



FORUM 1987

FORUM STAFF - FALL 1986

Keith Ewell
Psychology

Jack McCann
English

Catherine Handscomb
Mathematical Science

Anastasia Handscomb
Mathematical Science

Diane Eagan
English

Susan Sieber
Psychology

David McMillan
Chemistry

Jim Bartolomeo
English

Barbara Mallonee
Faculty Advisor

Cover Art by Jim Bartolomeo

Illustrations by Jim Bartolomeo and David McMillan

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the Winter 1986 edition of the FORUM. For those of you not familiar with the magazine, this issue marks the beginning of the FORUM's 11th year as Loyola College's non-fiction literary publication. The FORUM provides every Loyola student with the opportunity to have writing and artwork recognized by the college community and published in an attractive format.

As editors of the FORUM, we work hard to solicit the finest pieces of non-fiction prose from Loyola's campus. Submissions are encouraged, not only from the Writing Department, but from all of Loyola's student body and its faculty. The submissions that are included in the magazine represent what we feel to be the most substantial pieces of writing that still appeal to a wide, diverse campus audience.

Without further explanation, we the FORUM staff, present for your approval the Winter 1986 FORUM. We hope you enjoy reading this edition as much as we enjoyed putting it together for you.

Keith Ewell, Editor

Jack McCann, Assistant
Editor

FORUM

Winter 1986

THE HISTORICAL PILLOW	
Eric Blomquist.....	1
UNDERSTANDING THE HATE AND VIOLENCE	
John Morgan.....	3
NO MORE TEDDY BEARS	
Beth Melton.....	8
SCOUT'S HONOR	
Ron Donoho.....	11
GUYS IN GUESS JEANS	
Laura Melia.....	13
DEVELOPMENT COURTS	
Jim Quirk.....	17
VAMPIRE LAND	
Karen Foerstel.....	19
DISCOURAGED FROM THINKING	
Michelle Hughes.....	21
TICKING ME OFF	
Dennis Morgan.....	28
COUNTRY MOUSE? CITY MOUSE? COUNTRY MOUSE!	
Janine Felty.....	30
A QUESTION OF LAW AND HONOR	
Kate Rodowsky.....	35
AMERICA'S GREATEST THREAT	
Craig Ey.....	41

WICKHAM WONDER-LAND	
Julie Tiemann	44
DISCOVERING DEPENDENCE	
Sarah Leeds	48
A MODEST HOUSING PROPOSAL	
Tom Beckett	52
BEHIND THE SMOKE SCREEN	
Sandy Moser	55

The Center for the Humanities at Loyola College has funded awards for outstanding writing in the English, Foreign Languages and Literatures, History, Philosophy, and Writing Departments.

Forum is pleased to include in this issue the essays by the winners of the Writing Core Course Essay Awards, Spring 1986: Craig Ey, Janine Felty, and John Morgan.

THE HISTORICAL PILLOW

Lying silent in bed, my head resting on the familiar, soft pillow, I have little trouble letting my thoughts vary, making and remaking plans and decisions. Mornings were not always like this--I try to conceive a world without soft pillows, without the comfortable leisure time for the mind to wander between sleep and consciousness.

We have no way of knowing just how long prehistoric man slept with nothing under his head but sand, rock, grass, or hands. Those years must have been a time of dirty faces, kinked necks, and impolite breakfast conversation. Eventually, someone decided to use an appropriately sized rock as the first crude pillow. Rocks, of course, were readily available and matched the Neolithic stone beds which archaeologists have discovered at remote Skara Brae, in the Orkney Islands.

The first pillows of which we have a definite record are the wood and ivory headrests used by the Ancient Egyptians to protect their elaborate headdresses while sleeping. These headrests were shaped like a "Y," with the "v" at the top curved to fit the back of the sleeper's head. The effect of these hard "pillows--" the certainty of their concrete shape and size, combined with the discipline required to use them--are reflected in the durable, precisely constructed pyramids the pharos ordered built during the period.

Since that time, logs, bags of pea pods, wooden blocks, and piles of bolsters have been used as pillows. Historians are uncertain as to when, exactly, the modern feather pillow made its first appearance, but its use apparently did not become prevalent until the sixteenth century. Though we have records of feather pillows in Beowulf, historians are uncertain as to when the soft headrest became a typical possession of the common man. In 1577, the English Reverend William Harrison could still rant on about the extravagance of his fellow Englishmen who used pillows. According to Harrison, the fathers and forefathers of his generation were content to have "a good round log under their

heads instead of a bolster," and were lucky if they had a sack of chaff for a headrest. He goes on to say that pillows are appropriate only for women in childbed. Since the time of the Reverend, the use of soft pillows has become widespread.

Reverend Harrison was not a modern man. He rejected the modern, soft pillow and, along with it, the cultivation of unorganized leisure time for meditation. The Reverend opted for the hard pillow, which represented discipline, order, and a simple view of the world, as simple as his pillow's shape. Harrison's simple world view included a strong sense of practicality and the resourcefulness to find a use for any object, even a log or bag of chaff. The reverend's practicality and resourcefulness caused him to view extra leisure time as "useless," as giving no hard, definite results.

Millenia of human history have seen the slow evolution of the rock headrest into the temporarily shapeless bag of hollow, white polyester fiber from which I stare at my venetian blinds. My thoughts turn to Reverend Harrison and his almost desperate invocation of the simple and uncomfortable ways of the past. I picture the Reverend's gaunt figure spread along a dirt floor, the back of his head resting atop his "good round log." He experience no intermediate stage, no prolonged and undefinable blur of light, between sleeping and awaking, but suddenly opens his eyes at daybreak, stares at the ceiling, and begins reciting his morning prayers. There is no wondering, no speculation, no self-questioning--his thoughts are as certain as the log beneath his head.

Eric Blomquist



UNDERSTANDING THE HATE AND VIOLENCE

As a child growing up in the United States, I've been exposed to many forms of hatred radiating from the outside world. Newspapers, television, and other forms of media have brought this hatred into my life as I've grown up. Most of this hatred towards the United States is directed at the government. But since we support the government with taxes and elections and since private citizens have frequently fallen victim to the strong hatred, we, the citizens of the United States of America, are actually the bull's-eye at which the foreign arrows of hatred are aimed. I don't know how you feel about this, but as a nineteen year-old student who has never had a chance to vote or pay taxes, I feel offended. It has been a heavy burden to carry on my shoulders as I've grown up, thinking that I am not even a legal adult, yet already hundreds of millions of people hate me. But, as I have grown up, I have progressed through many stages of reaction in understanding and dealing with the hatred and violence directed towards the United States.

My first reaction to the hatred and violence was that of confusion. I experienced this as a twelve-year old boy in 1979. That was the year that some very radical Shiite Moslem students held over fifty Americans hostage in our embassy in Tehran. They were trying to force us to send their past leader, the Shah, back to Iran in order to stand trial for the atrocities that he had allegedly perpetrated. I was confused and thought, "Why would someone want to do this to an American?" Well, as I became intrigued with the dilemma that the Iranians had thrown into my perfect world, I began to watch the news to learn more. Each night I viewed American flags, posters, and even stately Uncle Sam dolls being violated and burned. Our family television presented the sight of American Embassies in countries like Turkey and Lebanon belching forth the very real flames of hatred. I contemplated and contemplated, but I could not find a single legitimate reason justifying such atrocities against our obviously moral nation. I continued to wonder, "What, if anything, have we done to them?" I was young and not quite

able to deal with this all too real violent world that I was just beginning to notice. So, instead of letting this new found confusion dominate my thoughts, I tried to pay attention to the more important things in life: baseball, money, and even girls. But somehow the Iranian crisis always stayed in the front of my "mind's eye."

My second reaction was to place the guilt of the hatred on those who hated us. This reaction was caused by the so-called "revolution" in Lebanon. Still too young to understand their hatred, I again subjected myself to the gruelling task of reading and listening to every account of the atrocities committed by our obviously misguided brothers in the Mid-East. Once again, I continuously presented questions in the hope that I would get a rational answer, but none was to be found. I surmised that since we had not committed any sins towards them, they must be ethnically evil. So, it wasn't our fault; it was theirs. No longer did I feel guilty, for I had falsely cleansed my soul by shifting the blame.

Then, with an increase in attacks and finally the "suicide bombers" that killed hundreds of American marines in Lebanon in 1983, I became afflicted with the disease that I had so long abhorred. I now hated them. They had killed innocent people. This was totally unforgivable. I believed that we should just drop a bomb on all of them and cleanse the earth of this ill-begotten vermin. That was the best solution, because we were the innocent and by God's laws we were not to be taken advantage of. Of course, I had forgotten that God also said to "love thy enemy." My fear of the obviously inhuman Arabs, and my hatred of the fear that they had forced into my life, had caused me to lower myself to their level of idealism.

But, unlike the average person who has contemplated the thoughts of hating the foreigners who hate us, I was given a first hand opportunity to develop an understanding of them and to see how television had misled me. The experiences that changed my opinions took place during my travels to Europe. As a young man of sixteen, I was given the opportu-

nity to visit Western Europe, Greece, and Asia Minor. I was very apprehensive because I had seen how the people from these places felt about the United States on "World News Tonight" and "Nightline." I had viewed West Germans wearing devilish skeleton outfits and carrying blood-red signs claiming that we were purposely going to massacre them with our nuclear warheads. I had seen the mustached Italian terrorists from the Red Brigade kidnap an American General. I had also seen the volcanically tempered, communist Greeks attack us verbally. And finally, I had seen the thick-skulled, strongly determined Turks burn our embassy. As I look back, I find that these fears were very unfounded and naive, for, once in Germany and Italy, I was treated as a king. No one tried to kidnap me or picket my presence. And, in Greece and Turkey, everyone was very polite and helpful. No one verbally abused me or set fire to my belongings. Of course, if they had verbally abused me, I would not have understood it. But I believe that their actions were sincere. These experiences brought me to my first rational realization: they didn't hate me. They just hated some of the government's policies. I was becoming more rational and mature because I had been to the foreign countries and I had seen the good things that the television news failed to show the American public.

Although my European adventures did not completely change my understanding of the foreign hatred, they did lead me to my next stage of understanding. At this stage I began to realize that somehow the foreigners had a right to hate us. I reacted very negatively towards the United States and its actions. I began to look at some of them and from my research I discovered that we supported some very oppressive and not so very democratic governments. We had given money to a government in Iran that killed its own people at will. We gave money to the oppressive Phillipines, and we also gave money to governments in South America that killed entire villages of people for a show of power. And, to top it all off, a former president of the United States rationalized all of this with the statement "They might be sons of bitches, but at least they're our sons of bitches." I began to disagree with these policies. I found this appalling, and I found my

moral outlook of the United States shattered. Teachers in my high school, who had protested in the sixties, told me of American soldiers killing innocent women and children in Vietnam. They told me stories of unnecessary assassinations and deadly chemical warfare. I reviewed all of these things and thought to myself, "Maybe the United States should be hated. We've murdered, destroyed, and manipulated and taken advantage of others with our money or lust for it." In just a few years, I had changed from hating the foreigners to hating the United States. But, just like all of the other stages that I had progressed through, I would come to realize that this was also a naive interpretation.

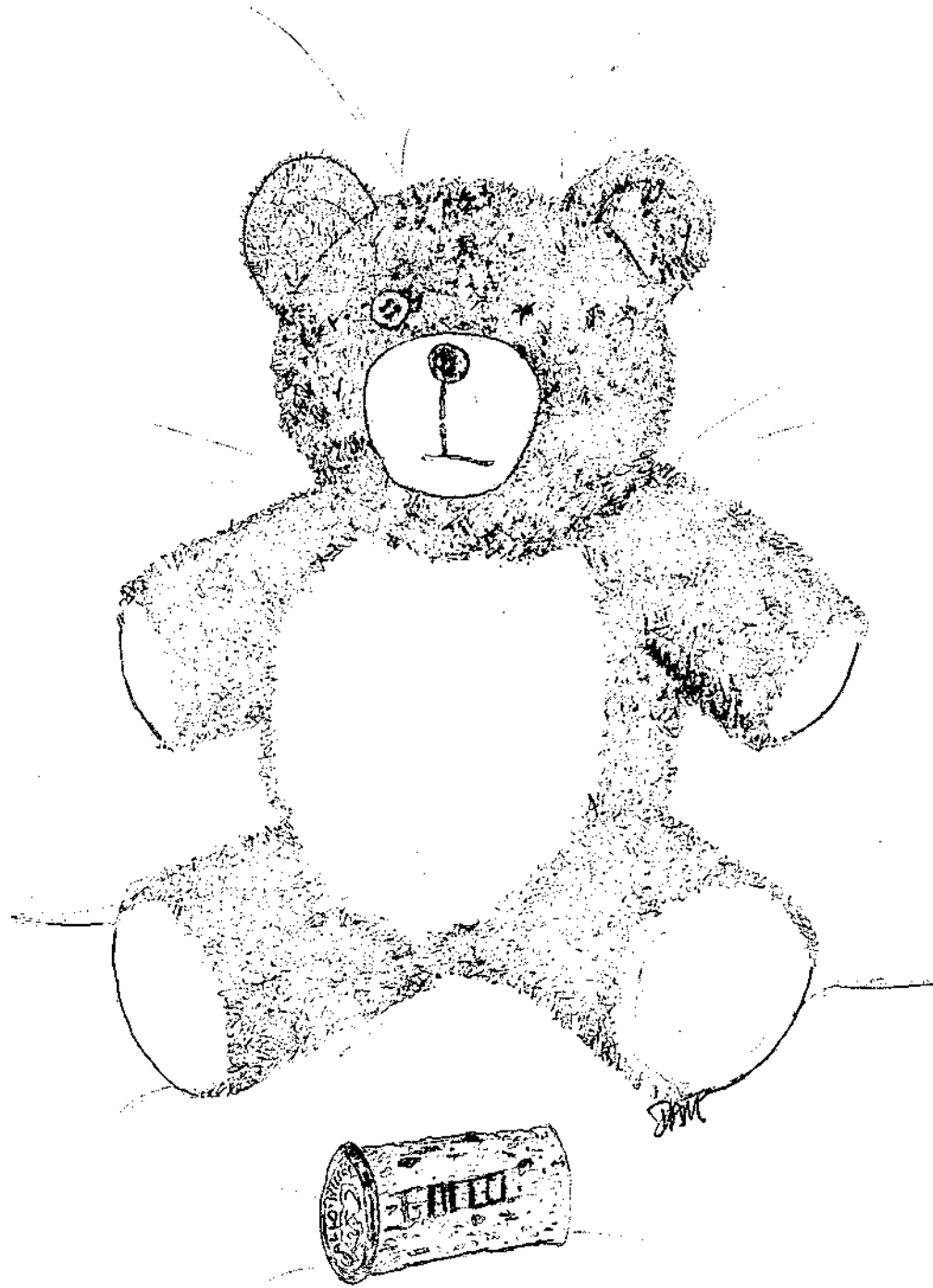
Now, as a very conservative nineteen year-old college student, I have come to a new understanding of foreign hatred and violence. I have spent the summer and fall watching hijacked airliners under siege, live via satellite on "NightLine," and reading in the New York Times of the horror of a cruise ship hijacking. In these incidents, I could not find very much blame for the United States. As far as I know, we did not provoke these attacks. This destroyed my earlier conclusions that we had brought hatred upon ourselves. Once again, I was confused. To me this hatred had been a puzzle, and as I grew up I had slowly put its pieces together; however, I still needed one more piece. That piece turned out to be a book written by the Polish-American statesman, Zbigniew Brezinski. This book was called Between Two Ages (1970), and it completed my crucial puzzle of understanding. Mr. Brezinski demonstrated that the United States had made several enemies by treading on the toes of others. But they had made just as many by being an example country. He believed that with the invention of modern communication and travel, the third world was able to see how lucky the United States was. We had modern cities, cars, television, radio, an abundance of food, and hardly anyone lived near the subsistence level. We were successful, while they were not. They did not have television, nor plenty of food, and most of their people lived at or below the subsistence level. Their hatred developed from their jealousy of our successes. This

book turned out to be the light at the end of my tunnel. It had presented me with the missing piece of my puzzle.

Now I feel that I understand why the United States is hated. But ten years from now I might look back and once again find that this understanding is also naive. So, for now I believe that the hatred and violence is both our fault and not our fault. We have committed some atrocities and deserve to be hated. However, some of this hatred is a direct result of our freedoms and successes. The world's hatred is not any different than the hatred found on a children's playground. Some of the children learn to hate because they have been bullied, and others hate because they envy that other person.

In conclusion, I have progressed through many stages in understanding the hatred directed towards the United States. I went from not understanding, to hating those who hated us, then towards hating our own actions. Finally, I have most recently realized that the hate directed towards the United States is just another part of life that has to be dealt with because it will not go away very easily. But, hopefully, like the children on the playground, we too will grow up as nations and learn to live with each other and work out our problems peacefully. Then, maybe the news will show us the good things instead of the things that are threatening.

John Morgan



NO MORE TEDDY BEARS

Sitting on her bed pulling up her sand-colored hose, putting the teal blue silk dress over her head, she stood gazing in front of the mirror, putting on dangling rhinestone earrings. This was me standing in my dusty rose room with its white lace curtains, my teddy bears lying alone on my bed. This was not some sophisticated woman. It was me. Adulthood was clearly closer than I had thought.

We went to a quaint little restaurant to celebrate my grandfather's birthday. Surprisingly, or maybe not, my grandmother, who was on my left, leaned over and whispered in my ear to order a drink. Face turning rosy and nerves a-jitter, I quickly asked my mother in a soft voice what wine she had ordered for fear I would embarrass myself by ordering the wrong wine. The waitress did not hesitate in asking if I would like a drink. I ordered a glass of sparkling white wine as if I had done it a million times before. My father glanced across the table with a look of bewilderment and a sort of half-smile as if he was unsure whether to make it complete. With a sigh, he asked when I had learned to drink wine. He then chuckled to my grandparents, "I just do not ask anymore." My father was not angry with me, and he no longer was correcting me. It was as if he were saying I was now old enough to make my own decisions and deal with any consequences. My show of adulthood had caught him off guard as it did me. He had not expected that this night, in this restaurant, I would become, in his eyes, an adult.

It is not surprising that this display of adulthood amazed us all. There is no exact time or point when one becomes an adult in our country. We have no established rite of passage as exists in many other cultures. Adulthood was once thought to be when you reached the legal drinking age, but that has been raised to an age most feel is too late. So, our definition of adulthood lies on a fuzzy line, if there is a definition at all.

Since we have this trouble of defining adulthood and our society offers no ritual to inform us of its coming, we can

only wait for some small sign of our own that we are adults. As I made new friends at Loyola and went out more, I noticed I could walk out of the house, saying only, "I am going out with some friends. I will be in late." I took the chance of being called back and asked where I was going. If that had happened I would not yet have started on the path to adulthood. I was being exposed to the more free college atmosphere and its change from the constant "babysitter" atmosphere of high school. I began to feel like more of an adult as these small signs appeared before me, giving me the go-ahead to pursue my growth.

Since I was the only one given this ignition, and my parents were still in the dark as to when I should be treated as an adult, I had to now start giving them some signs so they would become aware of my growth. The biggest and most exciting step I took toward expressing belief in my right to be treated as an adult was when I told my parents I was going down to the ocean for Spring break. I did not ask them. I told them. That had to be the most rewarding feeling of all. Even though I knew I lived under their roof and by their rules, I had this strange courage and feeling that they really could not fairly tell me I could not go. I had developed a strong sense that I should be treated as an adult, and my parents either had to accept it, or try to force me back into childhood. If they had done that, they would have been saying that by their definition, I was not yet an adult. I, then, would have had to ignore my feelings and wait for them to receive some sort of sign. Their sign probably would have never come because they were not hoping for it. Parents hate to see their children grow up, yet ever since we played house and dressed up in mommy's and daddy's clothes, we have dreamed of being adults.

When these dreams do begin to come true and our parents have accepted our new status, ironically, we begin to tell our parents the things we could not wait to hide from them. When I came home from the ocean, I sat there with my mother and told her all about the week. The difference was, it was as if I were sitting there talking with a friend, not my

mother. I was not forced to give her information. I enjoyed talking to her, and she enjoyed listening, not correcting. When we are younger, we are not responsible for our actions because we do not know better and so we willingly supply information, probably too much. It seems when we hit the teen years we begin to keep things to ourselves for fear of punishment for wrongdoing. When we grow into young adults, we probably have the most to hide, but we sense that we are becoming our own person, that we are capable of handling our lives, that there can be no justified punishment for our actions. We begin to move back into childhood and freely and proudly supply information.

I still wonder to myself at what point was I actually accepted as an adult? I could not pinpoint it and resigned myself to the fact that it appears to us in unexpected situations. If it be a glass of wine, the giving of more privileges and responsibility, or that look you catch in the mirror, there is just that feeling inside of us that something is different, and it is time we venture into the adult world. We cannot wait for that rite of passage, but will wake up one day and look in that mirror and see, yes, we are finally becoming adults. It is then that we must make the rest of the world aware of it.

Beth Melton

SCOUT'S HONOR

I'm going to have to shatter a few myths. The fact is, the Boy Scouts of America is not really an institution that builds fine, upstanding young men. Rather, the organization turns out some incredibly sick, perverted, and possibly mentally twisted individuals. I should know, because I was almost one of them.

I remember quite clearly the day that my mother informed me that I was either going to join the Boy Scouts, or she was going to institutionalize me. I recalled just having seen "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," and I opted for the Boy Scouts over a frontal lobotomy.

When I went to my first meeting, I began to wish I had picked the lobotomy. It was movie night, and we were being subjected to some 1950's movie about the care and prevention of foot disease. I was just about ready to get up and leave, right at the climax of the movie, the section on trench foot, when I noticed a shadowy figure crawling up the aisle to my left. The figure stopped behind an unusually hefty boy sitting in the front row. When the lights came on and it was discovered that the boy's belt loop was tightly fastened to his chair by a piece of rope, I roared with laughter. That shadowy figure, Wayne Allen, and I soon became fast friends.

Wayne taught me all the ins and outs of Scouting. He too had been given an ultimatum from his mother. The best part of Boy Scouts turned out to be the monthly camping trips. I remember well, the time on a campout when Wayne, Joe DiPaola, and I found a dead frozen calf by the roadside. We hauled it back to camp and set our brain trust to work. I suggested that we thaw the calf out and stick it into Anthony Spinato's sleeping bag. We finally decided to take it night sledding with us. We put Bessie on a sled at the top of the hill and gave her a push. You can imagine the surprise at the bottom of the hill when Tony Olcheski was run over by a renegade cow on a sled.

Tony was one of our favorite little guys, though, and he often tagged along with Wayne, Joe and me on our escapades. One of the games that we used to play, much to the dismay of the troop leaders, was called cudgel battles. The rules of the game were simple: you divided up into two teams and threw big sticks (cudgels) at each other. Nevertheless, the game held a certain romanticism for us, seeing how Wayne had picked up the work "cudgel" from watching "Robin Hood," and playing usually made us merry men. During one particular onslaught, Joe, Tony, and I secured a tree from which we were pummeling the enemy. Tony, our lookout, unfortunately poked his head out at a bad time and caught a cudgel right between the eyes. After that, Tony received a dozen stitches, cudgel battles were outlawed, and Joe and I were put on KP for two months.

KP was nothing new to us. In fact, we usually wound up on kitchen patrol every night of our week-long summer camp. Since summer camp was a week long, we often found that we had a lot of spare time on our hands. One day, after a particularly interesting morning highlighted by latrine duty, Wayne, Joe, and I decided to play a few hands of poker, sort of in the style of our idols, M*A*S*H's Hawkeye and Trapper. But we didn't have a table to play on. Then we spotted Tony. Tony was about table length, so, with a flair for the dramatic, we grabbed him, gagged his mouth, stripped him, bound his hands and feet, put him in a hammock, and put a sleeping bag over him. As I mentioned before, we liked Tony.

I can't say that the Boy Scouts are for everyone, even though to my knowledge, Tony is to this day, still a reasonably competent, functioning member of society. In fact, Wayne Allen once received a national medal of honor for saving two drowning children, and Joe DiPaola presently attends the Naval Academy and possesses a 3.5 GPA. Whether or not we all owe something to Boy Scouts, I must say that the Scout Motto, "Be Prepared" is definitely appropriate. I know I am, and I'm pretty sure Tony is too.

Ron Donoho

GUYS IN GUESS JEANS

Call me old-fashioned, but I think guys should act and dress in a masculine way. "Guess" jeans, to me, simply are not masculine. I like the old "Levis" jeans. They are rugged, and they project an image of impregnability that I find simply irresistible. Not to be misunderstood, I like guys that bathe daily and use deodorant, but it is really sexy if they forget to shave or are just lounging around in a raggy tee-shirt and jeans-- providing the jeans are not Guess jeans.

I find it very difficult to be attracted to a guy that I know spends more time getting dressed in the morning than I do. Some guys decide what to wear the night before they actually wear it. Most girls do not even do that. Guys are supposed to go with the flow and not "live in the material world" where most women reside. They should just take a shower and put on the first thing that comes to mind. They look too neat and painfully clean-cut if they fret about themselves endlessly. They become "pretty boys," and the distinction between pretty boys and "real men" is quite obvious: **REAL MEN DO NOT WEAR GUESS JEANS!**

Now, the latest trend in high fashion for men is the use of styling lotions and gels. For some reason, when I think of men using extra hair care products, I picture an older man going bald and trying to salvage the remains of a full head of hair by pulling his hair from the back to the front and plastering it with hair spray. But now, with the "over the ear and longer in the back" hair cuts, it has become perfectly normal to see a jar of Dippity-Doo next to the Mennon Speed Stick. It seems slightly contradictory to me. I think guys look great when they just let their hair dry naturally. Putting setting lotion in their hair just dulls it and ruins the carefree image that I have so conveniently made for them.

Besides fashionable hair, today's "mod" man feels he must wear fashion accessories. The most abused accessory is jewelry. I wear gold because it accents my outfits, it looks nice, and it is feminine. In a fashionable sense, it softens the

look of any outfit. However, men that look soft look pretty. I really feel embarrassed for the male sex when I see a man with a large bulky ring on every finger along with two bracelets, a watch, and six necklaces. Of course, there is an exception to every rule. I like a guy with one earring in his left ear. I think it projects a bad boy image-- rough and tough-- that at one point every girl has found irresistible.

I'll never forget the first time I decided that I liked guys in Levis rather than designer jeans. The Disco Age. John Travolta sauntering around on stage with his shirt unbuttoned to his belly button. In my opinion, if you are not going to button your shirt, why bother wearing it? Then came the polyester- stretch-knit bell-bottomed pants. At this point, Mr. Macho is thinking he is the best thing around. Little does he know that he has completely succeeded in diminishing any sense of virility that might have been present. Finally our Disco Hero is clad with layers upon layers of gold chains with medallions hanging from them. Imagine four long chains, all with different astrological characters on them. Slightly overdone and tasteless? It is difficult to picture a man as vigorous and invincible if he is wearing bell-bottoms and his hair is slicked back.

I guess I just remember the stereotypical versions of men and women: men, the pillar of strength — unconquerable, indomitable; women, the soft seemingly fragile force behind the man. Men wear the leather; women wear the lace. It must be a certain look I'm after. Unfortunately, looks can be deceiving. While sitting in a beauty parlor, you see a guy dressed in Levis with the wash and go hair and the ever important earring in his left ear walk down the street. This guy appears to be extremely cool, but two seconds later the man walks into the same beauty parlor you are in, is greeted personally by the owner, is known by all the employees, and proceeds to have his hair "styled." It could ruin any women's day.

Why is it that I feel a man is not masculine unless he projects a certain image? I always seem to prefer the guys

that look rough and tough. Maybe I feel they would have control over me or that I would feel safe with them. Or maybe I am this little girl so fascinated with the world that when someone comes along who has tasted life, I want to be with him in hope that he might show me a piece of the world. That's it. I want to see the world, and I think that I can experience it through rough and tired eyes that look as though they've lived forever. I can picture the contour of his face, hard and uninviting, with an expression that seems to say he hasn't a care in the world. As the sun beats down on his tossed sandy-brown hair, he squints to keep the sunlight out of his eyes. Small lines form in the corners. He hasn't shaven today and casually rubs his stubbled face, conscious of his forgetfulness. He has a muscular physique, though not from long days at the YMCA. His weatherbeaten, brown skin glows like the sun. He is purely masculine.

I'm somewhat disillusioned, though. When men look rough and tired, I interpret it to mean that they have seen something that I have not and that I long to see. In actuality, the man could just have had a bad day. By the same token, the man clad in tons of gold jewelry, might have just discovered a sunken treasure off the coast of Spain and had the jewelry made from gold coins.

Not everything is as it appears. Masculinity has to be an attitude because if it is not, there would be no explanation for the man who wears the designer jeans, yet goes mountain climbing in Switzerland during the winter. The man may physically look unmasculine because of his attire, but his attitude and actions are purely masculine, if not slightly crazy and definitely exciting. Also, the man in the Levis commercial-- looking real cool-- might just be a model doing his job. When he gets home, he puts on tight designer jeans and a velour sweat shirt.

Masculinity is an attitude like femininity. If a woman feels pretty and soft, she is seen by others as being pretty and soft. Likewise, if a man feels strong and confident, his strength and confidence are seen by all. When it comes right

to it, men have been stereotyped so effectively that women believe they are only masculine if they dress the part. But when we look deep into ourselves, we realize that we don't love men for their physical appearance, (though there must be something to it); we love them for who they are and for the attitude they possess. So perhaps I could fall in love with a guy that wears Guess jeans after all.

Laura Melia



DEVELOPMENT COURTS

The basketball courts in my development hold special teenage memories for me. My first beers were drunk at "the courts." If that seems insignificant, you were never a ninth grade boy. For young men of this age group, a very important rite of passage is downing these first brews. At least, that's the way it was at the courts. Everybody went there. But between the last day of school in June, when kids were thoroughly sick of the sight of bright yellow school buses, until the first day of school when parents were thoroughly sick of their kids, it was the high school kids who controlled the courts. Only those males who were out of ninth grade and had not yet graduated could share in the kingdom. And that was only if first you played good basketball, and second, but equally as vital, you were "cool." Translation: you drank beer.

Drinking beer was a big deal if you had never done it before. The pressures from all the "older kids" (the sophomores and juniors) who were there swarmed around, pressuring you. "Go ahead and have one. If you don't, you're a fag. Whaddaya — chicken? Look, guys — he's not cool!," they'd say. So the Bud can, held out in front of you, was destined to be a part of your trembling hand, and fated to be slowly brought to your parched, quivering lips. You took a sip and pretended to like it. "That was a baby sip — take a real sip now!" You brought the can back to your hot face and filled your mouth with the stuff, swallowed, and welcomed the due applause. Now you, too, were cool. Of such are teen memories made.

The summer following the one with my first beers was the great summer of the Walton Lake Basketball League. It all began the previous summer on Labor Day Weekend, after perhaps the summer's best 4-on-4 game. "Next year," Rob Smith started... "we should have an organized league," John Douthnit finished. "Yeah," John Farrell and Rob Smith got back into it. "To pick teams, we can have a draft in May." And so it went. The forty of us who would be sure to always be at the games formed a pool from which eight captains

chose teams. Our team was a good one: 6'4" Steve Laver, excellent shooters Rob Smith and Rob Steinman, with me and Chris Steinman at forward. We played twice a week with two games scheduled for Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and four games on Saturday. Those were some of the best games I ever played. Nobody remembers who won and lost anymore, but we remember the important things -- the pull-up 13-footers from the corner of the key, the fast breaks to tie the score, the pounding of the Nikes on the hot, hard pavement, getting back on defense, the art of a beautiful pass by Tom Sexton, the power of a slamdunk by Steve Laver. Of such are teen memories made.

But besides the courts being where you went to be with all your friends, it was also where you could go to be alone. If the house was crazy with your brothers fighting, the dog barking, and your mother yelling; if you had a bad day at school; if the girl you were in love with didn't even know you existed, the best place in the world was the basketball courts. It always worked out perfectly that they were empty when you needed them to be. Down there, you could do exactly what you needed to do to feel better. You could work out pent-up, nervous, and frustrated energy by running fast breaks up and down, back and forth, again and again and again. Too depressed to have any energy? Take foul-shots. Twenty, fifty, one hundred, more, a good routine whether you wanted to be alone thinking about something, or if you wanted to take your mind off something. Many of my traumatic teen problems were solved by thinking them through during my hours of taking free throws. If I wanted to take my mind off something, I did two things. First, my aim was to get my shots as perfect as possible. Secondly, I tried to figure my percentage of baskets after each shot. Many a girlfriend trouble went the way of 17 of 21, 36 into 43, and 69 divided by 82.

I guess we all need a place for such teen memories to be made and held. It is the basketball courts that hold my special memories.

Jim Quirk

VAMPIRE LAND

"Come on," he'd say. "Let's go!" We, my brother, my sister, and I, would jump on the bikes and be off. Being the youngest, I had to ride with my brother on his bike. I would sit in the seat while he pedalled standing up. My sister would ride close behind us, sitting proudly atop here new flowered "banana seat," a long, thin bike seat bought separately from the rest of the bike, the craze among every girl in the neighborhood. Our destination was Vampire Land, a densely wooded area around the block from us that was a complete product of my brother's imagination. He was the one who would initiate our trips there. He was the one who made each trip an exciting adventure. "Years ago," he would tell us, "a man who used to live near us went crazy and disappeared into the woods." Since then, he'd continue, any one who entered the woods would inevitably turn up days later with two bite marks on his neck, vampire marks, Vampire Land.

The three of us had "officially" crossed the borders of Vampire Land once we had biked past the two orange, metal poles marking an underground water-pipe. We would still be within sight of our house, the infamous woods a good ten minute ride away, but it was now that my brother John would start to recount the tale of how he had once been attacked and bitten by the crazed vampire who lived in the woods. "I escaped with my life," he would say, "but not, everytime I near that place, I get a very strange feeling." This "feeling" would "worsen" with each minute as we neared Vampire Land. Once we'd finally reach our destination, John's feeling would culminate into a well-rehearsed scream, stumble from the bike, and a plea that my sister and I run for our lives. After chasing us around, threatening to bite our necks, John would collapse laughing in a pile of newly fallen leaves. My sister and I would quickly join him, adding to the pile more leaves and more laughter.

Leaves always covered the ground in Vampire Land. It always seemed to be autumn there. Bright orange, yellow, and red leaves would filter the sun's rays, allowing only selected

beams of light to ever reach the first floor. With every step we took, dried leaves would crunch and crumble beneath our feet. Even when we stood perfectly still, the crackling of unseen squirrels and rabbits scuttling across the blanket of leaves could be heard in the distance. The forest would usually come home with us after we finished our play in Vampire Land. The brittle palettes of autumn colors would find their ways into our hair, shoes, and clothing. When brushed out, they'd fall and to my mother's dismay cover our house floors as they once covered the forest floor.

The roles my brother, sister, and I had in our vampire play never changed. John always played the crazed blood-sucker, while Helen and I were the perpetual victims. Our playful screams, our feigned terror, even our laughter were all integral parts of our fantasy, each seeming to fall at the same time in each performance. Our play was methodic, the orange water-pipe poles cueing my brother's monologue, his monologue cueing my giggles, our arrival at Vampire Land initiating our screams and laughter, yet our playful enthusiasm never dulled over the years.

I don't remember when or how our playful scripts were written. My brother may have spontaneously created our roles and lines during our first discovery of the deep woods a block away, or he may have diligently searched out the perfect Vampire Land after hours of elaborate thought over vampire history and legend. If the latter, his choice of setting suited the fantasy: the sounds of the leaves under my brother's feet enabled my sister and me to detect his sneak attacks, the damp odor of the leaves created the perfect atmosphere, and the sheer volume of leaves created the perfect pillow to protect us from hurt as we playfully fell on one another.

The leaves of Vampire Land now cover concrete roads instead of dirt and ground. Each year, I remember the leaves, but my brother and sister are harder and harder to recall and the world that we imagined fades. Soon, just as it is only the leaves that have survived in Vampire Land, it will be only the leaves that survive in my memory.

Karen Foerstel

DISCOURAGED FROM THINKING

I can't remember the number of times that I have sat in a classroom where the teacher, in absolute frustration, has begged and pleaded with the indifferent, apathetic mass of bubble-gum snapping students seated before him to think. However, it seems that this is just a little too much to ask, for they only stare back at this poor, exasperated man with vague, uncomprehending looks on their faces. In view of this, many teachers have resigned themselves to the fact that students are unwilling to think. Perhaps this is true, but we must ask ourselves why these bright and capable students act in such a manner. Many factors play in a student's education: his teachers, his courses, and even his classmates. Incredible as it may seem, these factors often discourage students from thinking.

Every Monday through Friday the student seats himself behind a small, uncomfortable desk and stares at the person standing in front of the blackboard for an hour. This is not what most would call sheer excitement: for some peculiar reason an 8:00 a.m. History class on Louis XIV can not be compared to the 1:00 a.m. David Letterman show, which half the class stayed up to watch the night before. Now the same half of the class is pinching themselves in a valiant effort to stay awake.

The lucky students find that the person standing in front of them did not stay up to watch David Letterman and, unlike themselves, has some amount of energy at that ungodly hour of the morning. This teacher has entered the classroom alert and enthusiastically planning to wake up every semi-conscious student slumped at a desk. Whether it is a physics teacher kicking a wastebasket across the room to demonstrate kinetic energy, or a Spanish teacher holding a book in front of her face so that the students will remember the Spanish phrase "Enfrente de," these teachers are going to make sure that their students think.

There are those teachers, of course, who see each class as a group of thirty bodies who are to be gotten through the class as quickly, easily, and painlessly as possible. These teachers let the class know that as long as they are quiet, don't talk back, and give them no reason to spend any unnecessary amount of energy, they will all pass, regardless of whether they work, think, or have learned one single thing the whole year. If the teacher doesn't require that his students think for themselves, why should they bother?

My Chinese History teacher didn't care if my class thought for themselves or not. Mr. Haynes had once loved teaching Chinese History. This was evident from his shelves of books on Chinese history, philosophy, language, and culture that lined the walls, from the Chinese statues and projects that students had made in classes years before, and from the carefully detailed sheets that he passed out in class every day. During the first few minutes of class in September he told us we would all get along fine if we didn't give him any trouble. Mr. Haynes didn't want any problems that would interfere with his retiring next year and playing golf every day. He was truly an inspiration to the whole class as he dallied through the attendance list (sometimes taking ten or fifteen minutes for thirty people), yawned his way through the explanations of the little stick figures of the intricate Chinese language, and barked at the boys sitting next to me to stop jiggling the table as they tried to wrench off Nancy's shoe. Sometimes teaching the class simply became too much for Mr. Haynes (usually every Friday) and we had a study hall, during which we could study for Chinese class, study for our other classes, or "discuss a subject intelligently" with one of our classmates. Thus, during Chinese class my friends and I discussed intelligently the party we were going to have at John Cereno's house after the basketball game, played football with crumpled balls of notebook paper on the table tops, and copied the Physics homework that we didn't do the night before because the Cosby Show was on. I didn't do an ounce of work in that class and I still received an A for the year. It was disappointing that a potentially interesting course was

reduced to a "joke class" simply because the teacher did not care if his students thought or not.

Indeed, teachers may discourage a class from thinking, but so may the course itself. Some courses don't require more than the blind, mechanical learning that, if necessary for an A, students fall into quite easily and escape from only with much difficulty. A physics student will memorize the formula $V=RI$ and on the test will plug in the appropriate numbers to the problems correctly, but he does not understand why the voltage affects the resistance and the current in a circuit. The history student will be required to remember that World War I began with the assassination in Sarajevo of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife on June 28, 1914, but will have no idea of the underlying causes such as imperialism and the precarious balances of power created by the many alliances.

I've had many classes like this and I usually feel that it is the requirements of the course, not the teachers, that allow the students to receive A's without thinking for themselves. My Philosophy teacher, Dr. Smith, is a man with a great sense of humor, a lot of enthusiasm for the material he teaches, and the ability to explain and illustrate clearly, yet his skill and his talent are hindered because he must cover all the material from Plato to Sartre by the end of May. Thus, we are often jogging through Hegel's Dialectic and Nietzsche's Announcement of the Death of God, but not discussing them in class, for if we did we would not be able to cover Heidegger in the amount of time that we have left.

So Philosophy class is an hour of lecture, and although Dr. Smith's humorous examples and jokes help to alleviate the dullness of the routine, class would be much more interesting and stimulating if we could discuss James' will to believe in class. As it is, I don't have to think. I take notes and more notes, glance at my watch every five minutes waiting impatiently for 12:30 p.m. to roll around, and kick the foot of the guy who sits next to me to keep him from falling out of his seat, asleep. I don't look at my notes again until the philoso-

phy party the night before the exam. Five of us, armed with Diet Coke and Phil Collins on the stereo, open our notebooks and memorize Pierce's definition of Pragmatism and his methods of fixing belief, James' problem of the one and many, and Whitehead's three natures of God.

The next morning in Maryland Hall we are once again seated in the tiny, cramped desks with our favorite blue test booklets, ready to spit back all the information that is spinning around in our heads. So we begin. There are three stages for human existence--the aesthetic, the ethical, and the religious. Please don't ask us to relate this to the rest of Kierkegaard's philosophy because we have no idea that these really mean. Although Dr. Smith has tried to show us, we never really had to think for ourselves: it was simply dictated to us.

Even classmates can discourage students from thinking. During high school, it was just not very cool to say that you had studied very long for a test. Echoing down the halls were student conversations such as: "Did you study for the Calculus test, Dan?" and Dan's sure reply of "Are you kidding? I'm going to flunk this so bad. I have no idea what I'm doing!" Although Dan had stayed up most of the night wading through Related Rates Problems, Summation Notation, and the Intermediate Value Theorem, he would never admit it to his classmates. He was afraid to risk failure, especially in front of his classmates, and had to cover himself in some way, mainly by telling his friends that he had hardly studied at all. That way, Monday morning when his Calculus teacher was passing back the tests and Dan's had a large, red F scribbled across the top of it, he could always tell his friends who were bound to ask, "Hey Dan, what did ya get?", that he didn't pass, but it was because he hadn't bothered studying that much. Therefore, he hadn't really failed the test; it wasn't his fault. Eventually Dan heard that Brad wasn't going to study for his French test because he wanted to go to the hockey game, and Kevin didn't do his computer program because he had been watching "Scarface" on HBO that night;

not wanting to be the only idiot who was staying in to study, Dan decided not to study that night either.

This attitude carries over into class. Even in college I find that many students are unwilling to work; they don't want to have to think in class. Many students are listless and apathetic, not participating in class discussions, but instead examining their fingernails, writing on the soles of their sneakers, and staring at the lint balls on the teacher's sweater. Mary remains silent in Psychology class, staring down at her notes and refusing to look up in case she catches her teacher's eye and is chosen to give an explanation of schizophrenia. Mary is not exactly sure if it is a type of psychosis or a type of neurosis; for that matter, she is not very sure if it is either. What will the teacher think if she is wrong? She doesn't want to risk trying to give an answer. Instead she tries to blend in with the wall, secretly praying that the teacher forgets she exists. Maybe someone else will give the answer, she thinks.

But after a minute of absolute silence, Mary looks up and notices that the entire class is shifting uncomfortably in their seats, pretending to be intensely studying their notes. She would raise her hand, if only to break the silence, but she remembers that embarrassing incident last semester in English class. Her English teacher had spent fifteen minutes discussing the hyperbole, its meaning, its use, and its importance in writing, and Mary daydreamed through the whole explanation, staring at Rob across the room and wondering if he had broken up with his girlfriend yet. When her teacher called on her to read a section of the textbook, she had pronounced hyperbole "hyper-bowl" through the entire passage. Her classmates could barely breathe, they were laughing so hard, and her teacher was just shaking his head as if surrendering. Mary had never been so embarrassed in her life, and she just wanted to crawl under her desk and wait until the bell rang and the whole class left. Now, as she looked back on the incident, she decided to simply remain silent until someone else spoke up and answered the question. It would take a lot of courage for Mary to voice her own

opinions and thoughts again, for she would always be afraid of appearing silly in front of her classmates. In fact, her classmates had discouraged her from thinking for herself in the classroom.

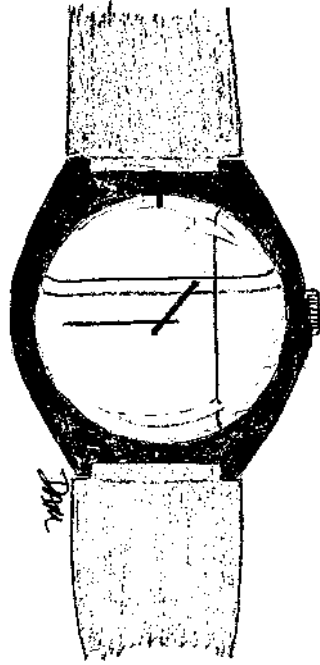
The students of my Spanish class often cannot think for themselves. Sometimes they are afraid to speak up and give an answer, for it may be wrong; sometimes they are self-conscious and worried that they won't be able to say what they think in Spanish; but most of the time they are just too lazy to think.

Those of us in the class who can think, who can form our own opinions, and who can draw our own conclusions from what we observe are usually bored. Recently in class, I almost fell asleep during a few presentations of my fellow classmates. These presentations were brief, ten to fifteen minute summaries of articles that my teacher had selected. Most of the articles dealt with current events, such as the economic crises of the Latin American countries, the referendum in Spain, and the political situation of the Phillipines. Although these were summaries, my teacher had specifically told us when she assigned the articles that we should include our own opinions and attitudes along with the information contained in the articles. Did my classmates follow her directions? No, instead I was forced to listen to each student spit back the information of each article. A few were so incredibly lazy that they selected a few topic sentences from each article and put them in paragraph form without even changing the sentence structure. The subjects could have been interesting if the students had included their own opinions, how they felt, for example, about the United States forcing Japan to open up its markets while it still imposed tariffs on foreign products entering its own markets. Did the students think that this was fair to Japan? Did the government of the United States have a right to do this? Instead of answers to these questions, I only heard that meetings between the United States and Japan would be held on June 16. Japan's surplus will exceed 50,000 dollars in 1985, and Michihiko Kunihiro, the director of Japan's economic matters

is searching for a solution that will satisfy both countries. These were facts taken directly out of the articles. These students didn't have to think when they wrote these papers; they only had to copy, mimic, and steal the words of others.

As I continue with my education, I find that it is becoming easier to simply get through classes without thinking. I may voice my opinion about the situation in Nicaragua, but my classmates will not. That group of students seated in front of the frustrated teacher appears doomed to remain bored and apathetic unless they are pushed to think. Unfortunately, our educational system is not prepared to meet this challenge, and instead of leading the students to think for themselves, it discourages them from thinking at all.

Michelle Hughes



TICKING ME OFF

An incessant, obnoxious ticking is heard over the roar of the air conditioning system at the library. The ticking is a certain distraction to anyone engaged in studying, but especially to me. The sound seems to be synchronized with the quartz movement of the second hand traveling at its constant, marked steps around the face. As soon as the hand's circular journey is completed, it begins again with what seems like a forever unchanging pace. The ever-present sound of ticking is continuously bothersome and irritating.

Ticking is a rather boring sound, and boring things do not appeal to me. The sound of a watch ticking never fluctuates, not even for an instant. There is no stutter to its speech. It emanates in a monotone, yielding no feeling. Ticking reminds me of a seventh grade student giving a speech on a topic that thoroughly disinterests him. The ticking, like the child's voice, is always at the same volume, never softer and never louder. Also, it remains on the same pitch, never lower and never higher. Ticking resembles a song where all the notes are the same, or even the sound that the flashing, turn signal of my car makes when it blinks on and off. Maybe, it is like the monotone on the Emergency Broadcast System commercial, except with one second breaks of silence.

However dull and uniform ticking may be, always hearing its sound lets me know that time never stands still. Life is short, and ticking makes me feel that life could be passing me by, which annoys me because I want life to slow down. Since life travels at break-neck speed, when something good happens, I hardly have time to stop and smell the roses. It seems like only yesterday I was attending high school, and the day before that it was middle school. Two days ago, I had only to be concerned with the cartoons that I was going to watch when I got home. Now I worry about whether or not I will have enough time after class to get my work done and still have time to breathe. I am scared that if I blink my

eyes, then college will be over, but I will continue to hear the ticking.

Tick, tick, tick sounds like a chisel hitting a stone, as a sculptor would when he shapes a lifeless rock into a living statue. I can envision men building a train track. They lay the rails on the ties, then drive in the fastening spikes with a sledgehammer. Instead of allowing time to pass me by, I should get on the ball and build a future for myself, just as the sculptor molds a masterpiece and the track layers form a path to be followed. The sound is annoying in the same way that my father is when he nags me to push farther than I can possibly go.

Dennis Morgan

COUNTRY MOUSE? CITY MOUSE? COUNTRY MOUSE!

Lebanon is one of the numerous Pennsylvania Dutch one-horse agricultural towns scattered throughout the Susquehanna Valley about 100 miles northwest of Philadelphia. It is a nothing town--nothing to see, nothing to do, and nothing but farms. So many farms that growing up there made me feel like a modern Laura Ingalls in Little House on the Paririe. I hated it--until I went away to college and experienced a whole new world in the city. Living in Baltimore has taught me to appreciate the agrarian aspects of my hometown that used to irritate me.

Lebanon is an island in a sea of farms--Amish, dairy, chicken, and just plain old ordinary farms, each one an isolated fortress supplied by its own silo, set in a backdrop of every shade of fertile green imaginable. The smell of manure on every breeze, corn plants so high they block everyone's field of vision, stubborn Dutch farmers spitting their awful mahogany-colored tobacco right and left, an Amish mule-drawn plow plodding along the road creating a ten mile traffic back-up: these are the daily scenes which nearly drove me to lunacy. It was all so boring, so monotonous! Although I've never lived anywhere else, I have read of fascinating foreign cultures, travelled across the nation, and visited southern Europe. Lebanon hardly compares to ancient Greece and its mythology, or New Orleans' jazzy nightlife, or summer in the mountains of northern Spain. Those places each have a specific cultural flare, unique ethnic customs, and exotic dialects. I guess Lebanon's Dutch and Amish communities are ethnic, but they certainly aren't exotic. Nobody wears wild, flowing clothes or speaks with a spicy accent, just denims and flat Dutch "haws" and "caws" for "house" and "cows". Because the farms and people were always there and always the same, they bored me.

I grew especially tired of the familiarity and the cows. Everyone in Lebanon knows or at least recognizes everyone else. There aren't that many of us. I don't personally know many of the adults who greet me, but I know they know my

parents or grandfathers, or even my brothers. This always makes me feel scrutinized. Take this one summer Saturday night about two years ago. My best friend Michelle and I had nothing to do, for we had seen all the current movies, were sick of hanging out at the mall, and lacked the money to go to Lancaster or Reading (neighboring towns with a little more personality than ours). We decided to just walk down the main street, Cumberland Street, commonly called the "Strip," watching the kids drag race and pick up girls. Now, Cumberland Street isn't a bad part of town, but parents frown on the Saturday night action. One of my dad's friends saw us, told my dad about it, and then for the rest of the month all I heard was "So what derelicts are you going to pick up on the Strip tonight?" I know he was only kidding, because if he really thought I was doing that, he would be too afraid to confront me about it, but it bothered me that his friend felt he had to inform him of my activities. It's not his business. If I had been picking up derelicts he would be justified, but I was just watching, trying to amuse myself. This was neither the first nor last time I had been "observed" by my parents' friends, and it irked me more each time.

However much the familiarity and nosiness of the people in Lebanon bothered me, the presence of the cows was worse. They are everywhere, docile creatures, just standing around like statues, staring at the world with their blank, bovine eyes, chewing their cud like an old man trying to get peanut butter out of his dentures. Cows are so prominent in the lives of us "Lebanese" that when Michelle and I went on a school trip to Italy and Greece, the first thing we noticed was the lack of cows. Riding on a train through the Italian countryside, we couldn't stop marvelling over the cowless fields.

"Man, this is great! Not a single cow in sight!"

"Yeah, I can hardly believe it. I sure don't miss those stupid things!"

We were so accustomed to seeing cows that the absence of them was a big thing, but a bigger thing soon followed. My

older brother Paul joined the ranks of the farmers. I nearly flipped. I mean, farming is an important and respectable job, but didn't we have enough farms (and -ers) already? I just shook my head and mumbled "stupid jerk" whenever he began expounding on the trials and triumphs of cow and chicken raising. As far as I was concerned, farming was all fine and good, but couldn't we have another, more glamorous industry (like maybe filming) in Lebanon? I was sick and tired of the same old green and cows and faces and the humdrum atmosphere that went with it. The most excitement we get during the year arrives in August with the Lebanon "Bologna Fest," when farmers and their progeny get together for a massive shindig, complete with cows, country music, and Pennsylvania Dutch food. "Monotony" is the only appropriate summary of Lebanon life.

I finally saw a chance to escape this monotony when I began applying to colleges. I would go to a city and experience a "real" life! So I chose Loyola and wound up in Baltimore, where there are places other than farms, millions-of strangers, and no cows! I was in heaven. When I walk down Charles Street, I can't see a single silo or barn or chicken house, but only tall, beautiful homes. When I take the bus downtown I still can't see farms, just skyscrapers. And each one is unique! In Lebanon many of the buildings appear to be related, but here the Civic Center differs from the Festival Hall which differs from the Trade Center which differs from the McDonald's on North Avenue. Every day I see people that I never saw before and probably won't see again. Few of them wear the standard Lebanon overalls, and none say "Let's go dawntawn." I like observing all these varieties of mankind, knowing that I don't stand out from any of them. I can dance down the street wearing clothes I would not be caught dead in at home, because nobody knows me (or my dad or my great uncle twice removed) or cares what I do. And there are no farms within the city limits, therefore no cows, chickens, or my self-righteous brother. Baltimore thrilled me when I first came here, and I did not miss Lebanon at all.

I think it was the orange skies that changed my views. I am fond of Baltimore, but it has these weird orange industrial skies created by the city lights, every night whether cloudy or clear. What kind of sky is that? Where is the blue? After a semester of those skies, I slowly realized that maybe I was too harsh on the farmlands of Lebanon. There we have clear indigo skies dotted with the tiny flames of stars, or pale periwinkle clouds which whisper "snow" to any listening ear, or violent storm skies in which the thunderheads race to pour down the rain. Our air is fresh and crisp. Granted, it smells like fertilizer, but that is a natural odor, while carbon monoxide fumes are unnatural and quite harmful. I never knew how I had taken nature for granted. At home, the air and skies are available to all, unhindered by skyscrapers hogging all the beauty. The farms provide wide open spaces which stretch to the mountainous horizon. When snow began to fall, I missed those open fields and skies even more, as I recalled my family tobogganing and snow-mobiling across my brother's land.

Snow also meant Christmas was approaching, and I soon found myself missing the familiarity of the "Lebanese." We all greet each other with "Merry Christmas" or some other happy expression pausing in our paths to chat with one another. The spirit of the season is so clear and pervasive you can't help but get swept away by it. In Baltimore none of the people exchanged pleasantries or even smiles. They just rushed along with their shopping. I found this difficult to adjust to and felt lonely and homesick. One by one, like lined-up dominoes, my feelings led to realizations, and I was forced to conclude that somehow, sometime when I was caught off guard, those farms and country ways had gotten into my blood.

The monumental realization was that my attitude towards my brother's occupation improved. I think the change came from making friends with "city kids." We exchanged stories of our hometowns: they captivated me with talk of nightlife, high crime, and bizarrely dressed people, and I fascinated them with tales of raising calves and roller skating

in the chicken houses. I could not believe they were interested in my farm stories! Some of them had never been on a farm, and now they wanted to see one. So one Saturday in November four of us made a road trip to Lebanon (which is two hours from Baltimore), and one of the stops along the tour was my brother's farm. We drove across the ninety-four acres, saw the chickens, even helped my brother feed the cows. My three friends were enamored of the entire place and Paul's stories of birthing a calf and bringing in a chicken shipment. All the way back to Loyola they kept raving about what a beautiful farm my brother has and how much fun I must have when I visit him there. I thought they had to be kidding, but as I continued to listen, it hit me that it was beautiful and I did enjoy myself there. I had just never realized it because I was too busy taking it for granted. Only an opposing point of view could show me what I was missing. I have since apologized to Paul for putting him down.

It seems I've done a lot of apologizing lately--to the cows, the farms, the familiar faces, to Lebanon as a whole. It took a whole new environment to make me appreciate my home, but it was worth it. When I'm back in Lebanon for the summer and I grow bored with it again, I'll have to look ahead to my return to Baltimore and I'll be content where I am. I like the city, but I guess I'm a country girl at heart. Now when someone calls me a hick, instead of getting offended, I just smile a bovine smile and agree.

Janine Felty

A QUESTION OF LAW AND HONOR

In the wake of the Marcos tidal wave, people worldwide are tempted to ask the question "how?" How can one woman buy twelve million dollars worth of jewelry in one day, acquire three thousand pairs of shoes, and accumulate several hundred black brassieres without spending a cent of her own money? Closer to home, Marylanders are asking a similar question. How is it that one man can purchase such luxuries as a Rolls Royce golf cart and an inlaid-marble backgammon table without dipping into his personal funds? The Marcos and Levitt cases exemplify the extreme abuse of the law. Daily, however, executives and officers, as well as lower ranked employees of rinky-dink businesses and powerful corporations alike overstep the bounds placed upon the notorious "expense account."

The extent to which expense accounts supply executives and employees with non-business luxuries is quite wide ranging. One of the most controversial corporate expenses is that of the "business lunch." When the lunch is exactly that, business, deduction thereof is understandable. When the lunches turn into \$350 meals at New York's Palace restaurant, however, eyebrows should lift. Other unreasonable expenses which corporations cover as business expenses include tickets to sporting events, family vacation transportation on company planes, and country club dues. *Fortune* magazine (April 24, 1978) describes "W. Michael Blumenthal, who as chairman of Bendix Corp. once had at his disposal a company box at Forest Hills and a block of 200 season tickets to Notre Dame football games."

Yet another noteworthy example of tax law abuse is that of the Victor Posner family, the heads of such companies as Sharon Steel Corp. The family reportedly spent \$1. million of corporate money in just seven years. Similarly, New York lawyer Ray Cohn told the *Washington Post* that his law firm covers \$500,000 a year for his expenses on top of a \$75,000 to 100,000 salary. These expenses include houses in New York, Connecticut, and Acapulco.

The question of expense account abuse is not a new one. Several presidential administrations have confronted the problem, and several reformative bills have been proposed to curb these illegal activities. Kennedy's administration, coining the term "two-martini lunch," tightened considerably the lead on the executive expense account. More recently, Carter revived the crusade against the now inflationary "three-martini lunch." Despite these reforms and crackdowns expense account charges still sky rocket.

Theresa Whembley, a former accounting clerk at a Baltimore based savings and loan, said, "I'd guess we spent close to two thousand dollars a month on country club and restaurant bills--and that was just for two executives." Miss Whembley explains that in addition to these so-called business entertainment expenses, the S&L defrayed the cost of some thirty-five magazine subscriptions. "Businessweek and Fortune I can understand," said Miss Whembley, "but 1001 Home Ideas and Golf?" These publications, the business application of which is questionable, were rarely visible in the office. "Maybe they were supposed to be for the customers to read, but I never saw them," concluded Miss Whembley.

Once again the question arises. How? How can executives get away with funding such expenditures with corporate money. One answer, though in no way resolatory, rests in the law. Federal tax laws concerning such expenses are quite vague and, therefore, very flexible. The tax laws encompassing travel and entertainment expenditures (Regulation 1.162) may be applied in one of two ways. In the first case, the business or corporation covers the cost of the expenses (i.e. a country club membership for an executive or officer), and the business uses this item as a deduction at year end. In the second case, the business pays the executive or officer an increased salary. The employee, in turn, claims the membership, fees, and dues as a business expense on his or her individual return.

These tax laws, however, are not easily enforced. As mentioned before, the exact wording of the codes is quite

vague. Regulation 1.162 states, "There shall be allowed as a deduction all ordinary and necessary expenses paid or incurred during the taxable year in carrying on any trade or business." Needless to say, this regulation leaves room for numerous interpretations. Questions repeatedly arise in the interpretation of "ordinary and necessary."

The United States Supreme Court case of Deputy v. DuPont (1940) defines ordinary as "normal, usual, or customary." In terms of a business expense, the court declared that "the transaction which gives rise to it must be of common or frequent occurrence in the type of business involved." A similar decision, Welch v. Helvering (1933) specifies necessary as meaning "appropriate and helpful."

Even still, these clarifications leave room for varying interpretations. Viewing a business expense as ordinary just because it is common or frequent to the type of business could lead to further abuse. Airfare to a bankers convention in Toledo is certainly understandable, but suppose the majority of local S&L's spent hundreds of dollars on home improvement and sporting magazines. Is it justifiable that yet another does? And still the practice is common and frequent.

The tax regulation which deals specifically with the issue of travel and entertainment expenditures also runs into great difficulty in terms of enforcement. In order for a business person to deduct the cost of a trip (that is, the cost of transportation and lodging), he must prove that the majority of the time spent away serves a "bona fide business purpose." The situation, when deducting entertainment costs (for example, dinner and a show) is similar. Lauren Eby, a Certified Public Accountant currently employed by Maryland National Bank, explains, "You must declare prior to the engagement that it is planned for the purpose of discussing business." Following the engagement, receipts are required for any expense exceeding twenty-five dollars, and the employee just "has to say that business was discussed."

Once again, more questions arise. How can businessmen and -women show that these "three-martini lunches" serve as sites for business discussions? How does John Doe, executive, prove that he spent fourteen hours of his weekend in Malibu discussing business, and only six hours basking in the sun? "Basics," Mrs. Eby says "You just have to take their word for it." Citing honesty as the bottom line is not to say that tax law enforcement is nonexistent. According to Mrs. Eby, auditors continually examine businesses' and corporations' expense records. There also stand well-defined penalties for abuse of business expense regulations. The punitive response for such offenses falls on three levels. First, the business or individual (depending upon which way the possible deduction has been utilized) must pay the amount deducted plus applicable interest from the year in question to the present (since the audit examines the records of a previous year, not necessarily the last). Second, the business or individual must pay a civil penalty in addition to the aforementioned interest and deduction principal. Third, the business or individual must undergo criminal prosecution. If the court deems the act fraudulent, the penalty may be imprisonment.

The basis upon which officials determine the penalty is not the amount of money involved. The determining factor rests upon just how unjustifiable the abuse of 'the regulation is--how blatantly did John Doe, Inc., exceed the limits of "ordinary and necessary" business expenses?

Yet even with more specifically defined regulations and clearly outlined penalties, enforcement of tax regulations for the executive expense account is weak. Mrs. Eby recalled the case of a recent audit, though not performed by herself specifically. The man under examination failed to prove that an automobile, claimed as a business deduction, was used primarily for business purposes. The "penalty" for this inappropriate deduction required the man to place the car under his own name rather than that of his business. The auditors did not require an amended return of the year in question--just a slap on the wrist and a "don't let it happen again."

Yet placing all the blame on the tax laws and their enforcement is not exactly fair. Laws will always contain ambiguities and leave room for varying interpretations. The brunt of the enforcement responsibility falls on the individual business or corporation. Just how much will John Doe, Inc., allow its expense account to cover? The tax laws cannot possibly outline in specifics that S&L's may deduct up to eight periodicals, \$200 in restaurant tabs per month, and a "one game per series" season ticket package for the Orioles. Each business has a unique personnel structure with unique needs. Therefore, each organization should, and does, determine the limits of its travel and entertainment expenses.

Why, then, do we still see the abuse of these expense accounts? The answer is quite simple. Those persons in the position to tighten the reigns on the "three-martini-lunches" are the very same persons who enjoy those lunches. Why would a board of directors propose limited T&E spending when its members enjoy golf at the club weekly and lunch at the city's finest with the corporation's top executives? Basically, it wouldn't.

Okay, you may say, but don't lower-ranked employees, these not privileged with expense accounts, have something to say about the extensive use of these accounts? Certainly, they have something to say. The point is, they don't say it. "Most people just want to keep their jobs," Ms. Whembley said. "We had plenty of comments when the president wasn't around, but no one would say anything to him--not even the controller, as long as things were documented." Granted, Ms. Whembley's experiences represent only one organization. Chances are, however, that these sentiments are quite common among the business world.

So, in watching the continuation of expense account abuse, we witness American integrity shadowed by the American Dream. The average white collar employee puts on blinders in hopes of more quickly climbing the corporate ladder. Maybe one day he will have his turn at utilizing the

"business expense" account to its fullest. And hopefully, for him, the reins thereof will remain loose.

Kate Rodowsky

AMERICA'S GREATEST THREAT

Our country is in extreme danger! The music industry is threatening the morals of our population. Any decent American should cringe when he hears the violence, sex, drugs and alcohol, and occult references on radio stations across this great land of ours. Do we really know how these references are affecting the people of America? I say the threat must be controlled! Yes, I'm talking about the sordid world of Easy Listening music.

I must thank Spin magazine (December 1985) for bringing this national emergency to my attention. Apparently, a group of patriotic college students have started a very important organization to save our nation's older generation—SMRC (Students' Music Resource Center). The group simply wants the right to rate, in a very fair manner, these sickening records according to their content. It is true that our founding fathers would roll over in their graves, if they could hear the music of the Anti-Christ that makes its way over the FM airwaves and into dentists' offices all over the country.

With recent debates over violence on television, the Surgeon General has determined that there is, indeed, too much violence portrayed on the tube. I wonder if Dr. Koop has heard Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly," with its obvious reference to cold-blooded murder! Perhaps someone should warn the public of the sadism in the tune "You Always Hurt the One You Love" by that disgusting group, the Mills Brothers, or in "Hurting Each Other" by the Carpenters, just a few examples of the violence found in the reckless songwriting of Easy Listening.

Nothing is as debasing to today's older generation as sexual promiscuity. The morals of this once very patriotic and god-fearing generation are going down the toilet! Women over fifty everywhere are die-hard fans of that morally-repugnant sex-gargoyle Julio Iglesias. When he sings about all the girls he's loved before, he is most obviously advocating

statutory rape. It may be hard for some of you readers to believe, but I was actually in an elevator where young, impressionable children were being exposed to Julio's attack on good old traditional American values. Very soon the sword of God will seek justice on this type of immorality! Even Old Blue Eyes himself, Francis Albert Sinatra, - is guilty of degrading the Judeo-Christian system of sexual ethics. Frank irresponsibly sings of picking up prostitutes in "Strangers in the Night" and implies sexual deviation in the classic "I Did It My Way." This is truly a good Christian's nightmare! While it is true that these songs have subtle references, the SMRC and I proclaim subtlety as the worst kind of mental poison!

Another problem plaguing the over-fifty set is addiction to drugs and alcohol. Research has shown a direct link between substance abuse and exposure to the lyrics of soft music. Who could forget Sammy Jr.'s ode to the drug pusher, "Candy Man?" With the lyrics "Who could take a sunrise/Sprinkle it with dew/Cover it with chocolate/And a miracle or two," Davis is apparently describing a housewife tripping on an overdose of valium. Another example of this shocking drug acceptance is Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," a cleverly disguised little song about Angel Dust. A very wise man once said that Satan visits the world as a clean-cut person in a neat suit. John Denver fits this description when he sings about an immoral "Rocky Mountain High." Reference to alcohol run rampant through the Easy Listening repertoire. Such tunes as the "Beer Barrel Polka" and Neil Diamond's "Red, Red Wine" advocate the consumption of the devil's nectar. Sometimes the lifestyle of an artist can set a bad example. Karen Carpenter, a member of the punk-Easy Listening group, the Carpenters, died a premature death because of drug use. Unless we want our older generation to become a huge market for pill-pushing quacks and liquor stores, we must control their listening habits!

The most frightening aspect of Easy Listening is its flirtation with the forces of evil! Occult messages are sometimes "masked" on a record and can be heard when it is played backwards. If one plays the Debbie Boone hit "You

Light Up My Life" backwards at exactly 16 RPM, he can hear the message "I snort cocaine up my nose, sweet Lucifer." I'll admit that the words are muffled; however, they can indeed be heard! Other seemingly harmless occult songs include "Witchcraft" by bad boy Frank Sinatra and "That Ole Devil Moon" by that suspected Satan-worshipper Marie Osmond.

The SMRC is not only concerned with the lyrics of soft music. The slow, seductive beat has been known to be just as harmful. Apparently, many accidents have been caused by drivers who were put to sleep by this devilishly relaxing music! Concert behavior is also under attack by the organization. At a recent New York concert by the Velvetones, three people were arrested for trying to smuggle pitchers of martini cocktails into the auditorium. In Washington, over 100 middle-aged women were arrested for rushing the stage at a recent Wayne Newton concert. Washington officials were so appalled that they are not going to let Mr. Newton perform there in the future, because he attracts the "wrong element."

The SMRC is standing up for a strong, mentally fit America! They are exposing Easy Listening for what it really is--a Communist plot! The Russians are poisoning the minds of our grandparents to overthrow the good old U. S. of A. The time has come for direct action! Let's clean up the smut! Burn with no mercy all of your Easy Listening records, for it is evident that Satan himself is working through them to undermine True Americans!

Craig Ey

WICKHAM WONDER-LAND

While shopping, I uncovered from a packed round rack a black sweater. Of course, that is all it looked like with only the shoulder shed to the light. But once I yanked it from the arms of neighboring sweaters, I found on the front a solitary peacock feather, etched with silk-like thread and accented with light-catching blue sequins. I bought the sweater to remind me of the peacock feathers in our dining room, whose ageless beauty never ceases to amaze, and of the owners of the rainbow-like birds, the Wickhams. Neither fowl nor family are indigenous to America, but the Wickhams are as steadfastly American as our founding fathers.

Along with their belongings, the pilgrims packed up their beliefs to be planted in new, unprejudiced soil. The Wickhams came from Long Island to Baltimore where the pressures of the business world chartered Mr. Wickham into setting up his own consulting firm. Peer pressure by no means affected the studies or self-esteem of his children, Joseph, Prudence, Benjamin and Barnabas. The names themselves reflect their austere and eccentric natures. Mrs. Wickham carefully selected the Biblical names in hopes of endowing in her children an eternal sense of their spiritual pilgrimage. At the school Prudence and I attended, I overheard a girl poke fun at Prudence's name when it appeared in the yearbook. The girl was not very prudent in inferring that "Prudence" belonged to an unpoised teenager, for as I glanced up in anger, I recognized the face and the insecure person behind it. Prudence's brothers occasionally refer to her as "Heavy Duty Prudy," but she is not fat; rather their love for her is bursting at the seams.

The pilgrims succeeded on a seemingly barren land because of their family structure. Mr. Wickham is the master and overseer of the entire Wickham household. The four children have always been subject to their father's authority and have been put in uncomfortable positions as a result of their disobedience. Penance for not making a bed, or being insubordinate when asked to pump gas requires running around

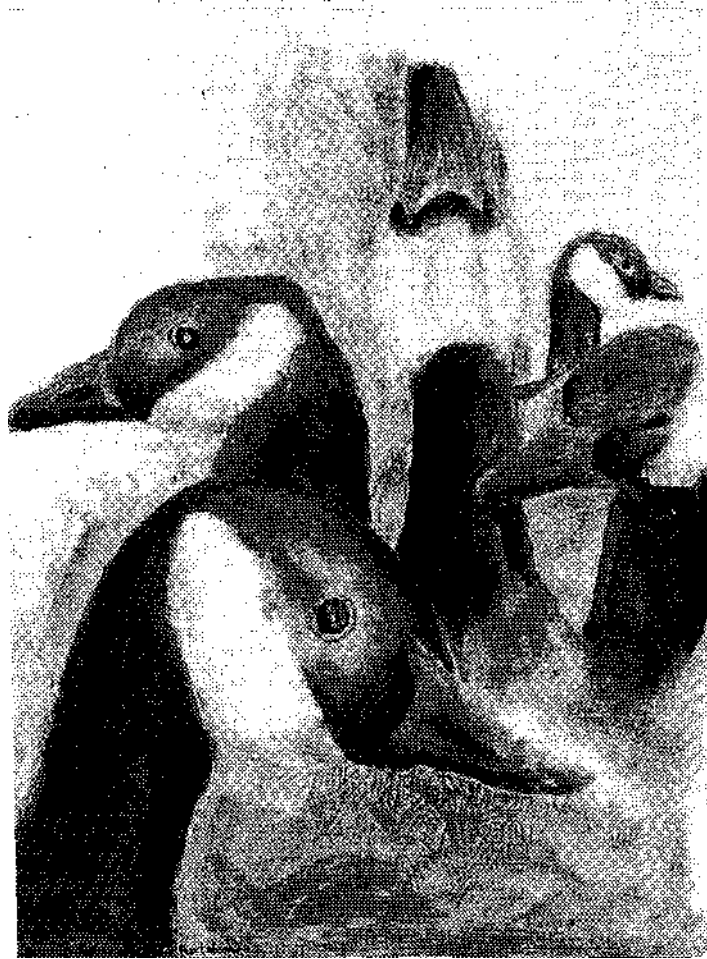
the house. Luckily, no one can see their yard as it sits away from the road, but their roaming geese chase and cheer the sinful runner along. About one o'clock one night, Mr. Wickham noticed that the geese were being overly obnoxious. He found that they had not been fed, so he stomped upstairs to Prudence's room, threw her covers off, and made her run around the house fifteen times in her pajamas.

In the Wickham abode, one need not be grossly disobedient in order to be greatly restricted. The crude piping system allows Mr. Wickham to enforce five-minute showers. If the time is past, then he turns the kitchen spigot on, causing cold water to drip half-heartedly. Once, Benjamin actually had to get out of the shower lathered up.

Group punishment is always a success because it suppresses even the innocent bystander's occasional forgetfulness. Barnabas failed to hang his bath towel up properly to dry, so Prudence was made to count aloud after each of his one hundred reattempts.

In perspective, Mr. Wickham is no stricter with his children than he is with himself. The diligence in his work is fostered by the hope that his children will have a promising future. He is found most mornings at 3 a.m. with his head buried in papers, gravity being stronger than the upward pull of hope. Even at Prudence's slumber parties, he is found in the adjoining dining room plowing through paperwork that crops up during the week. His diligence allows very few emotions to surface, but on occasional Sundays he corrals the family into the yard for a friendly game of football.

The mother is the bow in the string holding the whole family together. Since Mr. Wickham is in business for himself, a woman's organizational skills are a necessity. Mrs. Wickham is handed the tedious jobs of typing and errand-running. Usually she, all of five feet, is sent out to retrieve huge materials and equipment for contracting jobs. Once she was called by her husband to taxi up to New York's Kennedy



airport at 12 o'clock midnight because a horrible storm in the area had kept the planes from taking off.

Women of old were considered inferior, yet their position in the home was far from menial. Mr. Wickham may supply his children's physical needs, but Mrs. Wickham has the chore of supplying their emotional and social necessities. From sun-up to moon-up she reprimands, comforts and encourages. Bored, after watching three hours of the annual fire fighter relays, Joseph gathered his sister and brothers to walk home. Once home, the youngest, Barnabas, quietly cried in his mother's lap because he was missing the grand finale. Soothingly, Mrs. Wickham took his hand and walked him back to the water works. If it were not for her total awareness and concern, her children would not have a proper example to follow, especially when hardships met them in the future.

Hardships caused the first Americans to scrupulously save their money. After the harvests were in, when money and time became more available, even their frivolities were purchased as if they were necessities. Fashion eludes the Wickhams as I elude the geese pellets scattered all over their driveway, but when extra money is available, Mr. Wickham insists that the best from L.L. Bean or Bamberger's is purchased. You would never guess the designer, looking at the matching corduroys on the haphazard family, but the expense yields quality: no new pants need be bought in the next ten years. Mr. Wickham believes, too, in quality in education, and, nostalgically, he sent his eldest son, Joseph, to both senior Wickhams' alma mater, Cornell University. That is why 3 a.m. work sessions are unavoidable and gratitude abides. Last Thanksgiving their table was set in its usual gay array with a cooked goose at the center -- a Wickham goose Joseph backed into and Prudence defeathered and skinned. However, not a fork was lifted until each member gave thanks to their Provider. The same humble couple that cuts corners throughout the year provide almost useless items at Christmas: an original Cabbage Patch doll, a go-cart, and a trampoline. Still, none of the presents are opened until the animals are fed and the household chores done.

My brother and I set out one beautiful spring morning to christen the Wickham's new trampoline with our bare feet. Along with Joseph, Prudence, Benjamin, and Barnabas, we took turns trying to fly higher than the rising sun, almost as though we were aiming for a new world based on simple pleasures. There is an unexplainable thrill that comes from aimlessly jumping on a piece of springy tarp, especially when one does a half-turn and finds six radiant peacocks staring back through their cage.

Julie Tiemann

DISCOVERING DEPENDENCE

I went into the downstairs bathroom of our house, silently closed the door behind me, turned around, and looked at myself in the mirror. The tears began to run down my face uncontrollably. My stomach felt as if it were lead sinking down to my feet. I knelt down to the floor, unable to look at myself in the mirror any longer. What would my life be like if the hijackers never released the people on my father's plane, or, even worse, if I never knew what happened to him? I already felt a sense of loss, and I didn't even know if I'd lost my father.

Until that day, I never realized how much I took my family for granted, especially my father. I have always assumed that he would be there to share the rest of my life. The day my father's plane was hijacked and taken to Iran, I realized that I would not always have him to look to for support. As a seventeen-year-old, I prided myself on my independence, telling myself that if I was forced to, I could make a living on my own. I was ignoring the psychological need I have for my family. As most teenagers are, I was obsessed with the idea of breaking away from my home ties. That day, I was to discover that I was not yet independent enough to sever the ties I have with my home, but more importantly, my father.

I had just gotten up to get ready for school and heard my mother moving around downstairs. Instinctively, I knew that something unusual was happening because my mother never got out of bed before me. I went downstairs to see what had risen her from bed so early. She was sitting at the kitchen table with the phone in her hand. Her eyes were a little bloodshot as I stood in the doorway, an uncomfortable sensation slowly winding its way through my body. She laid the phone down, stood up, walked over to me, and said, "Your father's plane has been hijacked. It's in Iran right now. They keep calling me to tell me that it'll be taking off soon, but they're been saying that for the past five hours. And they

keep telling me to watch the news for more information, but all that's on T.V. is that damned election."

I was so stunned and confused that all I could say was "Who's 'they'?"

"The State Department."

I'd never before seen the look of helplessness that was on my mother's face. I looked into the family room to see Joan Lunden on our television, the television my father had bought us, talking about the probable outcome of the 1984 Presidential election. Would it be a second term for Ronald Reagan or would the White House see the Mondale family moving in? "That has more priority on the news than a hijacking! My God!" was all I could think. The anger and pain were so strong that my hands were shaking as I went into the bathroom to clear my head. I didn't know what or who to blame. Would I ever see my father again? Would he be killed? I couldn't let myself think those thought.

For as long as I can remember, my father's job included traveling to the Middle East and Europe. I've grown up taking rides to BWI Airport to drop him off or pick him up. He always came home with something from a foreign country or a far-away state as a token of his affection and of how sorry he was that he had missed another few weeks of my life. I used to ask him as I watched him pack up his suitcase, "Do you have to leave? I've got a dance recital this weekend." He used to smile into the face of his blonde, blue-eyed little girl and say, "If I didn't have to, I wouldn't. Do you think I want to miss seeing you dance? I don't like leaving you. But, if I didn't do this, you wouldn't be able to take those dance lessons, right? Now, while I'm gone, I want you to be real good for your mother and don't fight with your brother. I'm counting on you to keep things calm around here while I'm gone. Okay?"

As I knelt on the bathroom floor, remembering that familiar scene of my childhood, it somehow comforted me. I

had to smile in thinking how little I understood back then. I thought that whatever was happening to my father at that moment, he would want me to do the same thing now. I wiped the tears from my eyes and went into the kitchen to give my mother the longest hug we had ever shared.

That day proved to be a long, suspenseful, and trying one, but we finally received a phone call from my father when he was safely in Riyadh. When I heard his voice, it was as if a one-ton weight had suddenly been lifted from my shoulders. Before that phone call, I felt like a lost child. Two Yemenese terrorists were taking my father from me, and my warm, familiar sense of security was disappearing with him. The man I could always count on to stand by me when I made my mistakes, give me an extra five dollars when I was in need, or just scratch my back before I went to bed could suddenly be taken from me. I was enraged with the thought that he might not see me graduate from high school, let alone college. He might not be there to see me working in my career or raising my own family. Those are all selfish reasons, but I was terrified of the void that would be created in my life if he were not there.

My father and I share an unusual sort of relationship. We have never been especially close, with me telling him things I wouldn't tell my mother. We aren't buddies either, going out to throw around a football on a Sunday afternoon. But we have an understanding and admiration of one another that goes a little deeper than the everyday father/daughter relationship. When my father and I talk about an issue we disagree on, I know that I will never hear, "No, Sarah, that's not the way it is". He appreciates my views and opinions even if they conflict with his. Furthermore, if I provide a good enough argument, I can sometimes sway his opinion. It's a feeling of accomplishment to know that I have a small amount of influence over him. Our countless talks have helped me to mature and have given me a deeper insight into humanity. I need his praise, but, more importantly, I need his criticism to keep my goals in perspective. I also see the things he has worked so hard for, and I see how much he has

sacrificed for our family. I have to shake my head in amazement at his love and dedication to us. My father sees me working to achieve many of the same goals he has already accomplished, and he is proud of me for what I am working towards. We have a deep respect for each other.

The day of the 1984 Presidential election--the day that my mother received a call from the State Department telling her that the Air Saudia jet her husband was aboard had been hijacked and taken to Iran--showed me that I was not as independent as I had imagined. I was not prepared to lose my father to senseless terrorism. There was still much more to be gained from his wisdom. After that day, that smug, slightly over-confident seventeen-year-old realized that even if she could make it on own, she didn't want to. Indeed, it is sometimes a good, warm feeling to be dependent.

Sarah Leeds

A MODEST HOUSING PROPOSAL

It is a sad thing for those who walk through Loyola College to see the troubles of its resident housing. Present overcrowding, dissatisfaction among all resident students, protests against next year's resident housing policies, posters urging students to take off campus housing, and more all exist and thrive on the college's otherwise quiet, peaceful campus. Yet, certainly there are solutions to these problems, and in fact, I myself, have arrived upon a most humble proposal that I'm positive will solve them magnificently.

My proposal is this: redefining Loyola College's "resident student unit" will improve the college's housing program in several major ways. To redefine "resident student" is actually quite simple and would only require that Loyola adopt a new regulation stating that a single resident student is to be defined as 2 individual persons instead of just one. Of course, Loyola wouldn't state the regulation in such confusing sloppiness. Rather, by way of its vast, efficient, bureaucratic channels, Loyola would probably adopt a more precise and clear regulation stating something to the following effect:

Date--

Section 2254-A439

Subject- res. pol. sup precede pol. law and code:
inclusive

2aA7 2--Article 1

Henceforth, (in accordance with Article 2&3) for the purposes of, and dealing solely with, sojourn and resident campus housing, Loyola College in Maryland shall no longer recognize the student unit as a single individual person, but rather as a dual individual persona, according to the pairing rules and regulations binding.

In practice, what this new regulation would require is that while in dorms, apartments, or suites, students must each be physically paired with one other student (of the same sex) of their choice. This pairing must be continuous and permanent while within these resident areas. When students leave these areas, they are free to separate. It really doesn't

matter what the connecting device would be — perhaps canvas tethers or those Kryptonite bike locks. What does matter, though, are what effects this modest regulation would have on Loyola's resident housing. I assert that its effects would be positive and am sure that Loyola's wise and hard-working administration would certainly agree with me.

First of all, the new system would greatly reduce student density per resident unit. According to the policy, a student resident would be defined as two persons strapped (or hooked, or clipped, etc.) together, and this "persona" is then to be treated just as a normal single student unit. Therefore, the number of resident students would be cut by 50%, and Loyola, being in such desperate need for money, could increase resident enrollment by, say, 25% and still offer students a 25% reduction in overcrowding. Six person apartments could become four persona apartments; eight person apartments, six persona apartments; five person suites, four persona suites, and so on.

In addition to increasing room space, this pairing system would also increase class camaraderie. Because overcrowding would not be a problem, everybody could live with their preferred classmates and not worry about being split up to various corners of campus. Also, no other circumstances could build as strong and lasting a relationship as by being physically paired with someone.

At the same time friends are making all these wonderful bonds with friends, each will reap a final major benefit. My proposed policy would decrease housing costs to students, and since decreasing costs to students is so important at Loyola College, I'm sure this benefit would surely capture the administration's approval. Moreover, the proposal is so perfect that at the same time it lowers costs to students, it would raise revenues to Uncle Loyola. Considering how much time and energy Loyola puts behind its policy decisions-- not to mention the excessive processing costs it incurs daily -- I think it's only fair that Loyola gain a little extra. To see the proof behind the above-mentioned

facts, recall that earlier I said Loyola could increase resident enrollment by 25%. Using round numbers, let's say that puts resident housing up to about 2000 students (from 1600) and that room cost is about \$2500. With the addition to resident enrollment, Loyola can reduce room cost by \$250/student and still increase revenues by 12%.

But who cares about the increased revenues? My proposal would suit Loyola's housing decisions makers because of its simplicity, feasibility, efficiency, and fairness.

Tom Beckett

BEHIND THE SMOKE SCREEN

It is seven o'clock in the morning and a freckled hand is reaching, stumbling on its slow walk across the bureau top. The hand finds the crisp edges of the lucite alarm clock. The long fingers skate over chilly wood till they poke and slightly push the folded pack of matches. The hand uncurls, then grabs the cardboard caricatures of Manny, Mo, and Jack, and peels a flimsy cover back. There is the sound of a snake spitting, and the match meets the jaunty cigarette, perched straight and prepared, jutting from loose and incoherent lips.

I see the glow from my side of the room; my sleepy eyeballs still in shock from the initial explosion of light. The cardboard match does not touch the tobacco. It is the flame that leans gently to the left, kissing the Marlboro Light until they both glow, the orange heat seeping through the circumference. My roommate blows out the match with a thin funnel of smoke. The slightly bent match, its purple tip unwilling to die, continues to send a rivulet of smoke from its sulfurous end.

I have seen babies at Christmas time, their faces open and wet, stunned by the decorations, the fireplace, the candles. I am sure I saw the season in much the same way—my eyes dizzy and confused as to which sparkle to watch. Mom, in her smooth stockings and red dress, sat near me on my first Christmas to keep me from the flames. When the house had warmed up, and the wrapping paper had been carefully stored for next year's small gifts, the logs were white and dusty. In a few years I would crawl behind the fireplace screen and sit in the ashes, the dust settling in my throat. Mom called me a moth, and worried that I would be found, a dehydrated shell, stuck in a back corner of the fireplace.

I was six years old when my parents felt I had developed enough of a sense of humor to appreciate never-ending candles.

The birthday cake was pink and white, a small plastic piano nestled between four frosting rosebuds. I squeezed my eyes shut, a prerequisite for all wish-making, raised my shoulders, puffed my cheeks and blew. The skinny blue candles smoked, the applause began, and before I was teased about my wish, I looked at the candles. The flames had relit straight and proud, defiant, as thin as the twisted candles. I again blew, spraying spit on Mark Fulmer, unfortunate enough to sit across from my place of honor. The candles relit.

I pushed the cake across the table and ran from the room. There is still a picture of my hasty retreat on an old tray of slides.

I have seen the fire engines getting washed in the company driveway, and being driven on Route 100 for the Halloween parade, but I picture every fire engine in darkness, the flashing orange lights racing to meet a larger orange glow.

As a child, I could lie in my bed and watch the procession go down the street: first the fire chiefs in their high Broncos, the bars of lights on their hoods; then the heavy machinery; then the blue and white police cars. I lay quietly in bed, hoping the screaming engines would drive past.

Dad always jumps out of bed to watch that the engines do continue west on Seventh Street, afraid it's his barn that they're chasing.

I watched a barn burn once, and smelled the molasses smell of burning hay, over 5000 wet bales that heated up and combusted when stacked in a pile.

I had expected to see a quiet family, barefooted and huddled in a linty blue blanket, staring at the greedy flames. I found chaos: heifers running loose, turkeys giggling as they fought to squeeze through the wire gate, children pushing machinery out of the grainery. Long strands of burning hay

hung from black rafters when Joe Gehringer turned to his brother, then the fire chief, and said, "Don't bother Tom. I'll only tear down anything that you save now." I felt a lump in my throat that couldn't be blamed on the smoke.

When the Saturday cartoons were all re-runs and the yard was too muddy even for high-topped boots, my brother and I played Betchcant. We'd sit in the opposite corners of the living room and try not to think about pink elephants or purple kangaroos. I won because Mark was too young to lie.

I remember this game at Christmas, when I walk to my place in the balcony, holding a small thin candle. We light the candles at 11:45, the unlit candle horizontal until its wick glows. I stare into the flame, my eyes watery and unfocused. "What are you thinking about?" my mother asks every year, the candles small blurs of heat in her glasses.

"Nothing." I answer each year. And I mean it.

Sandy Moser

