

The Valley We Did Not

Valleys We Have Not Entered



The Southern Quill

1999-2000

Valleys We Have Not Entered

"One sees great things from the valley; only small things from the peak."

—G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936)

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Table of Contents

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I.

The Turtle (Laurie Hoff).....	6
Maybe a Rainbow (Darryl T. Barfuss).....	7
Ceramics (Liana Kempton).....	7
Afternoon at the Pavilion (Jaylynn Lewis).....	8
Love Poem For the Wind (Ace G. Pilkington).....	9
Death Valley (Tracy Solimeno).....	10
Breakfast (Dallas Cecil).....	11
Life's Passion (Tracy Solimeno).....	11
Sunrise (Marissa Young).....	12
My One True Nemesis (Amanda R. Sadorus).....	13
Pass the Deep Woods (Jaylynn Lewis).....	15
Rain Dance (Marissa Young).....	21
Three (Jeff Koldewyn).....	22
Evening Serenity (Aubree [Howard] Larson).....	23

II.

Shattered Trust (Cindy Lee Wallace).....	25
Untitled (Greg Lewis).....	34
The One I Love (Nancy Roche).....	35
Reality (Cindy Lee Wallace).....	36
Untitled (Amanda R. Sadorus).....	37
Pictures From Josh (Megan Gelter).....	38
How To Keep Women Completely Uninterested In You (L. J. Chandler).....	39
Gambol (Nancy Roche).....	41
My First Mirage (Jeff Koldewyn).....	42
The Angel (Cindy Lee Wallace).....	43

III.

The Road to Rapture (Annoelle Hardman)	45
Quintessential Any-Day (Darryl T. Barfuss)	47
The Bus Ride (Genell Christianson)	48
Heidi's Friend (Cindy Lee Wallace)	50
Dust Lies Deep (Jaylynn Lewis)	54

IV.

Is America Too Stupid For Intelligent Animation? (L.J. Chandler)	59
Binary Shakespeare (Darryl T. Barfuss)	65
Magnetic Shakespeare (L.J. Chandler)	66
<i>King Lear</i> (Heidi Madsen)	67
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> (Liana Kempton)	69
<i>The Lion in Winter</i> (Jocelyn Crowther)	71
<i>Damn Yankees</i> (Nathaniel Taggart)	73
<i>You Never Can Tell</i> (Heidi Madsen)	75
<i>Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat</i> (Amanda R. Sadorus)	77
Lost Dreamer (Darryl T. Barfuss)	79
Marbles (Lacie Lee)	80
A Sacrifice for Charlton Heston (Todd Fallows)	81
Untitled (Liana Kempton)	81
Soldier's Farewell to Fallen Comrade (Laurie Hoff)	82
Civilian (Megan Gelter)	83
Instantaneous Realization (Tracy Solimeno)	84
Untitled (Michael Simonson)	85
Viewing the World (Aubree [Howard] Larson)	86
The History of the <i>Southern Quill</i>	87

I

"Never does nature say one thing
and wisdom another."

—Juvenal (60-140 A.D.), *Satires*

Laurie Hoff

The Turtle

I swim within my sheltered world,
A tapestry of encased lines,
And peer out on the fabled land,
Shaped by an unseen mortal hand.

A mountain crouched upon four legs,
Great cavern belching underneath,
Within the silky monster lies,
With emeralds peering as though eyes,
Surrounded by a desert flat
With distant loomings beyond the skies.

Ne'er have I crawled outside my home,
Contained by walls that can't be seen,
Yet my view stretches beyond there,
For I am the lone keeper here.

Darryl T. Barfuss

Maybe a Rainbow

Lulled by the over-watered moss
That chills spirits and dampens bones,
Under the endless gray cover
That warms and numbs the mind,
We watch the heavens for a reward.
But the stars, the moon, and the sky —
All vetoed by the rule of Zeus.

Liana Kempton

Ceramics

This mud in my hands
Answers my touch and becomes
A piece of my soul.

Jaylynn Lewis

Afternoon at the Pavilion

Bound willow rake pulled deliberately across uneven ground
By gardner leaning and bent—
Wizened elf with wrinkled face, crow's feet.
He's contributing to common, shared beauty.
A spare acre for thousands to use.

Rain dripping on damp, green lily pads,
Salmon-orange carp swarming near shore,
Scent of incense and moisture.

School girls—coarse, charcoal hair, almond-shaped eyes,
Dressed in crisp white and navy.
"Konnichiwa," they giggle and stare at the foreigners.
Gravel crunches beneath numerous feet...
One afternoon at the Pavilion grounds.

Ace G. Pilkington

Love Poem For the Wind*

A love poem might begin with the single wing
Of a hawk taut on the wind:
That wing angles in to spin
The whole floating body round a clear center of air.
Columnar clouds climb the desert sky like sculpture
Made from an alabaster and shale mixture,
While light splashes into corners,
Then washes down onto brown feathers which acquire
A golden tincture, plus flecks of red and silver.
Now, the hawk has caught the wind
And swims across that stream of summer
Which is sun and water droplets in a band scored by fire.
Such a flight becomes a logical trance, a matter
Of impassioned balance, like Navajo hozro or Zen.
And this is how a love poem might end.

*Originally appeared in *Orbis*, No. 114, Autumn 1999.

Tracy Solimeno

Death Valley

All around me lies a wasteland.
 Trees are mangled and twisted in parched sculptures.
 Quartz grains sand the flesh off my soles.
 Sunlight burns my skin, sucking it dry, cracking its surface.
 A dead calf lies beside me; the desert blows through its skull and
 Drifts out to the distant mirage.

There, before me, an ocean appears.
 Waves crash upon the beach,
 Sending a wall of mist high into the air.
 Three seagulls swoop into its depths.

My muscles contract, propelling me forward.
 Arms reach, and thighs flex.
 In one convulsive movement I hurl myself into its coolness,
 Bathing in its depth.
 My eyes close as the waves crash over me.

Dallas Cecil

Breakfast

Morning cries present the sun.
 Flighted hungers arrive on Buzzard Canyon wind.
 Gopher's wheels Spin on air
 Lifted meal Served up rare.
 Embankment table setting for one.
 A perch and a pose before a feast.

Gopher's guts Red display
 Varment banquet Starts the day

Tracy Solimeno

Life's Passion

Here, beneath the sea of raw mist and bitter wind, lies life.
 Delicate moments tongue at its pink breast,
 Sordid shadow sweat under incubate sunlight,
 Delirious fingers recall the honey-smooth skin of the forest rain,
 Elaborate whispers stare through black beaten need.
 O the power — the languid beauty of life.

Marissa Young

Sunrise*

Sunrise—
 The golden fireball
 Parts the darkness
 Through gray of morn,
 Painting the world in watercolor
 Of green and blue,
 Streaking the sky a brilliant salmon
 And chasing away the stars
 As he peeks his face
 Over his hiding place
 Behind the black mountains
 That slice the sky.
 His light erases
 Yesterday's mistakes
 And promises
 Today's clean slate.
 His warmth penetrates my core
 And draws the shades
 From my eyelids
 To greet the new day.
 The silky, red tulips
 Open their faces to sustenance,
 Drinking energy from his rays.
 The very earth rushes to greet him
 And say
 Good morning.

*First Place Winner, 1999-2000 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Amanda R. Sadorus

My One True Nemesis

The dream is wonderful. I am towering over my arch enemy with a gleeful look in my eyes and a biting remark on the tip of my tongue. Just as I am about to release the killer phrase, I hear a faint but ever-increasing buzz in the distance. I turn around and ... my hand is slapping the alarm. Every morning the same thing happens. I am awakened from a warm and fuzzy sleep by the continually nagging morning that always comes long before it should. Many around me worship their beloved morning—Aurora to the Greeks—with a passion that I have come to despise. From forcing myself to get out of bed and face the day to chirping sounds of the birds, I hate everything that morning represents. Just as there are others with the same views as myself, there are also avid worshippers of Aurora. If Henry David Thoreau were alive today, he would be appalled at the way I loathe his beloved Aurora because if I had my way, I would do away with her completely. Aurora is my arch enemy.

"The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour" (Thoreau 80). My first issue with that vixen Aurora is her ego, and Thoreau only adds to her ego trip. Thoreau states that she is "cosmical" and credits her with the "everlasting vigor and fertility of the world" (80). I find her repulsive. I credit her with my swollen eyes and chaotic hair. Morning presents the toils of life. For me, Aurora is nothing more than a meddlesome message girl literally opening my eyes to the unwanted responsibilities that I must take care of during the day.

Just as I despise the appearances of the women around me, I despise Aurora's appearance. With her early morning amber glow and the scent of dew and newness that surrounds her, she makes me ill. While Thoreau was "much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its

invisible and unimaginable tour through [his] apartment at earliest dawn ... as [he] could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame" (79-80), early morning cacophony makes me want to shove my head back under the pillow. Her bright countenance makes me long for the dark void of the night, with his boisterous sounds and glaring fluorescent light. I scorn her clear beauty that Thoreau loves so much.

The last issue to cover, and the characteristic I have the hardest time with, is intelligence. I cannot stand women who think that they are more intelligent than I. As Thoreau recounted, "The Vedas say, 'all intelligences awake with the morning.' Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour" (80). How anyone can think clearly in the morning is beyond me. Aurora and I are like black and white. My best ideas present themselves at the times when I need unnatural light to write them down. The poetry and music of the morning are nothing compared to the art that can be produced at night's darkest hours. Thoreau could never comprehend the energy that beats through the creative lifeline at night.

Aurora is my nemesis. Her impending coming threatens each of the most exalting hours of my night. Her coming is inevitable, but I will never come to accept her and love her as much as Thoreau does. I will continue to do my best to destroy everything she is and everything she represents because she is the typical woman who is out to destroy everything that I hold dear. She threatens to destroy my sanity with her brightness and her gaiety, and when she is near I long for my home in the dark of the night.

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Jaylynn Lewis

Pass the Deep Woods

"It's not that I dislike camping," I said, looking into my seven-year-old son's dark eyes and patting his head in an effort to console. "It's just that I don't like getting cold and dirty — two guaranteed benefits of camping." He looked at me, his brow beginning to furrow, the corners of his mouth drooping. Of course, I relent. What else can I do? Let my six year old suffer because I'm a pansy? I make the dutiful, motherly sacrifice and agree to three days of bliss in the wild outdoors — camping.

Driving up the canyon in our '74 Chevy, I have second thoughts. Maybe it's the Sprite spilled across my Levi's, maybe my white Keds already speckled with dark soil, maybe the constant four-year-old whine, "Mommy, it takes a looong time to get there." On the other hand, it could be that it's the two-year-old on my lap that won't sit still long enough for me to capture her in the seat belt. My own belt was slowly cinching tighter across my hip bones — squishing my leftover mother's stomach in the process.

We arrive. I glance out at a verdant pasture — green and lush, splashed with yellow wildflowers gently dancing in the breeze. It's beautiful — a scene to turn every photographer green. I open the truck door and step into calf-high skunk leaves. The mashed, pulpy leaves immediately give off a pungent odor that fills my lungs and sends my sinuses reeling. As I wade across this ocean of green, I hear the unmistakable squish of water. I look down at my off-white Keds splashed in rich, black mud. Standing tiptoe, I make for the nearest rock. No sooner does rock meet wet rubber than it slips and I land squarely in a small black puddle fringed in slimy algae. By now the

green merely adds to the collage of spattered color that used to be my tennis shoes.

"This is it... Isn't it great?" my husband asks with enthusiasm and expands his chest. "Let's put up the tent." My husband is especially proud of our camping tent since it was once "regular army stock" bought on sale at Smith and Edwards. I remember him dragging it into the living room, smelling like musty tar and oil, pride clearly etched in his smile as he pounded his "find," and a cloud of dust rose from the canvas and slowly sifted down onto the carpet.

Now here we are, kneeling on our cramped knees in the damp skunk cabbage, a mountain of various kind of poles surrounding us, wishing the "find" had come with an instruction booklet. I look at the insurmountable task of matching tent poles with the appropriate canvas holes and get frustrated. There are some with crooks, some with curves, some with loops, some with hooks. Two hours later we are still sitting there with the sun pelting our necks and flies beginning to swarm around our eyes. Of course, the two-, four-, and seven-year-old disappeared as soon as Daddy uttered the first cuss word. This was a number of creative cuss words ago, so I decide I'd better seek them out. I leave my spouse mumbling to himself, a pile of tent pegs and poles on one side, some weird-looking pole creature on the other, a string in his mouth and a number more tangled around his arm. Maybe the next "go-round" he will want to buy a fancy \$500 model from Cabella's.

I find my two-year-old sitting spread-eagled on the earth, engrossed in dirt and stray ants from a nearby hill. She glances up. "Mommy—buggies!" She is visibly delighted with her new found friends as she throws dirt up in the air and watches it fall over her straw-colored curls. Her small, soil-covered fingers reach out for me, but I am reluctant to pick up the darling bundle of dirt and child.

My four-year-old meanders amongst sagebrush and yellow wallflowers towards me. She arrives equally soil-laden as her younger sister, but hiding her hands behind her and tilting her head from side to side apologetically. She utters the words every mother loves to hear. "Mommy, I have to go potty."

I choke back any annoyance and sigh. "Okay, I have to go too. Let's go check out the comfortable accommodations Daddy promised us." You see, in order to coax me to come, my sweetheart promised that there would be a cabin nearby with toilet facilities and a shower. To quote him, "It won't be camping out at all; we'll have all kinds of nice facilities." We head for the only structure within a ten mile radius—a wooden cabin whose logs are so weathered I was sure the pioneers had built it decades ago. I was right. We open a creaking screen door that doesn't close properly and find ourselves standing on a porch converted to dining room. I know this because it is a full step down from the rest of the cabin and the floor slopes at an amazing angle away from me as settling has occurred. There is also this strange smell that can only be described as a backed-up septic tank. I wait outside the bathroom door as a strange woman steps down and announces, "It won't flush." I step up into the bathroom and stare into the promised land of toilet bowls and working sewer systems and notice that, indeed, the toilet will not flush. In desperation I grasp the handle and force it down once more. The contents make a slow whirl and stop. Trying to make the best of the situation, I look up and notice that there are large kinks in the logs anyway. In fact, I can see clear through to the kitchen on the other side. Shoot, I could even get them to pass me another roll of toilet paper through those holes.

My head drooping, I leave the cabin and head for the trees. But there is a problem. Other campers have invaded the woods, and I run

into a tent here, a table set up there. I think I locate the perfect hidden, fallen log, and just as I'm about to whip down the ol' pants, bingo—I notice someone's clothesline directly behind me.

Now fully disgusted, I finally spot a small shack structure out in the field. I dash towards it. I notice the door is slightly off its hinge but attempt to pull it shut anyway. I look for the inside lock and realize there is none. "Sweetheart," I yell to my four year old outside the door, "can you hold the door shut for me?" She does her best, but every few seconds the door falls open a little wider, and I'm in danger of being exposed. Better make this quick.

I lift up the quaint wooden lid and suspend it by a notched 2 x 4. Aghast, I stare at a carved wooden seat—slivers in the butt is a major possibility, and I think of the latest discoveries of the detriment of wood and its ability to hold germs. Yet, here I am exposing my bare buns to the feel of ancient wood—one hundred years of infectious microorganisms possibly alive and I'm perched atop them all. I try hard not to visualize the ominous cesspool lurking underneath.

I count the number of furry, dark spiders lurking in cobwebbed corners and watch as flies light and crawl across my toes. It is no wonder it took two packages of Metamucil, half a cantaloupe, three bunches of grapes, and a glass of O.J. before I felt better. I love this camping stuff.

After having hot dogs three times in one day, by nightfall I am ready to go home. I watch the advance of twilight shadows till all is in coolness. Night is imminent. Time for the General—myself—to alert the troops. Once the sun is gone, the warmth is gone also. I rush to the tent for jackets. I gather my ammunition of sweatshirts, pullovers, and hats and prepare the troops. I get all of them jacketed, and one hour later I'm running back to the tent for coats and wishing I had thought to

bring gloves. In the meantime, none of the campfire coziness for me. I stand because I am on the go. One child, perched on a lawn chair, turfs it, landing in an old cow pie. Well, at least it wasn't fresh. Another is crawling over the rocks ringing the firepit, advancing much too close to those hungry flames. I rescue this parolee and discover blackened hands, feet, and coat to boot. At the same time another child is hollering for a "marshpillow." I glance at my sweetheart who's placidly gazing at glowing embers and feel a twinge of envy.

Why is it that God created certain species? I speak not of man, (though the thought has occasionally entered) but specifically of the class of insects that love to feed on human blood. Among my favorites are ticks and mosquitoes. Before long they are upon us. They come in squadrons attacking with blood-thirsty vengeance. I feel them crawling over my hair and tickling my nose in their vampire assault. I look at my two-year-old and see a hovering cloud waiting to descend and drink. I vault to the tent for the bright orange can of Deep Woods Off and apply a generous pesticide coating to my children.

By now my four-year-old's hands feel like they've been in the deep-freeze for a month. "Aren't you cold, honey?" I ask in motherly devotion. "No, Mommy." It figures—her fingers could be ready to drop off her body, and she would still say, "No, Mommy." I put my foot down. "It's bedtime!" Of course, this announcement makes me most popular with my offspring. My husband responds from the firepit, "You go ahead, sweetheart. I think I'll stay and talk for a while." So I trudge off to the tent with a flashlight and three reluctant children in tow.

Trying to find pajamas in the dark, I notice that the thin canvas tent does little to stop the biting cold since now I can clearly see my breath vaporizing as it hits the frigid air. In the same moment I see a flesh blur

that turns into my naked two-year-old as she dances gaily around the tent. "Get over here and get your pajamas on; you're going to catch pneumonia," I blurt out sharply. Of course, she continues on her merry way. By the time I tackle her and wrestle to get her top and bottoms on, she is now a demon from Hades, screaming bloody murder. When I finish, she is into the full temper-tantrum mode, flailing her arms and legs, pitching all 25 pounds of her body into the sides of the tent, a large screaming mouth the most visible part of her. Needless to say, she knocks the tent pole, and just as I see it all descending upon us, the pin catches on a lower notch and we all gasp as our ceiling billows down two feet.

My mother's patience all but gone, I growl at her, "Quiet!" I am only too aware of the other campers around us and the lack of a sound barrier. I am sure they are enjoying this little sortie also. I give up on capturing the small, half-dressed banshee and crawl into my own icy bed. It is now cold enough to give me a headache, and I slide deeper in the bag, allowing a small crack to get fresh air. Eventually, the children quiet and all is in darkness. But instead of drifting off to sleep peacefully, I perform my motherly vigil all night long as I wake every hour or so in the biting cold to feel for the children's sleeping forms and try to cover them up again. By morning, all our bedding is covered in dampness from condensation and dew.

Originally, we were supposed to stay three days, but one night was enough for me. The next morning, my spouse finds me sitting, alone, in the pickup, waiting to end this misery by fleeing home. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" he asks kindly. "Didn't you sleep well?" I am loathe to reply.

Marissa Young

Rain Dance

The earth rejoices
As the heavens weep,
And the treetops shiver in ecstasy
Under the cleansing shower.

The music on the roof
Provides entertainment for the daisies,
Who perform a rain dance
In the garden.

And I, as the rain raps on my window,
Rush out into the open air,
Stand in the middle of the yard,
Arms outstretched and head lifted to the sky,
And let the rain soak me to the bones
As it cleanses my soul.

Jeff Koldewyn

Three

1.

Bring out the autumn bells; the leaves are coming home
Dressed in the souls of children
As they fall like confetti into lonely piles, stirring in the evening
breeze.

2.

Outside the garden hedge, the daisies are wilting, while my sister
Sits faithfully holding their necks, promising them that spring will
come soon,
But nothing can hide her tears, and I can't tell her
Everything is going to be okay.

3.

Trees stretch their naked branches across the lawn,
Their quiet shadows growing like summer daffodils.
Eastburg pond lies abandoned, craving the spot birds left behind;
The world is turning, and I can't stop it, although sometimes I try.

When we were children, my sister and I would play angel,
Pushing the leaves until they made a fragile mountain.
We'd perch in the tree like sleeping doves,
And on the count of three,
We'd spread our wings and fall from the heavens,
Stretching our bodies like shadows in the setting sun.

The world passed like confetti in a thunderstorm,
And no one paid attention to the sound that daisies make when
they die.

Aubree (Howard) Larson

Evening Serenity

Silky orange summer sunset,
Trees of charcoal gray,
Warm, scented dusty breeze
Sending your mind astray.

Sparkling waters surround your feet.
Whispering waves rush the sand.
Silent lights sprinkle the sky,
And darkness shrouds the land.

II

**“Where both deliberate, the love is
slight: Who ever lov’d, that lov’d
not at first sight?”**

**—Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593),
*Hero and Leander***

Cindy Lee Wallace

Shattered Trust

She had everything ready. The table was set with the good china, and on the center of the table sat the candlesticks that illuminated the otherwise darkened room. The platters were artistically decorated, and the food looked like something off a TV cooking show. She also looked her best. She was dressed in her finest dress, with her hair elegantly styled, and her make-up perfectly applied. She was indeed lovely, and made even more so by her modesty. She was unaware of her looks and her effect on people.

She paced the floors, nervously fidgeting with her hands. She wanted to please him. She wanted him to think she looked nice and that she had done a good job. But she had that same gut feeling she always got before something went wrong. Something horrible was about to happen. She just knew it, and she was very afraid.

That was when the phone rang. She jumped with surprise and alarm, and with shaking hands picked up the receiver.

“I’m so sorry. I feel awful about this, but I am going to be home late tonight,” said the person on the other end.

She fought hard not to sound desperate and not to beg him to come home. She hated it when she groveled. “You’ve been working late for the past three weeks. I thought today was going to be different.” That was why she had planned this. She wanted him to know how much she missed him.

“It was, but I really need to close this deal we’ve been working on. Tomorrow, I won’t stay late, I promise.”

“Your promises...”

He cut her off. “Honey, I have to go. Thanks for being so

understanding. I love you." His good-bye was abrupt.

The dial tone buzzed in her ear. "Your promises aren't so good." She concluded to the empty room. "You never keep them." She bit her lip, so hard it drew blood, to keep from crying. She would not cry over him; there had been too many tears shed already.

She put away the good china and the candlesticks. But she didn't put the left-over food in the refrigerator; instead, she dumped it all into the garbage disposal, listening to it as it ground up the food. She didn't want him to know that she had gone to any trouble. To keep from screaming aloud, she began to clean the house with zeal. She swept and waxed the kitchen floor, and washed all the dirty clothes. She vacuumed all the carpet in the house and then started cleaning his office. She began to organize his office and his files. She told herself she was doing him a favor when she was really searching for something incriminating, anything incriminating. She found it in his desk in the form of a receipt for a diamond necklace that had been purchased from one of the top jewelers in the city. It was a receipt for \$75,000 in cash. A necklace she had never laid eyes on. Oh yes, she knew what he was up to. She had known for a long time, but she hadn't wanted to face it. Now it was staring her in the face, and it hurt badly.

For some reason she found herself driving to his work to see if he was really there or if he had lied. She drove around the parking lot aimlessly. She kept passing his car, afraid every time she did that it wouldn't be there. She was about to turn back when she saw him coming out of the building — with another woman. They were laughing and talking, as if she was the last thing on his mind. The other woman had perfect blond hair like she spent all of her free time at salons. She had always envied women with blond hair, and it was only fitting that the woman her husband was cheating on her with had that hair color. She hated her on sight.

She watched them walk to his car. He had a sporty little car she had helped him purchase. Her husband and the blond woman leaned close together. She imagined all sorts of things they were doing together. Then her husband got in the car alone, and the woman waved good-bye to him as he was backing out of the parking lot. She ducked down so he wouldn't see her, and began following him. She stayed far enough back that he wouldn't see her if he happened to glance back in his rear-view mirror.

She followed him to a flower shop, and watched him go in and come back empty handed. She must have miscalculated her distance behind his car because she lost him after that. So she went back to the only lead she had, the florist.

"He bought our most expensive bouquet, and asked to have it delivered..."

She could feel the blood rushing to her head and thought she might faint. He was having them delivered to *her*. It had to be the blond woman she had seen him with in the parking lot. There was no denying it, not now.

"Can you tell me what address he had it sent to?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, we are not authorized to give out that information. It's kept confidential."

"But it's my husband," she protested. "I have a right to know."

The female cashier shook her head. "I can't give you that information."

Before going home, she drove to the post office and picked up the mail. Sitting in her car in the parking lot of the post office, she wafted through the stack of letters that were all for her husband. As usual, there was nothing for her. "Bill," she said aloud, "Another bill." Then an envelope caught her eye. It was his credit card bill. She carefully opened it with her nails, wondering how she had stooped so low that she was

reading her husband's mail. Everything looked normal on his account, except when she got to the end and she felt like crying. He had bought two airline tickets to Maui.

When her husband came home, she was curled into a tight ball on the floor.

He set his briefcase by the front door and switched on the light. "Gabry, why have you been sitting here in the dark?" He walked over to her, and that's when he realized something was wrong. Her eyes were red from crying, and there were mascara streaks down her face. He moved to take her into his arms, but she pushed him away. He looked forlorn because of rejection, and he even looked worried. He really was a good actor. "What's wrong, Gabry?" he asked, using his nickname for her. His voice had the calm and confidently masculine quality that usually set her at ease, but that day it did nothing to soothe her agitated nerves.

He was dressed in a suit, looking wonderful as always. Which made it hurt even more. How could so much change while he still looked exactly the same? He was tan and physically fit from playing tennis. His blond hair was tousled, but it only added to his appeal. He was clean-shaven, and he smelled nice. She wanted nothing more than to throw herself in his arms and have him hold her. After he had just held the woman she had seen him with at work.

"I know all about the diamond necklace, the flowers, and the airline tickets."

He looked guilty, which made her heart break even more. "I was going to tell you."

She was angrier. "When, next year? Two years from now? Never? Or maybe you would enjoy telling me."

"I was going to tell you today."

"That makes me feel so much better," she said sarcastically. "Maybe your marriage vows have meant nothing to you, but they meant something to me. I thought you loved me."

"I did." He corrected himself, "I do."

"How can you expect me to believe that?" she demanded, her voice rising to a shrill. "You betrayed me. You knew how I felt about adultery, and you did it anyway."

Now he was getting angry. "What are we talking about, Gabriella?" He only said her real name when he was losing his temper.

"We're talking about the diamond necklace, the flowers, and the airline tickets." She said each incriminating article like it was a bad word.

He shook his head. "No, I don't think we are. I think we are talking about two different things, and I would really like to know what YOU are talking about."

She was dangerously close to tears. "You know exactly what I am talking about, so don't play innocent with me. You cheated on me," she spat the last sentence out. "You have been cheating on me for a long time. You must think I am incredibly naïve. Did you and your girlfriend have a good time at my expense? I just bet you did. I just bet you laughed yourselves silly over your poor little wife. Well, I am not taking it anymore."

He laughed aloud, then stopped when he noticed her pained expression. He got down on his knees on the floor beside her, and said softly, "You've got it all wrong. I know you have been worried about this, but I swear to you I would never, nor have I ever betrayed you. Don't make me into the villain."

"Cut the charade. I know now, so at least leave me with a shred of dignity."

"You can't keep doing this, Gabriella. You can't keep making me

out to be the bad guy. You have been accusing me ever since we've been married. You spy on me. You have just been waiting for me to fall. You never trusted me. You never even gave me a chance. Now you're condemning me without hearing the facts. When are you going to get it through your thick skull that I am not your father?" he exploded.

She shook her head from side to side, staring at him with wide, blank eyes.

"You think because your father cheated on your mother and left her that I'll do the same. Not every man is like your father. I am not like your father."

She got up from the floor, separating herself from him. "My mother told me to never trust you, and she was right."

He followed her into the kitchen. "That's exactly what I'm talking about. Do you have any idea what it's like having your mother's ghost breathing down my neck every second of every day, just waiting for me to trip up? Can't you see that your mother took your mind and warped it? She made you bitter and distrusting, just like herself."

She blanched. "You have no right to insult my mother."

"Your mother was a hard, bitter woman who inflicted her own pain and warped views on her children."

She turned her back on him. "Don't blame me or my mother for your infidelity."

"I don't have anyone to blame. I never did anything. What do I have to do to convince you that I love you?"

"You can admit the truth." She screamed at him.

"And what is the truth, Gabriella, that I cheated on you? That I committed adultery?"

"I don't trust you anymore. I don't believe anything you say, not after what you did."

"There is no talking to you when you get like this, is there?"

Something inside her snapped. "Get out!" she commanded. She began throwing everything she could get her hands on, at him. She chucked the good china from the cupboard at his head, and he dodged it. The china went crashing to the floor, the intricate rose-pattern design tragically diminished. "Get out! I hate you! I never want to see you again! Get out of my house!"

"It's my house too."

"Not anymore it's not. I want a divorce."

"That's it, then? You won't even hear me out."

"Why should I? You'll just lie and lie like you usually do."

"If I told you I loved you, if I told you I couldn't bear to live without you, would it make a difference?"

"After what you have done, how can you ask that?"

"So I'm being hung without a trial?" he asked softly.

"You're hanging yourself."

He looked at her sadly, with his heart in his eyes. "Don't do this to me, Gabriella."

By this time she was worked up, and screaming, throwing what remained of their dishes. "You are doing this to us! Get out!"

Taking one last, longing look at his wife, he left the house.

She began gathering up the broken chunks of glass that remained from their dishes. She hated him at that moment. The good china had been a wedding present. She looked down at her hands and realized with shock that they were covered in blood. She had cut herself with pieces of glass. The pain took her into long forgotten memories that were best left buried in the past.

The seven-year-old had her face pressed to the glass, watching the car drive away and out of sight. "Where is dad going?" she asked her mother.

"Away," her mother said, "far away."

"When is he coming back?" asked the inquisitive child.

"Never," her mother told her harshly.

Gabriella's eyes became huge in her face.

"Your father left us. He doesn't love us anymore."

"He'll come back," said the little girl confidently.

Her mother grabbed her arms, and shook her roughly. "Don't you get it? He doesn't want you anymore, you stupid child. He betrayed us. All men are evil. You can never trust them, and they are all the same. For as long you live, never, ever trust a man." Then her mother made her swear she wouldn't. She wouldn't let Gabriella leave the room until she did.

Her mother had been right; her father had never come back.

The doorbell interrupted her from her reverie. The first thing she saw when she opened the front door was the big bouquet of flowers the delivery boy was holding.

"I'm sorry, I should have been here more than a half an hour ago, but I had trouble finding the address."

"Are you sure those are for me?"

"Isn't your name Gabriella? And you live at 22 Sycamore Drive?"

She nodded.

"Then these are for you." He couldn't help staring at her, she was so beautiful. Her hair was wavy and dark, her skin creamy and flawless, and her lips full and ruby red. She looked so sad that he longed to hug her, and hoping to cheer her up, he couldn't resist saying, "This is our most beautiful and expensive bouquet. Somebody must really love you."

Her lower lip began to quiver, and she looked like she was about to cry. Still, she reached for the bouquet, and that was when he saw her hands. Her hands were cut and bleeding, and she was wincing from the pain.

He gasped aloud. "What happened?"

She didn't answer.

He wanted to say something else. He wanted to bandage her injured hands and rush her to the hospital, but she began shutting the door, and there was nothing he could do except walk away.

She opened the card addressed to her and read:

Gabriella,

I know I have been working a lot lately, but I want you to know that I didn't forget about you. You are on my mind every second of every day. I never knew it was possible to love anyone as much as I love you. I wanted to do something special for you, with the extra money coming in. I know it won't solve our problems, but I thought it would do us good to get away from everything for a while. How do you feel about Maui? Having you in my life makes the bad good and the good wonderful. I love you, Gabry.

Your husband,

Jase

P.S. Look in the cookie jar. I wanted it to be just perfect, so I had a friend at work help me pick it out. I hope you don't mind.

So she looked in the cookie jar and pulled out a beautifully wrapped gift that was unmistakably a jewelry box. She opened it, and there on a bed of cotton lay the diamond necklace from the receipt, glittering and mocking.

Greg Lewis

You told me I scared you.

(I only bought you flowers.)

You said we spent too much time together.

(Now you spend every moment with him.)

You said our friendship was too precious.

(Now you never want to see me again.)

You said kissing me was like kissing your brother.

(But you are an only child.)

I said it is up to you, as long as you are happy.

(Though, now I fear I never will be again.)

Now you sound mournful, as we talk into the night.

(Now I see my blunder in falling for you.)

Nancy Roche

The One I Love

Once upon a time,

A frog kissed a princess.

He's still a frog, but now he rides a big, white horse

With a tiny, frog-sized saddle.

She's still a princess.

She wears her lace and mink

To scuba-dive down to her in-laws.

Once upon a time,

A girl squeezed herself into a size-3 pump,

But it didn't get her a prince;

It got her a shoe-salesman.

Cindy Lee Wallace

Reality

Moonlight shines upon your face,
 Illuminating your beauty.
 Perfection radiates from your presence alone;
 Your sculpted features remind me
 Of marble statues and fairy tale heroes.
 Our eyes clash with daring intensity.
 The moment is perfect.
 I squeeze my eyes shut and
 Part my lips, waiting.
 I feel your icy kiss upon my cheek.
 Your lips do not linger.
 "Good-bye," you say flatly.
 "I'll call you sometime."
 Liar.
 An arrow with poisonous venom
 Pierces directly into my heart.
 My heart bleeds all over the place,
 Leaving me vulnerable.
 I don't watch you drive away.
 Instead, I escape into my house
 Without looking back.
 I wait by the phone
 For a call that never comes.

Amanda Sadorus

Your intensity surrounds me,
 Engulfs me,
 Makes me whole, and yet I
 Feel empty.

A life controlled by your thoughts
 And feelings,
 Which you have melded into
 My own.

How can you make me,
 Mold me into something
 I have vowed not
 To become.

You have destroyed the person,
 That for so long,
 I have strained
 To present.

Megan Gelter

Pictures From Josh

Emerald serpent around the silver blade,
 Pommel and guard gem encrusted
 With ruby hearts red as the rising moon,
 Shadow and light glow from the silver;
 Midnight wire mimics around the grip
 Like a serpent itself – guard to pommel.
 Another blade comes to mind,
 This also created by your hand,
 This engraved “LOVE” like a wish
 Or omen....
 This entwined by rose thorns
 And a serpent of a different merit,
 The fire-breather glowworm
 You created for me.

L.J. Chandler

How To Keep Women Completely Uninterested In You (Trust me, I'm an expert.)

I know there are many people out there who read countless books and newspaper columns regarding the opposite sex and how to date them. Those who fit this category should read no further. As for the rest, those who are drowned with women's phone numbers and attacked with a constant barrage of mind numbing flirtations, this one's for you. (Warning: The following guidelines are based on my own experiences. Results may vary, depending on how unattractive you are.)

We'll start off with something small. Say there's a girl in your class you find enticing. Make an effort to talk to her, and be sure to compliment her on her appearance. This should then motivate her to escape from the conversation and, henceforth, ignore your very existence. If this does not work, move on to phase two. Make small talk for a while, then ask her out on a date. If she does not immediately refuse you, the problem may be that you are far too good looking. In such an eventuality, more drastic measures are clearly required.

Now you must try the more involved and treacherous road to gaining her enmity. Attempt to be her friend with the hidden goal of eventually dating. Discuss friends, family, school, and whatever happens to cross your mind. After about a month or so, she'll start asking you for insights and advice about guys she's interested in dating. When this happens, try to take note of your emotional status. If your heart feels as though it has been cut out of your chest with a butter knife and eaten by ravenous wolves, you've succeeded, congratulations. If

this is not the case, if by some cruel twist of fate this girl actually decides to take a chance on you, it's time to break out the contingency plan.

The first date is key. Be sure to pick her up exactly when you said you would, and if you have to wait a little bit for her to get ready, act like you don't mind, and say you're just happy to see her. When at dinner, don't babble on about yourself. Ask her questions and be interested in what she has to say. Now that you have paid for dinner, if all has gone well, she should be rather distant toward you. Next, while you are at the professionally performed play or musical, which hopefully cost you a lot of money, try either holding her hand or putting your arm around her. She will then squirm and, tactfully, try to get you off of her. Your goal is nearly complete. After you drop her off at the door, give her a nice hug or even a kiss, depending on the mood. She'll then politely lie to you and say she had a good time. You may now go home, assured that she will want nothing more to do with you. If you wish to make absolutely sure, call her after two or three days have passed and ask her out again. The inevitable reply will be either a resounding "NO" or a simple "I have plans." Either way, you may now live that bachelor's existence you have craved for so long.

I hope this guide will help you on your quest to be indefinitely alone. I know it has sure helped me. However, if you still find women to be enticed by your charms and rugged good looks, then God help you, because no one on this planet can.

Nancy Roche

Gambol

Play the game, roll the dice, let me give you this
Advice. You'd be more pleased with a gun in
Your mouth when all is done than eating your
Tall cakes with ribbon'd knife and calmly signing
Out your life in blood and bed and kids and
Tears, not to wait a few more years, but instead
Pay for a simple thing, not really much—a whole
New lifestyle, and as such a common life, a
Drudgery, born and raised in savagery. Such
Life and times as it reveal, bring wish to table an
Appeal to let the waiting world detect a woman
With such self-respect she would not set
Herself with those to whom a ring would mean
A close
To love and life and happiness.

Jeff Koldewyn

My First Mirage*

I guess I should be happy in this vest and the shoes
A little too tight
Bequeathed to this woman who, in short, has no name,
Only alibis,
Where I get to choose what I'd like to scream at night,
Knowing that tomorrow, she will be my wife,
Spending our honeymoon in some motel by a deli shop
Where we both pause to shake our heads
At its open sign,
And after years of violent words, questioning her
And her names given long ago,
I'll stay next to her hips
Because I'd miss her.
In years we'll have children, naming them after
Forgotten beat poets,
Hoping that with their name, they'll appreciate
Birth
And the words in-between,
Watching the seasons go with the color of our hair,
And when we're old, I'll lie down next to her frail body,
Sighing with my already hallow bones
And ask her
If she remembers my name.

*Second Place Winner, 1999-2000 Annie Atkin Tanner
Poetry Competition

Cindy Lee Wallace

The Angel

You came to me one day
When I needed you the most,
Not in a burst of light
Or by a cosmic force,
But you touched my heart
Just the same,
Fulfilling dreams of fairy-tale love
But never happy endings.
I had never met an angel,
So you fell right through my arms,
Taking your magic with you
In my escape from reality.
Your eyes were the color of the sky
Made brighter by the goodness of mankind.
Your soul in all of its splendor
Held me captivated.
Your smile was more blinding
Than the purest white.
So I lost my heart to an angel
Who took a trip back to Heaven and
Never thought to give it back.

III

**“Ninety-nine percent of the people
in the world are fools and the rest of
us are in great danger of contagion.”**

**—Thornton Wilder (1897-1975),
*The Matchmaker***

Annoelle Hardman

The Road to Rapture

September twenty-first, the day of Judgment, a thousand of us stood in the meadow above Parker's Pond. We gazed up at the sky, waiting for the horns of heaven to sound.

It began six months ago, when Reverend Walker finished his inspired calculations from passages in the Holy Book. He began to preach the Lord's coming, calling the congregation to repentance. Our town became a frenzy of anticipation and acts of kindness. Even Mrs. Jones and the Hansens, after three generations of feuding, began to show nothing but friendship for each other. My Pa thinks we are all crazy, but he hasn't felt the vibrations of Christ's spirit in our nightly revivals.

As a symbol of our faith in God's ability to inspire Reverend Walker, the fields have been left fallow. With the exception of my Pa and the Bronsons, the men pray and read scripture all day.

Tom tells me that we must repent daily for our sins. I'm not sure that kissing behind the barn requires daily penance, but I agreed just to be safe.

We've held huge tent revivals every night this month and prayer meetings all day long. Nothing miraculous has happened. Blind Joe still can't see, and little Jimmy Adams still can't walk. Reverend Walker says that God is testing our dedication and faith. So we all pray harder and sing louder, hoping that God will hear our words and know the belief in our hearts.

Yesterday, one day before Rapture, the air was charged. It seemed to vibrate with righteous energy. Our voices rang through the fields. Even after sundown, our rejoicing continued.

At midnight a hush gathered over the congregation. Reverend Walker raised his hands toward heaven and called, "Christ, our Lord, we stand here waiting in faith and goodness for You to take us home!"

A cheer echoed his words. People swooned or swayed in the uproar. Reverend Walker again raised his hands. In the sudden silence his voice

sounded golden. I imagined I could see a holy ring around his head.

"Oh God," he cried to the night sky, "You have given me a gift, to lead these people and save them from their sins. Oh God, I have saved them! Here they stand, a thousand strong, waiting for Your holy call to take them home!"

At that, the crowd began to sing. My eyes grew heavy, and soon many of us were nodding off, then waking with a start each time Hallalujah rang through the air. By dawn our throats were raw from singing. Our spirits were beginning to droop too, I think. Some people talked about going home, but Reverend Walker chastised them. He cautioned that to doubt only moments before His coming, was to ensure eternal damnation, and so the revival continued on.

Noonday came and went, and some of the old folk fainted from exhaustion. Still, we listened to the Reverend's raspy voice calling us to obedience and faith in Him.

As dusk settled across the field, I started thinking about my Pa. He'd told me that to believe in a man, rather than God, was a sin. I was beginning to wonder if maybe Pa was right. The scriptures do say no man will know the hour of His coming. Reverend Walker said that was true of regular men but that God could choose His prophets. A man inspired by God was more than a man.

A dark picture of the barren fields began to gnaw at my mind. I thought of the coming winter. I wondered, as I looked at the people around me, where they would get enough food to hold starvation at bay.

Suddenly, there was a shout rising from the crowd. People turned their faces toward the darkening sky. My heart froze with fear and excitement. I looked up and saw dark clouds racing across the sky, covering the rising moon.

Awed murmurs ran throughout the crowd. "The Heavens shall open..."

"Listen! His horn will sound..."

We stood in the meadow above Parker's Pond, a thousand faces turned toward a stormy sky. The heavens opened, not with a trumpet's call, but with a cold, bitter rain and the smell of winter in the air.

Darryl T. Barfuss

Quintessential Any-Day

The daily shower, Monday's pants,
Everyday's shoes, the same cold cereal.
Minty, minty toothpaste.
The thoughtful-thoughtless drive,
The motions of accomplishing,
The extended lunch,
Something, something on the machine,
The shortened day,
The faster drive that takes more time,
The dinner, the hobbies,
The more-mindless rest and recreation.
Minty, minty toothpaste.
The never-quite-right amount of sleep:

And I get lost.

Genell Christianson

The Bus Ride

I was on the seventh bus. They were like a herd moving down the road. Fourteen busses all together, almost one hundred kids on each bus. They had them packed in three to a seat. The school only had those fourteen to fit all the kids. They crammed us in like sardines. And just for a stupid museum tour.

Me and my gang sat in the back. I had only been hanging out with them for a while. I had proved to them how cool I was by stealing a few CDs and breaking the window in the locker room. We were tough, real tough. Mr. Johnson had tried to put us all on different busses; it hadn't worked. Wade, he was our leader, he had made sure we all got on the same bus. That made our bus extra crowded. We got on and took over the back, only two of us to a seat. We'd show them who was in charge. The little kids in the front had to sit four to a seat because of us. They looked uncomfortable.

My friends had started throwing paper airplanes. I threw one or two. Wade started making his extra sharp and pointy. We were really having fun now. The airplanes were annoying everybody on the bus.

One girl, her name was Jenna, got hit in the back of the head. Her long, blonde hair was covering her face. I could see tears start to well up in her big, green eyes. We had been friends last year. Then I became friends with Wade and the boys. She was too much of a goody two shoes for me to hang out with. She stared at me with hatred. I felt my face turn red, and I looked down.

The guys had started shooting spit wads now. They were nailing everyone. I was handed the straw, and without even looking, I blew

into it as hard as I could. It smacked Jenna right on the cheek. This time the tears streamed down her face. Mr. Johnson came up to her. "What's wrong," I heard him ask. "Mark hit me with a spit wad," she said, accusing me. "Oh, he did, huh," Mr. Johnson replied, "Don't worry; I'll take care of it."

He came toward us. Wade threw the straw in front of me. He knew I would take the fall. "What's going on here, boys?" Mr. Johnson asked. "Nothing," Wade replied. Mr. Johnson slowly walked toward me. He picked up the straw and stared at me. My face felt hot again. "Mark," Mr. Johnson said, "were you shooting spit wads?" I looked up, and Wade was glaring at me. I thought about ratting on the rest of the gang. Why should I be the only one in trouble? All the guys were staring at me now, and I could feel the pressure from their eyes. "It was only me, sir," I said. "Fine, you can stay on the bus when we get to the museum and clean up your mess." My throat choked up, and all I could murmur was "Okay." As he walked away, Wade flipped him off. "Thanks, buddy," Wade said to me. All the guys were appreciative for a second. Then they went back to what they were doing—being guys. I sunk into my seat and put my hands over my face. When I looked up, Jenna was smirking at me.

Cindy Lee Wallace

Heidi's Friend

"Due to several reported cases of lice, we will be checking every student's head," the teacher announced.

What if I had the dreaded bugs? Fear prickled along my neck and tingled down my spine. "They should check Heidi's head first," I said jokingly to the boy who was seated at the computer next to mine.

He gave me a look I would never forget. It was a cold, annoyed glare that put me in my place. "Heidi doesn't have lice," he stated clearly.

I was rendered speechless, feeling deeply ashamed by what I had done. Heidi had been nothing but nice to me. She considered me to be her friend; I was worse than the others. That was the first and last time I ever said anything bad about Heidi.

Heidi is the kid in school who is constantly made fun of and picked on. She is not chubby or ugly, yet she seems vulnerable. Her clothes, which are hand-me-downs from her older sisters, are dirty and stained, and often mismatched. Her hair never looks like it has been washed or combed; it hangs in limp tangles that resemble coarse yarn around her square face.

I've been worried about Heidi. She was missing from school for over a month. I doubt anyone noticed or cared. No one talked about her absence. She returned yesterday, from wherever it is she went. No one even asked her why she was gone.

I am standing in line for lunch with my class. I see Heidi walking towards the double cafeteria doors, ignoring the line. I feel my stomach turning because I know what's about to happen.

"Get in the back of the line, you butter," says Randy. He isn't the biggest, but he is without doubt the meanest. He has a little group of four or five guys, and they all torment Heidi.

Heidi looks scared, but she holds up her lunch sack for us to see. "I brought my lunch," she says, in case we haven't noticed. One of Randy's friends grabs the sack from Heidi, and she shouts, "Give it back! Give it back, or I'll tell."

The boy who stole the sack laughs, "I'm so scared."

Heidi races to get the sack, and the boy throws it to Randy. They begin a game of keep-away until the sack accidentally falls to the ground. Heidi bends down to pick it up, and Randy kicks her in the butt. She whirls around with all of her arms and legs flying, fighting back. When she finally gets ahold of her lunch sack, it's ruined; there is a hole in the bottom of the sack, and the food has tumbled out. She is on her hands and knees trying to pick up her food. Her eyes are brimming with tears, and there's an air of hopelessness and utter desolation about her, almost resignation. I want to help her pick it all up, but I don't want to lose my place in line.

During recess, Heidi gives me a plastic, lavender bracelet. I say, "Thank you." But I'm thinking about the dirt I saw on her hands. I put it on my wrist, but I know I'll take it off when Heidi's gone. After all, I don't know where it has been. We are talking in the shadows of the school building; I don't want anyone to see us talking.

Heidi invites me to her house to jump on the trampoline. I think of an excuse, like always. "I have a family event I'm supposed to be at," I say. I don't want to go. What if someone at school finds out I went to her house?

"You've been gone," I say almost accusingly. "Where were you?" She seems different, like she's broken and has no reason to hope.

"My mom was arrested for child abuse, and my sisters and I stayed in foster homes," she says bluntly.

I can't help feeling shocked. I can't imagine any mother hurting her own children.

I remember when Heidi came to school in pajamas. Heidi's mother was called, and she had to come to school to bring Heidi her clothes. Everyone kept talking about how pretty Heidi's mom was.

"I'm sorry," I say awkwardly. I don't know what else to say.

I leave her there alone, standing against the back wall of the school, after she has made such an effort to be my friend.

I walk to the other side of the school yard, and I come face to face with Heidi's tormenters. They are all wearing identical smirks on their faces. "You're friends with Heidi," they accuse.

"I am not!" I deny fervently.

"Why were you playing with her then?" asks Randy.

"I was not."

"You're friends with Heidi," they chant.

"I am not; I don't even like her," I yell, not looking to see if Heidi is anywhere around to hear. Their chants seem to get louder, smothering me, and I have to cover my ears against their words. The bell begins to chime insistently, and I run, not looking back to see if they are behind me. I run all the way to my class, even though the tormenters are in the same class, hoping school will provide a safe haven, not just for me, but for Heidi.

All the students in our class are crowded at the door, waiting for the teacher to come back from lunch. I am quickly forgotten as Randy and his cohorts start in on the true victim, Heidi.

"Look, it's Punky Brewster," one of the boys in Randy's group says, and several giggle at the insult.

As usual, Heidi's clothes are clashing, and it hurts my eyes to look. Today, though, she has on two different shoes, a dirty sneaker on one foot and a black dress shoe on the other.

Fortunately, the teacher comes back and lets us in the classroom. I think it will stop them, but it doesn't.

"What's the matter, Heidi?" Randy demands. "Don't you know how to match your shoes?" He kicks her hard under the art table, and I see her grimace. She digs him with her unkempt nails and kicks him back, and in return he kicks her mercilessly in the shins. The teacher doesn't even look back; he isn't even paying attention.

"I couldn't find the mates," Heidi tells our class. I can tell she is already sniffing.

"If I couldn't find the mates, I wouldn't come to school," someone in the class announces.

Tears fill Heidi's eyes and spill onto her face, playing dot to dot with her cheeks.

"Cry baby," someone scoffs next to me.

Heidi is looking around wildly for someone to help her; no one does. She stares straight at me, her eyes pleading with me to stand up for her. I want to, but I imagine the entire class laughing at me, the way they just laughed at Heidi, and a permanent knot lodges its way into my throat, closing it tight. I turn away and say nothing.

Jaylynn Lewis

Dust Lies Deep

"I haven't noticed this painting here before," I thought as gazed into the pastel hues of Victorian dresses, white and draping, blue scarves and hats pastel as cornflowers, iron wrought fence with a child in breeches clinging to the side, the splash of ivory and ebony that formed into a horse and carriage down the street, the stray dog yelping at the people's feet; it was crowded, perhaps a parade, and all of humanity seemed to be gathered into one small intersection of the small town. It seemed strange that no noise emanated from them—I kept expecting to hear the childish shouts, the grit of dust between my teeth from the street, the clop of the horses and leather reins and harness clicking at their backs. I kept reminding myself it was merely a picture. The buildings struck a familiar vein. There was a window box fashioned in the round style like a cupola poised over the crowd. Wait, I did know this street. This was downtown Logan, but not as I knew it. Who had done this? I looked fruitlessly for some small scratch or flourish that would denote authorship. Nothing.

I continued up the USU Merrill Library staircase, noting the concave places where hundreds of hurrying feet had been placed, all ascending or descending, wearing patterns in the old tile. On the next landing I glanced up from the stairs just in time to see another dark framed print. Ah! This time I gazed at a teepee, the lodge poles crossed above the tanned buckskin, the faint blurs of symbols painted on the sides and the orderly row of dark-skinned faces—single file in front. The central figure carried proudly the headdress of the chief with feathers of black and white, his arms folded just as children depict in their "Indian play." All wore grim expressions, and all were male. I was struck by the lack of women and children. But this picture had a plaque still on it, etched in

gold—"Bear River ____." I couldn't make out the last word; it had been worn off. I wondered about the Indians in the picture. The only famous site I knew of by the Bear River was the site of the Bear River Massacre, where just across the Idaho border a group of soldiers opened fire on an Indian encampment and slaughtered everyone. Questions... always questions.

I left the last picture in haste, hoping there might be another on the next landing. There it was—the same blackened, heavy frame and even the wonderful gold label—"Corinne-1840." Here was another picture of our past. I'd heard of Corinne—a row of claphouses, saloons, brothels, a town sprung on the heels of the metal giant engine and one that was abandoned just as quickly. The street was shown as I figured—mud pots. The row of clapboard retail buildings also confirmed rumors "S-A-L-O" and the rest was lost. I could stand the questions no longer. I only knew of one place to supply answers—Special Collections.

I pushed open the heavy door that cloistered this section of the library from the main areas. Few students ventured back here. Everywhere I looked I saw card files, stacks of books and papers, maps, charts, all waiting to be catalogued. I must've caught them at a bad time.

I was tempted to leave when a young man emerged from another office and asked me what I wanted. I glanced around him at another room with more stacks of paper and row after row of desks piled high in papers, but no occupants. It was oddly silent—no people noise, no machinery noise, or any other noise, just a deep, dusty silence. The person questioning me had emerged from what looked like concrete corridors, lined with books and papers, lit with single globes that took off from various positions in the central room. I briefly described the picture collection I was interested in and asked him if he knew the artist. "No, haven't a clue. But I know someone who will." He disappeared down one of the passages, and I could hear him calling as if from a deep well, "A.J.! Someone here with a question!" Suddenly my mind recalled the stories and intrigue that surrounded the Mark Hoffman trial. It

seemed too fantastic that any of that should be real, yet here I was staring into one of the corridors that housed some of those ancient books from which Hoffman (USU graduate) cut the end pages, unnoticed, and later used those pages and his secret recipe for ink to create phony historic manuscripts that brought so much money. Somehow, his dementia led to pipe bombings that killed a number of innocent Utah citizens. It was during the murder investigations that his past was revealed. My mind also knew enough about USU Special Collections to know that A.J. Simmonds was the man who was older than time itself. He was here during the Hoffman years and probably worked and spoke, perhaps even collaborated with this man. I felt like Nancy Drew just solving the riddle.

Soon an older man appeared. I was struck by the lab coat that hung past the knees and its soiled condition. This was A. J. Simmonds, curator. He had a no-nonsense brusqueness about him that said, "Get to it. What do you want?" He was balding, and his whole appearance struck me as being disheveled and unkempt, a mirror of the surroundings. He didn't ask me what I wanted; he simply raised his eyebrows in a gesture of questioning. I hurriedly asked, "Who was the artist who painted the pictures on the landings of the Merrill Library?" He softened with my request. "I really don't remember his name. From what I recall, those actually aren't paintings; they're photographs that were colored. At one time, it was quite a large collection, and they hung in Champ Hall (the President's quarters) for many years until it was remodeled. The first one you described was actually photographed of Logan's Centennial."

One of A.J.'s students heard us, "Oh, there's some of those paintings right over here." We threaded our way past boxes heaped with paper, dark-covered spines, and rolled plans. Suddenly, I detected scrolled ebony legs that made themselves into the shape of a grand piano, though it was barely discernible from the boxes and papers piled around it. There leaning against one of the legs, A.J. found five more paintings with the same blackened, heavy frames. One painting's glass had been cracked and threatened to lose its seat. A.J. showed me each painting, and I

glowed in the discovery of it—here was a threshing machine and workers in the field, another was the interior of a blacksmith shop, and a third was downtown Logan. "These are really a nice collection," he commented. "I'll have to find someplace to hang these too." I couldn't help but think they could replace the landings on the first and fourth floors since these were simply cheaply framed modern photos of the Grand Canyon and hot air balloons.

As we were leaving, I commented on some of the other artifacts that made their home in the glass cases in the Special Collections room. Here was an LDS program that invited everyone out for dancing and dinner. But one of my favorite items was a huge, four-foot high, silver trophy engraved with scrolled grapes and vines—the embodiment of opulence and honor. The plaque read "National Sugar Beet Award." My eyes roamed to a photograph above the brilliant, gaudy trophy. It showed a little, bent farmer proudly beaming beside the trophy that was almost as tall as he was, and his pudgy wife in the drab colors of husbandry, hair pulled back severely as becoming a matronly farmer's wife and the inevitable wisps that had been torn out by the wind. They were both immensely pleased with their award as it towered beside them on the dirt. Their little, wooden one-room house peeked from behind their practical skirt and trousers in the distance. A.J. and I laughed that the trophy probably cost more than all their belongings thrown together. He commented that they didn't sell it but that their children had given it to USU as a gift. Strange thing to cling to all those years.

I thanked A.J. for his time and left feeling that I had just had a rare experience. I didn't know how rare it was until eight months later when the man who had known and worked with Mark Hoffman, the man of vaults and dust and photographs, and the weekly historical article in the *Cache Citizen*, blew up his old white frame home—inherited from his father—and his remains were discovered in the ashes. Some people remarked that his recent divorce must have been a factor; I think perhaps it was that the dust that finally overcame him.

IV

**"You gotta have swine to show you
where the truffles are."**

**—Edward Albee (1928-),
*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?***

L.J. Chandler

Is America Too Stupid For Intelligent Animation?

Though the answers to why and when it happened are numerous, the question remains the same: "How did animated movies become so juvenile?" In a general sense, most cartoons have always been aimed at children, but never has it been more apparent than with the most recent animated features of the past few years. Ask any Tom, Dick, or Harry and they'll tell you that animated movies are for kids and won't admit to having seen one unless accompanying a small child. It's this very thinking that has prompted a handful of movie companies to strike back and repair some of the damage done (mostly, but not exclusively) by Disney. The thinking behind these studios (Disney, ironically, included) is that there is a market out there for animation aimed at adults — movies that not only carry a PG-13 or an R rating but contain ideas, well-developed characters, and complex stories.

Though not a true animated feature, the movie that really started to show the potential of animation to tell an adult story was *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. A new twist on the 1940's private eye thriller movies, *Roger Rabbit* was a big hit, a movie that "adults will appreciate even more than kids" (Ebert, "Who Framed"). Though clearly a different kind of film, *Roger Rabbit* received comparisons to movies like *Chinatown*, proving once and for all that cartoons weren't just for children anymore. Unfortunately, it was with children that animation would stay for the next decade. How long does it take for Hollywood to take a hint?

"A lot of 'children's movies' seem to expect people to buy tickets by default, because of what the movie doesn't contain (no sex, vulgarity, etc.)" (Ebert, "Beauty"). It would seem that today's Disney cartoons also don't contain character or story either. Harry Knowles says in his

review for Disney's *Tarzan*, "I had to restart this review after I saw *The Iron Giant* because it suddenly became a case of night and day. Where ... one film's beauty of story, made the luster of another become tainted." "[*The Iron Giant*] made me look [back] at *Tarzan* and *Hercules* and *Mulan* and *Hunchback* and *Pocahontas*... and it makes me wonder what these films could have been" (Knowles, "*The Iron Giant*").

But what is this movie that renewed the faith (of those few who have seen it) in animated family films? 1999's *The Iron Giant* was directed by *Simpson* alumni Brad Bird, and though not a commercial success, it was considered by critics to be not only the best animated movie to come around in years but one of the year's best movies overall. "[A] political parable buried beneath a lot of surface charm... *The Iron Giant* is happy to be a 'real movie' in everything but live action. There are no cute little animals and not a single musical number: It's a story, plain and simple" (Ebert, "*The Iron Giant*"). *The Iron Giant* is a family film in the best sense of the word and should never be confused with a simple children's movie.

Everybody knows about the live-action *Batman* movies, but precious few have seen the feature-length animated versions. *Batman: Mask of the Phantasm* was the theatrical debut of Batman's animated counterpart. It was originally meant to go straight to video, but some daring soul at Warner Bros. decided to release it in theaters instead. Unfortunately, Warner Bros. wasn't daring enough. It had an extremely limited release and received only 1/20th of the average movie ad budget. Despite its failure at the box-office, many of those who saw the film believe it to be the best *Batman* movie to date, a movie in which "permanent things [happened] to Bruce Wayne... that had permanent results for the character" (Moriarty), unlike the live action adaptations where Wayne is essentially the same man at the end as he was at the beginning. *Batman*'s next animated feature (*Batman: Sub-Zero*) did go

straight to video but was still hailed as "superior to all live-action feature films in every possible way. It has an endearing story, with a complex super-villain" (Knowles, "*Batman*"). *Sub-Zero* was a critical success due (in no small part) to the handling of its characters who are considered "far more ... human than their flesh and blood counterparts." "Mr. Freeze is brilliantly handled ... [a] 'bad guy' [who] is nothing more than a man doing what he feels is right," and the film even "makes ROBIN cool for crissakes. You know how hard that is? Robin by nature is a dork, and they form him into a wonderful character" (Knowles, "*Batman*").

Here's where Disney comes into the picture (sort of). Japanese animator Hayao Miyazaki's film *Princess Mononoke* was distributed in America by Disney-owned Miramax Films. In Japan, *Mononoke* was the country's highest grossing film of all time until *Titanic* was released. The movie centers around a young warrior named Ashitaka and a growing war between man and nature. The side to root for should be obvious, but this movie doesn't make it that simple. Lady Eboshi is the leader of Iron Town. She gave the outcasts of society (prostitutes and lepers) jobs such as iron or metalworker and generally tries to improve the lives of those under her care. Sadly, she is destroying the woodlands in the process, forcing the Gods of the forest to fight back. "[Ashitaka] sympathizes with both sides, but the animals and their protectors are just as unreasonable as the human beings, and a catastrophic war is inevitable" (Foreman). Writer Neil Gaiman (recommended to Miramax by Quentin Tarantino), who translated the script into contemporary English dialogue, said, "I saw it as a sort of 'Star Wars'-style legend set in a 14th century Japanese forest—only instead of good battling evil, the battle is much more complex and realistic" ("*Princess Mononoke Comes to America*"). Perhaps it's not surprising that though most critics see the movie to be a wonderful turning point in complex animated stories,

others have claimed that it is too complex for animation. Another example of Miyazaki's craftsmanship is the antelope-like animal on which Ashitaka roams around the countryside. This Yakkuru, as it is called, cannot speak (as most animals don't) and yet is more noble and has more personality than any talking creature Disney has ever created.

The latest batch of animated movies are starting to break the Disney mold, but for many people it's not nearly enough. The recently released *The Road to El Dorado* is rated PG and had the potential to be more adult oriented, but, alas, it fell short:

DreamWorks originally planned to make *El Dorado* a more serious picture and shoot for a PG-13 rating... However, this more mature approach was reconsidered and the decision was made to "water down" the movie, to prevent the exclusion of the younger audience. (Linder)

El Dorado seems to want to attract both children and adults, but with the combination of a much over-hyped, suggested sex scene and the new "torturous" songs from Elton John and Tim Rice, it "puts them in danger of alienating both the adult, and the child audience" (Linder).

In the year 2001 Pixar Animation, the company that brought us the great *Toy Story* and the even better *Toy Story 2*, will come out with *Monster, Inc.* On the other side of the spectrum, an R-rated cartoon, *Heavy Metal: FAKK2*, is in production and is not yet scheduled for release. With the controversy surrounding the movie (it contains nudity, and the main character is based on and voiced by former Penthouse Pet Julie Strain), it is not yet decided whether it will be released in theaters or go straight to video ("Filmography"). Then there's the middle ground with a CG animated adventure movie based on the *Final Fantasy* videogame series. It may originate from videogames, but *Final Fantasy* has always been acclaimed for its involving story and its developing characters. David Poland suggests

that "The film that breaks through to a wider audience is going to have to be a slam-bang crowd-pleasing action/adventure film, like an animated *Independence Day* or *Jurassic Park*." Maybe Fox Animation's new action/sci-fi flick *Titan A.E.*, or Disney's own *Dinosaur* will do that? We'll have to wait and see.

"True, a lot of animation is insipid, and insulting even to the children it is made for. But great animation can make the mind sing" (Ebert, "Princess"). The world could use a few more *Iron Giants* and *Mononokes* and a lot fewer *Tarzans* and *El Dorados*. But love it or hate it, cartoons will be around for a long time, and despite all the advances in movie making over the years, "some images cannot be visualized unless they are drawn" (Ebert, "Ebert Review"). Animation will always have its ups and downs, whether it's a depressed ant (voiced by Woody Allen) talking to a psychotherapist, or Hercules fighting a monster while promoting his new line of Nike sneakers. The bottom line is, nothing is going to change if people don't start watching the more thought-provoking movies and stop attending the mind-numbing *Pokemon* and Disney cookie cutter clones.

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Darryl T. Barfuss

Binary Shakespeare

00 11 001 11 011 10 001 1001 11,
0 1 01 11 001100 11 0 11 01.
11 00 110 00 100 01 110 0110 00,
1 0 10 00 110011 00 1 00 10.

01 101 11 1 010 1011 101 1101 11,
1101 0 101 1101 01 101 11 010 11001.
100 10 000 101 0100 010 00 1000,
010 110 001 1111 0 1 010001 00.

01 10 001 001 10 10 010 101 11,
0 1 01 11 001100 11 0 11 01.
100 10 000 101 0100 010 00 1000,
010 110 001 1111 0 1 010001 00.

At first I did not know what it could mean,
Then I saw that it was Shakespearean.

L.J. Chandler

Magnetic Shakespeare

Methinks a lord's wanton Wench hast no mortal heart to speak.
Yet an amorous fool doth forswear his love to the maiden's breast,
And dares not hear thy woman's tongue.
A bawdy drunkard beguiles his saucy lady with words of love.
A mistress' louse if ever he was.

Oh wickedness! O foul sex!
I beseech thee verily, "Respect the codpiece!"

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

Heidi Madsen

King Lear

The set for the Utah Shakespearean Festival's *King Lear* is nearly void of all decoration, excluding the occasional additions of a chair, a stone, a hearth holding a fire, or some inanimate prop of sorts rising from trap doors. One is left almost entirely to the bleak physical landscape of the tragedy of *King Lear*. The name may sound a bit familiar; however, the original, mythical tale of Lear and his children has nothing whatever to do with this version of Shakespeare's. This is the story of an aged king who, intending at first to divide his kingdom between all three of his daughters, gives away his kingdom to Goneril and Regan, his two flattering, naughty daughters, while disinheriting the baby, Cordelia—one who had up until then enjoyed a lifetime of patriarchal favoritism—as punishment in effect for speaking too plainly. A second plot shows how the earl of Gloucester is deceived by his determinedly villainous son, Edmund (who is illegitimate) into outlawing his heroically loyal son, Edgar. William Metzo, in a role Fred Adams says he was "born to play," is extraordinary as King Lear. An exhibition of depth and stamina, a force quite inexplicable, even when costumed inside what appeared to be a white dressing gown and garlands of pale, pink roses, the man was clearly (aided perhaps by the

near translucency of the gown) a titan of virility and strength. His two eldest daughters, Jeannie Naughton as Goneril and Tyler Layton as Regan, capture definitively not only the very essence of spoiled corruption, but, in fact, allude strongly to a very real bond, positive or negative, that only sisters can tangibly have. Doubtless it was the third and last sister's mildly nauseating self-righteousness that excluded her from the duo, and Caroline Shaffer as Cordelia, was not afraid to stir that same irritation in the audience from time to time.

The performances, in fact, were all commendable, though I thought Jonathan Gillard Daly's Edmund was less charismatic than I had hoped him to be and just a bit more rat-like in some of his maneuvers. And Brian Vaughn as Edgar produced a well-crafted, sympathetic character, though in his Poor Tom costume (or lack thereof) and pertinent hairstyle, he mildly resembled the Incredible Hulk without the green tint. Jered Tanner as Lear's fool delivered his lines, lyrics, and antics with great ability before leaving us in his typically curious fashion—without any directorial interpolations or suggestions as to what happened—though we may catch an echo of his fate in the rantings of Lear's final moments, "And my poor fool is hanged." Overall, that choice is seemingly typical of Robert Cohen's direction of the play: clean, clear, intelligent, and true to Shakespeare.

Liana Kempton

A Midsummer Night's Dream

If you're a little depressed or you just need a good laugh, Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* won't let you down. It is one of Shakespeare's liveliest and least traditional plays, and I predict it will be one of the most popular at the Utah Shakespearean Festival this year.

Set in Athens, Greece, the plot is basically about a few different love stories thrown together with a little magic and a lot of laughs. The story begins with the temporary interruption of wedding preparations for Theseus and Hippolyta (Ty Burrell and Jeannie Naughton, who also play Oberon and Titania). There is a dramatic and slightly confusing little love triangle that has to be sorted out. Okay, here it goes: Egeus (Hermia's father, played by John Oswald) demands that Hermia (Didi Doolittle) marry Demetrius (Tim Redmond). Hermia wants to marry Lysander (Gregory Ivan Smith) and vice versa. Helena (Maren Maclean) wants to marry Demetrius, who at one point felt the same, but now wants Hermia. Phew! Got that? Twilight draws near, and the four Athenian youths enter the woods. Slightly later, some crude and simple tradesmen meet there as well, intending to rehearse a play as part of the celebrations for Theseus' nuptials. Meanwhile, the quarreling Fairy King Oberon and Queen Titania, each accompanied by a fairy train, only add to the confusion. As magic and the mischievous hobgoblin Puck intervene, chaos prevails but order is inevitably restored.

Russel Treyz, the director, made interesting decisions for the play this summer. Though they were a little unusual, they seemed to work quite well. Hippolyta, the Amazon Queen, in handcuffs was a very notable choice. I was surprised for a moment, but I see that it works.

She had just been conquered by Theseus in battle and understandably may not have been the most willing bride.

Another small matter is that Titania and Oberon are not generally connected to specific areas of power like the queen of the earth and harvest or lord of the animal kingdom. The costumes and acting seem to support the decision, though. Titania looked a little like Xena, Warrior Princess, and Oberon rather like a wild animal. At one point, it seemed Titania was threatening to have Oberon slaughtered by her crew of fairy soldiers. They were armed with weapons sure to frighten, such as wheat shafts and asparagus spears. It may sound strange, but it wasn't out of place in a set filled with giant flowers, apples, and a praying mantis on wheels.

I suppose I should comment on Puck (Eduardo Rioseco), but what can I say, he's Puck. He's full of mischief, mirth, and in this particular performance, a lot of barking.

The young and energetic cast performed their parts beautifully, and made the play enjoyable for even those least familiar with Shakespeare. So, if anyone plans on dragging an unwilling partner to the Festival this year, take him or her to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but leave the handcuffs at home. I can at least guarantee that no one will fall asleep, and at most-truly enjoy the experience.

Jocelyn Crowther

The Lion in Winter

In a time as turbulent as ours, we can easily identify with the Plantaganet family's problems. During the Christmas holiday of 1183, Henry II of England is deciding which of his three sons should get the crown. If only it were that simple! Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry's wife and political prisoner, is out of her castle/jail and is determined to make Henry's life a torture and at the same time ensure Richard (her favorite) gets the crown. Henry wishes for John (the son he loves most although we're not sure why) to be heir. Neither king nor queen thinks much of Geoffrey, the devious middle son. Henry also faces war with France if he doesn't honor an agreement to marry Richard to Alais, King Philip's sister.

Kathleen F. Conlin, the director, takes a straightforward approach. *The Lion in Winter* is a single-set production, with the almost completely admirable cast left to bring the characters to life unencumbered by scenery or directorial conceits. Richard Elmore as Henry and Leslie Brott as Eleanor are as well matched on stage as their historical originals seem to have been in life. Their many fights are fascinating because of their long-term anger and bitter competition but even more because of what the fights show us about the royal couple's enduring love.

The Alais in the Utah Shakespearean Festival production has a longer, better defined, and much more powerful role than the Alais in the 1968 film. Stephanie Foster Breinholt's commanding stage presence, plus her ability to create a truthful characterization, made her an ideal Alais. Jay Russell's Geoffrey takes a boldly sarcastic tone, and he is indeed funny even when he is most deceptive and cruel. However, the

stone-cold seriousness and underlying danger, which are also part of Geoffrey, are mostly lost in this performance and replaced by sometimes ironic, sometimes pathetic humor. John is meant to be a weak, filthy, and spoiled teenager, and Russ Benton is a bit miscast in the role. He seems too large and too old to portray an awkward boy of sixteen. He does, however, parallel the real John's circumstances; Benton is unsatisfactory only in comparison with the rest of the excellent cast, just as John was unsatisfactory compared with his brilliant family.

There wasn't a single point where audience attention had a chance to stray. Eleanor's line, "Well, what family doesn't have its ups and downs," got a big laugh since the "ups and downs" resembled a ride on a giant roller coaster. Although not much changes in the outward circumstances of the characters during the play, much is accomplished in their inner lives. Henry, for instance, realizes what he truly values. Caught between the warring but constant love he holds for Eleanor, the complex passion he has for Alais, the paternal instinct that binds him to his sons, and the satisfaction he gets from ruling his kingdom, he reaches despair and ecstasy. He half wishes to live forever and half wishes to die immediately, but in the end he finds the hope that will help him live for another day, another year, another Christmas. In a time as turbulent as ours, such hope is good news.

Nathaniel Taggart

Damn Yankees

The old saying about making deals with the devil is not necessarily true, at least not for Joe Boyd, the center character in the Utah Shakespearean Festival's production of the 1950's Broadway smash musical *Damn Yankees*. Joe Boyd (played by George Judy) is an eccentrically devoted fan of the hapless Washington Senators who sells his soul to the Devil, aptly named Mr. Applegate (A. Bryan Humphrey), in exchange for the chance to be the "one long ball hitter" that his team desperately needs.

The play moves at a brisk, comedic pace; it doesn't suffer from an uneven script, as many comedies do. There are plenty of laughs to be had in just about every scene, but the play also has depth and a clearly articulated theme. I was afraid upon entering the theater that the play might turn out to be a thoughtless and shallow sports comedy; within the first couple of scenes, my worries were put to rest. The opening scene, with its song "Six Months," is a lively romp from the wives' point of view about their husbands' inattentiveness during the baseball season; this scene helped to display from the beginning that the play's humor comes from intelligent and spunky dialogue and song lyrics.

The play had only a few shortcomings. The first came right off of the bat, when I noticed that the opening overture seemed to borrow a little too much from Gershwin. The only other negative I noticed about the music was that a couple of the songs, although entertaining, seemed to drag on a little too long, but overall execution of the music seemed crisp and unflawed. The cast was well rounded; what performers lacked in singing or dancing they made up for in acting and vice-versa.

The play was highlighted by numerous outstanding performances by cast members.

The Washington Senators team worked well and fluidly on stage together, most notable of these was Coach Van Buren (Charles Metten). Van Buren portrayed the typical gracelessness of a professional sports coach to a tee. Reporter Gloria Thorpe (Melinda Pfundstein) was the perfect comedic contrast to the Senators' locker room; her dancing as well as her performance as the naive antagonist made her the fitting foil for the team in the field and locker room scenes. The most entertaining character was Mr. Applegate; his character was the obvious crowd favorite and earned my hardest laughs. Mr. Applegate's witty and darkly humorous dialogue was done flawlessly; his sardonic remarks and devilish antics were played as smoothly as I would have the devil do in my own imagination.

I can't think of a better way to spend a couple of hours on these hot summer days. The play was totally enjoyable, from the quirky choreography to the great performances throughout the cast. Regardless of whether you are a sports fan or not, *Damn Yankees* is worth every minute.

Heidi Madsen

You Never Can Tell

George Bernard Shaw (also the author of *Pygmalion*, later adapted into the musical *My Fair Lady*) was a British dramatist and a rather sly, political propagandist. His comedies contained fairly serious social ideas that concerned, particularly at that time, the entire nation.

Mrs. Lanfrey Clandon and her three children—Gloria, Philip and Dorothea (Dolly)—are led, due to a bad tooth in the mouth of Dolly, to the office of Mr. Valentine, a dental practitioner who is new to his profession and penniless. It turns out, ironically, that a Mr. Crampton, Mr. Valentine's crotchety old landlord, amazingly only fifty-seven, is very assuredly and even intimately connected to Mrs. Clandon and her three children. Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* is a delightful and witty play that is certainly funny on the surface, leniently so to those of us females that have been "liberated"; but, indeed, working just below is a potentially potent battle of the sexes. And it is set at a time when women's lib was on everyone's tongue and on every feminist's billboard. G. B. Shaw stealthily—charmingly—keeps his ground of neutrality throughout. Which side is right? Which side (gender) conclusively proves victorious? These questions will be forgotten and left unasked after the enchanting armistice of a waltz in the final scene. In fact, this play moves me to the point of using perhaps old fashioned, and turn-of-the-century exclamations of optimism. Splendid! Gay! Truly captivating...

Brian Vaughn, in the lead as Mr. Valentine the "ivory snatcher," who lives up to both titles, is truly brilliant. Tyler Layton and Jered Tanner, as Dolly and Philip—the twins—are excellently full of mirth and

jollity. So unabashed and perceptively aware of their own intelligence are they that they shall easily convince you of it. And John Pasha (the understudy filling in for Dudley Knight) as Mr. Bohun not only did justice to the role, but to the practice of law, with a pair of lungs and a voice box that he himself should be "deeply" proud of. Walter, the waiter (A. Bryan Humphrey, also playing the infamous Applegate in *Damn Yankees*), Mr. Crampton, Mrs. Clandon (Richard Elmore and Leslie Brott) all gave superb performances. And Caroline Shaffer as Gloria, the socially polite mask of a misanthrope whose butter is finally melted by one who knows just how to do it, did a thorough job as a feminine feminist. I can assure you that this production of *You Never Can Tell* directed by J. R. Sullivan will leave you, very simply, enraptured.

Amanda R. Sadorus

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat is a musical worth taking the family to for a night of laughter and enjoyment. The Tuacahn production gives value for money, providing a much longer *Joseph* than usual (two-and-a-half hours with the intermission). The extra length comes from the many antics and additions that are peculiar to this production, including an Austin Powers sideshow, tumbleweed children, and a conversation between the Pharaoh and the audience. There is definitely much more there than in the original plot.

The story itself is simple. Joseph (Nathan Balser) was the favored one of Jacob's twelve sons-so favored that he was given a brilliantly colored coat that all of his brothers envied. Although the coat was definitely the last straw, the brothers were also bothered by Joseph's prediction that they would one day bow down to him. So they did what every sibling in the world has dreamed of yet never followed through with. They sold him to the passing Ishmaelites as a slave. Excited to be free of their brother, they returned home to a devastated Jacob (Keith Weirich) and sang their woes like true cowboys, wailing about the "death" of their beloved brother. Off in another land, Joseph was dealing with something completely unexpected. Sold to the "Mafia King Pin" Potiphar (also played by Weirich), he showed amazing loyalty until he was thrown into jail on account of Potiphar's seductive wife. But his journey would not end there, for his ability to understand dreams reached the ears of Pharaoh. Joseph obtained a position of power and control that most men would die for.

While the story is definitely exciting, director Derryl Yeager took it

one step further. Full of miscellaneous pranks and jokes, the show is a circus of sideshows. With live camels and giant Pez dispensers, the audience was continually on their toes looking for the next joke to come rolling across the stage. While much of this is hilarious, ultimately there is too much; too many extra bits, too many contemporary references, and if the production has a true problem it is with too many rings to this very entertaining circus. The production's only technical difficulty was a malfunctioning microphone.

Balser did a wonderful job of captivating the audience with his naïve approach to life. He was backed by Melinda Larson, who did an incredible job of directing the action in her role as the narrator. With a troop of brothers who were continually trying to steal the show, and many times succeeding, the audience was never at a loss for laughter. The brothers, along with Weirich, were the true showstoppers. With commanding stage presence they controlled the audience and made them fall in love with the childish family attitudes that none of us want to give up, but they also showed the deeper side of family life. As Yeager stated, "Audiences always come away from the show moved by the power of forgiveness and love...it is still the strength of family ties that binds."

Darryl T. Barfuss

Lost Dreamer

The sign warned of deeper dangers,
But I opened the awaiting gate.
Afraid of being alone, I went
Inside this once-sacred place. Still I find
That I am lost in a starless night.
In the dark, my footsteps guide me,
And my shadow and myself are the same.
As I walk, I feel a presence.
I feel our opposing differences.
The echoes of His footsteps run.
We stop. The echoes intensify.
Lightning flashes and exposes the slanted
Shade of evil charging me horns first.
Engulfed by an intense, blinding yellow light—
I awoke upright in bed,
Still tomorrow I will wait for the moon to rise, and my fear
to fade,
So that I may dream my dreams again.

Lacie Lee

Marbles

Cool glass balls,
 Clinking through my head
 With the metallic click of movement.
 Thoughts,
 Some scarred and ugly
 From wars lost and won,
 Others bright and beautiful,
 Perfect.
 The spheres transfix me,
 Individually held and observed,
 Refracting the light,
 Each a jewel
 To be savored a moment,
 Then replaced,
 The stings drawn in and tied.

Todd Fallows

A Sacrifice for Charlton Heston

Crimson blossoms violently burst,
 Petals unfurl, yielding their precious breath
 Predestined to brown, flake and peel.

A distorted expression of dismay,
 His body's graceless surrender,
 Forms a gyrating snow angel.

Piercing cries drive fear and agony
 Deep into the heavens,
 Translating his icy impression
 Into a crucifix.

Liana Kempton

Greedy, grasping hands
 Of worldliness and evil
 Reach to wrong the right.

Laurie Hoff

Soldier's Farewell to Fallen Comrade

Why are you lying here, my boy,
So still upon the broken ground?
With bloody froth upon your lip,
In a sea of shell your form is found.

What brought you to this battlefield,
With all hope lost and glory dead?
What kind of thoughts flew through your mind
As steaming bullets crunched through your head?

Bedecked in blood, in grime, in gore,
What's yours, what's theirs, one cannot know,
A scattered mess of bone and flesh,
No longer telling friend from foe.

With green smoke creeping over the dead,
I must retreat and leave you here.
But I think you will not mind;
In darkness, you no more have fear.
At least for you the war is gone.
For me, for me, it rages on.

Megan Gelter

Civilian

Fiery red the blood
Of the sky in the morning
At dawn.

Like a plague it sends its hand,
And all I've loved
Is gone.

How like a nightmare
I feel the monsters'
Hellish breath

As panic quickly finds me
And leads me to
My death.

It hits me as I stand
At God's or the
Devil's door,

Why did I die? It wasn't
I who started this
Infernal war.

Tracy Solimeno

Instantaneous Realization

Deep within, a shrill resounds.
It echoes across the wasteland of wonder,
Resonates through the corridors of innocence,
Shatters the mirage of hope.

Only seconds are needed to extinguish the glory of dreams.
In that moment the massive turrets of reality crumble around
you,
Trapping you beneath.
Your limbs clamber and heart beats upon itself
In a desperate, futile attempt to escape.
But still it comes, still it entraps, still it preys upon you.

Now you know, now you feel
The terror, the agony.
It cuts into your flesh and gnaws at your mind.
There is no solace,
No refuge from the realization of ones past.

Michael Simonson

Proclamation #1 of The Utah Social Inquisition
Warns you to maintain inhibition, superstition,
And stay away from porn addiction.

Proclamation #2 specifically forbids you
From thinking the propositions are untrue.
Whew!

Proclamation #3
Lands a mark more close to me
(The one that gives men God's decree).

If I wonder for much longer
And these idle thoughts grow stronger,
I'll be quick to demonstrate
That I don't need this crummy state,
And promptly then relocate.

Aubree (Howard) Larson

Viewing the World

I've observed the people
 With their absent love
 Who have tailored their lives
 Around irrelevant knowledge,
 Who have created catastrophe
 From omitted liaisons.
 They've justified hypocrisy
 With the zeal for their pride.
 They've x-rayed the world
 To see only deceit
 And the unique have become
 Only a nuisance.
 They've seized the youth
 In their spell-binding web
 Through a façade of their parallel and rhyme.
 They've jeopardized the buoyancy
 Of "peace on Earth"
 By their unanimous waiver
 To their social appeal.
 Their facsimile for quality
 Is obviously quantity.
 And as they maintain
 This appearance of joy,
 There's a question that constantly
 Gnaws at my brain,
 "Is it ecstasy that is their villain?"

History of the *Southern Quill*

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

History of the *Southern Quill*, cont.

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1986-87	Bonnie McCowan & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1987-88	Karen Hansen & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1988-89	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1989-90	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1990-91	Tiffany Durrant & Joni Jones	Ace G. Pilkington
1991-92	Christian Arial	Ace G. Pilkington
1992-93	Jandi Jones, Natalie Nilsson, & Chris Pellew	Ace G. Pilkington
1993-94	Jandi Jones & Natalie Nilsson	Ace G. Pilkington
1994-95	Dina Gerhauser	Ace G. Pilkington
1995-96	Aubree Howard	Ace G. Pilkington
1996-97	Diana L. Blakley & Bart Jay Mitchell	Ace G. Pilkington
1997-98	April Davis, Amber Hyde, & Kelly Leatham	Ace G. Pilkington
1998-99	Heidi Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1999-2000	Darryl Barfuss, Liana Kempton & Cindy Lee Wallace	Ace G. Pilkington

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

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The Division of Humanities & Social Sciences

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Cheri Drew

Bill Fowler

George Jantzen

Thomas "Randy" Judd

Max Rose

A landscape photograph showing a mountain range in the background under a bright, hazy sky. In the foreground, there is a dense forest of green trees and shrubs. A large, dark evergreen tree is prominent on the left side of the frame. The overall tone is soft and slightly desaturated.

Southern Quill
2000