

WashPub

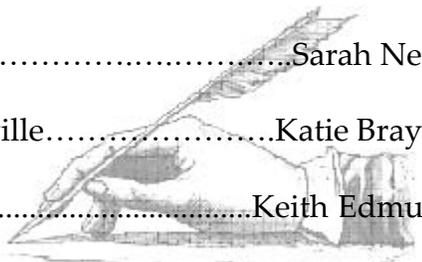
Discovering Puck's Midsummer Night's Dream



A SUMMER EDITION
PRESENTED TO
**THE WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY
AND DEBATING UNION**
ON JUNE 24TH, 2005

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Washpub is a peer-reviewed magazine at the University of Virginia. It is dedicated to free expression. All are welcome to participate. We seek to bring thoughtful and entertaining original work to the University community. As such, we stand as a beacon of discourse-- through our writing, editing and engagement with the public.

Funeral Rites to be held
Jan. 15th for [redacted] Har

Melancholy

Did you read the paper on this day last year? You would have seen an obituary for one Mel Harkins. A girl I only knew for 2 years and never really understood, but a girl I considered a friend.

She was odd by all accounts: shy, flighty, withdrawn. If you asked her to describe herself, Mel would have said "an unpretty person who guiltily loved beautiful things." She had read that phrase years ago, in a book somewhere, and loved it ever since.

It's not true, though: Mel was pretty in a quiet way that went largely unnoticed by the dimwitted local boys. Would you have noticed her? She was so quiet. So alone. But Mel was always in her own world. By choice, I suppose. I remember her lips moving mutely to songs of and broken hearts and crushed dreams, because she thought the saddest things were the prettiest.

What do I know about Mel? Only what she told me. She loved oceans and mountains, contradictions and extremes. She hated small talk and smiled at funerals because she said she didn't know how to cry in a comforting way.

She's gone now, a victim of rain and slick roads and late nights. But she dances on the edges of my mind, darting in when flowers bloom too early or her songs play or ice lines the tree branches.

I miss her.

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Outside Charlottesville

It's summertime in Charlottesville. This glorious season encompasses the months when most students have departed, and the area offers more delights than ever. Some of these joys need no introduction: less traffic, warm weather, and beautiful landscaping. Other treats are a little more difficult to find, so WashPUB has sent its investigative team of crack reporters to help you find fun things to do this summer.

There's nothing quite like floating down the James River on a tube, relaxing with your friends. You drive to Scottsville, where you rent tubes (for yourselves and your cooler), and then are driven to the put-in point upriver. After spending a few hours floating downstream, you take out your tube, and return to your car, which is parked nearby. The entire process is streamlined and easy. Remember, you have to take all your trash with you, no glass containers on the river, and you must wear shoes of some description. It costs \$16 per person, and a cooler tube is \$6. They run trips every day through October 1 (although you should call ahead to make sure that the conditions are safe) from 10:30 to 2:30. Directions: From 29 Business South take I-64 East towards Richmond. Take Exit #121 onto 20 South towards Scottsboro. Stay on 20 for 18 miles until you reach Scottsboro. In Scottsboro, turn left onto Route 6, Main Street, at the Citgo station, just before the bridge. Go two blocks and turn right on Ferry. James River Reeling and Rafting is at the intersection of Main Street and Ferry. For more information go to www.reelingandrafting.com or call 434-286-4FUN.



Hike for a little while, and then go swimming in the river, or just pack a picnic lunch. This scenic location requires very little physical stamina, yet yields bountiful views. Better yet, there's no entrance fee. The drive is also quite picturesque. Take 250 West out of town. Make a right onto 240 to continue towards Crozet (home of the only Dairy Queen within reasonable distance). When 240 veers right, continue straight and take 810 towards Whitehall. In Whitehall, turn left onto 614 West. At the white building, "Piedmont Country Store," the road turns right, but continue straight on 614, Sugar Hollow Road. Follow the road along the Moorman River for 4.7 miles, past the reservoir. The road becomes at most 1½ lanes and dirt. You'll see people parked on the side, but continue past the dam, and eventually there are several dirt parking areas to the left. Park your car in any of these locations. Don't worry about driving your car into the park itself, there are wooden barriers that will prevent that. Once you park your car, continue hiking along the road, and into Shenandoah National Park.

What follows are directions for a few of my favorite scenic drives around the Charlottesville area. They don't go anywhere in particular, and with a good map of the area, can easily be modified to take more (or less) time than the particular routes given here.

Take Barracks Road West. Barracks Road becomes Garth Road. Once you pass the racecourse, take a right onto Free Union Road. Continue north on Free Union Road until you reach the town of Free Union. When the road turns to the left, make a right onto Buck Mountain Road. Buck Mountain Road becomes Earlysville Road. Stay on this road until you reach Hydraulic Road, where you will make a right. Hydraulic will take you back to 29.



Take 29 North towards Madison. In Madison take a left on 29 business North. Left on 231 North. Left on 670. Graves Mountain Lodge is on the left, and offers a convenient place to turn around. If you follow the road up into the mountains, the views are beautiful, but it gets harder to turn around. To get home, reverse the directions.



A Story of a Goat: The Chronicles of a Worthy Jump

This work rests as yet another articulation of mankind's inescapable need profess its own importance. Delivery method: the distended classic; the Greek goat. The author tells me the appellation Fenton is most appropriate for this particular goat. Aside from that I have been told very little. I have no idea of its exact breed, place of purchase, or physical well-being. Yet, when I attempted to pet the goat his hoof went into my waist. And so my waist (and connecting areas) fell to the ground. As such, the goat decided to lay claim to me. Much like a Spanish Conquistador claiming the new world, Fenton used his hoof and plunged it onto my head. This began a very rewarding relationship with his Fenton's rather coarse hoofs.

Apparently Fenton does not appreciate the tactual experience.

But yes, this is the story of how Fenton became a tacouba to me and Phil: the living, breathing, talking story of the year. Well perhaps that is an overstatement, but he did pull my reporting career out of the gutter.

But yes, back to the goat. While prostrate, I was by no means the weaker party. I showed my superior non-slave status through the act of glaring at Fenton—the anti-tactual tacouba goat. And this then lead me to a strong appreciation of Fenton's eyes. Granted, I did eventually grow weary. As my eyes closed, they formed conjoining curtains closing on those glowing amber eyes.

I expect they were conveying a mixture of hate and satisfaction, but my ability at reading faces (let alone eyes) of any animate creature has been poor since birth. Some blame it on genes; I blame it my great-aunt aggressively rubbing the sleep out my eyes.

Back to the story: this is the story of a Greek goat named Fenton, who possesses a strong aversion to human contact within his personal sphere. It seems his lineage is poor, since only a socially unsatisfied goat would act so viciously toward his conventional superior. And I have no idea where he is from, again suggesting a poor lineage¹. But that is of rather minimal importance here and now.

With that, we should move on past the goat. Hopefully such a tactic will lead to the goat to move past my head.

And that means of course, starting in the past.

For Maria, the interrogator, Phil's insane act of recovery made her doubt his residence on the particular mental plane the rest of humanity called home. She had spent a lot of time plotting the right question to ask. And she had had a lot of it to burn. Between the initial arrest, the first trip to the police station, the frenzied calls to lawyers and parents, and release one day later, it seemed the time would stretch on forever. But in all that time, she still hadn't figured out what she would say to him. She had hoped he would say the first words, but such desperation did not pay off. So now she had to open the conversation—with the right question, of course. She wanted it to help her get a read on Phil.

Such was the nature their relationship: she was the big sister. The big sister of a rather strange and pathetic criminal, executing the desires of a disturbed five year-old. Sadly, the action would still bring the concrete consequences of a soap opera thrown into reality. But this aside, his

¹

Lineage: sets of the lines that we hang ourselves with. (But sometimes they are all we have to grab onto.)

mind was still under her care. There simply was no one else.

It has be a seed question. One that looks minor and trivial, but will then extend into his mind. And it has to the right seed, reacting just right with the no doubt screwed up chemicals flowing inside of his head.

The idea of a seed question found its roots in her being forced to eat a bag of sunflower seeds for dinner while waiting while at the police precinct.

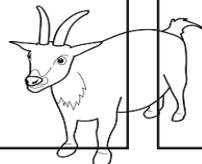
And so she gripped her hands on the stirring wheel, using the friction of the fake leather to concoct a conversational charge that would show parental care, while continuing to makes sure Phil wouldn't completely jump off whatever plane of mental stability he was now on.

With a delayed tone, Maria lips pushed out gently, "What the *fuck* possessed you to do that?"

And so the first question shot out. Phil had been expecting a more incendiary delivery. The care that seemed to tie the tapestry of words from his question only seared into his mind the completely unsympathetic position he found himself in. But it was alright; he looked outside the window and found a patch of sky that functioned marvelously as verisimilitude.

So it wasn't a seed question. Cliché, cheap, and crippled—and to top it off I cursed. He looks so strange. I wonder if they'll blame me? At the very least they'll blame me for not thinking of better first words. If I could just write them down first and see them, and then tell him. There'd be more control.

But don't judge her invective too fast. Triteness is sometimes the best detector of authenticity. And she lacked not originality. Instead of writing the words down, she went for another approach. She molded every crinkle on her forehead for a particular effect.



A Survey of Maria's Ruffled Brow-Lines

Line 1:

Represented the typical and universally rabid motherly fear that certain death is promised to their offspring. It wasn't that Phil would die, but rather the exponential increase of such an occurrence during every moment that he was not under Maria's supervision. This would be true even if Maria was in fact trying to kill Phil with a golf club—a family ritual she had ceased years ago, but enjoyed fondly in her memories.

Line 2:

That said death would result in her not obtaining her two much needed sources of revenue. First, if Phil died her parents would most certainly cut her off. And secondly, she'd have to go to his funeral, and see his parents, doing the walk the living do for the dead. And such a walk would prove costly: she had just landed a job as stage-manager for a large show.

It screamed, *Feel the anger I have towards you and your stupidity.*

Line 3:

This crevice in the brow was one of force projection. Its rich contours aimed to express to Phil the intensity of her wrath. It was meant to convey to Phil his present condition of physical danger (by Maria's own hands). Much of the description of said wrath would be inappropriate for such a story. But suffice it to say, such an act of sheer cathartic release would have cured twenty Hamlets and the entire Oedipus family.

<Oedipus wants to point out that in no way does he consider blindness the ultimate punishment, and that the play intended blindness to be used a metaphor. He adds that he has donated heavily to the American Association of People with Disabilities.²>

Line 4:

This conveyed for our rather poor protagonist the effects of his action on Maria's own self-image. She had always been the black sheep of the family (rather she herself felt that she was, tantamount to the same thing if one is a self-reflective creative). And now she would be considered contagious. The natural result: quarantine.

¹And this is how art died in the 21st century. All because of legal bills sent to Oedipus by work of the AAPD.

The goat now instructs me to cease with the linear analysis. Apparently he finds such a narration worthy of crushing my skull into the mud my body now lies upon. I apologize for the senseless distraction. But I would like to add that Maria's face is what some consider a 'baby face'. And as such, the wrinkles did not cut her face, like the still unworn faces of so many middle-aged men. Instead they created currents that flowed on the smooth sea of her skin. Granted, with time these would eventually harden. But for now, the liquid ivory shell of her face was furiously alive- beautifully catching each absurdity of the day.

Unfortunately, the absurdity inside her car was bigger than any day she had ever encountered.

Phil's replied, "I don't want to talk about it. It's not that big of a deal. I'll just go home and they'll give me another fine."

Maria got her first look at Phil's face when he stated his last sentence- he had turned for emphasis. His face was disturbingly blank. What Maria saw was not Phil's face, but only a fine façade. Reality had crept behind some sort of dark curtain, in which denial was only a superficial layer.

He repeated, "Only another fine."

Unpleased with the failure of his repetition to create significance, he attempted to belabor it by pressing the lock mechanism furiously down on the door like a 5 year-old yearning for parental attention. Unfortunately the bottom was stuck, and his attempt to jam it down led his finger, along with the help of a rather durable car-door frame, to crushingly collapse.

It was hard for him to make complicated sentences since his sensory input was repeatedly reaffirming the discomfort of wearing soaked and soiled clothing. Reinforcing this was his learned skill of saying simple, straightforward sentences when in the throes of grave danger.

And so he sat still and rejoiced in the time free from contemplation that hurting his index finger had purchased.

Maria looked at him, her eyes appearing to give final clearance to a verbal Judgment Day. But instead, her gaze into Phil's eyes cracked open the reality of the situation in such intensity that all she could do was laugh. All the stress, concern, and anger flowed from her brain to her unburdened mouth. For a brief moment she was the condemned man granted unexpected clemency. Finding this denial a handy tool of deflection, she celebrated. The laughter made all the more genuine because it was the final escape left- and she desperately held it.

And so our two journeypersons rejoiced in denial flavored isolation. All somehow owing to the fact that Phil's eyes carried a soul seemingly desperate to emancipate itself from its own thoughts.

After a few moments she created a semblance of composure and corrected Phil's version of events-to-be.

"Well no. They dropped a charge, that of robbery. You did receive *only* a fine- for the act of jumping into the park lake. That was *only* 1250 dollars. But don't forget that this isn't the end. They sent your case back," she paused to remember their jargon and then continued, "to your 'state of origin' for further investigation. This then came with the honor of your little ankle-band and police accompaniment.

"But this avoids the main attraction: your arrest. This wouldn't normally worry me, but the timing and location of your little quest for self-discovery occurred while visiting me. And not only did you sink yourself, you managed to destroy two priceless pieces of art—giving us the gift of scorn from all

dedicated lovers of the Getty. And finally, they did notify your parents—crushing any chance of avoiding a family brouhaha.”

Maria paused. Phil looked up and was worried a sword would materialize in his interrogator’s hands and come swiftly down on his head.

That was well done, kid. Clear, structured, even used some complicated words. Oh yes, and no profanity. Christ if I wasn't related to this dofus, I would cut him so deep. Why did he fucking jump, and take with him artwork? I'm going to leave the state, that would be a good move. Perhaps I can do theatre in Washington, Seattle in nice besides all that fucking rain. Okay good, going back to Phil.

She continued, “This means of course that your parents are now plotting the following: crucifying me while subjecting you to a gaggle of psychotherapists. All of which will not lead to a radiant family reunion come the holidays. Shit, we’ll be lucky not to be on *permanent* holiday.”

Fenton suggests a pictorial diversion. He also demands greater appreciation for his species’ milk.

[A picture of the garden Phil jumped into.]



She paused again. With the fear of fantastic decapitation now brushed aside, he saw potential salvation. But this too was only a refueling station since Maria remembered another, far more pernicious, outcome of Phil’s transgression. But before had made the final cut, she was sure to brush her recently clipped black hair. She knew this coquettish move would instill fear within Phil.

“Oh and yes, the newly acquired celebrity you have acquired has resulted in increased scrutiny for me and my living-style. What does this mean? I had to call Allan and Christian and tell them to dispose of all the pot we had in the apartment. And if there was ever a day for me to get stoned it would be today.”

These statements did lead Phil to a partial recognition of the consequences of his action. Well, at least the now immediate impossibility of passing a joint between his cousin’s roommates. He thought this was rather unjust and looked for some appropriate reflection from nature to manifest his indignation.

He also began to recognize that his submergence within the Getty museum’s public gardens, and his chosen articulation for the ill-advised dive would indeed bring significant consequences. He’d probably have his face on local LA news. This would then filter down the media matrix to DC, since such a story of stony strangeness could not help fill up the vapid airtime of the major networks local

news services. And finally it would probably trace him down back to his college town—or rather, his former college town.

This would form lines that would never be deleted. Different locations would bring contrasting pressure, but it would be suffocating. Life would be tied down, and not like the lines on his cousin's face. Fluid, sumptuous, dancing lines would be killed by the mercenary, static lines of continuously reaffirmed dismay. They would travel straight with calm assuredness. The lines would know their target well, and be relentless. They would bring one jab with more force than any over-hyped cannonade.

<Oedipus just wants to point out here that his tragedy is really much better, and that people should read it. And that, in fact, he just signed a contract with Borders for a special, tell-all account of the first performance>³

Fortunately, Phil had been practicing the steps for this macabre serenade for the infinitude of his young life.

The car ride's reminder found itself filled with such internalized discourse for both Maria and Phil.

Luckily the press hadn't turned into a media womb outside Maria's apartment. Maria had neglected to give full credence to her home's most peculiar characteristic: its close proximity to the neighborhood mental asylum *Gateways*. Since the small court she lived on found its origin guarded by such a potent sentry, the police had thought it necessary to push the press back a further block.

Maria and Phil, after getting past two blocked off residential streets, made it home to the relatively tranquil setting of Maria's shared house.

"I never thought I'd exactly be thankful for living so near to a loony bin. Well that's at least one silver-lining," as the door opened and swept both Maria and Phil into the safe confines of the house.

Phil and Maria were followed to the house's rather sad, stone stoop by two LAPD officers, whose task it was to ensure Phil's safety and surveillance.

They walked in to the drugged cacophony of the home's fellow denizens. If one imagines an orchestra playing its instruments upside down, without any sort of conductor, you might just comprehend that which is Allan and Christian.

Christian and Allan had been following the story since Maria's phone call from the police office. Being unemployed, such an occurrence brought new meaning into their lives. Right away Christian and Allan decided their role should be that of moral support, and also information-mining since they could easily get on the local news with such close contact to Phil, now known as the *Getty Jumper* on 3 of 5 local news-media outlets.

It was which such thoughts in mind that Allan and Christian decided to start coming up with appropriate titles for potential movies-of-the-week. Furthermore, they decided to smoke up all the remaining supplies of pot, finding that mode of disposal more appropriate than the toilet. Naturally, they also fetched some tacos and soda to help quench their drugged appetites.

¹ Sorry the earlier death of art was a bit premature—this is when it really occurred. This is when Nietzsche came out and attempted to abort his own birth of tragedy. It failed. The commercial lawyers slapped a restraining order of N. and had him ordered to submit to psychological testing. So much for willing it. But on a brighter note, N. really enjoyed the complimentary Starbucks coffee at the LA psychiatrist's office.

And so it was rather unsurprising that upon walking into the house, Maria and Phil found themselves immediately smelling the pot, along with salsa, that had been consumed. But before Maria could fashion a proper verbal attack, they became victims of the duo's musical tragedy.

Christian and Allan pulled Maria between them, stringing their arms over her shoulders and clamping her tight.

And this is where it gets strange. Phillip says he didn't hear them—or rather not what they were really saying. But says he heard and saw this.

Fenton thinks it's silly, and that Phillip should be able to handle marijuana fumes better, but he's not the protagonist—and so doesn't call the shots.

And so, Alan and Christian sang.

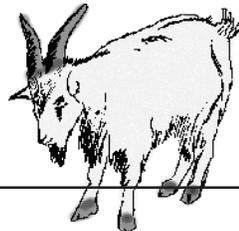
*-Down in the deep earth
Hear that mournful sound?
You stand here weeping,
Master's in the cold, cold ground,
Leaving Ikarus
No playmates to hate.*

Maria then placed her hands over both her partners' faces—leaving Phillip only her face to focus on. Her voice fell like cool thunder.

*-You ready to move?
-Why all this standing still?
-Where will you pursue?*

Maria then demurred to her partners.

*-Welcome child
Do you hear those summer leaves falling?
Falling like you,
Unnatural and cruel*



*- 'Twas hard old master's calling,
He so weak and old,
The orange trees will never bloom on this shore,
Summer has forgot to come,
And Master calls no more.*

*--Now who is your master?
-Mister I- searching for that tick of the clock,
still looking for that who,
which you think will bloom,
until it mayhaps will make us?*

The thunder then returned.

*-You ready to move?
-Why all this standing still?
-When will you pursue?*



[This is what Phil seemed to be doing at the Getty. Yet, instead of wings he flapped to works of Modern Art from the Getty's West Wing]

The real song was about a falling star being swallowed by tacos smoking pot. But Phillip was too busy running out the back door. He had heard enough and needed air.

It was at this point he witnessed me. Well he witnessed first the goat, and then the goat crushing my skull into the ground. Then he saw me, with my mud covered face. He walked up, slowly. Each foot belaboring the unworldly weight some hidden, tragic truth. He pushed Fenton off me, and helped me up.

We talked a little, and he gathered the facts of my botched attempt for an exclusive. Fenton spent the time adding to his already blotted frame by eat grass.

Phil then proceeded to fall to his knees. He looked up and I could see that he was crying—profusely. This was a rather awkward situation for me to be in, so I tried to take a step back. But he only grabbed at my legs and hugged me.

Before Phil could whisper a word to me, the tranquility of the moment was crushed by strident

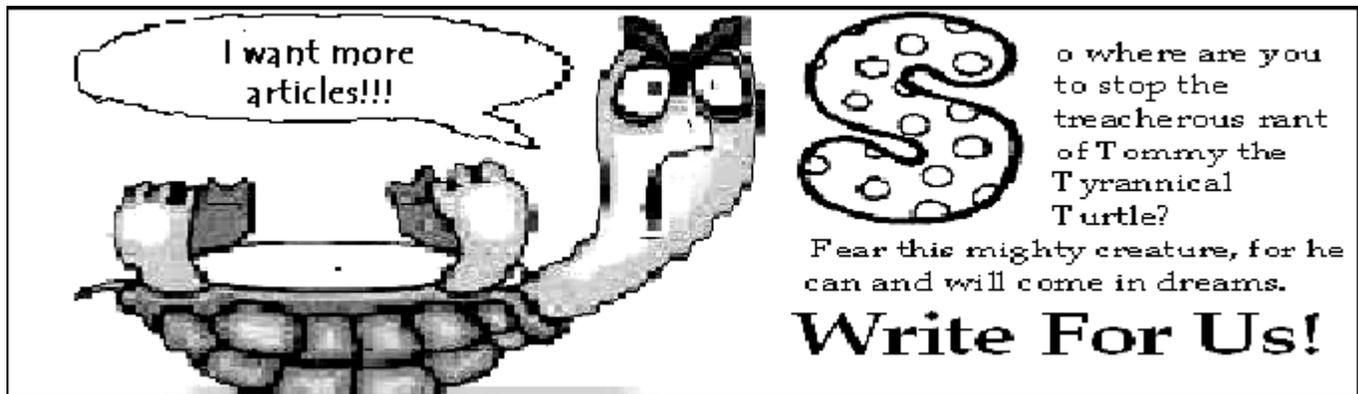
yelling, a large snapping noise, and the more and louder yelling. We walked around the side of the house, Phil now wiping the tears off his face (mine still pitch black with mud), and saw down the block a rather large group of *Gateways* residents charging into the street. Suddenly the roadblock became a center of aggressive containment.

And to top it off, the press was simultaneously trying to document the riot and film and protect themselves from its violent absurdity. It seemed in the rather lightning speed of the whole event, some of the so-called “insane” had taken some of the cars, and even a few of the weapons. Apparently the drivers had a thing for Janis Joplin, since we could hear two of her songs being sung together in a deranged duet from the 100 or so feet we stood away from the spectacle below.

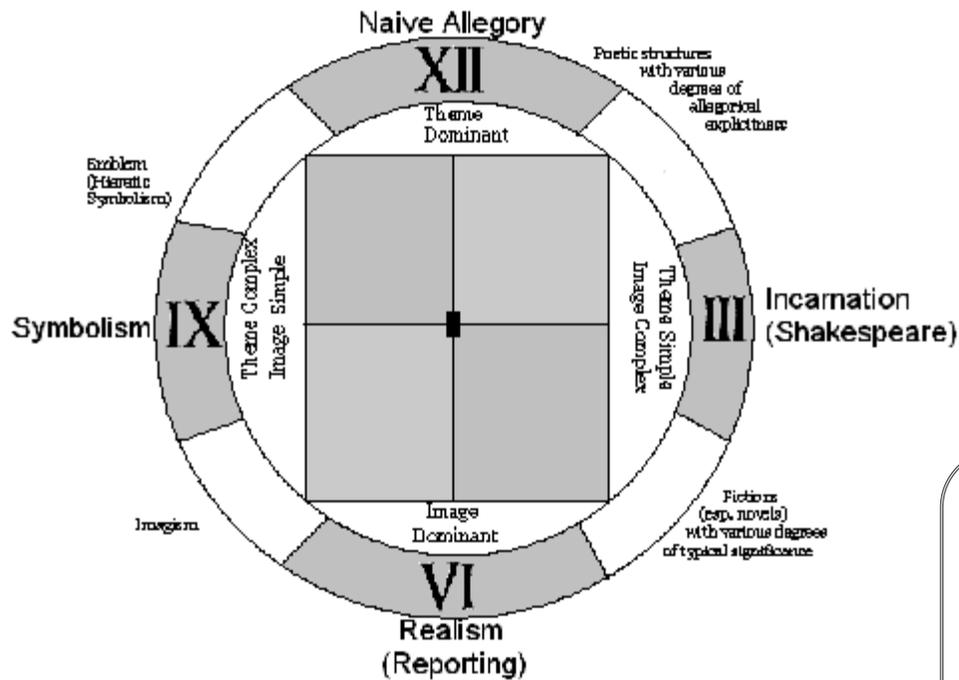
Apparently they were already upset about the American Association of People with Disabilities rejecting their application for membership⁴. And that mixed in with the media commotion apparently led to the current situation Phil and I were witnessing.

Phil laughed. Then in a final shredding of rationality, he raced down into the riot. All the while flapping his arms like an ostrich trying to fly. I raced back to the backyard and jumped the back fence. Janis continued to be sung.

¹ And so the murder of tragedy was averted. Oedipus didn't need to worry about the legal bills. The book plan feel through. Nietzsche was sent to *Gateways* (after the riot) and became a model residence. To this day, he drinks six cups of Starbucks coffee a day and has pronounced Yanni as the new Wanger for the 21st century. All is safe.



A Brief Page from Literary History



Graham Goulden Hough

1908-1990
Professor of English
Cambridge

Works

- The Dark Sun*
(A Study of D H Lawrence)
- Image and Experience: Studies in a Literary Revolution*
- The Dream and the Task: Literature and Morals in the Culture of Today*
- The Romantic Poets*
- The Last Romantics*
- An Essay on Criticism*
- A Preface to The Faerie Queene*
- Style and Stylistics*
- Legends and Pastorals*

At twelve o'clock we have naïve allegory...In naïve allegory theme is completely dominant, image merely a rhetorical convenience with no life of its own...It is properly described in the terms which anti-allegorical critics use of allegory in general – a picture-writing to transcribe preconceived ideas.

At three o'clock we have the kind of literature best represented by the work of Shakespeare, in which theme and image are completely fused and the relation between them is only implicit, never open or enforced. We have not yet found a name for this...I shall call it incarnation...

At six o'clock, opposed to naïve allegory, we find what I have called realism. Here image is predominant and theme at a minimum. That literature which present itself as the direct mimesis of common experience comes here – realist and quasi-documentary fiction, descriptive writing and so forth.

At nine o'clock we find symbolism, like incarnation a form in which theme and image have equal weight, but opposed to incarnation because the relation between the two elements is different. In symbolism there is none of the harmonious wholeness of incarnational literature. Theme and image are equally present, they assert their unity, but the unity is never achieved, or if it is, it is only a unity of tension...

...with symbolism we enter that last quarter and are already well on our way back to naïve allegory again.

But as before there is an intermediate stage. Half-way between symbolism and naïve allegory we have what I will call emblem or hieratic symbolism. It exists largely outside literature – its special field is iconography and religious imagery. There is a tendency for symbolism to become fixed; the image shrinks and becomes stereotyped, and theme expands...And so by a commodious vicus or recirculation we come back to our starting point.

(Preface to "*The Faerie Queene*," pp. 106ff.)

UNPLUGGED: WARRIOR TALES

BY EVAN STEWART



OH SHIT
!!!!

Ghengis Khan

You know, the master conqueror of Asia. He took a tiny tribe from North China and turned it into the worlds most fearsome fighting machine. He massacred entire cities without so much as blinking. In short, Khan was one badass mofo.

After a successful campaign in Central Asia, Ghengis Khan decided it was time to head home. On his way, Ghengis indulged in common Mongol practice by selecting several local ladies to keep himself occupied. They entertained him so well that word of their activities reached Boerte, the wife of the Mongol ruler. Boerte was unhappy. Very unhappy. Faithful couriers rushed back to the main army camp and notified their noble leader.

How do you suppose the mighty Ghengis Khan reacted? Did he laugh at his weak wife and go on carousing amongst his concubines? Was he furious at her airs? Did he vow he punish her severely for her presumption? Neither, dear friends. Instead, Ghengis had an enormous "OH SHIT" moment and quickly dumped the concubines. He then sent more spies into his own city and camped outside until Boerte calmed down. Mighty conqueror, indeed.

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Hundred Years War

In 1328, King Edward III of England inherited the French throne. This shocked the French who, up until that time, had believed themselves to be in opposition to the English, not ruled by them. In a quick act of dubious jurisprudence, the French resurrected an 800 year old law forbidding royal inheritance to pass through females and so denied Edward's claim to the throne. Understandably, Edward was miffed, so, so he and his line continued to pursue their claim for many centuries to come.

In 1415, Henry V picked up the family hobby and invaded France. He first met the French at Agincourt and used a rather ingenious formation to defeat his foes. The French, possessing the finest cavalry in Europe, outnumbered Henry several times over. Henry had a few longbowmen and some spearmen of his own. He rearranged his army into a crescent with the spearmen in the middle and a group of archers at either side. When the French charged the center, Henry's archers fired slaughtering many knights as they approached. Caught off guard, the French nobility was annihilated.

Later that year, Henry and his foes met in similar circumstances at Crecy. The French army consisted of armored knights and outnumbered Henry 4 to 1. Henry arranged his troops in the same manner at Agincourt and waited.

The French realized they needed a new tactic. Clearly, charging into the trap would again spell doom for the French knights. After much thought, the French decided they had found the answer. They figured, the reason they had lost at Agincourt was not the longbowmen peppering them with arrows on the side, but rather the fact that the knights were riding horses. Obviously, what they needed to do was dismount and defeat the English on foot.

Here's something to keep in mind: the average suit of armor during the time of Crecy weighed roughly 100 pounds. Most knights had to be hoisted onto massive horses as they could not do it themselves. Thus, any attempt at long distance movement without aid resulted in extreme exhaustion and collapse. Somehow, this didn't make it into French calculations.

As predicted, the waltz of the French army ended in bloody failure. The lucky ones couldn't walk the mile distance and stalled on the battlefield. They spent their time looking up at the sky awaiting English capture. The strong, brave few who made it to the front lines earned the dubious pleasure of fighting steadfast English soldiers before they too collapsed in a heap. This brought much joy to the Englishmen as they got paid for each French noblemen they captured.

Alas, Henry's victories proved futile. Though he defeated the royal army, France remained defiant as communication wasn't so great. Most of the snail eaters didn't realize they had lost until the French royalty regained the throne.



A Hole in the Head

By Meg Olson

“Jeff, your wife is on the phone. It sounds important.”

“Thanks, Christie.” Dr. Anders prodded my molar one more time, then looked up at her and began to pull the blue latex gloves from his meaty hands. “You comfortable like that? I can sit the chair up, if you like. I’ll just be a few minutes, though.”

Comfortable like that, indeed. I had seen him put quite an array of foreign objects into my mouth that morning- cotton balls, sharp shiny picks, little metal bits, drills. He had only taken some out. Reclining was the most comfortable thing about my current position. I mumbled as such through my cotton balls.

“Oooo. Engoo.” Dr. Anders nodded and followed Christie out, and I let my mind wander.

I had put off my appointment for a few months, but not because I was afraid of the dentist. He was a perfectly nice man, and I had been going to him for several years for regular checkups. And I didn’t mind having my teeth worked on, it’s just not something I wanted to encourage, either.

It’s nice to be able to do what you like with your teeth, and rely on dentists and their able assistants to keep them clean and solid. It hasn’t been that long since you could really get good dental care- just pull the tooth when the pain got unbearable, and get a wooden set when you’d had too many teeth pulled. My jaw was so full of anesthetic that I couldn’t feel anything lodged in there, and prodding it with a finger was the only way to convince myself it still existed. My teeth hadn’t even hurt to begin with. John Wayne wouldn’t ask for anesthetic. Just whiskey. And it wouldn’t have to be good whiskey. There is no way Dr. Anders would have given me whiskey instead of anesthetic.

Christie walked in and started pulling on her gloves. “He’ll be back in just a minute. Sorry about the wait. Can I get you a magazine or something?” I looked over at the shelf of them. People, an older People, Us.

“Oh, ah’ oo.” Well, maybe, if she had an anesthetic for popular culture, but talk was useless. I had only vowels and ramblings at my disposal.

She sat at my side and started settling instruments. Her brow creased slowly as she fiddled with them. Her eyes had heavy makeup on them, and I wondered if she bothered to wear lipstick under the surgical mask. Dr. Anders came in, and as she quickly turned her head to him a crease between her eyes grew deeper. He nodded at her and looked down at me, then spoke jovially.

“Sorry about the wait. How are you holding up?”

“Uh-uh.”

He snapped back on his gloves and Christie turned on the light overhead. I winced, it was in my eyes. She turned it away from my eyes, and I opened wide obligingly.

I could taste the latex- on the half of my tongue that still reassuringly *felt*- then remembered to be helpful and tried to get the curious muscle out of the way of his hands.

“There we go. Christie, could you pass me the...thank you.” And he dipped the shiny pick into the recesses of my mouth. The operation proceeded quietly for a minute, until Dr. Anders started humming tunelessly over the muzak. Christie handed him a filling compound and looked away at the counter, then spoke quietly.

“So are you taking the kids to the lake this weekend?”

“Jack and Sarah both have soccer this Saturday. Maybe if the weather’s good Sunday. Who does Tim’s team play this weekend?”

“The Wizards. We lost to them a couple of weeks ago, too. 20 seconds up.” And she handed him an alien probe gadget. He obligingly stuck it in my mouth. I was interested in the doings of the lake and Tim and Sarah and Jack, but Christie and Dr. Anders were quiet for a moment. Then, hesitantly:

“Ken won’t take Tim this weekend either. I’m gonna have to drive him around all weekend. We have games Saturday morning and he has Judo Sunday afternoon.”

“Oh. Lisa said she was coming back early Friday. She thought she should be home. Already.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Christie look up quickly at him. Then he raised his head, too, to meet her eyes.

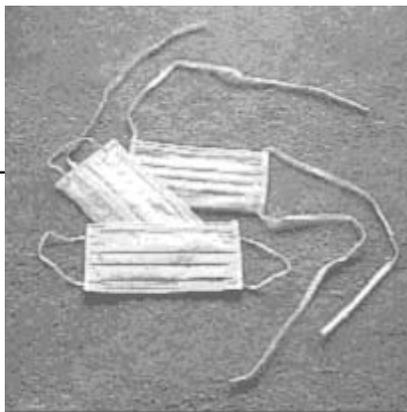
“Compound, please.”

She only missed one beat in handing it to him. His forehead spelunker’s light caught me full in the eyes when he bent down over my mouth again. Why the extra light? The crane light overhead was plenty bright enough to blind me. But it covered my confusion at the conversation I’d overheard, and the look I’d been inadvertently privy to, and the tension that was now more tangible than my cheek. Dr. Anders started humming again.

When I washed out my mouth gingerly in the bathroom afterwards, I realized I didn’t have enough feeling to spit properly. Plus my smile no longer existed- just a frightening leer-grimace. Dr. Anders laughed at me when I came out again.

“You’ll be able to feel it again in an hour or two. Use a straw until then!”

And when I paid, I thought Christie’s makeup looked smudged around the edges. I didn’t think it was the kind of thing she could fix in an hour or two.

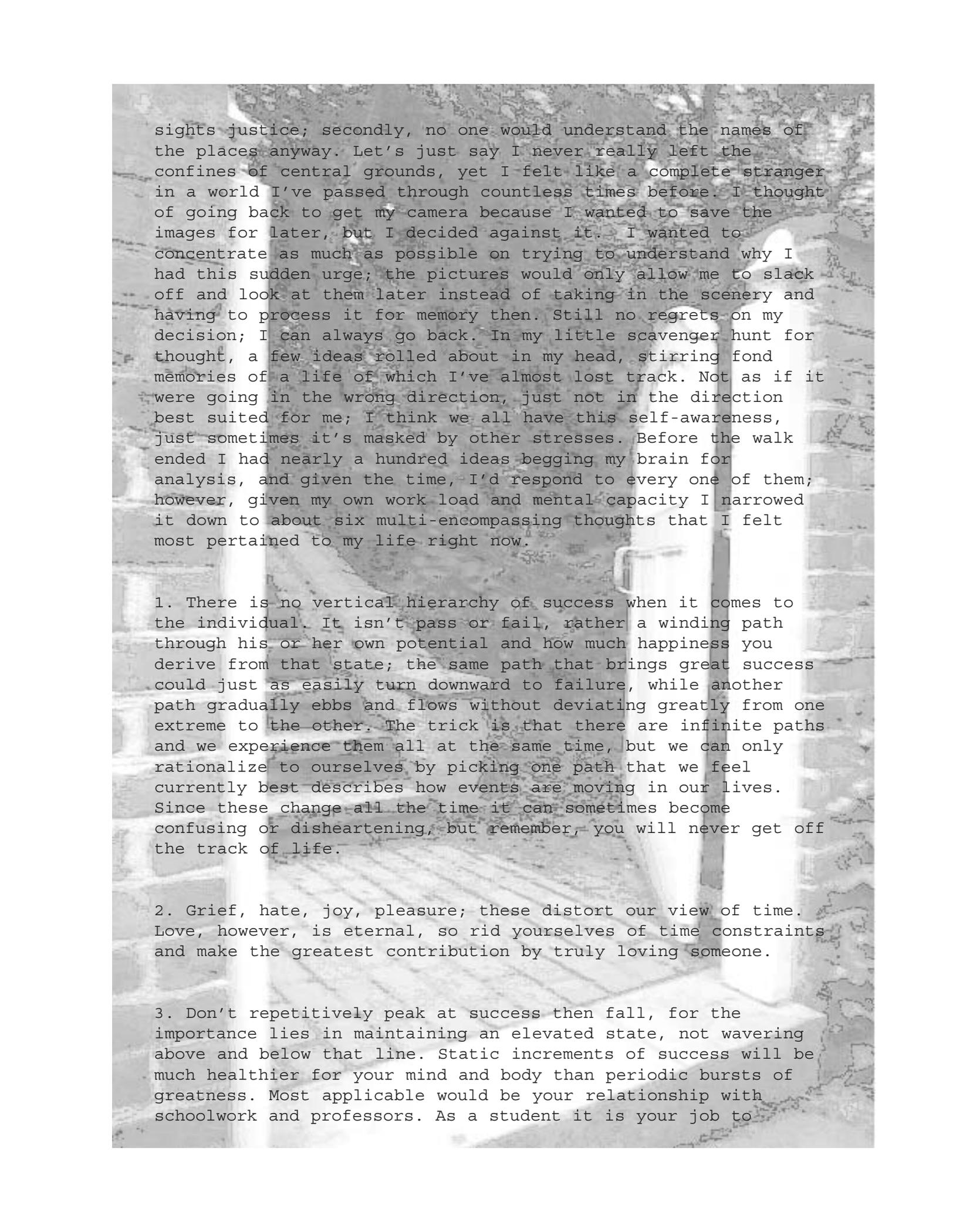


A Day in the Life of Wass

By John Wass

Perhaps the only reassuring thing in school is coming up with an idea, asking a professor about it, and then them telling you someone already thought of it. Most of the time though it's a rather significant historical figure, so there is little reason to be discouraged; rather, you should feel happy knowing that you were on the same wavelength - for however short of a period it may be - with someone who lived and died more than a hundred years before you were born. If anything, this only shows how weak the separation is between those pioneers of thought and ourselves, that there is no reason to feel inferior; we are fully capable of contributing significantly to society even if the competition has grown exponentially since their times. And yes, this is a rather selfish, big-picture view of recognized contribution, but for the majority of society, this is how they view it. I personally would be happy just influencing everyday lives of the people around me, but there is always a part that yearns for more understanding; sequentially, the more you understand, the more you can influence the order ... it kind of runs in circles.

Speaking of circles, I made plenty of them today walking around randomly after class. For about an hour and half I just went everywhere I had yet to go here around grounds. These were places that I had known about or seen in passing but never took the time to explore. The most interesting part of my journey, however, was in how it started. I had just left my statistics discussion about ten minutes early and was walking along the backside of Clark library listening to my iPod. Air's "alpha beta gaga" was playing in my ears, the wind was brisk yet enjoyable, and the few clouds in the sky were sliding by much faster than normal. I started spinning for no apparent reason, just looking at all the trees, then the leaves of each tree, then focusing on those few that hadn't managed to cling tightly enough to the already trembling branches. I didn't count, but I'm assuming I went about three times around just taking in all the contrasts, then I spent a minute imagining what a passing blue-jay might see; a change of perspective is always welcome in my life. Immediately after conjuring this school-boy fantasy, I stopped spinning. I took off walking, not really sure where I was going, but that hadn't stopped me in the past. I'll spare the details of my walk primarily because I lack the descriptive ability to do my

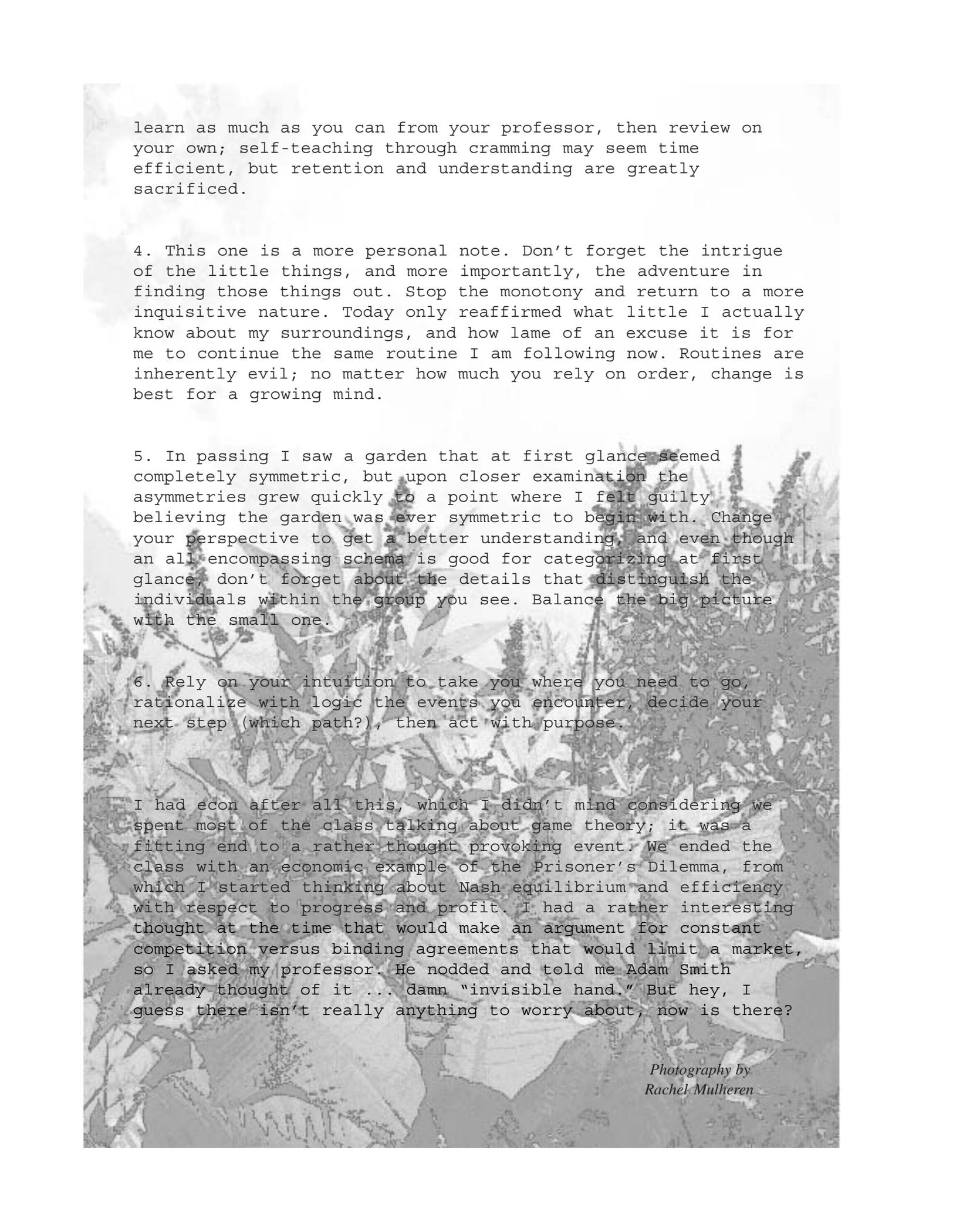


sights justice; secondly, no one would understand the names of the places anyway. Let's just say I never really left the confines of central grounds, yet I felt like a complete stranger in a world I've passed through countless times before. I thought of going back to get my camera because I wanted to save the images for later, but I decided against it. I wanted to concentrate as much as possible on trying to understand why I had this sudden urge; the pictures would only allow me to slack off and look at them later instead of taking in the scenery and having to process it for memory then. Still no regrets on my decision; I can always go back. In my little scavenger hunt for thought, a few ideas rolled about in my head, stirring fond memories of a life of which I've almost lost track. Not as if it were going in the wrong direction, just not in the direction best suited for me; I think we all have this self-awareness, just sometimes it's masked by other stresses. Before the walk ended I had nearly a hundred ideas begging my brain for analysis, and given the time, I'd respond to every one of them; however, given my own work load and mental capacity I narrowed it down to about six multi-encompassing thoughts that I felt most pertained to my life right now.

1. There is no vertical hierarchy of success when it comes to the individual. It isn't pass or fail, rather a winding path through his or her own potential and how much happiness you derive from that state; the same path that brings great success could just as easily turn downward to failure, while another path gradually ebbs and flows without deviating greatly from one extreme to the other. The trick is that there are infinite paths and we experience them all at the same time, but we can only rationalize to ourselves by picking one path that we feel currently best describes how events are moving in our lives. Since these change all the time it can sometimes become confusing or disheartening, but remember, you will never get off the track of life.

2. Grief, hate, joy, pleasure; these distort our view of time. Love, however, is eternal, so rid yourselves of time constraints and make the greatest contribution by truly loving someone.

3. Don't repetitively peak at success then fall, for the importance lies in maintaining an elevated state, not wavering above and below that line. Static increments of success will be much healthier for your mind and body than periodic bursts of greatness. Most applicable would be your relationship with schoolwork and professors. As a student it is your job to



learn as much as you can from your professor, then review on your own; self-teaching through cramming may seem time efficient, but retention and understanding are greatly sacrificed.

4. This one is a more personal note. Don't forget the intrigue of the little things, and more importantly, the adventure in finding those things out. Stop the monotony and return to a more inquisitive nature. Today only reaffirmed what little I actually know about my surroundings, and how lame of an excuse it is for me to continue the same routine I am following now. Routines are inherently evil; no matter how much you rely on order, change is best for a growing mind.

5. In passing I saw a garden that at first glance seemed completely symmetric, but upon closer examination the asymmetries grew quickly to a point where I felt guilty believing the garden was ever symmetric to begin with. Change your perspective to get a better understanding, and even though an all encompassing schema is good for categorizing at first glance, don't forget about the details that distinguish the individuals within the group you see. Balance the big picture with the small one.

6. Rely on your intuition to take you where you need to go, rationalize with logic the events you encounter, decide your next step (which path?), then act with purpose.

I had econ after all this, which I didn't mind considering we spent most of the class talking about game theory; it was a fitting end to a rather thought provoking event. We ended the class with an economic example of the Prisoner's Dilemma, from which I started thinking about Nash equilibrium and efficiency with respect to progress and profit. I had a rather interesting thought at the time that would make an argument for constant competition versus binding agreements that would limit a market, so I asked my professor. He nodded and told me Adam Smith already thought of it ... damn "invisible hand." But hey, I guess there isn't really anything to worry about, now is there?

*Photography by
Rachel Mulheren*

The Summer Essentials Every Woman Needs to Know (and MAN! That's right, fellows, we know you're soft and squishy on the inside, too!)

Now is the best time to love yourself and splurge. No holidays requiring generosity plague this season, with the exception of the Unlucky Summer Birthday Bunch. Having read these tips, the USBB will already be out there embracing the glories of egocentric materialism!

Don't pop those pills! Don't even pop your sicles! Pop in some Beach Boys to get the SAME mind-numbing effect.

Allow it all to hang out; it is too damn hot to expend distressed energy on shame.

What better way to show the milkman how much you care than to tan his name into your skin? Cut out the letters of his name from paper, set on skin while roasting to a nice KFC crisp, and voila, he'll never forget to deliver his creamy treat again!

You are special, so don't let anything destroy your well-deserved peace; brandish glass shards* as the ice cream truck rounds the bend.

*SSS- Recycle wine cooler bottles for a fun and colorful battery assortment.

Do the body good: run at noon daily, preferably in 90 degrees Fahrenheit and up for the ULTIMATE experience.

Do not neglect to arm yourself with your .45 on every beach, particularly VA's finest.

It's fun to grocery shop and cook again! Fresh fruits reduce the shackling effect of the thrice-a-day trips and tasks with a tangy taste of summer freedom!

*Super Summer Savers

