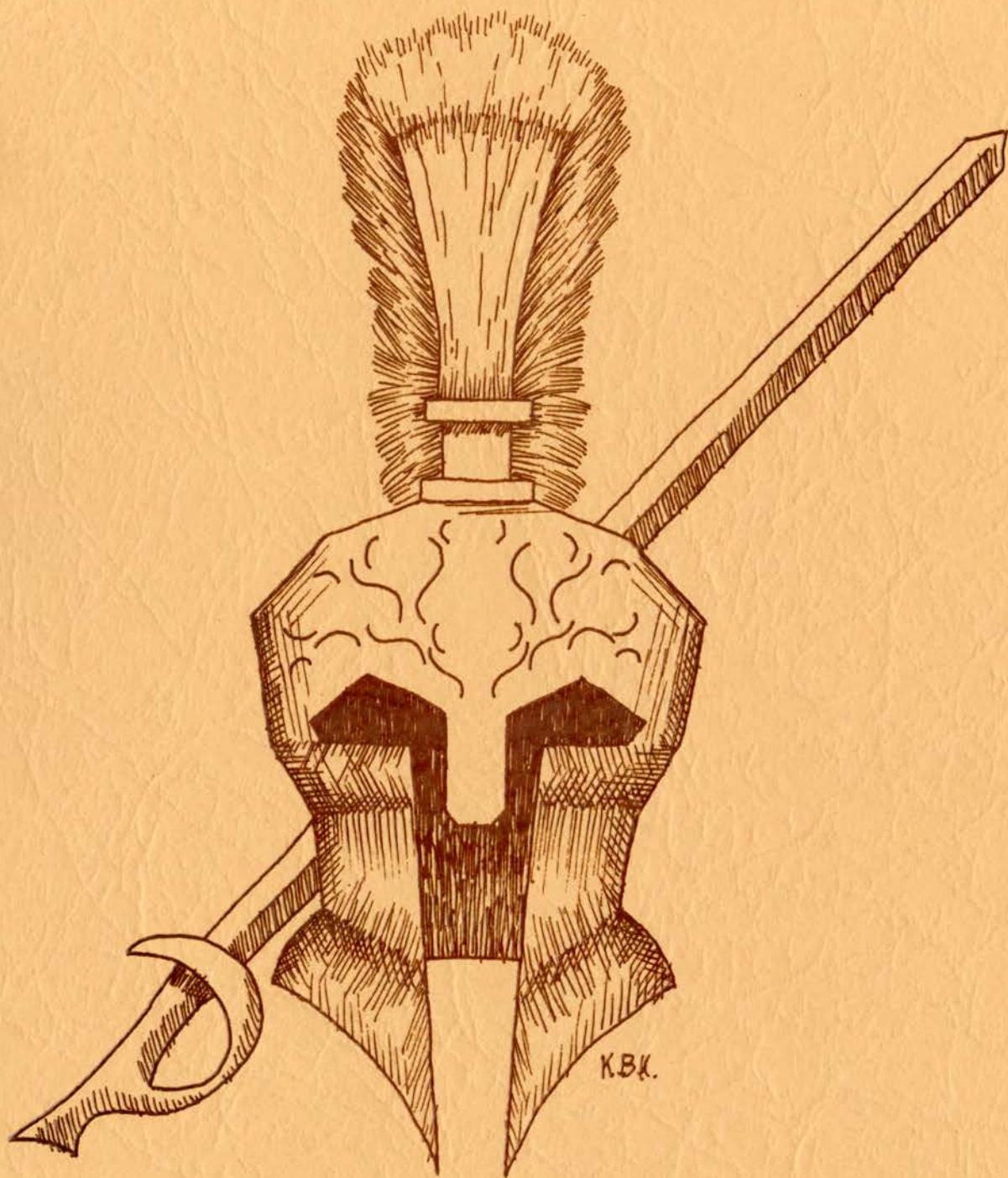




A Thousand Odysseys

Southern Quill

"1983 - 84"

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Dear Reader,

We have all read of great heroes. We admire their constant courage and sharp boldness and seek these qualities ourselves. That is why the Southern Quill has chosen Journey of the Hero, the story that almost all heroes follow, as its theme for this year.

We too go through a journey and become our own heroes. We can relate to the passage out of childhood into unexpected adulthood, and we soon begin our quests by simply living day to day. We also experience the darkness of death and learn to overcome its sorrows, growing stronger in the process. We know that our journeys will ultimately end--unhappily or gloriously or perhaps both at once. In the words of Witter Bynner, "We are all such little heroes in the sun."

. . .Dawn Houghton

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THE YOUNG PRINCE

The hero begins life with an aura of power around him. There are marvellous signs that herald his birth; his parents are divine, royal, or specially powerful in some other way; and he may be capable of doing wonders before ordinary mortals are able to do anything. But an aura of power does not promise bright peace; more often, it threatens dark strife and a darker death. For his own protection, the hero is hidden away, usually in the care of a wise, elderly, magical teacher, who serves, saves, and guides him until he has grown great enough to prevail alone.

Like the hero, we see ourselves as miraculous because each of us is the center of his own universe. As small children, we feel threatened by large forces we do not understand, and we see our parents through mists of glory. Our teachers seem impossibly old, remarkably wise, and possibly magical--at least until we grow to understand them and ourselves better.

NO FREE ELEVATOR RIDES

Ascend. . .
The woven rope
With a gnawed-out center,
And onto white wooden ladders that
Creak and totter.
Reach above the brick wall
That scratches your palms
Or rips your pant leg.
Trudge the long, lighted staircase
Without a guiding rail
Or clench gaunt tree limbs
While honey sap stains bruised fingers.
Climb. . .
Brown mountains
That devour clouds
And hide city sounds.
They're made with toothpick trees
And beach-sand dirt
In a far-away observance.
Step. . .
Up a dandelion, grass blade, ant pile hill
First.

. . .Dawn Houghton

The spiraled, old playhouse
In our backyard, where I did Ja-Ni
She's a baby doll like the one I always wanted,
This child who can make my heart smile and my eyes sting.
I feel so much for that miniature body
Which somehow contains an entire human being.
"Mom," she says, testing, trying her tongue,
So busy about her business unknown.
The dust puffs up from her stamping shoes,
The gravel rattles in her brand new hand,
And she's held spellbound.

Does love of life come naturally?
Mickette was born, and it came
Back to me.

. . .Marisa Childers

SURPRISE

I entered my room,
What did I see?
My package torn into three.
Who would do such a terrible thing?
Not I, not I, not I, they sing. . .

One little voice could not be heard,
Not a single, solitary word.
A noise behind the kitchen door,
What a sight I found upon my floor.
Drawers pulled out, silver scattered,
Pots and pans almost shattered,
But he didn't think it mattered.

What a sight I found--
But that's not new
From a little fellow
Who is only two!

. . .Verdella S. Adams

RUNAWAY

The shingled, old playhouse
In our backyard,
Fully equipped with our
Cradle, dishes and secrets.
I was seven,
You were ten.
The wooden floor
Was lumpy, moldy smelling,
From changing our clothes
After swimming.
I remember "running away"
With my empty suitcase
And a box of soda crackers.
I went to the playhouse
For security.
No one will find me, I thought.
But I knew you would,
And you did.
We sat in the cradle together
Eating crackers with water,
Then dreaming, while
Crickets sang us
To sleep.

. . .Mindy Andrus

CHILD'S PLAY

Hide
and
go
seek--

Hopscotch
Band-aids on
Raspberries.

When a kiss was
All you needed,
To make it better.

. . .Mindy Andrus

If I could tell you
How I felt
With some new invented
Words--
I would. . .
But as it is,
There are only the same
Old ones left to
Linger on my tongue
And sound trite
In your ears.
So I'll say it again
And you'll just have to
Imagine.

. . .Dianna Kearney

PROM NIGHT

A scrapbook
(Which needs new bindings)
Opened to a page
No longer attached.
A boy,
A girl,
And smiles of uncertainty,
Pressed flowers and ribbon
Washed yellow by age.
Mother stares and remembers.
I look and dream.

. . .Julianna Burton

Sea shells come by the dozens
But still they're
Individual.
Worn by waves,
Withstanding
The ones that make them tumble
And polished by
Sand,
All for the creatures they hold.

. . .Julianna Burton



Summertime
 Playing on the beach
 Orange Popsicle puddled
 In the sun
 Kick the can
 Raggedy Ann, her
 Smile never faded.
 Starfish
 And seashells
 Listening for the ocean,
 Waiting for the waves,
 Looking for sandcastle dreams.
 Swept by the current
 Until salty drops
 Suffocated our laughter.

. . .Mindy Andrus

HOMEWORK

Days abandoned, weary, slumberless,
 Exhausted from time well spent.
 I looked and saw the unfurled mess
 And wondered what it had all meant. . .

. . .Kristine Kotter

MY FRIEND THE POPSICLE STAIN

Popsicles, as childish as friends,
Always grasping a sticky moment
And making it into a tangy memory.

Split in two, separable as the Popsicles'
Crooked edges,
How immature we are.
We laugh and make slushes,
What a mess.

Each has its season, though,
So for this time, you're the flavor
I'll miss the most.
Banana is discontinued for now, you know.

And though some day we may melt,
A touch of grape will remain forever
Because everyone knows grape stains.

. . . Dawn Houghton

A broken crayola
In the crayon box.
Wanting to be me--
Unique--
Like the polka-dot dress
Nobody has.
My own sun
Shining my way.
And if I feel like
Night,
I'll simply call the stars
To elude the sky
While I rest.

. . . Mindy Andrus

Words. . .
Like cotton--
In dry throats--
Gasping for air,
Reaching for life.
Thoughts. . .
A collage--
Of breathtaking moments
Silently standing by--
Unexposed to language.

. . . Mindy Andrus



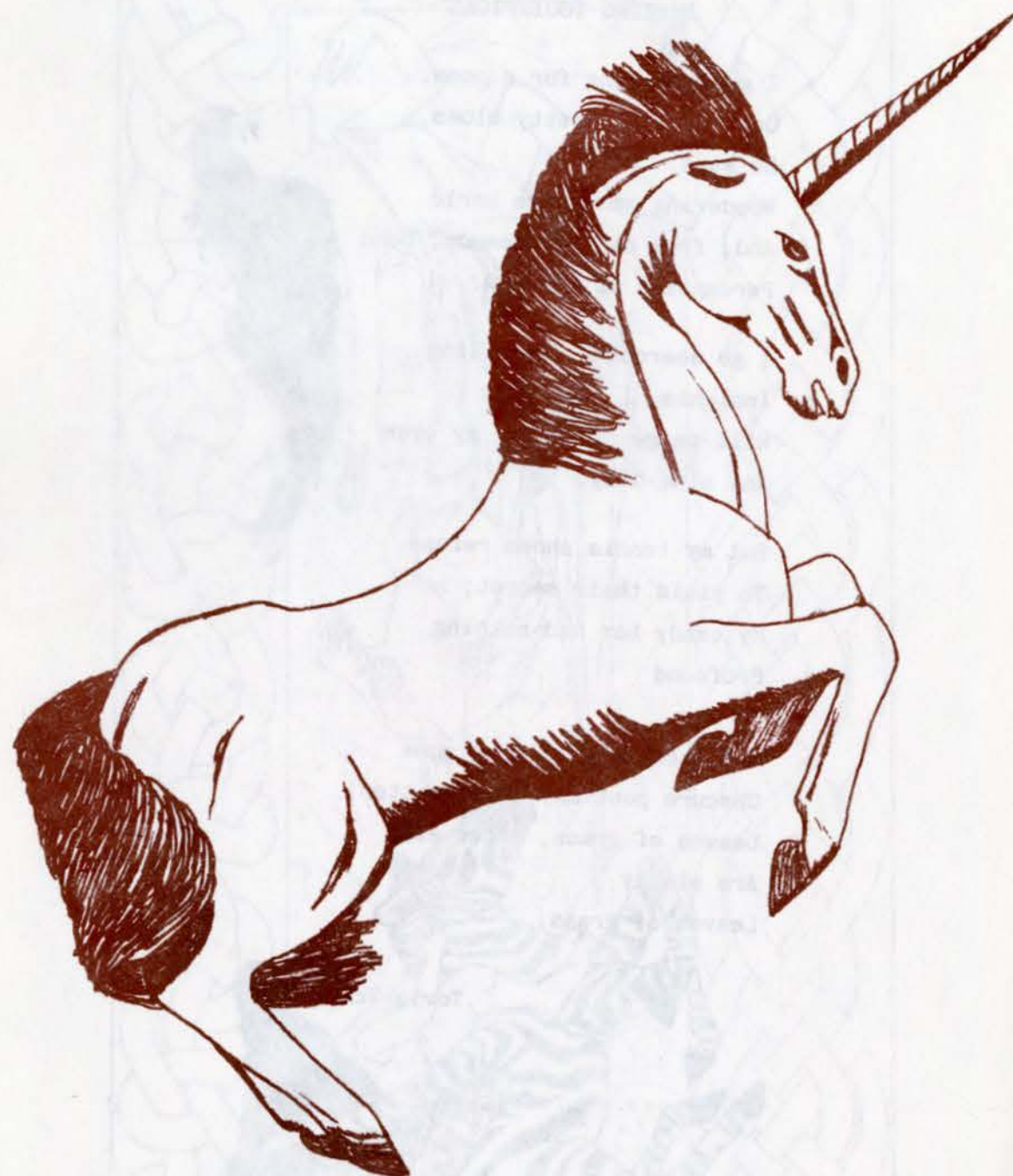
AMAZING TOOTHPICKS

I go searching for a poem.
Open up your pretty blues,
He says. Go
Wondering among the world
And, from old and common, bend
Perception of the new.

I go searching; startling
Insights, I just know
Will be revealed for my eyes
And mine only.

But my tennis shoes refuse
To yield their secret;
My candy bar had nothing
Profound
To say,
And (contrary to what some
Obscure poet may have written)
Leaves of grass, after all,
Are simply
Leaves of grass.

. . .Tovia Tracy



An early predawn in a small poppy field
Awakes the unicorn, sleepy eyed still.
His perfect white head is wearily held
By a pearly-maned neck; no power or will.

The morning light shines and golden leaves dance
While the mythical unicorn wanders by aimless;
Held deep within him lies mystic enchantment
And the desire he needs to break the harness.

Beams of bright light burst through the branches;
Around him the forming of mist has begun.
He then rears, stretching high on hind haunches,
His wild spirit mounts and rides with the sun.

A single ivory horn to pierce the sky
And release the infinite pride inside.

. . .Deanne Marquardt



PASSING THE TEST

The hero passes a test which signals the end of his childhood. It may be an achievement that is longed for, planned carefully, and accomplished with delight, as when Theseus moves the immense stone that conceals his father's sword. Or it may be half-destiny, half-accident, as when Arthur stumbles to the sword-in-the-anvil-in-the-stone and pulls out the blade that burdens him with a kingdom. But always, passing the test brings more problems, complexities and adventures than the young prince had dared to dream, feared to find, or imagined to be possible.

Like the hero, we pass our own tests that signal childhood's end. By design or by chance, we find ourselves in a larger world with darker perils and brighter hopes. And somehow things never do turn out quite as we had expected them to.

No one wants
The hidden sword in the ensorcelled wood.
Under stone it grows,
Fate flaring on the blood-rusted blade,
Thrones carved on the hilt like threats
That must come true for the hand
Foolishly fingering the iron of power.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

OPHELIA

Now comes the rain
To weigh upon
Silken sorrows,
Not to wash them from me,
But to slowly help them drown me;
The soft and subtle
Drops
 Bring
 Pain
Each time they land.

. . . Julianna Burton

THE EDGE

I'm at the edge in this "unique relationship"
You speak so freely of.
And I really wish I could back away
From the danger of falling
Or know you will be there to catch me when I leap!
And believe me. . .
I'd love to jump off this edge,
But at the moment
I can only anticipate such a fall
(A disastrous ending or dramatic beginning?)
From this point of view
At the edge.

. . . Faith Schroeder

CAROUSEL

Bright colored lights,
Cotton candy scent,
Cheerful music, too loud.
Smooth plastic, an imaginary horse.
Tasting anticipation.
And then it begins.
Slowly at first,
Ever gaining speed.
Air moving over my hot body.
Going faster, feel of power.
Invincible, aren't we?
Loss of control
Too fast, too fast!
Too late,
I am thrown off.
Music now evil,
Lights are blinding,
Smell makes me ill.
Guess it is time to search
For another.
One that takes its time
And the horses are real;
Lets me feel my life
In control of a spinning
Carousel.

. . .Janet Alder

CHRISTMAS VACATION *

Rust wrinkles
On the swings' chains.
Snow, like whipped cream,
Plops at the
Bottom
Of the slippery slide.
The merry-go-round
Creaks, sways,
The wind
Its only rider.

. . .Mindy Andrus

* 1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1984

ME AND MICKEY

Sure is hot. On a day like this, we should be diving down at the pond. Me and Mickey will be the kings down there this year. We'll be the oldest ones, 'cause the high school kids always think they're too old to play there. I hope Mickey still wants to hang out at the pond this summer.

"Who, Mrs. Zupence?"

"Taft, Billy. We're talking about President Taft."

"What was the question again?"

"Billy! Stop staring out the window and pay attention. We all know it's a beautiful day, but you're in school now. Summer vacation will be here soon enough. Marsha, can you tell us. . ."

Mrs. Zupence could be so boring at times. Who cares who named what island, or when someone died?

Sometimes Mickey acts like he thinks he's grown-up--once he even asked me to call him Mike. Not when he's with the guys, though; it's only when that girl's around. When she's there, he won't have dirt-clod fights, or catch frogs, or play in the water or do anything fun. He acts all serious and holds her hand, and carries her books. Just like the high school kids. I don't know why he wants to be with her all the time--they always look bored.

I wish Suzy would be cool again this summer. Mom always called Suzy a tomboy, but she was the best girl around. She could take Mickey in arm wrestling, and she could beat us both in a race. And she could name everyone on the Cardinals and their batting averages.

Last summer was great--at least the first part was. We were having the best summer ever till Mickey went on vacation with his family. Even then, me and Suzy were having a great time. Why did I have to kiss her? We were all wet from the pond, and we were wrestling in the grass like always. But then I started getting that funny feeling. Warm all over; and even hot in the face. And light-

headed.

Afterwards, I thought for sure she would slap me, or call me a sissy or something, but she didn't. She just looked up at me and smiled and kissed me again. After that she said we were boyfriend and girlfriend, and we carried on like that the rest of the afternoon.

It was probably the most boring week of my life. Suzy wouldn't go swimming anymore, and she tried dressing up like the high school girls, and she wore make-up. And I couldn't get her to play catch, or touch football, or go fishing or anything. Poor Suzy really flipped out. She wouldn't talk about things that mattered, and one day she started reciting from some poetry book. That was too much. I told her to shut up and I didn't want her to be my girlfriend anymore. I wanted her to be a tomboy again so we could have fun. She stormed off like mom does when she's mad, and we haven't been friends since.

Never should have wrestled her when Mickey wasn't around.

I wish school would get out so we could go swimming.

I wish it would hurry and be summer again.

. . .Rick Crocker

It crept upon me like my brother,

With a frog in hand.

It stung me like a slice of glass

While sifting through the sand.

It ruled me like my father's belt--

Which, from time to time I felt.

My childhood days began to melt.

Adulthood came my way.

It seems as long as Sunday mass

While the red bike waits in my yard;

It calloused me as it did my hands,

From work which wore them hard.

It drags and pulls me like a wave,

Under and under it hollows my grave.

My mind and body it seems to enslave--

The owner of my day.

... Julianna Burton

"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE."

The sky and the sea were grey. Somewhere in the distance at the misty horizon's edge, the two greys mixed and became greyer still. The pale beach sand, spattered with spray, seemed to have no colour at all unless it were a faint memory of a faded yellow. The little girl's hair and face were almost as pale as the sand she was sitting on, but the emerald of her jogging suit glared like a spot of summer in an autumn-dead field.

A black dog, a Labrador retriever with a winter-thick coat, scuttered up and down the beach in an ecstasy of energy, its tongue flopping and its tail beating the air. It snuffled and ran and stopped to snuffle again.

"Get away from me," the little girl pushed the dog off and stared out at the water again. The dog's hair was the same colour (no colour, black is no colour) as Tom's. Tom was her mother's latest boyfriend. Her hands smelled like the dog; she rubbed them hard against the grit of the sand.

Something was moving in the sea, not driftwood or a seal or (glimmer of hope) a small glimpse of a whale--it was only a gull. It floundered and fell through the waves, and now she could see that one of its wings was twisted. The dog could see it too.

It ran and then swam, its legs churning the froth of the water. Its mouth gaped and its snuffling nose pointed line-straight to the gull. In three more pulses of its flailing legs, the dog's white teeth would close on the grey gull in the greyer ocean. A wave, slightly larger than usual, closed over them both.

The little girl watched, but nothing stirred in the sea or on it. "It serves them both right," she said to the empty world.

... Ace G. Pilkington



WAITING FOR YESTERDAY

Yesterday is crystallized
In frost on the window
Pane.
Blissful moments
Freezing into ice.
Wishing. . .
To embrace,
To turn time back
Until we'd never met.

Tomorrow is vulnerable,
Open for attack,
Like the heart
That should've waited.

. . .Mindy Andrus

Just because I'm strong
Doesn't mean I don't bend.
You expect miracles
From a girl
Too small to reach the cookie jar.

(Too impatient to find
The stepstool)
It takes me longer
To notice something
Worth saving.

You say I am
What you want
When even you don't know
What it is
You're looking for.

Sometime, when we
Think we understand
Motives and reasons, or whatever,
Maybe we can
Let go
Of fantasies
And our childlike expectations.

. . .Mindy Andrus

JUST LIKE HER *

People used to say I was just like her,
And I'd disagree
Because her eyes are hazel-green
And her hair is teddy-bear brown; so unlike the flaming gold
I've known all my life.
We fought for a decade (maybe longer),
Found friendship a strain, and many tears were spent
On heartaches and pillows.
But slowly it became apparent:
I'm just like her.

The quick wit (which has embarrassed more than one dinner guest),
A deep fondness for the finer things in life,
The need for adventure and exotic places (never quite fulfilled),
And the emotions which make creation possible

Are all traits we've shared
For the twenty years we've been together.
But I don't have her knack for neatness,
Or the proper-practical sense of romance.
Nor does she have a taste for cheap wine
But instead chooses to study.
So I really wasn't convinced. . .

Until today,
When a crumbling, yellow scrapbook revealed her
Dressed in faded denims and well-worn penny loafers,
Amidst love letters, foolishly scrawled,
A class ring, the label of a whiskey bottle
And a D grade in shorthand.

. . .Faith Schroeder

* Honorable mention, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1984



Did we giggle, or
 Explore the fantasy
 Of existing?
 Warm moments
 Tasting as good
 As cold pizza in
 The morning.
 Daisies freshly cut,
 Bittersweet.
 Crickets' chorus,
 Why couldn't we find them?
 Friends like
 Arcade pinball machines
 Exploding from one
 To another, to another,
 Then landing back
 Where we began.
 The only ones with
 Aquaman as our hero.
 Saturday cartoons,
 Helium balloons,
 Always seeming to escape our grasp.
 Wondering
 Why we had bellybuttons
 Or did it matter
 Anyway . . .
 Stretching sideways
 Left skidmarks
 On our hearts.
 We thought
 If we grew up,
 Then,
 That was paradise.

. . .Mindy Andrus and Dawn Houghton

MAN OR MATTER

One day dandelions in the tall grass
Won't matter.
Nor will loud laughter from faraway friends.
But for now, everything matters.
Everything
But uneven cracks in the sidewalk.
Who knows?
Maybe someday the sound of breaking glass
Won't matter.
Neither will the soft-spoken lie--
Even though you've heard the truth
Four times before.
And sometimes a forgotten appointment won't matter.
Even a lost dollar won't matter.
But for now, everything matters.
Sometimes, even the uneven cracks in
The sidewalk matter.

. . . Dawn Houghton

THE EDGE II

I carefully guide the razor's edge
Over stubby curves of knees and calves
Under the downward current of the shower
While thoughts explore
Mountains of ecstasy and caverns of uncertainty
Thinking of you.
With each steady motion of the blade against my flesh
Emotions cause a varying degree of tingles and shivers
Until a sudden pang of doubt arises
And the razor springs to life in my hand.
I watch the crimson beads flow gently down my now-smooth skin
As the soothing spray of water
Washes doubt away.

. . . Faith Schroeder

The music begins. The words
Leap out from the page. The
Tempo is confused.

The lines of the poem are
An unfinished pirouette,
Hanging by a limb,
Collapsing into a heap
On the page.

. . .Mindy Andrus

When wishing on a star
Which shone unaccompanied
By any other,
I wished it would not be alone,
And by the first

Star

Appeared another star.

. . .Julianna Burton

"ASK YOUR MOM IF I CAN SLEEP OVER" *

Tiny feet in tall-heeled shoes
Stumbling to that full-length mirror
On the bathroom door.
Your lipstick was cherry-blossom red
While mine was apricot-flame orange.
Who said lipstick didn't look good on your chin?

Our dresses fit like snails
In turtle shells
But that was fine because
Our names were different,
And anyway, no one recognized us.

Back then, it was O.K. to be
An Avon lady
'Cause that meant you smelled good,
And
A pack of chewing gum only lasted
A day.

Now our tattered tennis shoes show our toes.
Lipstick is more cinnamon and peach.
Those ship-sized, hazel-printed dresses
Lie in a box labeled "silverware"
Underneath old mail-order catalogs--of course.
Our favorite perfume is found in the supermarket,
But a pack of chewing gum still only lasts us
A day.

. . .Dawn Houghton

* 2nd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1984



THE QUEST

Most heroes are stuck with a quest--a war to fight, a kingdom to win, or a Golden Fleece to find. Some of them, like Theseus and Beowulf, can't wait to start killing monsters and winning fame. The more sensible heroes (and they're the majority) have to be pushed, prodded, and cajoled into quests. Arthur puts the sword back in the anvil in the stone and hopes that no one noticed; Odysseus pretends to be insane so he won't have to fight in the Trojan War; and Frodo Baggins offers the ring of power to almost everyone he meets. But eager or reluctant, the hero is stuck, and the quest goes on. Along the way he learns the danger of death and comes to terms with it; he meets the hurts and hopes of humanness and learns to live with them. Finally, what the hero finds on his quest is himself, a more powerful, more complete self than the one he set out with.

Each of us has his own quest--a search he can't avoid, a self he must explore. Each of us must come to terms with his own mortality and his own humanity. In that sense we are all heroes because we are all human.



THE CLIFF

I live on the edge of a cliff,
But the edge is not clear--and I fear
I may stumble over into evil,
And some try to guide me,
But at times I don't want to be guided,
And over the edge is deep and wide
And seems to represent freedom--
It lures me to its openness
And tries to trap me in its arms;
It's got gravity on its side.

But if I fall, I fear
I may not rise again,
And even if I do, I may never
Make it to the top;
My strength is not boundless,
And my time will not always be mine.
And if I only reach the stars,
I may never feel the full strength
And warmth of the sun
Or grow in knowledge of all
That is around me,
And I fear that knowing what I have missed
Will drive me
Insane.

. . .Muriel O'Flynn

THE CONSCIENCE

I knocked at the door.
It opened, my mind caved
in;
I was guilty.
I struggled through
And tried to find some
compassion--
A morsel, the rest had been
wasted--
I was guilty.
Through this fog, I saw a
light,
It faded, and then it
reappeared again,
And there was hope
And there was truth.
Maybe it would stay
For at least a little while.

... Muriel O'Flynn

TRAPPED

Trapped in a maze
Full of bitterness.
Dormant sorrow
Now erupted.
Numbness,
Betrayal,
Loneliness.
Beasts of burden,
Eyes glowing,
Reaching towards me.
Horrid stench,
Gagging.
Heart beating loudly,
Much too fast.
No way out!
Screaming,
Awakening.
Hold me, please
Hold me.
I am trapped
Within my
Mind.

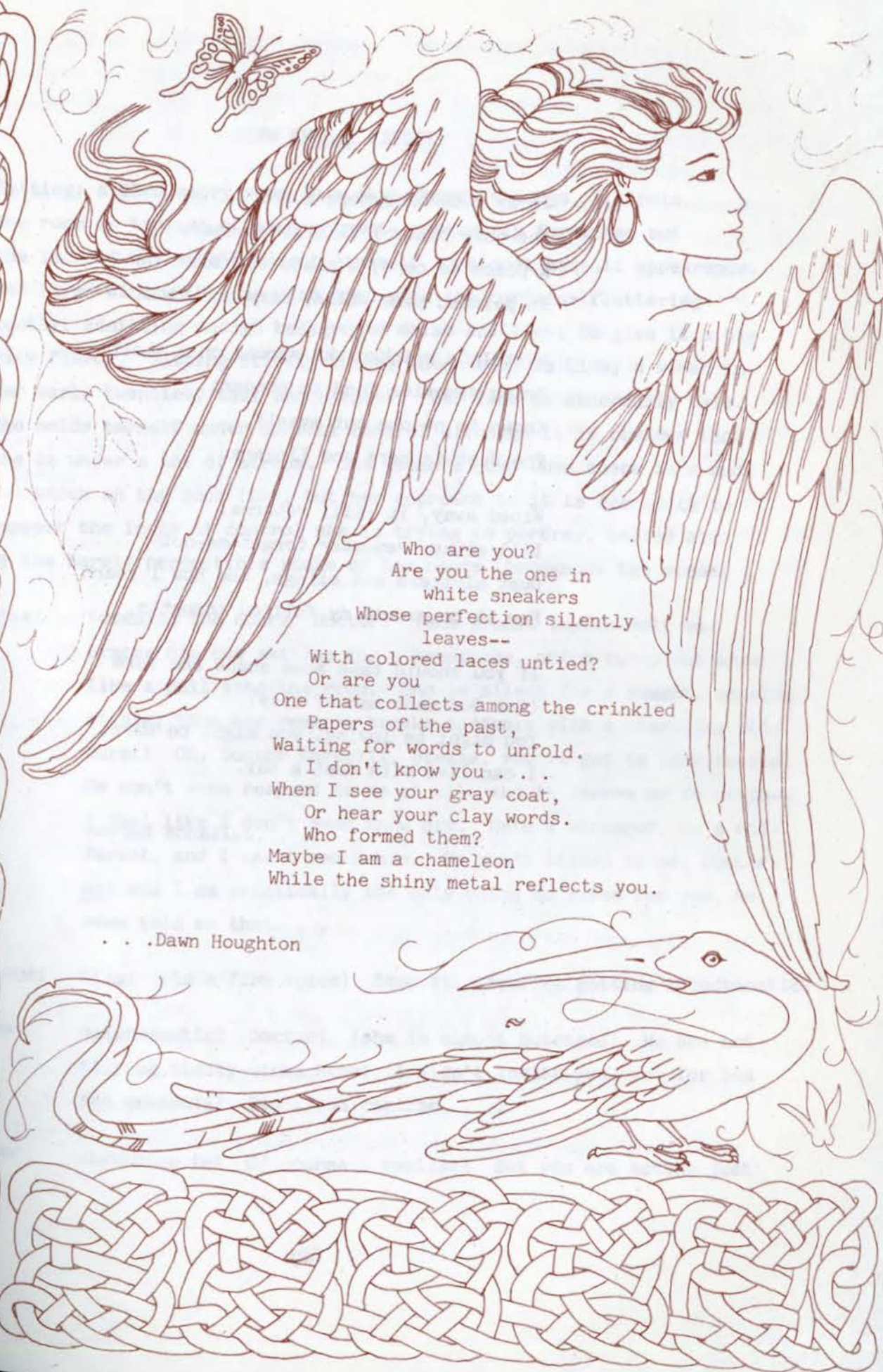
... Janet Alder

ROAD HUNGER *

Asphalt smoldering in the
Midday sun.
Heat waves ripple
Across the barren horizon.
He aches to walk
Alone.
To step along the highway,
No one to bother him.
He hungers for the
Road,
The taste of sweat on
His parched lips.
He wishes escape,
Death of his existence.
No one near,
Far away.
Longing to feel solid
Ground
Under swollen feet.
Starved for loneliness. . .
Road hunger.

. . . Janet Alder

* Honorable mention, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1984



Who are you?
Are you the one in
white sneakers
Whose perfection silently
leaves--
With colored laces untied?
Or are you
One that collects among the crinkled
Papers of the past,
Waiting for words to unfold.
I don't know you . . .
When I see your gray coat,
Or hear your clay words.
Who formed them?
Maybe I am a chameleon
While the shiny metal reflects you.

. . . Dawn Houghton

DUST

In my room once more I fear,
The only place I'll allow a tear,
A place to cope, a place to hide
In painted pink walls, bare and wide.

Nostalgic knickknacks spread on a shelf
Bring memories fond to ponder;
Known to no one but myself,
The dust is here and lingers.

Wiped away, it still returns;
I'll always remember forget-me-nots;
Dust clutters and clings, and how I yearn
For it to exceed my follied thoughts.

If you should take some shape and form
(For God made man of clay),
You might be loving, you might be warm.
I can live with dust a day.

... Julianna Burton

VIEW FROM A HEIGHT

Setting: a 23rd story room in a skyscraper, Chicago, Illinois.
The room is typical of an apartment--adequately furnished but the lack of any embellishment gives it an almost ascetic appearance. The large window (UL) is wide open with the curtains fluttering gently, admitting enough background noise and light to give it a big city flavor. Sitting stiffly on the couch (UR) is Lisa, a woman in her early twenties, tall and slender. Her face is abnormally pale. She holds herself under careful control although it is obvious that she is under a lot of stress. She doesn't jump when there is a sudden knock on the door (DR), but her approach to it is too quick to support the image of control she is trying to portray, belied also by the barely perceptible shake of her hands throughout the scene.

Lisa: (opening the door) Doctor! (she almost impulsively embraces him but settles for a handshake, which turns out more like a pull into the room. She is silent for a moment, staring at him, then her reserve breaks suddenly with a startling outburst) Oh, Doctor Cartelli, please, you've got to talk to him. He won't even respond to me at all, and it scares me to death--I feel like I don't even know him. He's a stranger, he's different, and I can't reach him. He won't listen to me, Doctor, me! and I am practically the only thing he lives for now, he even told me that. . .

Doctor: Lisa. (in a firm voice) Stop it. You're getting melodramatic.

Lisa: Melodramatic? Doctor! (she is almost outraged) We are not playing tiddly-winks here! I didn't invite you over for tea and crumpets! Don't you realize. . .?

Doctor: (breaking in) Of course I realize! But you are acting just

like that manic woman who was just admitted to the clinic.
I cannot deal effectively with this overexcited incoherence!
(seeing her regain control, he softens and lowers his tone)
Can he hear us, Lisa?

Lisa: (squelched but a little indignant) No, I don't think so.
I almost had to shout from the window.

Doctor: Okay. (he walks over to the couch and sits down. Lisa follows reluctantly, resentful of his nonchalant attitude.) I want you to tell me what happened this time. Clearly and concisely, please.

Lisa: When I got home from work today, I found this on my table. (she takes a sheet of paper from her purse) It looked so innocent. He used an apple for a paperweight. (the doctor raises an eyebrow quizzically but makes no attempt to take it) Don't you want to read it? It's a suicide note.

Doctor: I suppose. I'm already familiar with his style. . . (he takes the paper almost reluctantly)

Lisa: Oh don't be so cynical! This is only his third attempt /

Doctor: Only?

Lisa: . . .and it could be his last. (with impact)

Doctor: (refusing to be impressed) Don't be so certain. Why should he quit now when he's on a streak?

Lisa: (rising in anger) You awful, indifferent beast! Rawn is not playing a game! How could you, of all people /

Doctor: Yes, me, of all people. You forget who I am. I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that I know Rawn Dodges better than anyone else, including you and including himself.

Especially on the issue now under discussion.

Lisa: Under discussion. Under discussion--my God--it sounds like you're conducting a business meeting! (ironically this has become more of a personal battle than a defense of Rawn, mocking) Mr. Chairman, I propose that we nominate Oscar the Grouch to be foreign minister in Oregon. (thoroughly disgusted) I could get more help from any innocent bystander. I'm going to call the police.

Doctor: (alarmed) Don't do that! They've probably already been notified, and besides, they'll only get in the way. (he attempts to restrain her, but she gives him a dirty look and dials phone (L). He starts reading the note aloud, interspersed with Lisa's short phone conversation) "My dearest, To use a cliché, I simply cannot take it any more. I know that I have threatened to kill myself before. You may dismiss this as /

Lisa: 414 Tereton Avenue, 23rd floor, room C-21. And hurry--a man here is attempting suicide! Yes. Good-bye.

Doctor: . . .just another crying of wolf. That's okay. Pay no attention. Then you'll be spared the pain of trying to dissuade me." Hmmm, it comes out very strongly there. "Just do me a favor and don't blame yourself when you see my crushed and lifeless body" Oh Rawn, that's a little obvious even for you!--"being loaded into the ambulance. Don't cry, baby, not for me. Hell, I'm not worth it! I am so tired of the pressure and weary of the futility. It's the end for me. Please remember always that I loved you. I'll give your message to the devil when I see him, okay?

Love, Rawnnee."

Lisa: (tearful and solemn despite the critical and slightly

sarcastic tone of the doctor, which she doesn't seem to notice) See, Doctor? He really means it this time. And the more time we waste, the nearer he'll get to the edge. . . (her voice falters and stops)

Doctor: (serious, his voice pulling her closer) Lisa, listen to me. This time it is critical, but not in the way you think. In fact, the problem and solution are exactly opposite of what you are urging me to do. (he pauses. She is listening) Let me explain. Rawn is mentally unstable, emotionally unbalanced, and prone to acute depression at times. But he is not serious, deadly serious, about suicide. I am convinced that he is incapable of suicide. (he quells her expected protest) Remember, dear, I am the expert. I "talked him out of" his last try. I know what I'm doing. Lisa, Rawn is playing a game. It's dangerous, but he's desperate. This may offend you, but you have to understand. Rawn is trying to manipulate us. Me. He has a trust in me, but he feels he has to test me. This time, as I said before, is very significant. He thinks he has given me enough information, and now I'm ready for the big challenge. This is an ultimatum.

Lisa: But what about me? He sent the note to me, not you! You can't claim his love! What makes you think you can reach him when I can't? At least I'm caring about him, trying to prevent him from dying.

Doctor: Exactly. You are imploring him to come back. You are reassuring him of your great devotion and love. You are even (if I am not mistaken) telling him that you would rather face your own death than see him die! And you are playing his game exactly the way he intended you to! He craves it. He wants it. But it is not what he needs!

Lisa: You are accusing Rawn of immaturity. He may be insane, doctor, but he's not a child.

Doctor: He is thinking and behaving neurotically. Our best strategy is to discipline him like a child. If you know a child is deliberately trying to provoke you to anger, do you reward him by going into a raging fury? No. You stay calm, even indifferent. And his power game drops dead. Do you see what I'm saying?

Lisa: I do, and I don't like it at all. (she gets up almost violently and moves around as she talks) You are telling me that my lover is out there a few perilous inches from a hideous death, and what I should do is call out, "Good-night, dear, and try not to make too much of a bloody mess when you land," shut the window, and go make chocolate chip cookies? Be careful, doctor. I don't like what you're implying.

Doctor: Lisa, come on. Think objectively. It is so obvious from his note! Isn't it heart-wrenching? (playing Rawn) "How much pity can I wring out of my audience?" It's all an exhibition. Look, he has a gun, doesn't he? If he really intended to murder himself, he has a quick and sure way out. Instead, he composes a moving letter, climbs out onto a window ledge (which is not exactly the most private place) and dramatically threatens to hurl himself over the edge. There he waits for people to come swarming, begging him not to do it. Even now he is getting lonely and impatient. What a fine drama he has set up! Are you going to dutifully read your lines when he gives you your cue?

Lisa: (she is now completely closed to everything the doctor says. She pauses, letting her white-hot fury permeate the room, then speaks slowly, with emphasis) I used to have the

impression that you were a real human being. I was wrong. You don't understand Rawn, and contrary to your overinflated opinion of yourself, you don't know what the hell you're doing! I am going down and finding someone with a little sense and a heart to help me. You will be gone when I come back. I would show you out, but I think you can find the way--the window is wide open. (she leaves abruptly. The doctor looks after her, disillusioned and deeply concerned. He walks slowly over to the window and stares out in deep thought)

CURTAIN

...Tovia Tracy

Remember

The hours we spent

Thinking,

Wondering

Who we were,

Pondering. . .

Oh, the headaches!

Heartaches.

The problem was we were sidetracked

By playing people who we really weren't at all--

Characterization and reaction,

Creating irony with comic

Timing

And getting the climax just right--

Ourselves in the director's chair,

Trying to play every part

In Life Act I, Scene 4.

...Julianna Burton

Everything that happened
Comes back to me.

All of my hopes and desires thrive:
They begin to grow.
A tiger comes to me--
I send it away.
A lion comes to me;
I send it away too.

A tiger comes back--
I kept it.
A lion never comes back to me.
I find it dead,
I am sorry for it,
I get over it.

I begin to laugh.
Wayne joins me;
We grow tired,
We sleep,
Other people join us.
We are rested when we wake up.

Everyone jumps for Joy.
Joy is my tiger.

One of my people gets ill;
I call on myself to help--
I win the prize.
The speed freak's son gets well again;
The prize is a tiger,
I now have two.

I want to open my eyes:
They remain shut.
I want to scream--
I can't,
My mouth stays shut.

I am licked on my face;
I open my eyes.
It is my tiger;
I smile--
Joy comes to me.

Bruce wants to help me--
Bruce is my other tiger.

Bruce and Joy lick me on my face;
I fall asleep.

I am happy,
I am me,
I am Bruce.
Bruce is me--
I am Bruce the tiger,
Joy is what I feel,
Joy is my wife.
We are tigers,
We are us,
We are people too.

. . . Bruce Larson



SO WHO'S HAPPY

I don't cry like others with their black tears
 Running down their rosed cheeks.
 I tried crying once though.
 I laugh a little,
 Sometimes a lot, trying to cover my happiness with a hand.
 I'm usually happy,
 And for a moment I remember,
 And I'm sad.
 And when I'm sad,
 People wonder
 "What's the matter?"
 And I search my pockets but never find out why, exactly.
 I think it's just to let my mouth relax.
 But I'm never all the way happy,
 Or totally sad,
 If you're too happy, just smiling,
 And it seems a light comes from your being,
 Something will go wrong.
 And if you're too sad, peering quietly out a window,
 Or feeling lonely,
 Then you're depressing.
 And there's always something to be happy about.
 So I stay on a make-believe scale between happy and sad.
 With the needle pressing slightly closer to happy.
 Then when someone taps me on the shoulder and says,
 "You always seem happy."
 I have to go through and explain this to them
 All over again.
 (If it'll make 'em happy)

. . .Dawn Houghton



CACTUS

My form is a shapely silhouette,
My fragrance clean and pure,
My blossomed flowers brilliant and bright,
The desert's sweet allure.

Alone I stand with deep set roots
Unworn by dry, sharp wind;
Though others wither, fade away,
I shall not sway or bend.

Cactus, the title for such as I,
Is a poor and meaningless name,
For I am wild and strong and free,
Not here for man to tame.

Meant to be seen with the delight
That my blossoms bring in spring
But left alone with the sun and stone
For my spiny needles sting.

. . . Julianna Burton



AS ONE

Brown eyes shift upward,
Mixing with green.
Sallow face beams from my
Smile. Dim reflections,
Rusty. A glimpse of surprise,
Seeping through a callous,
Puzzled stare. Head rolls
Down chest, resuming
Unconfident posture. Optimist,
No more.

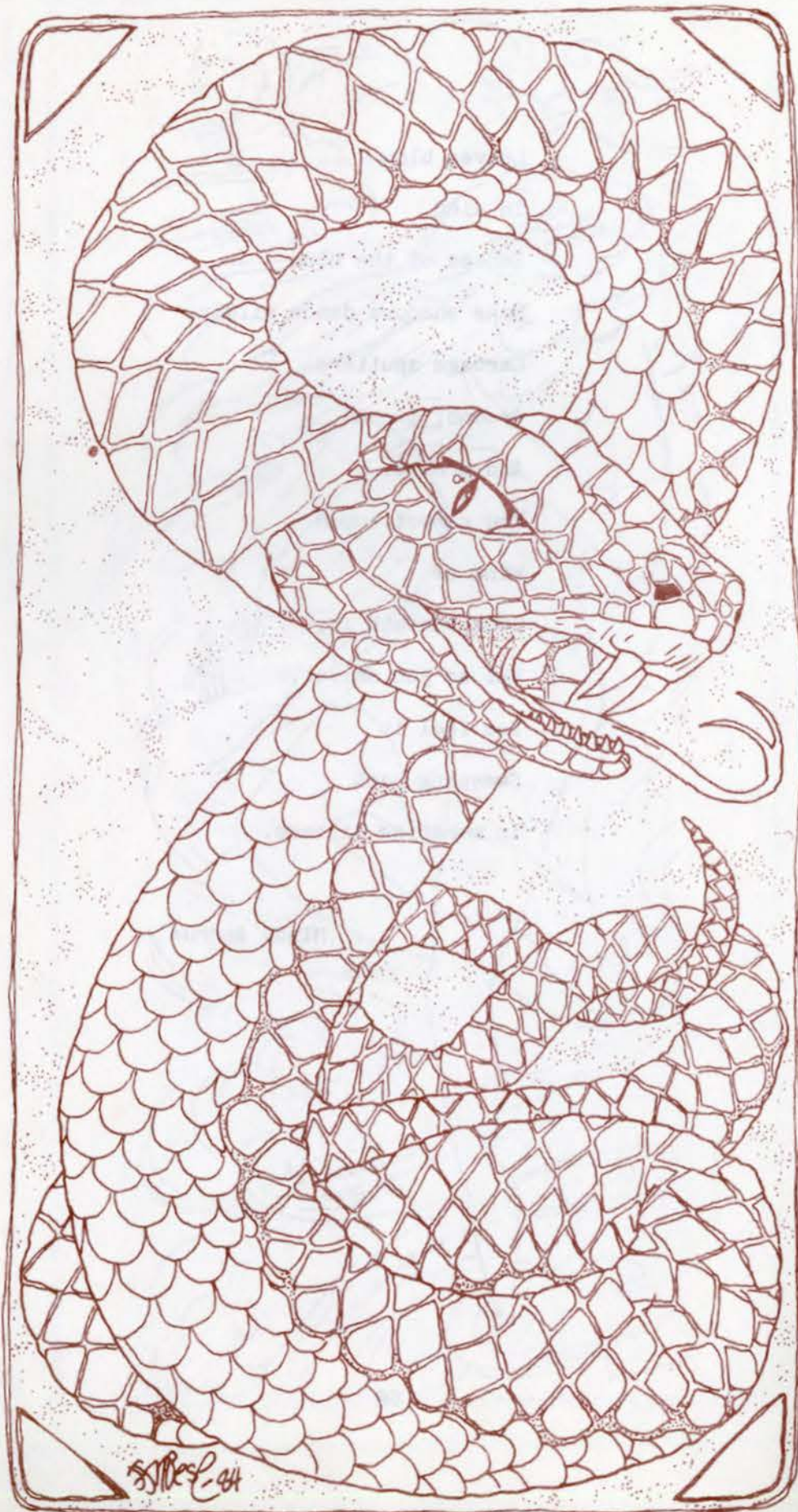
Brown eyes shift downward,
Mixing with green.
White face snatches my smile,
Expecting it. A forced hello
Transmitted from his soul.
He would not cast his eyes
Down further to see the
Dark heap, that if studied,
Also had brown eyes.

. . .Sarah Washburn



Leaves blow
In wind.
Echoes of the moon
Make shadows dance wildly.
Garbage sputters
Around, around,
And around.
You cannot touch
Wind or
Look beneath it,
But as you shiver,
You feel it
Sweeping past
In menacing silence.

. . .Mindy Andrus



UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER

The quest is achieved and the hero gains the glory he has expected or dreaded. But glory glows for a moment only and then is gone. Somehow things never move smoothly to their well-planned, well-earned conclusion. Jason doesn't get the kingdom he has spanned the world for; Frodo Baggins has suffered so much for the land he loves that he can no longer bear to live in it; Odysseus reaches the end of his weary wandering only to find a bloody battle with fools and another quest beyond that. The hero journeys, not in the fairy tale of happily ever after, but in the real world where struggles don't stop while life lasts and where the hero lives unhappily ever after, or at least until he passes into the strange dark of death or the bright dawn of paradise.

Like the hero, we find that no quest accomplished or glory earned protects us from the burdens of humanness. The troubles never disappear, the triumphs never vanish while we live with ourselves in the real world.

STAGE PRESENCE

He stood beside me
On the stage.
The lights,
Burning our faces,
Showed our souls.
We became transparent,
Everyone knew what we were.
I realized it and
Drew back.
I tried to grab his
Hand,
Bring him home.
But he lived for the
Audience,
For the bright lights and
Applause.
I became real again,
Solid and true.
I could not hold his hand
Anymore.
My fingers slipped through his.
He stepped farther towards the
Lights,
Farther towards the
Edge
Of the stage.
I screamed a silent
Scream
As he faded away
Completely.

. . .Janet Alder

THE GYPSY INSIDE

She lives in her world, an only silk rose
With a net of lace, fond feathery touch.
Though out of line, it is all that shows
To protect the gypsy possessed in her clutch.
And like webs on frost-covered windows,
It softens the darkness that only she knows.
She, like a leaf once green and alive,
Now waits helpless, designed to be tamed
By the inevitable, belittling forces of time
That leave her bitter, staring through pain.
A fallen leaf, plus the satin scarf of white
Float in the shadows of her dreamless nights.
Her thoughts and true wishes are lost in her grief
And only her fragile disguise can be seen.
No one can doubt the gypsy's beauty,
For she walks as a princess, calm and serene,
Over moss-covered paths toward misery
Showing all the false pleasures of her longevity.

. . .Deanne Marquardt

EVENING

The air is velvet soft and luminous,
A purple haze bathes the mountains
Which are etched
In pencil-thin lines
Against the blue sky.
The pink blush of sunset
Fills the distant horizon.
The hills are rugged, craggy,
Bent and distorted
In an agony of the past.
Scrubby low-growing sagebrush
Creeps down the slopes until
It meets the road.
Black lava from ages past
Reminds us of the length of time
As geologists count it.
Painted cliffs of muted reds,
Tan, purple and beige.
Man's work--
A strip of asphalt
Running midst the sage.
Soft shadows
Envelop the men of ages past;
The soft pink haze of dying day
Shouts its farewell.

. . .Montrue Larkin

OH BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES!

Minus the amber grain and purple mountains
But equal in majestic glory are the hills
Surrounding this valley town, as the western
Sunset graces them
With armor of bronze.
America! America!
Keep the fruited plains and everything else
Which falls eastward.
My heart races with tumbleweeds as they
Scramble across empty highways, causing
Jackrabbits to scamper and lizards to scurry.
God, shed your grace on those who
Have discovered the purity of
Clean, desert living
As it cleanses the mind and the soul
(Not to mention the lungs)
While creativity expands beyond
The painted horizon.
God, crown those who wish to
Auction off our resources for profit,
With flames as fiery as our noonday sun.
For I have viewed our brotherhood's destruction
From sea to shining sea. . .

. . .Faith Schroeder

His piercing green eyes mock with every glance;
 My spirit shrinks completely, and I stand, an empty shell.
 Lifeless, I endure the brutal beating of the undead one,
 Blow after blow,
 Bruise after endless bruise.
 I fall to the ground and pray for death, but death will not come.
 I will the undead one to stop--
 Yet he continues.
 With a sudden surge of strength, I strike back and run wildly
 Through the red--thrashing madly--then the blue.
 The blue is thick and heavy,
 Each step a concentrated effort, until at last it thins
 And I reach my final destination,
 My place of rest
 And confrontation--
 The purple haze. . .

. . . Jill Hafen

A CELTIC RHYME

A breath of nightly breeze with gentle mood
 And subtle gaze, awoke me from a lucid dream.
 In a moment of peace and placidity, I did
 My remembering. Strange as it may seem,
 However, part of me was not subdued.
 I went to the window in my room,
 And by the light of the full moon,
 I watched the daturas flower;
 I thought of you. . .
 Within the passing of an hour,
 Sleep enveloped me, but not before I could see
 A lovely animistic candor swallowed
 Into blackish blue.

. . . Danna Gaisford

SUMMER, TAKE YOUR CHLOROPHYLL AND GO

Why say the spring beginning, the
Fall dying?
When summer passes finally,
Why sigh?
Tired green yields reluctantly
To piercing, fearsome frost.
Colors blaze across the earth;
Slow summer breathes its last.
Cold fire wakens dormant heart,
The wind its aching cry,
And icy rivers surging, clear
The static from the sky.
I, walking through the quickening,
Breathe.
Fresh air chases saucily the sullen and the stale;
I sigh no sigh of sorrow then, when
Summer is exhaled.

. . .Tovia Tracy

We shall be
Bound breath to breath
Inextricably;
Your finger ends and mine
Keeping the same somnolent time,
And if our hugged-up warmth of sleep
Is cooled by unquiet dreams,
We'll kiss and mouth this potent charm:
"No one I love can come to harm."

. . .Ace G. Pilkington

He talks like a wave talks
To a sandy shore.
Like calmness and tranquility
On a warm, summer day.
Or, with a touch of dancing laughter,
As a wave rolls on by.
Sometimes he sounds like a gigantic tide,
Full of such power that it makes you afraid.
But always he is reaching,
As a wave does to the shore.

. . .Brook Nisbet

ENGLAND'S GOLDEN AGE

Sir Francis Drake sailed Spain's subtle seas
To reap the red blood gold that grew
In the steel sun.

The armada foundered but the war flew on,
And victory meant famine, fighting, plague,
And debt that drowned the pirates' profit deep.

Drake died failing in the foreign West
While Elizabeth fell to Essex, age, and James--
How easily we give airy nothing names.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

ASHES IN THE WIND

Where am I going?
The newborn baby cries.
Only to my death?
Only to my death.

If I smash the clock,
Will this stop time?
Only within the mind.

Time falls to the floor,
Like ashes in the wind,
Lost for evermore.

Where has the past gone?
The baby, now old man, cries.
Now my life is just a note,
Lost in the symphony of time.

. . . Derrick Higley



The rose full of friendship blooms,
The snow full of hatred falls.
The rose curls up and fades away.
A new season begins.

. . . Brook Nisbet

I JUST HOPE THEY CHOKE!

It isn't right to let people
Look at things sideways.
Why can't I tell them
How
I feel and what
I think?
Sometimes I wonder if it
Would help to shove cake
Into their faces when they've
Got a mouthful of dirt.

. . . Dianna Kearney



O MAN'S BED

In man's bed, premortal womb,
For infant growth, a life in bloom,
Smothering, warm creation's tomb,
In which I once did dwell.

Upon man's bed once I did lay
My head to rest after a day.
Alone I dreamt, escaped away,
Without a last farewell.

O man's bed, my soul does sleep,
My small body still, my grave does keep,
While someone above me looks and weeps,
'Tis thought I have no life to tell.

Now serene sleep contains remains
That nothing from my life explains
While spirit so subtly alive. . .
Will yet continue to survive.

. . . Julianna Burton

The ivory statues are still--
The aging unknown--
Walk on the burgundy carpet
As you drift by.

While you observe,
Look without the wonder of your love;
See the statue's oyster-white structure
As a life-like pastel.

Praise its creator
Because of knowledge and yet compassion.
Let compliments flow like clear clouds,
Subtle as the cerulean province they possess.

Touch the carved sculpture
Even though it may be inferior or frail,
Then leave the statue as it is:
No other arms are needed.

. . .Dawn Houghton

ANYBODY WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?

Things weren't like this a minute ago.
Cares were foreign objects,
Time had never-ending limits,
And I saw life like a movie screen.

Who flipped over the screen?
Or is it intermission?
Maybe I missed a part,
Or was I expected to understand the deep implied meanings?

Now I see myself again--
Care, but don't worry.
Time only matters sometimes
In the picture show of my life.

The movie has ended,
The credits are now revealed,
The audience leaves the theater,
And alone I sit, waiting for my
Name to appear.

. . .Dawn Houghton

MILES AND MILES

Miles and miles of bushes and fences
That seem to stretch forever,

Blank stares and eyes that droop and
Close.

Time has lost its rigidity as brightness
Turns to shadows that hint our
Destination.

A broken corral, an old windmill,
A solitary tree in a sea of moss-colored
Nothingness,

Long awaited for stops come rarely
To break the restless boredom.

Tiny uncomfortable spaces that yield
Cramped positions;

Wanting to stretch, to run, to find
The end of the road, where the porch
Light is on,
And the sounds and smells are familiar.

. . . Rory Wright

Strange seas may grow beyond earth's empty edge,
Where mystic willows sigh with love's light breath--
I do not know.

The marvels that I measured once as true,
I now find slipping silent false away;
The colors that I counted as my own
Have faded: gray as twilight cold as ghosts.

But perhaps from this thick death of much-loved dreams
New wonders wrapped in fire will be born
And out of doubt a burnished world drawn.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1953-54	(Note: No literary magazine publication	
1954-55	due to lack of funds.)	
1956-57		
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
	(Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	
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
	(Note: A second volume was published during 1966-67.)	
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
	(Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	
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
1975-76	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 Batzli	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graf	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick and Aderianna Smith	
1981-82	Melanie Madsen and Kerri Anderson	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton	Ace G. Pilkington

LIST OF THE EDITORS

1944-45	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1945-46	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1946-47	Ross Kaplan	Ross Kaplan
1947-48	(Note: No literary magazine publication due to lack of funds.)	
1948-49	Karen Vardrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1949-50	Karen Vardrey	Juanita Brooks
1950-51	Barbara Levin	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	(Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	
1952-53	Hilma Spillbury	Neil Blake, Jr.
1953-54	Joan Kaplan	Robert G. Dalton
1954-55	Joan Kaplan	Robert G. Dalton
1955-56	Elaine Herman	Fanny L. Hardy
1956-57	Billy Cotton	Fanny L. Hardy
1957-58	Ray Hinton-Waller	Fanny L. Hardy
1958-59	James Forte	Robert G. Dalton
1959-60	(Note: 2 student voices were published during 1959-60.)	
1960-61	James Forte	Fanny L. Hardy
1961-62	(Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	
1962-63	Linda Lee Hall	Fanny L. Hardy
1963-64	Linda Lee Hall	Fanny L. Hardy
1964-65	Frances Stewart	Fanny L. Hardy
1965-66	Michelle Thomas	Fanny L. Hardy
1966-67	Michelle Thomas	Fanny L. Hardy
1967-68	John G. Hacking	Fanny L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1968-69	John G. Hacking	Fanny L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1969-70	John G. Hacking	Fanny L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1970-71	Michael Perry	James F. DeMille
1971-72	Marilee Goss	James Forte
1972-73	Bill Batelli	Fanny L. Hardy
1973-74	Laura Lee Graf	Fanny L. Hardy
1974-75	Bertie O'Neil, Linda Sedrick and Adeleanna Smith	Ann G. Pilkington
1975-76	Melanie Watson and Karvi Anderson	Ann G. Pilkington
1976-77	Elaine E. Kearney	Ann G. Pilkington
1977-78	Ann Doughton	Ann G. Pilkington

