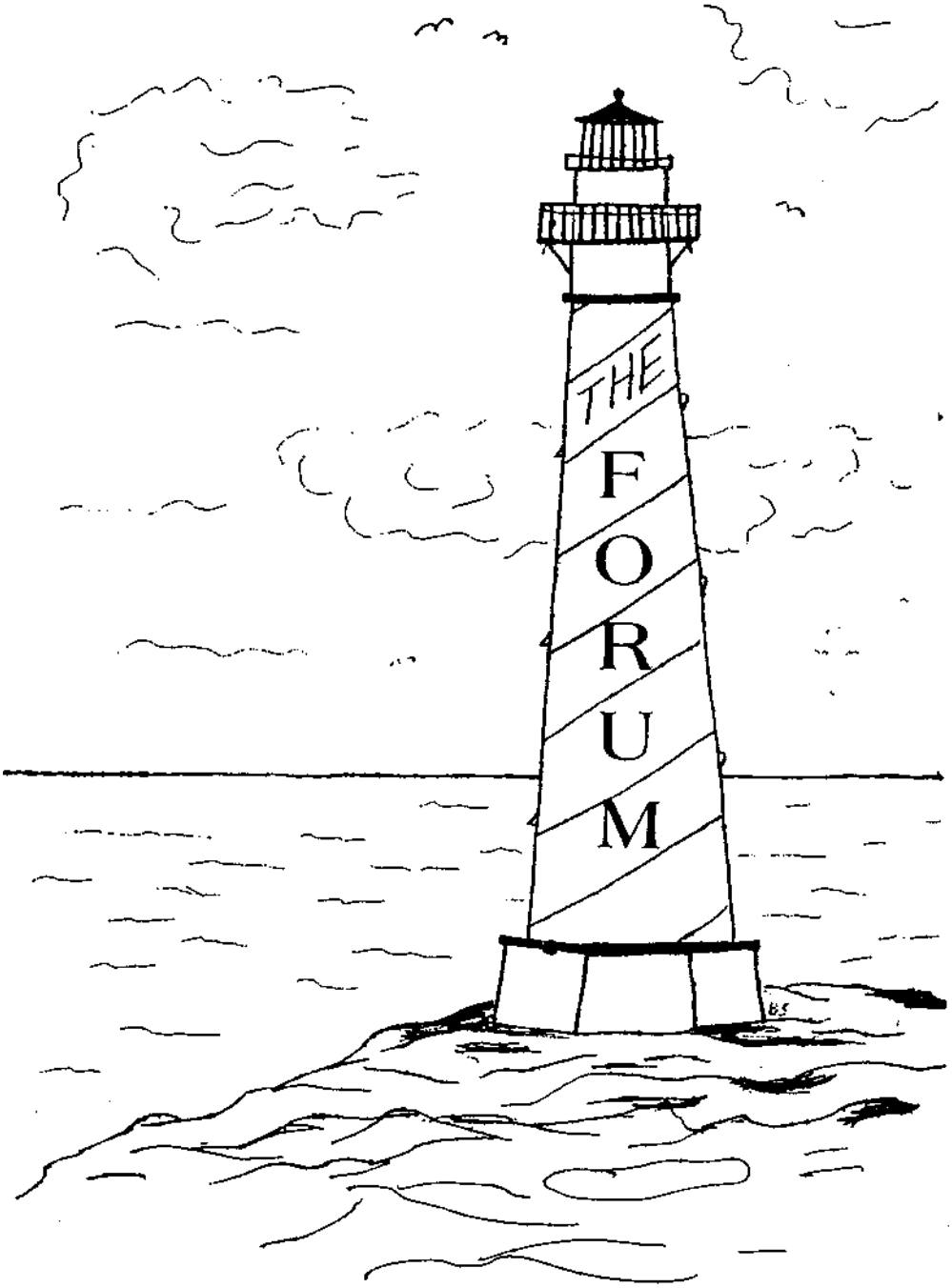


Winter 1984

The Forum Staff

Jim Garland
Political Science

Muhammad Ghotbi
Biology

Marjorie Paoletti
Creative Writing/Spanish

Dale Simms, Editor
English

Wendy Stallings, Artwork
Mathematics

Brian Stiff, Cover Artist
Computer Science

Barbara Mallonee
Faculty Advisor

This booklet continues the tradition of Forum, a cross-curricular publication of non-fiction prose by Loyola students. Forum encourages submissions from students in all classes. If a paper is too technical or specialized, we ask the author to revise it for a broader audience.

FORUM

Winter 1984

PRIORITIES

During last semester all those who didn't have an important frisbee to catch or a life sustaining 11:15 snack to consume were treated to a lecture by The Man Who Has His Priorities Straight, Mr. Ralph Nader. Of all the serious and wise advice Mr. Nader offered, I best remember the barbed question pointed at the hearts of all us conservative, comfortably apathetic Loyola students: "How much time do you spend on your personal appearance every day?" versus "How much time a day do you spend on insuring a safe, healthy environment for yourself or protecting yourself from corporate ripoff?" Most students sheepishly raised their hands for "an hour or more" to answer the first question, but few raised their hands at all for "even an hour a week" for the second. Maybe the question should have been "Where are your priorities?"

I know where mine are. They are written on a deck of cards somewhere, to be shuffled, dealt and re-dealt. Mr. Nader will be happy to know that my personal appearance does not come first at all. Things like curling my hair always fall second to half an hour more sleep or dawdling over my morning Raisin Bran until it turns to pablum. Yet, food and rest are casually dropped down the priority ladder if I have to camp out overnight at the Capital Centre in Brian's yellow Pinto with the six speakers in order to get tickets for the Who concert. On my ladder, the "Barretta" rerun, where Barretta catches spinal menengitis, that I have seen five times already, logically has a higher priority than typing a late eight-page Effective Writing argumentative essay. However, should my mother plead for me to dust and vaccuum the plaster from my carpet that my stepfather made while installing an overhead light a year ago, I just do some trick shuffling and draw the top card, which is, by golly, typing an Effective Writing essay. You see how the game works. Priorities are changelings by nature and pop up in funny places.

However, playing priorities is not as convenient as playing cards when your priorities conflict with someone else's in the same house. For me, priority number one on a Saturday morning after I have been out terrorizing the IHOP with Matt, Brian and Steve until 3:00 a.m. is sleep, preferably until noon. For my stepfather, mowing the lawn directly beneath my window at 8:30 is a number one Saturday morning priority. He claims the set pattern he has for mowing the grass just happens to start, naturally, on that corner. I claim he is purposefully torturing me.

Later on, when my mother finally demands that I make vaccuuming the plaster my number one priority RIGHT NOW, or get a job and move, my stepfather has chosen to take his usual Saturday afternoon nap, and of course, I daren't wake him. Mom says only that I should have thought of it earlier, and insists I vaccuum quietly, however that is done, in an effort not to violate anyone's sacrosanct priorities.

That's because everyone's priorities are near and dear to them, and they wear them proudly. You can tell a person's priorities just by looking. My sister Amy has a deep, coconut oil tan. I found out that this is because basking in the sun, slimy from Coppertone, six hours a day comes much higher on her priority list than wasting half an hour typing my Effective Writing argumentative essay, which admittedly is near bottom on my list too, where anything requiring hard work falls, even though she types at secretarial speeds. She wouldn't be caught dead betraying her priorities.

I, too, am a walking priority billboard. Anyone can read it by my straight, slightly damp hair each morning, hair which is cut in an extavagant Bruno's layered style designed to look beautiful when curled. That is, when I find time to curl it, which is only before a date when suddenly it is shuffled to first priority.

This shuffling of priorities, however, is only a juggling of daily trivialities. Mr. Nader implied placing the trivial over real "pending doom" is utterly disgusting, but he need not be so quick to condemn. My priorities don't conflict with

his, as he believes. Neither competes for my time. Unlike my vaccuuming and my stepfather's Saturday snoozes, our priorities don't compete for time: on the contrary, I couldn't fulfill his top priorities without fulfilling my humble ones first. Does he suggest that I should slam down my alarm clock at 5:00 a.m., jump from my warm covers, and rush out to check the dioxin level of the soil in my backyard? I think a nourishing breakfast is justified if I have to save the baby harp seals. And I know the head executives at GM wouldn't take me too seriously if, standing before their committee meeting protesting faulty Pintos that blow up if a baseball hits the backend, I were wearing only my pajama top, dirty sweatpants, muddy hiking boots, and bags under my eyes.

Once upon a time, a man named Ralph Nader who wore priorities and cotton suits instead of deodorant and polyester could speak out and be heard. In this age of high tech and high gloss, I know I will have to look natty and wear mascara to be heard. Once the world is listening, as sure as my sister wears her tan, I will wear for Mr. Nader the noble causes that are his!

Wendy Stallings

STEPHENSON - vs. - APATHY

A few days ago in the cafeteria cluttered with banners and flyers, some of my peers, wearing conservative dress clothes, approached my table. They introduced themselves and asked my companions and me to vote for them. Of course, with so many people to approach, they couldn't get to everyone nor could they tell us anything of value, such as what they intended to accomplish as our representatives. I stood in line at the polls rather unprepared to vote. My decisions were really a process of elimination: he's a jerk, she's my neighbor and I always see her involved in something...My God, I don't even know half these people. O.K. Let's see, I know him and her and her too, but she's pushy and obnoxious. As I was leaving, Jim Kennelly, who ran for sophomore class president, thanked me for voting, even though I hadn't voted for him.

I felt like a small child whose mom had just said, "Good girl, good potty" while she was being potty trained. That's fine for a two-year-old who needs praise, but it's my duty to vote and not just by process of elimination but by well-informed choice. I'm not a little two-year-old. I don't need that kind of encouragement. I'm sick of people patting themselves and others on the back for nothing. People need to be much more aware of the effects that they cause.

I'm sure that people feel good about helping the needy--that's great. It can also be the perfect example of wasted effort. My Sister's Place is a shelter for women and their children. Shoes are among the many items they need donated, and most of the shoes they receive are high heels. Somehow it seems rather stupid to give a bag-lady in her late sixties, or a young woman pounding the pavement with three small children, spike heels to wear.

Handicapped people also endure our ignorance. I've seen handicapped parking at a restaurant with steps and no ramp or elevator. Even more important than the lack of facilities for the handicapped is the way we treat them. We often treat them as rejects and not as people. If you ever want to go in a shoe store without two or three salespeople flocking over you, just roll in on a wheelchair.

Handicapped people are special. A blind person is the only person who doesn't care a molecule about your physical appearance. A deaf person is often treated as though he or she is less intelligent because he or she doesn't communicate as well with hearing people. It's usually a one-sided effort. How many colleges offer sign language to fill a language requirement? I know of none. Of course deaf people don't speak English as well as hearing people - it's their second language.

Maybe it's too much to ask for people to show some integrity for the sake of others, but they don't even show it for themselves. I'm talking about people who won't report a crime or testify against someone for fear of retaliation. In silence they permit crime to continue. Eventually they will be a victim, even if not directly. Everyone is a victim of crime indirectly with ever-increasing insurance rates, the cost of protective devices and the inhibiting loss of security.

It might not bother people to permit crime because its effects on them have always been indirect and easy to brush off. What about responsibility on a more personal level - relationships. Look at all the people who can't deal with the responsibilities that relationships entail. They can't bring themselves to talk about the sexual aspect of the relationship because they are too shy or they just don't want to know. Many people never learn to have a constructive argument. They yell, scream obscenities, commit physical violence against a person or object, cry, deny, generalize using "you always..." or "you never...", and bring up things from the past. This is fighting dirty which commonly prevents constructive arguments. People also mislead others or lie by omission which is simply not telling someone something because it's an inconvenience.

Ignorance is not bliss; it is the lack of knowledge, not due to the inability to comprehend, but due to the lack of effort to comprehend. Socrates, who was once thought to be the wisest of men, attributed his wisdom to the fact that he realized he was a fool. Socrates was later condemned to death by suicide by ignorant people who feared his sagacity.

Jill Stephenson

CHURCH LAMPS, APPLE TREES, AND ORCHIDS

"Experimental ideas are very often born by chance as a result of fortuitous observations." Claude Bernard

Galileo sat in church, one day during his twentieth year, perhaps a bit bored by a rather lengthy sermon. Looking up, he noticed a lamp swinging back and forth on a chain hung from the ceiling. He stopped listening to the sermon. He studied the motion of the lamp, timing its swings by his pulse. He soon discovered that the lamp always took the same amount of time to complete a swing, regardless of its arc. This discovery, known as the period law of the pendulum, led to the creation of the pendulum clock, Foulcault's pendulum, and other important scientific advances.

Not long after starting college, I began to have pain in the arthritic shoulder that had not bothered me for some time before. Every morning I would wake up with a stiff, painful shoulder that would trouble me until well after noon. When I went home for a weekend, my shoulder gave me little, if any, trouble. Since the firmness of the mattress at home and at school was about the same, I ruled that out as a cause. My mother, on a trip to see me at school, noticed that the way in which my furniture was arranged — the head of the bed against the wall, with the dresser on one side and the desk on the other — made the bed look "trapped." She had the idea that this gave me a confined feeling and caused me to subconsciously draw my arms in close when I slept. She suggested I try sleeping at the other end of the bed and, sure enough, I've had little trouble since. My mother's discovery may not have done as much for the advancement of science as did Galileo's, but I surely appreciated it.

All of us, from the time we are born, are constantly being bombarded by great masses of information, from both our own experiences and the experiences of others, related to us through media and the arts. During this attack, we must

continually make subconscious decisions about what we will observe, analyze, and retain, and what we must discard. Though we give them little, if any, conscious thought, these decisions; strongly influence the creative thinking that we are able to do.

****

"By the creative process we mean the capacity to find new and unexpected connections, … to find new relationships in time and space, and thus new meanings."

—Lawrence Kubie

Odds are, Sir Isaac Newton did not sit down under that famed apple tree one day with the intention of discovering the laws of gravity. What he did do, though, is make a very simple observation -- he saw an apple fall out of a tree. This observation, combined with other observations Newton had made, somehow congealed to form a new idea about the apples that had been falling from trees since long before Newton was born. If only someone had made the connection a bit sooner, perhaps poor Eve in the Garden of Eden could have blamed gravity for the fall of man.

In Calculus one afternoon, the professor was having a rather difficult time explaining to the class why the contrapositive (the negation of the reverse) of a particular theorem was true. I was slow to understand the idea at first, until I realized that the theorem was actually a hypothetical syllogism, similar to the ones I had studied in a logic unit in Effective Writing. Once I saw the connection between the two ideas, I had no trouble at all understanding why the contrapositive was valid.

Once we have accumulated the masses of information we have chosen to take in from the observations we have made, it is important to be able to shuffle, sort, and rearrange that data. Creativity is simply a reorganization of what we know, which produces a new and different arrangement of ideas. Connections and links made between seemingly unrelated bits of knowledge can often lead to some surprising new ideas or insights.

****

"Chance favors only the prepared mind."

—Louis Pasteur

When Charles Darwin followed Origin of Species, a very significant work in the science world, with a book entitled On the Various Contrivances by Which British and Foreign Orchids Are Fertilized by Insects, his peers were quite disappointed and confused. The book discussed the "contrivances" which used existent parts of the flowers not originally intended for that purpose to guarantee cross-pollenation by visiting insects. Darwin's colleagues felt the topic to be far off the track of his previous studies, but Darwin himself knew better. The mechanisms which had developed in the orchids demonstrated on a simpler, organic level, the evolution and natural selection of nature, and prepared him to later examine this process in animals and humans.

Several years ago I bought a record album with a very interesting cover, and noticed that it included many different cryptic symbols which were easily overlooked at first. These symbols told a sort of story about the band and their music. Recently, I trapped myself into doing a paper on my record collection, and struggled for days to find something new and interesting to say about it. When I come across that same album again, I remembered those symbols, and soon found many more "secrets" hidden on other album covers. These observations turned out to be interesting enough to become a paper -- one that eventually earned me an A.

Each observation you make can be tied to hundreds of others in an endless link of ideas. Each new arrangement of ideas then becomes an observation in itself, which can in turn be joined to still more observations to bring about yet another original discovery. And the more data you have to build on and relate ideas to, the easier it will be to see importance and relevance in the observations you make in subsequent situations.

You might also want to listen to the sermon.

Lynn Robbins

PHOBOPHOBIA

I can still hear screeching brakes. I remember yelling "Just leave me alone!" as I ran away. I can still hear the dog barking, feel my heart pumping, feel a tenderness in my hip reminding me of the massive bruise that lasted for weeks. But it is my private nightmare. I never told anyone, not even my parents, that I had been hit by a car while running from a dog. I was afraid of being scholded for my "nonsense," told that the dog wasn't going to hurt me and I had put myself in "real danger" for no reason.

Human beings are the only animals that teach their children to hide their fears and to be ashamed when they accidentally emerge. Very young children cry at strange dogs or people, being left alone, even darkness. Why do adults squelch any demonstration of fear? After all, fear is a natural bodily response to danger. All animals instinctively respond to danger by fight or flight. No outsider's contempt, no parental discouragement, can restrain this reflex action.

As "omniscient" onlookers we laugh at the silly antics of the fearful. Birds frequent the feeder at the kitchen window, but none have the courage not to scatter when someone approaches. We mock the sandpiper running to, then retreating from the ocean waves. We laugh at cats intimidated by the leashed dog's threatening bark. The animal doesn't share our viewpoint. In nature the irrationality of fear insures the reflex action necessary to survival. Humans have no right to laugh at this process in their offspring.

And who is to say what "real danger" is? The subconscious mind defines our perception of danger and triggers fear. Try to convince a child that nothing exists in his bedroom after the light goes off that wasn't there before. He'll swear that darkness produces monsters only light can dispel. He knows that the dustballs under the bed will feed on the darkness and grow and creep out to attack him while he

sleeps. No argument can convince him he is safe without a nitelite. Try to get some people into an airplane. No matter how many statistics, safety measures, and reassurances are offered, they remain on the ground. They know wings fall off or engines catch fire and airplanes crash to earth, plummeting infernos.

A potential threat is as real as an actual one. I am afraid of dogs, bridges, and strange men. I know that the dog can't bite me if he's chained, but I'll still cross the street to walk around him. I know that the Bay Bridge is safe, but I hold my breath and peer over the edge in fearful anticipation of drowning as the bridge falls and deposits my car into the water's icy depths. I know that I can't avoid every man I don't know personally, but still I shy away from a stranger's smile or walk faster if someone shady is walking behind me. The more vivid the imagination, the wider the spectrum of potential threats and fears that can't be explained away.

Besides ridiculing each other's fears, we deliberately torment each other. I have a friend who is mortally afraid of trucks. I'm not overly fond of driving sandwiched between two eighteen wheelers, but I don't react as violently as she does. She will actually cover her eyes, turn her head, and hold her breath until the truck has passed, and several times she has threatened to pull off the road. I, of course, yell with regularity "Oh, look, a truck! Hurry up, here comes a truck!" This same friend has been known to stop the car in the middle of the street and jump out screaming over a spider on the windshield. She jumped a foot in the air and shrieked when I threw the crumpled napkin with the dead spider in it at her.

To twist the situation even further, I also torment myself with my own fears. Nothing triggers a more horrible nightmare for me than horror movies. I have voluntarily watched "The Exorcist," "Lizzie Borden," and countless other less memorable TV movies. Watching horror movies is to me what eating a box of chocolates is to a diabetic. But horror movies serve another purpose for many. They are one of the few acceptable places to experience the thrill of fear. In horror movies fear is expected, and we are not ridiculed or told not to be afraid.

What happens to fear as we reach adulthood? Does early repression mean we finally see a true dividing line between real and imagined dangers? Not at all. For adults the range of fears grows and still we hide them. As adult terror grows and multiplies, so does shame and a need for "covers." Along with latest childhood fears like spiders, thunderstorms, darkness, or dogs, the adult has job, home, and family-related fears. He might be desperately afraid of being replaced at the office by a computer or a younger person willing to work for less. Or that any plugged in appliance could cause a fire to destroy his entire home while he is gone or asleep. Or that every little cough indicates a fatal bronchial illness in his little boy or girl. He has more possessions, positions, and people to worry about than he did as a child. Yet, aware of others' dependence on him, he tries to appear fearless and reassuring at all times.

Perhaps it is because, as adults, we immerse our fears that they pressure us to turn to an arsenal of alcohol, cigarettes, and tranquilizers to dispel tension. If we allowed ourselves to react to our fears, they might not prey on us as heavily. Why alcoholism and drug addiction are more acceptable than crying or running is beyond me. It seems to me that a good cry would release the tension, but a good stiff drink would only put it off till later. The more health-conscious have found alternate ways to release the tension caused by fears—Yoga, aerobic exercise, jogging, meditation, massage.

How often we are told that we must face our fears in order to conquer them. We start by giving our fears specific names—agoraphobia, fear of open places; claustrophobia, fear of confined spaces; ailurophobia, fear of cats; astraphobia, fear of thunderstorms; hydrophobia, fear of water—the list is endless. We have even named our fear of being afraid—phobophobia. Then we intentionally place ourselves in the situations that most frighten us, trying desperately to control our body's reactions. It is a feat of daring for a claustrophobic to ride in an elevator. Does this method of "facing our fears" really help us to conquer them? For many it is an open invitation to a heart attack.

All these solutions bypass the real problem. Unlike any other animal, man has denied himself the necessity of reacting to fear and has created for himself an additional fear that no other animal experiences—the fear of being afraid. He has not, as yet, discovered any adequate way to deal with phobophobia. And make no mistake--one way or another, it IS possible to die of fright.

Susan McIntyre

STONEHENGE: A NEOLITHIC ENIGMA

A circular configuration of massive stones occupying a field near Salisbury, England has been the subject of speculation and study for centuries. "Stonehenge", meaning "place of hanging stones" is the formal name of this group of stones; however, it has been referred to by observers and scientists over the years as a religious temple, an ancient burial ground, a memorial, an observatory, a crude calculator — even a designator of water sources! Although some of the hypotheses concerning Stonehenge are more viable than others (for example, those of Hawkins and Hoyle, summarized below), the lack of documented historical information about the structure makes Stonehenge a puzzle which will forever be unsolvable.

The main questions about the Stonehenge to which answers have been sought are: 1) who built it?; 2) when and how was it built?; 3) is there a particular significance to the location?; and 4) what purpose did it serve? The earliest attempt to address any of these questions was, to our knowledge, by Geoffrey of Monmouth. In his Histories of the King of Britain, written in 1136, he speculated that the stones had magical qualities, including the ability to heal, and also that Stonehenge was built in the seventh century as a memorial of a bloody battle between Britain and Saxon (Hawkins, 1965: 2-6).

Except for an occasional reference in legends and folklore, interest in Stonehenge seemed to wane until the seventeenth century. In 1620, King James I, upon seeing Stonehenge for the first time, became so intrigued with it that he instructed his surveyor-general, Inigo Jones, to make a plan and study of it. Unfortunately, Jones did not live long enough to complete his studies or even to publish his findings himself; what we know of hs insights we have found from a book posthumously published by his son-in-law, The Most Remarkable Antiquity of Britain, vulgarly called Stone-Heng Restored. Jones believed that Stonehenge had been build by the Romans in Britain, and that it was used as a temple which was dedicated to the sky god Coelus. His rendering of Stonehenge as it might have been shows the outer circle of Sarsen stones connected fully by lintels, or cross-pieces. Viewed in

this perspective, Stonehenge does seem to have been a temple of some sort.

The first person to approach Stonehenge from an archaeological, rather than an architectural, perspective was John Aubrey, in 1663. Aubrey was the first archaelogist of England and it was through his excavations that the 56 holes in the outer circle of Stonehenge (later named Aubrey Holes, in his honor) were discovered. The hypothesis that Stonehenge was built by the Druids to serve as a temple originated with him. Accordingly, construction would have taken place around 325 B.C., much earlier than Inigo Jones speculated. Jones had raised the issue of a Druid temple, but instantly dismissed it.

The idea of Stonehenge as Druid temple was also promoted by William Stukeley (1687-1765), who was considered the finest field archaeologist of his day. Not only did Stukeley think that Stonehenge was a Druid temple, but that the Druids worshipped the serpent there. As a result, Stonehenge was associated with the Druid cult for hundreds of years. It conjured images of sacrificial ceremonies, esoteric rites and the macabre. In fact, there very well could have been sacrifices at Stonehenge, but probably not performed by the Druids.

Stukeley did contribute several significant observations to the small bank of knowledge concerning Stonehenge. Approaching the monument from a more scientific view than had previously been attempted, he devised a unit of measurement, the Druid cubit (approximately 20.8 inches), which he suggested was used by the builders; more importantly, he was the first to notice that the axis of Stonehenge appeared to point northeast toward the Midsummer Day rising of the Sun. He also was a pioneer in scientific dating, using a magnetic compas to suggest that Stonehenge was build around 460 B.C..

Until the early 1900's, very little significant information about Stonehenge was gathered, although its mysteries captivated the imaginations of many historians, architects and astronomers. In 1901, Sir Norman Lockyer, using Stukeley's theory that the axis of Stonehenge was aligned

with the Midsummer sunrise, calculated that its true construction time was between 1880 and 1480 B.C. Lockyer made this determination by calculating the movement of the point on the horizon at which the Sun rises on the Solstice and the time when the axis of Stonehenge pointed there. Although this estimation was quite close to the date that has now been determined through carbon-dating (1850 B.C.), Lockyer's idea was not widely accepted at the time. This date should have been enough proof that the Druids were not responsible for building Stonehenge, but even today there are those who maintain a belief in its Celtic origins.

In 1964, astronomer Gerald Hawkins fed into a computer all the locations of the Stonehenge markers and all possible alignments with the Sun, Moon, stars and planets for the period of time between 1880 and 1480 B.C. The results of his study, twelve Sun and twelve Moon correlations, proved to Hawkins that Stonehenge was built for use as an observatory. Hawkins showed that the Sun rises directly over the heelstone on the Summer Solstice and that the alignments of certain stones mark the rising and setting of the Sun and Moon at different times of the year. Hawkins also claimed that the 56 Aubrey holes were used as a crude calculator of the 56-year lunar eclipse cycle.

Although Hawkins' theory was the most scientific and also the most plausible to date, it was met with great resistance by many archaeologists who believed that the people responsible for building Stonehenge were not intelligent or sophisticated enough to have made such advanced scientific calculations. Chief among the opposition was Prof. Richard J. C. Atkinson, a prominent British archaeologist, who stated that Hawkins' work was "unconvincing, tendentious and slipshod". Atkinson has more recently accepted Hawkins' theories as likely, based partly on results of on-site experiments at different times of the year.

Hawkins' ideas were given a greater degree of credibility the following year by the world-renowned astronomer Fred Hoyle. Hoyle supported Hawkins’ theory that Stonehenge was built as an observatory; however, he disagreed with the theory that the Aubrey holes served only to count the 56-year eclipse cycle. Maintaining that only a small proportion

of all eclipses which occurred could have been predicted in the method suggested by Hawkins, Hoyle suggested that the Aubrey holes instead represented the ecliptic (the imaginary circle along which the Sun and planets appear to move, at the angle to which the Moon circles the Earth). Hoyle believed that the builders of Stonehenge knew the number of days in the year, the number of days in a month, and the periods of regression of lunar nodes, and that through a complicated series of movements of stones in the holes, the astute observer was capable of predicting all astronomical events.

Perhaps the most interesting of all of Hoyle's theories was a philosophical one: that if the people of Stonehenge gave the Sun and the Moon (which each could be seen) god-like qualities, then could the lunar nodes (which were not visible) be a more powerful god? He suggested that the origin of the concept of an invisible, all-powerful God -- the God of Isaiah -- could have been through Stonehenge. This is an interesting idea, but once again, one which is impossible to prove.

The theories of Hawkins and Hoyle, together, are the most widely accepted to date for the originally intended use of Stonehenge. Through radio-carbon dating, we have been able to establish approximately when Stonehenge was built. Archaeologists and engineers have developed a likely explanation for the methods used in transporting the stones and the construction of the monument. Prof. Atkinson found an important clue which may aid in identifying the builders: on some of the stones, he discovered imprints of daggers with handles and crossbars of a type used by the Myceneans of ancient Greece. Finally, an explanation for the choice of the site was presented by C. A. Newham, writing around the same time as Hawkins. Newham claimed that the "rectangle" formed by the four stations, or stoneholes near the boundary of the monument (Attachment B) correspond <u>almost</u> to the latitude required for the angles of the Sun and the Moon to be separated by 90° at their extreme declinations.

Although the more recent theories outlined above have been more widely accepted than earlier ones, they are not conclusive -- they remain "best guesses". Other researchers, such as Guy Underwood, continue to view Stonehenge from

different perspectives. The Patterns of the Past (1969) is an in-depth study by Underwood in which he determines that the layout of Stonehenge was governed by geodetic lines (cosmic forces which cover the Earth like gravity and light). He explains the locations of all stones, ditches and holes in relation to water lines, aquastats and blind springs present in the area. His effort, while thorough, is very likely not accepted by many.

It seems that mankind must be content with educated guesses about Stonehenge; the mysterious circle of stones continues to guard closely the secrets which it has kept for 3700 years.

Joan E. Koutz

BIBLIOGRAPHY

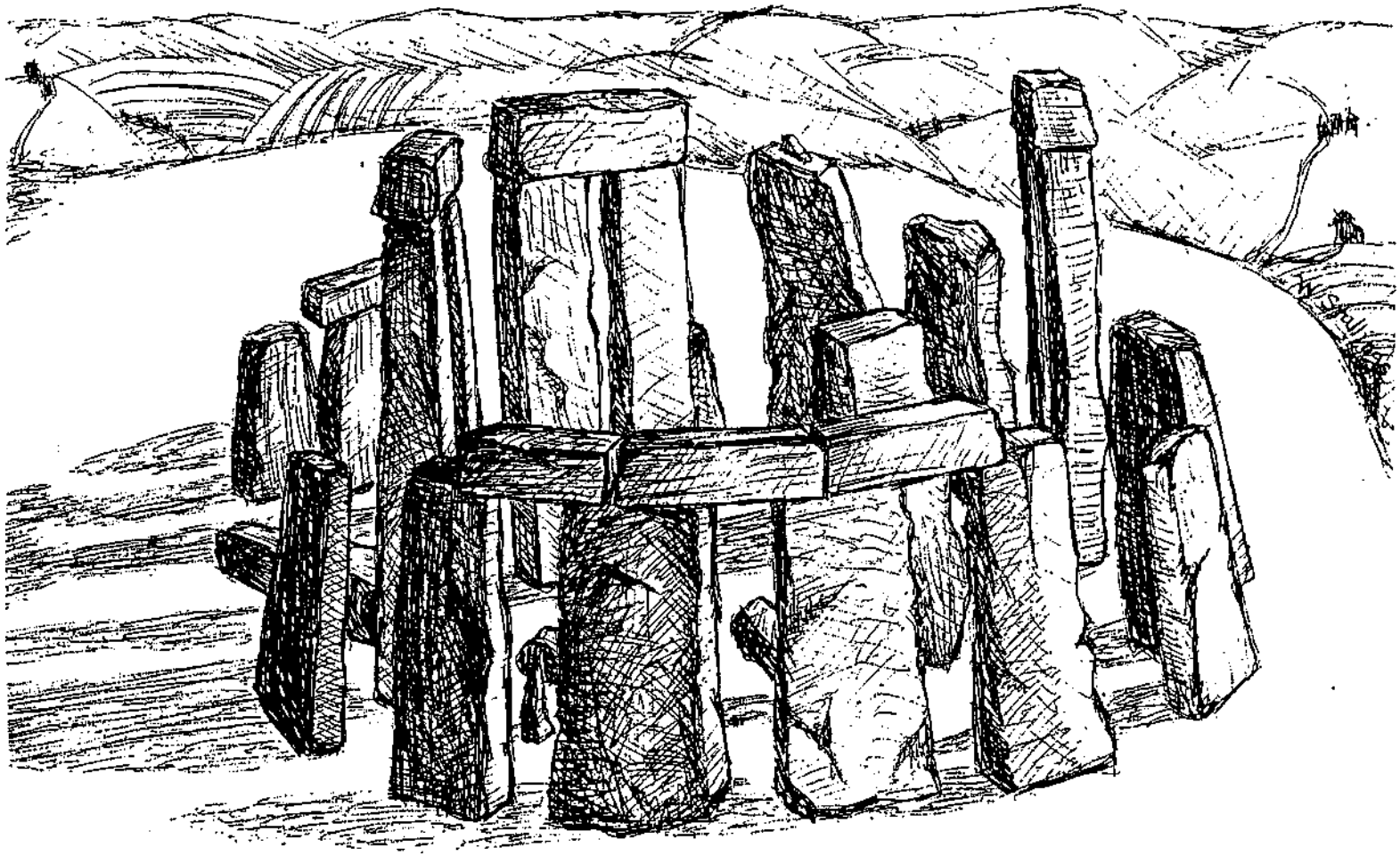
Branley, Franklyn M. The Mystery of Stonehenge. New York: Thomas Y. Cromwell Company, 1969.

Brown, Peter L. Megaliths and Masterminds. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1979.

Hawkins, Gerald S. Stonehenge Decoded. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1965.

Paturi, Felix R. Prehistoric Heritage. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1979.

Underwood, Guy. The Patterns of the Past. New York: Abelard-Schuman, Ltd., 1969.



IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF STONEHENGE

The road is cold and hard in the chill December twilight. I run alone on its dry and gravelled shoulder, moving up a hill as the sun drags its last rays across the city. The dying day snags on a great stone steeple, stretching out from the sun and then snapping back so that darkness descends very quickly. The air is already filled with the sweet smell of the day's decay-- that smell will give way to the warmer scent of sunrise in a matter of hours, but now this road and I are locked into a phase of death and decay, after which the entire city will be draped in black to mourn the passing of the day. Already, teardrops form on the blades of grass that edge the asphalt-- the new day will dry them, but only after the mourning, when the widow Earth may be courted by another sunrise. Then she will meet him coming over the sea, shy at first, than smiling brighter until their union is consummated and a new day is born.

The world is slowly decomposing around me on this cold, still evening when even the year is coming to a close. The city itself slowly dies as its daytime populace rushes past me, their cars gleaming dull and metallic in the dimness, racing to be safe inside when the day finally dies. One car trails the pack, a green Ford whose age shows in every speck of rust around its wheels, and whose voice is deep-throbbing and throaty, complaining its way up the hill. The driver is a tired looking man in a dark suit-- he looks like a nice enough guy and I silently wish him luck in getting home with that car. But my good wishes mean nothing to him, though he passes within a few feet of me, for there is more than distance between us. Were I to try to reassure him with a gentle touch on the shoulder, I would feel nothing but the chipped paint on the cold steel door. And were he to try to smile encouragement to me, I would see only the afterglow of the day reflected in the curved glass of his window.

And yet I see things more clearly than ever in that dim, green afterglow, for what light is more illuminating than the light of death? Dying is our last, best chance to know ourselves. Even as I run, and as my energy is spent, I am learning my weaknesses-- the pain in my hip that was still unknown at two miles becomes very familiar to me at ten. Likewise

the tenderness of my ankle, and, were I to continue long enough, I would know all the weaknesses of this body until, by elimination, I would know its strength. Such wisdom lies not in knowing what will die first. I know now how the evening robs the world of its colors, first reds, then greens, and finally blues, so that in its absence, the sun's contribution to the day is also known. But better stilll to possess that knowledge when all the signs of death are shaded by the stark noonday sun.

Many who have come close to dying say that their lives pass before their eyes, a parade to be reviewed. Now that I am surrounded by deadly evening, I, too, see the parade. The sun on the street follows the soapy water that slides down the gutter from the mechanical carwash. Standing in front of a television store, I watch part of a rerun of "Laverne and Shirley," the one in which Laverne is put in jail. Behind the televisions is a display of home computer systems with a sign predicting that people will soon be able to work via computer phone hookups without ever leaving their houses. I move on through the cold, parting it as if it were water, to the bank. A line of people stand at the computerized teller on the outside wall of the bank, even though the bank itself is open and a teller free. The wall and the sidewalk are white, and the light they reflect magnifies the impatient beeping of the machine while the people in the line sweat. One woman looks particularly uncomfortable as she stares expressionlessly in my direction. At first I think she is staring at me, but when I smile self-consciously she does not respond, instead staring flatly beyond me. I feel silly and a little embarrassed by the whole encounter, and I hope that my windburned cheeks will hide me if I blush. I move on. Later in the evening, I will watch the news on t.v. to see what is happening in the real world. I seek comfort in the familiar faces of the newspeople, in their familiar voices joking at the end of the broadcast. I feel as if those people are friends of mine, I see them so often.

Back in the shadows again, I've missed the evening news, but I don't care. Here in the death-light of the evening I have other things on my mind. I've reached the end of this cold, hard road and it's time for me to go home. It's dark now; the day has once again disappeared over the sea, and the Earth hangs her head in sorrow. The cars have their head-

lights on now, and as I pass a yellow roadsign, I see my silhouette, dark and solitary, bouncing across it. Suddenly I wish that one of these passing cars would stop, and that the newspeople, or the tellers in the bank, or even Laverne and Shirley would step out and shake my hand, just so I would know they are real. I wish the woman in the line at the bank would smile back at me.

In a few hours it will be light again, and another day will lie before me. The cycle turns over and over, days born, peaking, and dying endlessly to rebirth. The ancients were inspired to hope by this daily rejuvenation, so that they smiled in the lengthening shadows of Stonehenge and all its stony cousins whose spinning shadows have passed the ages. But when the dawn tenderly kisses the cool bosom of the mourning Earth, I will lie in bed and stare down the new day. For Albert Camus, the principle human question was whether to commit suicide. For me it is whether to commit murder. I could murder the baby Day by refusing to get out of bed. I could suffocate him quickly by gripping my pillow tightly to my head.

And yet I hope. I hope that the wisdom gained in this twilight will change my tomorrow so that I, too, will smile in the lengthening shadows of my own Stonehenge. Hegel spoke of progress as a series of concentric circles or loops. Any attempt to move forward doubles back on itself so that we ask the same questions over and over again, each time from a deeper level of understanding. Tomorrow I will again contemplate the murder of the day, but tomorrow is a long way off, and I will be heavy then with my experience of the present day's death.

The silence of the night breaks and a rushing sound heralds the approach of another car. I hear the wind coursing over the sloped windshield and the polished roof, and as the car passes me, the stream curls around the corners of the trunk, spinning, spiraling to the shoulder, where it slaps my back sharply and picks up a piece of white paper which twists wildly in its grip-- and then twirls slowly back to the ground as if no car had ever passed. The day is spent and so am I.

Jack Guilfoyle

Y' KNOW?

America's hurried way of life has given rise to a host of expedients, not the least of which is the phrase "y'know." The phrase is used almost exclusively by people who talk before they think, a phenomenon more and more useful in a culture where everyone wants the last, as well as the first and middle, word. In some political circles, "y'know" has given way to its upper-class cousin, "Well..."

"Y'know" is especially popular with those who either can't or won't think at all. Its range is, consequently, very wide, but nowhere so evident as during post-game celebrations or half-time interviews at major sports events: "I was running a 'down-and-out,' y'know. The guy really rang my bell, y'know, but I still picked up like twenty yards. Hi, Ma!" Athletic giants are emulated, and the phrase's demon seed is implanted in the vocabularies of impressionable children and immature adults.

As "y'know" is used by everyone everywhere, it is difficult to arrive at a working definition. If we view "you know" in its literal sense, the speaker is making quite a few presumptions as regards the listener's intelligence or cognizance. The universality of the phrase suggests that it has very little to do with context, and, in fact, it is evidence of little context at all. If the listener substitutes a "what the hell am I saying?" for every "y'know," he'll have a pretty good idea of where the speaker isn't going.

Dale Simms

AN HOUR TO SPARE

I was coming back from Chemistry Lab the other day, and I passed the Butler fourth floor groupies hanging out in the hail, with lacrosse sticks instead of books in their hands. These guys have never heard of studying and their textbooks are still in the bags they got when they bought them, yet these inferior intellects were talking about religion. Of course their conversation was far from brilliant, but it was interesting, especially the last comment I heard before closing the door to my room. It had to have been the guy who always wears rock concert t-shirts, the same pair of jeans, and listens to Aerosmith who said, "All I know is that Church is useless. God is dead." Obviously he is neither Irish-Catholic nor from a big family (rumor has it that these two are interchangeable), or he would have known that it doesn't matter whether God is alive or dead. You go to Church regularly.

Ever since I can remember, every Sunday or Holy Day, Pops would herd us kids into the old family car, and haul us off to Church, like livestock to the market. (You may have passed us at one point. We were in the old beat up station wagon with the four left feet sticking out the back window dancing to the rhythm of the highway.) At church, we would sit in boredom, listening to a priest twenty years behind the times, or squirm in embarrassment as Pops sang loudly off-key, drawing stares from everyone, including the priest. Sometimes for a change of pace, Peggy and Suzy would start fighting (Peggy hates sniffling and Suzy always has a cold). We were so busy being bored, embarrassed, fighting, or sneaking off to the bathroom, that none of us kids learned anything, yet Dad would drag us to church week after week.

Maureen and Billy were the first to rebel. Being Irish, they argued violently with Dad, who would physically force them kicking and screaming into the car. Mom always laid the guilt trip on them on the way to church. She would look back from the front seat at the two stubborn teary-eyed young teenagers, arms folded in determination, and say, "Where did I go wrong? The souls of my two oldest children are so periously close to the brink of damnation that we have

to drag them to church." In tears she would ask, "Can't you give one hour of your time every week to God?" Ashamed, Maureen and Billy would apologize and go meekly to Mass for the next few weeks, but then it would start all over again.

Complaints did not end when Maureen and Billy moved out. As soon as they left, Suzy, Karen, and Peggy started to rebel. Suzy finally moved out after two more years of forced church attendance with Karen following soon after. When Peggy was the only one left to fight the battles, my turn came. But I was smart. Once, during a particularly brutal engagement between Suzy, Karen, Peggy, and Dad, I pulled Dad aside and asked why he would not let us decide for ourselves whether we wanted to go to mass. He replied raggedly that he would let us decide for ourselves if we could come up with a rational argument for doing so, instead of crocodile tears and fists. Why, I asked hadn't he told us this years ago? He just smiled and pulled the girls apart and shoved them into the car. Halfway there, they stopped clawing each other and realized they had somehow been suckered once again into going to church. They resigned themselves to the inevitable boredom and bathrooms.

Mom was home, overcome with grief over her children's sinful ways. I sat in quiet excitement. My mind raced ahead with plans and subterfuges that would get Dad to let me decide when I would go to church.

From then on, I read, I researched, I talked to my teachers about the Church and its revelance to religion. I heard both sides of every issue concerning modern religion, and I drew my conclusions. By the time Suzy and Karen left home, I was ready for Dad. On that fateful Sunday, Pops asked me, "Are you ready for Church, Pat?" I said, "No." My calm shook him a little; he was expecting tears. Quietly, before he could change his mind, I explained to him why it was not necessary for me to go to church.

Unfortunately, I tried to talk logically about religion to a man who went to private Catholic schools all his life. I told him about religion from a psychologist's point of view. I even quoted Freud, who said religion is irrational because it has no evidence to prove that God exists. Who goes to a priest today

when we can go to psychiatrists, who tell us that our problems stem from hating our parents? This is certainly more exciting than saying ten Hail Mary's after Confession. I tried Sociology, using Peter Berger who says God is no longer useful, given scientific revolution. I turned to philosophy. Albert Camus said that religion was that little extra weight in the boulder that kept Sisyphus from pushing it all the way to the top of the hill, meaning religion is an absurdity that does nothing but add further misery to an already meaningless life.

Dad wasn't moved. I threw in what I thought to be the clincher—a theologian's view. Dietrich Bonhoeffer coined the term deux ex machina, which meant that religion has become a "gas station," that we no longer need God except when things aren't going well. Then we stop in for a fill-up at the local church. How can we honestly say we believe in a god if that is the same god that in the near future some leader, as he pushes the button that sends the world into a nuclear holocaust-will summon with 'May God help us!' Would God let him push that button?

"So, Pops," I argued out of breath, "Do you really believe that this Machiavellian approach to religion is working? Have the ends justified the means? Look at what this has done to Maureen, Billy, Suzy, Karen, Peggy, and probably me, Teresa, Seana, and Michael. Do you think we will go to church voluntarily, once we leave home? Maureen and Billy certainly don't. Suzy and Karen and Peggy certainly don't. So why don't you give up this miserable custom that obviously is not working, and let us decide for ourselves--before it is too late?"

I can be quite an actor, but Pops just looked at me and smiled. Needless to say, I went to Church.

Patrick Kelly

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ILLITERATE

On the morning of February 26, 1983, John Doe once again awakens to yet another hazy morning of his life. He groans and rolls over to silence the droning intrusion of his alarm clock which, as one of the few things he can read, tells the hour of the morning to be 6:30. As he enters the hallway, he scowls at the bright yellow poster on the wall which depicts a smiley face. The cheery subscript "good morning" are but mere hieroglyphics to him, as he turns the corner to enter the bathroom. Grabbing a fresh towel from the linen closet, he gets into the shower and turns on the red left knob which he knows to be hot. Refreshed, he saunters to the sink and shaves his face with his nameless Gillette razor and Noxema shaving cream, while staring blankly at the bold red lettering of "Colgate" on the tube of toothpaste. John Doe, like 40 million other Americans, begins his long workday suffering from illiteracy.

In his fender-bent pickup, John Doe navigates the car through the overly familiar streets—a permanently etched route of winding, nameless streets in the map of his mind. He runs two stop signs, enters the gates of the steel plant where he works, and unknowingly parks in a newly-marked "No Parking" zone.

Inside the plant he smells the usual overpowering fumes of smoke and molten iron and is greeted with a hard pat on the back by his co-worker, Phil Davis, who says, "Hey, John buddy, how ya doin' this morning? Have you heard? The head hauncho's comin' up this week for inspection and procedure updating. There's a newsletter on the bulletin board we're supposed to look at before then."

"Yeah, sure," John says and laughs nervously, gazing at the mysterious newsletter and wondering with embarrassment who to ask to translate it for him. He shrugs in frustration.

At noon, John Doe bursts forth from the sweltering interior of the steel plant and drives to a little out-of-the-way restaurant where he has been eating his lunch for almost fifteen years. He orders his lunch without looking at the menu and then buys a newspaper at the counter out of bore-

dom. Listlessly glancing at the bold print, he experiences a familiar pang of regret knowing that he will never have the capability to comprehend even the headlines, let alone any current political or economic problems at hand.

John Doe tiredly exits the plant after another long day with his co-workers, some of whom are discussing the newsletter. "What do you think about the expansion plans and new rules, John?" asks Phil.

"Ah, yeah, they sound great. Listen, I gotta get home on time or my wife'll kill me." On the way home he visits a nearby drugstore to pick up a few groceries for his wife. He studies the pictures on the labels of products to find what he needs and leaves a good half-hour later. At home John Doe sits at the table with his wife and son. They eat in silence. Then John's son asks him to help him with his homework.

John replies hesitantly, "Why don't you go over and ask Bobby to help you, son. I've had a long day."

Later, with frustration in his eyes, John Doe watches his son shuffle out of the house with books-in-hand to visit his friend, Bobby. John utters a helpless sigh, grabs a beer, and stations himself before the television, pushing away thoughts of tomorrow--another day no different from any others.

John Doe has been working at the steel plant for the past fifteen years, and he most likely will continue to do so until he retires. He will never fall into stitches of laughter at a joke in the newspaper or engage himself in fantastic adventures within the pages of paperback novels. He will not grow, and he will not cultivate the knowledge of his child because he lacks the necessary tools of literacy. John Doe and the 40 million other illiterates will amble undirected through life much as a junk winds slowly through the stagnant waters of a tainted river.

Marie Perriello

THE USE OF CHEMICALS BY ATHLETES

Jarmila Kratochvilova of Czechoslovakia put on an awesome display at the recent World Championships of track and field in Helsinki. She achieved an unprecedented double, winning the 400 and 800 meter runs. The 32 year old woman from Prague was unquestionably head and shoulders above her competition. However, some Western observers looked at her extraordinary musculature and flat chest and questioned her integrity. They asserted that drugs had aided her performance, and they cited her as a particular example of how the Communists use drugs to enhance their athletes' chances of victory. The Americans were soon jolted out of their self righteousness when American gold medal winning weight lifter Jeff Michels was stripped of his medals and sent home in disgrace, because he failed a drug test at the Pan-American Games in Caracas. The American public was shocked further when 11 track and field athletes returned to the United States to avoid the new ultrasensitive drug testing procedures that they were employing in Caracas. William Simon, president of the United States Olympic Committee, said, "It's a real tragedy but it's no surprise to those in the Olympic movement. This was a time bomb waiting to explode." What are the chemicals that so many athletes are using? Why do they use them? What effects do the drugs have on the athletes' health? These are the questions which I hope to answer in my paper.

The drugs which the athletes use are called anabolic steroids. They are synthetic variations of the male hormone testosterone. Anabolic steroids are supposed to enhance the body's muscle building process. The body performs this process naturally by utilizing testosterone which is produced mostly in the testes. Testosterone has another effect on the body. It has masculinizing or androgenic effects. In the late 1950s biochemists, who were looking for a drug which builds protein but does not masculinize excessively, changed the molecular structure of testosterone and reduced the masculinizing effects significantly. The first anabolic steroid which was called Dianabol was put on the market in 1962. Little did the biochemists know that the drug which they developed to provide an extra boost of healing for debilitated post surgery patients would be put to a sinister use.

At first, Dianabol was used by only a few massive weight lifters. However, the news of this new drug spread like wildfire. Participants in sports which place a premium on strength were anxious to get their hands on Dianabol. Now, anabolic steroid use among athletes is widespread. Dianabol is no longer the sole available anabolic steroid. It has been joined by Durabolin, Winstrol, Anavar, and Pregnyl. Many times the athletes who use these drugs are like kids in a candy store. They are too enthusiastic, foolish, and inexperienced to practice restraint. Former steroid user Terry Todd, who is now a journalist, says that some contemporary athletes, "have taken in less than two weeks the 6,000 milligrams that I weighing more than 300 pounds, took in four years."

This intemperate use of anabolic steroids can cause permanent harm to the users' health. News American science columnist Joann Rodgers says, "In males, larger than natural doses can sabotage the pituitary-sex gland performance triggering at least temporary bouts of sterility and impotence, along with changes in such secondary sex characteristics as hair growth." There is also some evidence that steroids can cause liver tumors and prostate cancer. Furthermore, former world champion weight lifter Larry Pacifico almost died from advanced atherosclerosis at the age of 35. He says, "I'm convinced my steroid use contributed to my coronary artery disease. I'm certain of it and so is my doctor."

The irony of this whole situation is that the athletes may be risking their health for nothing. A substantial number of experts feel that the chemicals do not improve performances significantly. Dr. Peter Hartmann, associate professor of family and sports medicine at the University of Maryland School of Medicine, says, "It's possible that there is some buildup of tissue, but there is no medical evidence that the increased tissue increases strength or performance." A major purpose of the drugs is to help the body store nitrogen, which comes from high protein foods. However, Dr. Melvin Horwith, an endocrinologist at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center contends that steroids do not provide major benefits in this area. He believes that the effects of steroids in nitrogen storage are strictly temporary. He told Matt

Clark of Newsweek Magazine, "After as little as a month nitrogen storage peters out."[6] Hartmann, Horwith and the other steroid skeptics believe that the benefit of steroids is psychological. According to the skeptics the athlete believes that he is really stronger after taking steroids, so he works more diligently than he did before. Therefore, the resultant muscle buildup is mostly because of good old fashioned hard work.

The debate about the effects of steroids is far from over, because there has been relatively little research to determine their true effects. Most of the money for steroid research has been spent on developing testing techniques which can detect whether an athlete has been using illicit chemicals. This type of research seems to be producing results as evidenced by the big drug bust in Caracas. The new drug testing procedures are now much more sophisticated and accurate. This means that the officials who wish to detect drug users are now in the driver's seat.

The drug users who wished to escape detection had a loophole until the new drug testing procedures were implemented. They could take pure testosterone with impunity because it was not on the list of prohibited substances. American athletes began this practice in 1977. Pure testosterone is even worse than steroids. Users become extremely confident and aggressive. They feel that they are invincible. Sleep is not a requirement for testosterone users, and their sexual habits change appreciably. This loophole has just been closed by the leaders of amateur sports. A urine test will be performed on athletes in the future which will be able to detect excessive levels of testosterone.

It is unfortunate, but there is no doubt that many supposedly pure amateur athletes are using chemicals in order to aid them in their pursuit of victory. It is an abomination and should be eliminated. First, because it destroys the fairness of the competition, and second because it can cause irreparable damage to the health of the athletes. Hopefully, the 1980s will usher in a new era of drug-free sports.

Christopher Hodge

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Loerhsen, Charles. "Olympian Drug Scandal." Newsweek, 5 September 1983, pp. 36-41.

Clark, Matt. "The Dangers of Steroids." Newsweek, 5 September 1983, p. 41.

Todd, Terry. "The Steroid Predicament." Sports Illustrated 1 August 1983, pp. 64-78.

Rodgers, Joann. "Athletes Who Dismiss the Grave Dangers of Steroids..." The News American, 8 September 1983, Section A, p. 7.

SOMETHING THAT SURVIVES

Matthew was a stocky boy, dying of cancer, with dark brown eyes and small ears that protruded from under his thick red hair. The oncology playroom was his personal gallery and was filled with sketches and paintings that he had created. He walked in large circles around the room, pointing out his favorite pictures to me. "This is my favorite," he said, his slender finger pointing to a crayon drawing of Charlie Brown. "He's a klutz, but he likes everybody." Later, Matthew and I began talking about other cartoon characters. I told him that Odie was my favorite. He grinned and said that he could draw it. Grabbing his box of colored pencils and a large sheet of white typing paper, Matt began to draw. I smiled at him when he held up a beautifully detailed picture of the cartoon character. "I can play the piano too," he said with obvious excitement. He led me over to the piano, propped his crutches against the doorframe, and sat on the small bench. I wondered at him as he skillfully played Mozart without sheet music. I asked him how he managed such a feat. "I never use music," he said casually. "I memorize everything." Later I was told that Matthew had only been studying the piano for four and a half months.

Matthew died before I came back the next week. His pictures were still in the playroom and his drawing of Odie was hanging in my bedroom.

Matthew is just one child that has exhibited an amazing ability in the arts. Out of three hundred patients that I have worked with over the past two years, two hundred and twelve have shown a capacity for drawing, painting, music and writing. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross has often emphasized the usefulness of art as a therapeutic device for getting into the emotional world of dying children. But I am talking about a quality in their art that exceeds a psychoanalytical tool.

The art of dying children is an "art of innocence." I have borrowed that phrase from a book on art therapy, but I intend it to have different meaning. In their artwork, these children express their hopes, fears, expectations and affections. Matthew, for example, drew rainbows because they were a symbol of hope for him--a hope in something beyond

his own death. Their artwork springs from innocence because it does not bring with it all of the intellectual baggage of figuring out what death means and what their expectations are. Rather, these children simply show pure emotion in their art through color, texture, composition, and form.

Rainbows seem to be a very popular symbol in children's artwork. Last April, a group of fifteen children, all with cancer and younger than eleven, drew and painted a large rainbow on the glass panes between the oncology playroom and the hallway. Above their rainbow they wrote out the Rainbow Connection song. Children seem to latch-on to this vivid form because it represents an expectation of a brighter day. Adam, a five-year-old from Baltimore, drew an abundance of rainbows on hand-made cards. Gavin drew rainbows on his hemovac with grease pencils because he said that the drawing made the medical device appear to be working. Indeed, rainbows seem to spring up in the dying child's artwork as spontaneously as their desire to create anything.

Sometimes through their art, children touch their parents and family in a very intimate way, which strengthens the bonds between them. Elizabeth, a bony seven year old from Oregon, had been in the hospital for two months. She had experienced all of the routine cancer treatments--chemotherapy, radiation, bone marrow transplants, and platelet transfusions. Within five days after her treatments began, she had lost all of her long blonde curls. Elizabeth developed a severe renal infection due to a reduced white-cell count. She walked cautiously around the playroom, pulling her IV that hung from a long metal pole. Her mother walked a few feet behind her. Elizabeth was attracted to the raccoon puppet that I routinely entertained the children with. She followed it most of the day, often taking it into her arms and talking to it softly. At one point, when she was caressing the raccoon under her chin, she began to sing to it. At first her song was hard to hear, but soon it was strong and smooth. Her mother sat at the table behind her--without expression. Elizabeth sang the song from Annie: "The sun will come out tomorrow, bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun . . ." My knees were weak. When I looked again at her mother, I saw that she was crying. Later she told me, "She never sang that song before. I tried to teach it to her, but

she just didn't seem to care about it. It scared me when she sang."

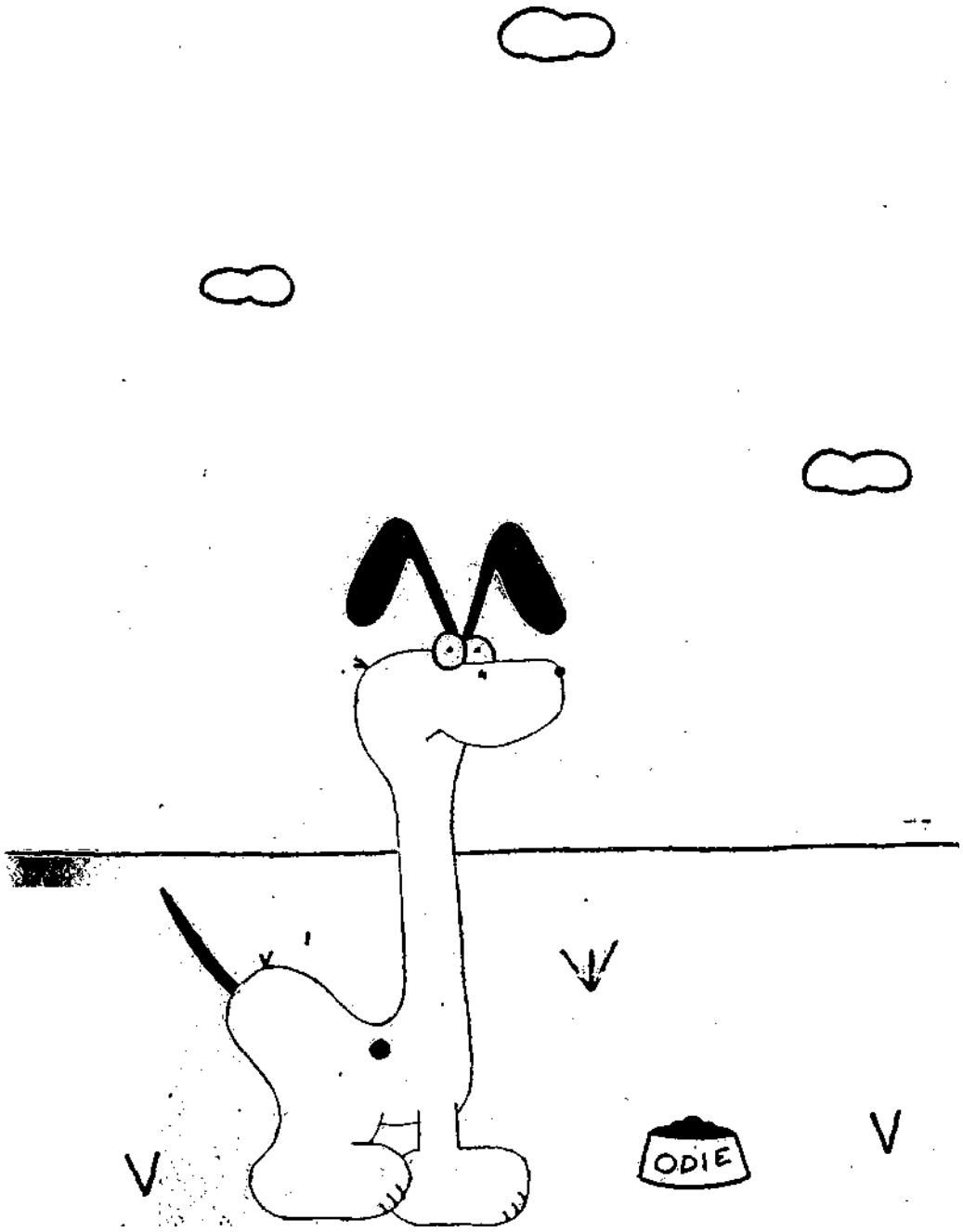
Some children use their artwork to talk to their parents about their own death, and help them to cope in a loving and supportive way. Randall, a ten-year-old with freckles, covered his hospital room wail with vivid pictures drawn in watercolors and pastels. He explained that each picture was about God, heaven, or his own death. He stood on his bed and stretched to point at one picture taped near the ceiling. "I drew this one for my mom and dad," he said. "The little boy in the brown suit is me." He traced his finger over a white figure. "That's Jesus. He's coming to get me." All of his pictures were drawn for his parents and older brother. He had never drawn with water colors before, but he used them because they were happy colors and his family liked them.

Psychologist, Dr. Erma Dosanantes Alperson, in her book on art therapy, stresses that the artwork of children reveals strength and acceptance. She has also written that artwork, like Randall's, is a method of sharing an experience with others, which helps all concerned to recover, reintegrate, remember—while the child is still living and after his death. Matthew's parents collected all of his drawings from the hospital and put them in a special scrapbook. Elizabeth, who began singing profusely, recorded a few songs on tape for her family, and Randall left all of his paintings to his mother, father and brother. Elizabeth's mother commented after the death of her daughter, "I play the tape once in a while. I did even before she died. It gave me a warm feeling like she was still here."

The artwork of dying children is more than just idle play, more than sharing with parents and friends, and more than an expression of hope and fear. The art of dying children is something that survives to let them be remembered. It is almost a paradox--amid dying children, there is something that survives.

Mark Ervin

The names of the children have been changed.


ODIE