

periscope

The background of the image is a blurred photograph of a beach. Several people are visible in the distance, walking along the shoreline. The overall tone is muted and artistic.

Periscope

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The Crew



Caitlin Erwin

Caitlin hopes to provide every child around the world with their very own periscope. She is Periscope's inspiration and lovable pal.



Cori Gross

Space travel is in the future. As in, when I grow up. Also, I enjoy deep-sea diving and Sundays, not because it is the Lord's day, but because it is the day for NPR and Hulu.



Tom Groves

Lighthearted Funny Family Man Seeking
Big Bold Beautiful Australian Shepard.



Rachel Dievendorf

Rachel wishes that she lived in a fairy tale
so she uses every opportunity to do so.
Writing helps.



Derek Misler

Derek is the only member of the Periscope administration who had to commission this biographical blurb... not that he don't speak good or nuthin', it's just that to him drawing words makes far more sense than writing them. He also enjoys that which is timeless and classy. Like good shoes. And photography.



Darryl Holliday

Dr. Claw enjoys cole slaw and double-checking locks and shuttling thoughtlessly through the dark. He also enjoys laptop anime sprees, party of one.



J. Hansbrough

J. is Professor Emeritus 4 Life at the Junior College of Hard Knocks. He supplies the penetrating intellect and unparalleled knowledge of Standard Written English that one requires when one seeks to operate a publication of the formidable magnitude and order of Periscope. ●

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So in Spirit of the Times

by Cori Gross

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“The only thing that
can save the world is
the reclaiming of the
awareness of the world.
That’s what poetry does.”
Ginsberg

.....

The age we live in is certainly part of
a strange place and time, but there
is simply no way of refuting that it is the
only possible outcome of the last couple of
centuries of scientific progress. There is no
way of denying that it is, in fact, the very
real, eventual cause of an ongoing series

of irreversible events. There is absolutely
no way of saying that the digital develop-
ments of the world we live in are unnatu-
ral, that they aren’t worth merit, that they
aren’t even the result of precise planning or
pre-cognition because they are, they were,
this was all foreseen by the planet’s most
recently-documented prophet, Mr. Marshall
McLuhan himself, ladies and gentlemen!
A man who was both a scholar and a sage.
And what I’m trying to get at here, ladies
and gentlemen, is that there is absolutely
no reason, either empirical or metaphysical,
to believe that the universe is not now, as
we speak, unfolding as precisely as it was
ever meant to unfold; there is a complete
lack of proof that the cosmos are not now
unravelling as intelligently as the most in-
telligent designer could ever hope to design.

Ladies and gentlemen, Mister Marshall
McLuhan was one of the few significant
media theorists to emerge at ALL from

within the unbridled media meiosis of the twentieth century. Telegraph wires and radio waves and international signals filled up the first quarter of the 1900's like they had always thrived off the empty spaces they had been commanded to settle into, and then none too shortly after (and sometimes even simultaneously) came the nickelodeons, the "moving pictures", the television sets with their roots dug deep in the supposed superiority of capitalism and its lesser, more aggravatingly-moral sidekick, democracy. It was during the latter parts of these massive technological and cultural changes that McLuhan began to publicize his endeavors as a "culture critic", by writing countless essays and utilizing his professional academic standing to perpetuate many of the theories that we still subscribe to today.

Marshall McLuhan was a prophet of sorts, a soothsayer, he took a peek into the future

of his era's burgeoning technology and returned with a vision that spoke volumes on the impact and implications of the electronic fantasy land that scientists and academics all around him were creating. Decades before even the most primitive computers, McLuhan was expounding on the reality of a "global village", one that connected people from across the planet through an operating system that served as a virtual extension of the physical self. In other words, McLuhan was both accurately predicting and diagnosing the technological phenomenon we now refer to as the "Internet", cyberspace, the "web", and doing so in a way that implied that this global community could thrive on a sort of symbiotic system--- us, and it, in perfect harmony.

McLuhan's theories on the pervasiveness of the media extend beyond just the possibility of an all-encompassing virtual reality. From the late 1940's until his death in 1980,



Marshall McLuhan

McLuhan developed an entire framework from within which to view the nature and potential uses/abuses of the mass media. In his book McLuhan mandates: “We shape our tools, and they in turn shape us.” Fair enough, that seems obvious, doesn’t it? We can all agree that people, humans, create these means of mass communication, and then willingly open the doors of their cognition to let in the content. But McLuhan’s meaning goes deeper than that. His idea that “the medium is the message” forces us to consider the implications of every tool we have shaped for ourselves throughout our brief (but continuing) stint as a dominant species.

For instance, how did our development of language change the course of human history, human evolution? How did language shape the very nature of people themselves? They must have suddenly began interacting differently-- they devel-

oped personalities, emotions became more complex because they could be specifically expressed to the self and others. Abstract concepts began to be explored, innate yearnings for the spiritual and metaphysical realm could be further pursued and understood. And that is language, a tool.... just like the printing press was a tool that shaped us significantly. The medium became the message when the printing press enabled the type-written word to dominate (and essentially allow for) extensive, or mass, communication. McLuhan points out that to share ideas within the print medium is to employ forethought, precision, wit, personality... he maintained that the “Age of Print” (the one directly preceding the “Age of Electronics”) directed a greater need for individual, analytical thought within the masses; subjectivity was not only accepted, it was encouraged, as was an internalization of the people and events surrounding the one wielding the writing implement.

And so just exactly how does one Marshall McLuhan tie into, well, anything? How does this listless information tie into NOW, into this and other attempts at trying to objectively view ourselves and our behavior through a lens that McLuhan no doubt never stepped a pinkie toe next to, how does this documentation of data actually inform? McLuhan left us with a key, ladies and gentlemen, a fine specimen of a code-breaker: if “the medium is the message” then we must even NOW be altering the content of our individual and collective expressions.... and with that most powerful human tool, the digital world, wrapping itself ever tighter around the fingers of our everyday lives, we would be doing ourselves a great disservice by ignoring or failing to recognize just how significantly that force manipulates and corrals the substance of our interactions.

We are presently, willingly, oftentimes even obsessively playing out the digital reality that McLuhan foresaw half a century or more ago. Our economic and social lives are tied to and reliant on it just the way the lives of our ancestors were built around the wheel, the printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph. That's not to say, of course, that we couldn't get by without the technological advances we have developed throughout the course of human history-- we are reliant on the conveniences a global network affords us precisely because we have afforded ourselves that convenience. One doesn't go out and buy a vehicle he or she has no interest in or capability of driving...and on the same token, it's important to keep in mind that we participate in our "global village" of our own free volition. It is an incredible, virtually unlimited forum for action, thought, creativity, connection, documentation, transcendence, education, expression, professionalism, economics,

metaphysics, metamorphosis, you name it, we got it, and the reason we got it is that all of these things, these avenues of discovery and exploration, they are the virtual extensions of every aspect of the human spirit. The digital world is boundless because WE are boundless, we are in a constant state of evolution, flux, fluid motion through the stasis of a linear timeline.

But as with any tool, and especially such an effective one, a set of guidelines about the proper and improper uses must come into play. While the realm of the world wide web serves as a controlled reflection of ourselves and our lives, it is hardly ethically-accurate, considering the endless opportunities the Internet provides for anonymity, aliases, alter-egos and temporary identities. The code of conduct out there in cyberspace is uncertain, at best, and altogether absent, at worst.... it seems as though the values and ethics of our tangible, physical reali-

ties do not always translate or compute. Out there in the boundless anonymity of the digital web, in the privacy of your own home, the performance of acts that would ordinarily be considered "deviant" can suddenly become thrilling, even rebellious vehicles of conscious or unconscious human exploration. The internet provides the inconsequential circumstances in which to live out every possible fantasy without the fear of being labeled or misunderstood... participation is mutual, identities are protected, and the only quantifiable damage that occurs is the psychological and emotional reactions that may arise in the individual as a response to indulging some darkness in themselves. Right? Well..not always right, and quite often, very wrong.

The issue is increasingly prevalent, but by no means a new one. The proliferation (and subsequent implicit validation) of pornographic, violent, and morally-

depraved web content plagues our digital navigation the way murderers, rapists and pedophiles plague our physical societies. Towards the end of his life, Mr. McLuhan appeared to realize that his idealized vision of an interconnected global community was made impossible by the most fundamental element of its own reality: in order to build a true virtual extension of ourselves, the participation of each and every aspect of humanity, however beautiful or ugly, is required. The duality of the human psyche is amplified exponentially when thrown under the microscopic lens of the virtual, “intangible” world-- it is becoming almost impossible to avoid a graphic, unwelcome exposure to the darker, baser sides of human impulse and activity. And if the “medium is the message”, then what does that imply about the nature of a physically-anonymous global mass media? Is it too much for us to handle in an ethical, adult manner? Are we merely guinea pigs

to a medium that is much bigger than our selves, bigger than our individual ethical codes? Are we attempting an omniscience that may only destroy our emotional and spiritual instincts in the long run?

These questions are difficult, if not impossible to answer for the time being...they beg of themselves more time, more gathering of evidence to build a case. They themselves are uncertain of whose side they’re on, whose battle they would like to help win, because this “Age of Electronics” is one that compels us toward an anonymous indifference. If the “Age of Print” spurred on and suckled the subjective analysis of whichever author it was in question, if it validated and empowered his or her unique, individualistic perspective, then the Age of Electronics has thus far achieved the exact opposite. The medium is the message. The medium is massive, unconquerable, and it looms in the same kind of heavy, over-

arching way that will not be dented or destroyed no matter how many cheap or legitimate shots you take at it. The medium of the “global village” is putting things into a, well... global perspective for us. In the overwhelming presence of so many vastly different and often incomparable ideas about the very same things, one can’t help but feel smaller, be humbled, and consider the perspective of others before formulating any kind of ideas or presuppositions about a social or moral event or issue.

Perhaps McLuhan retracted his enthusiasm for the “global village” because he didn’t live long enough to see its true actualization-- he only just began to realize how a virtual web of international communication could eventually destroy or irreparably alter the content and substance of our lives, our actions, our most personal thoughts and dreams. And while it’s very likely that even we are incapable of seeing the full extent of

the effects this relatively new technology has had and is having on us at all times, it is so very, very important to keep in mind that it was us that built this technology in the first place. If we shaped the tools, then we wield the torch and so WE are still ultimately the forgers of our individual and collective perspectives. No doubt we are increasingly more cultivated, domesticated, our output is more controlled and

our product more processed, our ideas more filtered and our thoughts more synthesized. But when it comes down to the nurtured state of our messages versus the inherent, ageless medium of our virile, imaginative nature, I think it's truer to say that the chicken came before and has final control over the shape of its own egg. Ladies and gentlemen. Let's clean this coop up a bit, shall we? ●



Pick a Color, Any Color

by Rachel Dievendorf

I know the girl with all the pockets. She sews in so much extra space into her clothes and I don't know why. It looks like she does it herself because they're really messy. We sit next to each other in class and she never even uses those pockets.

Most of the time her clothes look like they're covered in stitched on gloves with at least ten hiding places for her hands. I can see why she'd need them sometimes, like when she has to make presentations in class or when it's really cold. I really wanted her to tell me, but she didn't like to answer people's questions.

She uses a homemade paper fortune-teller to deal with us. You work hard on a question and she'll look at you like you really bother her. Then you see the folded paper and hope that you get a different answer, but it's usually the same.

She'll look down and ask, "You really want to know? Ok, then go ahead, choose one." And you'll say red and she'll move the paper back and forth spelling r-e-d. Then she'll ask for a number, you might say 64 to annoy her and she'll count all the way to 64. Another color; b-l-u-e and then, finally, she'll reveal that scribbled note squeezed

into the corner: *It isn't the right time*. I really don't believe her. I had a feeling that we'd be friends, and she'd finally describe everything that I couldn't see. But this would take time and I usually do everything fast.





I saw her at the pool last week and there were pockets in her suit. I'm starting to think that someone really smart helps her because waterproof pockets are not the work of a 5th grader, putting thread through a needle is hard to do. My mom always gets mad when it's her turn to sew anyone's pants, (which is usually every time.)

I have this idea that she collects everything and keeps them in jars in her room. They're probably placed in some kind of order because she's the best in science class. I bet she wakes up and fills up her clothes with the things that she can't leave at home. Maybe she has a hard time missing things. My mom still wears her friendship bracelet from when she was young. I hope that she gives it to me one day; she says I'm her favorite. Wouldn't that make me her best friend? I've decided that I'll find out what she's

carrying around by refusing to answer her questions. Ignoring people really works. If I'm curious about her then it isn't fair if she knows so much about me. I've started asking her "Why do you want to know?" whenever she asks me anything.

"Can I borrow your pencil?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"So that you won't be mad when I take it from your pencil box."

"Why would I be mad?"

And we continue on like that for a long time. When you decide to do this sort of thing it makes it really hard to get anything done. She'll get tired and annoyed and then we'll have something in common.

It took 5th grade and some of the summer for my plan to work. One day, she invited me over to play at her house. We walked there after school and I wore a bright



yellow shirt with a green tractor and an alpaca. It had a couple of words in Spanish and everyone asks me about it so I thought it would be a good thing to wear.



As we walked closer to her house we could hear music everywhere. A parade of a thousand sounds; glass and silverware, bells and chimes. Ocean sounds-vacation sounds-every hour of my grandmother's clock. Once I got there I could see that her front yard was covered in wind chimes. Every branch had a sound. She just walked right by it. I stopped and tried to figure out how the tallest branch had a sound. There was a squirrel playing with the hanging marbles and birds swinging on bottles. The wind was probably tired from conducting to a bunch of annoyed neighbors. My new friend probably felt that way too. She was halfway up the stairs when I finally noticed.

I asked her who did it and she said that her mom couldn't see anymore and this was her favorite tree. For their wedding anniversary her dad covered each branch so that her mom could still trace it. She sits under its leaves and sings along and this makes everyone feel better.

We squeezed next to each other and tried to share the tiny square of gray that summer. I already decided that I wouldn't act surprised that her family had better stories than mine. She didn't even need to tell me why she had so many pockets.

After a long time, we stopped asking each other questions and just started telling each other things. I realized we're a lot alike. We both don't like getting called on during reading and we don't take hundreds of pictures of ourselves. All the girls in our class love taking pictures of themselves. She wasn't the most complicated girl in school with secrets. I asked her about the gloves on her clothes and she asked me my favorite question, "Why do you want to know?" We started laughing. I think at that moment she started to trust me. She finally thought that I could be her friend and I almost didn't care anymore. She went inside and got a piece of paper and a

pen and wrote my name down, then she stuffed it in her pocket. I was surprised to have my name so close to the answer. Then she dug into all of her pockets one by one and pulled out handfuls of crumpled paper.

When she finally emptied all of her pockets, the papers flew like confetti. Each one carrying the name of every person

she had ever known. I didn't really understand and she said that sometimes she feels far away and her notes keep her company. I told her about how sometimes I feel lost when I talk to people and maybe she did too and her pockets were a place for her hands to hide. She leaned in and whispered, "No one really notices your hands, even if that's all they can see." ●

Astronomical Beef

by David Gross

The practice of star gazing, looking for planetary and celestial signs as a source of guidance for natural and personal outcomes here on Earth, has been intensively entertained by most nations, both ancient and modern. While it has recently fallen from grace in the realm of legitimate science, this has held little sway in keeping the average American from picking up the local paper, scanning for their zodiac sign, and receiving a tidbit of inspiration to keep in mind for their week. But where exactly can we applaud, or even verify, the true value of these mass produced predictions, and how, if it all, has this rampant appetite for horoscopes become just as

arbitrary as scanning a bit of paper from the inside of a fortune cookie? Periscope Magazine has rolled out the star charts, consulted the professionals, and concocted a riveting happy medium for star scoffers and the clairvoyantly-inclined alike.

So, if since the beginning of recorded history, there has been faithful astrological observation and record, flaring up from and blended by every rich culture (Mayan, Egyptian, Chinese, Arabic, and Greek, to name the big sluggers) we can rattle off the top of our heads, what on Earth cast such a universal practice into the bottom rung of modern science? According to Dr. Ruiz, a

theoretical physicist and decorated professor of two long decades at the University of North Carolina Asheville, the 18th century European Enlightenment brought about this great divide in what were previously nearly congruent disciplines. Whereas reigning household names like Johannes Kepler and Tycho Brahe (if you were raised in a bomb shelter, then they are the discoverers of the Earth's elliptic and The Laws of Planetary Motion, respectively) were once "Spy vs. Spy" type rivals over planetary data in order to produce the most lucrative astrological charts for their communities, there is certainly no B.S. in Astrology Western Universities (pun not intended). Nor is the

practice newsworthy, unless as dynamite to shake up the withering “Science as Pop Culture” scene for the few and faithful.

However, there is legitimate beef between the purists of these two star gazing teams, especially when Astrologists come out of the woodwork with retrospective evidence for major world catastrophes. With the recently bygone tenth anniversary of America’s earth-shattering 9/11 catastrophe, it is interesting to consider staunch scientific disagreements that arose when the rubble had settled. They have to do with our late/great, former ninth planet Pluto: to Astrologers, it was the namesake of the Roman God of the Underworld and harbinger of calamity. To Astronomers, a bizarre icy chunk that, with the discovery of another, even larger icy chunk, “BU313,” Pluto has been wait-listed for demotion to a mere remote asteroid. According to Lynn Hayes of Astrological Musings, the fact that Pluto “was within seventeen minutes

of an exact conjunction to the US ascendant at 12 degrees Sagittarius on September 11th, 2001, and is Astrology’s reigning bad-boy, a “lord of Death,” it seemed to iconic astrologers that the United States faced insurmountable planetary disfavor that day.

However, if Pluto is deemed unplanetary and stripped of its name in 2015, when a far-flung satellite will reveal its identity once and for all, this means to a large majority of Astrologers that they will have to start from the old drawing board in re-assessing the heavenly body’s impact on Earthly happenings. The Scientific rebuttal? This is all specious semantics, spacially speaking. Why would losing the Roman cosmological connotations of “Pluto” change what was supposed to be its tried-and-true astrological role anyway? To Dr. Ruiz, in an ironic pun on a Shakespeare line (yes, Physicists read fiction too) it should be “Pluto by any other name.” It’s still out there bearing down on us, and should therefore

have a consistent physical impact on Earth, whether it goes by Pluto or Colonel Sanders.

This is the sort of legitimate controversy that arises between the two factions when the chips are down; when it comes to Americans ignoring the reality of dangerous global communication breakdowns and resigning their authority to the tumbling planets, this is when Physicists come out the doghouse and snip at Astrological ankles.

Nonetheless, sharpening our focuses, what are some of the more down-to-Earth points posed by both the debunkers and enthusiasts of planetary divination? The facts are fascinatingly complex.

The Bright Side

1. Astrology Remains Legitimate in Non-America Institutions:

Elizabeth Tessier of France's Sorbonne University fought off Academic Big Wigs in 2001 and salvaged her PhD in Sociology. Her 900 page thesis subject? In short, that Astrology is a Legitimate Science. Also, STRATA University in Tamil Nadu, India, a prestigious, well-funded Engineering school, has a culturally derived Astrology undergraduate program. Two interesting mission statement goals from its course catalogue include "enhancing the competency of prediction" and "preserving our heritage at all costs."

2. Undeniable Correlations between Our Hosts and Us:

All scientists and people with any common sense know that the sun and moon have natural effects on our seasons and tides, which do in turn affect our day to day behavior.

3. Interpreting Horoscopes Like Poems:

With the barrage of mass-media figures, friends, parents, and professors making suggestions on how to think and act, why not look to an anonymous source for some inspiration? Horoscopes are usually pretty positive and eloquent.

4. How Certain Is Anything?

Cultural and global relativity, unfortunately, reigns supreme, and the more you learn, the more you may encounter suggestions that nothing is certain. After all, is stuffing your head with String Theory or Quantum Physics really going to make you feel less diminutive in the long run? Horoscopes are written by people you may actually be able to run into and converse with. A Worm Hole isn't that great of a conversationalist.

The Dark Side

1. The Horoscope Writing Process has Faded:

Physicists were content when science's elite, like Kepler and Brahe, were churning out horoscopes to earn a living on their spare time. Now, they contest that the practice has degraded into fortune-telling, usually based on a person's Sun sign (zodiac sign), which have actually shifted around considerably since original charts were produced (some of which haven't been updated to account for Earth's Precession, or a gradual vertical shift on its axis). In essence, they are cookie-cutter and exaggerative.

2. Misinterpretation of Planetary Data:

Scientists hate when Earth is supposed to get all in a tizzy when things like the "Retrograde of Mercury," or backwards trajectory, occurs. Mercury, as relayed to The New York Times by Stephen J. Daunt, does not actu-

ally travel backwards, but that it’s just an illusion caused by relative human perception. Of the five major industries supposed to be affected in a 2006 study by Mercury’s backwardness, only one of them (airlines arriving late) took an incremental hit.

3. Horoscope Writing is Obviously Formulaic:

They usually promise rewards for things that are inevitable to everyday life (work, sex, eating, sleeping). Along the same lines, as Jofish Kaye of Spring Forward Magazine stresses, they cater to the “Vice-Presidential” feelings in all of us: we play an important role in our own lives, make significant decisions that affect others, but also have our superiors to worry about. These “catch all’s” suck the originality and shock value out of “true divination” (But since when do scientists have problems with formulas, anyway?).

There are divergences in the level of Astro-

.....

“Physicists were content when science’s elite, like Kepler and Brahe, were churning out horoscopes to earn a living on their spare time. Now, they contest that the practice has degraded into fortune-telling, usually based on a person’s Sun Sign (i.e. Zodiac Sign), which have actually shifted around considerably since original charts were produced.”

.....

logical belief in all circles, laymen and scientific, but it doesn’t change the startling fact, as dug by New York Times Columnist Stephanie Bloom, that “horoscope” was the most Googled word in the US just a few years ago, its favorite go-to leisure topic. And who can ignore its heated popularity in towns like Asheville, NC, whose citizens

recently rallied to overturn North Carolina’s long standing “anti-divination” law? The solution to these sensationalist debates between the two Astros, to, Dr. Ruiz, a family man, a physicist, and local Asheville-
lian, is clear. He relays some unique life experience of an upstanding theoretical physicist that embraces the Astrological

counterpart. In an excited rant, he tells Periscope Magazine about a “100% astrologist friend” he once had. He raves:

“My piano tuner was a smart guy. We would never debate, because I didn’t want to argue. Instead, we would talk about data that would overlap. Because in Astronomy and Astrology, data definitely overlaps. He knew the moon eclipse cycle better than I did.”

Dr. Ruiz goes on to share anecdotes about his own mother’s fascination with plucking his colleague’s fortunes out of tea-leaves and beer foam. Ruiz is obviously a “reach across the aisle” kind of guy. However, he was not without a bit of finger wagging. In

regards to declining scientific literacy, he is dismayed that science has lost something in Modern America. “We are so concerned with Scientific Method, telling kids to have a thesis first, when what I do for a living is poke around: detective work, you see? It’s not cool to build a radio in your basement anymore. That makes you a nerd!” To this resident expert, science itself has evolved in ways that make it a remote galaxy from the lay-community. Has Astrology taken advantage of this closeting affect that academia has placed on science?

When directed back towards the debate at hand, his position has shifted somewhat. Waxing forth breathily, he closes with a sobering point:

“Scientists are detectives, and many things have been discovered by accident. We used to chase things like the elixir of life, or the philosopher’s stone, dramatic stuff. Now we have the magic of the universe at our fingertips: DNA, planetary equations, but people don’t appreciate that literacy... they gravitate towards the other, to pseudo-science.”

Scientists are emotionally invested in their work, just as painters, actors, and lawyers are. Perhaps it is the level of commitment to turning a discipline inside out and taking it on as one’s life responsibility, to the point where it may as well be written in the stars for one to do, that draws an unalterable rift between these two other-worldly professions. ●

She Has Written in Her Book

by Lorin Page

She has written in her book
about a man who went to the wild
to find meaning, and found it all
definitions next to a few, choice words:
mercurial - fickle;
highlighted passages of unusual beauty
and printed pictures to accompany,
and she has given it to me
not knowing what a gift it is.

She does not speak, as I do, in needless expansions,
but says only what is true and in her heart
and so has a purity that a poem never could,
seeking to conjure some is
out of a sea of seeming.

I wonder how the numbers that she loves
quantify her life, slipping into and out of her hands
blooming into the flowers in her room,
marking the people she meets in
minutes and miles
and possibilities. ●

Memory and Segregation

**Collective Memory
Confronts Forgetting:
Interpretations of
Segregated Prom
Reflect a Divided
Relationship to the Past
by Sara Henderson**

When we speak about memory, we speak about something that we possess. We “have” memories. Memory is, therefore, that which we carry over from the past. Memories reflect less the way in which certain events truly occurred as the relationship one has with the past. According to Cultural Studies professor Barbara Zelizer, “Memory helps us to make connections- to each other over time and space, and to ourselves.” As a culture, we frequently engage in the act of collecting memories and saving them for later. We make monuments, gravestones, muse-

ums. We mark with signposts places in which certain events took place. We also participate in the erasure of memory. We make active efforts to forget. We paint over signs that read “Colored,” or “Whites Only.” Today, thanks to the World Wide Web and most especially YouTube, memories are created, spread and changed at a dizzying pace. Events are appropriated and reinterpreted and misinterpreted and re-appropriated in the course of a day. Certain groups claim ownership of certain memories, and certain memories can be forced on those who would rather forget.

Take your typical all-American segregated prom. Yes, this still happens. In case you missed it, a pattern has been developing over the past decade in which every few years the story of a segregated prom in the rural south gets brought to national attention, is followed by an outcry, and is then replaced by silence as new stories take the forefront. Most recently the event that has gotten widespread media attention is the segregated prom of Montgomery County, Georgia. When the New York Times Magazine ran a piece on the event, along with an accompanying photo journal, an explosive multimedia reaction was quick to follow. These documentations provided a response to the event in the form of collective memory. This “memory” is itself the product of a process of construction. It has become the definitive version of the story and carries with it its own troubling implications.

In the audio portion of the photographic journal five individual voices are heard: two white

students, two black students and one white parent. Senior Harley Boone and her mother represent the white families who uphold the tradition because it is “what has always been done.” Another white student, Cierra Sharpe, expressed the hurt she felt by being separated on prom night from her best friend, who is black. We then hear from two black students who both feel hurt by the segregated prom: Kera Nobles believes that race relations are fine except for this one, anomalous evening; Angel Howard insists that race relations are anything but fine in their school. As these five people are quoted and quoted again in every article



“Segregated Proms En Vogue in Racist Georgia High Schools”; 2009

on the event to be found, their voices become the sole representations of the event. This article and accompanying photographic montage are presented as if they account for the complete story. If we are to take it as

such, we are left with the conclusion that no white students support the prom because they would rather be at a party without their black classmates, but rather because it is a tradition. Additionally, there are no black

students who support the segregated prom, nor do any black parents have anything to say on the subject. The black students are represented as feeling dejected, standing outside the community center to take photo-

left up to speculation.

There is both a surface racism and also a more complicated underlying phenomenon at work. Some students from Turner County, Mississippi claim the reason their prom is still segregated is due to the wishes of some white parents. This voices the sentiment that interracial sex is still taboo, which is why prom is segregated but other events, institutions or activities are not. Other members of the community, however, those who cite it as a tradition that does not reflect racist sentiments, are not lying or trying to cover something up. They are participating in a collective forgetting. Unable to confront the painful past and deal with “white guilt” by discontinuing segregated prom, they continue to uphold the tradition so as to place themselves in a more comfortable position with the past.

There is a notable discomfort displayed when the event is put under public scrutiny.

graphs of their white friends and afterwards go out to eat together to commiserate. The next night the white students do the same thing, stand outside the community center to take pictures of their black friends. What the white students do then is not discussed. The article and ensuing conversation avoid dealing with the difficult implications of the idea that perhaps some black students preferred to have a separate prom by not representing the sentiment. Whether it exists or not is

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A Prom Divided



Students from Montgomery County High School in Mount Vernon, Ga., before the prom.

Photographs by GILLIAN LAUB; Text by SARA CORBETT

Published: May 21, 2009

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About now, high-school seniors everywhere slip into a glorious sort of limbo. Waiting out the final weeks of the school year, they begin rightfully to revel in the shared thrill of moving on. It is no different in south-central Georgia's Montgomery County, made up of

“A Prom Divided”; 2009

The week after running the story the New York Times published a response letter from an unnamed citizen of Mt. Vernon, Georgia, which read, “The only time there seems to be a problem with the way we live is when people from other states come and try to scrutinize and prompt for information.” The discomfort springs from the confrontation between their collective forgetting of where segregation comes from and the forced memory of a turbulent and painful past. This confrontation is illustrated most effectively in a dance remix video made by a high school student who calls himself “DJ Whoquestion” and co-created

by “The Truth.” In this harsh and compelling video, the blonde-haired blue-eyed face of Harley Boone is pieced with images of “whites only” communities, lynchings, and Klan rallies. Over images of Klan members saluting and burning crosses, you hear the voice of Ms. Boone and see, flashing in red like an alarm, the words she used in the interview: It’s not seen as such a big deal around here, and, It’s just what we know and what our parents have done for so many years. This video has been widely viewed on the internet, and forces forgotten images on a community which would rather not remember what segregation means.

The responses from the white members of the community show us the division that exists between the memory of the community directly involved with the event, and the memory of the nation outside of this community. While the outside community cannot separate the history of racism with the idea of a segregated prom, members inside the community choose to disconnect the two and claim ownership of those memories. The division of interpretation on these events reflects our, as a nation, divided relationship to a painful past. ●

Let's do^{an} Experiment!

Based on the book “The Sense of Being Stared At” by Rupert Sheldrake

by Tom Groves

L et's Do an Experiment!

Think of a friend or family member (which-ever you choose, you should feel at least a moderate connection to this person. Maybe someone you speak with all the time or even someone you've lost contact with).

Take out your cell phone and find that individual through your contacts (as you scroll through the contacts focus your attention on that person calling you, either by repeating their name or picturing their face).

Are you there yet?

Don't call them! (Now wait three minutes, but remember to maintain your focus on that individual calling you.)

Did they call you? (If they did, you just experienced the seventh sense. If they didn't hit the send button and you may find that they were thinking of you at that exact moment, but simply didn't call.)

Things Like This Happen All the Time

If you weren't able to create the telepathic experience in the experiment above, you may have experienced something similar to it during other points in your life. It can happen by thinking of a person and simultaneously that person thinks of you. Each of you dials the phone at the same time, the phone never rang but your now connected to the person you just thought of.

Or maybe you're dog sitting for an owner who isn't expected home for a few days but unexpectedly returns. Hours before the dog's owner gets home, the dog anxiously rises from where it was laying and lies by the door. You happen to notice that it's 5:47 pm. When the owner returns at 8:23 pm, you surprisingly ask what happened. The owner states that at about a quarter to six he decided to stop back at home before continuing on the trip.

So what does this mean? Domesticated animals are more connected to the wild relatives they descended from and are more apt at picking up on the telekinetic mind waves

of members of their pack. Wolves do it in the wild. Studies were done on Wolf packs and at certain times, like when hunting prey. The pack then divides itself into sub-packs. The pack's movements were tracked and it was discovered that the sub-packs were able to move in a straight line to the other packs through all types of weather, seemingly without any other kind of sensory clue from the other wolves. It would aid the divide and conquer approach to hunting that the wolves use. No matter the distance, the sub-packs would have the sense of any of the other pack members success in taking down a wild beast.

Instincts in the Animal Kingdom

It's interesting the things in the animal kingdom that are classified as "instinctual" by the scientific community. It's rare to hear about telepathic communication between different animals on the list of instinctual behavior.

Humans created language in order to communicate on a basic level and now it has blossomed into long distance communicators like cell phones, the internet, radio and television. Animals on the other hand can make noise but the communication has no pattern and thus, isn't actual formulated conversation. If animals, like dogs, do not create specific sounds for specific things, how are they communicating?

Salmon

Survival instinct: Magically, these fish can get lost in the Pacific Ocean and when spawning time comes they are able to switch from salt to fresh water and return to their birthplace. Salmon breed in little fresh water feeder streams to the ocean. At a certain age, juvenile Salmon move out into the ocean to grow to maturity. When the Salmon are ready to breed they migrate back to their home streams and swim up stream. Salmon are known for their ability to find and breed where they were born. Their biological makeup is such that they are able to transfer from fresh to salt and visa versa.

Hives

Survival instinct: Picture a bear attacking a hive. It only takes a few seconds for the bear to be swarmed by the entire hive, all done just to save the Queen. Bees communicate through vibration, pheromones and I would argue to some extent, telepathy.

Schooling fish act in more or less the same way as a swarm of bees. When schooling, the entire body of fish moves as one. The left side knows what the right side is doing and ditto for the right side. It's a defense mechanism to allow the school to evade predators. Studies have been done to show that schooling fish, even when blindfolded, are able to move together.

Tribes

Survival instinct? There are tribes in the Kalahari Desert who reliably communicate between members, sometimes from miles away, with what seems to be describable only as telepathy. How else could multiple hunting parties drift off into the wilderness and know that one of the other parties had success and it was time to eat? Surely they can't smell greasy, dripping, smoking meat from ten miles away?

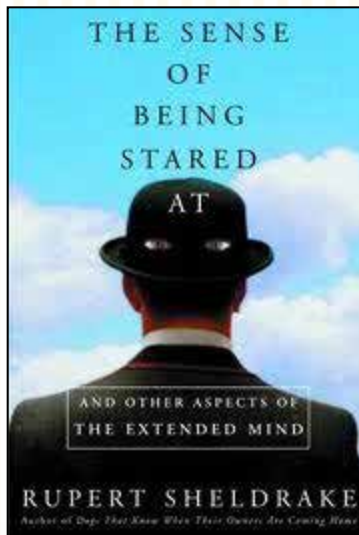
“The Sense of Being Stared At”

by Rupert Sheldrake

Before I took the imaginative dust jacket off the book, it seemed to say -

“I’m a nice, non-fiction-impress-your-friends ‘type’ book. I’m like Danielle Steele and Myth Busters put together!”

After the dust jacket was removed, the bleak, black blankness of the cover seemed much more fitting to the reality of the animal/human nature and how it’s received by the scientific community.



It’s Not a Wanted Book

Seemed to me that this book was not widely read, in between the black cardboard were happenings between both humans and other animal species. These happenings are brushed aside as run of the mill, paranormal phenomenon, like the Loch Ness Monster, Big Foot, Chupacabra or the Kraken.

The book is readable and interesting enough for a scientific study to hold the reader’s attention, yet it asks the reader to be so entirely open minded I would find it hard for people to accept.



Rupert Sheldrake

Parrots

N’kisi, an African Grey parrot, knows 7,000 words in English. She is able to create sentences spontaneously without any “greasing of the cogs” so-to-speak. The owner noticed one day while watching the television that N’kisi spoke phrases that related to the images on the T.V. Sheldrake was called in and performed experiments on the parrot and the owner. Sheldrake had a third party send images sealed in envelopes to the address. The owner was holed up on one side of the house and the parrot was holed up on the other side of the house both were being video taped and N’kisi’s speech transcribed. Forty-five percent of the time the parrot would hit key words in the photos.

People

I can't remember the last time that it happened to me, but maybe it's happened to you recently. It's like a flash of blue in your rear view, or seeing a hundred dollar bill blow across the street, you think you're imagining it.

I've been able to focus on a lot of the information in this book; been mulling it over for a good month, asking people, performing experiments of my own, and generally talking and backing up some of this information in this book as fact. There are too many unquantifiable facts in this book for it all to be a sham.

I've found that there is a general fear of the "Seventh Sense" as Sheldrake calls it. People don't want to have others in their head, and others don't want to be in another's head. The simple experiment of telepathically trying to pass an image from one mind to another is a serious question for some people; their eyes begin to move quickly, they take a small step back and then dry their hands on their pants. It's an experience bordering on the sexual. You are inside that other person and they are inside you. For some it's just too much and they'd rather not accept that the possibility of telepathy is present. They'd rather attribute it to a more grounded, quantifiable explanation like coincidence.

Experiment Number 2

Next time you're at the bar, on the bus, or waiting for your friend outside a store, pick someone out and just stare at the back of their head. It'll be interesting to see if their minds are turned on. Send us in your success or failure stories. I accept your "Thanks!" and cursing.

The Reviews

“Interesting and
provocative.”

-The Washington Post

Great thought went into that comment. That
Washington Post employee is a real live wire.

“Delightful...this book
will turn our un-
derstanding of ani-
mals inside out.”

-Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson, author of *When Elephants*

Weep and Dogs Never Lie About Love

Of the three, this is probably the best one. I
would love to know what the ellipsis was a
substitute for and the thing that gets me the
most; the title of his book.

When will that be Jeffrey? When?

“Wonderful...splendid
and thought-provoking.”

-Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, author of *The Hidden*

Lives of Dogs

I think this woman could have come up with
something a little more, oh I don't know,
“thought-provoking” to say about the book.

“It was informative, like
holding your hand to
a hot, electric stove
while standing in a
bucket of water. But
in a good way.”

-Tommy Groves, Potential Believer

In many ways this book creates another
dimension to your life. Everyone is still
an island except there are constantly
ripples, bottles and currents going back
and forth between them regardless of
the distance. The seemingly coincidental
experiences that we experience everyday
in regard to the seventh sense are in fact
subconscious communication between
humans. There are no barriers, what you
think may be heard and understood. Go-
ing forward be cautious of those that you
think of, the ideas you float out into the
universe and your desires. Our thoughts
and minds are the waves and commu-
nication centers of our bodies whether
we're purposely or involuntarily sending
information into thin air. Somewhere,
someplace, someone is receiving it. ●

SPY FILES: ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



Photography by Valerie Blanchette Story by Tom Groves Featuring Angela Cyrus

THIS WEEK IN THE SPY FILES: WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A SPY IN YOUR COMMUNITY AND HOW YOU CAN DO IT!



STEP ONE: FIND YOUR TARGET. WHETHER YOU'VE BEEN HIRED OR NOT, PREPAREDNESS IS ALWAYS A PRIORITY. GOOD SPIES HAVE THE FOLLOWING GEAR ON THEM AT ALL TIMES.

1. SPY PHONE (COMPELEMENTS OF SPYGEAR)
2. MIRROR OR PERISCOPE
3. INCONSPICUOUS ATTIRE

STEP 1A: A GOOD DISGUISE CONSISTS OF MATERIAL FROM GOODWILL, YOUR FRIEND'S CLOSET, CREEPY INTERNET COSTUME STORES AND THE LOST AND FOUND AT THE LOCAL YMCA. EITHER WAY, YOU'LL BE LOOKING GOOD AND TRAVELING IN TOP SLEUTH STYLE.

MAKE SURE TO ALWAYS WEAR YOUR "RUNNING SHOES".





STEP 2: KNOW YOU'RE TARGET. IF NECESSARY FOLLOW YOUR TARGET'S DAILY HABITS AND MOVEMENTS. IF IT'S IN YOUR SPYING BUDGET, A FEW SECURITY CAMERAS ARE A GOOD IDEA. IF NOT, AS IN THIS CASE, SIMPLY OBSERVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.



STEP 3: BEING INCONSPICUOUS IS A PRIORITY. A MIRROR WILL ALLOW YOU TO SEE YOUR TARGET WITHOUT YOUR TARGET SEEING YOU. BE CAREFUL THOUGH, IF YOU GET CAUGHT, YOU'LL NEED A COVER STORY. HAVE THAT READY!

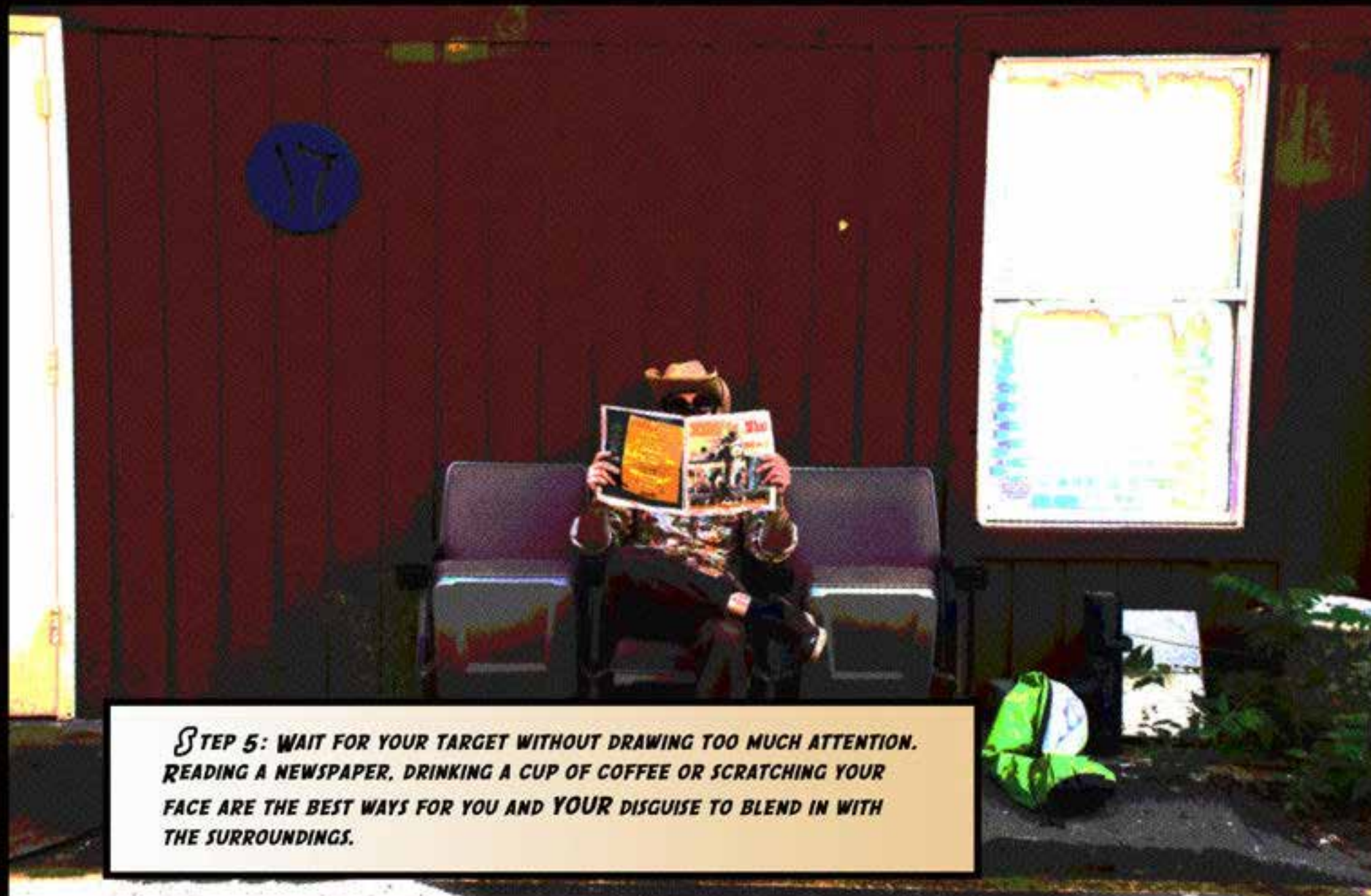
A BOOKSTORE OR ANY KIND OF STORE, WHERE YOU CAN ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF A REGULAR CONSUMER, IS THE BEST SITUATION. YOU'LL FAIL TO DRAW TOO MUCH ATTENTION SIMPLY BROWSING, AND IF ANYONE ASKS:

"NO...YOU DON'T NEED ANY HELP".

STEP 4: LISTENING TO YOUR TARGET'S PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS CAN AWARD YOU SOME OF THE BEST CLUES TO THE POTENTIAL INFORMATION YOU'RE LOOKING TO OBTAIN. BE DISCRETE BY USING A LISTENING DEVICE LIKE THE SPYGEAR "SPY DECOY LISTENER".

SPYGEAR: "HEAR SECRET CONVERSATIONS WITH THIS LISTENING DEVICE. IT'S DISGUISED AS A CELL PHONE! LISTEN IN ON EVERY DETAIL, UP CLOSE OR FAR AWAY! READY TO MAKE YOUR ESCAPE? HIT THE DECOY RINGER TO CREATE A DIVERSION - GET OUT OF THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!"





STEP 5: WAIT FOR YOUR TARGET WITHOUT DRAWING TOO MUCH ATTENTION. READING A NEWSPAPER, DRINKING A CUP OF COFFEE OR SCRATCHING YOUR FACE ARE THE BEST WAYS FOR YOU AND YOUR DISGUISE TO BLEND IN WITH THE SURROUNDINGS.

***B*LENDING IN WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS IS AN ACQUIRED SKILL AND SHOULD ONLY BE PRACTICED IF YOUR ABILITIES ARE UP TO PAR WITH THE SPY IN THIS SCENARIO. HERE YOU'LL SEE THAT THE MENTAL ACUITY OF THIS INDIVIDUAL IS SO INTENSELY FOCUSED THAT HE IS ABLE TO BLEND IN WITH MANNEQUINS IN A STOREFRONT WINDOW AVOIDING DETECTION.**



GOOD JOB!

REMEMBER: IF YOUR **SUSPECT SUSPECTS** YOU, YOU MAY BE IN TROUBLE.
THE SIGNS WILL BE OBVIOUS. DID YOU MAKE UP A PLAN OR STORY IF YOU GOT CAUGHT?
YOU DIDN'T... DID YOU?
HOW DID YOU EXPECT TO EXPLAIN YOUR ACTIONS TO THE PERSON YOU'RE SPYING ON?



STEP 6: USE YOUR SURROUNDINGS TO HIDE AND DECEIVE YOUR TARGET. IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE AND YOUR TARGET TURNS WISE, FEAR IS NEVER A BAD RESULT OF YOUR TARGET'S PARANOIA. THIS WILL OFTEN UNCOVER PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN INFORMATION.



BUT IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL...

HHEY! ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME?!

...**W**HAT!

AM I FOLLOWING YOU? I MEAN, HOW SURE ARE YOU THAT
YOU'RE NOT THE ONE FOLLOWING ME?

IF ALL ELSE FAILS *RUN*, AND RUN HARD!



THERE'S NO SHAME IN RUNNING, BECAUSE IF YOUR DISGUISE WAS *GOOD* ENOUGH NO ONE WILL EVER BE ABLE TO PICK YOU OUT IN A LINE UP.

The Beginning

by Cori Gross

You still partially exist in the indefinite pieces of a painted-on map that charts my course with gaudy, tasteless colors. You were dark, and thick-boned. You were broken, and you were stoned before you even left the womb of pre-pubescence to put your lips to that pipe and smoke it. (My mother knew it before even you) and she and I fought our own first battles to the tune of you teaching me how to keep secrets and sing along to rock songs and consider smoking cigarettes so that I could be taking enough steps to keep up with growing up all at once but then really, not at all. All it took was one summer and you returned from some distopian dream world wreaking of lipstick and mini-skirts and stories full of the forbidden stench of sex that I only learned to recognize several years later,

when to grow up too fast I pawned off my own animal nature to a boy in a bed with the lights off.

You still partially exist like a ghost from those days, and your face is chiseled out and there is a hard glint behind all the dark, uncertain shadows that my memory uses to fill in the empty spaces... so that all I really see is the outline of a makeshift mirage and all of it is red and black, red and black and red, and black, and then it plays all over again the same. I don't even know if you were good. I don't believe you were because your sister was always fucking some boy and your brother made the cat run into the sliding glass door over and over so it'd hit its head and your parents swear and drank hard liquor in the daytime especially your father,

who terrified me but he was really just a sadder version of his childhood (cuz I don't think he'd ever really changed, not with the way his neck and shoulders sloped with uncertain youth like a stifled hysteria brought on by dirty words or pictures of naked women or diary

.....

“How do you kill something that only your mind can revive and why is that ghost the last thing to go?”

.....

pages pulled secretly from the back of the bookshelf and later replaced with a proposition of blackmail demanding an indefinite enslavement or a week's worth of allowance or any other combination of now trite, now trivial leverages)... so no, your father'd never changed but you seemed to age enough for the both of you when you left for just that summer and came back wearing bras and band shirts with your hair tucked back quickly behind your ear every time you told me a story about things my immaculate little world had neither heard of nor ever thought to imagine.

I can say honestly that I was good. I was a quiet bird with a reserve of favorite daydreams and all kinds of notions about the human condition as I understood it to be. Then there was the writing of course but it was always more

about dreaming it all up and then filling up those notebooks with purple ink and stories that remind me now of Hemingway hunting that elephant in his last book, HIS last story, where the urgency of releasing that hunt and the destruction of his father and all the haunted places in between the two choked out of him in a dream sequence like a final cough! and exhalation. Ahh but that feeling is only applicable now, now that I feel so inclined to dig around in my own elephant graveyard for the bones and the skeleton that I could redress with flesh and life to bear down on again with a weapon and to feel so, so certain that this death will last more effectively and perhaps, even this time, for good.

How do you kill something that only your mind can revive and why is that ghost the last thing to go?

I can only recall so much of the world I constructed through stories and candle-lit vigils in a room made of sand, because it changed shape every few years and I changed shape as the years bit off more of my heart to masticate with big, blunt teeth that clattered and crashed against a useless tongue like my first go at the trumpet or the telephone, or the cigarettes I learned to press eagerly to my lips and eventually not-so-useless tongue... (If every room is made of sand it's tougher than you'd thought, to keep the contents all in place....) but then some days are full of artifacts unearthed in weeks of windstorms and they don't look any different, no not any different from when I'd had to bury them first. ●

My House is Unquiet

by Lorin Page

Disturbed by a peculiar restlessness
That will not admit
The tide of your steadiness.

Much has passed and much still leaves
In its wake, the subtle shifting of air
That rustles paper and leaves
And speaks of some dis-ease
That lingers about the things of a home.

I am not sure what it means,
But I feel this uncertainty,
That enshrouds the furniture and glasses,
The sheets lying ever amiss
Like a lack of lambency
And I know these things cannot last. ●

Elephant

by Caitlin Erwin

Faith is an elephant skeleton
drying in the sun.

The fleshy existence
picked dry,
by a thousand thriving bodies.

Faith once heaved with
titan breathes,
clinging to the dome of ivory colored ribs.
Ribbs so still,
only their shadows groan on.

Faith was once shielded,
by tough skin.
Its resilience beat away hot rays,
sharp claws,
and pride-thirsty teeth of beasts.

Faith once roared,
left footprints of giants.
A man pointed his rifle:
an explosion, a thud, a buddy's high five.
Faith became a legend, and a black market trinket. ●

Skeleton

In This Man's House

by Lorin Page

In this man's house
boxes and old belongings
sit stacked against the wall,
to the ceiling;
there are far too many things
for this space.

I am much the same,
claustrophobic
with wishes and fears
piled, still and mute
around me.

There is no room, not world enough or time
to make sense of all this,
nowhere to put these many things
the detritus of years
that will never be used again
only moved from place to place-
the time of some hour, long gone-
till a child in an attic,
or a young mother at a garage sale,
comes across it,
swept up in the passing of things. ●

Scheherazade's Whisper

by Scott Dievendorf

Her body is a thousand and one nights – a story on every inch of skin – a sunrise for every ending, a sunset for every introduction.

...

Long after the train stopped running, she climbed over the turnstile and hopped off the platform, avoiding the third rail, just to be safe. The hood of her sweatshirt cloaked her neck and head, and a bright light emitting from her headlamp illuminated the empty railroad track. The haunts of the

vacant subway tunnel scattered across the damp pavement and kicked up pieces of plastic and shreds of paper and some other indiscernible rubbish. She pulled off her backpack and removed the spray cans. Meticulously, she walked along the rail a quarter of a mile between platforms painting her vision onto the wall. Only able to focus on a small section of the wall at a time, she painted scene after scene so that each image lit by the headlamp had a different narrative. Eventually she arrived at the north platform and punctuated the artwork before switching off the light and climbing off the track.

In the morning and afternoon and evening, commuters filled the subway cars. They held the handrails or sat in the plastic seats or read the paper or listened to music and propelled through the tunnels in complete darkness at a rapid speed. Children kicked their feet, babies slept, workers drank their coffee, tourists studied their maps and everyone paid little attention to anything at all.

Everyday was the same; trains shot from platform to platform through darkened tunnels, their cars rocking back and forth with a cacophony of passengers inside.

Eventually, scheduled maintenance shut down the track for a weekend, forcing commuters to take the shuttle bus stationed above ground.

The construction crew lumbered down the subway steps carrying their equipment, climbed off the platform onto the track and unloaded their gear. They set up lamps within the tunnel with enough light to imitate day. When the foreman made the call and a worker flipped the switch, the lights flashed and lingered as the laborers stood frozen. Trickled along the line, men in orange vests stood immobile as they stared at the wall arching from the floor to above their heads. Helmets fell to the ground, tool kits clattered on the concrete and all breath was pulled from the tunnel. Before their eyes, a mural cascaded along the concave surface. In the painting, empires shook, lovers were lost, Prometheus bestowed the flame and some of the men, beholding the sight for the first time, began to weep. ●



Catty, Let's Going

A Romanian Voyage: Part I by Caitlin Erwin

The train groaned to a stop next to a small gray building on a tired gray Monday morning. The stiff, wet air pathetically refused to rain, and I held my breath waiting to see what was going to happen as we crossed the Romanian border.

“This isn’t Oradea is it?” I asked the six other volunteers waiting nervously with me.

“No, we’re at the border of Hungary and Romania I think, they will probably just check our passports here,” I heard one of my fellow Americans distantly reply.

I looked out of the window on the other side of the train. Heavy, mute clouds overwhelmed the flat skyline illuminating the overgrown weeds of the train

station. Beyond the station, buildings and factories stood in crumbles. Houses were mostly wooden shambles, homes of the very poor, typical homes as far as I could see here. They were far past needing repairs, not even the tarps covering gashes in the roofs could keep out the somber wetness of this land.

A man with a blue jacket of purpose
came to our train cart and asked for our
passports. After having traveled across
several borders by this point, we thought
little of the situation and handed them
over with our most polite American
and British smiles we could muster.

Like star students trying to impress
a new teacher we all excitedly
replied, “We are volunteering outside
of Oradea teaching English.”

in English which was a rare skill in rural
Romania. Then we realized he just took our
passports and got off the train with them.

“For how long you be here?”
“About three weeks.”

“He was the guy that checks passports,
right?” one of the girls asked as we all
looked around worried. “He’s going
to be back with those, right?”

The man saw where we were from
and spoke up curiously in broken
English, “What you do in Romania?”

He nodded, took all of our passports
and walked away and off the train. First,
we all smiled because he spoke to us

The clouds seemed to get darker as we sat
there wondering if we had already gotten



“I dreamed that I floated at will in the great Ether, and I saw
this world floating also not far off, but diminished to the size
of an apple. Then an angel took it in his hand and brought it
to me and said, ‘This must thou eat’. And I ate the world.”

Emerson



duped and had our passports stolen. The train didn't move though, we had to be safe. Finally after a good twenty minute wait, the man came up to our window outside, handed all of our passports back and said "Good luck" in a doubtful tone.

Whether this was a sarcastic welcome to Romania, which it seemed to be, or a genuine one, the train lurched and we were off to Oradea flustered with fearful excitement.

When we got to the Oradea train station we all jumped off the train and walked around like a confused gaggle of geese. We were supposed to meet a woman here who would match us with each of our host families, but the place was crowded with people. We waddled around with our giant backpacks looking for a person we did not know, until a young woman with black hair and jagged teeth came up and started

speaking English with a thick Hungarian accent. Families with small children and young teenagers gathered around our foreign circle and the nervous energy between all of us could have powered the entire city that day. Rain came down in a sad drizzle. Old, beat up cars sped past the busy station, around road workers and tons of older women wearing scarves over their hair, thumbing their way home.

What was I doing here? I didn't belong here I began thinking. The urge to turn around and jump on a train swept over me, but I couldn't do it. I had no where to go and no one to ask for help. Our crowd was quickly dwindling as families whisked their volunteers, my only connection to anything I knew, away. My confidence leaked out of me like a broken faucet. I was so nervous I could barely put together a small smile to say goodbye as they drifted away. Soon, all of the volunteers were gone, but the



woman still had not called my name. I looked around and there were no more happy families and excited children waiting anxiously for their foreign volunteer, for me. Finally she said my name, grabbed my arm and threw my hand into the tiny,

bony hand of a wire-haired woman with small thin lips. The woman, half my size and named Eva, hurried me away from the crowded station as though I was a celebrity running away from paparazzi.

I would later find out that Eva was my host mother, but for those first two hours, she could have been the secretary to the Prime Minister of Romania for all I knew. She pushed me into a small, ugly

brown car that sank with each extra pound added. Another woman sat in the driver’s seat. She was small also, with a nicely shaped mullet of reddish brown hair, and pretty eyes. Who was she? I had no idea. The car rattled to a start and we left the train station, my only way of escape, for a village far away called Cubulcut.

Why did I get in that car? Why was I even in Romania in the first place? When I told

some people that I was going to volunteer my time, even pay for my expenses, they praised me for doing good in the world. While I was traveling through Europe the thought of their praise poked at me in a guilty manner. How much of this trip was me doing good, and how much of it was a selfish way to explore and test myself? A rebellion! I thought. An escape from the dull, middle-class struggles my world at home faced. Not only was I



“I know only that the doors opened, a little; that somewhere along that iron corridor we travel from babyhood to maturity, doors swinging inward began to swing outward, showing glimpses of the world beyond, of that bright thing we call ‘reality’.”

Lillian Smith, *Killers of the Dream*



going to prove that there was a beautiful world beyond my American borders, but also that I could survive a more visceral challenge than the constant nagging questions that Western life brought on. I was naiveté and a touch of arrogance rolled into one shy, awkward package.

The ride to Cubulcut was long and I was confused. Neither of the women spoke to me. We stopped at a gas station and I saw a sleek silver car where Martha, a fellow volunteer, was squished in next to two little boys and talking excitedly with the mother. I couldn't help but feel jealous. I wanted a mom that talked to me, that filled me in on what I was to expect in the village and at school with my students. I wanted little brothers and sisters to grab my hand and pull me away to play. I felt alone in the back seat of that dumpy car as the women in front of me spat and grumbled their Hungarian words at each other. We drove

on and I saw Lilly, another volunteer, with her family pulled over on the side of the road. She had two teenage sisters with her that pulled her out of the car to go see the vast sunflower fields. The flowers were well over six feet tall and still bright and yellow even in the dreary grayness. Sunflowers are my favorite flowers and at that moment I wished I could be with Lilly's family.

We drove on. Half way to the village, Eva loosened her seatbelt and turned around gracefully to look at me. She gave a very slight smile and nodded. My fears were becoming reality. I was told that someone in my family would be able to speak some English, enough to communicate with, but this woman spoke absolutely no English, and I spoke no Hungarian. At that moment I prayed that this was just a nice neighbor that had picked me up for my host family, that when I got there, I would be received by a loving family with lots of kids and someone I could

talk to. We drove through corn fields and through sunflower fields, the car bounced violently over unpaved roads until we finally stopped. The road came to a fork and we got out of the car just to the right of it. I went to grab my giant backpack from the trunk but my hands were pushed out of the way. The two women, who together might have equaled my size carried my bag for me up the broken path and through a rusted steel gate. I had arrived at my temporary home.





In that first hour in Cubulcut my brain went through an intense period of realization, adjustment, and acceptance. Never had I had to be so quick to learn how to communicate with someone without language. When we got into the house Eva walked with rapid little steps back to the rear of the house. There was little time to soak in what

was around me because she was barking wretched Hungarian at me, hoping that I might understand some of it. I understood none of it. She patted a bed, and I assumed this was to be mine and then she took me to the kitchen. The whole time I followed her around all I could understand was the hoarse, gravel-like tone of her voice. Hungarian is a language completely unlike any language I've heard or studied. It



originates from an ancient tribe in Siberia and is only similar to the Finnish language. There were no words I could latch on to like I could have with French or Spanish.

When we got to the kitchen Eva turned to face me. We stood eyeing each other for several long seconds as we both took in the fact that we could not speak to the other. I fully realized this now and how difficult a challenge

this would be. Nervousness took over my mind. Fear of how utterly uncomfortable and lost I would feel here consumed me. I wanted to run away. All of a sudden though, I looked at Eva again. I looked at her not as a strange foreign woman in front of me, but as just another person and realized that she was just as nervous as I was. Eva was offering her humble home and traditions to me based on a faith that told her my stay

with her was important and would mean something not only to me, but to her and her community. I tried to set aside that fear and meet her half way between the silence we shared. When Eva finally spoke up, I held up my hand and waved her to where my bag was. I rummaged through my backpack and pulled out my bible for the next month. A small English-Hungarian dictionary. I thumbed my way to the back where Eva

could look up a word in Hungarian and show me the English word. First she looked up the word *igazgato* and pointed to herself.

Igazgato means director I read. Okay so Eva was a director. I looked at her still with confused eyes. She nodded and thumbed her way to *iskola*. I read the word for school. Aha! I thought. Eva was the director of the school here, probably the school that I would be teaching at. All right, so I was living with the director of the school. This thought made me feel a little better because she could make sure I was well connected with the school. I looked up the word for where.

“*Hol iskola?*” I asked butchering each word with my soft voice. She looked puzzled because she couldn’t understand my pronunciation. I pointed to *hol* and then to *iskola*. I saw her face understand my question and she grumbled an answer as though I had all of a sudden learned

Hungarian. I stared at her waiting for some sort of acknowledgement of my misunderstanding. She saw my confusion and waved the question away, as though it were too difficult to answer at that point. Eva then grabbed my wrist and pulled me into the kitchen. She rubbed her stomach, and I tried to clarify her question by saying, “hungry?” She cocked her head, rubbed her stomach again and said, “*ehes, igen?*” I reached for the dictionary again and handed it to her. Yes, she was asking if I was hungry. I nodded, frightened of what I would be eating.

Before I could eat though, I had to find out where the bathroom was and so I tried to ask Eva where it was with awkward gestures. I didn’t know exactly how to make this question clear without being somewhat crude, so I did a little hopping and leg crossing. The whole time I pictured myself looking absolutely ridiculous to this woman. Thankfully, she quickly recognized what I

was trying to say so I could stop dancing around her. Modern toilets are not yet in fashion in Cubulcut I learned, because Eva took me by the arm and led me outside, under the clothes line and to an outhouse about 30 feet away from the house situated in a muddy corner next to the barn. She looked at me like she was waiting for me to make some sort of disappointed face at the outhouse. I wanted badly at that moment to show my disappointment at my bathroom for the next three weeks, but I tried hard to look as though this didn’t even faze me. I didn’t want Eva to feel as though I thought badly of how she lived.

To physically get into this outhouse, however, required more strength than a stoic expression. I pulled the creaky wooden door by two fingers placed into a small hole that was apparently the door handle. I couldn’t just walk in and squat though, because I had to learn an intricate maneuver to safely get to the toilet “seat”. Spider webs bordered a

good one-third of the door frame and covered all corners and cracks. The walls were made from mud bricks mixed with straw leaving a dark, rough texture, not that I ever tried to touch them. To avoid the muddy splotches, spider webs and their endearing little or big spiders, I stepped in, twirled, bent my knees to duck, and craned my neck to safely back my way to the hole. I would later learn how nice the outhouse was compared to other bathrooms around the village, which



simply consisted of a small hole in the ground. This dance was especially hard in the dark, and when it was raining. Hey, at least there was toilet paper though!

When I got back to the house, Eva had set two places at the small wooden table covered in an orange and brown plastic table cloth. First she put two bowls of yellow soup in the microwave. After visiting the outhouse, I was a bit shocked that she had a microwave, but she did. About ten minutes later, she put lukewarm soup on the table. I suppose it was similar to chicken noodle soup, but it had dumpling like balls in it also. Though rather cold, it was tasty so I sipped it down politely thinking that this was a nice lunch and avoiding the deep discomfort running through my veins. The only noise I could hear were the clinking of spoons against bowls and the slurping sound of soup. We didn't try to speak. When we were done Eva cleared our bowls and I started to get up.

“Nem, nem,” (no, no) and she gargled more words. I sat back down nervously. Then she pulled a bowl out of the refrigerator, yes there was a fridge also, and uncovered it. She threw several pieces of sliced, crusty bread into a basket and heated up some coffee. She also sliced up a tomato and a yellow pepper and sprinkled thick salt crystals over them. I sat watching her, holding myself back from my natural urge to get up and help because there was little I could actually do at that point. Finally she sat down and I saw that she was spreading a greenish purple, chunky dip over a slice of bread. I can do that, I thought. I followed her every motion trying to quickly learn how she did things. The dip was a bit odd looking but I went for it and was pleasantly surprised. I think it was made mostly from eggplant. After lunch, she poured coffee into a miniature mug and put out creamer and sugar. The coffee was strong, very similar if not the same as

Turkish coffee. Eva kept saying, “jo” and thinking she was just using another word for yes, I repeated her jo with my own “jo, jo”, a big smile and nod. After about a week and a half, I realized jo meant good, not yes, and this realization clarified why Eva laughed at me every time I said it.

When we were done with lunch and all the dishes were put away, Eva waved me to her and started making gestures emphasized with her harsh mumble. She rubbed her arms and pinched at my shirt. I tried to make sense of her movements, but

remained confused. Eva made gestures at her hair and then my hair, and then pretended to scrub my arms down. I began mimicking her until I realized she was making bathing motions. Was she going to bathe or did she want me to? Did I smell bad after a long day of travel, or was



“Sometimes I open, pried like a fruit. Or I am porous as old bone, or translucent, a tinted condensation of the air like a watercolor wash, and I gaze around me in bewilderment, fancying I cast no shadow. Sometimes I ride a bucking fath while one hand grips and the other flails the air, and like any daredevil I gouge with my heels for blood, for a wilder ride, for more.”

Annie Dillard, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*



she trying to make me feel comfortable? I decided it would be best to just follow her questions and nod my head. So I made my own bathing gestures, combined with a slight smile of comprehension, nodded my head, and said, “jo, jo”. Of course she gave a little gruff laugh and pulled me to the back bedroom where she handed me a hooded towel, let me gather some clean clothes and led me back to the kitchen. Here she pointed to a big bowl of water she had put on the stove, touched the side to indicate its heat, held up five fingers and pointed at her naked wrist to tell me it would be about five minutes until the water was ready. I sat there figuring out her gestures and realizing that I wouldn’t exactly be taking a bath. A couple quarts of hot water wasn’t enough for a bath. Obviously there wasn’t a shower, and so it hit me that during my stay in Romania, if I wanted to get clean, I would take sponge bathes.

When the water was done, Eva set the bowl in a small room beside the kitchen and

motioned for me to go in and closed the door behind me. I stood barefoot on a wet slab of concrete and looked at a rusty, ancient claw-foot tub and wondered how I would attempt cleanliness. I took off my clothes and set them on a small stool next to the door and stepped into the damp tub. This couldn’t be that hard could it? People do this all of the time, I thought. I brought the bowl of water closer to me and filled my hands with warm water. As I cupped the water onto small sections of my body, I wanted to both laugh and cry. I pictured myself standing naked in that dark, wet room, throwing cupfuls of water at my body. The dirty white walls around me were torn and scratched all over, and water hoses poked bleakly out of giant holes in the wall. A shelf behind me was strewn with empty and half empty bottles of soaps and shampoos with Hungarian names. Maybe it was because I was standing there naked and the air was cold and goose bumps quietly appeared all over my body; maybe it was the sinking feeling of understanding the

depth of my situation that made me feel so absolutely vulnerable. Whichever it was, this haunting feeling of being unbearably exposed didn’t leave me until many months later.

Later that evening, after Eva had walked me around the main part of the village and gotten me ice cream, we went back to the house where I began unpacking some of my things and read a bit. As I sat on the bed which was covered in what looked like long-haired shag carpet, a most important character walked into my life. She was about 5’5” with bleach blonde hair. She had a big nose and dark eyes. Her firm, youthful body was tan and exposed in short athletic shorts and a tight tank top. Her name was Evitse. Evitse was in no way beautiful, but something about her was mesmerizing. She walked right up to me and shook my hand with complete confidence and then went and sat next to a shelf with books, a boom box and a vase of flowers on it. She pushed away the vase of flowers and pulled out about

twenty-five different shades and sparkles of nail polish. Aggressively, she tackled the chipped paint on her toenails with polish remover and then began speaking to me. I had no idea what she was saying but it sounded different than how Eva spoke. I listened intently and began recognizing words and inflections. Evitse was trying to figure out if I could speak other languages.

“Italiano?” She asked me. I was shocked to find out she knew Italian, and frustrated I had not pursued an interest in Italian that I had in high school. At least I could kind of recognize the language, but definitely not enough to communicate with. Then she tried what I would later learn to be Romanian. Romanian is also a romance language and is similar to Italian or French in some structure and sound. However, Romanian was a second language in the region of Romania I was in because the people here were ethnic Hungarians and still considered themselves to be

Hungarian people because until borders were redesigned after World War I they were a part of Hungary. I moved off the bed to sit on the floor with Evitse so we could try to learn more about each other. She pointed towards the kitchen where Eva was and then back at herself and said a few words. I shrugged my shoulders to show her I didn’t understand and she tried again. I attempted to find words to help her describe what she was talking about, but neither of us understood. After a long confusing “conversation” I went and found my dictionary and showed Evitse how to find Hungarian words so she could show me what she meant. The first word she looked up was *anya* and pointed to Eva. As I read that *anya* meant mother, I quickly put together that Evitse was Eva’s daughter, which meant she was going to be my host sister. It also meant that this room I was staying in was hers’ and we would be sharing it for the next three weeks. For the rest of the night we made

slow progress in getting to know one another. In about five hours I learned that she was twenty-one, she had a boyfriend, and could count to ten in English. ●



Looking

by Stephen James

In my very first memory, I'm looking up. I remember it vividly because my reason for looking up was one of intense anticipation. It was several days before Christmas and two weeks before my 3rd birthday. I was standing in the hallway of our house in King of Prussia, PA and looking up at the attic door. You see, that's where the Christmas decorations were and no-one was making much of an effort to retrieve them from their dark, musty storage spot. My father traveled a lot and my mother was in the hospital about to give birth to Satan incarnate. I'm not sure if my younger brother really started out possessed but he sure ended up that way. Although I digress, I believe that small, seemingly insignificant things that happen truly can help determine in a large part, the direction of your outlook toward life. Like looking up with a sense

of wonder. Some people call it an epiphany, later in life when they can understand such concepts. Of course that doesn't validate the details of the actual epiphany, it just underscores the belief that something happened that you were subconsciously probably ready for. Kind of like a clarity that allows you to believe that what you now "realize" is the way something should be, is sometimes just a self-fulfilling prophecy related to a major decision you thought you needed to make. I occasionally find myself looking up at an airplane flying by and wishing I was on it. It doesn't matter where it's going, only that it's taking me

somewhere where I will have an opportunity to land and start over. It's not really escaping but more of a challenge of my abilities to drop into a situation and place. To not only be up to the challenge but to decisively imprint my will onto a foreign scenario. No big surprise that I am an Ayn Rand fan and also an avid watcher of "Time Tunnel" as a kid. It's important to keep your head up and look

Up

around as you go through life. Most people would probably agree with this, while some don't practice it, and some don't even know how. Of course, there are others who would say that that is a good way to get your head blown off, even though literally, that's usually pretty unlikely nowadays. It's the difference in approach. I prefer to take the chance.

Life can be pretty cruel. I think most of us

any better. And there are some who have a strength that comes from somewhere and maybe they don't even know they have it or where it came from. Maybe it came from God, or maybe it is a different kind of miracle. One that is created by ourselves, through a feeling of self-determination. That we can create our own world with the force of our intellect, Dagny Taggart standing on the tracks

I prefer to look up although I don't always. I like to see the possibilities of a wide open vista, literally and figuratively. Sometimes I catch myself looking down and it's usually when I'm depressed or have a problem and can't find a solution. That's when I force myself to look up and look around. With more input to my senses comes an increased possibility that I'll find a solution or at least, a way to rationalize the problem. It doesn't always work but at least it allows you to have a little input into what happens to you, as well as hopefully a little bit of a "heads up" if the shit is about to hit the fan.

.....

“Maybe it came from God, or maybe it is a different kind of miracle.
One that is created by ourselves, through a feeling of self-determination.”

.....

in the morning
sunlight, looking
up at the life that
she was going to
will into existence.

would agree with that, even if our own life is pretty good. Of course this happens in phases and if we have prolonged times of either it is possible that it can change our perception of life regardless of how we started out. And sometimes not. Some people are positive in the face of severe adversity and are sometimes looked on as idiots who don't know

On the other hand, some people are negative no matter what happens. I know people like this and I think it's because for some reason, they don't expect good things to happen. Their focus is narrow, as if they're always looking down at the ground, instead of up at life and its wide and varied possibilities.

Looking up and also around, is the best way to have a clue of what's going on around you. Sort of an early warning system. Like a submarine and the periscope that gives it an advantage in its search for prey, it only works when you use it. ●

Scienter

by Darryl Holliday

part 1

CAST

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•
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•
• OSCAR

The ship's all-purpose brain and navigation.

• JOB HOLSON

Captain of the ship.

• MARIE HAVILY

The ship's Medical officer.

• SAMUEL CARIS

Science officer, logical to a fault.

• LINTON DENT

The ship's fragile Lieutenant.

NOTE/ On a ship in space. Scene begins in J's room on the ship. Sound of radio on in background. Room is small. Quiet, except for the radio.

/SFX/ [Rising hum static]

JOB(narr.): I don't bother checking the time anymore.
When I fall asleep I wake up days and weeks later, the atomic clock still humming that same dull note, unaffected by anything but the passing instant. Silently keeping track of the hours and minutes of Earth from a star system light-years away.
It's been a long time since this mission began, and my crew isn't scheduled to wake from stasis for another six months.

/MUS/ [takes place of static--blurs J's speech]

.....

NOTE In the main control room. Facing a view-screen. Empty chairs. Station monitors without manual controls. Oddly lit. Dim. OSCAR's ideal setting.

JOB: OSCAR can you triangulate our position?

OSCAR: Your request is currently impossible, Commander,
all recon lasers are offline during our passage through the ionic storm.
Beam refraction is likely in such circumstance.
You would be killed instantly.

JOB: (after a pause) **Good to know.**

OSCAR: There's nothing more to be done until the negative flow
of the storm has passed, Commander.
You should get some rest.

JOB: [sounding apparently frustrated, irritated]
I just woke up OSCAR...you know that.
Besides ...I feel fine...there has to be something I can do
isn't there anything on-board that needs fixing? Or...Modulating?
You don't have hands for god's sake!
[almost pleading] I could be useful.

OSCAR: All of the ships maintenance facilities are internally controlled, Commander.
All systems are under my direction through a series of
neural networks within the ship itself.
I am linked to the ship, as your function is linked to synapse.
Don't worry, Commander, there will be much for you to do.
For now I have the controls.

JOB: [rebellious]
**A brain needs to be kept active, OSCAR, else the connections fade.
It's degrading.**
[more to himself] **But I'm sure you know that...**
[again to OSCAR]...**And I told you to stop calling me 'Commander'!
...it's Job...**

OSCAR: [cutting Job off somewhat---calm voiced and convincing]
/SFX/ [OSCARS voice becomes more quiet as he speaks until it sounds miles away]
**I will continue to maintain your neural network until the time comes, Commander,
so that you and the others will be able to perform your duties toward the completion of our goal...
the task you are undertaking is astonishing. You are a singularity.
You and the others, pioneering a voyage to beyond the Rios cluster.
Past the retrograde system.**
/SFX/ [last 2 lines spoken at normal volume---very clearly]
**Don't worry, Commander, I have the controls...
You should rest now.**

JOB: [sounding groggy, voice wavering as he falls asleep.]
**...you're always telling me not to worry...
...worry about what?
...OSCAR?**
[J's voice fades into background as music takes its place]

/SFX/ [*PING]

/MUS/ [drum track coincides with *PING as outro]



NOTE

Scene opens with a crackling voice, as a bad radio reception, fading in and out in oscillating revolutions, this is the “third voice”, an inert aspect of OSCAR that speaks with an unconscious Job, this voice is always in the far background mumbling incomprehensibly.

After a brief sonic introduction we hear the sound of Job’s heart beating faintly, only scarcely rising to become vaguely audible. Job is unconscious. He is thinking, almost dreaming. He responds to the mumbles in hope of illuminating his situation.

JOB:

[From seemingly far away, slowly becoming closer]

“What are you trying to say?”

/SFX/

[Repeat. Repeat to fade with indistinct mumbling]

OSCAR:

Phase initiation Associative properties. Automatacity. No more than two numbers can be operated on at once. The outcome will be the same no matter the order of recall.

Long term memory. Relatively permanent information based on meaning and importance. Stored for later retrieval. Stored for charting.

Chemical fragments. A perceptible interruption of natural law...

We drift on a tide of events.

/SFX/ [Mumbles blur among words—slowly becoming more clear]
This is likely due to a connection between the reflection and the source.
The controls coordinates are: 0-1-0-2 phase 4, phase...1-0-6-8 phase...0,
0-1-0-2-phase 1, 1-0-6-8 phase 3, 0-1-0-2 phase 3...
[Voice becomes progressively confused. Repeat to trail off.]

JOB: [From further away, barely audible]
“...I don’t understand...”

/SFX/ [Heart beat among background]

OSCAR: **This is a demonstration of proof. A measure of things that were.**
For what is sure to arrive. The reincarnation. A transmutation. Transfiguration...
Transmigration. This is a transmission...
[Mumbles overtake comprehension. Heart beat fades.]

/SFX/ [Sounds escalate, static-laden, chaotic and subtle]

/SFX/ [*PING]



NOTE In a large rec room. lounge/eating room. A space big enough for four people
to have ample room to move. Room is throbbing at first, due to J’s grogginess.
Sound of radio lingers in background (until flashback). Speech is clear in an open room.

JOB(narr.): [J is groggy, senses scattered]
I woke upside down, but it took me a while to figure that out.
I had a dream about Marie...

/SFX/ [a rush of air—FLASHBACK—quickly ends after next speaker.]

Female VOICE(flashback): “**Carassius Auratus: Celestial eye. Direct mutation of the telescope goldfish from the 18th century.**
Within 6 months the newly hatched eyes of the will turn upward.
Do you see it?

/SFX/ [sound returns to normal]

JOB(narr.): [Job is slowly becoming more lucid]
Nothing seems right. The silence. Everything’s so...still. The ship feels inert; submerged in a slow current. I could have been out for a week... don’t remember when I fell asleep.
[pause]...**I remember hearing voices...and that...**

/SFX/ [far away *PING coincides with end of spoken line]
(after a pause) **Just far enough away.**

/SFX/ [PING echoes further---gradually lower]

/MUS/ [wild horn/drum jazz sample. increasing in volume---
Voices enter as the climax/break approaches]

/SFX/ [voices far off, as in a flashback]

Male VOICE: “That sound...I can’t hear you. What did you say?”

Female VOICE: “...I said it doesn’t matter...”

/MUS/ [sample ends sharply]

JOB(narr.): (yawns) **In 5 months the others will wake from stasis...
and we can resume the mission...**

/SFX/ [*PING]

/MUS/ [dreamy sparse lullaby]

/SFX/ [*PING to end music]●

next issue: part 2

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Thank You.