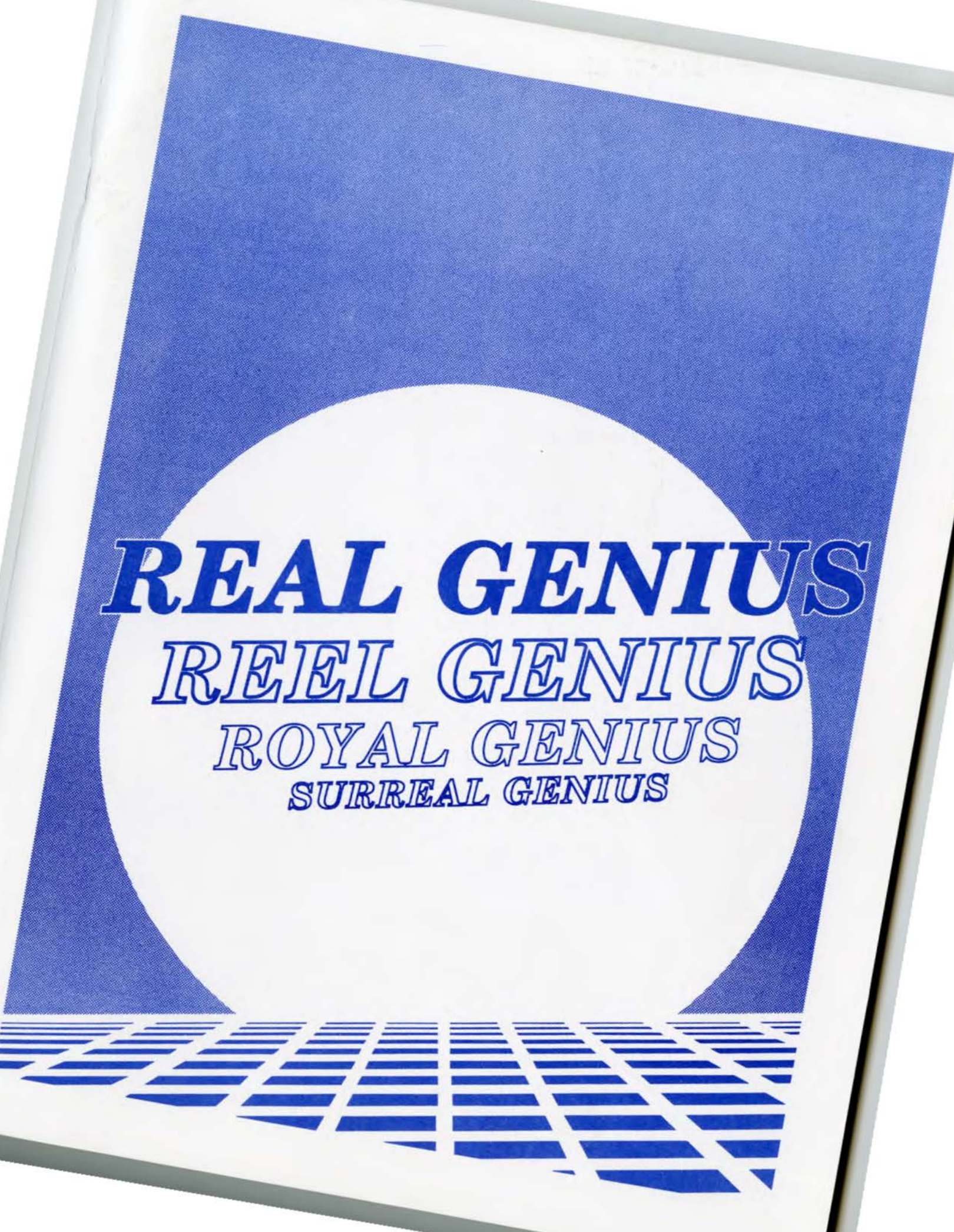




REAL GENIUS

REEL GENIUS

ROYAL GENIUS

SURREAL GENIUS

SOUTHERN QUILL

1988-1989

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I. REAL GENIUS

Stephanie Chidester

REAL GENIUS

Every writer of fictional narratives, at one time or another, encounters the challenge of character development; on the written page this may be accomplished by transcribing the individual's thoughts to paper. However, when the medium of film is used, thoughts must be communicated in a different manner; they may be transferred into the dialogue or presented through voice-overs. One other mechanism of characterization which shows itself in *Real Genius* and some other science fiction films is that of dividing the focal character into three or more distinct parts; in order to more clearly define and delineate the thoughts and emotions of the central character, other individuals (additional elements of the personality) orbit around and support the protagonist. Thus, in *Real Genius*, Mitch Taylor, Laslo Hollyfeld and Jerry Hathaway are inextricably bound to Chris Knight; combined, they present the audience with his complete present and possible future personae.

Knight, the focal character, is an unpredictable and intellectual senior who attends Cal Tech. After spending three years at this institution in a rigorous regime of study, he breaks free and begins using his genius creatively, with carefree exuberance and a certain amount of cynicism.

The other element of Knight's present persona is Mitch. Mitch, representing the young Chris Knight, is a brilliant yet innocent intellectual; Chris acknowledges him as his former self when he says, "You see Mitch, I used to be you, and lately I've been missing me, so I asked Hathaway if I could room with me again, and he said 'Sure.'" Another direct connection between the two is found near the end of the film when Jordan gives them their false I. D. badges. Jordan hands the wrong cards to both Chris and Mitch, saying, "How do these look?" and Chris responds, "Terrible, mine looks like him, and his looks like me." Jordan switches the cards, but the camera focuses on Chris' picture with Mitch's name printed across the top.

Chris and Mitch together must confront the two possible futures they're faced with (which involve selling out and cracking up and are respectively associated with purgatory and hell), avoid both if they are able, and find for themselves a more acceptable route (and routine).

The first future they must come to terms with is that of Laslo Hollyfeld, who was a Cal Tech student in the 70's and is number one on the list of top-ten American minds in the field of physics. As Chris

tells Mitch, "[he's] smarter than you and me put together." In a bit of exposition from our focal character, we learn that Hollyfeld studied with a passionate intensity in his early years at the university: "He loved solving problems, he loved coming up with the answers, but he thought that the answers were the answers for everything...all science, no philosophy." When Laslo learned that the results of his work were killing people, "he cracked severely" and retreated to the steam tunnel where he remains for the greater part of the movie. Mitch and Chris first stand in danger of pushing too hard (and too blindly) and driving themselves, like Laslo, down into the steam tunnel, the underworld in which Hollyfeld suffers, and the first hell image presented in the film.

We are initially exposed to Laslo's lair when Mitch discovers the entrance. As Mitch passes through the hidden doorway in his closet, the camera shows an encouraging message on the wall in front of him which proclaims, "This is it." However, he steps into the transport car (on the side of which "#1" has been painted), and just before the car makes its final descent, he encounters a warning--a skull and crossbones with "Danger Keep Out" printed above in red lettering. Chris has previously explored the steam tunnel, acknowledged the hazards of overworking and has taken precautionary measures against this problem in the form of increasing eccentricity. He also helps Mitch to recognize the danger when he says, "You are [going to end up in the steam tunnel] if you keep up like this...When you're smart people need you--you can use your mind creatively." To which Mitch replies, "Yah, I notice you don't study too hard," which elicits the response, "Bingo."

This philosophy, however, leads them both farther down the path paved by Jerry Hathaway, which is, perhaps, more hazardous than following Laslo. Although the film audience accepts Hathaway as the superficial fraud that he is, jerry-building his life and his house with stolen ideas and money respectively, his students see him as a role model; in the eyes of Mitch and Chris, Hathaway's way of life is ideal--he's rich, powerful and intellectually successful. They are not aware until late in the film of the extent to which Jerry has deceived everyone.

We first see Jerry's dishonesty at the beginning of the movie when he accepts funds for research, has his students do the actual work, and takes both the cash and the credit for it. Unbeknownst to the students, the aim of the research, which involves the

development of a five-megawatt laser, is the completion of the Crossbow project, a weapon capable of assassinating inconvenient persons from space.

Chris and (later on) Mitch show signs of distinctly Jerry-like behavior. In Chris' first scene at Darlington Electronics, he seems more concerned with the money and fringe benefits involved in the job than the ethics and activities of his future co-workers. Evidently, the presence of a jacuzzi compensates for the fact that Darlington Electronics produces satellites which are currently "raining debris all over Europe."

He mirrors Jerry's morals frequently, receiving a fair amount of flak from the originator as a result of his attempts to avoid responsibility and stay out of the lab. We see this most clearly when Hathaway refuses to let Chris graduate and takes the Darlington job away from him as punishment for his lack of diligence on the research project. Chris' initial response to this is to quit, but he is quickly rallied to revenge by Mitch; he resolves to solve the power problem for the laser and to pass the final examination. Chris reinforces his test performance with the help of Laslo, who has memorized every test question Hathaway has ever given and offers the information to Chris; this first instance of direct interaction (and intervention) signals Laslo's long delayed self-recognition: after Chris calls him by name, Laslo looks confused, then smiles and says, "Oh...that's me." Knight passes the examination and, afterward, in spite of (in fact, because of) Kent's sabotage of the laser, solves the power problem, producing six megawatts instead of five.

Chris assembles the research team and Jerry to observe the results of his breakthrough, and the laser is successfully fired. Hathaway, in a state of elated distraction, reawards him the Darlington job and allows him to graduate. Chris and his companions follow the path of the beam across campus only to encounter and enter the second hell image in the film--a sleazy bar and grill called Purgatory.

Interestingly enough, Laslo plays an enormous role in disentangling Chris from the results of his behavior patterns and in exposing the underhanded activities of his mentor; he ascends from the steam tunnel, a sort of resurrection, in order to guide Knight out of purgatory and assist him in righting the wrong which his genius has made practical. At the same time that Laslo is helping Chris find his identity, he is regaining his own. The sabotage of the Crossbow project is engineered entirely by Hollyfeld and aided indirectly (and certainly unintentionally) by Hathaway. Throughout this sequence, Chris and Mitch repeatedly employ Jerry's intimidation techniques, which they have learned through hours of observation. One of the first instances involving this acquired skill occurs when they extract information from Kent after rendering him unconscious by blowing gas beneath his door and wiring his braces to send and receive radio messages. Mitch, impersonating Jesus Christ, browbeats the gullible Kent into telling all he knows

about the testing of the new weapon. We see two other examples of this when Chris and Mitch illegally enter the Marsh Air Force Base and encounter security guards, and again when they avoid questioning as they seek access to the tracking computer. Finally, with Jerry's rejection and punishment, and Laslo's rebirth and departure, Chris and Mitch, having gone through a thorough self-exploration, are left alone to style for themselves their own unique (and undoubtedly quirky) future lives.

Marni Winkel

ITCHY LACE

A wardrobe I have
Of different me's--
Countless
Possibilities
Of people to be
Or dresses to wear,
From Victorian necklines
To low backs bare.
One dress is red,
Another white,
A frock of lace,
Jeweled gowns for night.
But the dress I love
Stays in its box,
Hidden away
With three big locks.
I take it out
When I'm by myself,
Bring it down from
Off the shelf.
I work on its seams
Though the dress is complete;
It's the tog that I wear
When I want to retreat
From itchy lace.

Jeannie Johnston

A WORLD WITHIN

I'm hiding, deciding should
I stay or go, to a place
Filled with shadows which frighten me so.

I've peered out, but the darkness
Hurried my flight back
To my world, a kaleidoscope
Of warm, bright light.

Hot flashes, explosions
Connections that don't fit,
And colors, glorious colors
Race by as I sit.

Sad faces are pulling me
Begging me, "Please join us,"
They say. "No thank you,"
I whisper, "No thank you;
I'll stay."

Laura Hardy

POETRY

Naked,
My lack exposed,
Others
Stand out
Like rocks
Against storms

While I
Cling,
Afraid of losing
Dandelion fluff
Blown
Beyond my reach.

Stephanie Stanley

CRACKED GLASS

Cracked glass,
Sheets of stone,
A one-winged bird
On the edge of the road.
What did you say,
Where did you go,
How will I find you,
How will you know?
Face drawn white,
Lips wine red,
Heart broken
Like a silk thread.
Here on earth,
The wise will tell,
The suffering is
Only the shell.

Nate Alder

DARK CLOUDS

My buddy and I
Were out on the water,
Loving the intense breeze,
And boom--
There it was,
And we were caught out
In the middle of the damn lake,
And
We didn't know
What we were doing,
But
Anyway,
That doesn't matter
Because
Once you turtle the sucker,
All you can do
Is pull it back up and
Get back to the beach,
But,
Man, we were hurting from the crash.

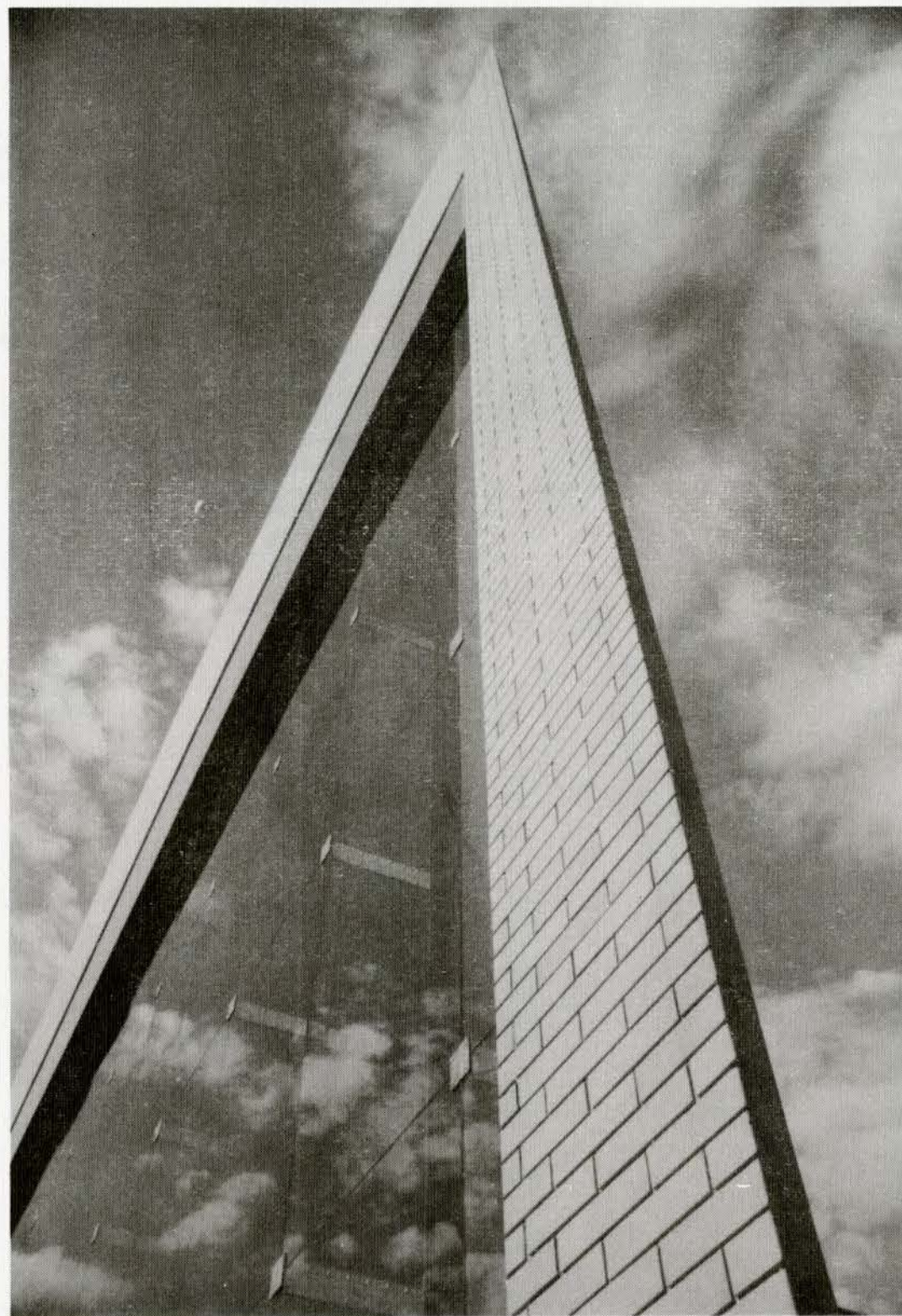
Stephanie Young

RAINDROPS

Raindrops
Fall slowly
From my
Fingertips,
Dripping lazily
Like blood
From an open wound.

Raindrops,
Like wallpaper paste,
Hanging
My clothes
On my body,
Molding
My hair
To my head.

Raindrops,
Descending slowly,
Glinting
Like glass,
Shattering,
As they
Connect
With the earth.



Marni Winkel

EDELWEISS

Though some
Have died
To gain
Its leaves,
While watchers
Call
"In vain!",
The ransoms
Of the
Edelweiss
Are appetite
And pain.
For those
Who climb
The peaks
With strength
And go on
If they
Descend,
Are the
Victors
Of the
Edelweiss,
For their dreams
Know
No end.

Dora Wymer

SEA SYMPHONY

The overture begins--
Surging waves like music
Rise, roll, grow
In great crescendo--
Sea's climactic, constant concert
To the silent shore ...
Bombastic rhythms burst
On silver sun-splashed bar,
Climb, curl, clash
With flourished forte;
Rapture floods its
Audience of
Sand, shells, me,
Rushing to engulf our
Spellbound souls
Within the swell ...
Then suddenly,
A hush--
As though
Some unseen maestro raised
His hand ...
Down the measured scale
Diminuendo trills,
Falls, floats, fades ...
Crystal cadenced,
Muted ripples
Run, ebb, flow--
Now a fine finale,
A fleeting, foam
Fantasia at
My feet.

BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH

Beethoven's seventh symphony, which was completed in 1812, is an emphatic and powerful proclamation of his creativity and talent. As John N. Burk states in *The Life and Works of Beethoven*, "It would require more than a technical yardstick to measure the true proportions of this Symphony—the sense of immensity which it conveys." (286) In this brilliant composition, the musician intertwines and binds the movements with a combination of musical elements which include timbre, texture, rhythm, dynamics, harmony, melody and form. Interwoven, these components fabricate a flexibility of mood which is both compelling and refreshing.

● Movement No. 1: Poco sostenuto; Vivace

The dramatic dynamic changes so characteristic of the Romantic period are the most effective of the elements of music in the first movement. It begins with one resonant chord from the brass and strings and is quickly contrasted with a softly piercing oboe supported lightly by the string instruments. Later on in the movement, the volume builds from a subtle pianissimo to an intense fortissimo as the upper and lower strings chase one another up double octave scales; shortly afterward, the volume falls back down to piano as the flutes, violins, and violas interrupt the scales with a smoothly flowing melody. Still later in this movement, there is a section where the volume drops dramatically and the instruments fade away until only a flute is heard, which is echoed by the upper strings. As the instruments are added once more, there is a tremendous crescendo, ending with the exultant melody of the first theme.

The extremes of timbre contribute to the effect of the dynamics in this movement. The lighter tones of the upper woodwinds and strings are contrasted effectively with the brilliant and occasionally grumbling sounds of the lower brass and strings, producing clearly terraced dynamics. The timbre accents the volume changes again with the gradual addition and subtraction of instruments which results in penetrating crescendos and decrescendos.

Another supportive element in the first movement is the melody. The four major themes and the two introductions range in nature from highly elaborate to strikingly simple, and are lavishly splashed with scales. With the simpler melodies, the volume of the movement decreases to a subdued softness, and with the elaborate sections, the volume increases to a triumphant intensity. Also, as the instruments climb the scales, the volume becomes higher too.

The mood of the first movement is subject to frequent and extreme fluctuations as a result of the dynamics, timbre and melody. One moment the music sounds boastful and glorious, and the next it

seems solemn and serious. However, the movement maintains an overall tone of pride and triumph.

● Movement No. 2: Allegretto

The simplicity of melody (an unusual trait for the Romantic period) has the most stunning effect of all the musical elements in the second movement. The melody consists of four themes which are played individually and then overlapped to form an oddly wistful harmony. The movement begins with a resonant chord followed by the double bass and cello moaning through the first and second themes. Then the violins and violas join in for the third theme, and finally, the fourth theme is played by the oboe. The themes are combined and separated in this manner consistently throughout the movement.

The timbre is instrumental in the second as well as the first movement in supporting the major effect. As aforementioned, each theme is distinguished by different instruments. Also, midway into the movement, the various instruments are divided into sections and seem to converse as they echo one another.

Another contributing element is the texture. As each of the themes are played individually and, in turn, combined, the texture grows from a haunting monophony to a rich polyphony.

As a result these three elements, the Allegretto sounds sullen and doleful in the beginning, but becomes slightly lighter as it progresses; the tone seems to change from despair to what may be seen as optimism. Therefore, the overall mood can be described as hopeful.

● Movement No. 3: Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo

The third movement of this symphony is notable for its extraordinary dynamics. This movement features extreme fortissimos and pianissimos as a result of terraced and gradual volume changes. It begins, like the previous movements, with a series of controlling chords. This is followed closely by the livelier and softer upper woodwinds. Then, soon after this terraced effect, there are a series of crescendos and decrescendos intermingled with occasional blasting chords which seem to send the other notes scurrying. Also, the use of accented notes provides contrast between the sections; a series of strongly stressed notes is followed by a section of smooth, unaccented ones, producing alternately lively and flowing sections.

The erratic rhythm adds to the effect of the dynamics. With the increase of volume and the appearance of accented notes, the tempo quickens;

also, when the volume decreases and the notes become smoother, the tempo is reduced.

One other supportive element present in this movement is the timbre. The strength of the brass and lower strings are often set off against the higher and softer woodwinds and upper strings, creating terraced dynamics. The timbre also complements this movement by the playful repetition of previous sounds by the various instruments.

This movement also contains wide mood swings. The different sections swing back and forth from lively and ecstatic to sleepy and somber, but the former moods seem more dominant than the latter.

● Movement No. 4: Allegro con brio

In the last movement, the rhythm leaves a lasting impression. The tempo is by no means steady; rather, it undulates with the volume, together producing tension as they increase and relaxation as they decrease. The most striking characteristic of this movement is the rhythm of the melody; during the brisker sections, it seems faintly reminiscent of the rhythm heard in the "William Tell Overture" with its multitudes of triplets.

The timbre is an important element in the support of the rhythm. The melody is punctuated emphatically by the timpani and lower strings on alternate beats. Also, as in the previous movements, the instruments engage in echoing one another midway into the movement.

Another contributing element is the dynamics; the accents and volume changes aid the rhythm and tempo changes. As mentioned above, the volume increases with the accelerandos and decreases with the ritardandos.

This movement, with its unpredictable tempo (which, coincidentally, is typical of this musical period), changing timbre and strong dynamics, has an overall tone of adventure and excitement.

● Overall Effect of the Symphony

When listened to separately, the movements of this symphony sound as though they could be individual compositions; however, when listened to in succession, it is found that they are musically interdependent. Each one begins with several strong chords which are contrasted immediately with quieter and more delicate sections. They all utilize the technique of echoing the separated instruments, and they are also bound together by the extreme fluctuations of volume.

The first, third and fourth movements are somewhat similar in mood, but differ sharply from the second, which seems almost like a funeral march. However, the overall mood of this piece retains that of the first, third and fourth movements. In its relationship with the other movements of this symphony, the second can be compared to the dark and somber sections in each individual movement: those sections provide a strong contrast with the lively and

triumphant mood which is dominant, but do not detract from it.



Marni Winkel

THE MOON IN SMOKE

The conversant smell of the ocean welcomed me back to Trinidad. Everything about the Northern California city had always been so predictable; the gray, cool atmosphere, those enormous redwoods, and the waves that hit the cliffs beneath my grandfather's home. They were the only constants, besides the rising sun, that I knew. But even the sun could rarely be seen rising in overcast Trinidad.

When we first arrived at Grandfather's home, I ran into the far back room that faced the ocean. It had been my bedroom for the last nine summers of my life. Everything looked the same: the wood floor, the white cotton bedspread, and the picture of my mother above the dark stained bureau. I opened its drawers to put my things away. The top drawer had always held cards, puzzle books, and crayons. I pushed them aside to make room for my lipstick tubes and mascara wands.

That afternoon, I walked down to the beach in my sweats and Grandfather's overcoat. When I had left, it was cold and drizzling, but the temperature seemed to rise a few degrees with every shell I added to my basket. I couldn't remember a summer day ever being so warm. I put the overcoat down, took my sweatshirt off, and pushed my sweatpants up to my thighs. I lay down in the wet sand and invited the sun to sink into my skin.

When I woke up, it was dark and drizzling again. I dressed, picked up my basket of shells, and headed for home. It didn't take me long to notice the science fiction scene I was wading in. The beach, the cliffs, and the ocean were all shades of gray, but the moon was deep crimson. I remembered reading in Bible class that in the "last days" the moon would turn to blood. I ran home with my heart in my throat. Grandfather laughed at my fright and explained the moon's dreadful color. It had only appeared red because of the abundance of smoke in the air caused by the forest fires. The depleting ozone had allowed too much of that summer's particularly hot sun to enter the atmosphere. As a result, many forests were wiped out, including much of the Old Growth around Trinidad.

The color was beginning to return to my face, but Grandfather continued to laugh at me. I insisted that no such fright would keep me from my summer visits to the North coast. It was then that he told me. Because of the fact that the ocean was taking inches off the cliffs each year, his home was in a hazard area and he would have to move. Grandfather had several small cabins, so to move, for him, was not the end of the world. But I was devastated. Once again, the blood drained from my face. Where would I spend my summers? I had lost five teeth there, grown a few inches there, and

bobbed my waist-long hair in that home on the cliffs of Trinidad. Regardless of Grandfather's consolation, I continued to cry through the night. I could not sleep. I put my sweats and the overcoat on again and walked down to the beach. I felt as if the ocean air was enveloping me in a goodbye hug. I must have walked for hours, because that morning I saw the sun rise in Trinidad.

Joseph Allred

THE NIGHT SEA CAPTAIN

Breezes are blowing
In the wrong direction.
The spray from the sea
Puts salt in my hair,
And, sitting alone at night
With the moon shining,
I see faces looking at me,
Floating in the air.
I see a fire outside;
Off in the distance,
St. Elmo is there--
He offers protection,
But with full sail up
Alone in the night,
I take no comfort
In knowing I'm safe,
For breezes are blowing
From the wrong direction.

Charles Alsup

A CRUEL TAKE

Finding a treasure,
Delight in the pleasure
Of hauling it up to the ship.

To hoist up the sail
And travel quite well,
Being glad that you joined in the trip.

Seems useless and cruel,
Makes you feel a fool
When that sail in a storm starts to rip.

As the sea starts to churn,
You have to learn,
And the treasure is lost to the deep.

It slides off the deck
Of a ship destined to wreck,
A memory to keep you from sleep.

Then all you can do
When these dreams soon fall through
Is await the next one while you weep.

Wendy Harris

GENES

Numbers--
Lining up in formation
That only they see,
Spiraled jetties,
Unique and long,
Forge the path
For future generations.

Glen Bessonette

CANYON

Petrified skin bears
Fossils telling braille stories
Of your distant past.

In earth stone color,
Your age does truly stagger
With years of silence.

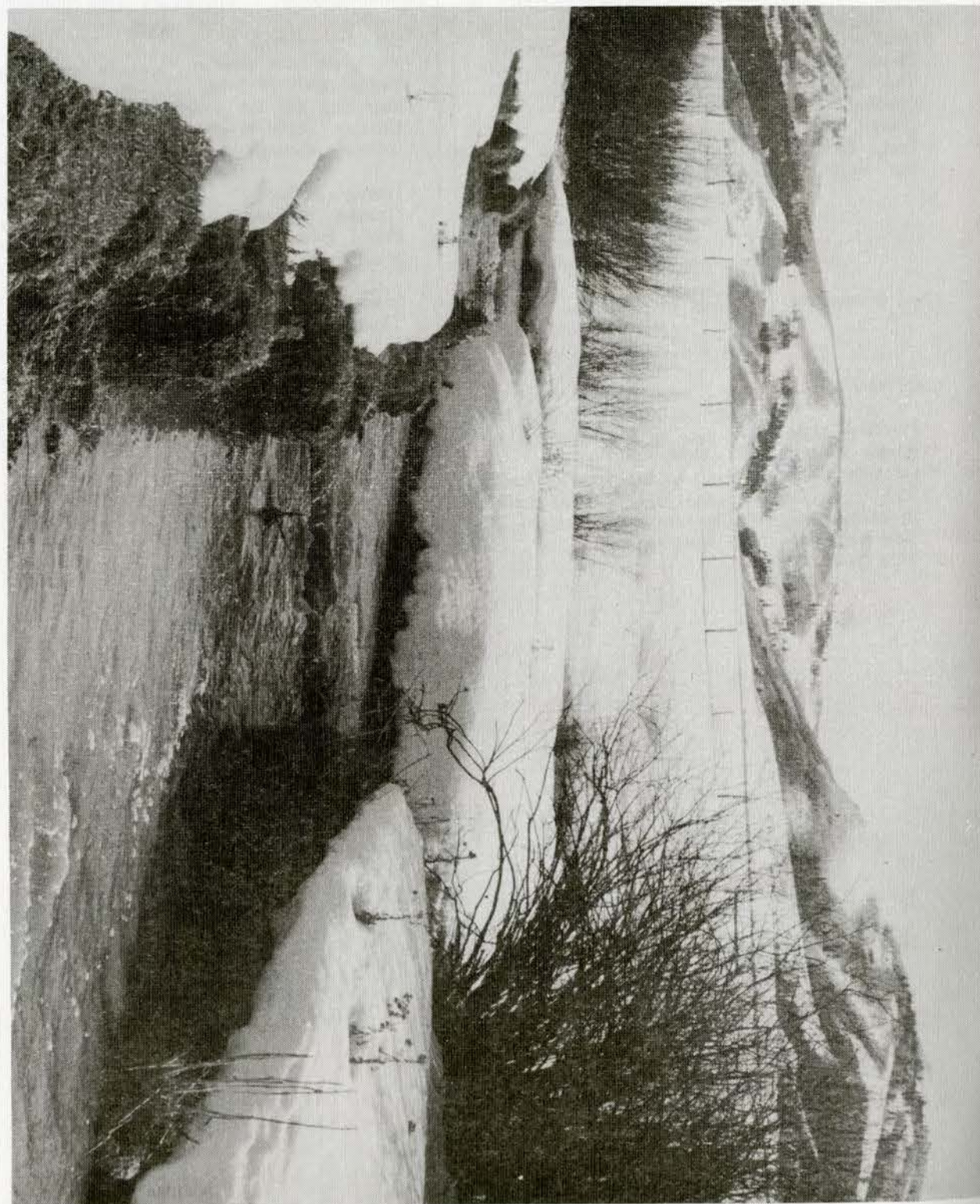
Sarah Montes

HOURLY GLASS

Spinning round
While an hour glass
Sieves sands of time;
Searching for the moon,
Circling spheres--
Running through clouds in the sky.

Losing horizons,
Chasing rainbows' ends,
Fool's gold heroes,
Melting in the rain.

Snow-stained winter--
The hour passed and gone.



Dora Wymer

SNOW

In livid mood,
I watch the falling snow
Make grave-mounds of my flower beds,
Wrap junipers like mummies in white shrouds,
And drape the rocks and shrubs in pallid sheets--
Like ghosts, they haunt and wait
For that bleak resurrection day.

The house eaves weep
Tears that turn to icy blades,
They cling above the window panes,
Hanging like a death watch
Over dormant dreams
In this place of shivering frames
That once were trees,
Where the rose bush wears sack-cloth
And where now the weeping willow gravely
mourns.

I envy Summer's naive children,
All obviously content,
Playing by the rules they've learned by rote--
Faithfully enduring with held breath,
This lifelessness--
In Winter's deadly game of "Freeze-Tag,"
Waiting for Spring's turn
To be "It."

Ace G. Pilkington

WINTER THAMES*

The snow is a presence
Along the water's edge,
The ghost of a pleasance,
The night's contrasting badge.

Small flakes like confetti
Show corkscrews of the wind,
But their dance grows unsteady;
That centrifugal revel ends.

There are two streams of darkness,
The river and the sky,
And each polished surface pulses
With distant points of fire.

The people of this moment
Stand silent in its sweep,
Caught by that ancient movement
Through which the dream of winter speaks.

*Originally published in *America* December 24-31
1988

Nate Alder

LEAVING

He, of handsomeness defined outright, shaking uncontrolled,
Pounds his fists, pulsating,
"Okay...Okay," he screams, eyes weltering.

He, with tone in body, fighting a quivered lip,
Evades an outreaching wife, respite, regrets,
"Lord, are you taking me now?"

He, after 16 years of hospital waiting rooms, knowing now a
Fatal day,
Shuffles about, shifty, silent,
"If this is the end, then what?"

He, beside a glass-windowed door, looking, not knowing what
Was ahead,
Darts from within, despising, detesting the moment,
"Life's not, the end's not ... what I thought."

He, of dizzy mind and blurred figures, wincing into the
Distance,
Rejects his surrounding, refusing,
Quiet.

Connie Cushman

WINTER NIGHTS

Magic drifts through winter seasons,
Sprinkling nights with crystal dreams,
A secret time with secret reasons,
And nothing is as it now seems.

Heaven becomes some wizard's cape,
Flung across a frozen sky,
Whose stars and symbols watch awake
Through soundless nights as time flows by.

A sorceress directs the dance
Of flashing, falling flakes,
While icicles round the roof advance
Like phantoms come from frozen lakes.

And oftentimes the wind will sing
Sharp praises to his Winter King.

Jeannie Johnston

SHORT SEASON

Spring was gone,
In its place the summer of life,
Long days for the maidens to sing
And dance, a ritual of youth's right.

The sun blazed hotter, a darkness
Crept in, an intruder--a murdering foe.
It caught the young maidens
And carried them off to shallow graves
Filled with fear and sorrow.

Silence surrounds their laughter,
Epitaphs of dreams shattered lie still.
Lives gone, not touched by autumn's gold
Nor whitened by winter's chill.

Dora Wymer

WINTER

When the year gets old,
Its colors change from gold
To silver--warm to cold,
And soft green fern that chose
To decorate the orchard lanes,
In frosty fronds now grows
Incarnate on the window panes.

PIN DROPS

The rain beating on the window looked and sounded like pins pinched to a magnet, slivers of silver clinging to a target, lifeless and cold. It made Ian feel uncomfortable. He wanted to jump into the fireplace, into the warmth, security, and feel of the bright auburn flames.

The rain, the fire, the drinking chocolate set by his chair, even the faces staring at him in captured moments on the mantle brought back memories of the young Ian. The Ian who would come in from play on days like this and carelessly leave his soaking wellies in the hallway until his mum would find them in a big puddle and move them. The Ian who couldn't sit still for more than a minute due to youthful restlessness. The Ian who cheekily fed the plants Horlicks, habitually made by his mother on cold rainy days. The Ian who found no greater thrill than to race to the sweet shop with Will and Barry for a five penny mix-up, their hard-earned, once-a-week treat.

Ian chuckled quietly to himself as he thought of the carefree life he had lived and how pure and innocent his days had been.

Soon, the grin he was unaware of turned to somberness. "Where did those days go to?" he asked himself. He felt empty, lonely, cold, angry, yet he wasn't lost in thought. His thoughts were blank. He numbly got up and walked to poke the fire, totally unaware of his actions. The phone rang. He listened deafly. He had no desire to pick it up. Why should he have to tell the stranger on the other end of the phone that, "No, Mrs. Bentley was not there, nor would she ever be there again." Let them never know.

As he poked the fire, uneasiness came upon him. Memories stirred of the many times his mother had told him not to stand so close to the fire. He recalled how only Martin, his brother four years his senior, could poke the fire. Remembering this, he stopped, like a robot, and walked back to his chair and slumped in it.

Somehow, somewhere, there was a mistake made allowing Martin to be the oldest. Unlike many firstborns, Martin easily got lost in the labyrinth of responsibility. He stayed away from it like a plague. When asked to do even the simplest of tasks, he couldn't follow through. Was it no surprise, then, that the thought of his mother growing old, alone, would force him to move his irresponsible round little self to America, where he could selfishly bathe in his own affairs and let Ian worry about their aging, disabled mother?

Martin had never been impressed with the security, beauty, and humility of England. Ian loved the miles and miles of rolling hills decorated with hand-built stone walls. He loved the definition of

the seasons. The chilly air of winter accented with snow; the rainy days of spring with just enough sunshine for the daffodils to bloom. The mildly warm summer; the colorful country lanes and long misty nights of fall. Each season with its own aroma. Each with its own feeling.

Martin couldn't see all this. Ian couldn't understand. He hated Martin. He hated his mother. But, no, he loved his mother. That's why he did it. That's why he ended her life and put her with the others. Where they would talk to her and care for her and remember with her.

Now, if only there was a place Ian could go that would help him get over the guilt. Maybe into the rain. Maybe into the sharp, pointy pins.

ON BEGINNINGS AND ENDS

Bound by age ... indentured,
Through no sin of his own,
To eyes that see only shadows,
Limbs too impotent to run.

Strange sounds assail his senses,
While he lies in soiled clothes.
A nurse comes from her station,
What she's done, he never knows.

A woman comes to feed him,
She wipes drool from his chin.
Like the daughter of Asclepius,
She'll protect him to the end.

A mind that's not coherent
Can't begin to comprehend,
The signs of his arising,
Or the signals of descent.

A SUMMER'S WINTER

Morose she appears to me--
A willow bending to burdensome blankets,
White snow.
Leafless I stand--
Fragmented shadows, the only tree.

Tears stream from gray faces--
Pass in the spring,
Cleansing the winter film.
Inspid wind draws cadence--
Finches filch grasses, and sing.

Choir mice scurry--
Through wild flower corridors,
At her base.
Grasshopper gnaws her leafy ear,
White ardor.
Solid shadow enhance, warm summer embrace.

AIRPORT HELL

A gate closes
Like a cell;
The pressure takes
My breath away.
No tears come,
But God is crying--
His teardrops
Cut a path
Down the windowpane
Where I rest
My fevered cheek.

Above my head
An airplane circles,
Preparing to land
Where it will free
Its prisoners
Into the arms
Of waiting loved ones.
My arms ache
In their desire
To hold you once again.

My eyes catch you
As they slowly
Lower you
From the cargo bay.
You are rushed
To a waiting
Black car;
I want to touch you,
But
All I feel is
The unyielding mahogany.

FRIDAY, MAY 13TH, 1988

Sitting in the Roasting Company,
Iced coffee in one hand,
My indecision and confusion
In the other
(Pencils are such curious things),
Stephen, 'Gitta, and I
Sit and discuss
A recent trip to Mexico
And a long ago trip to Europe.

Another old transient begins
The dangerous process of
Crossing the street.
Halfway across, he tires.
He sits. He rests. His
Coherence and understanding
Of all things related to
The swiftly approaching car
Escape his sodden mind.

He lies in the road, his
Battered, bloody body
Twitching and tapping
To the slowly approaching
Beat of a march that heralds death.

Gina Manuele

TOOTSIE

The main theme of the film *Tootsie* is that both men and women suffer from sexist attitudes. Dorothy Michaels (Dustin Hoffman) makes a statement in the film that illustrates the theme perfectly: "Stop thinking of me as a woman and start thinking of me as a person."

From generation to generation, men and women have learned and accepted their assigned roles. Society says that men and women are supposed to act in certain ways because they are male or female. Men are taught to be logical, aggressive, and domineering; whereas, women are taught to be emotional, passive, and affectionate. This movie is made up of examples of men and women performing in and suffering from these typical male and female roles.

In *Tootsie*, Dustin Hoffman, as Michael Dorsey and Dorothy Michaels, has a chance to switch roles. He has a chance to see both sides, as a male and a female. He quickly learns about male chauvinists and comes to realize that even he falls into this unpleasant category. He also realizes how many women suffer every day because of sexist attitudes.

Women suffer because they have been trained to passively take what is aggressively dished out to them. They accept bad treatment and expect to be treated badly. Men suffer because society doesn't make it acceptable for them to show their true emotions or even, in some cases, to realize that they have emotions. Men want to be human too. They can't cry when they're hurt emotionally or physically, and many times they have to play "cool" and act as though they don't care. The movie *Tootsie* is an excellent example of many sexist attitudes and illustrates this point very well.

Michael Dorsey is a male actor who cannot find work. He decides to dress as a woman in order to get a particular part on a soap opera. During this time, he realizes that because he is not dressed as a man, he is treated very differently. Unlike a stereotypical woman, he stands up for himself and doesn't passively accept the abuse that is dished out to him. As a woman, he speaks his mind and does and says most of what he wants to do and say. Because of this, he is admired by both men and women, and he becomes a role model for women.

One example that explicitly conveys the behavior of a typical woman is when Teri Garr, as Sandy, is trying out for a part on a soap opera (the one which Michael Dorsey later gets because of his greater aggressiveness), and before she even auditions, she expects to be rejected. When she arrives at the audition, they won't give her the chance to read.

So, of course, she accepts this rejection because she had already expected to be rejected and had been trained to accept it. This makes her feel like a total failure, and as a woman fulfilling her womanly role, she wants to run away from everything instead of facing her problems.

After Michael Dorsey decides to try out for the same part, he dresses up as a woman. When Dorothy goes to audition, Ron, the director, says, "Gosh! I'm afraid you're not right for this role, Honey. I'm sorry. Thanks for coming by." He also tells Dorothy that s(he)'s not threatening enough. But instead of acting like a typical woman, as the director expected, Dorothy stands up for himself/herself. S(he) doesn't take no for an answer. As Dorothy is walking out of the room, the director puts his arm around him/her and is calmly trying to talk. Dorothy throws his arm off him/her and makes a threatening move toward Ron's crotch with her knee while s(he) says, "You take your hands off me, or I'm going to knee your balls right through the roof of your mouth." Dorothy goes on to say, "Yes I think I know what you all really want. You want some gross caricature of a woman to prove some idiotic point like power makes women masculine or masculine women are ugly. Well shame on the woman who lets you do that, on any woman that lets you do that." S(he) then turns to the director and says, "Shame on you, you macho shithead!"

Ron responds, "What is idiotic about power making a woman masculine?" This clearly goes along with the rest of the male chauvinists in the world, who believe that women can't be powerful because they're not masculine, or that to become powerful women must abandon their femininity. Because of this little incident, the female producer finds Dorothy very interesting.

Early in the movie when Dorothy Michaels goes to get a cab, a man tries to steal the cab from her, assuming that because she's a woman, he can easily get away with it. But Dorothy grabs him and throws him out of the cab on to the ground, and as he tries to get up, s(he) hits him with his/her bags and gets in the cab.

Another example of how women are treated is when Dorothy was yelling for a taxi in his/her feminine voice, the cab driver just kept on driving. So s(he) got angry and loudly used his/her masculine voice, and the cab driver came to an abrupt stop. This is a perfect example, illustrating that when a man talks, people listen to him, while, when a woman talks, people ignore her.

As a man, Michael Dorsey treats Sandy very badly. In the beginning of the movie, Michael is

very chauvinistic. After Michael has had sex with Sandy, she asks him if she will ever see him again because, in her experience, sex changes things, indicating that she is not unaccustomed to men using her for a night. She assumes that she will probably never see the guy again. She says, "I mean I've had relationships where I know a guy, then I have sex with him, and then I bump into him some place, and he acts like I loaned him money."

Michael assures her that he is not like that. He tells her that he'll call her tomorrow and they'll have dinner. Both of which, of course, he forgets to do. This scene is significant because it shows how both men and women suffer from sexual roles. Because of sexual roles, men are trained to love to get sex; women, however, are trained to have sex to be loved. Many times a man suffers from this situation because he has sex for pleasure and usually has learned to believe that he doesn't need or want a commitment, but somehow a woman makes the man feel like he promised her something, when really he did not. A woman suffers because she has been taught to expect a commitment with sex and usually suffers because the man still wants to have other sexual affairs, and many times, she will never see him again.

During Dorothy's first shooting session, s(he) tries to discuss her part with the director. But, of course, he does not listen to him/her. The director calls Dorothy "sweetheart," puts his arm around him/her, and tells her what to do, then slams the door in his/her face. Ron treats Dorothy very much the way Michael treats Sandy.

When the director asks Bernie, one of the camera men, to get him some breakfast, Bernie asks Julie if she would like something too. Ron replies for her before she has a chance to say anything, indicating that her reply wasn't necessary or important, and that as a male he has the right to answer for her. Ron also pats Julie on the butt and calls her "honey." He treats her like a sex toy, not like a human being.

After arriving home, Michael tells his roommate that he can't stand the way Ron treats him or Julie and wonders what Julie's doing hanging around him. Ron treats her like she's nothing. He says, "I don't like the way he condescends to me either. He calls me sweetheart, calls me honey, doesn't even know my name. Calls her baby. He pushed me around today, I'm tellin' ya, if I didn't have the dress on, I would have kicked his arrogant ass in." Michael is starting to see the world from a woman's view point. He is now playing two different roles. He wants to react to things as a male is trained to react, but because he is wearing a dress, he has to play the role of a woman.

Throughout the movie, Michael cancels his dates with Sandy and is always making excuses. He tells her he's sick when he's not, and he tells her he'll call her, which he seldom does. This is an example of how Michael treats women when he is playing

his male role. Michael forgets about his dinner with Sandy because he wants to be with Julie.

When Dorothy is at Julie's house, s(he) asks Julie how Ron treats her. Julie says, "There are a lot of men out there; I'm selective. I look around very carefully, and when I find the one I think can give me the worst possible time, that's when I make my move." What she's really saying is that women don't have much choice when it comes to men. Basically, most men have been trained to be males, and in that sense, one male isn't much different from another. Women pretty much expect to be treated badly. Women are trained to suffer, and Julie is looking for someone who will cause her to suffer.

Also, Julie tells Dorothy that she finds being a woman in the 80's very complicated. She says, "You know what I wish just once? That a guy could be honest enough just to walk right up to me and say, 'Hey listen, ya know I'm confused about this too. I could lay a big line on you. We could do a lot of role playing, but the simple truth is, I find you very interesting, and I'd really like to make love with you.'" But when Michael Dorsey approaches her with these exact lines, Julie throws wine in his face. Even though this was her fantasy and she would love to get away from all the role playing, her training as a woman would not permit her to accept such a forward proposal.

Society has created a double standard. Because of this, Michael is allowed to approach Julie as he does without damage to his reputation, but it does not allow her to accept without damage to hers. Women are trained to be passive and gentle. Accepting a proposal would be too aggressive and uncontrolled. Even if she wanted to fulfill her desires, her sexual role has trained her to hide those sexual fantasies, and she has been trained to respond as though she were disgusted by a proposal like Michael's.

Dorothy soon becomes a role model for women. There is finally a woman who doesn't play the traditional roles. Dorothy feels like s(he) has something to say to women. But Michael's agent says to him, "Listen to me Michael. You have nothing to say to women. There are no other women like you; you're a man." In other words, the agent is saying that women could never be like men. Women can't stick up for themselves, only a man dressed as a woman can.

However, Michael Dorsey is uniquely qualified to make the point that women and men are human, having the same needs and deserving the same respect. At one point in the movie, Ron tells Tootsie (Dorothy) to take ten, and Tootsie says, "Ron, my name is Dorothy; it's not Tootsie or Toots or sweetie or honey or doll. No, just Dorothy. Now Allan's always Allan, Tom's always Tom, and John's always John. I have a name too! It's Dorothy." This is making the point that women are human beings too. The baby talk names that men call women are dehumanizing. Men are always called by their names; why can't women be?



Because of Dorothy, the soap opera that s(he) stars in becomes a great success. The producer tells Dorothy that s(he) is the first woman character who is her own person, someone who can assert her own personality without stealing someone else's. Dorothy is a breakthrough lady.

Towards the end of the movie, Julie starts to see Ron, who is male chauvinist, through Dorothy's eyes. She says to Dorothy, "You wouldn't compromise your feelings like I have. You wouldn't live this kind of lie, would you? I deserve something better. Ya know, I don't have to settle for this. I'll live, won't I? Maybe not happily, but honestly." Julie finally starts to stand up for herself. Because of Dorothy, she realized that women don't always have to play a role. She learns how to be honest with herself and does what she feels is best, instead of doing what her role as a woman has previously forced her to do. Julie's speech also indicates that she is (in part, at least) happy with Ron, even though she is suffering. Women have been trained to feel as though they're happy, even when they're suffering.

The next evening when Ron is at Julie's house, he asks Dorothy why s(he) doesn't like him. He says, "There's not many women I can't make like me. Why don't you like me?" Dorothy responds by saying s(he) doesn't like the way he treats Julie. Dorothy says, "I don't like the way you patronize her. I don't like the way you deceive her. I don't like the way you lie to her." Dorothy is getting mad at Ron for treating Julie exactly the way Michael Dorsey treats Sandy.

Ron says he knows what Dorothy means, but he also says that he never promised Julie he wouldn't see other women, or be exclusive, and he lies to her to keep from hurting her. He says, "See, if a woman wants me to seduce her, I usually do. But then she starts pretending like I promised her something. Then I start pretending like I promised her something, but in the end, I'm the one that's exploited!" And Dorothy says, "Bullshit, Ron. Ya know what? I understand you a lot better than you think I do." Dorothy understands him because s(he) knows that s(he) has been there before. Not only is Michael Dorsey a male, but he was a male chauvinist also. Dorothy has seen both sides now, and s(he) understands everyone a lot better.

Julie, Dorothy, and Les, Julie's father, decide to get away for a while and go to Les's farm. When they arrive at the farm, Les wants to carry Dorothy's luggage for her. Realizing that it's quite heavy, he says, "Strong little thing, aren't you?" Les didn't expect a woman to be that strong.

During their stay, Les is talking to Dorothy, and he says, "Don't get me wrong. I'm all for this equal business. I think women ought to be entitled to have everything ... Except, sometimes I think what they really want is to be entitled to be men. Like men are equal in the first place! Which we're not. Ya know I can remember years ago, there was none of this talk about what a woman was, what a man was.

Ya just were what ya were. And now they have all this other stuff about how much you should be like the other sex, so you can be all more the same. I'm sorry, but we're just not." Les is one of the most extreme male chauvinists in the movie. Even though when he was growing up he didn't think there were any problems with male and female roles, Les's daughter, Julie, and her lover, Ron, are a perfect example that Les's golden world did not and does not exist. Men have been trained to be men from generation to generation; they always have been and they still are today. Les is also saying that women will never be like men and should just stay in their place. He doesn't want women to step out of their roles and be like men. He wants to continue living in his so called "golden age." Unfortunately, his daughter pays a high price for Les's dream.

Towards the end of the movie, Dorothy exposes his/her true identity and says, "And I'm not mentally ill, but proud and lucky and strong enough to be the woman that was the best part of my manhood, the best part of myself." In other words, he's saying that he learned more about himself as a woman, than he ever did as a man.

In the very last scene of the movie, Michael says to Julie, "But I was a better man with you as a woman, than I ever was with a woman as a man. Ya know what I mean? I just got to learn how to do it without the dress." In the end, Michael learns a great deal about male and female roles.

The movie *Tootsie* is a good example of many sexist attitudes. Men and women have been trained to accept their assigned roles. Because of this, many men and women suffer from these sexist attitudes. Some people go through life without realizing that they are playing a role, and because of this, they will never change their behavior; the attitudes they have about men and women and their respective roles will always exist. It took wearing a dress for Michael Dorsey to understand his role as a male and also to understand a woman's role a little better. In fact, it took wearing a dress for Michael Dorsey to understand himself not as a man or a woman, not as an actor playing a part, but as a human being. The movie *Tootsie* suggests that all of us might benefit from exploring our humanness and ignoring the limiting sexual roles that our society has inflicted on us.

Stephanie Chidester

FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE SLIDE SHOW

We fidgeted in the flint night air,
Thirty or more almost-adults
In a nearly empty amphitheatre.
Bright beams blanched cold stone seats
While expectant eyes scanned white screens
For the first ethereal focus of film,
Impatience whipping us with the canyon wind.

White fell grey and shadow black
And blind eyes blinked with air indrawn,
Our sight swept slopes to mountains' edge,
To shadow shoulders framing sparks
In blue. Film forgotten, we gazed
Upward at much older lights, our breaths'
crescendo.

Then sound blared brisk and burst the spell.
The slides slashed silence, and we settled
For the decrescendo of the show.

Joseph Allred

KING LEAR

"Blow! Blow!" the Old Man cries
While fools dance and sing.
Blind men step into the storm
And beggars follow kings.

"Jump! Jump!" a Peasant lies,
"The land is far below."
Though cliffs are high, the fall is short,
But blind men never know.

Children, Children, do not stray,
Though father's hairs be white,
For storms will rain upon all men;
For all, day turns to night.

Fools, Fools lead the way
When other men do wrong.
The fools are no longer Fools,

Except in other's songs:
There, where knaves lead the way
And fools do the wrongs.

Janeal Pabst

THE PAINTING

The warmth of May breaks through the clouds of April,
As the sun envelopes the earth with its rays.
Animals, yet only at the dawn of their lives,
Are embraced in the arms of beauty--
A panorama of picturesque verdure,
And the blue firmament above their heads,
Enhanced by the florid colors of spring.
Suddenly, a cool breeze blows across my face.
It is then that I again become aware,
In a small corner of this dark, frigid room,
All this splendor was merely a piece of art,
A mental painting of a world I'd never see.

Dora Wymer

DINOSAURS

Deep in the misty marshes of my mind
Beneath alliterations of debris,
Anxious feet long silenced and confined
Are wakening and rampant to be free--
Ancient Anapests and Iambes of prose and poetry,
The Trochees and the Dactyls of creativity.

Their names are echoing down through memory's canyons,
Reminding me that yesterday they were
The rhyme schemes of my favorite companions
Who lived in stanzas born of literature ...
Through assonance, enjambment they endure--
The Spondee and the old Pentameter.

Jeannie Johnston

ZIRCONIA

Refracting the light
As she twirled around,
Her facets like diamonds
Sparkled.

Eyes glowing, hair shining,
Teeth gleaming white,
A sight meant to simply
Astound.

His heart, when he saw her,
Beat, beat then a miss,
A kiss, yes a kiss she had thrown
Him!

He laughed, then he cried,
As a thrill swept through him,
Then he dropped to his knees to
Pray.

God answered most cruel,
"You fool, can't you see?
She's only a fake on
Display!"

Laura Hardy

THE POTTER'S CLAY

The potter wedges the clay,
Then centers it on the wheel.
Deftly she begins to pull it up,
Making a tall, slender vase.
It wobbles and falls
Struggling to take
Its own shape
And finds beauty in roughness,
Like the faces of Navajo Sandstone
Battered by wind and storm.

Wendy Harris

FACES

Faces--
Looking up at me
From a glossy page
Of my photo album.
Smiles--
Of days that seem
So far away
And long ago.

Small squares
Of silent memories
That dimly echo
Of youth.

THE WIZARD OF US

Not motivated by my belief in God but purely based on my observation of people, I have come to a conclusion: any quality of life or character trait that we see in others and desire to possess is already ours. As human beings, any characteristic we want to possess is in embryo, waiting within us for nurturing and development. The band AMERICA sings in a famous song, "But Oz never did give nothing to the Tin Man/ that he didn't, didn't already have." We are all, as members of the human race, potentially anything we want to be. These lyrics refer to the book, *The Wizard of Oz*, by L. Frank Baum. The movie adaptation by M.G.M. very clearly illustrates the above assertion.

In the beginning of the movie, Dorothy finds herself in a mysterious world. Early in her quest to find a way home, she meets three very interesting characters-- a scarecrow, a tin man, and a lion. Each of these characters desires an individual characteristic just as badly as Dorothy desires to return to Kansas. Together, these three and Dorothy go in search of a solution to their problems. However, along the way they prove to possess all they desired.

The Tin Man symbolically wanted a heart; in actuality, he desired to have emotions. He proved to have caring and feeling for others even before he met the Wizard of Oz. As the three approached the castle where Dorothy was being held hostage by the wicked witch, it was the Tin Man who shed tears and remarked, "We've got to get Dorothy out of that awful place." Neither of the other two characters had such an emotional response to Dorothy's kidnapping. This and other comments made by the Tin Man during the course of the film, as well as his facial expressions, clearly show that he already possessed the heart that he went in search of. Through the search for Dorothy, he found his previously buried emotions.

The Cowardly Lion desired courage. He shied away from anything potentially dangerous. The wizard remarks, "you have confused courage with wisdom," commenting that running from danger isn't always cowardly; often, it is good judgement to run from danger. As the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, and the Lion go in search of Dorothy, it is the Lion that leads them up the dangerous cliffs to the witch's castle. He even uses his tail to pull the Tin Man up the mountain. Both of these are acts of courage, but the most courageous moment for the Lion comes when he asserts, "All right, I'll go in there for Dorothy. Wicked witch or no wicked witch. Guards or no guards, I'll tear 'em apart. I may not come out alive, but I'm goin' in there." The Lion already possessed the courage he desired.

Just as the other two characters found within themselves the thing they desired, the Scarecrow demonstrated that he already had intelligence before he was awarded the honorary degree of "thinkology" by the Wizard of Oz. Our first glimpse of the Scarecrow's ingenuity comes when Toto escapes from the wicked witch's castle and returns to the three distraught companions. It is the Scarecrow who recognizes that Toto can lead them to Dorothy. As they approach the castle, it is the Scarecrow who first thinks of a plan to get into the castle, remarking, "I've got a plan how we're going to get in there." Later, he modifies his plan according to the changing circumstances. When the four companions found themselves trapped in the entry hall of the castle, the Scarecrow recognized that cutting the rope that held the chandelier would enable a possible escape. He makes every intelligent decision from the time Dorothy is captured until the wicked witch is dead. Clearly, the Scarecrow possessed great intelligence all along.

Are we any different from these three characters? Is there anyone who would not wish for certain character changes as these three did? If we desire a change, we should realize that the potential for that change is within us. That ability or characteristic we want is already a part of us, possibly hidden or undeveloped. Anything we desire to achieve is within our reach; "But Oz never did give nothing to the Tin Man/ that he didn't, didn't already have."



Ace. G. Pilkington

STAR TREK?

In this episode of the adventures of the *U.S.S. Liberal Arts*, we learn that Spock's secular humanist name is Joe\Green.

(Close-up, two roommates looking intently out a window.)

First Roommate:

Those guys out there make me nervous. I'm afraid they want me to think.

Second Roommate:

Now, if you only had a brain, you'd be set.

(Exterior, medium two shot, Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock)

Kirk:

Where no thought has gone before, right, Spock, I mean Joe.

Spock:

Right, Captain Kirk, I mean Ace.

Kirk:

Whatever, as long as you remember I'm the captain. Set phasers on educate.

Spock:

Is that stun or kill?

Kirk:

Depends on the subject. Joe, have you always had pointed ears?

Spock:

Pointed what?

Kirk:

Scotty, beam down Arza and Phil; we need more intelligent life here.

Spock:

Remember, Captain, that the script calls for one of our personnel to be sedulously disrupted.

Kirk:

Scotty, throw Ensign Excell in as well.

Spock:

But, Captain, the network will not allow us to damage females of your species. Blacks are also sacrosanct. They don't get many starring roles, but they are sacrosanct.

Kirk:

Ah, liberation, equality, and the American way. Scotty, cancel Excell and send me down one white, male ensign. Bennett will do.

Glen Bessonette

Francis Ford Coppola's The Conversation

In Francis Ford Coppola's 1974 film *The Conversation*, Gene Hackman plays the character Harry Caul, an introverted, shy, religious, and very accomplished specialist whose profession is clandestine eavesdropping. Coppola has created Harry Caul as the protagonist in an intriguing story whose secondary, underlying theme could be said to be the subtle exploration of the sense of hearing. The artful construction of the film enlists many devices and scenarios that continually play upon this underlying theme, and the overall effect provides the artistic attention to small details which enhance the impact of a film upon the viewer.

In the story, Harry has orchestrated a difficult, undetected recording of a private conversation between a man and a woman strolling in a crowded outdoor plaza for a client of his. We see Harry as a supreme master of his trade, using a wealth of technology to accomplish this seemingly impossible recording. But Harry, knowing what is contained in the recording, is reluctant to turn over his tapes to his client because he fears that it will lead to someone's getting hurt or killed. Harry has been in the business for many years, and he has previously witnessed the results of his exacting efforts used by others as reason enough to commit murder. Harry has learned that mere words can mean the difference between life and death, and his acknowledged ability to record the conversation of almost anyone anywhere has made him a reluctant accomplice to acts that run counter to his morals. Because he fears that someone may be killed as a result of the recording, Harry cannot willingly relinquish the tapes to his client.

Beginning with the title, Coppola has infused the film with many perspectives that emphasize the ancillary theme. The soundtrack of the film contributes significantly. It is a sparse soundtrack, the music consisting predominantly of a piano playing a short, discordant, and repetitive theme that is not unlike the theme from *The Twilight Zone*. But what the audience hears on the soundtrack is not always a passive accompaniment. The audience is, at times, compelled to listen closely in order to follow some of the nuances of the film. There are brief moments where there is no action taking place upon the screen, but the audience can distinctly hear the action. There are other moments when the conversation between characters is extremely quiet, spoken in a whisper, and the audience is compelled to listen closely and carefully. These devices are not the exclusive domain of this film, but their combined use, along with numerous other devices enlisted, attains an effect that is rare, if not unique.

In one scene, after Harry has made the recording which he fears will result in someone being killed, Harry goes to confession in his church. It is a strong and clever scene. In the confession booth, Harry confides his fear of the murder his recording might lead to. The camera dissolves into focus on the silhouette of the attentive priest sitting beyond the partition. This clandestine confession, delivered in confidence of secrecy, has become the only outlet that the reticent Harry allows himself to lessen the torment he feels. Harry is utterly dependent upon the trust and confidence he finds in the confession booth. Significantly, it also represents the antithesis of Harry's profession.

Coppola has achieved a rare quality in *The Conversation*. The film is superficially a variation of the mystery genre, and is not overly remarkable in that respect. The story, while being quite believable, is not the stuff that bespeaks unheralded genius. But Coppola's attention and consistency with the subordinate theme of the process of hearing and listening is profoundly effective, and demonstrates admirably his considerable artistic ability as a filmmaker.

Stephanie Chidester

THE PIANO OF ORPHEUS*

The pianist nodded to acknowledge his audience,
And stroked the keyboard, a small pressure of pleasure
Which did not reach the strings; when he
Withdrew inside the sonata, oblivious to observers,
His nimble-gnarled hands spun sensation into sound.
Each emotion traversed his fiercely furrowed face,
Then was translated to tone through a frenzy of fingers.
A strand of stark grizzled hair whipped about
With each lash of passion, his aged body wracked
In alternate waves of anger and exultation.
Afterwards, embarrassed witnesses to intimacy,
We chuckled uneasily, dismissing the performance as comedy.

*Third place winner 1988-'89 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

III. ROYAL GENIUS

Kendrik Snow

HENRY V AND RONALD REAGAN: ACTORS IN LEADERSHIP

"To play the king is to play the actor, for the king must have many roles in his repertoire" (Calderwood 27). What role does acting play in leadership? To what extent is a leader an actor and a real person? Is a leader merely a sham seeking personal gain, or is he a servant benefiting others? Shakespeare attempted to discover and report the answers to these questions. The result is his second tetralogy, the name given to a series of four historical dramas--*Richard II*; *Henry IV, Part One*; *Henry IV, Part Two*; and *King Henry V*. Although these four plays can be analyzed differently, the BBC producers chose to view them as a Henriad, meaning the making of King Henry Fifth. The productions of these plays, therefore, focus on the growth, education, and rise of young Prince Hal to the throne of England.

Because the BBC productions concentrated so completely on Hal, the answers about acting and actors as leaders which Shakespeare explores can be understood more fully. Yet a question remains: how do his findings relate to today's leaders? A comparison between Shakespeare's Henry V and Hollywood's Ronald Reagan is illuminating.

Each, for instance, has an acting background, and used acting in leadership, and the performance of each may be examined to determine its genuineness. Both have followed the tennis cliché: it's not important if you win or lose, it's how good you look on the court. Henry V and Ronald Reagan are actors; through stagecraft they created a magical image giving the outward appearance of greatness; this image was the key to their political success.

ACTING BACKGROUND

In examining the lives of Henry V and Ronald Reagan, one discovers a strong similarity: being actors helped them to become politically successful. To understand their leadership success, one should learn about their acting background and how it helped them master the English language.

Hal became an actor to create an image which would win the affection of his people. Instead of learning to act on stage, Henry V learned to act in the real world; most of his younger life appears to be a facade. For example, in his earlier days, Henry V was not an entirely honest and admirable character; in fact, his father was quite displeased with him. "Can anyone tell me of my unthrifty son?" he says, probably assuming young Hal has again been frequenting the taverns and whorehouses in Eastcheap.

To make things worse, Hal's friends are not ordinary citizens but highwaymen, a particularly violent variety of thief. Hal's association with this environment would generally produce a distasteful image. Why then did the young prince associate with such characters?

The answer is to become politically successful, and Hal has contrived a deceptive plot. A glimpse of the plot is found in a soliloquy where Hal intimates he is associating with these people as part of an act. He will pretend to have gone astray and mingle with these common people but for a time; he will then suddenly change, creating the illusion of a miraculous reformation: "And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,/ My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,/ Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes/ Than that which hath no foil to set it off" (*I Henry IV* 1.2). In other words, he is fooling his father, his friends, and others in the kingdom into believing he has rejected a proper life so that they will think better of him after his "reformation." His scheme to create an attractive public relations legend works! The epilogue in *Henry V* describes him as the "star of England."

Ronald Reagan, like Henry V, was also an actor, which helped him become politically successful. He started a career in Hollywood, where he was fairly successful. In contrast to Hal, little evidence exists to show a scheming Reagan who became an actor as a stepping stone to the presidency. In fact, Mark Hosenball suggests, "It is hard to imagine that this son of an itinerant salesman and B-movie actor ever dreamed of becoming president of the United States ..." Being a performer was, however, excellent training for him. Hosenball theorizes that Reagan's qualities "married of course with his background as a Hollywood celebrity, the best public relations training money can buy ..." created the image that won him America's affection (26-29).

Like the suddenly reformed Hal, Reagan was able to appear magical in the public's eyes, making his success possible. An article in *Time* magazine hints at a magical image: "For some reason there has been a tendency to mythologize this campaign, to portray Reagan as an abstract force that has settled, at the heart of the country and held it in thrall" ("Election" 36).

There are many examples showing that Reagan's actions were merely a performance. The fact that he had a public relations committee composed of media manipulations experts is evidence that Reagan was sometimes a feigning puppet; Eleanor Clift says he freely admits to this. She even reports that his

"backdrops were choreographed down to the dog that eagerly greeted his helicopter homecomings." Speaking further on Reagan's performance, she asserts that he "legitimized politics as theater, where sound bites, body language and stage skills counted more than command of facts." The image worked for Reagan as it did for Hal. He was politically successful, Clift suggests: "There are countless better actors around, but no one could play the presidency like Ronald Reagan" (29).

Undoubtedly, ceremony played a part in the success of Henry V and Reagan. Henry V realized this: "And what have kings, that privates have not too/ Save ceremony ..." (*Henry V* 4.1). Henry V recognizes the power ceremony has over men and uses it in his leadership role. Calderwood states that Henry "has his repertory of political illusions to call on," and "relies on ceremony to move the minds of his national audience ..." (31). Andersen puts it in much simpler language when he refers to the president: "Reagan is unbeatable at ceremony" (11).

LANGUAGE

A vital factor in effective acting is the command of language—the most used medium in performance. Another similarity between Henry V and Reagan is their ability to use the English language. Language is also an important factor in leadership and the acquisition of power. Warwick understands that Prince Hal hangs around Eastcheap to learn the language. He tells Henry IV that, "The prince but studies his companions,/ Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language, 'Tis needful that the most immodest word/ Be lookt upon and learn'd ..." (2 *Henry IV* 4.4).

In Eastcheap, Hal had occasion to be with all types of people who would speak a more informal English than that of the upper class or, in his case, royalty. Hal's mastery of the language on all levels gives him reason to boast about himself: "I can drink with any tinker in his own language ..." (1 *Henry IV* 2.4).

Hal is not the only one who comments on his mastery of the language. A character in *Henry V* describes the effect of Hal's powerful rhetoric: "when he speaks/ the air, a chartered libertine, is still" (1.1). More praise comes from Joan Webber, who focuses on Hal's language ability: "Hal is the only character in *Henry IV* who speaks well both in prose and in verse ... throughout the play he is a verbal chameleon, adapting himself to the conventions of those with whom he associates" (197).

Hal now has the language, but how does it relate to leadership? One of the themes in the second tetralogy is language and how it affects the leaders who use it poorly or effectively. Calderwood realizes this and comments on "the play's almost obsessive concentration on the rhetorical figure of the king—on Harry's voice ..." (28). Joan Webber feels one purpose or need for rhetoric is to unite the reason and the imagination of the people and focus

this toward a goal. She argues that neither Richard II nor Henry IV were able to do this and, therefore, failed in their leadership role (193-201).

Prince Hal, on the other hand, can create unity because he can speak with anyone face to face on that person's level. With that in mind, Webber comments that "he uses all the rhetorical and psychological knowledge picked up in play acting to mould a nation together in loyalty and brotherhood" (199). An excellent example of this was at the Battle of Agincourt. Henry's army was downtrodden, hopeless (they were outnumbered five to one by the French), and on the brink of rebellion. One evening he went around to the campsites in disguise, listened to all of the complaints, and realized he had to do something. The next day he gave his famous Crispin's Day speech, which inspired the men to fight for their country. They defeated the French quite handily.

Ronald Reagan, like Henry V, had control of the language helping him to be politically successful. Again, Reagan was an actor in Hollywood. As such, he played many roles which broadened his knowledge of the English language. One example of how language has helped him to be successful in politics was in a debate with Jimmy Carter. Evan Thomas wrote the following: "In 1980 Carter scored more substantive points than Reagan, but the former actor won the debate on tone and style—and the election shortly thereafter" (20). Lance Morrow comments on Reagan's leadership ability saying he "has always been sloppy with facts," but "Reagan can stand on the bridge of the ship of state, point the general direction, and let the subalterns worry about the navigation" (31).

Reagan's language ability has helped him escape from a few tight corners. When he expressed the nation's grief after the crash of the Challenger, and when he recalled the sacrifice of the soldier in World War II on the beaches of Normandy, "Reagan played the part almost flawlessly" (Fly, 58). After the Iran-contra scandal, Reagan gave a speech, which was organized in an interesting manner. First, he said he knew nothing about the diversion of excess funds to the Contras. Then, he admitted he should have checked into the affair because he is "ultimately accountable to the American people." However, he ended his speech on a totally different note. He discussed all the good he was doing and would do in the last seventeen months of his term. This made him look good so the people probably forgot the bad. This is one of many examples of the "teflon" president. Reagan seems to have had the ability to get out of any situation.

MANIPULATIVE ACTING

Through acting and rhetoric one can be an effective manipulator. "Even when defined as the art of persuasion, rhetoric is a martial employment of words, its object being to conquer verbal enemies

through argument" (Calderwood 27). Acting was a key to the political rise of Henry V and Ronald Reagan. However, they did not abandon the performing after they had attained their desired positions. Each continued to act as a means of manipulation, motivation, and evasion.

Manipulative acting is quite apparent in Henry V. In one scene, Henry's objective is to marry Katharine, the princess of France. Because of the language barrier, it is difficult for them to communicate. No longer an eloquent king, Henry fumbles for words. Joan Webber believes this could be a manipulative act by the king. "It is possible that he chooses the fumbling role deliberately" (Webber 201). This would draw Katharine's sympathy. Later, he excuses his language: "Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate." He further manipulates her by saying, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; . . ." (*Henry V* 5.2). Another example of his manipulation is at the Battle of Agincourt. "It is also well within the calculating and clever side of his character to impose the energy of his personality and language on the French in what was a successful gamble at terrifying them into surrender" (Thomas xx).

Acting was a great motivational tool for Henry V. His speech on Saint Crispin's Day was an uplifting success. Not only does it inspire his subjects but also those of us in the audience. Michael Goldmann says the speech "almost literally moves us," yet "we recognize it as a performance; we share the strain of the king's greatness, the necessary effort of his image-projecting" (as quoted in Rabkin 45).

Henry V uses acting as a way to evade the guilt for his decisions. For example, he sentences three men—the Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, and Lord Scroop—to death for treason. In his lengthy speech, he curses each of them: "Thou cruel/ Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!" (2.2). At the end of the speech, he changes his tone and says, "Touching our person, seek we no revenge;/ But we our kingdom's safety must so tender/ Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws/ We deliver you" (2.2). In other words, he says, as for myself, personally, I wouldn't condemn you to death, but you have conspired against the country. Therefore, we must punish you according to the country's laws. By saying this, he appears to be the good guy and gets off scot-free.

Ronald Reagan, like Henry V, manipulates people through his acting. An area where Reagan's manipulation became readily apparent was the media. He was able to avoid much of the sharp criticism other presidents received. Ben Bradley of *The Washington Post* said, "The press has been kinder to Ronald Reagan than to any president since I have been at the post" (as quoted in Hosenball 26). As previously mentioned, Reagan had an excellent public relations team; Michael Deaver was one of

the experts. Hosenball states, however, that "Deaver was being acclaimed a world class expert in media manipulation. Yet Deaver learned most of what he knew from Ronald Reagan" (29). To emphasize his point, Hosenball summarizes Reagan's ability to manipulate: "At bottom, Reagan was his own media guru" (29).

Motivation has been one of Reagan's strongholds. For example, he has motivated millions of Americans to a higher level of pride. Morrow maintains that "Reagan has restored a sense of what was good, what was virtuous, about being a man," and reported a *Times*/CBS News poll showing "78% of American men view Reagan as a strong leader" (31). Also, George Shipley, a Democratic political consultant in Austin, said, "he made Americans proud to be in the world again" (as quoted in Clift 29).

Evading the consequences of his mistakes has been Reagan's key factor in upholding his public image. Investigating his presidency, one finds many problems and mistakes such as the following:

- Iran-contra affair (Hosenball 29)
- \$2.3 trillion in deficits (Fly and Douglas 59)
- 30 staff appointees investigated (Thomas 20)
- Stock market crash, October 19, 1988

In spite of these problems, Reagan came out looking fine. For example, Hosenball assessed the damage done by the Iran-contra affair: "but although his administration was gravely—even mortally—damaged by the Iran-contra affair, Ronald Reagan himself was only slightly wounded" (29). Thomas agrees: "Even Reagan's worst enemies marvel at his dirt doesn't stick 'teflon' presidency" (20).

CONCLUSION

The overall perspective of Henry V and Ronald Reagan—actors turned leaders—is positive. Shakespeare's interpretation seems to be so. As mentioned before, the epilogue of *Henry V* describes the king as the "star of England." It appears that Reagan's image is also intact. Fly and Douglas feel he has created such an illusion that the "challenge for the next President [is]: Selling realism to a nation in love with the Reagan magic" (57). Apparently, the tennis cliché is true: It's not important if you win or lose, it's how good you look on the court.

POVERTY

Young and lovely,
She stands barefoot
Staring out to distances
Beyond the horizon.

Small hands caress
The pretty white dress,
As the breeze tugs
At the soft lace
Against her slim legs.

She knows nothing,
Yet feels a yearning
In her breast
For what might be.

It's the finest dress
She's ever had, given
Her by charitable folks.
She hates it.

Standing in the doorway
Of the battered box car
Called home, she can't
Wait to take it off.

ABANDONED

You!
Who left your dog
At the curb,
Bribed
With a can of food.
Hurting, whining
His eyes are
Black pools
Of sadness.
Refusing food,
He waits still
For you.
Heaven only
Knows why.



PSYCHIC NUMBING: Coping In A Nuclear World

In his pioneering studies on the psychological effects of nuclearism (dependence on nuclear weapons as a means of solving problems), the psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton coined the term "psychic numbing" to describe the result of repressing thoughts and feelings on the threat of nuclear weapons. Psychic numbing is a mental defense mechanism which enables the individual to cope with a world that is paradoxically both protected and threatened by weapons capable of nearly unimaginable destructive power. It is harbored to a degree within every person who is aware at some level of the presence of nuclear weapons in the world and recognizes, even peripherally, the destructive potential of them. But psychic numbing is a form of neurosis that impedes the fruition of human potential, and however comforting the numbing may be, it fails to resolve the individual's fear of the very thing it seeks to evade.

Nuclear weapons have been in existence for more than 40 years and have rapidly grown in number from the first bomb tested in July 1945 to the nearly 50,000 warheads possessed by the USA and the USSR today (an average growth of nearly 1,150 new warheads per year). This rapid escalation has resulted almost entirely from an attempt to achieve a parity, even a superiority, in the military force maintained by each country. It stems largely from political decisions which idealistically seek to provide the greatest good for the greatest number. But amidst the tremendous political momentum that has fueled the escalation, the voice of the individual who decries the presence of nuclearism is nearly, if not completely, ineffectual.

Psychic numbing is an inappropriate defense mechanism for coping with this almost futile situation. Repression of thoughts and feelings, on either a conscious or unconscious level, does not eliminate them from one's existence; rather, those thoughts and feelings become manifest through other physical or emotional outlets. In turn, those outlets can be benign or maladaptive. In either case they are ineffectual in resolving one's relationship to the perceived threat of nuclearism.

Typically, the psychological repercussions of psychic numbing include an ambiguous sense of the future. An individual will avoid conflicting beliefs that one can pursue a professional career and that nuclear war could occur in one's lifetime. One cannot rationally have a sense of an entirely secure future. Parents cannot realistically promise their children a world with a future.

The world of our forefathers had never been entirely secure. Threats to one's existence have

waxed or waned to some degree throughout history. Nuclearism adds a new dimension to such threats. Before the advent of nuclear weapons, there had never been the potential in the hand of Man to annihilate so many millions of people with such terrible swiftness. An individual's sense of self worth can seem to be nearly insignificant in the presence of such a specter, but an individual's thoughts and feelings are *not* insignificant. What is the benefit in banishing nuclear weapons from one's thoughts and dreams when they have not been eliminated from one's world?

April Aston

ROMANCE

Shadows dance effortlessly
Away from my touch,
Transparently elusive,

Like butterflies emerging
From safe cocoon
To race with others
In night cast light.

No ties can bind
Their fairy wings of flight;
Untraceable is the trail.

They taunt and tease
My fingertips,
Too hard to catch
But tempting enough to try.

Ayn Rand's Utopia

Fascinating, remarkable, charmingly delightful, enchanting--these adjectives and other words similar to these were and still are used to describe the world and personality of Ayn Rand. Ms. Rand's philosophy had a great effect on our nation. Students flocked in hundreds to hear her speeches on Objectivism; her books, supporting capitalism, sold by the millions. Many young adults were looking for a form of deliverance from their oppressive environment; they were able to escape through Ayn Rand.

Ayn was idolized by many people around her. Ayn, in return, depended upon the admiration of these people; in actuality, she was obsessed by it. Ayn considered these young adults her people and depended upon them so completely that she needed to gather a group of them together at least once a week to reaffirm her philosophy (and, in effect, her identity) by promulgating it to them. She named this group the "collective," and she, of course, was the leader.

The collective consisted of students with various majors or professions. These people were highly intellectual and possessed an eagerness to learn and understand Ayn's philosophy. Ayn saw her collective as creative geni. She fantasized that the collective was an example of what the world would be like if the people followed and accepted her philosophy. Ayn felt her meetings with the collective gave her an escape from the bleak reality of her life. They allowed her to continue to live in the fantasy world she created for her novels. Ayn discussed her philosophies of reason--the intelligible, the graspable, the definable and individualism--the theory that one's life and one's destiny is and should be one's own responsibility, not to be dictated by state or society or any other being (Branden 333). Psychologist Nathaniel Branden created an institute which scheduled lectures, showed films, sold books and art prints, and boasted thousands of students of Objectivism, the name Ayn Rand had chosen for her philosophy. The students were attracted to Ayn's ideals, readily accepted her opinions, and eagerly committed themselves to rationality, individualism, but, above all, to Ayn Rand.

Despite her stated philosophy of individual responsibility, Ayn demanded loyalty from the collective, and insisted that their opinions on economics, morality, religion, psychology, music etc. be identical to her own. The collective gave her so much power that when a member of the group went against Ayn, she was able to verbally demolish and destroy him or her. Often, she compelled members of the collective to submit to psychological counseling (carried out by Nathaniel Branden) to

correct the deep problems which, Ayn felt, must be behind any divergence from her doctrines.

An example of this kind of destruction can be found in Ayn's relationship with the author Barbara Branden. Barbara was an avid advocate of Ayn's philosophy and a close friend. Ayn had a tremendous amount of influence on and power over Barbara. Ayn was even able to convince Barbara that she should allow an affair between her husband, Nathaniel, and Ayn, based, so Ayn claimed, on the principles of reason. Barbara agreed to the affair even though it cost her great emotional trauma and eventually led to severe depression. Slowly, Barbara realized that she and Nathaniel were active members in a type of cult. Ayn presented and insisted that the "collective" take positions on issues they did not completely understand. Her actions precipitated many of the results which are typical of cults. She succeeded in turning friends against each other and violently splitting family members apart from one another (Branden 352). Nathaniel and Barbara began to see issues differently from Ayn, and because of their faltering loyalty, she ostracized them from the collective. Members of the collective, their friends, and even members of their families refused to deal with them or discuss the reasoning behind their actions. Ayn publicly denounced Barbara and Nathaniel and did everything in her power to ruin their reputations and tarnish their achievements.

Ayn preached individualism yet demanded unquestioning loyalty; Ayn spoke of rationality but would not listen to a logical opinion if it were different from her own. Because of this demand, Ayn Rand's utopia failed. Once it was a growing, important force in our nation; now, it's a part of history.

There were, of course, directly practical considerations in the breakup of the Objectivist Empire: no other organizer with Nathaniel Branden's ability came forward, and Ayn Rand was reluctant to trust anyone else with the kind of power Nathaniel had wielded; but, ultimately, the movement failed because it had become a personality cult instead of the voice of reason which its own philosophy advocated.

MYTH*

A myth--I said,
"I don't believe in you--
I give you no fire to exist."
For an image needs power to be created,
And my mind is what gives the gift.

No harm nor good
Can come to me--
If I say it has no worth.
The mind can only be programmed
What it is fed,
I control what becomes my truth.

So if I allow
Myself to believe--
Subconscious will say it is real,
For I have brought it to life in my mind,
Haunting--forever real.

*First place winner 1988-'89 Annie Atkin Tanner
Poetry Competition

THE EYE

The night was wet with anger,
The sounds so lovely gone--
The words rang to the ceiling
And fell upon the floor.
The day was bright, but now it's dark,
The night has come to be;
There is no sound upon the walls
That ring back silently.
Two winds blew slow,
But now they're fast
And blew straight to the eye--
The eye is linked into the soul,
Upon it who should die?

THAT SMILE

Someone's coming. Rover's warning bark from his post at the corner of the block is of no consequence. I caught wind of the scent two minutes ago. A quick glance down the sidewalk confirms what my nose already suspected. Two similarly dressed humans are moving up my side of the street. Heh! I spent a sizeable portion of last night chewing through the rope Master tied around my neck in hopes of ripping a generous chunk out of the Mailman's trousers. But, these two will do just as well.

It's been at least six months since a pair of humans, looking like these two, walked through this block. Perhaps my reputation has preceded me. I gave the last pair of "twins" quite a scare. Oh, how I wanted to sink my teeth into the calf of that pudgy one! The thready taste of his tweedy suit wouldn't have bothered me at all, if my jaws could have wiped that goofy smile off his face.

I hate that type of smile! When I see the pure, unadulterated fear in the eyes of a human, I love to lunge out at him (fangs bared and gleaming white, jowls salivating, irises red daggers of hate) just to see if he can keep from wetting himself. I would even go so far as to sink my fangs into his flesh if the chain didn't hold me at bay. Once the loathsome contraption jerks me back from my prey, the sickening smile appears!

Rusty old chain snapped like a twig yesterday. The silly piece of twine Master tied me to frayed when I leapt at the Mailman this morning. A navy blue, polyester trophy would have been a crowning achievement! However, the look on the old boy's face was priceless. These two aren't going to be as lucky.

Ah, here they come now. They just tried widow McCracken's door, and she sent them packing. They don't look familiar to me at all. One is tall and lanky. His blond hair is brushed in a wave toward his right temple, his eyes are a cheery green, and he's bouncing a leather tote happily off his thigh. The fact that McCracken called him and his partner: "Pollygammists" (or something like that) seems to have no outward effect on his mood.

Number two is short, but quite nicely proportioned (for a human). His brown eyes are sad, and he's glaring at his feet as though they've grown twenty sizes in three seconds. Obviously, he took McCracken more seriously.

"Come off it, Elder Childress," Blondy consoles, "we all have days like this."

"Then why has my 'day' lasted for seventy-two hours?" Shorty quips. Self pity is oozing from his pores. I grin. His "day" hasn't even begun!

"Can the 'woe is me' routine," Blondy says playfully. "Besides, it isn't every day you get called a polygamist by a contact. That is definitely going into my journal."

"How can you make light of that?" Shorty snaps. "No sense worrying myself into a frazzle over it," Blondy replies. "If I started taking comments like that seriously, I'd end up looking like you do right now."

Shorty is about to rebut Blondy's statement as he reaches the front gate to my yard, but forgets what he was going to say as soon as he rests his hand upon the wood. At that moment, I jump up (with my hackles rising) and cut loose with a deep, guttural growl.

Words stick tight in Shorty's throat. "I'm not going in there," he squeaks.

"Cut it out, man," Blondy mutters as he waves his hand toward the base of my tree. "Look at that rope. This dog is tied good and fast."

Shorty looks skeptically at Blondy, but Blondy ignores Shorty and begins to open the gate. In the meantime, I decide to sweeten the pot in this game without tipping my hand. Bunching back on my hind legs, I lunge forward (growling again and flashing some teeth) only to stop myself midway, yip sharply, and fall back into my previous position. Any twit who says that dogs can't act has never met me!

My ploy works to perfection! Shorty calms down slightly and falls into step behind his comrade. Squinting my eyes, I glare at the intruders as they walk past my tree and step up to the porch. Another vicious snarl makes Shorty whip his head around in my direction.

"Mellow out," Blondy whispers as he knocks on the door. There's no answer. Of course, I knew there wouldn't be. Master dropped down into the bowels of his beat-up, green Pinto and roared away to the Drinking Place fifteen minutes ago.

"No answer," Blondy groans after knocking again.

"Good," Shorty says quickly, "let's get out of here." He glances at me nervously, and I bark at him for dramatic effect.

"Will you chill out!" Blondy exclaims. "There is nothing this dog can do to hurt us. Come here and I'll show you." Grabbing Shorty by the arm, Blondy drags him toward my tree. My teeth are aching, but I hold myself in check and begin to bark wildly.

"What are you doing?" Shorty screams. "Have you lost your mind?"

"This dog is tied up!" Blondy retorts. "Observe!" In a flash of feigned courage, Blondy straightens his shoulders, glowers down at me, and forcefully commands: "SHUT YOUR MOUTH!"

My mouth shuts as I fall back passively upon my haunches and stare dumbly up at the towering cretin. "You see," Blondy says with a smile, "mind over mutt."

That smile! If I have been waiting for a signal or sign, it has just been manifested!

"Let's go," Shorty stammers as Blondy turns away from me.

No holding back now! Snarling, I vault headlong toward my intended victims.

"Elder Gilbert," Shorty sharply cries, "I thought you said this dog was tied up!"

If I could, I would be laughing loudly as I prepare to rip and tear. I wonder what Swedish-knit suits taste like?

Sarah Montes

NICKS' STICK

I dreamt I was a child again;
My pen became the stick,
As I played in the garden
With my playmate Nicks.
"Where shall we go today," he said;
"Step inside the line."
Off to a magical carnival,
He put dreams in my mind.
He said, "Just draw a picture
With circles and with squares,
But never step outside the lines."
His rule seemed to be fair.
At night when Nicks was sleeping,
My mind would cleverly draw;
I learned about a power
That Nicks never saw.
Sometimes I'd hide from him
In a maze of stars,
Always to a further realm--
Nicks never knew I'd gone so far.
Sometimes when he wasn't watching,
I'd step outside the lines;
Nothing ever happened--
Silly Nicks had lied.
One day Nicks and I were playing,
I always held the stick--
I hid beyond the circle--
He'd think an innocent trick.
Nicks could not find me;
He panicked and cursed my name--
I threw the stick--it burnt him,
And I had won the game.



THE SEPARATION

I awoke to the loudness of my alarm clock. I sleepily looked at the time as I lazily pulled myself out of my warm, comforting bed. I dragged my feet down the hall into the kitchen. The table was bare. I was suddenly confused at the empty sight. This was the first time in my twelve years the breakfast table hadn't been set for breakfast; the first time I hadn't smelt an appealing fragrance encircling the kitchen.

I ran to my parents' room, suddenly feeling wide awake. Something had to be wrong. I opened the door and there she was. My mother was in bed asleep. This was all wrong! My mother was always awake before I was. She always had breakfast ready for dad and me. I walked over to her and looked down into her face. She opened her eyes and gazed up at me. She didn't look sick, and she didn't look glad to see me. She turned her head to stare blankly at the ceiling.

I glanced over at the connecting bathroom. My dad was standing in the doorway looking at me. He looked ashamed. I couldn't begin to understand what he would ever be ashamed of. My dad was a great guy. He did everything perfectly. I was so confused. They had always greeted me with a warm smile. Now there was nothing.

I couldn't stand the silence any longer. It was beginning to strangle me. "What's the problem? Where's breakfast, Mom?" My mother turned on her side and stared at a picture of her and my father holding hands and laughing together. My father noticed what held her gaze and quickly walked over to the night stand; with a shaky hand he picked up the picture and placed it face down on the bureau. As the picture was folded down, a tear ran out of the corner of my mother's eye. She quickly brushed it away as she picked herself up and put her robe on. My mother looked at me, a smile replacing her sullen look, as she finally answered my question, "Nothing's wrong, Tim. I'll hurry and start breakfast . . ."

She wasn't able to finish her sentence before my father strolled up to her and yelled, "Don't tell him nothing's wrong, when everything's wrong! Why don't you stop lying for once in your life?" I'd never heard my father yell like that. It scared me. I wished I had never awakened this morning. I wanted to crawl back to my bed and forget everything I had seen. But I couldn't run away from this; I had to know what was going on.

I looked at my father; my eyes were pleading with him to tell me everything was fine. But he didn't. Instead he asked, "Tim, would you please come sit down for a minute?" I sat down on the soft bed. My father sat down next to me. He motioned for

my mother to sit down also. My mother sat down, but held her hands over her eyes as she supported her head. I saw a tear drop onto her robe. The tears kept falling, one after another. I wanted to get away.

My dad drew my attention away from my mom; "Your mother and I need to talk to you about something we've been putting off for a long time," he paused, looking doubtfully at the floor. Then he stood and began to pace around the small room. "We've decided that we need to get away from each other," I felt my heart begin to beat faster. I looked at my mother, pleading with God she would somehow explain this to me. I felt so confused; my father's hand was running nervously through his hair. It was the first time I had ever seen him this way. My dad continued, "It will just be for a little while. We're going to see how it goes. We may get back together after awhile, or . . . we may not."

I couldn't believe this. My dad, my hero, was leaving my mom and me. I wanted to get away. I glanced at the clock; it was the time I usually got dressed for school. I stood up and walked to the doorway leading to the kitchen. I turned around and looked back at both my mom and dad. My mother, now looking at me, had tears streaming down her face. I realized how beautiful she was. I wondered what it was my father didn't like about her. Maybe it was me he didn't like. Maybe I had never been good enough for him. I looked at my father, searching for an answer. He looked away, trying desperately to find something else to hold his gaze. He didn't, and his gaze slowly returned to mine. He was everything. I tried to smile at him, but I couldn't.

For the first time in my life I was disappointed with my father. He was leaving me. I felt my eyes begin to sting, and I quickly turned to walk away. My mother scurried to her feet, stretching out her hand to me, "Tim, please don't . . ." I turned back around and gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm going to get dressed for school. I guess I'll see you later?" I asked, looking at my father with hope in my eyes. He didn't say anything. Then he shook his head from side to side.

I couldn't believe this. It was all true then. The tears that were stinging my eyes slowly slid down my cheeks. I stared at the floor. I felt so ashamed; I had never cried in front of my father. I glanced up at my father's face and saw tears streaming from his eyes.

I spun back around and walked down the hall toward the quiet, empty kitchen. I looked at the clean table, tears fell from my eyes; again, I wished for things to be the way they used to be. But now there was nothing. I could hear my father's sobs as

he said, "I'm so sorry, Tim. I'm so sorry if I disappointed you." I wiped my wet cheeks dry, and covered my eyes with wet hands, trying to block out the sounds that disturbed me. I walked to my bedroom, closed the door, and dressed for school.

Liz Watson

BANDS OF WIRE

It comes slowly, so as not to wake me,
For if I knew, and awakened I would shout
And send it crawling.

Like invisible bands of wire,
It inches across my wrists,
Snugging me down immobile.

Shovels, too quiet for my ears,
Fill my legs with wet sand--
Movement is sludge.

Tiny hands, a ghost, the devil
Wrap the grey suffocating cloth
Around my eyes,

Stuff my ears and mouth with clay,
Spraying a coat of numb
Over my skin to harden.

And then, slicing open my stomach,
My soul,
The caring machine,
Is ripped out.

Dora Wymer

ROPES*

(Depression Therapy)

Maybe I was depressed,
But I wasn't blind;
All the others were blind--
Groping for truth,
Unable to see that
The questions were
Really answers,
Clinging to nothingness--
A nebula
Dressed in their dismal clothes,
One just like another--
All gray.
They hooked ropes to me and
Made me climb a shaky ladder
Up an old tree
To find my suppressed emotions,
Stripped away my camouflage and
Left me standing naked
Out on a limb.
But it didn't matter--
They were all blind
Anyway, remember?
They couldn't see me cry,
Wishing I could fly from
That high branch to
Some far mountain,
Higher, safer . . .
Then the spears came
Hissing past my head,
Barely missing;
So close they burned my face.
I'd have to jump--
(Not to get down, oh no,
I liked the tree's hard arms
Beneath, around me,
Keeping me above the
Cold uncaring--
But, to escape the spears
Before one pierced my soul.)
And so, I hurled my life
Upon that cloud . . .
What arms are these,
Have caught, cradled,
Held me,
Warmed me?
Whose voices sing to me?
My eyes half-opened see
No longer gray,
But rainbows
With sunshine streaming through,
Splashing soft pastels
On a water-colored world.

*Second place winner 1988-'89 Annie Atkin
Tanner Poetry Competition

FOR THE GOOD OF ...

Dawn breaks with an unnatural brilliance that stings my eyes. A moan escapes my throat as I cover my face to allow myself time to adjust from the effects of the darkness. My vision is still blurred when I finally feel comfortable enough to gaze about my new surroundings, but it will soon recover completely.

The most immediate things to come into focus are the bars. I didn't notice them when I was first flung into this cage (of course, when my head smacked against the far wall, I was rendered unconscious, and one can't take stock of one's predicament while knocked out). The bars are thick and made of a substance that I could not bend even if I were liberally endowed with muscles. They are spaced far enough apart for me to look beyond them into the room of which my cell seems to be only a small part.

Across a wide corridor stands an identical cage. Inside of it is another poor wretch very much like myself. He, however, is scrunched tightly into a ball and seems to be trying to push himself through the brick wall at the end of his cage. Odds are that he's been there for quite a long time. I'm afraid to ask him how long. The reply might be more than I can bear.

Glances around the rest of the room prove to me that it is full of nothing but cages. Most of them are occupied by at least one pitiful creature; some have more than one. It doesn't take me long to realize that my situation is bleak. A sigh hisses from between my teeth as I lie back down on the concrete floor. How did I ever get myself into this mess? I've always been so careful before. I guess excessive hunger dulled my mind and slowed my reflexes. I don't know how else to explain my capture.

I've lived in the alleys of the city for so long that I've completely lost track of time. The years have all run together. I've become so good at stealing food, evading apprehension, causing mischief, and cozying up with the females that it has become second nature to me. But after a week of bad luck in the food category, my stomach overpowered my street smarts. At any other time, I would have known that I could never have snuck that steak out of the meat market. The dull pain in my gut told me otherwise. Now, I am here.

Dim thoughts of nearly impossible escape begin to trickle into my mind, but are interrupted when the steel entrance to the room flies outward and clangs loudly against the bars of one of the first cages. Through the opening come five "Catchers" dragging a kicking and screaming female in behind them.

I marvel at the sight. The Catchers (and the rest of their species as well) are slightly smaller than I and my fellows. It seems impossible that they are able to push us around, but they do. It is sad, but most of my kind place themselves in the service of the Catchers and their kind. It is not unusual to see a member of my race catering to every wish of his master and hear him claim to enjoy it. I used to proclaim to my shackled brethren that they were meant to be free like I was. But I see now that my statement was an illusion. I had to plan all the moves I made in order to avoid capture. I was no more free on the outside than I am in this cage.

My reverie is broken by the struggling of the female. She is putting up quite a fight. I am slightly surprised by her resistance, but a second appraisal of her explains her ferocity. She is pregnant. A groan rumbles deep within my throat. A pregnant female in a place like this is ear-marked for death.

The Catchers are beginning to bark their disgust at her. Their language sounds harsh and is difficult to understand, but after being around their kind for as long as I have, I am able to decipher their words (although I do not understand them all).

"Can't one of you stop her from squirming?"

"Feisty one, isn't she?"

"She's pregnant! Why won't owners get their animals fixed!"

"Easier to dump them off here. Cheaper too."

"Can the chatter! Open that cage so we can get rid of her!"

With that, the door to the cage next to me is opened and the female is pushed inside. Her thrashing keeps her from meeting the same fate as I, but the result is the same. A loud clang heralds the loss of her fight and renders her leap toward the door useless.

The Catchers are gone in an instant. A cloying silence rests upon the room as all eyes turn toward the newest occupant of the prison. A wail forces its way out from the female and echoes hideously along the walls. I move to the bars which border my cage and hers and attempt to offer her a weak slice of comfort. She glares at me through strands of dirty blond hair with eyes that look blasted as a desert. She knows the fate which will eventually claim her. No comfort of mine will save the wound inflicted upon her by one like myself. As she draws deep within herself, I turn shamefacedly away and wonder how many females I have condemned by my own actions. The thought makes me ill.

Desperately needing to divert my attention from the female, I begin to pace my cell. But as my mind begins to slip into a paralysis of perception, the entrance to the room opens once again and vomits two more Catchers into the corridor. One of the

Catchers is more neatly dressed than his counterpart, is smaller in stature, and looks quite arrogant. The larger one looks terribly nervous.

"Dr. Terry," the larger one yaps as they enter, "I really must protest this entire operation. If the activists knew you were here ..."

"They'd be beating down your doors and burning you in effigy, I'm sure," Terry sniffs. "Good excuses as far as you are concerned, Shepherd, but not convincing enough to stop me. You've been crying to me about bleeding hearts from the moment my office contacted you, but have failed to produce a good reason as to why I should not use any of your animals."

"But, Dr. Terry," Shepherd whines, "you've got to understand. These protests are becoming more vocal all the time! If word was to leak that I gave you animals to use in experiments, I ..."

"Stop sniveling!" Terry growls. "I have assured you, as I have assured your superiors, that this incident will remain in the strictest of confidences. Must I be forced to report your insubordinate behavior to your superiors?"

"No," Shepherd whimpers. "Call in your men."

Terry grins savagely and barks out orders. Soon, a large group of Catchers are amassed in the corridor. "Very well," Terry snaps. "Let us proceed."

With this command, Terry and his lackeys begin to slowly move from cage to cage. Each occupant is eyed scrupulously by Terry, but is rejected by an unvoiced criteria. His eyes begin to gleam when he first notices the female next to me, but dull upon noticing her impending maternity. I find myself inadvertently backing away from the cage door as Terry approaches my cell. The lost gleam in his face quickly returns. "This one," he says, pointing at me. "Yes, he is perfect!"

"We picked him up yesterday," Shepherd supplies helpfully. "Caught him after he tried to rob a local meat market. He has no tags."

"Excellent," Terry replies as he nods to his band and bids Shepherd to unlock the door.

I crouch down and bunch my leg muscles beneath me as Shepherd turns the key. When the door opens and the Catchers begin to enter my cage, I spring toward the opening in an attempt to regain my freedom (or, at least, the illusion of it). The Catchers are caught off guard and disoriented as I slam into them. Somehow, they are able to recover their wits enough to subdue me. I flail about wildly, but am pinned to the cold floor of my cell.

Terry hovers over me and smiles at my complete helplessness. With a deft movement, he produces an evil looking hypodermic and slowly compresses the plunger to expel excess air bubbles from the liquid it contains.

"A valiant effort," he growls fatally as he bends toward me, "but doomed from its conception. I am on the cutting edge of experiments I've been perfecting for years and I need you to test the results.

Feel proud. You will be a participant in an event that may be for the good of all ..."

His words are lost to my ears as a scream, produced from the pain and shock the needle inflicts as it pierces my skin, rips its way out of my lungs. A burning sensation races down my arm and across my chest as the foreign substance within the hypodermic enters my body. Terry's grin smears into a spectre as the fire overtakes me.



Ace G. Pilkington

SPERM WHALE SONG*

The gold foil of ocean roils below the sun,
 As breath flows upward in its own bright plumage;
 The tail slaps surface before the hunting plunge
 To darks too deep for eyes. Here sonar language
 Is voice and vision; only a viridian after-image
 Marks luminous layers, their long intricacies of green
 In a restless susurrus like leaves. The voyage
 Reaches a place of ghostly flares, where squid sweep
 By on jets while whales make their phosphorescent meals.

Dawn spills down the sea, dims the circular moon,
 Then drowns that weaker shine within its own.
 The gunner pulls the cover from his gun--soon
 He will shoot; the whale's full breath is just blown,
 The spume falls away to calm as the cannon sows
 A harpoon, a growth from the hump that explodes
 In blood upward, a fountain feeding gulls strewn
 Like a necklace set in grey silver, water's stone
 Colour as the ship slips off to stop the next tune.

*Originally published in *Prospice* 24

Stephanie Chidester

THE BELL JAR

The twisted glass chamber slowly descends,
Contorting my vision like a convex lens.
People peer in--their eyes burn unkind--
And the jar falls further over my mind.
The air all around is silent and stale--
It's suffocation in a lukewarm hell.

Sight seems no longer distorted and queer;
The pictures, though ugly, are suddenly clear,
Sympathetic expressions now seem to leer,
And rescue has become a thing to fear.
Cold hands and noses press against glass;
Their thorn-filled eyes grow limbs that hold fast.
The crowd becomes stronger, the walls close in,
Noise enters, and the light grows dim.
They press and squeeze with fearsome force
Until terror screams with a voice grown hoarse.

Then, at last,
Comes the Bell Jar's collapse.

Doug Tolley

Conform! Conform!

Not everyone fits into the restrictive conformity that society often demands of its "normal" members. Many people feel like outcasts among those that they should feel the most at home with. From the Pink Floyd album *The Wall*, in a song entitled "In the Flesh," we read the following lyric,

"So ya
Thought ya
Might like to
Go to the show
To feel the warm thrill of confusion
That space cadet glow
I've got some bad news for you sunshine
Pink isn't well he stayed back at the hotel
And they sent us along as a surrogate band
And we're going to find out where you fans
Really stand
Are there any queers in the theatre tonight
Get 'em up against the wall
There's one in the spotlight
He don't look right to me
Get him up against the wall
That one looks Jewish
And that one's a coon
Who let all this riffraff into the room
There's one smoking a joint and
Another with spots
If I had my way
I'd have all of you shot."

The wall symbolizes many things in the album's lyrics. Here it seems to represent the cold, lonely barrier that we erect around those who don't seem "quite right" to us. In this particular song, the wall also refers to a wall against which a social firing squad discharges its destructive weapons. In the film *The Wall*, the song "In the Flesh" is performed by a Hitler-like character at a massive rally, while his Gestapo remove all those singled out from the audience and forcefully throw them against The Wall. This Nazi attitude seems very offensive to almost anyone who watches the film. However, all too often, we are guilty of nearly that same offensive bigotry.

An interesting and very realistic example of this sort of supremacist attitude can be found in the 1987 Apollo Pictures release *Can't Buy Me Love*. The central character, Ronald Miller, is a stereotypical nerd. He is a 4.0 student who hangs out with all the "social mutants." He spends a lot of his time at

the library and avoids confrontations with those who are in the "cool" group; he even takes a longer route to class every day to avoid the cool hallway. If he even thinks of dating one of the girls in the cool group, he would probably have to have his glasses surgically removed from his face. The cliques at this typical high-school are set, and nobody dares to break through this social barrier. This screen portrayal is a relatively accurate description of the average American high-school. The barriers are there, and they are very real. Although the Hitler mentality described in "In the Flesh" is not openly tolerated in our society, the same type of conformity is the required way of life in most high schools. The underlying principles of both attitudes are very much the same. Obviously, we are all living a gross contradiction.

If we recognize the error of these attitudes, then why are many of us followers of society rather than leaders of a better way? Often, it is an inherent, long-standing tradition that seems to prevent change. A good example of this can be found in the short story "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson. This intense story shows the danger of blindly following the conventions of society. Every year, on June 27th, the entire town assembles for the Lottery. Each member of the town must be there in person, or send someone to stand in for him. The family names are called off alphabetically, and the patriarch must come forth and draw a slip of paper from the ceremonial black box. The family which draws the paper with the black dot has been selected for the Lottery. The box is refilled with a paper for each member of that family, one paper again having a black dot. The family member who draws the black dot is stoned by the entire village. Even the young children participate in this brutal ritual.

Not surprisingly, some members of the town--although they participate in the stoning--question the reason for the Lottery. One man even points out that other towns have done away with the Lottery altogether. In answer to this, Old Man Warner answers,

"Pack of crazy fools, listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work anymore, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'lottery in June, corn be heavy soon'. There's always been a lottery."

This is Old Man Warner's seventy-ninth Lottery. No wonder he cannot understand change. He did not know any other way, nor could he see the value

of a change. The Lottery seems to have a religious reason for its institution, possibly a sacrifice to the gods in exchange for healthy crops. How can an entire village blindly follow this tradition without question? Viewed as progress, the lottery was a giant step backwards socially, and nobody seemed to be concerned.

We are not free of this type of blind following. Look at the world of religion, where a majority of people are rigidly following certain minority points of view. Many in the majority do not even know what they believe. However, when challenged about their beliefs, they quickly become quite adamant about the truth of their viewpoint. In fact, some of those who profess to be the most religious seem to base their entire belief on the supposed false faith of others. These people see differing views as evil and seek desperately to destroy anything that does not agree with their views. Are not these people as guilty as those who just as blindly followed tradition and stoned someone for tradition's sake? Shirley Jackson makes a valid point which can be applied to our society in a variety of ways.

Does anyone ever break out of the societal bondage? The popular movie *Footloose* (for which Dean Pitchford wrote the screenplay) gives an example of a group of people who do emerge from the darkness of conformity. Once again, it is a religious structure that puts the shackles on society. There exists in this small town a law against dancing. In the opening scene, the town's minister delivers a sermon that capsulizes the attitude of the majority of the town:

"And He is testing us. Every day our Lord's testing us. If he wasn't testing us, how do you account for the sorry state of our society, for the crimes that plague the big cities of this country, when He could sweep this pestilence from the earth with one mighty gesture of His hand. How would you account for the proliferation these days of this obscene rock and roll music with its gospel of easy sexuality. If our Lord wasn't testing us, He could take all of these pornographic books and albums and turn them into one big fiery cinder. But how would that make us stronger for Him?"

Once again, blind conformity holds the entire town in darkness. Ren McCormack, the new kid in town, succeeds in bringing about a change after the Reverend Shaw Moore sees that the evil of society is within its citizens, not within books or music. In this example, the evil of conformity is eradicated. In many real life situations it is not.

For example, in the movie *Footloose*, there is a scene in which the town's leaders are at the library burning the "evil" books. This seemed a bit humorous to me at the time. In 1985, I was a freshman at Dixie College. For my human anatomy course, I was required to use the reference books at the library for some research. There is a particular anatomy book that is very excellent, complete with color pictures and quality drawings. However, some of the library personnel viewed this book as por-

nographic and defaced it by carefully cutting out every picture of the female anatomy. I was surprised that a \$150 to \$200 dollar book would be so unnecessarily destroyed. I blame this on conformity to the viewpoint that the body should be covered or it is improper. I am not advocating free nudity, I just think that some beliefs--whether religiously based or not--are followed by many of us without conscious thought.

Conformity to old thoughts and traditions weakens society. Conformity can come in many forms. It can be intolerance of others because they look or act different. It can be religiously based. It can come as a result of peer pressure. It can come from steeped-in traditions. Whatever the cause, our blind following of what everyone else is doing limits our personal growth and therefore the progress of society. We must break free of the restrictive chains that shackle us in darkness. We will find only the light of progress when we decide to be ourselves and allow everyone else that same right. Only when we break down "The Wall" and find, as the Pink Floyd song "Outside the Wall" reminds us,

"All alone, or in twos
The ones who really love you
Walk up and down outside the wall
Some hand in hand
Some gathering together in bands
The bleeding hearts and the artists
Make their stand
And when they've given you their all
Some stagger and fall; after all its not easy ..."

It isn't easy to break free of conformity, but it is possible.

Chris Metcalfe

CHOCOHOLIC

Hypnotized by the rich frosting
Of the devil's food advocate, I
Fancy seeing a sluice of syrup
Cascading into a river of cocoa
As wide as Willie Wonka's.
Miners swing their picks into a
Dark vein of brown gold and cut away
Chips as big as my fist
And bars as long as my arm.
Chocolate mousse and Easter bunnies
Frolic under fudge trees and
Race down Rocky Roads, while the
Farmer squeezes his morning supply
Of chocolate milk from his Jersey cow.
Valentine candies play football with
M & M's and refresh themselves
With mocha malts.
They look so happy and content.
I think I'll join them.

Stephanie Young

SONNET (CONFUSION BY COFFEE)

Ears closed with eyes open, inhaling deep
The stench of whispered conversations. Sounds
Uttered low, secrets meant for me to keep
(Strange how sometimes this idea astounds).
Hidden inside my conscious mind, flavours
Of a time which has slowly passed beyond
My ability to reason. Now (or
Later, perhaps) a reason will be found
To balance the insane with the sane. I
Understand that could be impossible
As this incredible confusion by
Caffeine grows till I become unable
To think. I stand, stretch, my body wired.
Ten cups of coffee and I am still tired.



Chris Metcalfe

REFLECTION

Rain smell tingles the air.
 Soft wind tickles spring leaves
 And pushes roiling clouds toward a new destination.
 Water mirror glistens on the damp sidewalk.
 My feet touch the fluid's edge
 As I stop and stare down at my reflection.
 Smiling, I adjust my hair, and then pause.
 Is this picture really me,
 Or only a liquid imagery?

Stephanie Chidester

OPHELIA'S REFLECTION

My river image mocks as I walk beside the bank,
 A mimicry of madness betrayed in my portrayal,
 Making fluid the anguish awash in my mistakes.
 The flowers dangle limpid then slip, falling free,
 As my water whisper calls me from Endymion's dream
 Down through the moon to a dragon's black sleep.

FOR MY YOUNGEST SISTER

Don't unzip
The bunting,
Clutch tight to
Your doll;
Repudiate
Grandfather,
Keep bouncing
The ball--
Don't swing
Too long
On his gold
Pendulum.
It's direful
Small bairn
What you may
Become;
Skip rope
Forever:
Hold onto
Your slate,
Practice till perfect
The zero
And eight.
Don't reach for
His hands--
He'll pull
You around
Into wrinkles,
Disguised
Under tick
Tocking sounds.
Stay in mom's
Shadow;
Hold onto
Her strings--
Never outgrow
Your baby
Bunting.

CROSSING STYX

He waits again this winter night;
Pounding fear grows from blackened seed buried,
Laughing skeleton trees, like standing statues
Wearing seasonal crystal coats, offer small pity or
sorrow.
Damp leather leaves cover the ground, but still
--crack--
That unexpected sound.
He had planned a respectful farewell for one love
gone,
But in such a shattered state, he lost the silver
coin.
Immortality must pay the greedy river guard
An hour's allowance, but expensive is the fare.
To forget is worse than death--a fatal sin,
When he alive, alone and tired must welcome
His undead, smiling monster friend--back again.

GIRL WATCHING

It was late summer and the first twinges of gold
were creeping into the glorious show of greenery in
the park. The rustles of autumn breezes were
gradually replacing the gentle swish of the summer's
west winds.

Brothers Chad and Chance Parker met every
Thursday in the park. Today they were commenting
on the pack of girls who had gathered there to take
advantage of the last of the summer warmth.
"Just look at all that bare skin--lovely golden brown
arms and shoulders everywhere," commented Chad,
looking around in enjoyment.

"Never mind that--look at the legs on that one
over there." Chance scanned a tall blonde sitting on
the grass on the other side of the park.

They both arched their necks to get a better look.
The very pretty girl was now lying full length on
the grass. She was wearing an extremely short, white
mini-skirt.

"I thought you were off blondes this week."

"A boy can change his mind, can't he?"

"You've still got your eye on the waitress in the
coffee shop haven't you, even though she tried to
short change you last week?"

"I don't want to discuss her," Chance replied with
an air of simulated discretion. The brothers grinned
cheekily at each other.

"Anyway," Chance continued, "What about this
couple of lovelies walking toward us now; they look
as if they've just had their hair done. They're quite
pretty, aren't they?"

"Pretty? They're a couple of real smashers.
Especially the tall one," Chad enthused.

"Hmmm, the other one's not so bad either,"
Chance added.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" Chance
filled his chest with imaginary muscles. "I'm going
to ask that tall one to come home with me."

"Don't be silly," said his brother, "She looks a bit
stern, don't you think?"

"Oh no, I reckon she's got a heart of gold
underneath."

"She'd need one," Chad muttered under his breath.
"What odds do you give me on the other one? She
looks the cuddly type to me."

"Shhh," Chance said, grinning, "They're almost
here--they'll hear us."

The two females slowed down and stopped walk-
ing when they arrived at the seat where Chad and
Chance sat.

"And what do you two old men think you're
grinning at, sitting there like a couple of teenagers?"
the taller one asked.

"Come on then," she urged, her stern voice
relaxing to a more mellow tone.

Chad and Chance Parker rose stiffly to their feet,
grasping their walking canes for support. The
plumpish lady took hold of her husband's arm, while
Chance's tall wife caught hold of his.

"Come on then, old timers, let's go and collect our
Social Security," said Mrs. Chad Parker, "Then how
about stopping on the way home at that lovely coffee
shop?"

And Chad Parker gave his brother a huge wink.

Marni Winkel

PLEIADES

They are the daughters
Of Atlas,
And they ride on Taurus'
Main.
Seven Sisters
They call them,
Yet one cannot
Be seen:
Orion gave seven
Refuge
From the world
Up in the night,
Yet only six stars
Twinkle--
Where is
The seventh light?
I am
The Lost Pleiad,
My aura dimmed
By time,
And I fear that
The clock will rob
My sisters of their
Shine.
I call to all the gods
And plead
To stop time's way
That they may
Remain
Forever bright
And animate
On the back
Of Taurus'
Main.

Ace G. Pilkington

SCIENTIST KILLED BY A UNICORN IN 1921*

There was a marmoreal stolidity about him,
A museum chill to his name, Doctor William Sampson.
He banished the supernatural with a clap of the hand
On the lacquer of his desk, almost Chinese in its depth.
Black hairs twined on the width of that wrist
While the fingers' ends made pools to be damp in.
"Dragons aren't real: with their fire and thunder,
Leather wings flapping like sails in gusts from the moon.
Vampires are fake: undertakers in mid-Victorian suits
With teeth and manners sharper than glass but smoother,
Till they pass suddenly to dust as small and silver
As the backs of the mirrors in which they could never be seen.
No ghosts either, mist ribbons tying the night to dreams.
We set those old aches decently down below ground.
Did you think that bones seethed in the water of winter
To steam up spirits like flicker-sick phosphor?"
He died pruning trees at the last of December
When summer seems buried in the past forever
And the birds have worn sound flute-thin on the wind.
In the cold orchard the horn went through him,
Coming away oddly without any blood.
He said, laughing in the collapse of all his own facts,
"The mouth's a well of silence, the road a field of stones."
Around him the lopped stumps prickled with a foretaste of sap,
With branching and burning, as green wood grows from ash.

*Originally published in *Poetry Wales*, Vol. 23, No. 4



MISS EIGHT

She was born and then she died. I guess eight years is a long time to live if you are forty-eight, but not just plain eight. Plain eight is not long at all.

She had curly red hair that fluffed around her face. On the box-and-the-body-and-sick-smell-of-flowers day her hair still fluffed, but not around the same face as before. This face was too white and full of shadows. As if someone had melted hopscotch chalk and smoothed it on her face.

She wore a dress that screamed death. The fibers and buttons and flecks of printed flowers seemed to chant "not usually worn by the living." Her arms jutted out of the lacy armholes and rested heavy, bluish, horrid shadows on the white, satin-lined box.

Sitting in the pews were puckered faces of women waiting. Tears spilling out of their hollow eyes and onto the hardwood floor made rivulets and patterns that carved through dust. Whispers of "murder" echoed thumpingly around the room. They waited.

Silently the fourth grade class shuffled by. Little boys glanced into the box and blinked once, twice, and then walked on. The girls floated in clusters, black shiny shoes clicking sharply as they skirted the box, and sleepily slapped at the tears dripping from their chins. Choking silence, the drug of death, slipped in through the children's noses and clogged their mouths. They now knew that death could happen to someone eight, to them even, and young minds joined death and eight forever. They all sat on the front row and looked down, swinging their feet. Comparing ages with their eyes. Execution order.

Eight years is a long time if you're forty-eight, but not just plain eight; it's not long at all.

Stephanie Chidester

EMPUSAE AND NOSFERATU

At last the encounter of lecher and vamp;
A daughter of Hecate has met the young Count.
Two blood lusting incubae, yearning for death,
Unite in a quest to be free of thirst's net.
With dark emerald eyes they entice and entrap
In a double seduction of demonic consent.
When the long savage teeth are finally unsheathed,
They bite quick, drink deep,
And then slide past sleep,
Forever to lie in a red poisoned web,
Never to wake from that blood bright embrace.

CHILD OF LETHE

The small, sleepy boy released a heavy sigh and pulled the warm covers more closely around him. He was safe in bed now. This was his favorite place to be - the best place in the whole world. Nothing could hurt him when the blankets were pulled over his head. That big, dangerous world out there was only an illusion, and reality was the softness of his pillow, the weight of the heavy quilts his mother had knitted pushing down on him. They held his tiny body while his mind slowly drifted off into the never-ending expanse of his own creative, dream-time universe.

His visions were pleasant at first. Mounted on the back of a swift, white winged stallion, he soared high above a green, forested countryside, crying wildly with glee as the world moved swiftly beneath him. All was free, all was happiness.

Suddenly, the steed made a quick, surprise dive toward the earth. The boy would have fallen from its bare back had he not had his hands firmly wrapped in its long mane.

Moments before impact, the magical creature halted its descent and charged forward at a frenzied pace, galloping a few yards above the Earth's surface. Madly it darted between trees and over farmhouses. The boy urged the mythical beast on, faster and faster until the entire world, passing by on all sides, was nothing but a swift blur of motion. Nothing could possibly move so fast and with such sureness.

Then something unexpected began to happen. The fine horse was changing shape, changing form. Its thick coat became a coarse series of jagged scales. Its feathered, white wings turned to black leather. Its hoofs became powerful, razor-sharp talons. Its neck stretched and its nose became a hooked snout breathing red fire and smoke. The metamorphosis was complete. The lad was no longer astride a white, heavenly steed but a writhing, winged serpent.

The dragon roared with rage and in a flash, shot straight up. Hissing and straining, the monster climbed, circled round and round, higher and higher, galloping upward as if climbing an invisible spiral staircase. The boy could barely keep his grip because of the steepness of the climb, going on and on, sickening him with dizziness.

Up they went into the misty, swirling opaqueness of the clouds and then beyond.

The air was thin. The boy couldn't breathe. His grip loosened, his mind spun, his lungs sucked for the air which no longer existed. He closed his eyes. He fell.

He felt the icy-cold air rushing past, heard the gushing wind tearing his ears apart. The weight-

lessness engulfed him in nausea. He screamed, he cried out in terror, but he could not hear himself.

As he broke through the clouds, the ocean, endless in all directions, appeared beneath him. He dove toward it faster and faster. It drew nearer and nearer until he hit upon its surface and knew he was drowning. He knew he was dead.

The child awoke in a pool of sweat. The darkness of the evening had passed, and the sun was casting its soft morning light through his bedroom window.

He grabbed his blanket, draped it over one shoulder, clutched his teddy bear in his other hand and proceeded to march downstairs to report the night's happenings to his parents. They would comfort him. They would tell him that everything was safe now, that everything was all right. He could almost feel the warm embrace of his mother's arms around him.

Then terrible recollection swept over the small boy. He remembered that this was not his home. This was the Hamilton Home for Boys, 128 East Union Street. His parents were dead. They had been killed in a plane crash two months ago.

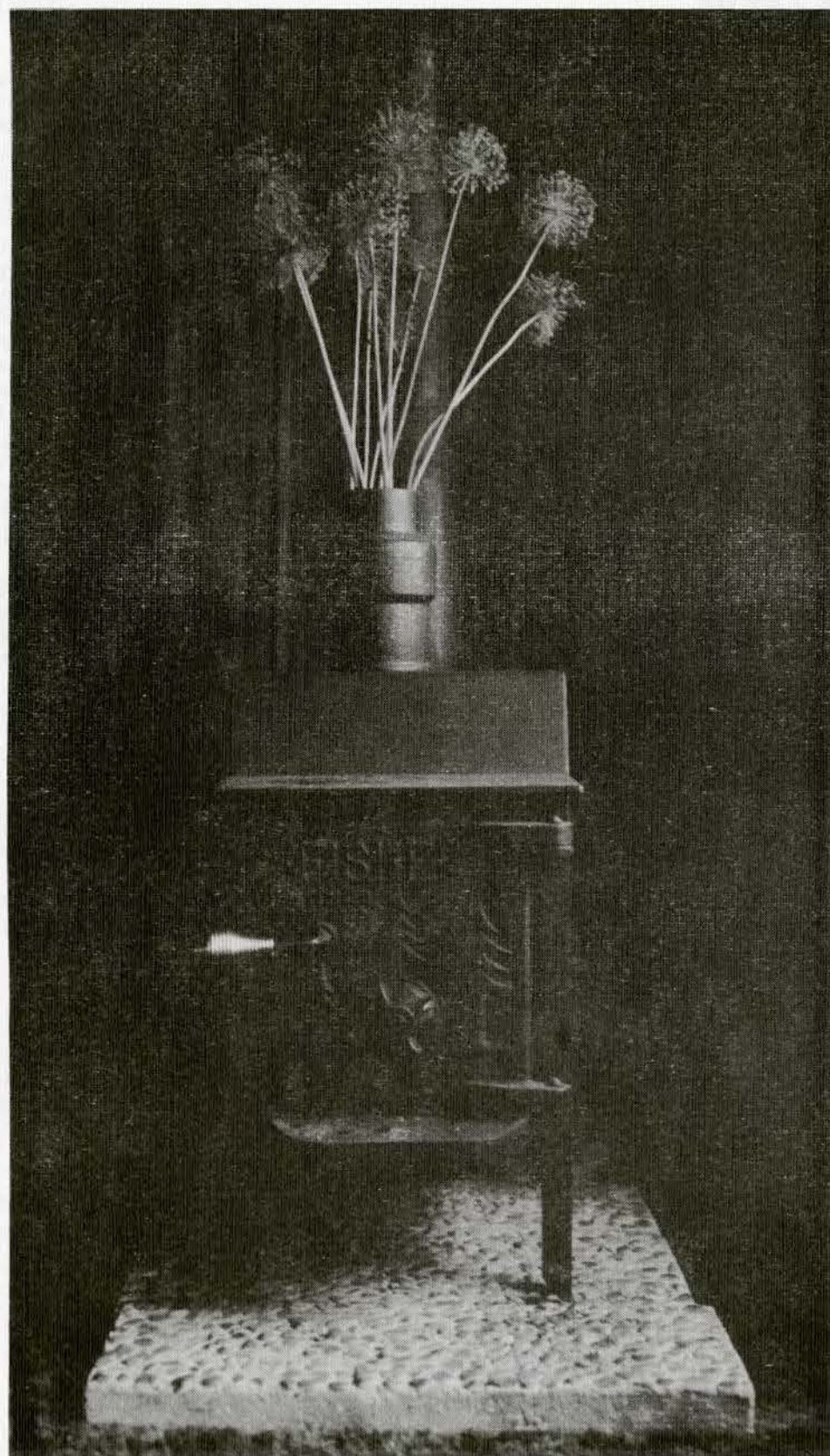
He dropped his teddy bear on the edge of the stairs and returned to his bedroom. Pulling the covers over his head, he closed his frightened brown eyes and slept again.

Jacque Clawson

FOREIGN SHORES

My thoughts wander when I sleep
To foreign shores beyond my reach
They explore, they search.

Each night brings new fantasies,
And with dawn's new day they return to me,
Until once again they are the dream.



Kim Bebo

MY BEST FRIEND, COINCIDENTALLY

We had been up for days. I met him at the car wash. I was getting my car washed, and he was trying to get a pine tree that smelled like blueberries. He promised me if I bought him breakfast, he would give me the pine tree. It sounded fair to me. I had to drive because he didn't have a car.

We headed out to the salt flats looking for an all-night teller machine. I would have had enough money, but when they cleaned out the inside of my car, they also took all the change out of the ash tray. I finally found a teller machine, but all the numbers were in Japanese. I, not being one for foreign trade policy, wasn't exactly sure of the current rate of exchange from yen to dollar. Not wanting to cause a scene, I decided to go against my general principles and write a check for breakfast.

By the time we got back into town, it was too late to buy breakfast.

I remembered there was a doughnut shop across the street from the car wash. My companion let me know that he refused to drink decaffeinated coffee, and that jelly made him break out in hives.

The proprietor of the doughnut shop was a handsome young Iranian. I ordered two cups of coffee, and a half a dozen Bavarian Creme Filled doughnuts. The Iranian gave us free plastic spoons to stir our coffee with. I traded the pine tree, which now belonged to me, for a pack of Lucky Strike Cigarettes. I had no matches, so I went to the back of the shop and lit a cigarette on the stove.

When I returned to the table, I discovered that my companion had traded our doughnuts for a five-gallon bucket of Rainbow Sprinkles. We took turns lighting cigarettes.

We had both lost our appetites. Our mouths were ready for conversation. We both thought this an opportune time to introduce ourselves.

I explained to him that I was a checker in a convenience store, but I had been on vacation since 1978, following the untimely death of my mother's geraniums. I'd been living off the insurance money ever since.

He told me he had been unemployed for the past two months. He had held a respected position in his father's egg-separating business, but when he changed political parties, he concluded the whole process was morally wrong. As a boy he enjoyed badminton. His name was Samuel.

We carried on a conversation, smoked cigarettes, and drank hundreds of cups of coffee. We spent eight and a half days together. In between starting contests and games of "Paper, Rock, Scissors," we bartered clothing and other personal belongings for packs of cigarettes. Soon, all the ash trays were completely full and we were completely naked. We

decided it was time to go. My companion had changed his opinion of blueberries.

We gave back all of the Rainbow Sprinkles to the proprietor, for which he promptly returned our shoes. My companion's face lit up as he remembered the contents of his left shoe. He lifted out the pillow insole and pulled out a hundred dollar bill. He gave it to the handsome Iranian and told him to keep the change.

I went to the bathroom to wash my hands. I never saw Samuel again.

Dina K. Land

IMAGINATION FOREST

Dark forest leaves allow space
For light of sun forbidden,
A magical dawn killing a forever night.
He trots to the stage with a
Colored head and tiny beard,
An image of a fantasy creature,
Replacing pride with instinctive fear,
When he sees a little princess.
She reaches out a hand,
And like a mirror, she's there again,
In the stream she sits beside.
Secret evil, hidden, waits in shadows smiling,
A hunter seeking the beast of creation
And his tempting twisted sword.
But the eager fool leaped too soon,
And his victory scream dried in the air
As the horse and his talisman thorn disappeared.

Stephanie Chidester

MOONSET

Diana beckons coolly, mystic in mid-sky,
Ensconcing the earth in a veil of virgin light,
A transverse refraction of life through her eyes.
She slides behind mist, shuttered beams sparely shining,
Till her silver-slivered threads fall back, taking flight,
While the final guiding flicker slips, fading, past sight.

Sarah Montes

LADY OF THE LAKE

Lady of the lake, could you learn to love;
If I changed my name--would it be enough,
To melt the frozen waters that plunge out from your heart,
That leave my powers reckless--tearing me apart?

Sister, when they call you, will you take him back,
To his island paradise where time forever lasts?
You hold his treasure against your breast so tight,
Waiting for the elven prince--waiting for the night.

I know you are my fate, but which way should I go?
Living life backwards seems to pass so slow.
I watch you in the moonlight by the water's edge,
To love you, lady, will bring about my death.

Dark and mystic lady, could you learn to love--
And whisper the name Merlin--will I feel your touch?
My lady, seal me in your spell;
For there your name will stay with me--
Silenced lips can't tell.



HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1950-51	LORAIN TAYLOR	JUANITA BROOKS
1951-52	LORAIN 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 (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	ACE G. PILKINGTON
1982-83	DIANNA K. KEARNEY	ACE G. PILKINGTON
1983-84	DAWN HOUGHTON	ACE G. PILKINGTON
1984-85	JULIANNA BURTON	ACE G. PILKINGTON
1985-86	JANAE DALEY	ACE G. PLIKINGTON
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

