pages turning. Apartment buildings pressed snugly seemed ready to be pulled off the shelf and opened to the first page. A hint of rain in the air made her wish for nothing more than her old friend Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy and a crackling fire. She tossed the end of her scarf over her shoulder, buttoned her overcoat, and looking onto the disappearing pavement, wondered if Heathcliff had seen a night on the moors as dark as this one.

If the bus came soon, she would be just in time at the library to find two or three new friends before it was too late. Bored and slowly freezing, she considered picking up a piece of hopeful litter simply for the reading material, but that would mean taking her hands out of her pockets. They had warmed nicely considering the intrusive breeze, but there was that little crack at the place where the pocket ended and her sleeve began that made her think of the gloves that were folded and tucked into the top drawer of her wardrobe.

Sparse traffic hustled by, every car the same as the next, and Alice imagined herself settled comfortably in the Dover mail coach. Perhaps a dark stranger would arrest their jouncing journey to mutter something horribly urgent, but equally as indecipherable to their coachman. Perhaps the roads would be too muddy, and they'd all have to get out and push. They wouldn't make a lady push, would they? Alice laughed wryly and longed to have her last paperback returned from the dead. Peering desperately into the blurred darkness, she could almost make out the figures of an aging gentleman with a little girl crouched down the alley waiting for the Paris guards to pass.

The orange street lamp was reflected in the gutters, and Alice felt

the darkness closing in like some giant inkbottle overturned. She wished for the bus and shivered without feeling the chill. Where had all the cars gone? Suddenly, the bench became uncomfortable. She stood and examined the cinderblock background behind her. A gaggle of redheaded children appeared in her mind's eye, swinging from the rails and playing jacks on the cement steps, but they could not be held, and faded away. The silence thickened, and she pricked up her ears for the faintest sign that she was not alone. A block away an engine revved, and three angry teens shouted slang. They neared, and she prayed for the moment they would be past. Before Alice could turn around, she heard the sound of a thousand books slamming in the same moment and her knees collapsed in shock. Her left arm could not move to arrest her fall. As the steaming blood pooled under her shoulder she whispered, "Sir Percy, I am betrayed..."

Bonnie King

Sunset

Copper-spun clouds weave
A delicate web--a net
To catch the turquoise sky.

Jennifer Ward

Desert Memories

The sun stained our skin red.
We tasted desert soil among hard play.
Our garden was sagebrush.
Days were ripe and endless.
Summer nights cooled tan feet,
And we counted a billion stars in the sky.

We swam in our blueberry sky.
Every day was green and watermelon red.
Dirt clung permanently to calloused feet.
Sometimes the sun would scorch our play,
But it would stay in our hearts endless.
Tomorrow we would wake the sagebrush.

They became our castle, a castle of sagebrush.
Sheltering us from a once angry sky.
Wet desert smell was sweet and endless.
Memories and rocks glowed a brilliant red.
Then, we invited the rain to play.
It washed earth from our feet.

Carrying us anywhere, our feet
Would guide us through the tangled sagebrush.
We had a maze of play.
Not remembering a darkening sky
Or scabs of red.
Children immortal and imaginations endless.

I remember lemonade and August as endless.
Time stood for nothing and neither did our feet.

The ground underneath still red.
Covered with fields of sagebrush.
Only God's clouds dotted the sky.
And only his moon could stop our play.

We squished ants for innocent play,
Thinking our innocence was endless
Like our perfect ocean sky.
Oblivious, trees still kissed our feet.
We will always hear singing sagebrush.
Memories burning like the sun forever red.

We will grow like endless sagebrush.
Red feet won't stop our play.
Until we are alone with the sky.

Prentiss Thacker

The Lazy Sap

The lazy sap drips
Off the bark onto the leaves;
You can hear it drip, drop.

Bonnie King

A Light Drizzle*

A
Silver drop,
Glimmering as it
Turns and twirls—
A vitreous sphere
Elongated from its
Perfectly symmetrical figure.
It spirals down into
A glassy pond,
Shattering.

Another
Tiptoes its way
Down invisible stairs,
Moving from
Side to side—
Each stair a graceful step,
Masterfully choreographed.
In a grand finale it
Plunges forward,
Meeting the same
Fate as the one
Before.

Sterling,
Little fingers
Begin to play
A melody for the
Growing number of
Participants in this grand

Production, which lasts
Until the last of the
Performers shy
Away from the
Stage.

***First Place Winner, 2000-2001 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition**

Prentiss Thacker

Mother

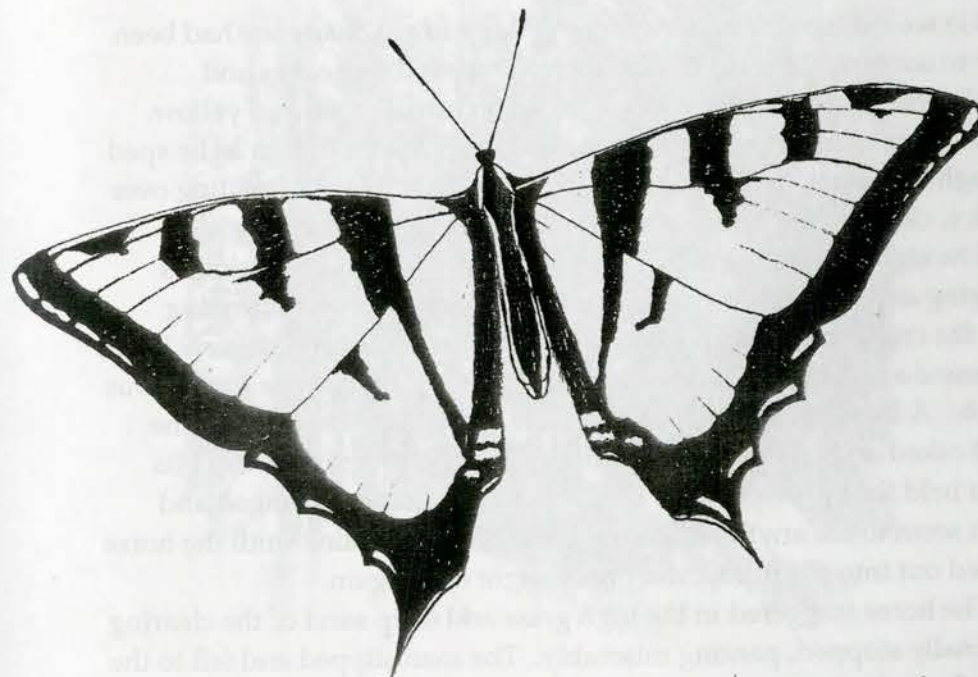
Like an old quilt
Is how I
Describe her.
She and I are
Interwoven
With years of
Love and laughter.
There may be various
Frays and knots throughout our lives
Which have been easily
Patched up and mended
With a little
Devotion
And
Time.

Aubree Larson

Fairy Whispers

In waves of musical tones
 And gestures of the hands,
 A fairy whispers of her realm
 And warnings of her land.
 "Keep your children away
 From open river banks,
 For there lives Jenny Greenteeth,
 And children's lives she takes.
 Do not accept the glamorous food
 Offered by Oakmen.
 As delicious as it looks,
 It will bring an untimely end.
 Avoid the dance in fairy rings,
 For what may seem like an hour
 Has actually been years longer;
 Your life it will devour.
 Cowslips are the keys to unlock
 A way to fairy gold
 And also the Shining door
 Between the human & fairy world.
 Do not axe the Elder trees;
 They're witches in disguise.
 They'll bring misfortune to your home
 And cause your quick demise.
 The lucky four leaf clover
 Will break a fairy spell
 Even after the deadly ring

Of the potent bluebell.
 Not all of Faery is evil or cursed,
 But beware of all that is,
 For enticing as it all may seem,
 Entering is dangerous.



Aubree Larson

Charles M. Pulsipher

The Mad Tree-house

Thunder seemed to fill the air as the horse threw itself into the darkening wood. One lone figure sagged in the saddle, or two, if the wrapped bundle held to his chest proved to be a person. He held it so tightly it could not be seen. It could have been anything, some stolen treasure, old, dirty rags. It does not matter really. What mattered at this moment was this man's flight. The small bundle might be important later, but in that moment, escape from whatever demons followed him was all there was.

He would have been a frightening thing to see, if anyone had been there to see him. The setting sun filtered through the leaves and dappled his terrible, intense face with splotches of green and yellow. These colors changed, grew, shrank, and flowed around him as he sped through the forest. It appeared as uneasy moss or mold spreading over his face, clothes, and horse, unable to stay in one spot too long.

The sight was rather unnerving, especially with his fine clothes snagging and ripping and a crimson streak, drying brown, running from the crown of his head to his chin. This streak skipped his neck, but continued again below his shoulder and was lost behind the mysterious bundle. A lot of blood lost, but at least it had stopped bleeding. The blood caked and cracked as it dried, but he didn't wipe it away. His hands held the reigns fiercely, knuckles white. His eyes bulged and didn't seem to see anything around him. He didn't blink until the horse crashed out into the full reddening sunlight once again.

The horse staggered in the high grass and deep sand of the clearing and finally stopped, panting miserably. The man slipped and fell to the gritty floor. He lay there several seconds, eyes shut, before jumping up again to gently pull down the bundle of cloth. "Son, we are almost safe



now," his voice cracked loudly in the silence of the clearing. He then carefully laid the wrapped figure of his son on a patch of grass and quickly removed his sword. He held his weapon up and then smacked the poor, tired horse sharply with the flat side, sending it madly into the woods again.

He broke a branch from where they had left the woods and brushed away his footprints, leaving only the horse's hoofprints, as he backed towards his son. He lifted the bundle and continued towards the small lake at the center of the clearing, brushing as he went. He didn't stop at the water's edge, but splashed in, holding up his child. He again spoke to this unseen boy, "We have to swim, son. I'm sorry. We have to make it to the island, the tree-house."

After some silent seconds, he added, "I found it when I strayed from a hunting party once, but never told anyone." He laughed, more a strangled, choking noise coming from his ragged face. "I don't know why I kept it a secret. Fate I guess." This conversation ended as he entered deeper water and began to swim, holding the bundle out of the water as best he could. It was tough going, his arms holding the child and his body obviously exhausted, but he soon staggered out of the water onto land once more.

The island was very green, covered in thick grass and trees, almost another forest in itself. No tree-house was evident, but a small path invisible from the far shore was now apparent. He followed it through the gathering darkness and came upon a massive, monster of a tree. Yellow light shone from its windows into the twilight of the woods. Tree-house meant literally inside the tree. Windows, a porch with chairs, and a door were visible proof that this was no ordinary tree.

He didn't knock, just burst in, frightening two women who were sitting before the small fire. One was fairly fat and the other was fairly more fat. They were exiles from the kingdom, by law or choice and thus a refuge. The thinner one, if she may be called thinner, gasped, "Oh

dear, our King!" The King glanced at them, softly laid the child on the table, and muttered, "and Prince," before collapsing to the wooden floor.

The two heaps of women rushed to the two heaps of cloth and went to work. Shortly later the women had managed to clean and feed their two guests. They had both pleased and annoyed the King with unceasing babble of how wonderful a child the prince was, the most handsome, well behaved, and perfect child they had ever seen. They questioned the King relentlessly about what brought him there and also gossiped of their own lives. There was little for them to tell, and the King refused to speak until they had finished bandaging his head. Once finished, he sent them out, curtly, saying only, "I must speak with my son. Begone with you both." He was King, after all.

He sat across from his son and tried to smile fondly. "I'm sorry, son," he began. "I haven't had time to explain, and I'm sure you are quite confused." His face grew grave and tired. "Your brother has betrayed us and your mother is dead. We barely escaped, but at least we are alive." He dropped his head and continued, "I don't understand how he could ... my own son!" His head remained down for some time, his body convulsing with sobs. He had lost his kingdom, his queen, and a son; he can't be blamed for a few kingly tears.

His sobbing ceased, but his head remained downcast for several minutes of silence more. He laughed. "Son, we will take it all back," he spoke as his head rose once more. "You and I will grow strong here. The two women are mad, completely insane. Remember that and you'll be fine, just trust me. They have been alone a long time, but we'll be safe here until we are ready. You grow and learn a few years and then we take back our kingdom, you and I." A light entered his eyes and his face grew more intense, an intensity set off by his sudden shining smile. "What do you say, son? Can you see it?" he asked.

No answer came. The King seemed not to notice and continued

planning his redemption from exile, babbling about battles to come. His face glowed with excitement and ambition. No answer came, no answer would ever come for that matter. The King carried on while across from him sat a small, tattered rag doll. It sat quietly, seeming to listen intently, as a wall or a rock listens, to the King drone on. It occupied the only other chair in the room, bead eyes fixed on nothing and a silly little grin fixedly sewn on its fluff filled face.

Larry Getty

Soup

A missionary in a pot, what a surprise,
Mirrors and matches, beads and disguise
A revolution of thought to replace the old,
To retell children all they've been told.
Go natives! Cook all you can catch,
And I'll be the one to lend you a match

Sherry Everett

Waiting Tables

Twelve hours saying
"Hello" and "Welcome"
And "How do you like
Your steak?"
As if it is worth
The thin, crumpled dollar
You'll pull from your purse
And flick on the table.
Refilling Cokes
And clearing clutter
And chatting
With a painted smile
While my bloated feet
Pulse in my black pumps
And mascara
Melts down my cheeks
Like the dark threads
Of a thousand tiny spiders.

Whitney Lawhon

So I Might Breathe

Darkness,
 Purples, blacks, and greens,
 All around me.
 Spinning—lying still,
 Falling.
 Up, down, I fall for you.
 Suffocating in your emptiness
 Thriving on your abundance,
 Waiting for the next gust of wind
 So I might breathe.
 Walking away from this crazy love,
 Running to your arms,
 Shielded by you, shielded from you,
 I want to stay away....
 I want to stay.
 Lightning striking all around, dancing angrily with each bolt,
 Crying to the skies, the skies with me.
 Pain, happiness, mad laughter,
 Into the night we yell.
 I am free; I am your captive
 I cannot leave; you do it well,
 Screaming for you—silent screaming—you do not hear,
 So I'm left standing in your darkness
 Alone.
 And I laugh out loud; it's all I know to do,
 All I can do, what else is there to do?
 I cannot stay away....
 I cannot stay.

Cindy Lee Wallace

Love Thy Enemy

There was no one Mrs. Black loathed more than Amanda. She knew her feelings were unhealthy. After all, she was the one who was supposed to love Amanda the most. So she tried to think of Amanda fondly, but her heart lacked the emotion necessary for such a task. Living with Amanda fed her hurt and anger over her recent divorce, until hating Amanda became almost an obsession, if not a full time occupation.

Amanda was incredibly lazy. In fact, Mrs. Black was sometimes amazed that anyone could be that useless. Amanda lounged around in her pajamas, refusing to do any work of any kind, even clean up her messes. As far as Mrs. Black was concerned, there was no point to Amanda's selfish existence. Amanda was a stark reminder she was approaching middle age.

"You look ridiculous. I can't believe you even tried on the little black dress. For goodness sake, you're not in your twenties anymore," Amanda told her as she popped one grape after another in her mouth. She wore a gloating expression on her face.

Mrs. Black turned away in disgust. Mrs. Black had once been a great beauty, but her animosity towards Amanda had made her face pinched and hard. She had tiny lines etched in the corner of her eyes and around her mouth. Her lustrous blond hair had the audacity to show signs of gray. If there was one thing she hated as much as Amanda, it was being forty. She longed to be twenty again, carefree, popular, and adored for her looks. She eased the black dress over her head, and tossed it carelessly to the floor. She reached for another dress out of her closet, a red and sparkly one.

Amanda broke into a fit of giggles. "You've got to be kidding!"

You're such a big cow you won't even be able to button the buttons."

She had never grown accustomed to Amanda's meanness, not in all of the years she had been forced to live with her. Amanda charmed and fooled everyone into thinking she was a decent person. Only she knew the truth. Amanda had been the cause of her divorce. Amanda was evil.

Amanda began to raid her closet. She pulled dress after dress off their hangers. Once in a while she would stop and hold a dress up to Mrs. Black's hourglass figure, but then she would shake her head and drop the dress on the floor with the others.

"What are you doing?"

"I am trying to find a suitable outfit for you to wear, but it's virtually impossible. You're pathetic. No wonder your husband left you," Amanda commented.

"He didn't leave me. We drifted apart," she retorted.

"Whatever you say," Amanda said dubiously. She grabbed an elegant, emerald green pantsuit out of the closet. "Here, try this on."

The outfit made her large green eyes stand out, clung to her curves, and softened her features.

Amanda still looked disapproving. "That doesn't become you either. Oh well, no matter what you wear, you're going to end up scaring your date, so you might as well not even try."

Amanda walked away.

"Why do you treat me like this? Why do you act like such a witch?"

Amanda whirled around with a snide look on her face. "Because I can."

The doorbell sounded before Mrs. Black could reply. Her palms began to sweat. "It's him. What am I going to do?"

"First, you have to answer the door, you idiot," sneered Amanda.

She opened the door. Her date was tall, dark and handsome. In his strong, well-manicured hands he held a bouquet of red roses.

"These are for you," he said.

She took the flowers from him. "Thank you, they're wonderful," she said in delight. "I'll just go put them in some water."

Her date looked beyond her to the bedroom. She had forgotten to shut the door, and the many clothes that littered the floor were clearly visible. She flushed in embarrassment. At least he hadn't seen Amanda in her pajamas. Not that Amanda didn't deserve it.

Amanda followed her to the kitchen, where she searched for a vase to put the flowers in.

"Pretty flowers. Too bad they're going to be dead in a few days, just like your relationship with this man," Amanda remarked as she snatched the flowers off the counter and deposited them in the trash can.

"I can't believe you did that," Mrs. Black uttered.

Amanda guffawed. "Why not? They will be there in a couple of days anyway. I was just helping them along."

"Leave me alone. What do you know, anyway?" Mrs. Black told her harshly. She practically ran from the kitchen.

"Are you ready to go?" asked her date kindly.

"Yes, let's get out of here." She quickly shut the door behind her in an effort to escape. She could hear Amanda laughing after her.

He walked her to the front porch.

"Thank you, I had a good time," she said, smiling up at him.

"Me too. We should do this again sometime. I'll call you," her date said.

She watched him drive away, and then went in the house where Amanda was waiting for her. "He'll never call," Amanda told her cruelly. "Well, maybe once more until he gets what he wants."

She pressed her hands to her ears. "Liar!"

"You're ugly," Amanda taunted. "The only reason he asked you out was because he felt sorry for you. Face it, you're a charity case."

"Shut up," she shouted. "Just shut up."

Mrs. Black trembled with rage. She couldn't live with Amanda anymore. Amanda was driving her insane.

She had loved Amanda like she was supposed to when she was a child. However, by the time Amanda had become a teenager, her fondness had dwindled. Amanda deserved to die. She had killed the baby.

She calmly walked to the desk and opened the false compartment. She smiled insanely once she found what she was looking for. The gleaming black revolver her husband had forgotten when he left was still there. When she lifted the gun into her hands, it seemed to pulsate with a life of its own.

"For the love of God, no! What are you doing?" Amanda cried in a frightened voice.

"What I should have done a long time ago."

"We can work through this," Amanda choked out. "Don't do anything rash."

"No! I've had enough of you," Mrs. Black said while taking aim. When Amanda realized she couldn't talk her way out of it, she leapt for the gun, pushing Mrs. Black to the floor. Amanda wrestled for her life, but rage made Mrs. Black strong, and she won the desperate struggle.

Mrs. Black's lips twisted into a queer smile. "Good-bye, Amanda," Mrs. Black said, before she shot her at point blank range.

The attractive middle-aged man stared in horror at the dead body lying in the morgue. He became nauseated and had to look away. Amanda had been his only family.

"Yes, that's her," he said shakily. "That's Amanda."

"Mr. Black, I need to ask you some questions," the police officer told him. "Do you have any idea why your ex-wife would do something like this?"

He shook his head.

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"It's been over a year."

"So you weren't around when she..."

"No."

"How long were you and your ex-wife married?" inquired the police officer.

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years is a long time. Why did the marriage end?"

Mr. Black looked at the police officer sharply. "That's none of your business." When the police officer met his gaze levelly, he sighed. "Our child died, and our marriage couldn't withstand the tragedy."

The police officer asked him a few more questions, then said, "Those are all of the questions we have for you, sir. Thank you for your time."

On his way home, Mr. Black stopped his car at the gas station to fill his tank with gasoline.

"Mr. Black," a woman said, just as he was getting back in his car to drive away. The woman who spoke was around sixty with a pleasant face.

Mr. Black didn't recognize her.

"Mr. Black," the woman repeated. "You probably don't remember me, but I used to live on the same floor as you and your ex-wife in Riverside Apartments. I'm Bernice Andrews."

"Oh yes, I remember now."

"You and your ex-wife were newlyweds at the time, and just starting out. Everyone in the apartment building envied you because you were so in love. I was so sad when I heard about the death of your

child and your divorce."

"Thank you."

"I read about your ex-wife in the paper. I'm so sorry. I remember her being so kind and beautiful," Bernice reminisced.

"Yes, she was," Mr. Black agreed, his voice thick with emotion.

"How did your ex-wife die? The obituary didn't say."

"Amanda killed herself."

Aubree Larson

Death's Messenger

Out of mist's darkness
A creature in white
Comes floating towards you,
Her eyes red from crying.
Her tears thicken the mist
As she addresses your soul,
And in ear piercing shrieks
She sings of your death.
She tells when it will happen
And where & with whom;
Then, she saunters away,
And you fall to your knees,
Knowing you can't change
What the banshee forseees.

*Second Place Winner, 2000-2001 Anne Arundel County Poetry Competition

Rachelle M. Lewis

Come and join the rat race,
Hop aboard the train,
Its destination is life's comforts,
Oh, the pleasures you will gain.
To the city it will take you,
Where life is just a game.
There you'll find a job,
A number, and a name.
Surrender to society,
Their expectations and their greed,
Let them take your money,
Become accepted by their breed.
So now you live the rat race
Never to be free,
You've dissolved into the crowd
Of modern humanity.

James Barden

Sepulcher of the Deep*

Beneath azure surface and ebon waves
Lie lost sailors in their watery graves;
Capsized and tattered lie ancient boats
And wretched victims, air escaped from their throats.
A solitary lighthouse stretches over the crests,
Its shadow reaching, never touching, its permanent guests
Whispers arise from beneath
Their furied crescendo, a comforting sheath.
Hours, minutes, moments roll by.
Relentless waves reflect against the obsidian sky;
The clock stills as its hands touch noon
Above clouds, shattered remnants of a wispy moon.
The tides play their music against wraithlike shores
Like kettle drums beating into a frenzied roar,
Yet beneath it all Poseidon continues to tinker,
His great pole luring men with float, hook, and sinker.

*Second Place Winner, 2000-2001 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Brooke Dobson

Dreams

Light closes its eyes,
 Dark clouds tuck the sun in.
 The moon tiptoes across the sky,
 Wind chills my skin.
 I drift off to sleep,
 Dreaming of demons and damsels in distress;
 Outside shadows part for headlights of cars passing by.
 Mischievous, cat-like eyes reflect the brightness of their rays.
 Secret wishes twist and twirl in the breeze.
 Fairies fly by, protecting children as they sleep.
 Morning rays sparkle in the dew.
 I prepare to leave my world of dreams.
 My conscious mind starts to awake.
 The imagination of dreams,
 Or the experiences in life?
 I'm caught in between.
 True happiness is,
 When I'm half asleep and half awake.

Christie Lundberg

Dealing with Intelligent Electro-Mechanical Devices

"Even as a youngster, though, I could not bring myself to believe that if knowledge presented danger, the solution was ignorance. To me, it always seemed that the solution had to be wisdom. You did not refuse to look at danger, rather you learned how to handle it safely.

--Isaac Asimov, The Caves of Steel

In current society, people all over the world are dealing with computer technology and the effects of incorporating that technology into daily life. The effects are not always positive. Computers deprive a good portion of the human race of crucial basic abilities. I hold the belief that while the benefits of modern technology are astronomical, we are already too dependent on them. To test my theory, take a calculator away from an algebra student or a register away from a cashier; the results will not be promising. The problem gets bigger. I can testify from personal experience that children of the American public school system are not learning how to solve arithmetical problems or spell correctly using their brains, rather they are learning which buttons to push, buttons on their calculators and how to run the spell checker on their word processor. People question how they will handle the day computers are smarter than most humans. That day is here and has been among us for quite some time. The next logical step is to inquire into how the human race will treat these intelligently superior computers when they are given (or spontaneously develop) emotions, human form, and human abilities (such as some form of reproduction). We further wonder what will be done when computers not only have everything previously mentioned, but abilities that far surpass our wildest dreams such as telepathy. In the following paragraphs, I will

attempt to answer these questions, however feeble the attempt may be.

In the introduction to his book *The Caves of Steel*, Isaac Asimov eloquently reminds us that "any technological advance can be dangerous. Fire was dangerous from the start, and so (even more so) was speech--and both are still dangerous to this day--but human beings would not be human without them" (viii).¹ Asimov introduces numerous situations we might encounter in our dealings with humaniform robots in his novels *The Robots of Dawn* and *The Caves of Steel*. The possible problems are, in my mind, quite obvious; therefore, I will concentrate on the far more interesting and almost impossible to attain possibility that we might be able to treat robots as we would a fellow human.

Currently, humans as a whole are unable to treat each other decently. We kill each other, harbor racist beliefs; we are afraid of each other and hate each other. When I say it would be next to impossible for us to treat a robot like a human, considering the above statement, I am probably wrong; we might be able to treat robots as we do other humans. However, Asimov stresses in his book *The Robots of Dawn*, how a human can learn to love and truly believe a robot to be human. Lije transitions from being repulsed at the thought of having to work with Daneel to actually feeling that Daneel is as much human, if not more, than he is. In *The Robots of Dawn*, after inspecting the deceased Jander, Lije deludes himself into believing that "a robot corpse is much more human than a human corpse" (156). Even more intriguing is the conversation between Daneel and Lije regarding the proper word to be used when describing Jander's death. In his attempt to personify Jander, Lije tells Daneel that "even a tree may be killed by disease, so why may not a robot be killed, eh, Daneel?" Daneel logically replies, "A robot is a human artifact, as much as this viewer is. An artifact is 'destroyed,' 'damaged,' 'demolished,' and so on. It is never 'killed'" (37). Clearly, Lije is desperately trying to assign human terms

to a robot. Lije wants Daneel to be human more than Daneel wants to be human. Could it be that Daneel wants to be what he is (which is a robot), and it is only arrogance on Lije's part in the assumption that being human is better than being a robot; therefore, Daneel must not only exhibit human characteristics, but actually become human? Lije flatly states that Daneel is not a robot and suggests that he is a person in the following taken from *The Robots of Dawn*: "And Baley was amazed to discover that he really meant it. He was faintly horrified to realize that he would be ready to risk his life for a robot. No, not for a robot. For Daneel" (54).

One of the issues Asimov subtly introduces to his readers is whether robots have souls. This is entirely difficult to answer since I cannot prove that I have one. According to *The Reader's Digest Great Encyclopedic Dictionary*, the definition of soul is "the rational, emotional, and volitional faculties in man, conceived of as forming an entity distinct from the body" (1280). Considering the above definition, if the word 'man' were eliminated and/or not a crucial component of the



Suburban

definition, it would be possible to suggest that a robot could have a soul. The best response I have come across to date regarding the issue of a robot containing a soul came from Alan Turing speaking about God, as quoted in *Science Fiction & Futurism: The Text* and is as follows: "In attempting to construct such machines we should not be irreverently usurping his power of creating souls, anymore than we are in the procreation of children. Rather we are, in either case, instruments of his will providing mansions for the souls that he creates" (57).

Unfortunately, I do not foresee the human race accepting a robot as one of their own. How could we accept an entity so biologically different from ourselves (even if it is our own creation) when we cannot accept an irrelevant biological difference such as skin color among our own?

The best result I can see coming forth is a unification of the human race as a result of being faced with an equally (if not superiorly) intelligent and capable entity. We must not forget that the fit survive, and intellectual fitness often outweighs physical fitness.

NOTE

¹ Asimov is telling his readers that they can no longer call themselves human if they cease to learn, explore, and create, however dangerous the endeavor may be, and the danger will always be there; thus expressing the importance of knowledge and wisdom in the human experience.

Bonnie King

Meadow

A mane of daisy
Braids, weave into sea-green fields--
A channel of youth.

Prentiss Thacker

Incomplete

The colorful geraniums sit
Quietly on the porch,
Symbolizing the innocence of spring,
Daydreaming what it would be like
To explode like a firecracker
And wanting to be touched
By the sun's powerful rays.

Larry Getty

Queen

Though a complex woman to me,
She was dot common to see.
With her board, pad, and mouse in place,
And the glow of the screen upon her face,
She was a gal you would not soon forget.
A high clicker, she was queen of the Internet.

Whitney Lawhon

And Curse Love's Name

I'll turn my face to the wind
And curse its name
As it blows my heart away.
And scream with mad passion
Confused and off course
As my stars begin to fade.
The setting sun with its flaming desire
Burns hot with loving hate,
And I am left crippled,
Scorched by you
Alone, broken, and long too late.

Whitney Lawhon

In The Skin We Wear

In a sea of repeated faces where we are all the same, and life creeps along slowly everyday, and without the other we'd be alone, but with each other we feel like clones. So here we stand our own place in line, penetrating through the surface to get a better view. Days tiredly drag and nights bring relief while quickly we plan in the dark our big escape, but morning breaks and our thoughts change and we sweat while we wait for the same thing as yesterday. But it's obviously not coming; we've been lied to once more, yet we still wait unsure of what we're waiting for, except that the food was good so we stayed for awhile, cause we know out there the meals are few. And time passed and we're still here, repetition grows comfortable as change becomes fear. So we hang out 'cause where else is there to go; we'd rather stay and never know. Our feet become roots, our thoughts unclear, and slowly we forget the reason we came here. We seem to yearn for something we've never before known; life whirls around us and we don't even know what direction we're going or what we're going for. Our heroes fade slowly and we can't decide what team we play for anymore. Time passes quickly, inching its way by, ideas change from night to day, as curiosity urges us not to refrain from what we know deep somewhere is true, and we search and we search but end up in the same place we began. So what the hell, the water's warm dive in while we can before the storm comes our way, and we won't stay protected long. Without our shield, without our faith we are alone in the storm, in the rain of life, where many are wise but wisdom is rarely used, and this is where we get lost, blind and confused.

But we cannot stay here, the season has changed; it's time to get going, to get on our way. There must be something better waiting down

the road; anything is better than what we now know, and it's getting cold here, and the wind is starting to blow. Where do we find that peace of mind? On this road we're walking we're lagging behind. But life won't beat us down, it can't, we're stronger than that; we just gotta get out of this spot we're stuck at. If we hold out long enough, if we hold on tight, and during the battle we put up a fight, and yell out loud what's been on our mind, what's been bouncing around inside and we just now got the courage to scream it, hoping those we want to hear will hear it. And everyone will suddenly understand why; they won't have to ask cause we already told 'em. And we can walk comfortably in the skin we wear, we can finally dare to breathe in this air and know it won't hurt what's inside. But this road is long and unfamiliar to these feet, and we've got to do this one alone. But it's during the war that we find the courage to fight, in the midst of our bad mistakes when we learn what's right, taught how to see on the darkest night, and learn how to laugh from the times we cry. So during the rain when we're cold and alone, lost and confused and don't know what to call home, afraid of what's ahead and scared of what we've already been shown, keep in mind a blue sky always hides behind the storm.

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
1994-95	Dina Gerhauser	Ace G. Pilkington
1995-96	Aubree Howard	Ace G. Pilkington
1996-97	Diana L. Blakley & Bart Jay Mitchell	Ace G. Pilkington
1997-98	April Davis, Amber Hyde, & Kelly Leatham	Ace G. Pilkington
1998-99	Heidi Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1999-2000	Darryl Barfuss, Liana Kempton & Cindy Lee Wallace	Ace G. Pilkington
2000-2001	Cindy Lee Wallace	Ace G. Pilkington

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