

"A Winding Stair To Tomorrow"



The Southern Quill

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"A Winding Stair To Tomorrow"

"All rising to great place is by a winding stair."

... Francis Bacon

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Music: Lucinda Dove

A Winding Stair

I. OTHER MINDS

Janae Daley

Outer Space, Inner Mind

What is in the universe? Are there other worlds? Other intelligences? Throughout history we have searched to find out what was beyond our limits. We ventured from land and discovered new continents. Then the exploration of the frontier started, helping us find our place in the world by discovering what is around us. The movement from the searching of myth to the exploring of the Americas to the examining of space was natural and inevitable as Leslie A. Fiedler makes clear, "In short, the myth of the new and the West . . . is quite simply the myth of America and of the Indian, who is the last stranger . . . this globe can know, until we meet on his own territory or in ours, the first extra-terrestrial, whom, until now we have only fantasized and dreamed." Where is our place in the cosmos, and what is beyond our galaxy? These are now our unanswered questions. Our scientific curiosity drives us on a search for answers. What is it all for? If as Carl Sagan says, "In the deepest sense, the search for extraterrestrial intelligence is a search for ourselves," are we trying to find our identity by seeking other intelligences?

Finding the new continent gave us a new identity. Carl Sagan felt the discoveries bound "the Earth together, to decrease provincialism, to unify the human species and to advance powerfully our knowledge of our planet and ourselves." Is it simply a matter of making new discoveries and finding ourselves in the answers, or is there a sense in which the very process of asking questions helps to define our identity? As Preston Cloud says, "Self-consciousness and curiosity about one's relation to the before, after, and yonder are peculiarly human traits." In this way when we ask questions about the past, about the future, when we

search for extraterrestrial intelligences, we are really discovering ourselves.

Scientists look for ways to contact and send messages to other worlds. They have devices set up to listen for messages from other planets. At the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in Greenbanks, West Virginia, in 1959 and 1960, a system was invented to listen for radio signals. Since this project, several attempts have been made to listen for radio signals. There have also been several attempts to send radio signals to other galaxies in hopes that they would reach other intelligences.

An experiment such as this was done in 1974 from Puerto Rico. The radio waves were sent to a close cluster of stars called M13. The message will take 24,000 years to get there, since it is 24,000 light years away. Are we really interested in receiving messages 48,000 years from now, or are we experimenting with the process of sending messages, bolstering our hope that there is other intelligent life in the universe, and examining the mechanism of our own intelligence?

Children grow up learning through questions. They have an endless number of questions, learning and discovering from their encounters with the world around them. They venture a little further and further beyond their limits. In some ways we are still like those children, trying to find out who we are, where we are and why we are here by venturing further beyond our limits. We still have that child-like characteristic in us that asks questions about everything and most of all about ourselves. And because we are human, we can't stop asking those questions till we have found the answers.

Wendy Harris

Stars

Stars, tiny beads of silver
Shimmering in ebony silk
That is night. Silently, they circle
The dark orb of Earth.
Each prick joined in its path
By mirrored fire.
Below, corruptible man attempts
To explain. In his limited space,
He sets bounds to his world--
Infinity, eternity.

Sarah Montes

Tesseract

Time--

Everlasting, He

Silently creeps;

Shrewdly He laughs

as He tricks and deceives.

Echoes from corridors

Riven and torn;

A passage to worlds--

mysterious shapes and forms.

Concealed is the way,

for man thinks in straight lines;

Trapped is the knowledge

to tessera through time.

Bonnie McCowan

The Shell

Shells deserted on a sandy tidal flat,

Networks of minute, precise bands

Woven with a thread of vivid color,

Winding like a spiral staircase

Into my inner existence.

Myriad evolutions must have taken place,

A lifetime of climbing;

Layer upon layer,

Change after infinitesimal change,

Like my own complex world.

Andie Nielsen

Back To Green Summers

I looked out the window and stared at the trees. The leaves were firmly attached on the upward stretching branches. But inside I felt like fall. It seemed like everything around me was falling off or dying.

"Karen, get away from the window!" A woman, around thirty-five years of age, entered the room.

"But, Mom, I was just . . ." I exclaimed, straining my eyes to make her understand.

"Karen, I said, get away and that is what I mean!" Mom shrieked.

So I walked away and sat on my green rug. Mom and Dad had taken me with them to pick out my new carpet. Mom wanted me to choose pink, and Dad liked the bumpy brown. But I picked green so that even in the winter it could be summer again.

Mom shut the door, turning the handle with a flick of her wrist. I started to sob, the tears falling on the rug, just like rain on grass. I cried until my throat felt raw and my eyes couldn't push out any more tears.

I began picking at the white bandage on my head. But the pain of pulling at the tape gave me a headache, so I lay down and slept.

The dream was purple and red for a while, but then I saw green. It was so happy. I reached out to touch it, but Mom was shaking me.

"Wake up, Karen! You've got to stay awake! Do you understand?" Mom stood above me like the counters in the kitchen. I stared at her eyebrows as her mouth moved around her teeth, spilling out the words to my ears. But, of course, I wouldn't listen to the words. I wanted to watch her eyebrows dance.

"Karen, you're not listening to me! Karen! Oh, never mind . . . ah, honey." Mom's eyes filled with tears, but her tears didn't fall on the green rug.

Mom sat on my bed and stroked my hair. The frozen feeling in my stomach started to melt.

Just as I could feel the warmth once again, Mom got up. I could hear her crying outside my door. I wanted to tell her not to. It gave me a headache.

Instead, I dreamed of green again. But it wasn't happy green. This time, it was awful, hideous green. Because the hideous green was on the fat man's car. The car that killed my daddy on the way home from school. Why didn't the ugly green kill me too? It hurt, it hurt!

"It's okay, Karen. I'm here." Mom whispered.

But it wasn't okay. Mom made me go to the funeral, where no one smiled. Everyone just said they were sorry as they hugged me. I didn't want to be hugged, but since they were crying, I let them hug me.

I asked Mom why the grass was green at the cemetery. I thought the cemetery was where you put dead things, so the grass should be brown. Dead.

Mom told me to be quiet, and handed me a flower. But the flower was alive too.

As we drove through the graveyard gates, a single orange leaf fell on the hood of the black car.

Katy Frandsen

What Is Your Name . . . And Where Are You Now?

What is your name . . . and where are you now?

Twenty years ago,

I was a tiny seed inside of you.

I felt your fear,

As I grew underneath your heart.

You loved him (your cadet),

And I loved him too,

Knowing I would never see either of you.

You cried at night . . .

The guilt and pain

Were almost too much for you to bear.

As your Mother smoothed your tangled curls

To silence your sobs,

I also whispered words of comfort,

Hoping you would somehow hear me

From within.

I entered the world

Screaming loudly!

I wanted you to hold me

Just for a moment

So I could say, "Thank you,"

But I did get a glimpse of you

As they bundled me up

And took me away from you.

My family, my friends,

And my life as it is now

Would make you happy

If you could watch over me,

And every Third of November,

I pray that you are.

With each passing year,

I wonder more about you.

If someday I should meet you,

I would tell you,

I LOVE YOU!

What is your name . . . and where are you now?



Fred Friese

Alone in her room
Buried in memorized words and music,
She licks her bloodless wounds.
Epicritic evening--
Bruised by the stars
And slashed by the moon--
Even the sky has plotted against her.

Death in the day with a grave in the sun,

It's only light upon her scars
And warmth to those who
Cause her pain.

Bonnie McCowan

What Are Friends For?

My friend lost her little one while my children played.
Unknowing, I continued endless household chores.

I dreaded seeing her; I thought, "She will be broken
and sore after those long months of waiting, and the pain."
Yet she only sat rocking in a chair. Her face I expected
would be red blotched and tear stained, but it wasn't, more
opaque and colorless; her hair was fixed perfectly.

"It's good to see you," she said, "I'm glad you've
come." Her body rocked back and forth; the chair did not
move.

"Stop that!" I wanted to say. "Stop rocking and
talking so calmly."

"I'm going to be all right," she answered, looking
through me out the window; golden leaves stirred in the
sudden breeze.

I tried to say, "Why don't you cry or scream, dig your
nails into my arm? Then I can hold you and make it better,
but I couldn't.

"I held him," she continued rocking, "He's a beautiful
baby. I thought any minute he would turn his little head."
A tear swelled in her eye.

My hands reached for the soft curve of her knee; I
quickly jammed them into the pockets of my tweed jacket, and
pulled it tight across my back.

She spoke of the funeral arrangements, the little
velvet blue coffin and knit cotton jumper.

For hours she stood, a stone, comforting lines of
people with friendly faces.

"Please," I said wordless, "you are coming?"

"No. No, I think not." I felt suddenly old and
withered; slipping away, unnoticed by the crowd, I closed
the bedroom door, and looked, searching, into the mirror.

Honey Thompson

Crying tears inside my heart,
But I won't let them show.
I'll wish and dream, I'll cry and scream,
But no one else will know.

I'll break the bonds I've grown to love.
I'll scream at the world till dawn.
I'll hope and pray for an understanding day,
But my prayers will remain unknown.

I see the world through conditioned eyes.
I look and I clench my fist.
I'll ask for sun where I can peacefully run,
But none shall hear my wish.

Jan Collins

Settled For Now

Emotions beating inside
Like the pulse of the sea's tide,
Lost with no answers to settle the storm;
It may be a mood or another nerve torn,
But who can ease the pressure
When there's no release
For pounding thoughts that never cease?

The ride is rough down the waterfall,
But once at the bottom,
All motions stall.

So the wave still beats against the rock;
Emotion will live until it can talk.

Fred Friese

Confused blank verses with tired hearts,
Blind couplets sharing empty kisses,
Angry scriptures marching a deranged cadence;
(The innocent lyrics are offended.)
Madrigals dance, flaunting their beautiful clothes.
Among them,
Alone,
Walks a monody.
He wanders through
The epigram city
With no destination--
Losing interest in his own lament.

Wendy Harris

Write you a picture.
Sounds easy enough.
Let the words flow--

"No,
Not a story--
A picture!
The words are to draw."

Fine.
I'll start again,
Look for something--
Crushed daffodils, broken crayons,
Melting ice cream.

I'll provide the lines;
You fill them with color.

Colleen McKnight

The old, deserted fountain
That's perched outside the pane,
Nests the birds, unaware
That their love-sick calls
Torment my sleep.
I lie still and numbly hope
That night will flit by
But find myself humming
A familiar croon.

Shelly Bresee

Mnemosyne

From past to present
The memories that are formed
Are kept in realms beyond,
Surfacing in a flicker,
Brightly lit, but finally dimmed
And at other times sparked and fanned
For reminiscence of past events
That may cheer or sadden with each remembrance;
The voice of yesterday yearns to be heard
Listen, you can hear it . . . whisper.

Ace G. Pilkington

Exhibit at a High Tech Fair

This rose was cloned in Salt Lake City:
 There are reams of petals just like that,
 Identical puffs of December breath
 As precise as paper sliced to size.
 Genetic mirrors made ten thousand thorns,
 Congruent triangles which wickedly prick
 A planned collection of similar thumbs,
 And stretch out beyond Macbeth's worst dreams,
 Till the thing itself is its own succession
 And the ghost is alive in a machined procession.
 For the vegetable mystery at the garden's heart
 Has become a revelation as simple as sums,
 While the cells that held our secrets close
 Have been broken open in the name of the rose.

Sarah Montes

Spell Stopped

Don't touch me!
 You feel my flesh--like hot lava--
 Burning from the dry, cold ice beneath.
 I've reached out to reclaim the steam and mist,
 Yet somehow retrieving my hand only a shudder away
 From capturing the feeling,
 As if it would cause great pain.
 It pulses mechanical rhythms.
 I hold the bubble for a moment--
 Feeling the power, but I can't keep it.
 The magic inside the magic--
 Lost once upon a time--
 It's been so long.



Wendy Harris

Stonehenge

Bars, silent and alone
 Stand sentinel
 On the shadowed plain.
 Far off, distant mountains
 Hold the last rays of the setting sun.
 Curious wanderers awake and search
 Among the columns for their hidden secret,
 Buried long ago.

Janae Daley

How many stars are in the sky?
 A child cries one hundred and five,
 Teenagers boast millions and billions,
 Adults advise they cannot be counted,
 Astronomers proclaim the number infinite,
 And I, yes I, just wonder why.

Sarah Montes

I saw the face
Of someone from the past.
Just a glimpse--my heart stopped--
As I faltered in my steps.
A distant screen,
Like watching a movie of our past,
Played in his eyes.
We both searched, undecided,
To utter a word or pass on by.

Kay Jack

A Quiet Insanity

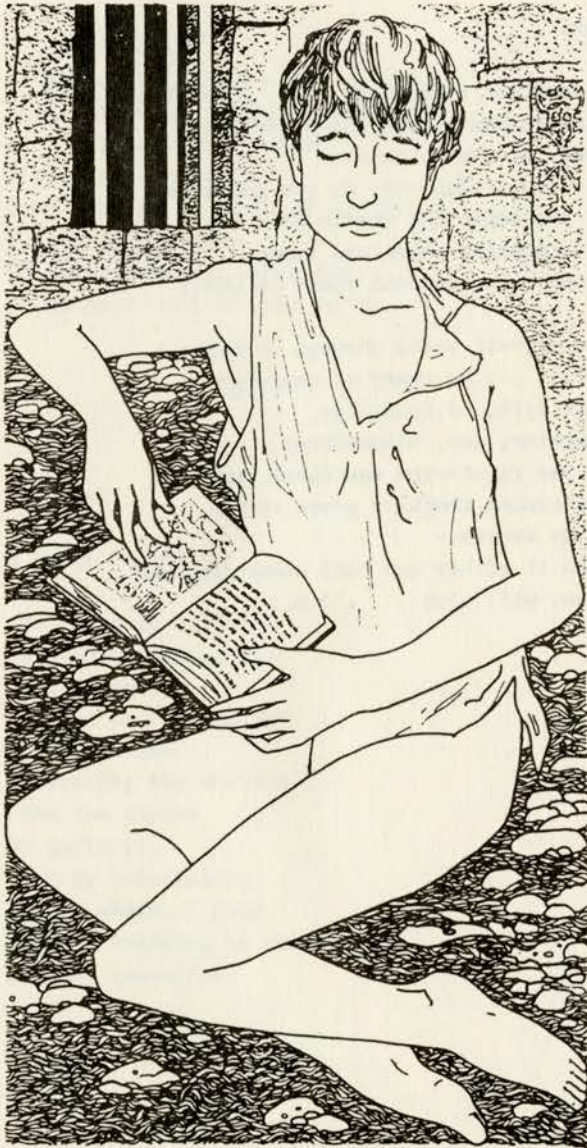
And there is a spider
Hanging on the thread
Of a thought,
Written on the tangled
Lines of time,
Reflecting the shadows
From the depths
Of infinity,
Cast by uncertainty
Of the abstract mind,
And I'm thinking of calling it
A quiet insanity.

Jaylynn Lewis

Salieri

"Mediocrities everywhere . . . I absolve you."
The insane man hisses and holds out
Creased, life-worn palms--
Unyielding vision--why do you pester me?
Don't you sense the strain as I try?
Effort, energy, ceaseless time,
Precious life, moments spent on what?

Mediocrity--it wafts through my being.
Weary . . . I am weary of wanting--
More of life, of knowledge,
Of laughter, joy, blessedness.
Eliot was right--the wasteland remains.
An occasional tempting green sprout
Whets my senses--
I watch it wither and curl under the heat.
It, too, will soon . . . die.



Fred Friese

I Became A Spectator

I became a spectator to the celebration--
Cheering for happiness, carefully
Observing love. I often sat in a hidden
Balcony of a grand comedy. The humor
Became graceful, and with each line
That the players shared, I sank deeper
Into the recesses of the theater.
Invisible.

The actors embraced, and began the
Sublime script--parodies of kisses
Dancing in their eyes. I was inspired.
I called the performances beautiful
And applauded until blood spurted
From my hands. But I could not be
Heard.

I will not forget this
Amazing loneliness.

3II. OTHER SELVES

Janae Daley

Fantasy As Exploration

Fantasy has often been written as an attempt by the author to find himself in his book or film. Ladyhawke is a fantasy, that we all may have, of two lovers who share the ultimate love. It is also about appearance and reality, and finally, (in a small way) it is about the nature of God and the universe. Though it seems unrealistic on the surface, it is very much like the kind of searching that leads human beings to scan the sky for other intelligent life.

Ladyhawke is the kind of escape that is really an exploration, just as the love of someone else can be the exploration of the self in a new, double context. As part of their exploration, the lovers in the film have struggles, but because of their love, they survive.

The symbols in the movie help to strengthen and explicate it, and the psychological reality that they image makes this fantasy film a realistic reflection of everyday life. One of the strongest symbols is the distance that separates the lovers both mentally and physically. Navarre is human during the day, but at night he is a black wolf. Isabeau is a hawk by day and human by night. A curse caused this; it was placed on them by an evil bishop who wanted Isabeau for his own. As Phillippe, their unwilling companion, unlucky guide, and unwitting guardian angel, said, explaining the lovers' living nightmare, "Always together, eternally apart." The lovers were only able to catch glimpses of each other between night and morning, or morning and night. Imperius, the wise old man who held the knowledge of a way to break the spell, explains to Phillippe, "Never touching in the flesh, only the anguish of a split second at sunrise and sunset when they can almost touch. As long as the sun rises and sets, as long as there

is day and night, and as long as they both shall live." Because of the curse, the lovers can never be together.

In our lives there are many times when lovers cannot be together. There are also those times when lovers are mentally separated or cannot communicate. Phillippe had to make up messages to give to each of the lovers, for they could not express their love to each other or even formulate words for a messenger. He told Navarre, "She wanted me to deliver a message, to say she still has hope, faith in you." Phillippe gave comfort to Isabeau, "You must save this Hawk," he says, inventing and speaking for Navarre, "for she is my life, my last and best reason for living." And then he said, "One day we will know such happiness as two people dream of but never do."

The bishop who put the curse on Navarre and Isabeau, having complete political and religious powers and wearing white signifying purity and good, goes against all our traditional, built-in beliefs that bishops are benevolent and saintly. This helps us to see that things are not always as they seem on the surface. Previously acquired images and symbols can be deceiving, such as white is good; in this case white is not the good guy. This bishop was evil and ruthless, not only for putting the curse on the lovers, but also because of the way he ruled Aquila. He had a well-filled dungeon from which no one (except Phillippe) had ever escaped. He had people put to death for minor crimes, and he was afraid that his evil rule might lead to rebellion. When Phillippe escaped from the dungeon, the guard told the bishop, "It's only one insignificant, petty thief." The bishop responded to this in a haughty and hasty way, possessed with a passion for power, "A single random spark can ignite the fires of rebellion." The guard vows to find Phillippe and bring him back.

Navarre, who is the hero of Ladyhawke, wears black. Not only is his armor black, but his horse is also black, and at night when he turns into a wolf, he turns into a black one. This goes against the traditional bad guy wears black, reinforcing the role reversal and helping to establish the feeling that appearances are deceptive.

Phillippe is trapped in the curse with Navarre and Isabeau; the three of them are bound together, sharing success or failure. The relatively innocent young boy is trying to find himself in relation to God during his journey in the movie, and what happens to the lovers strengthens his faith that God is good and the universe is benevolent. He is constantly talking to God, trying to find his place with Him, asking Him what is right and wrong. At the start of the movie, he makes a bargain with God not to steal again, asking God to get him out of what he thought was a deadly situation. When he is out of danger, Phillippe rationalizes that God understands (and understood when He was rescuing him) just how weak Phillippe really is, and, of course, he goes on stealing.

Later on in the movie, after telling the truth, he finds himself in a dangerous situation; he says to God, "How can I know what is right or wrong if you keep confusing me like this?" It seems to him that telling the truth leads to misery and lying is the way to happiness. Just before he re-enters Aquila, Phillippe announces to God, "We have come full circle, Lord; I would like to think there's some higher meaning in all this. It would certainly reflect well on You." By the end of the movie, Phillippe, learning how to help others, finds joy in helping the lovers. He has made his full circle, learned his lesson, and been transformed; he has found his "higher meaning in all this."

The success of the lovers is Phillippe's success, his guarantee that the world is good and faith will win out. He, in turn, (with the help of the wise old man, Imperius) has functioned as a kind of angel, almost a messenger from God who makes the breaking of the curse possible. With the breaking of the curse, we have a true happy ending, the psychological and physical separations are at an end, and we, as the audience, can smile warmly with Phillippe and Imperius, though we may not walk out of the theatre arm in arm muttering about Peter's gates and paradise.

The journey that we have made into this magical world has been a journey of understanding, a searching of and for the self that ultimately reveals the essence beneath the

symbols, just as our search for other intelligences is a means of asking and answering questions about our own intelligence and as love defines what we are by delineating what we value most.

Sarah Montes

Frozen Kiss

Released feelings, useless now,
Severed with goodbye--
Softly drift like wind-caught dust,
Open to the sky.
Don't forget my endless love
Will kindle with each dawn;
In my dreams I'll relive that love--
The frozen kiss lives on.

Mindy Andrus

Sweet Dreams

It's nice to dream you here
When empty shadows elude
Corners of my time.
Seems peaceful and real to be together
If even through sleep.
Wanting to wake only if it's you
Pulling on my blanket.

Katy Frandsen

Second Best

Inside of me is a black hole,
An unsoothed ache,
With nowhere to go.
You said, "I love you,"
But the conviction in your voice was gone.

Has the newness of me worn off?
Am I your pair of faded Strauss,
Warm and comfortable,
Just not as attractive
As the new ones on display?

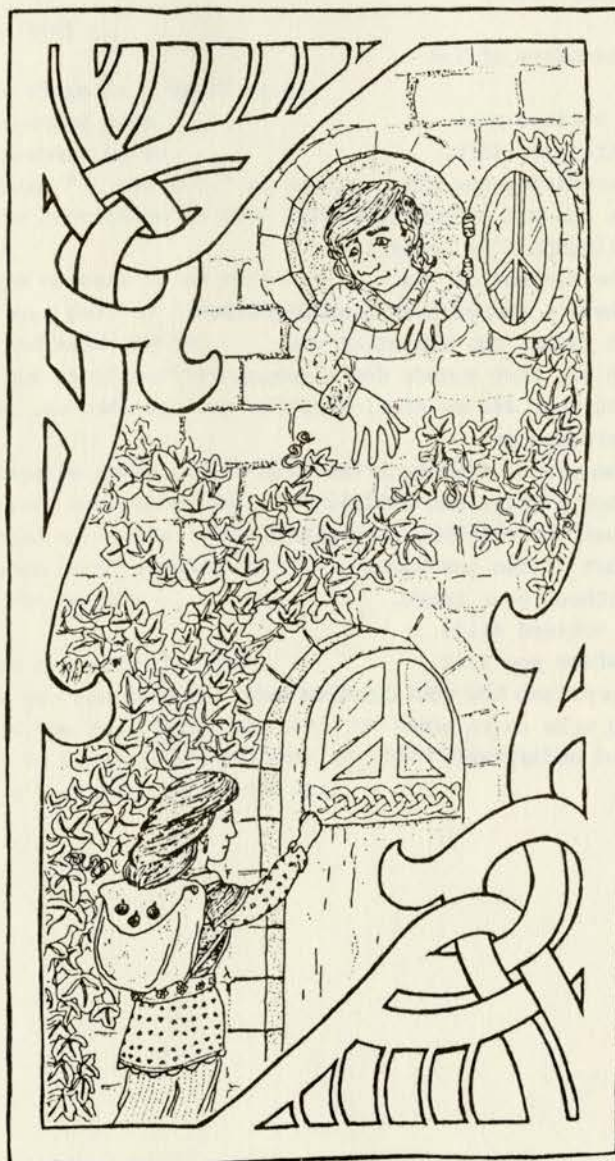
The time we spend together is nice;
We stroke each other with compliments
And hold each other for the electric-blanket effect,
But when "our" evening is over,
Your fun begins.

You go out with the boys
Where you can take off your mask of maturity,
And be the real little boy that you are.
I try to understand what goes on inside of you--
But it hurts--to be second best.

Mindy Andrus

Inventory of You

I noticed more
After you left.
Surprising how time evolves us
In and out of emotion,
Although I've never lost
The nucleus of you.
There's always been a need inside
To reveal the impact of you
On me, that sounds don't quench
(Neither did my dictionary).
Here you are
Someplace underneath the skin
That giggles and mellows
When we're in the same place.
That itches and hurts
Without your touch.
I noticed still
Before you left,
Surprised how you inspired me
To wake up to you
And understand.



Ace G. Pilkington

Love Is Rare

Love is rare:

Unquiet crows couple in molten air,
The necessity for company makes a kind of human sympathy,
But love is rare.

Foxes tumble in seasonal prayer

To create the canine miracle of a well-filled lair;
Parents of this selfish selflessness,
Men imprint their names on other flesh,
A genetic prison formed from a wish
Where love is rare.

Higher incivilities defy animal analogies--

Clutching lies, we sink in our necessities,
Eyes fixed on internal emptiness, a passion passionless
That weighs more than need can bear
When love is rare.

Fred Friese

Antipodes

Feel the magnetism disappear
At the critical moment.
Be sensitive to those warm gravities
As they evaporate when most vital.
When you and your love become antipodes,
Open your heart to invisible friction.
The physics of sorrow
Will penetrate
Every word with a number
And each thought with an equation,
Then abandon you in
Absurd bliss.

Mindy Andrus

Painted Heart

Taking brush and pallet
In hand,
I painted you out
Into grey
Of Holland rain and evening's darkening chill.
Faded sun,
Closed tulip
And weakened breeze,
Nothing could stroke away
The mood in the portrait
Of my oil-splattered heart.

Brenda Croshaw

New Beginnings

The scene takes place in a bedroom. In the room are two beds, a dresser and a desk. For the most part the room is cluttered, shoes all over the floor, clothes scattered around, etc.

The characters are Ayrial, 20, and Laurie, 19.

As the curtain opens, Laurie walks into the room, carrying an empty suitcase. Ayrial is sitting on the bed, listening to a headset, and reading a VOGUE magazine. As Laurie appears on stage, Ayrial glances up and notices the suitcase. Laurie begins to walk about the room, gathering her things to pack. Finally, Ayrial removes the headphones and addresses Laurie, who is packing.

AYRIAL: You're really going, aren't you?

LAURIE: (She speaks softly while nodding her head) Yes.

AYRIAL: When are you leaving?

LAURIE: Just as soon as I get these last few things together. The sooner I get on the road, the sooner I get home.

AYRIAL: True. God, are we really that bad to live with? (She says this with a smile on her face.)

LAURIE: (She stops packing and says) You know that's not why I'm leaving. (She turns and notices the smile on Ayrial's face and adds) And besides, if that were true, I would have left a long time ago.

AYRIAL: I can't believe you can leave like this. It isn't even midterm. This is your first year in school, your first quarter for that matter, and you're dropping out. And for what? To marry some guy and have to wash his dirty socks. Laurie, that's gross!

LAURIE: (half laughing) There is more to marriage than dirty socks!

AYRIAL: Like what? These days you can get the same things out of being single as you can out of being

married. (She says this with a snicker on her face.)

LAURIE: Ayrial! There is more to marriage than that too!

AYRIAL: (after a long pause she shyly says) Last year, when you two broke up, you hated his guts. What happened? Could he have really changed that much?

LAURIE: (She walks over to the dresser and picks up a large picture of a boy and stares at it as if it were a real person.) I really don't know what happened to him. I guess he just grew up or something. He needs me. (She turns to Ayrial.) He really does.

AYRIAL: I've never heard you say you love him. Do you?

LAURIE: (She turns toward her bed, her back to Ayrial and places the photograph into the suitcase.) Of course, I do; I'm going to marry him, aren't I?

AYRIAL: I know you're going to marry him, but do you love him?

LAURIE: Yes! Are you satisfied? (Laurie looks at Ayrial sharply, almost waiting for an answer.)

AYRIAL: Whatever. (She begins to put her headset back on but stops when Laurie begins to talk.)

LAURIE: What do you have against Carl, Ayrial? Do you really think I'm making a mistake?

AYRIAL: It shouldn't matter what I think. This isn't like when we were turning 16 and trying to decide who to ask to Girl's Choice. This is for real, Laurie.

LAURIE: I'd still like to know what you think.

AYRIAL: Well, he is kind of cute, and I love his eyes. Oh, and the way he says your name is so cute. And . . .

LAURIE: (interrupting) Ayrial! I'm serious! Please tell me the truth.

AYRIAL: I don't think you really want to hear this from me.

LAURIE: If I didn't, I wouldn't ask.

AYRIAL: (She thinks for some time and then slowly says) Ya know, Laurie, I think you know how I feel about Carl, and you dropping out and all. And ya know what? I don't think that you want to hear it because you know I'm right. I think, for our friendship and everything, it would be better if I didn't say anything.

LAURIE: I don't understand you. I really care about Carl. I'm going to spend the rest of my life with him.

AYRIAL: Why? My God, you're only 19 years old; you haven't even lived one fourth of your life yet. We are sitting on the threshold of the rest of our lives. Six months ago we had so many plans. Plans for the summer and . . .

LAURIE: (facing Ayrial now, wide-eyed and speechless) You're jealous! That is it! You can't stand the thought of Carl taking me away from you.

AYRIAL: (laughing) You're crazy, Laurie, you know that! I have plenty of friends to go to California with me; it's you who will be missing out. It's not my world that is coming to an end.

LAURIE: My world isn't either. (She is running around the room quickly now, as if she were running away from something.) It will just be different from yours, is all. Carl likes you, and he knows we will still want to spend time together.

AYRIAL: You're not thinking, girl! Married people go with married people. Carl should be your best friend now, and with all you two will be doing, there will be no time for us, not like it used to be. I'm happy that you're getting married, if you're happy. I just wish I knew for sure you knew what you were doing is all.

LAURIE: Why wouldn't I? What makes you think that I'm not happy?

AYRIAL: Well, you don't look happy anymore.

LAURIE: How can I be when I'm away from him?

AYRIAL: (She takes Laurie by the hands and sets her down on the bed by her side) Laurie, this is me,

Ayrial, remember me? We've been friends since the day you learned to walk, best friends. I know you better than you know yourself. I've gone home with you; I've seen you with him. Laurie, are you sure you really want to do this?

LAURIE: (She stares at Ayrial for a long time, and with a quivering voice says) What do you think, Ayrial?

AYRIAL: (almost shouting) Laurie, you're not even listening to me!

(Laurie jumps off the bed and again begins to pack, more quickly now. She is taking the last of the pictures off the dresser.)

AYRIAL: I hope you know what you're doing. Dropping out of school is something that is going to stick with you for the rest of your life. And now there are a lot more feelings involved than just yours and Carl's. There are four other girls out there (pointing off stage) who care about you now too. They don't want to see you hurt any more than I do. All I'm asking is that you be very, very sure of what you're doing.

LAURIE: Don't worry. I'll be fine. (She is zipping up her suitcase and setting it on the floor.) Well, I guess I've got it all.

AYRIAL: You're off then. (She picks up her magazine and begins to read.)

LAURIE: Don't shut me out like this, Ayrial; I really need you right now.

AYRIAL: (from behind the magazine) Why?

LAURIE: How can you be so cold to me? How can you just shut me out and leave me to go at this alone?

AYRIAL: (puts down her magazine and looks Laurie in the face, and with a quivering voice almost shouting) Excuse me, WHO SHUT OUT WHO? Who waited one week after she'd been proposed to, to even tell her best friend that she had been, much less the fact that you decided to say yes? Sorry, Laurie, you shut me out long ago.

LAURIE: What choice did I have? What would you have said?

AYRIAL: You know what I would have said! You know damn well what I would have said. And nothing's changed; I feel the same today as I did when you two started dating. It's your life, Laurie; you do what you have to do.
(Laurie picks up her suitcase and walks out of the room.)

Janae Daley

A face so familiar
Known as my own,
Yet unseen and untold.
How can it be so?

Feelings through an axis,
Spiraled to the eye
And unknowing to the heart,
The face of a stranger.

Looking again through dim light,
The mask is removed,
And gone are the whys,
Carrying the heart
I did not know.

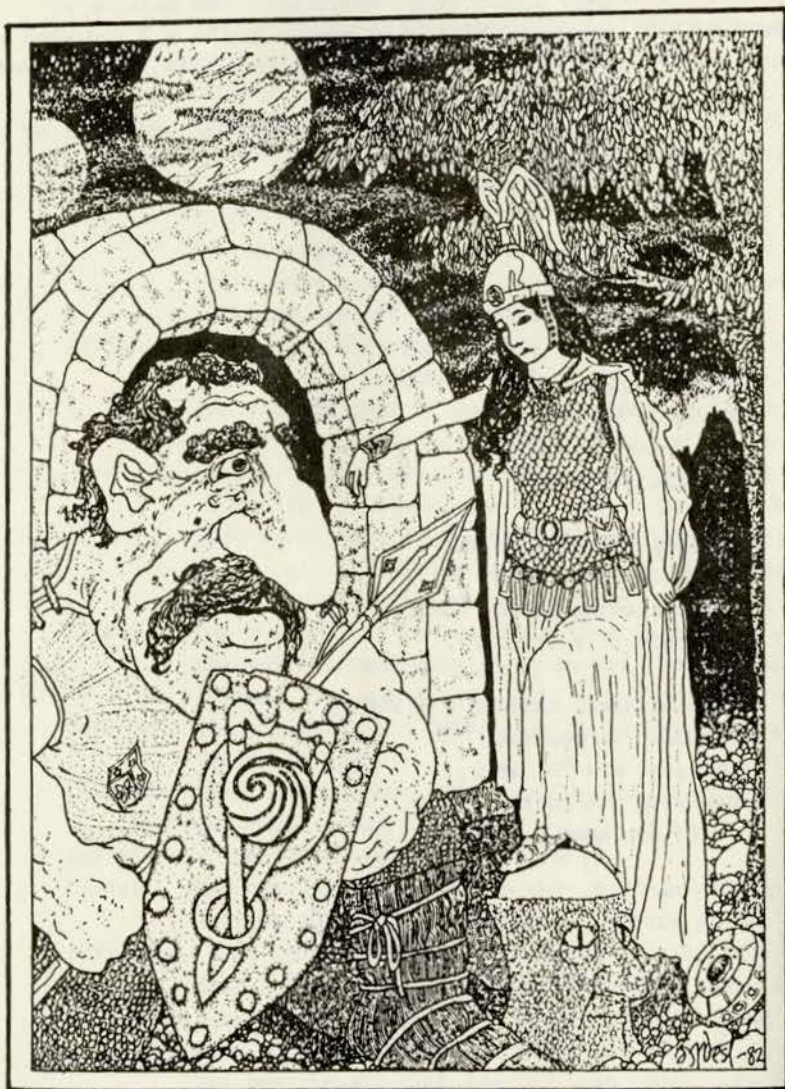
Shelly Stewart

Caesar's Romance

Centuries ago in Rome,
Caesar ruled and did it well.
A great marble palace was his home;
His large armies never fell.

Cleopatra came one day,
From Egypt in her carriage,
Bringing treasures from far away,
But Caesar wanted marriage.

Cleopatra did not know
Just what he was thinking;
Her eyes were fixed on Antony,
While Caesar sat there winking.



Kay Jack

How've You Been?

I sat in an unfamiliar bedroom
That I knew was mine,
Listening to that unrecalled music
That was once my favorite song,
Watching the drunken butterflies
Carry out attack formations
That would put the Air Force to shame,
And my cat is rambling on about
Some astrophysical concept
That I really could have cared less for,
And the four safe walls
That once protected me
Are falling in,
Landing on top of my false pretences,
And you have the nerve to ask me,
"How've you been?"

Janae Daley

A raindrop looking back at me,
What will it be, two or three?
An eye unknown to rain.
A startling hue at first sight,
Where's the color so familiar?
The hazel and the gray,
They wait for one more day
For the rain to go away.

Bonnie McCowan

Though innocent,
I held love,
Frantic and fearful,
Clutched to my breast.
Love found this uneasy,
Too intimate and personal;
In resentment,
I released him
And sought approval elsewhere.

Life then
Seemed hollow,
So I embraced
An imaginary place.
Life there became real,
Real life a dream;
Being frightened,
I tried to leave;
A once soft paw
Now showed claws,
Sinking deep into flesh,
And held me.

David Robinson

Mysterious Elevation

Daylight is fading.
 The indigo sky turns pale.
 Shrill creature calls
 Intensify my awareness.
 Shadows twist the remaining light
 Into eerie illusions of moving trees
 That seem to be getting closer.
 The enveloping dark of night
 Is swallowing dusk.
 A dense fog encircles me,
 But I am not afraid.
 As I slowly begin to walk home,
 I notice my feet are not touching the ground.

Bonnie McCowan

Lothlorien

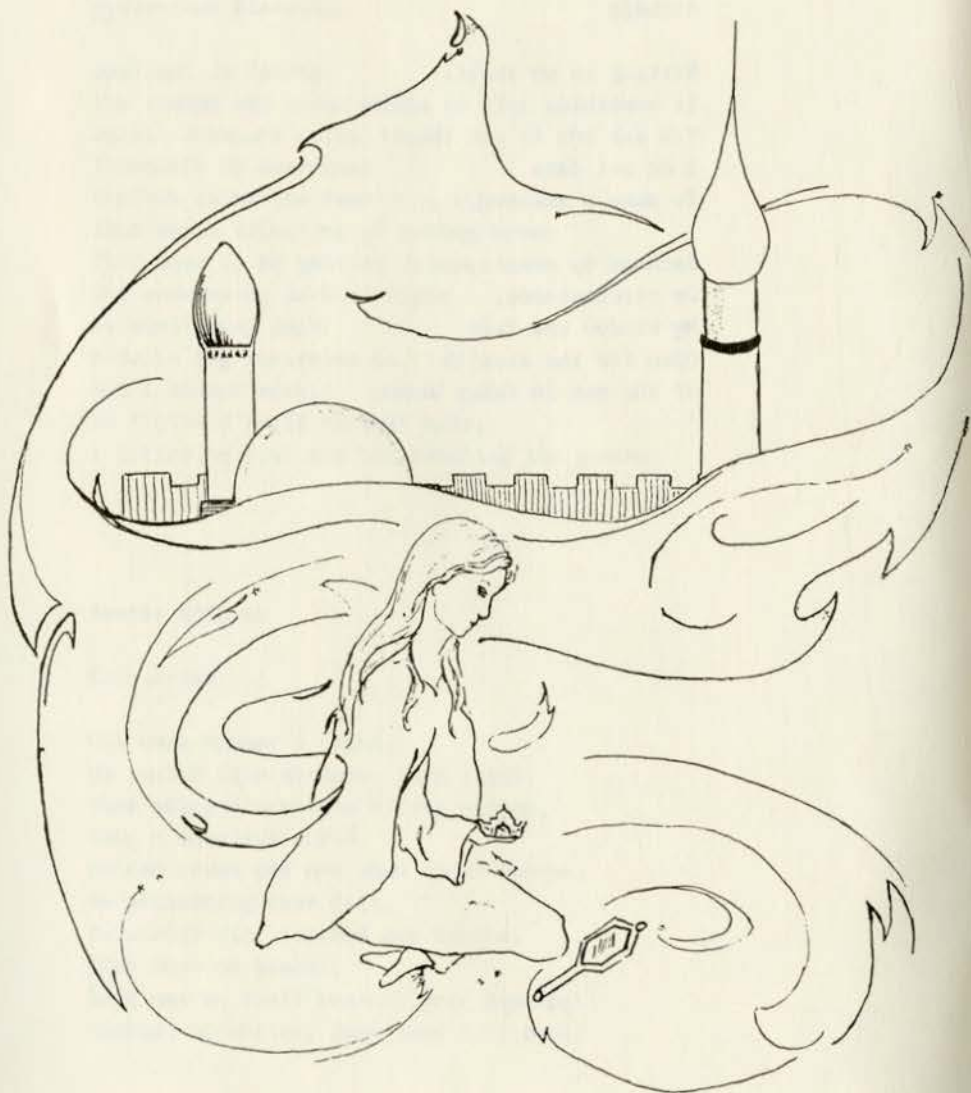
One warm summer's night,
 We walked from shadows, into light,
 Then skipped across a silver stream,
 Into a moonless world.
 Golden trees did not shed their leaves,
 No glistening tear fell,
 No winter wind touched our hearts,
 Time knew no season.
 Long may we dwell beneath your branches,
 Gazing, at whiles, deep into your pool.

Wendy Harris

Alfheim

Sitting on my shelf,
 Is something left by elves.
 You ask how it got there?
 I do not dare
 To make a guess.

Perhaps by chance,
 Or circumstance,
 My window was left
 Open for the stealth
 Of the men in fairy dress.



Sarah Montes

The Banished Jewel

She lives in a castle of golden stones,
A crystal wind around it churns;
Mirrors of ice cover each wall,
That ring with echoes of her sorrowful call.

Banished--she is queen on a jeweled throne--
Clothed in scarlet rubies--only her shadow is known.

Shimmering pillars turn into a torturing hall
As her thoughts become knotted--

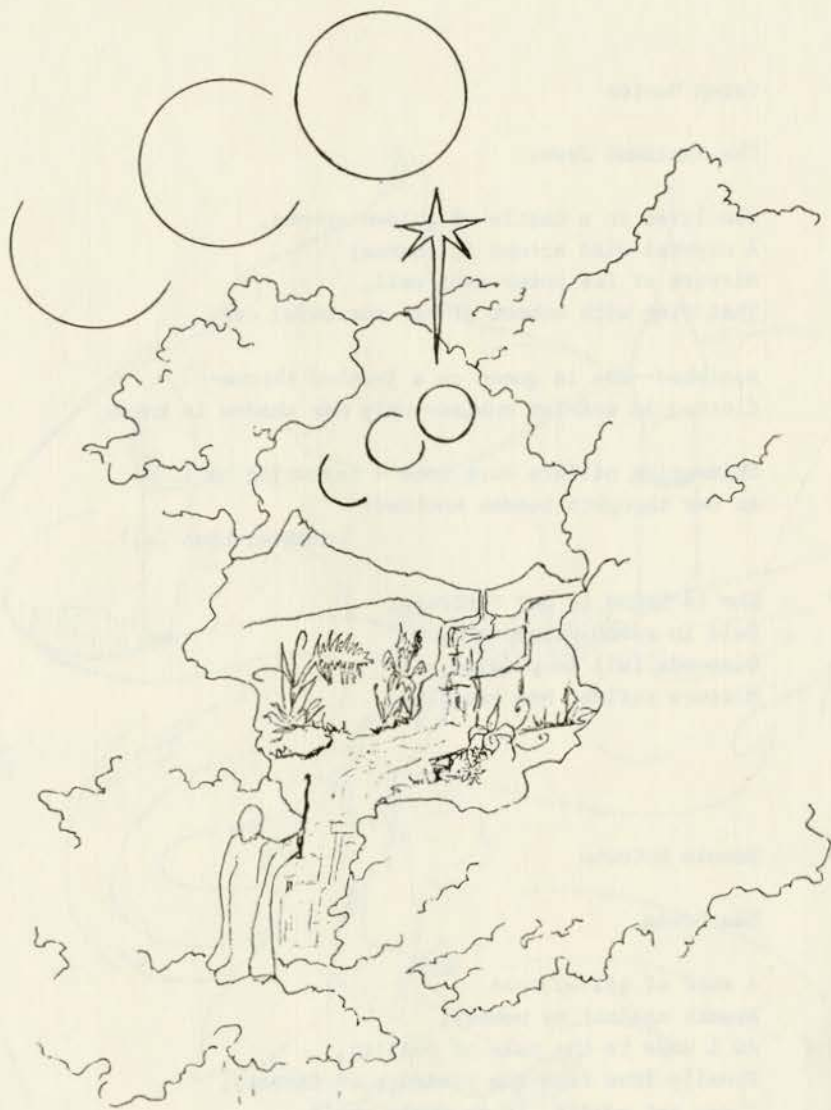
Crumble, then fall.

She is bound to her fortress,
Gold in reach disappears,
Diamonds fall in puddles,
Mirrors reflect her tears.

Bonnie McCowan

Sea Dream

A surf of silver seas
Breaks against my memory,
As I wake to the pain of reality,
Finally free from the pleasure of fantasy;
I was set adrift, in an empty world,
Where even sound spoke silently.



Wendy Harris

The walking staff,
 (Glitter falling from its tip)
 A glowing aura surrounds
 Him from head to foot.
 The wizard glorified
 By his magic power.

Melanie Starnes

Time's essence through life's crystal flows,
 Luminous, opulent mystical drops,
 Unreachable.
 Enter in the White Magician, making
 Multifarious tools of delight,
 Casting mnemonic lucidity upon the prism
 Suddenly bright.
 Emulate the enchanter's fire,
 Learn to answer mind's desire.

Sarah Montes

The Wizard

Thrice the equinox hath crossed the heavens,
And I've watched your green eyes flicker,
As you willingly guided me,
To new worlds that beckoned--come hither.

You went with me over brook over briar,
To a fairy's chamber where flowers beguiled her.
Then a red eye we soon beheld--
The journey of Frodo,
Whose inner quest failed.
Past Circe's island,
Down through the underworld,
Beyond the gatekeeper Cerberus--
Lost souls, loosed and unfurled.
Gods and nymphs
In glory reigned,
A vot'ress to Hecate--
Medea was her name.

As mentor and friend you were to me,
I learned to put aside reality--
To unleash my imagination and set it free.

These visions you have shown me--hidden in the mirror--
Have allowed me to see myself much clearer.

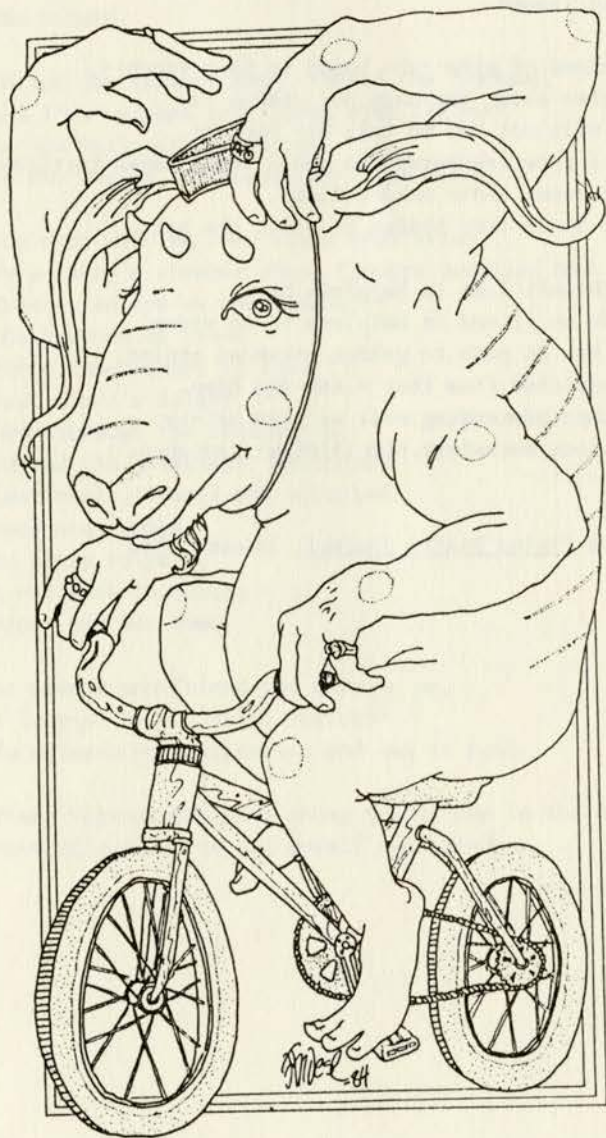
Ace G. Pilkington

Magic Irony*

A friend of mine--who hopes to be a witch--
Worries about the harm her wishes do
And will not let me take her picture.
But I know creatures who could teach Medea tortures,
Dark bones under unkind flesh,
With souls like blades to point the harm.

Witchcraft lies in hopeless hurt,
While my friend is helpless to do wrong.
She has no path to golden poisoned apples,
Is banished from that alter-ego Eden.
Perhaps pretending evil we live safely
And lose ourselves proclaiming innocence.

*From Plains Poetry Journal, January 1986



Bonnie McCowan

Dark Side*

A monster dwells in me;
 I wish he'd depart.
 He botches plans,
 By blurting out
 Foolish remarks
 I wouldn't say,
 Or never meant to, anyway.
 When I remember
 In the dark,
 He touches a prickly finger
 To my heart;
 Tears slip silently.
 "I hate you, monster!
 I wish you'd forget your game!
 But wait--
 Who will I blame?"

3rd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest,
 1986

Sarah Montes

Bottom's Dream

In the darkness
Nothing doth stir,
A misty green wood--
And visions obscure.

A pale moon glows
And sprites so fair
Emerge with mischief
And wander there.

Fairies and elves--
Time is forgot,
While dreams,
Hopes, and loves are furiously sought.

A world of magic
Enclosed in a wood,
Where the debate of reality
Does no man good.

Creating cruel fables
And hurtful fantasies,
Illusions from the mist,
A dream--

It must be.

Michelle Brinkerhoff

Condemnation locks them away,
Chains bind them because they wanted to stray.
All their hopes,
All their desires,
Were taken away, nothing left to inspire.
Horrifying cries ring in my mind
While endless chills run up my spine.
Mist arises as night rolls in;
Will you be next to create your own sins?
Glowing power he holds in his hands.
Sturdy and firm, he picks the next man.
Lucifer, the ultimate master,
Brings the pain, then makes the disaster.

Sarah Montes

I Had Forgotten

Soft reflections
Of a laughing image--
Catching rays of sun in a field of gold.

Uncovered toes squish into the wet mud
In a make-believe dance.
A brown sparrow watches
With a cocked head.
Big eyes blink--a loud chirp--
Bringing the child back to reality.
Stopping, she looks towards the noise--
Then skips off to create a new adventure,
A story of her own.

The way she once was.

Shelly Stewart

Seascape

As we walk the shore,
The tide tangles around our ankles
As if to beckon us into the sea.
Our feelings rise like the swelling waves.
His soft hand gently brushes my face
To wipe away a tear.
Flustered hesitation dissolves in the pounding surf,
As unspoken words break the silence.

Sarah Montes

Melting Into Nature

The tingling water
Splashed against my legs.
A clear spring,
Secluded by rocks and grape vines,
Pools reflecting the sun--
Throwing a warm glare in my eyes.
I slid out of my cut-off Levis
And pulled my tank top over my head.
The cool wetness fell over my body.
I lay there half in half out of the water,
Grains of drifting sand collecting
On my belly as I listened
To everything around me--
Melting into nature.

Richard Moore

Pearl*

The mind sets in motion,
And bathing in the ocean
I've started swimming so I can't stop!
Yesterday,
Only a day away,
Only a memory,
Only a pain.

The milky sky reveals the oyster's back
And the soft pressure closing,
Pushing my weight to pull my body down.
The pressure is soft,
I am hard,
But I am so small.

I curse them because they don't swim,
Soft on the land, tanning their skin,
Lying on their bellies watching Sunday television.
Yet they don't swim,
So they won't drown.

I curse them!
I must stay hard!
I must stay alive.

A speck of sand in the oyster's belly.
So the soft sky
Passes me by.
But always scraping along my rough surface,
Smoothing my body over.

May I be a pearl before I drown.

Katy Frandsen

Scattered Leaves And Pumpkins

Bundled up in my royal blue sweater,
I walk briskly to my favorite sentinel,
Racing with the sun,
So as not to miss the
Burgundy shades of its farewell.

If I listen closely,
I can hear the muffled cheers
Of the college football game,
But the beauty around me
Always takes my senses captive.

Red ripe tomatoes,
Fields of haystacks,
And the sting of the wind scattering painted leaves--
The city will soon quiet down in a blanket of fog.

Each night
I watch
As the days hang between green and gold
With memories,
And echo across the seasons.

*2nd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1986

III. OTHER FUTURES

Jenny Broadbent

The Features Of The Future

Possible futures have been hypothesized by writers such as George Orwell and Aldous Huxley. Many of their imaginings have been actualized, but even Huxley, who came from a family of scientists, missed the two biggest inventions of our time--computers and nuclear power. What does the future hold? Part of our future will be determined by the questions we ask and the theories we form about it now.

Today, our future, that is, a world different in significant ways from the present world, approaches us faster and becomes more unpredictable every year. Not only do the unpredictability and velocity with which the future approaches increase, but the increase is exponential. The mere fact that every person born, every thought conceived, every opinion formed, contributes to an expanding collective conscious, illustrates the growing rapidity with which the future advances. Simply because more and more people are born, more and more people are interacting, and interacting under the influence of the collective conscious. These actions and reactions are, in turn, added to the group mind. The collective conscious we create now is forming the people of the future--a sort of sociological karma.

More tangibly, technology is changing what the future might have been without the technology. Our scientific inventions have reached the point where they can immediately and drastically change the world. The human race is threatened by extinction because of some of these scientific creations. How did we get to this potentially terminal point? Are nuclear missiles intrinsically bad? Are the engineers who built them irresponsible? Are the scientists who conceptualized them evil? Or does the blame finally rest on the pure knowledge of the power contained in the nucleus of a cell? Are people better off without certain

kinds of knowledge? Is it possible to know which discoveries will lead to good and which will lead to bad inventions? Is it necessary to close off certain paths of exploration?

Francis Bacon believed that problems arose not from the knowledge itself, but from the way people chose to use that knowledge. He understood that the technological arts "have an ambiguous or double use, and serve as well to promote as to prevent mischief and destruction." Bacon saw (as Loren Eiseley describes) "a world drawn out of the void and made possible by the arts of man. It is, in a sense, a latent world filled with novelties which man, by his own ingenuity can bring out of nature." Bacon saw the wonderful possibilities of science and technology. However, Eiseley warns as Bacon would have: "Our imaginings must be so carefully scrutinized lest we call the wrong world into being by the dark magic of ill-considered thought."

One thing people must do in order to avoid summoning the wrong world is to come to terms with the darker side of human nature. Bacon understood that, "Our persons live in the view of heaven, yet our spirits are included in the caves of our own complexions and customs which minister unto us infinite errors and vain opinions if they be not recalled to examination."

We have reached the technological heights that Bacon saw as possible, but we must also reach the ethical heights which he saw as a place of safety in a sea of dangers. Otherwise we will have used the fire of our imaginations to make the blaze in which we are consumed; the flood that sweeps us away will well up from our own subconscious darkness; and the whirlwind which mocks us will be filled with words of our own making.

Ace G. Pilkington

Cassandra in Wonderland

What was it at first, Cassandra?
A shudder as you watched a mouse
Stand upright beside its noon shadow
Or saw birds plunge on the right hand of the sun
Under layer upon layer of light,
All with the weight of the sea?
Was it now you began to fear drowning,
Cold fingers clasping stone comfort
And feet grasping ground for safety
Like another Daphne?
Did you perceive even then
How your eyes would flow, mind flood
With each color white can become?
Had you foreseen the madness
In which you kept excessive sense,
The ocean night where you could hide
From an intolerable love of the light?

Wendy Harris

Uranus

A huge sphere rolls
Through its path.
Ice and frozen gas
Constitute its density.
An ancient mystery
Leaks answers to man
Through a spiny speck--
Technology.



Sarah Montes

A flying saucer,
That's what he said; I laughed at the thought.
A picture he took,
Not knowing how long it would remain,
As he watched it change and hover
Till it was gone from sight.

The print hangs on the wall, a blur,
But by the window each night he waits.
For him it returns in silence.
Joy shines in his eyes
With the reflections of its lights.
They brighten, flicker,
Then off to another star.
A flying saucer--
He stares at the picture on the wall.



Fred Friesse

Primate Fears*

We still nurture popular primate fears
Of falling, snakes, and the dark--
Strange phobias for our mighty
Race of tree dwellers.

And
In the branches where our world is built,
Nocturnal predators
Patiently wait among
The many still anguine shadows of the night.

I feel the aches of
A million years of
Watchful, dreamless sleep.

*1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1986



Bonnie McCowan

Daydreams

Do you wander,
 Like a crystal stream
 Through winter woods,
 Where dark trees whisper,
 Touch and kiss,
 Or ride the dawn
 Into a golden summer's bliss,
 Softly singing on the wind
 The song that fills your heart,
 Then linger in willow shade,
 While leaves turn green, burn yellow,
 And a thousand seasons slowly fall.

Angel Williams

As the last echo of winter
Drips from the roof
And splashes into spring,
I watch the unspoiled
Buds blossom.
Everything young surrounds me.

Thickly sweetened air
Rushes into giggling mouths,
Anesthetic to aching hearts.
Cool, sticky muddle puddles
Are adventures to children
Who were indoor spectators
To the snowstorms,

Watching dejectedly as frozen water
Flutters down,
Imprisoning them.
Then winter inmates dream
Of ice cream air
And the sensation of sunburn
And rainbows, rather than
Rainstorms

And winter melting off rooftops
Into lukewarm waterholes.

Bonnie McCowan

It's Spring Again

She struggled in spring,
Growing lanky for lack of light,
But grace came with warm rain,
And flowers bloomed.
Season spent, gone to seed,
Carried off by chilly wind.
Squinted eyes, spied the spent flower--
Chop.

Mindy Andrus

After The Storm

The sun
Slices through clouds,
Melting icicles,
Shattering chill.
Watercolored mountains
Spring into life.
Slush splatters
Under rush hour wheels.
A bird soars in the
Descending dusk.

Bonnie McCowan

Barefoot

And the days stretched out,
While cattails grew tall,
But time would not wait.
Quick as a glassy minnow
In a lazy summer's brook,
It shimmered through anxious fingers,
Past rusty tin cans,
Then hid amongst the reedy marsh plants;
Their dense cylindrical spikes
Exploded into the sun like July fireworks,
Leaving furry brown clouds
That tiptoe yet into dreams.

Wendy Harris

Volcano

Smoke drifts slowly,
Curling in spiral motions
From the heated flow.
Blackened stumps surrounded
By the liquid rock--
Desolation.

Insects pioneer the cooled
Lava. Rain is caught
And hoarded by the hardened air pockets.
Life begins a new migration.
Rebirth.



Janae Daley

Nothing for you shall be my watching,
And so we break with solemn parting.
The souls of ours we cannot see,
The cry from ways that are to be,
Coming so close to meet the ends
Yet only finding lost amends.
Can we go on with blinded eyes
To lose the sunset with our lies?

Carol Friese

Poetry, foetry
Who's committed the crime?
I charge at the meter
And skewer the rhyme.

I turn, I squirm,
The iambs attack;
They call for the anapests
To assault from the back.

Alas, alack, alliteration assembles
An array of augmentative, diminutive dreadfuls.
Assonance sounds its loud crowd to the battle
Turning all of my words into so much prattle.

Wendy Harris

Anger

Ice forms on each
Syllable uttered. Sarcasm
Crystallizes on every word.
Eyes shoot poison arrows,
Aimed at the soul.
Winter and desolation
Peer from under brows,
Waiting.

Janae Daley

The gates of hell are close at hand,
The day that holds the key is lost,
Afraid to ask to be let out,
Knowing that the bars are thick.
Now, Time only holds the key;
He's an enemy to man,
To keep us barred within our gates.
Is there a way to find release?

Montrue Larkin

The Beginning and the End

We built the house with such love and care,
It was our dream come true.
It sat upon a hill for all to view,
This home with love and laughter and learning to share.
Now all is changed,
My companion is gone.
The children are building dreams of their own,
And I at a stage to need the love and caring of my family.
I must sell the dreams and pack
All that I so carefully chose to beautify our home,
And my life is spread out in a yard sale
For all to see and judge and speculate on.
Now, to move away is like tearing up
My life into little pieces and scattering them in the wind.
How will I ever find the pieces again,
Or can I re-form a new pattern
That will bring a measure of peace and happiness?
I'll try, but it's so hard to do alone.

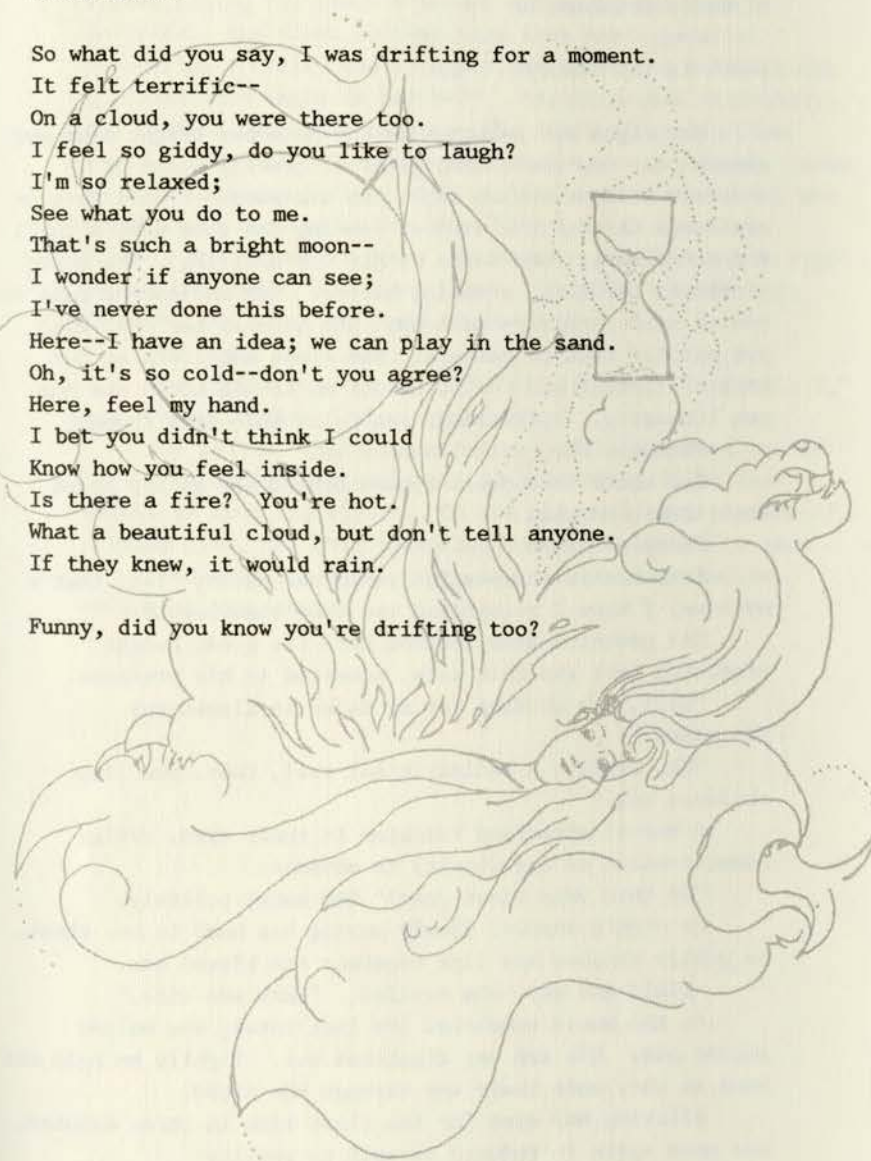
Andie Nielsen

When I am unhappy,
 I walk briskly down the street
 Until I find a good place to sit and think.
 The anger flows out first,
 And then deep thought follows.
 The grass grows colder beneath my body,
 But I've lost all feeling long ago.
 I stare at the stars,
 Waiting for the answer that doesn't come
 Because answers never come that easily.
 I lie down and stare a hole through the sky
 Until I decide it's time
 To walk and forget the hurt.
 The steps back aren't as quick,
 Because now there's no rush.
 I open the door
 And try to pretend
 That I never left.

Sarah Montes

So what did you say, I was drifting for a moment.
 It felt terrific--
 On a cloud, you were there too.
 I feel so giddy, do you like to laugh?
 I'm so relaxed;
 See what you do to me.
 That's such a bright moon--
 I wonder if anyone can see;
 I've never done this before.
 Here--I have an idea; we can play in the sand.
 Oh, it's so cold--don't you agree?
 Here, feel my hand.
 I bet you didn't think I could
 Know how you feel inside.
 Is there a fire? You're hot.
 What a beautiful cloud, but don't tell anyone.
 If they knew, it would rain.

Funny, did you know you're drifting too?



Michelle Brinkerhoff

Sweet Is Thy Memory

Her right eye twitches as she puts her bright blue eye shadow on. One small lamp gives flickering beams of electric shimmer, which light the dim room. A cold wave of air seeps through the window, leaving the room with a chill. A death-like silence lurks within the dwelling. She moves closer to the long, standing mirror. Her adolescent face is coated with repulsive make-up. She strokes her eyes with yet another coat of mascara. She stops and looks as her eyes shift back and forth, almost as if she could see her own intensity. Motionless, she falls into deep thought.

"Dance? Why, yes, I'd love to."

Her white lace dress flowed behind her as she paced each treasured step.

"Mary Anderson."

In a hushed and peaceful voice she spoke, "Yes, that's my home. I knew I recognized you from somewhere."

His powerful arms soothed her. His great height protected her; she felt safe, embraced in his presence.

"Well, I'm working for my major in Elementary Education."

"Oh, really, a pediatrician; well, then, you like children too."

A mutual attraction twinkled in their eyes, giving communication an opportunity to advance.

"Is this your first year?" She asked politely.

He didn't answer. Slowly moving his head to her cheek, he gently pressed his lips together and kissed her.

Timid and shy, she replied, "That was nice."

As the music completed its last notes, she walked behind him. His arm was stretched out. Tightly he held her hand as they made their way through the crowd.

Blinking her eyes for the first time in three minutes, she once again introduced herself to reality.

"Oh God, why me!" she shrieks. Her breathing is rapid. She trembles with anger. A tear forms in her eye. She then

alternates her versatile emotions, sneering at herself. She rises, fixing her black fish-net nylons, a customer's favorite. She takes another drag from her cigarette; straddling a chair, she releases the smoke. A sudden surge of confidence rages in her body. Adjusting her mini-skirt, she flaunts her upper thighs. The smell of her perfume reeks in the air. She glances over the room; her eyes focus on a picture stuck tightly in the mirror. Grasping it, she holds it in her hand. Her eyes blur; she closes them tightly and throws it down. Resentment and bitterness light up her habitually darkened face. Turning towards the doorway, she leans her head on the door.

"Oh God."

She speaks quietly as if He's listening. "When will I," her voice trembles, "stop remembering?"

She pauses, then steps out, slamming the door behind her. The darkened room is lit by a blinking light that shines in from the street. On the ground lies a picture of a young girl, her hair blown behind her as her white lace dress flows in the wind. Gleaming sweetly, she smiles, waving at the camera.



Debbie Magill

False Fire, False Hope

Accusations (now loud and clear)
I know he knows--but how?
Ha! Don't worry, there's nothing to fear
Because he soon will set sail.
Then he will be gone--yes, gone.
Oh, free me from this state of hell, I beg.
The restless sea will carry him away.
Away to England.
There he will lose the head of his state,
Crowned in royal red blood.
Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Once Hamlet leaves,
He won't return.

Jamie Jensen

To Be Or Not To Be Sane

I had never questioned the validity of sanity until I saw insanity at its best. After watching Return of the World's Greatest Detective and Miracle on 34th Street, I reevaluated my views concerning sanity and the individual. While watching these two movies, I found myself wanting the madness to continue. I wanted to take the unreal worlds of Sherlock Holmes and Kris Kringle and magically make them real. There are many people in the films who resist this process of reification; however, these people have little vision and less sense. They are resisting not only the powers of the imagination, but also the unrealized potentials within themselves. I think as viewers we are expected to sympathize with Kris Kringle and Sherlock Holmes, and the characters in the films who support them become our representatives. Along with Dr. Watson and Mr. Gailey, I believe in these characters. As a result, I concluded that sometimes it is better to be insane than sane, imaginative than pedantic, innovative than intolerant.

Emily Dickinson hit the nail on the head when she said, "Much madness is divinest sense." In the case of Sherlock Holmes and Kris Kringle, it is. When Larry Hagman was Sherman Holmes, he was an insecure, clumsy police officer. As Sherlock Holmes, he was a confident and brilliant individual. He functioned much better in this unusual state of mind. He was no longer a burden to the police department, but rather a major asset. The little old man who thought he was Santa Claus also was a major asset. Just ask Macy's and Gimble's; they both loved his ideas of good will and put them into effect in their stores. He was an honest, down-to-earth individual with a genuine love for everyone. Neither character was a threat or a danger to society, but a positive influence on it.

A question that has crossed my mind is whether or not Sherlock Holmes and Kris Kringle were actually, by definition, insane. Dr. Watson's comment, "We are what we

think we are." somewhat justifies their behavior. If the character honestly believes he is Sherlock Holmes or Santa Claus, why isn't he? Kris Kringle points out, "You must believe in what you stand for." Mr. Gailey, the lawyer and friend of Kris Kringle, tactfully brought this idea out in court. He was addressing the judge, "Do you believe you're a judge? Just in the same way, Kris believes who he is." I don't think the movie wants us to believe he is actually Santa Claus, but instead wants to emphasize the principle that people can change and improve what they are by changing what they think of themselves. All the people who understood Kris Kringle automatically believed in what he represented; I did!

As in any society, there are those who are too stupid to recognize brilliance or too stodgy to acknowledge unusual success. This confirms Conan Doyle's statement, "Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself; talent instantly recognizes genius." Mr. Sawyer, the so-called psychologist, is a perfect example. He was so determined to discredit Kris Kringle that he failed to see the positive influence Kris had on everyone else. Mr. Sawyer's stupidity eventually cost him his job and reputation (such as it was). To an extent, Miss Walker and Susan fit into this category. Miss Walker taught Susan that fairy tales, legends, and myths do not exist. Kris deconditioned Susan by teaching her how to have an imagination and how to pretend. Mr. Gailey's strong words, "Faith is believing in things when common sense tells you not to," really help Miss Walker and Susan to become believers. They expanded their minds, strengthened their imaginations, and brightened their lives.

In both films, there is a character who believes in the same way as the audience does. Dr. Watson and Mr. Gailey react to the characters as I would. I too, like Dr. Watson, would have sent a Sherlock Holmes costume to Sherman. I wished with all my heart that he was, in reality, Sherlock Holmes. There is no doubt in my mind that in a sense the little old man who thought he was Santa Claus actually was. Because I identified with Dr. Watson and Mr. Gailey, Sherlock Holmes and Kris Kringle seemed more real and

believable. At the end of the films, I wanted the delusions to continue. This brings me back to my first question, is it better to be insane than sane? Perhaps the answer has to do with our perceptions and how they change our behavior--do they help or hinder, expand our minds or constrict our consciences?

Mindy Andrus

Take me to your mind's eye,
Where thoughts dance
And memories shine.
Take me by your strong hand
That works time
And makes dreams.
Take me to your fallow heart,
Where emotions sleep,
And set me free.

Bonnie McCowan

Almost Awake

At times, we laughed a little,
Tangled in webs tightly spun;
Shapeless shadows of thought,
Reaching far forgotten lands,
Then flew heedless away,
Nearly gay . . .

Richard Moore

On your way up
You feel the rush
Of sweet fire
Begging at your veins,
So you laugh and say
It's not so hard.

Sarah Montes

Strawberry Scents

Strawberry scents,
Colored glass balls,
Slim white candles whispered
As they stole the oxygen from the air.
A brass peacock
Stood listening, as gray-blue smoke
Rose to the ceiling.
The cat gazed anxiously;
Her ebony fur began to rise
Till her tail elevated to one side.
She grasped at the disintegrating smoke;
Her eyes filled with fury
While her prey escaped
From between her claws.



HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

1950-51	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Lorraine 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
	(second volume published)	
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, and 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. Plikington

