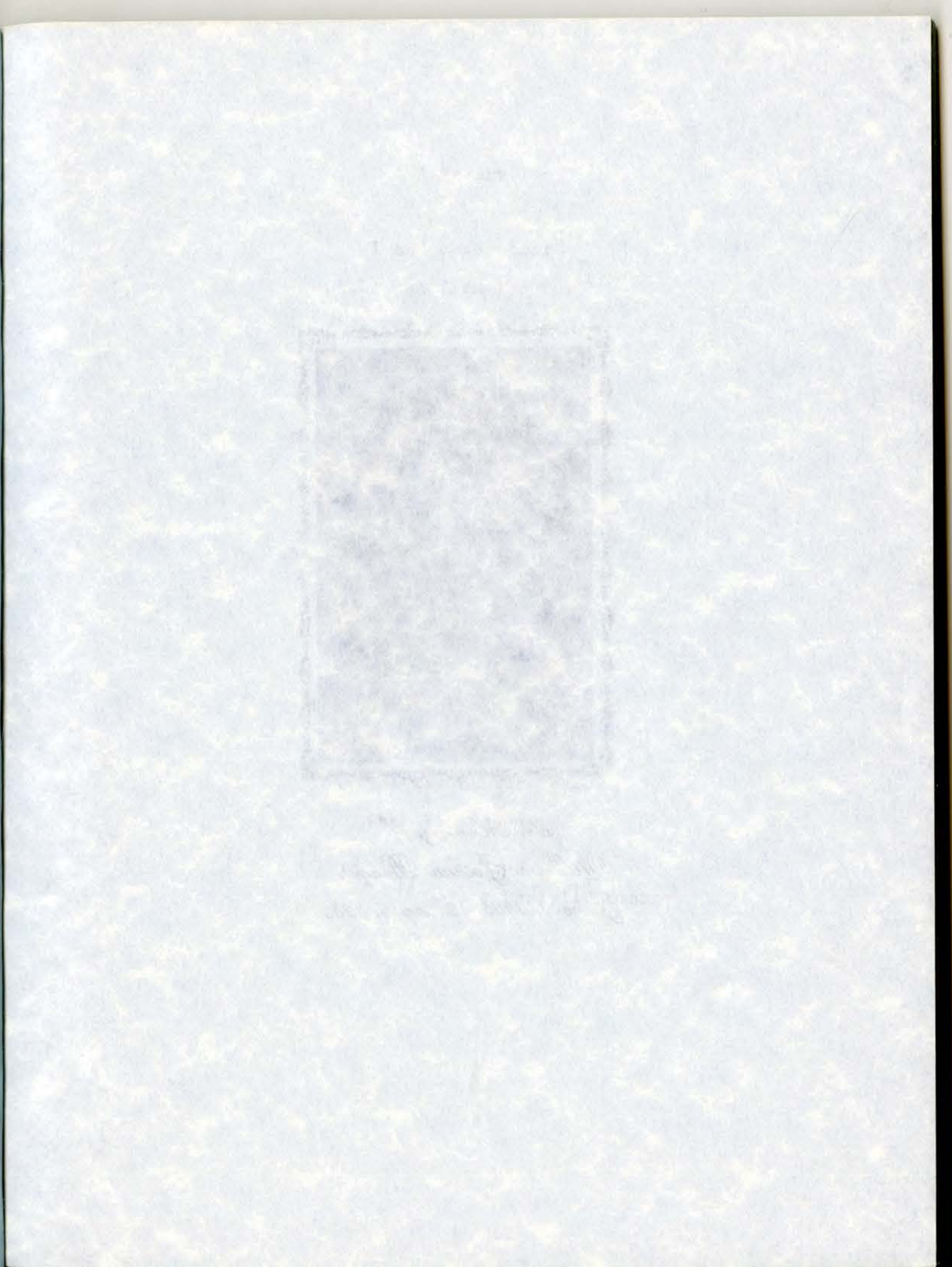
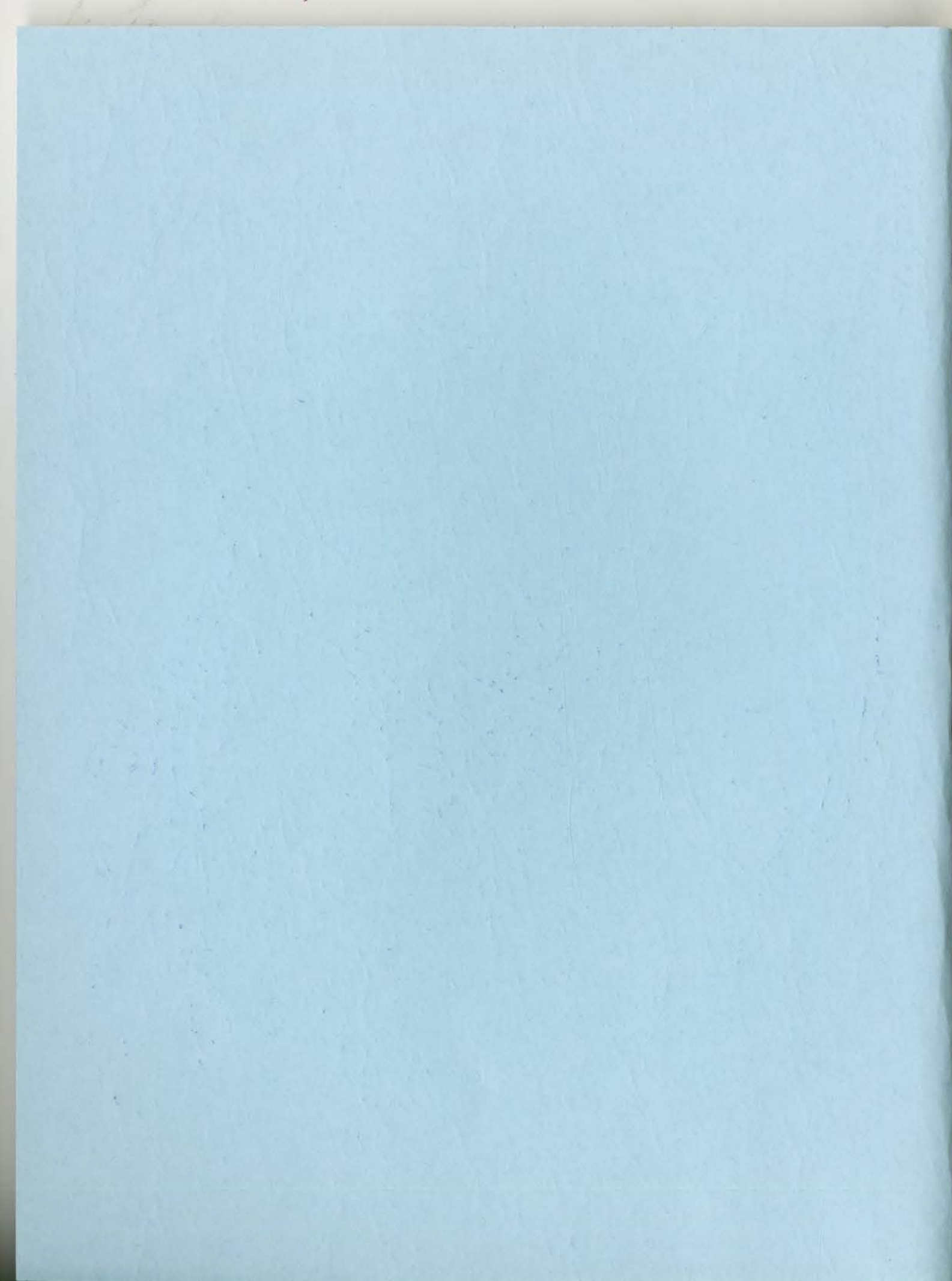
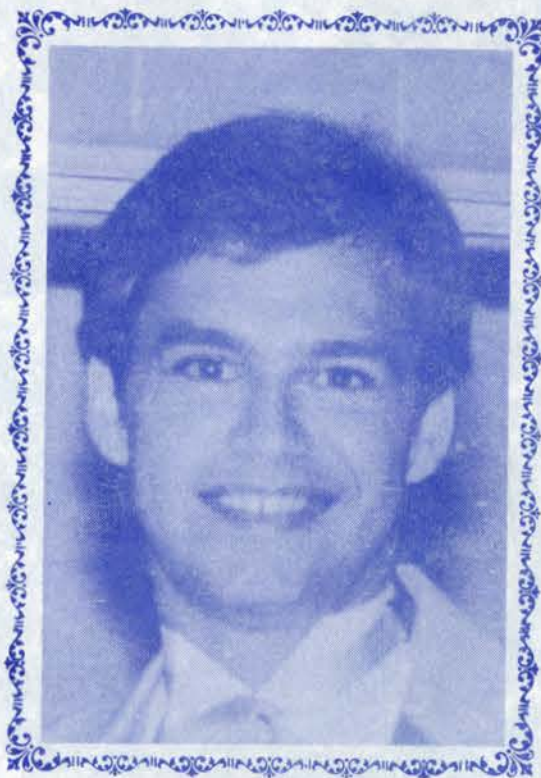




Renaissance Fair





*In Memory of
William Joshua Beazer
June 7, 1965 - May 6, 1985*

A Memory

I and my brother
would run from the waves
at high tide
and we loved being scared
by the big ones.
Dodging the creamy-lace foam,
laughing and falling
in the sand to dig clams
that were so much faster than us
but we never
stopped.
Colors of the sun
touched my brother's hair
and made it look gold
on that day at the beach
when I was ten.

. . . Danielle Beazer

King Lear asked it
About Cordelia--
How can we accept the deaths
Of those we love?
Easier far to hold our own
Deaths close.
No fairness fills it,
Only loss.
There is no way to wrap it
In warm words,
No way to cancel chance
With our deep care.
I wish
There was a word
To change the world
And bring us back the brightness
That was Josh.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

Southern Quill

1984 - 1985

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I. Sudden Discoveries

RENAISSANCE SPRING

It had been a long, cold winter. The earth had lain in darkness since the end of the Greek summer and the Roman fall. The clouds hung heavy over a stagnant populace. In the Middle Ages, mankind had little hope and even less optimism. The world was dark and dreary; to live was to suffer. The fourteenth century poet Geoffrey Chaucer summed up man's attitudes in "The Knightes Tale" when he wrote, "This world is but a highway full of woe,/ And we are pilgrims, passing to and fro;/ Death is an end of every worldly sore."

A major factor behind this outlook was the belief that man is born evil and is destined to remain so because of Adam's sin. It could not be any other way, for, try as he might, man was too wicked, too vile a creature to rise above the inherent corruptness of his soul. His attempts at being pure and virtuous would always fall short because evil ruled and would do so until the world was remade.

As the Middle Ages lingered on, the weather slowly began to change. Chaucer lived and wrote, as did Malory, weakening the cloud cover enough to allow the sun briefly to shine, creating the false spring that often occurs near the end of winter. Yet the storms returned, covering the world with a slightly weaker darkness until the real spring came, nearly two centuries later.

It started in the south. The sun's rays broke through in Italy and began to spread. With the sun came the hope that spring always generates. The past glories of Greece and Rome were resurrected and learning began again. Men passed over the horizon and returned, bearing news of yet other horizons farther on, richer even than the first. New discoveries brought new wealth and increased trade--and piracy--between nations. As boundaries expanded, so did knowledge. Mankind faced new challenges and opportunities as he began to till the soil, plowing old traditions under. This upheaval was the bane of many of the old values.

During the winter, there were basically only two social classes, the noble freemen and the poor common folk, not much better than slaves laboring for the good of the nobility. There was also, of course, a middle class, but it was quite small. That is, until the peasants defied the old ways, trying, often successfully, to improve their means. Many of them, heaven forbid, even learned to read. Suddenly there were merchants making enough money not only to increase the size of the middle class, but also to become gentlemen, a title once reserved for the elite. These changes brought confusion and uncertainty, but this was balanced by an increasing sense of nationalism and self-worth, at the expense of the powerful Roman Church.

Just how far above the murky barrow of the Middle Ages man had risen was plain to see in the Arts. Contrast the fourteenth

century lines of Chaucer's with these powerful words from William Shakespeare's Hamlet, written in the height of spring, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!/ How infinite in faculty! in form and moving/ How express and admirable! in action how like an angel!/ In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world!/ The paragon of animals!"

The heat of the sun brought forth a great harvest. The trees bore fruit richer than the world had seen since the times of Classical Greece. The Arts, perhaps the ultimate expression of any society, gave the world men with such undying names as Michelangelo, Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare. Great scientists, such as Galileo with his telescope, broadened man's horizon as an unparalleled progression of scientific and medical learning began--a progression which continues today.

Couldn't we, in fact, say that we are still living in the Renaissance? When one compares the twentieth century with Renaissance man's lust for knowledge, the similarities are too striking to ignore. We are still striving for the realization of the full potential of mankind. If knowledge could be charted on a graph, the diagram would show an exponential curve, for one discovery often leads to at least twice the knowledge. If we can just avoid a nuclear winter, we will soon experience an era of incredible possibilities. That's what makes the Renaissance so important, so fascinating.

. . . C. Scott Rhoades

He takes his flight upon the clouds
Of this shimmering world--
His world--filled with shining stars,
Glittering lights,
Beasts, nymphs, and gods.

Above the clouds he watches it all,
Thundering through the night
As his hooves stir the magical air;
His wings, gently gliding through the crystal night,
Beckon to the eyes below to join him in his flight.

This beautiful, mystical animal--
Real or fantasy--creates images in the sky
For all that live below
Of love, peace, and joy,
A feeling of worth,
And a dream he displays
Of a world, his world, of never-ending
Happiness.

. . . Sarah Montes

An Airborne Icarus

Many times
I have attempted flight,
An airborne Icarus
Drawn towards the warmth,
With naive curiosity
Placing my hands inside the
fire.
My glorious wings--
Singed feathers and melted wax--
Plunged into the stinging
Salt slap
Of a cold, careless sea.

Soaring again--
The breeze and sky shine new
Below me--
Ocean songs beckon;
I find hard to recall
Times I almost drowned.
Glimmering dreamwings
Carried gentle on the ocean breath,
Their warm waxing gleam
Only increases my desire
To touch the sun;
Forgetting all caution,
I once again
Descend.

. . . Nan Seymour



I bent to tie my shoelaces,
But couldn't connect the strings.
I learned to ride a two-wheeler
On the grass so I'd land soft.
I was close to the ground,
But saw your face whenever
I looked up.
And it's always been that way.
Although now we stand with our
Eyes seeing the same,
You seem taller
For some reason.
You've connected all my loose laces
With understanding and patience,
Acting as the cushion each time
I've fallen.
Always one step ahead
So I don't get lost
When I look up
To see your face.

. . . Mindy Andrus

A reflection through
Bifocles.
The child, blue-eyed,
With dirt chocolate hands,
Reaches for the time-lined face.
"Grandpa, how high up is the sun?"
As if he knows the universe.

. . . Mindy Andrus

At the dawning of this day . . .
Live your life for who you are;
You are my touchstone--
You are my star.
And I sing and dance to celebrate
You.

. . . Julianna Burton

Now Listen

Gentleman with cool green eyes,
Ne'er seen by me before,
Methinks thy stare doth tantalize
A few fair maidens more.

So when I beam into the green,
You need not ask me, "What?"
Perhaps my mind has always been
Matched by others' thoughts.

Think not of what I want from thee
Nor the gifts thy thoughts might give;
I say it's smiles I want to see
And dreams I want to live.

Through sleep my thoughts are quite demure,
But dreams come when I wake;
The melting of our lips occurs--
Thy love from thee I take.

Be not afraid of what I've said,
'Tis from my heart and not my head.
I wish that these unhappy friends
Would come to terms and make amends.

. . . . Julianna Burton



Ode to the Bear

With your scruffy face and your
Rugged tanned skin

And the tint of gray in your hair,

You look at me with your

Solemn stare,

And I wonder sometimes if you disapprove.

But as I look a little closer,

I see love in your distant blue eyes,

And I choke when your hug shows you care.

You're the only man I really love;

That's why I call you the bear!

. . . Katy Frandsen

A child's warm breath sends

Golden dandelion dreams

Drifting on a sunlit

Breeze; smiling, he turns away

And does not watch them descend.

. . . Nan Seymour

Attired in black

The illusion that you see;

A green-eyed vamp--

Transformed by imagery.

A shrinking silhouette

Runs from reality--

The soft purr of a pet

Sits upon your knee.

. . . Sarah Montes

REFLECTIONS

I sit
And look into my eyes,
Reflected
Hues of brown--
And thereupon
I wonder
Where my true self
Is found.
For
I know not
What lies inside,
And from myself
I've hidden--
Afraid
Of all that I might find--
In that vast
Unknown,
Forbidden.
Yet,
Others calmly
Enter in;
Unafraid
Of what they'll find,
They rummage through
The clutter
There--
Pulling secrets
From my mind.
But why then,
Can they not look
Deep
Within themselves--
And discover
Their very souls,
Hid
Upon some shelf.
Thus, I suppose,
Though I'm but one,
That we are all afraid--
Of the hidden selves
We might find,
If long
Enough
We gaze.

. . . Trina Gunn



Knight Dreams

I wonder
If it's okay,
To hold onto things
So far away.
Like kings and queens,
Kingdoms far,
And fairytales
As real as stars.

King Arthur with Excalibur
Rules with wit and charm--
The golden love of Lancelot,
Which death
could never harm.

Of dragons
And brave, bold knights,
Who save with a single swing.
Am I too old,
Though I am young,
To dream
of all such things?

Still,
When I am old
and lonely,
And my hands drop
cold
and white--

On the wings of dreams
I shall then fly,
To my long-awaited
Night.

. . . Trina Gunn

My inner feelings

Embalmed in a tomb,

Mechanically cheating

With visions of doom.

My outer shell--

Reflections untrue--

A prison cell

Opened to few.

A heart that's grave

To a world that's cold;

Minds enslaved

And dreams soon sold.

Yet deep within lies a flurry of desire,

Beneath a black flame--my hidden fire.

. . . Sarah Montes

Peacock Feather

She was a strange old woman who dressed in dark rags; her mere image and attire implied the role of a hag. She was homely and seldom seen except for her occasional visits to the corner grocers, where she would buy a small three-pound bag of assorted seeds.

I happened to be in the store when she hobbled in and went straight towards a barrel filled with seeds, marked thirteen cents a pound. I stared as her bony fingers felt the shape of each tiny seed, and I wondered what use she made of them. She turned as if reading my thoughts, searched into my eyes, while a crooked smile slowly formed upon her chapped lips. A soft, warm, yet knowing laugh escaped from under her breath. Her words fell upon my ears like a sweet melody, "These are for my precious ones; you shall see them soon."

She turned to the clerk, and from a small purse she retrieved thirty-nine cents to pay for the seeds. With a wave of her camouflaged arm, she beckoned me to follow. A little frightened and amazed, I walked almost mechanically. As if under some spell, I followed the bent-over figure, absorbing every move she made.

Without realizing, I found myself in front of a gate behind the old woman's worn and weathered house. She stooped over the gate and jerkily opened the wire latch. Her clear, proud voice



invaded my mind, pleading with me to enter. She extended her hand--I shyly took it; it was warm and strong. She smiled, guiding me through the now open, wire-latched gate.

My expectations of an unkept, overgrown backyard dissolved before a miniature paradise, filled with orchids, violets, herbs possessing many powers, and seven amazingly beautiful peacocks gayly strutting in this enchanted garden. Shocked, I gazed at the vision; my eyes searched for the face of the creator--wondering what she really was.

She gingerly smiled and began to speak, "These are my precious ones; I have only seven left. I was beautiful once, you know, but he left me old and withered. Although I live in the eve of my mortality and my strength is dwindling, I allow you this beauty and leave with you this phrase: What seems to be reality is an illusion in one's mind; hidden beneath the rags, internal beauty you will find." She nodded her head, turned, and slowly, as though burdened with deceitful age, she unlatched the gate and vanished into the darkened dwelling. I walked home puzzled and alone.

The next morning, I selected a few seeds, put them gently into a cloth pouch, and walked to the door of the old house. Once, twice, a third time, I knocked upon the gray, weathered, wood frame; no sound--silence. In a hushed, almost reverent daze, I followed the broken path that led towards the gate where

I had been the previous afternoon. Unlatching the wire closure, I stepped inside, only to find yellow, dying weeds and a dry earth's crust, parched for lack of water. I stood there motionless; my insides quivered. What--how? But a brisk autumn breeze interrupted my thoughts as it hurled bits of dust against my bare legs. Something brushed against my sandalled foot; I looked down to find a shimmering green and violet peacock feather lying half-buried in the hardened ground. I picked it up--and smiled.

. . . Sarah Montes

II. New-Found Doubts

The Closed Door to Paradise

Is a perfect society possible? In the Renaissance when extraordinary events and incredible discoveries seemed commonplace, a number of writers speculated about utopias. In The Tempest, William Shakespeare summarizes the issues, pointing out the perils of paradise. Ultimately, he seems to be saying, human beings cannot live with perfection and remain human.

In attempting to distract King Alonso from his grief, Gonzalo sounds the first utopian note. He declares that if he were the king of the island, he would have all things in common; there would be no working, "bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;/ No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;/ No occupation; all men idle, all;/ And women too,-- but innocent and pure;/ No sovereignty."

The king's cynical brother, Sebastian, points out one of the flaws in this scheme, "Yet he would be King on't." Like many utopian theorists, Gonzalo contradicts himself--he would be king of an island that he declares will have no sovereign. Antonio, a believer in Machiavelli's political doctrines and another of Gonzalo's critics, points out that perfect societies do not always work perfectly. He says that Gonzalo's idle, innocent people would be "whores and knaves" because of their idleness.

Gonzalo boasts that "I would with such perfection govern sir,/ T'excel the golden age." But even the villains in the play can see that he has neither the wit nor the wisdom to create a paradise.

The one man on the island who has both these qualities, and in addition has the power to make his dreams real, is Prospero. Indeed, the island is, as David G. Pitt says, "a world of enchantment where dreams come true" only because Prospero's magic makes it so. His is the mind that images the celestial music, the strange shapes, and the marvellous pageants, and he is the one who ultimately determines to break his staff, drown his book, and abandon the rich world which he has shaped.

Why does he do this? His society is better than Gonzalo's. In fact, Ferdinand, his prospective son-in-law says, "Let me live here ever;/ So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,/ Makes this place Paradise." Prospero's society would require no effort; magical servants would do everything. Like Stephano, Alonso's drunken butler, everyone on the island would have his music (and all else) for free. But this society without struggle, this community of concord, would either be something like Gonzalo's vision of nonhuman innocence or Sebastian's picture of inhuman (or perhaps all too human) evil. In few (as Shakespeare has a habit of saying), if the society is perfect, the people cannot be human; if the people are human, the society will not be perfect.

Prospero gives up power and control to go into a world of chaos and upheaval, where many of the people are disloyal, and where even loyal characters like Gonzalo can do only limited good. But it is a human place; it has human vices and also human virtues. It is, ultimately, the place where Prospero belongs because he is not a creature of earth like Caliban or a sprite of the air like Ariel. He must live in a human community.

Even Ariel senses the peculiar glory of what it means to be human--though he does not quite experience it. He says, after reporting the suffering of Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio, "if you now beheld them, your affections/ Would become tender." Prospero responds with, "Dost thou think so, spirit?" And then comes one of the strongest and most poignant lines in the play, "Mine would sir, were I human." Ariel's half-expressed wish that he were human reinforces Prospero's choice and reaffirms Shakespeare's dystopian conclusion that humans cannot exist in utopias. Prospero must give up his power in order to get back his true (human) identity.

. . . . Janae Daley



At First Glance*

At first glance
It is a papertrash mess,
crimson red splattered
 over clorox-clean white,
 dead center on gray asphalt,
And the singing rain falls softly
As your life-filled music
(Pop-bottle concertos in almost A minor)
falls flat.

But sad, I know
 before
 I look back,
That paper it is not.
Sick as I am,
I restrain my reaction,
Allowing only the corners of my mouth
To cringe.

Our restless warbler
 has danced out of existence
 and finally
 ceased his song.
The silent rain falls harder now
And all I feel
Is wet.

. . . Nan Seymour

*1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner
Poetry Contest, 1985

Webs of Yesterday

Webs of yesterday
Spin
Cunning traps of secrets
In bottomless fathoms
Of essence.
A cloak of deceit
Snares
The unwary victim
As it becomes
A puppet
In time's hand.

. . . Laurie Hafen

Ravenous waters
Greedy devour starshine,
Swallowing it whole,
Yet gleaming moon blood spilt on
The brine lingers untasted.

. . . Nan Seymour

TOAST FOR SUPPER

It was dark when Nancy got off work. As she entered her home, she felt the usual quiet atmosphere surround her. It felt good to be home. She took off her jacket and slipped out of her uniform. Her next automatic reaction was to turn on her T.V. She sat down in a chair by her bed and breathed a sigh of relief. Her day was complete.

The six o'clock news was really not news to Nancy at all. Even the forecast of the weather didn't change much. Her mind drifted, and she thought about dinner. She wondered if Shaun would mind if they went out. With this thought, she remembered that she had skipped lunch. She had had a Coke early this morning, and it had held her until now; but suddenly, she was hungry. Where was Shaun anyway? The phone rang, startling her slightly. She reached over to a small round wicker table and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi! What are you doing?" asked a happy, familiar voice on the opposite end.

"Just watching the news, what are you?"

"Oh, I just called to tell you we'd be up next week for a few days. We can't come this weekend. I have a lot to do for school, and John is working."

"Oh, o.k. Anything else?"

"Yeah, would you mind getting some concert tickets for John and myself? The concert is that Friday night. I can write and tell you where to get them?"

"Sure . . . o.k."

"Thanks. We'll see you then, o.k.?"

"All right, good-bye."

Nancy hung up the phone, wondering what kind of homework Amanda had to do. She had planned for Amanda and her boyfriend this weekend. Now there was a whole week in between. "What damn concert did they want to see anyway?" She said out loud. She heard a car door shut.

"Hello, hello . . . Mom?" called a voice down the hall. Nancy quickly got up and walked out to the kitchen to meet Shaun.

"Well, hello. Where have you been?" she asked.

"Oh, working for a while. Now I'm headed out to Steve's. Just stopped to get some money."

"Are you hungry?" she asked, feeling a grumble in her stomach.

"Oh, not really. I stopped at Taco Time about an hour ago. Got to go now anyway."

"Oh . . . o.k., have a good night."

Nancy found some jam and put a piece of bread in the toaster. She snacked on that in her bedroom. She had one more

phone call that night, but it was a wrong number. The new T.V. series that were out were ridiculous, and time dragged on toward the evening news.

Nancy thought about Amanda. She was probably being held in the arms of her new love. And Shaun--he was probably drinking with his friends. She put on a nightgown and started to prepare herself for bed. Tomorrow was only Wednesday. "God," she said out loud, "I wonder if I'll make this week?" She reached for the remote control and turned off the T.V. The weatherman's voice repeated itself in her head, "Slightly cloudy with possible rain showers through Saturday."

"Great, exactly what I need," she whispered as she pulled her quilt up around her. She took a look at her dark bedroom. The jam jar, still almost full, sat on the wicker table next to the phone. The room seemed big, and the usual quiet atmosphere surrounded Nancy; but tonight, she felt like crying.

. . . Denna Peck

Forced Choice*

I had to decide

Red or yellow.

I couldn't

Even though it was only

Curtains.

I'd have to see the decision

Whenever I was in my room.

It was major, then.

Each day passes,

Nothing changes.

First curtains, college,

Now--it's everything.

Life in front of me,

Decide?

O.K., I should've chosen yellow.

. . . Mindy Andrus

*Second place poem, Annie Atkin
Tanner Poetry Contest, 1985

The Gnomes

I can't write poems
although I try;
Words turn to Gnomes
that run, leap, and cry.

They run to the corners
and creep under the walls;
then, just after midnight,
I hear their shrill calls.

They scream at me
and jump and cry,
"You make us confused.
Stop it! Don't even try!"

I muffle their cries,
but those nasty little Gnomes
continue to haunt me,
"You can't write poems."

. . . Katy Frandsen



Plastic

fabricate or denouement,
the end of a processed era.
flimsy and timid, we protrude
through a pinhole sphere,
our minds made up of plastic
chemicals and quotients;
but never basic human touch
and simple emotion.
they say animal instinct is lower class,
but humans may as well have the instinct of cadavers.
mold and melted, our brains have dwindled,
along with the quality that old folks
say they always had better and can remember,
no feelings only tangible and things that we can touch.

. . . Lori Lewis

MEDUSA

A reef constricts
Like an iron claw,
An unmarred statue,
No human flaw.
A frozen image
Of a fool who looked,
Then turned to stone--
His life she took.

. . . Sarah Montes

Hapless angels
Amidst the fire
Lighting candles,
Enshrined--the desire.
Trembling illusions--
Intimate seclusion.

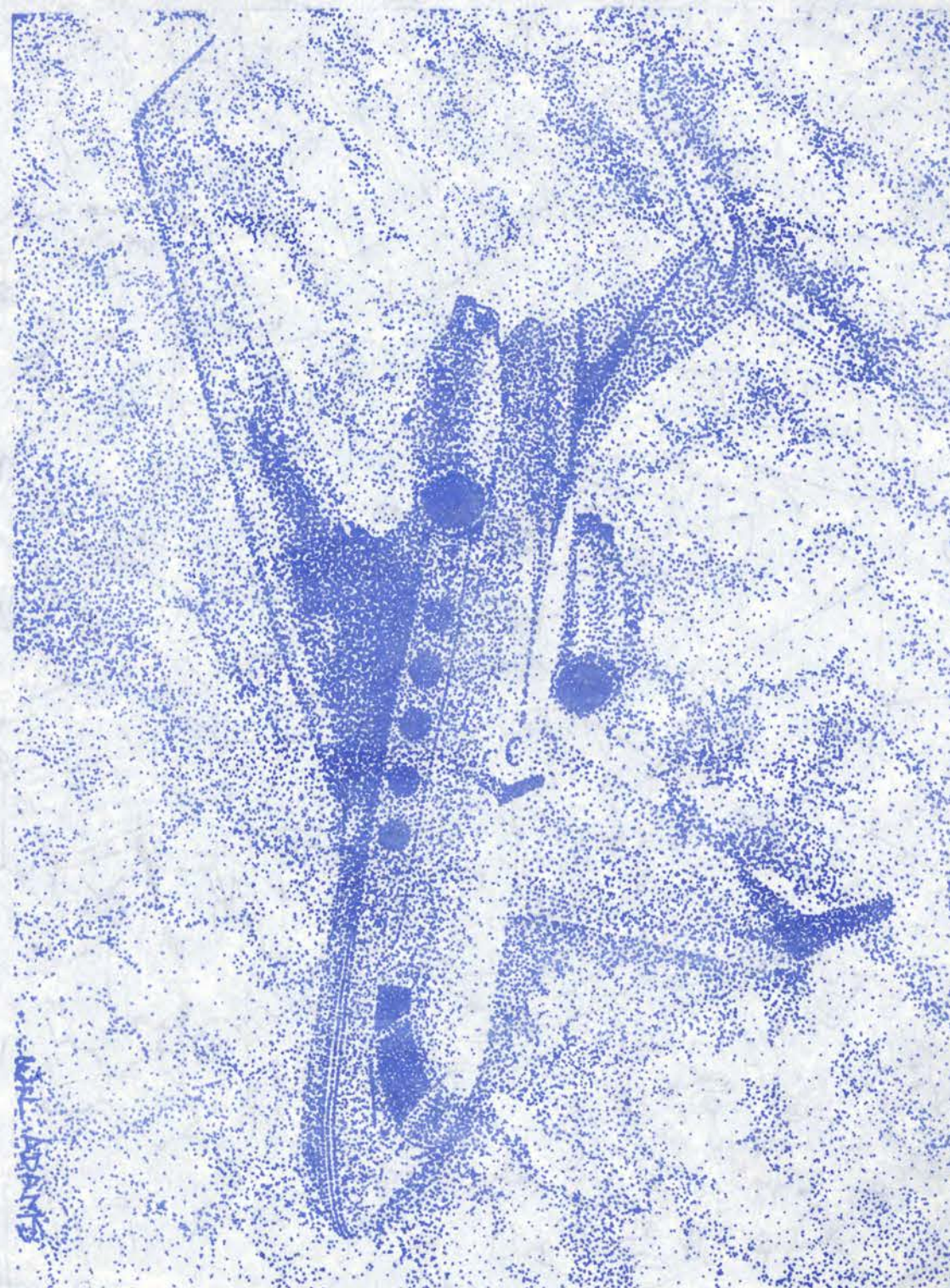
. . . Sarah Montes

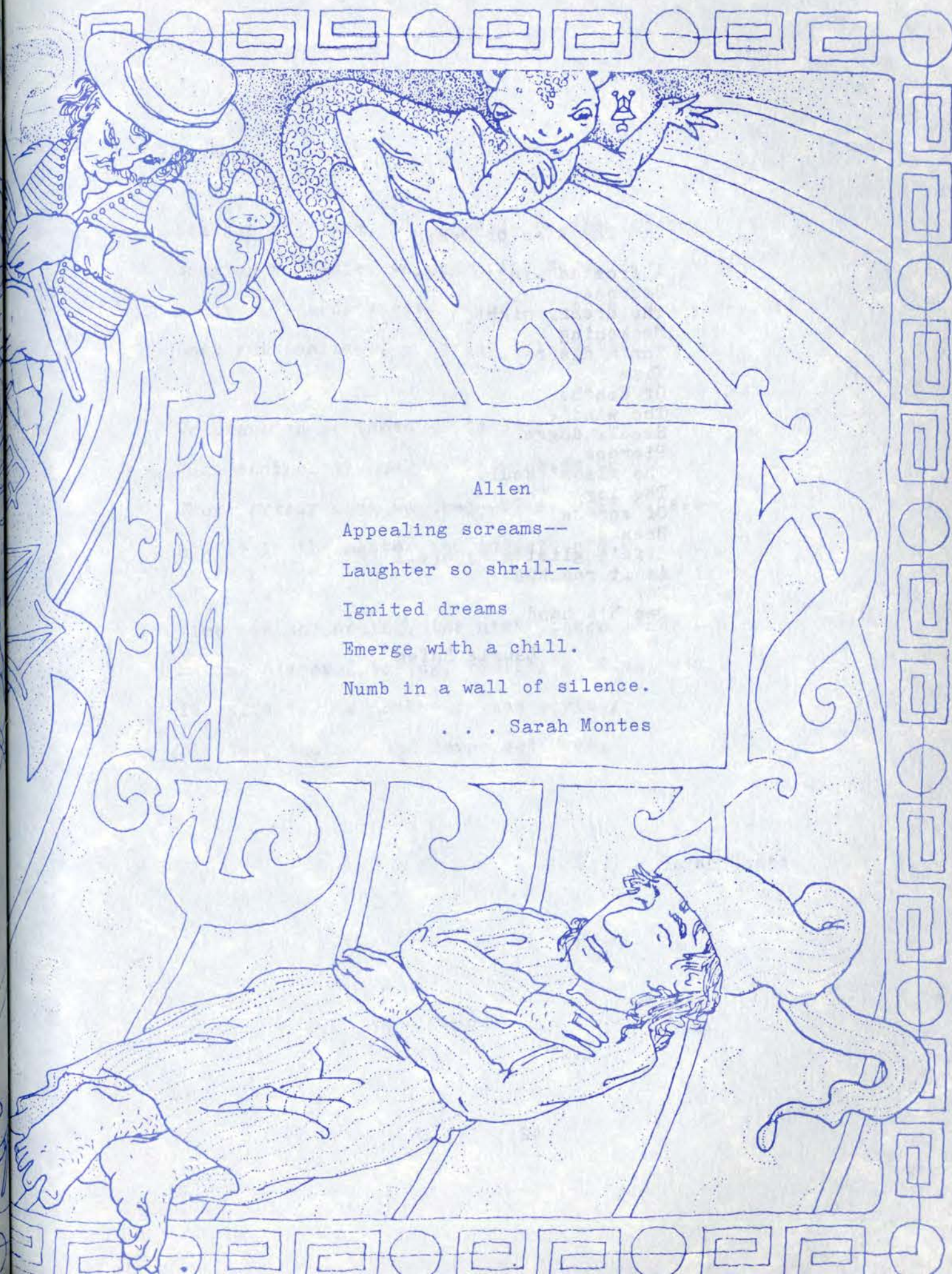
Distance

Our goodbye is a silver airplane
Which must fly the new bleak skies;
It glides smooth and free
And never once looks back.

The little silver airplane
Will one day flutter and return
To the familiar sun-streaked sky
Called home--
To find
Its landing ground
Removed.

. . . . Katy Frandsen





Alien

Appealing screams--

Laughter so shrill--

Ignited dreams

Emerge with a chill.

Numb in a wall of silence.

. . . Sarah Montes

The Kiss of Death

A frosted window pane
Seduces
The dreary night,
Beckoning
For a discreet
Kiss
Of death.
The wind's
Steely dagger
Pierces
The glass' soul.
The icy point
Of sorrow
Breaks
Life's glistening spell
As it reaches
For
Death's hand.

. . . Laurie Hafen

Leather and lace, black heels on the floor;

Longing to taste, we crave for more.

Tempting the darkness, we get trapped in its clutch;

Lost yet fearless, we reach out to touch.

We dress in costumes of fantasy

That control the selves we want to be.

They portray what we need--twist what we see--

Now it is the master and puppets are we.

Time has no meaning, the night takes control;

No fantasy or dreaming, reality cuts the soul.

It waits in the darkness--the ecstasy--

Blinded, chained and never set free.

. . . Sarah Montes

Legacy

No celebration leaped when we returned,
No fanfares pealing loud to sound the years,
No candles warm within the windows burned,
Extinguished by a million quiet tears.
Long-wasted, silent streets leave us bereft
Of answers to our futile, lonely calls,
As if the Dreadful Moon had been and left
The echoes of its carnage on the walls.
Beside a sea of briny grief we lag,
With bare feet bleeding in the glowing sand,
To look upon the spire of molten slag
Remaining where the Statue used to stand.
And we, the meek inheritors of pain,
Weep softly in the bitter acid rain.

. . . Brad Slaugh



Bewildered Deceit Of A Thread

Her name stunned,
Caught on a cobweb tongue;
The room desolately bare,
Friction hangs sultry in staunch midair.
Last December I sent roses,
Crinkled and parched they sat.
The letter unfolded,
My heart frozen cold,
Where thorns prick life
With wild infliction.
My heart's trapped,
Wound deep
In solemn unspoken tokens.
In the spider's parlor
The threads of my love last gnawed
And lost eternity caused,
Like a sultry kiss,
That really never was.

. . . . Lori Lewis

Hobgoblin

A merry wanderer of the night--
To housewives and maidens he causes fright.
Appearing like the mist in a forest green,
Mysteriously felt--a presence unseen.
Encompassing the earth--a forty minute flight;
Before the moon rises on a Midsummer Night.
Playing mischievous tricks, to him is no sin--
A spirit of magic--a hobgoblin.

. . . . Sarah Montes

A newspaper kite
 Drenched with rain,
 Clings to the leafless branch.
 A thousand storms
 Have smeared the print together.
 An old man pulls
 His overcoat closed;
 His hat is wearing thin.
 He shuts his eyes,
 So he can remember when
 The newspaper kite
 Could fly.

. . . Mindy Andrus

Cross Roads

I watched the smoke plume upward from the ashtrays, like water running down the small stream beside our house. My father and his friends sat around the tall counter, like knights of the round table, shaping destiny, sipping strong coffee and smoking Camel cigarettes. They talked of the weather, lied about the biggest fish they had caught, and argued over who would win the annual coyote call, a prestigious event with the locals, sponsored by Jim Bracken, owner of Jim's Sporting Goods.

I could hear their light-hearted conversation from the corner of the room where I sat on my stool, leaning against the broken jukebox, sipping on my cola. My eyes were held by a picture of the new Remington Junior rifle in Dick's torn Sears Roebuck mail order catalog. "Soon," I thought, "I will have my own rifle, my own stories, and sit with the men." I had almost decided to spend my Farmers Coffee can, a year's saving, on Rocky's used motorcycle. It had a rebuilt Japanese engine and new tires. All it needed was a paint job! But instead of the cycle, if I was going to follow after my father, I needed this rifle.

"Don't tell me you think you'll get lucky again this year!" Dick, the owner of the cafe, said to my father.

"Until one of you gentlemen can match my cunning skill, you don't have a chance!" My father chuckled, a deep self-confident sound.

"What is your secret?" asked fellow knight Jim Bracken, who had paid for three plaques that hung on our mantle at home. My father never answered him, as he dropped two bits on the worn oak counter and motioned for me to follow. He just kept chuckling to himself as we walked across the dirt parking lot to the old green jimmy truck.

"You're thirteen years old now, Jason," my father said as we bumped down Main Street. "Soon you'll have your own rifle, and I think you're ready to hunt the Big Call with me tonight."

My eyes widened, "Finally," I thought. "Finally I get to hunt for real; not rabbits, not squirrels, but wild dogs!"

"You'll have to take a nap this afternoon so you won't fall asleep tonight," my father warned. A small sacrifice to me. My stomach was anxious for dusk already. My thoughts drifted back to all the stories my father had told me of hunting the ferocious dogs and all the men who had been killed by them. I was startled when the truck stopped. Home already? I had daydreamed the whole six-mile drive from town.

I charged into the house. "Mother! Guess where I am going tonight?"

"Where?" my mother asked as if she hadn't known. "Wonderful! Go take a nap and I'll prepare a pack of food." She was happy for

me, but I wondered why she was not more worried that I might not make it back alive. A cold shudder ran through me as I pondered that fate. I lay on my bed, staring at the ceiling. Sleep was impossible.

Father returned after what seemed like endless hours of staring, dressing, and waiting. He honked only once before I was crawling into the musty cab. On the dash was a fresh box of rifle shells. Behind his head in the gunracks lay his trusty Winchester. In the back of the truck, sliding against the tailgate, was an old lettuce crate. Inside the crate I could see three pairs of blinking blue eyes. Dad had three of Mrs. Marston's kittens. Mrs. Marston's cat was always pregnant. "Dad," I asked, "why do you have three of Mrs. Marston's kittens?"

My father didn't answer for a minute. "Well, son," he hesitated, "Those devil dogs hate cats, so we hide these cats in the rocks, and that will draw them close enough to get a clear shot," my father explained simply. I sat listening to the radio quietly for the rest of the trip. I didn't know where we were going. Father never talks of his best hunting spots.

As the sun slipped behind the western mountains, the air took on an autumn chill. Father turned off the old highway, and headed down the trail to Arrowhead Canyon. It was dark before we stopped on the last ridge, overlooking the moonlit bottom draw. Old creosote brush and bur sage flagged in the head-on breeze. "Always stay downwind when hunting dogs; they smell better than you or I can see," my father lectured quietly, loading the Winchester. "Stay here while I hide these cats."

I watched him maneuver down the slope, disappearing behind some rocks in the clearing. A few moments later he rejoined me. I pulled my father's blaze orange hunting cap down over my numb ears, watching him arrange his pockets with spare shells, pocket knife, and a new pack of Camels.

"Zip up tight and follow me to a good vantage point I've found." His voice was faint through the ear muffs of my cap. We nestled out of the wind between two large sandstone boulders. The front rock formed a desk top to rest a rifle, and the back boulder overhung our heads, blocking out the clear stars and hiding us in a shadow from the moonlight. The wind dried my eyes as I peered into the darkness. I blinked often to relieve the sting. I could hear the kittens crying; first one, then two, then all three together. I could visualize them huddled close as the sound of their helpless cries hung on the night air.

"Keep your eyes on that cedar brush knoll," my father whispered. "They will come from around that knoll. When they cross the clearing," his voice rose a note with anticipation, "we will have them!" He chuckled as he lit a cigarette.

After an hour between the hard rocks, my butt had fallen asleep. Squirming to scratch it, I froze as the solitary howl of a devil filled my ears. My father tapped my knee and held a finger to his lips, motioning me to be silent. Soon other screams joined in, coming closer as they echoed off the canyon walls.

I crouched behind the rocks. I knew they would hear my pounding heart. I had to think about breathing. A moment later I imagined shadows drifting between the cedar brush. I stretched my blinking eyes open. The kittens' cries had intensified, frightened by the howling animals. SLAP. My father cocked the rifle ready to fire, a hungry grin spreading across his face.

The pitch of the kittens' cries changed again, from fright to agonizing pain mingled with savage growls from the dogs. Suddenly, bolting from their cloak of brush, the pack assaulted the clearing. Smoothly, meticulously, father aimed at the snarling shadows; their moist breath, blown between their glistening fangs, steamed the crisp air. A shot cracked the night, followed by three others. The devils disappeared out of sight long before the last echo faded up the long canyon. "Four dogs!" father shouted. "Jim and Dick don't stand a chance!" he said, handing me his rifle. He scuffled down the clearing as a child hurries to his presents Christmas morning.

"Three dogs and a bitch," my father yelled. I meandered down, watching my father hastily skin the limp figures. In the corner of the clearing I saw the crate. I walked over. It was smashed to pieces on two sides with fur scattered in several directions. Beside it lay one kitten. Both hind legs had been torn from its body, entrails spilled out on the brush. Slowly, the black blood seeped into the dry sand. Stepping behind the rocks, I dropped to my knees, clutched my stomach in agony, and tossed my supper. Wiping my eyes, I saw my father halfway up the slope, dragging his prizes. I picked up his rifle, spat a few times onto the ground, and slowly returned to the truck.

Father whistled as we drove back down the old highway. I sat quietly staring out the window at nothing. Thinking of tomorrow when I would take the short cut to Rocky's house, carrying my heavy Farmers Coffee can.

. . . Jeff Andrus

III. Synthesis and Renewal

Renaissance Romance

From flame to flame the flowers rise,
From dark to light inside the eyes,
Until two minds together hold
A single self of emerald.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

The Renaissance was an inevitable, natural outflowing of the human spirit of intelligence and creative energy, submerged for too long in a medieval sea. Though it took many forms, it ultimately became the manifestation of self and conscious freedom. It was necessary to discover ways of expressing and interpreting these refreshed observations of life--this newly revitalized beauty of body and soul.

One of the means of expression found its image reflected in the romantic's mirror of the Renaissance. Some traces of the medieval vision of relationships remained, but the underlying barbarity of that era was gone, revealing, not a new mistake or a swiftly fading mirage, but a purified perception of personal love. It was exemplified and verified in actions, yes, but it was most completely recorded in pen.

Love is probably the most prominent and admired theme in literature, and has been since courtly song was introduced in

medieval manors at the close of the eleventh century. Lorenzo de Medici (1449-93) wrote, "Rengraziato sie tu, Amore,/ Ch'io l'ho pure al fin trovato./ (To thee, O Love, let thanks be given;/ For I have found my heart at last.)" And Dante proclaimed love to be the highest of all things. The high pinnacles of love were described by poets driven by the urgency of fanciful passion, by the beatitude of overwhelming gratitude, and transfigured by the complex realization that resides only in the romantic realm.

The courtly conceptualization of love carried into the Renaissance, where its essence, simply, was that the lover lay all his hopes and aspirations on the gentility of his precious lady. This tied him inextricably to her in a passionate devotion which absorbed him wholly. In Henry VIII, Shakespeare has Henry say, "Of her that loves him with that excellence/ That angels love good men with." Such a lady ignited a brilliant spark in her lover which kindled the finest of select qualities, truly transforming him into an ideal knight, a Renaissance man--nearly perfect, sometimes envisioned in the form of a god, described after the manner of the Greek classicists as the very pattern of humanness. A champion of all virtues--intellect, character, breeding, gentility, strength--he was versed in languages, music, and the other arts of expression, and all of these qualities were meant to serve and enhance the radiant joy brought to his life by the exhilarating and enthralling enchantment of love. It

became an art and a science, an occupation and a game, a means to immediate advancement and a path to complete disaster.

If love provided such flawless felicity, it was not lacking in formidable frustration, without which, of course, its victories would not have been so preciously prized. Thus, the tenets for courtly love included a whole company of abstract notions concerning the worth and the purpose of life. It wore masks of pitiful perplexities, undeserved rejections, and complex confusions of its victim's validity of mind—who believed in gentleness as the incarnation of love and found, instead, a sharp-edged saber that slashed the heart. Of all the sufferers from this malady, the Elizabethans seemed to bear it best, almost as a sweetness which transmutes despair itself into a pleasure.

If there was any discrepancy at this time, a contradiction in courtly rules, it would seem to lie in the interesting use of Christian devotion as a descriptive device for illicit love. This stemmed from a logical series of changes, beginning when idealized mistresses were regarded as sources for all virtue and were, therefore, worshipped self-abasedly. It was not meant to be some sort of blasphemous parody. Though the Renaissance Christian ethic demanded confession of sins and also required a visible show of the splendors of love, there was no essential contradiction between the two systems of belief, and it was this



that made possible the merging of the old and new ideas, as Dante used them in The Divine Comedy and as Thomas Malory put it in Le Morte D'Arthur, "First a man must love God his Creator, and then, if he is to be ennobled, he must love a woman, for God has created him thus."

With the evolution of these ideas came a fresh vision of the role of woman; she became the mirror counterpart of the ideal man, his reflection, herself the image of perfection. As versed in political matters as he, also able to converse intelligently on every subject. Her talents became more than idle needlework (though this was still part of it); she too was expected to be a careful scholar, a skillful thinker, a mixture of magical graces and social awarenesses, and even, when the need arose, an effective ruler. The Renaissance ideal was, as Ferdinand says of Miranda in The Tempest, "You, O You,/ So perfect and so peerless, are created/ Of every creature's best. . . I/ Beyond all limit of what else i' the world/ Do love, prize, honor you."

. . . Melanie Madsen

I said I wasn't trying
To be difficult;
I wanted to be myself.
Between the anger of,
"Turn your stereo down," or
"Cut the grass,"
I'm positive I caught you
Understanding me.

. . . Mindy Andrus

Why can't we all be blessed with simple common sense?
Those who think they are smartest are usually the most dense.
Though they may be proven wrong time and time again,
They'll still continue to think they're right nine times out of ten.
When they eventually say something that sounds really clever.
It has taken years of preparation and has been quite an endeavor.
These people were put on earth for the same reason as flies--
To give us pain and anguish and make us love the wise.

. . . Honey Thompson

It Seems

Paper moons and indigo skies,
Paint brush pink across horizons,
A phase to drift through a million minds,
As a dream-time blot of sacred soul.
A tear, a laugh
And a tingling heart of rose passion
Mixed and churned,
Dreamed and shattered;
The world in limbo
Pinned by rigor mortis
Of fantasy desires,
Shut down by shock.
I love, you die;
It seems we all drift
Across the lofty sky
By wings or bullets,
A technicality of emotion
To grasp and squeeze as truth,
To touch and feel as life.

. . . Lori Lewis

The Wind That Blows

The wind that blows is felt, not heard;
The days of my life I cannot see.
My eyes look up to the wings of a bird;
I wonder if it's coming for me.

I stood up to taunt the wind
And to scream as the wings went by.
I stand no more, I run no more,
I stare at the eyes, and cry.

With wheels I walk to mourn the best,
On a wall as black as coal.
I jump at names my eyes caress--
I wait for the wind that blows.

. . . Terry Swyers

Sanctity

When future dominates the crevices
of my being,
My lacy memories return,
And I drift into green sleeves of time.
Floppy dog ears
And the rich scent of yellow roses
Make me feel warm and content
once again!

. . . Katy Frandsen

The Ballerina

She pulls on her favorite leotard
And battered old toe shoes;
She begins to stretch
And then to dance.

The music flows though her body
As though pumped from her heart--
She turns, leaps, and spins
For hours and hours on end.

Hard years of practice show in her face
As sweat forms tiny beads upon her nose;
Every muscle screams in her long, lean legs,
While she dances on and on.

Now she rests, one lone tear falls,
With mixed feelings of tomorrow's dream...
And yesterday's pain.

. . . Katy Frandsen

Lightning Pleasure

Watch colorful spasms of the sky
Extinguishing the earth with hateful pride.
Significant illumination,
Exploding electrical force,
Intimately dancing with hurtful power.
An Aurora Borealis smile drowns the emotion with pleasure
As the world shakes nervously, vigorously,
Splitting limbs of divine authority,
Ecstatic spectral glow;
The world beaming with a rainbow
Of fascinating intrigue,
Of an earth and sky
Compelling potential.

. . . Lori Lewis

Cross-legged on the sofa, he spoke,
"Let in a piece of the sky.
Please,
Do let the sky in."
She nodded affirmative,
While with perfect pendulum consistency,
She pounded into the roof.
His smoke-wisp of words
Curled quietly upward
As the room filled with
Harsh steel blows.
Soon the roof was fixed.
Gently, he turned to sleep,
Sighed to sleep,
And dreamt a dream of singing stars.

. . . Nan Seymour



Sealed Dimension

Abruptly I awakened in a cold sweat to the echo of thunder pounding down from the tainted sky. I seemed to perceive myself in slow motion, sitting on the edge of the bed, waiting for my eyes to adjust and focus on the face in my full-length closet mirror. Lightning flashed, creating fireworks that glimmered before my eyes and then shifted, changed, and diminished into a corridor hidden behind the mirror.

Gazing into that mirror, I sensed the familiar curves of my face, and I watched myself walk unsteadily as my equilibrium frantically rocked within. The thunder trumpeted outside and rebounded against my body like a spoken whisper in an empty cathedral. I reached out my hand and pressed it to the smouldering glass; it stung like raw alcohol inflicted on an open wound.

Lightning tore at the sky as a catlike cry escaped from within the mirror. From the steamy glass, I felt a forceful claw, my own yet somehow different, tear at me and pull me through the glass. I was flung through a hot, penetrating mist that slowly evaporated into a cold, tingling pain which dissolved into pleasure. My body left numb, I opened my eyes to find myself in a courtyard of majestic animals and mystical beasts, serenaded by colorful birds, singing like Sirens. A small gust of wind brought a mellow scent that released my



limbs from the awkward numbness. My eyes blinked as I realized I had entered a new dimension.

Here I flowed with energy; I was power--it surrounded me. I was a creator--a glorious goddess. Upon a silver steed, I ruled my subjects with a grace that created respect. I was a free spirit--my soul rejoiced. The fragrance in the air, lilies in mirrored pools, enchanted meadows, and droplets of water racing with one another to the sea, radiated pure beauty and glowed in my golden world.

I rested my body upon a bed of violets, adoring the transparent heavens, as invisible creatures sang with sweet breath. A magnificent black beast with yellow-green eyes and a rose-gold crown upon an aristocratic head watched over me.

A gray cloud bubbled over the hanging sun, casting shadows and forming dark images till it seepingly began to rain--warm, soft drops upon my long hair. The songs of the birds died, as they faded into the trees, their brilliant colors finally disappearing completely. The majestic beasts and animals seemed to waver and vanish.

Alone with my black beastly warrior, I huddled close to the elegant, rich, ebony coat for protection. The sky began to grow dark as the rain turned to stinging icicles, and the thunder pounded around me once again. My blood chilled, a sharp breath--my body twitched--and I could breathe. The

darkness cracked and a smouldering mirror appeared. Lightning struck and a dark, cloudy claw reached for my hand, repeatedly plunging into my soul, attempting to tear me from this world.

Frantically, I clung to the warrior. For a moment I was separated from the loyal creature, yet I could hear the beast fighting furiously with a force unknown. I felt the torture inflicted on the beast. Through the bulging, yellow-green eyes, I felt the terror. It fought for me, I fought for the beast, we were one and the same.

I looked at the mirror and watched myself try to pull my body back through the pain of the mirror and all the torment it held. No--I will not leave this creature that is in me. I am that beast. I screamed not only for me but also for the beast. A tremendous crash and a blinding light ripped a hole of destruction in the tainted sky. The steamy mirror shattered--I was free.

I stretched my benevolent body across the moistened grass, and I listened as the birds slowly began a new melody--one I had not heard before the storm. The other beasts and animals were now here again, waiting for my command, but I was tired. I delicately licked my left paw and closed my sly, entrancing, yellow-green eyes.

. . . Sarah Montes

Sometimes in oblivion
 I can feel you there;
 Acoustical aura
 Spins through the reality,
 And my heart pounds
 Pronouncedly;
 I reach to the sky,
 But where are you?
 I cry on my knees
 And shout through
 The earth for you,
 Sifting the dirt through my fingers.
 Maybe just an
 Optimist of perspective.
 Reality is not an optical illusion,
 So why is emotion,
 And where does that put feeling
 And you?
 Because I know you exist,
 Please hold my hand
 When I cry
 To defy feeling
 And give truth.

. . . Lori Lewis

CANDLE LOVER

The flame flickers . . .
 Dances,
 No rhythm.
 Like my frantic heart
 Unwillingly beats
 For you.

The glow burns
 Slowly,
 Warming,
 Penetrating
 That element inside me
 Allure,
 Aware,
 I imagine it is you.

Shadows sweeping, change
 Rapidly, racing,
 Not itself
 Roaring,
 Consuming.

The firm structure the flame
 Once danced upon
 Now is gone,
 Melted.
 Soft,
 Sounds of spatters, small, swift sparks--
 The flame drowns in its own liquid
 Warmth . . .
 I'll let it cool,
 Only to light it once more.

. . . Julianna Burton

Shifting always,
Hearts adrift,
Together a moment as one.

Kindling flames
Until the dawn,
Altered fates--
Urged to move on.

. . . Sarah Montes

Pearls of clear water
Drop from multi-colored spheres,
Washing healing tears.

. . . Holly Thomson

I caught a glimpse of the rain
Falling down,
And it caught me off guard--
The way it trickled so quietly
Yet made
The whole world stand still--
I watched amazed.

. . . Heidi Weggeland

Three Way Thinking

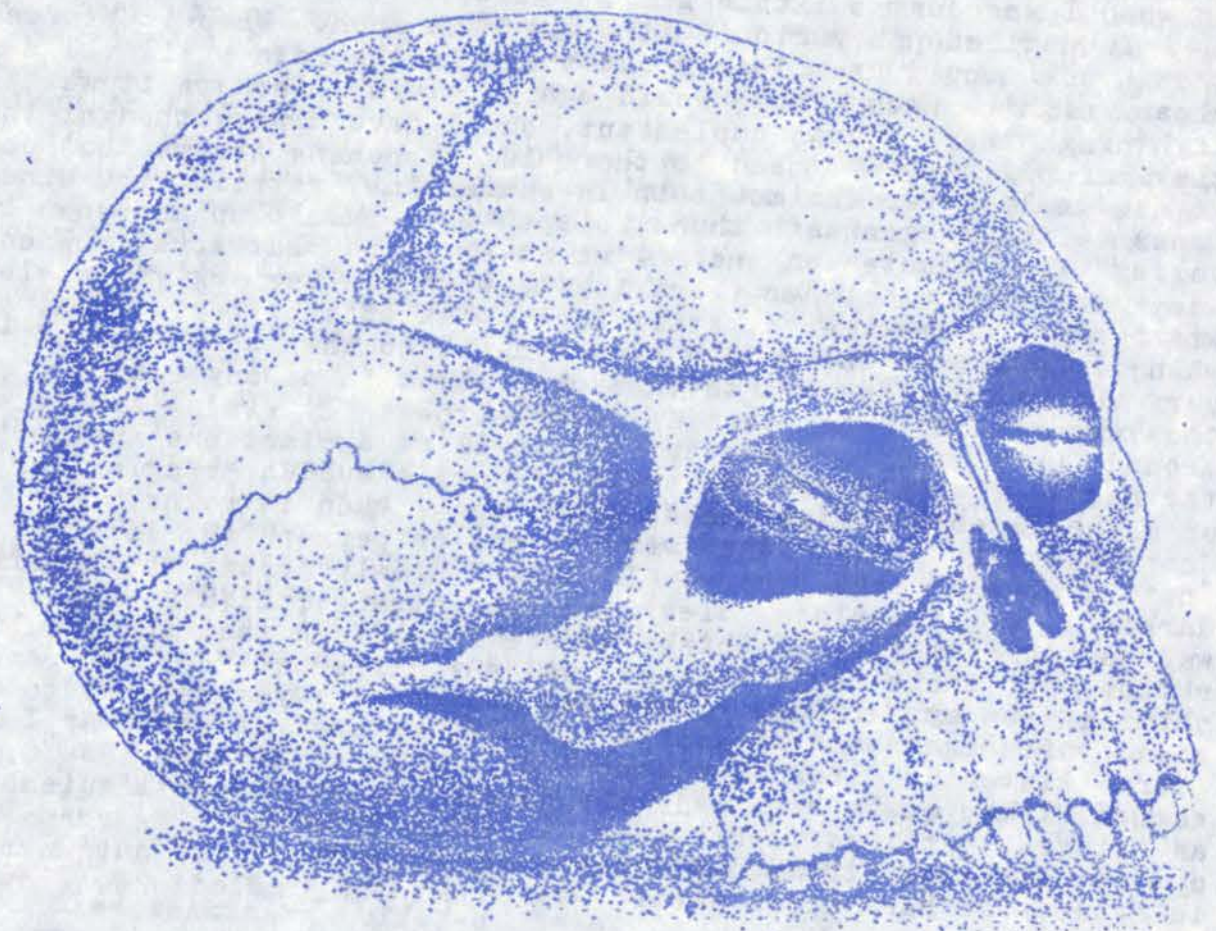
Simple dreams are lost and empty;
Who knows the bounds beyond the game
Or finds a path between confusing needs?
Can you still climb the sky
Or has your heart hit nothing?
Come and rise above the whys--
Don't let the wishful stars catch you;
We still need to reach the sun
Where complex dreams can brightly run.

. . . Janae Daley

Ymir's Mirror/ Eiseley's Glass

From the skull in the stone
Eye sockets scrape the sky;
Both are wayward worlds
Aglint with stars.
Black, bleak caverns
Where the lightning grows,
Spiral convolutions
That only dreamers own--
The knower and the knowledge,
The spirit and the bone.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington



"SPIRITS OF ANOTHER SORT"

The Martians used to dance outside my window at night when the skies were blue-milk clear and the brooding moon perched, high in her celestial bride's lace, smiling divine approval down upon the wooded, silent mountain. They came only at night when the light was suited to their large, round eyes, and when the valley lay asleep and unaware of their presence. Beautiful, they were, and quite graceful in their way, though at first their limbs seemed far too long for their slender, spidery bodies. But I grew to love them very much during that one summer they were there, dancing and singing of a world far removed and different from this. Outside in the little clearing of trees on my side of the house, their thin, lanky forms twisted strangely, at first frighteningly, around and round the old, flat rock I had played on when I was just a little girl.

I noticed they didn't like the rain much. When it stormed, that rock would seem lonely out there in the rain until the next clear night, when they would again return. Perhaps it was the lightning they found unpleasant, but I have always thought that they simply weren't used to the cold, drenching storms that come so suddenly over the mountain in summertime, rattling the window panes with gargantuan thunderclaps that rumble up and down the valley for minutes on end. I've never liked that sound. When I was little, the thunder terrified me with its seemingly ceaseless wrath, and sometimes it still does. But it's different now, and when I awake in the middle of the night to that sound, as of the very bones of the earth thrashing about in uneasy slumber, and the wind whips the chimes just without my window around and around until they are too twisted to clink against one another in the night, I will sometimes smile and cry a sudden, single tear.

That's when I miss the Martians most, when it rains.

The first night they were there, or perhaps the first night that I heard them there, I awoke slowly from the swirling darkness of dreamless sleep to that strange, liquid music. It was a long while, I think, before I realized that the peculiar rhythm of their soft voices was any different from the random chiming at my window. Strange music . . . yet natural to the sound of night and familiar in a funny sort of way. As I lay there listening (for how long I do not know, but, as I said, it seemed like quite a while), the chords, as yet undistinguishable as flutes, strings, or voices, ascended from seething chaos up, up to glorious, triumphant crescendo, then fell like autumn rain in sheets of harmonious warmth over a pipingly melodious, flowing theme.

---and it seems that brilliant firebirds fly through my room, dissolving the walls and spraying prismatic turquoise around my bed, where luminous fish swirl and dance finlessly.

---and I on the glass shore of a sea of silver, skipping crystal light-stones forever across a surface that does not ripple.
---and towering mountains of jade loom over the silver not-water to meet still greener sky above.
---where crystal ships slowly spread pearly sails betwixt great gouts of exploding mercury, rising gracefully up to burst into millions of perfectly spherical bubble-clouds.
---and twin suns, blue and red, sing to the slower rhythm of the cosmos.

Then I was at the window, wide awake, with no recollection of getting out of bed. Muscles trembling and knees wavering, I stood weakly on my own for the first time in a long, long while. And there they were, the Martians, singing and spinning and laughing their joy up to the moon, round and round my old rock in the clearing. Like pale, naked marionettes they seemed, whirling about in the dim June moonlight. It had been so many years . . . ah, they are faeries, I thought, for so they appeared to be from my attic window, and for some while I thought of them as faeries. But, as later they pointed out to me, there are no such things as faeries.

How he got up to my window I still don't know, but suddenly a thin, pale face was pressed against the glass. Eyes gogglingly large and mouth but a misshapen, toothless slit, the Martian stared in at me from the darkness outside.

I screamed then, again and again, and wet myself, something I hadn't done for nearly a year. I screamed and sobbed and watched the strange face, a very startled, hurt look upon it, pull away from the window into the darkness. The urine was hot, stinging on my shaking thighs, and I cried and stood there, calling out for Mama and Papa.

The house was large, too large for just Mama, Papa, and me. It seemed a long time before they came, rushing into the room to my shaking side. I still stood at the window on my frail legs, weak and atrophied from being so long in bed. I didn't blink when Papa turned on the light.

"What is it, honey?" Mama was asking. "What's the matter?"

"M-m-m-m-m-ma-ma!" I sobbed.

"I'm here, honey. Mama's here. I'm here," Mama soothed.

Papa was looking out the window, but there was nobody there.

"M-m-ma-m-ma!"

"Everything's all right, honey," Mama went on. "Ssshhh. It's all right. Mama's here."

"How in the world did she get clear over here?" Papa wondered aloud, glancing at my bed.

"Sleepwalking?" offered Mama. "Oh, the poor girl's scared to death."

Papa looked again out the window, puzzled. He has trouble thinking very clearly when he's sleepy.

I was still whimpering softly when Papa picked me up and carried me, quivering, downstairs into the bathroom where Mama stripped off my wet nightgown and underpants and started cleaning me up. Looking at myself, naked in the big mirror, I wondered at the familiar, yet utterly alien, scars that laced redly across my body. Unfamiliar pinkish skin grafts, wrinkled and discolored, chessboarded diagonally over my thighs as if to disguise the large burned patches there. How long have I had those? Mama didn't seem alarmed by them, so I didn't cry. I tried to remember whether they had been there the last time I had looked at myself naked in the mirror, but . . . when was that? It was so hard to remember things, and I wondered, briefly, why. Then the thought was lost as I noticed that when the bald spots over my metal plate are covered up, the soft folds of my hair are still very pretty.

Mama had finished dressing me and was rubbing the guckies out of my eyes and dabbing the drool from the sides of my mouth and chin as Papa returned. He must have been upstairs cleaning the carpet, because he was carrying a bucket of hot water and a brush.

"Papa," I said.

"Hello darlin'. Feeling any better?" he asked, pouring the sudsy water into the toilet.

"Mar-mar."

"Mama's here, honey," said Mama.

"Ready to go back to bed?"

I think I surprised them when I nodded, because Papa looked at Mama, and smiled. I like it when I surprise them.

There were no more Martians that night, nor the next. All the screaming and flashing bright lights and confusion had frightened them badly, I imagine. For nearly two nights I dreamlessly slept, uninterrupted by vision-music or window monsters, until I had completely forgotten they had ever troubled me. But on the third night, they were back, chanting softly, almost apologetically, outside in the clearing. A different, more timid melody drifted up and through the half-opened window this time, and though I could not understand the words, the invitation was very clear.

.COME

---sings the gently undulating tree-anenome at the foot of my bed with a rainbow splash of liquid warmth.

but i cant i plead my body is too weak and clumsy

---a quasar spins and pulsates blue behind him, just above the unbroken horizon where the wall no longer stands.

?WHY DO YOU HIDE WITHIN THIS SHELL OF DOUBT AND INDECISION

i am sorry but i am very afraid

---rippling tendrils like thin ribbons of delicate lavender in the calm astral breeze, over and across my small body.



.COME, SEED, METAMORPHOSE

---he is not like the other Martians, and his music vibrates diamond clear and bright as writhing purple sun-shards.

?WILL YOU NOT DANCE FOR YOUR WORLD THIS NIGHT

my body is no good i cannot dance

.FOOLISH SEED, FORGIVENESS IS NOT FOUND THROUGH OBLIVION,

BUT THROUGH REMEMBERING

---and he touches one orchid-clear filament gracefully to my upper forehead, just below the place where my metal plate lies.

.REMEMBER, SEED

---rhythm from somewhere far away whirling syncopated vertigo through my spinning mind, I slowly begin to remember.

Between the gently beeping machines and silent shiny metal devices perched around me like stainless steel guardians, cold and indifferent, stood Mama, Papa, and the others. The room was all white, smelling like band-aids and some kind of floor cleanser, of course. Yet there was another smell, as unidentifiable as it was unpleasant, lingering in the air. Like burned steak, almost. It was all quiet and peaceful. Tubes and needles were sticking in me, and my body was covered with gauze and plaster. I couldn't see out of my left eye, for the bandages on my head covered it completely over. How long had I been sleeping? It seemed I had been here a long time, but I wasn't sure. Mama and Papa were smiling and talking to me, but I couldn't understand them. Maybe I wasn't paying attention. Who were the other two people with Mama and Papa? Somehow, I felt that I should know them.

Ah, my little brothers. What were their names? Mike and Scott, but which was Richard? They couldn't look directly at me. It was the first time they had seen me since . . . since something . . . What were they saying?

I noticed then that Mama was crying, and Papa was holding her.

---and undulating dunes of dazzling silicon roll away from us in all directions, and living sand flows snakelike between my toes and over my ankles.

.YOU MUST REMEMBER BEFORE

oh it hurts me it hurts

.THE PAIN IS ILLUSION, AND THE FEAR IS ONLY

OF DREAM - SHADOWS

but i cannot dream anymore my mind is all darkness there are none left

?ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE YET AWAKE, SEED

---and as his gentle ribbons of amethyst slowly turn opaque, I can see the far-off cloud-mountains, almost indistinguishable, at the horizon.

.REMEMBER BEFORE

"Severe concussion."

"Brain damage?"

"Cerebral cortex."

"How bad?"

"Can't tell yet."

The doctors were looking down on me. It was bright here.

"Anesthesia."

I remember thinking it was funny that there was no pain.

.ONCE MORE, SEED, THERE IS NO FEAR

Nighttime, and I gripped the wheel, white-knuckled, staring fixedly over the city lights, wherein lay the cause of my misery. Funny, but I still do not remember exactly what the cause was. It must have been big, or seemed so at the time, and it lay in the city. That much I do remember, for I sat and thought, or felt, and stared at those lights for a long time, way down there in the valley.

The hill itself was steep, nearly a vertical cliff, and frighteningly tall, even for the casual passerby. Now, however, there was nothing beyond the metal railing on the side of the road but darkness, broken only by the distant, flickering city lights. Somehow, the engine was already running, and only my foot on the clutch hesitated. I think I realized then for the first time that I was here, and the hill, and it was nighttime.

The decision was a surprisingly sudden one.

A crunch! of metal, and suddenly there was no ground, and no sky, and no gravity, and only a little pain. Darkness, swirling, rose up liplessly to devour me at last. A blur of sudden lights and smoke-smell and vicious impact, again and again. Yet I am detached somehow from the pain. Where is the pain? The motion, the ceaseless smashingorushingburning, seems not to touch me here, in the dark, and only the disturbing sound of my screaming keeps me from the darkest place of all . . .

My window chimes clinked softly in the calm June breeze, the only sound from outside. My room, dark and empty, seemed now to be the strange, unearthly place. Four tangible, confining walls stood silently around me in the silver windowlight.

But they were out there, I knew, waiting for me, though there was no song to testify of their presence. No crickets were chirping. It was quiet. Quite suddenly, the second of many barriers loomed before me, high and nearly unscalable.

yes i will dance yes yes

As I got up from my too-warm bed, the kaleidoscopic vapors of Jupiter arose like a glorious sea of liquid marble underfoot, and I smiled at the thought that Mama and Papa would be in for a big surprise, if the dawn ever came.

. . . Brad Slauch

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Ross 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 (no magazine publised)	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 (second volume published)	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 and Aderianna Smith	Ace G. Pilkington
1981-82	Melanie Madsen and Kerrie Anderson*	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney and Eric Wright*	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton and Julianna Burton*	Ace G. Pilkington
1984-85	Julianna Burton	Ace G. Pilkington

*Assistant Editor

