

The Anchor



Commencement 1999
Rhode Island College • May 22, 1999

A Commencement Message

Dear Graduating Seniors:

Commencement Day is a milestone for you, your family, and your friends. For the faculty, staff, and administration of Rhode Island College, your graduation marks the culmination of years of effort and commitment. For the community at large, Commencement Day rekindles the flames of renewal, reassurance ... and yes, hope.

Much has been said and written about the approaching end of the 20th Century and the beginning of a New Millennium of January 1, 2001. We look forward to the magic moment of midnight as if the moving hands of a clock or the turn of a calendar's page have real significance – the possible effect of the so-called Y2K computer bug notwithstanding. While years ending in zeros may present a convenient opportunity to take stock of the past and anticipate the future, in reality they represent little more than one way of keeping track of the passage of time.

Human existence does not follow a calendar. Indeed, many historians feel that civilization has already entered a new era that began with the end of the Cold War, the rise of the global economy, and the arrival of the Internet – events that are not unrelated.

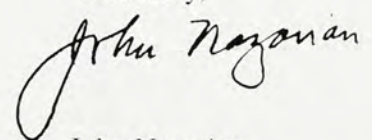
Similarly, there are certain events in each of our lives that represent genuine turning points. Today is one of them. Today is the day you become a college graduate. It is a distinction still shared by relatively few throughout the world but one which is regarded by most to mean that you are prepared to assume an active role within your profession and in the community at large. It implies, of course, the attainment of specific knowledge and the demonstration of proficiency in certain skills, but it also means much more. It represents such valued character traits as determination, resourcefulness, and sheer hard work, and it also suggests that you have gained an appreciation for the diverse world in which we live.

It means, in short, that you are *educated*.

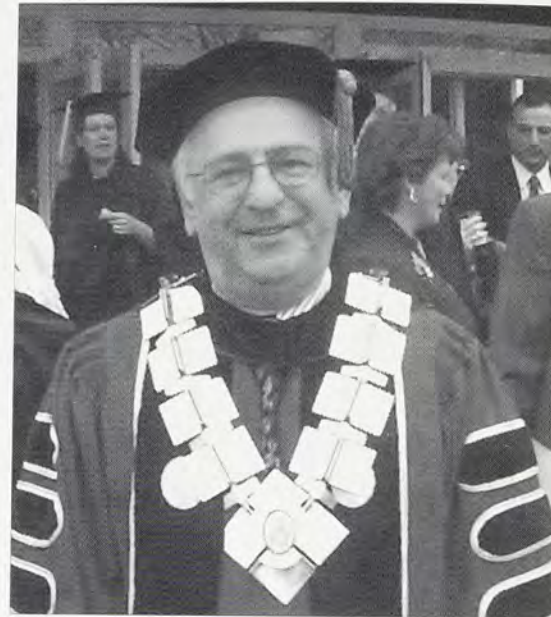
Our civilization is a work in progress, and will always be so. Each of us shares the responsibility for taking what exists, preserving what is best, and helping to shape the rest into what might be. As an educated person, this is your mission and your obligation.

Congratulations, good luck, and Godspeed in your pursuit of a more enlightened future.

Sincerely,



John Nazarian
Rhode Island College President



Cap & Gown Convocation Speech

by Jason Anthony
Class of 1999

It's hard to believe that four years ago, 4 long years, I arrived on campus for the first time for Freshman Orientation, and the first thing I noticed was a huge banner hanging off the front of Sweet Hall. The banner read, "Welcome ... Graduating Class of 1999." "1999," I thought to myself at the time "is a long way off." Besides, nobody graduates in four years anyway right?

I'm still not entirely convinced that I'm doing it. Any day now, I'm waiting for a letter from the Records Office, telling me that according to the "newly" revised General Education 2000 program, the Intro to Logic class that I took for my Non-Western Worlds/Core 3 requirement is now only going to count towards the newly added "Logic Competency Requirement." This, of course, will go along with my "No Parking on

Campus Requirement" and the "Can't-Get-Through-to-Telephone-Registration Requirement."

But at the same time, I can't complain. Four years at Rhode Island College has provided me with so many great memories, so many great insights, and so many great friendships. Of course there were a few "rough spots" along the way; things we've all had to deal with at one time or another. So let me just get them all out of the way right now, because we'll never have to deal with them again.

As I've mentioned: (Please note the following should be sung to the tune of "We Didn't Start the Fire.")

No Parking, Bursar's Bills, Telephone Registration Thrills

Also Donovan's Curly Fries, Book prices on the rise

Records Office – Smile Please, Winter Classrooms made you freeze

Heat comes on in the *spring*, I can't believe I'm trying to *sing*

We didn't start the fire, but there's no more waiting

'cause we're *graduating!!!*

Athletic Fee that caused debate, need one more class to Graduate

It's only offered in the *fall!!!*

Welcome to RI-Call

And how about that New Gym?

Only athletes can get in

5,6,7, or 8 – *How many years to graduate??*

Y2K go away! What else do I have to say?

We didn't start the fire, but there's no more complaining,

'Cause we're *graduating!!!*
Yeah!!!

Alright! Who said we don't have school spirit!

But along with the few minor rough spots that I just mentioned, there were also, let's not forget, so many more positive experiences:

• Friendships we made that will carry over well beyond our college

... *continued next page as*
Convocation ...

The Anchor 1999 Commencement Magazine

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The Anchor

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... Convocation

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years.

- Professors, who only gave us papers to write and final exams, but who also taught us many valuable lessons that we will never forget, and *many* of these professors we will also never forget.

- On-campus jobs, that taught us among other things, a little bit about "The *Real* World."

- Student-run Organizations, that showed us we all had our own ideas, our own interests, and our own uniqueness.

- And athletic teams, that allowed us to not only have fun, but also show our desire to succeed, and our desire to work as a team.

If Rhode Island College has taught me one thing, it's that if you really want something bad enough, if you really want to reach your

own certain, specific goal, there is nothing in the end that will stand in your way.

We are all certainly *great* examples of that.

And finally, if you forget everything else, remember these two things. First, "Use Dental Floss." The scientific effects of dental floss on oral hygiene have been proven time and again, and just from speaking with a lot of you – you need it. And secondly, and most importantly, is have fun with your life. Know when to take it seriously, but also know when to laugh it off. I've always applauded those who lived life for themselves, and I've always laughed at those who took themselves too seriously.

As the great William Shakespeare once said, "All the World's a stage." What he should have said was, "All the World is an Improvisational Troupe." We

decide what happens in our lives; we make our own character choices; we have our own character flaws; we write our own endings. It's all up to us. Let's just be real with ourselves while we are doing it.

And lastly, to quote another great legend, The Artist Formerly Known as Prince – "*Now we're gonna party, like it's Nineteen-Ninety-Nine!*"

Thank you and
Good Luck in the New Millennium.

roller coaster

by M. D. McConnell

roller coaster, roller coaster,
roll me a shade,
a shade for a week,
a week for a day,

roller coaster, roller coaster,
roll me a maid,
a maid for a minute,
a minute for a day,

roller coaster, roller coaster,
roll me some jade,
some jade for my sweetheart
a sweetheart some day,

roller coaster, roller coaster,
roll me a rank,
a rank of a general,
a general one day,

roller coaster, roller coaster,
roll me some suede,
some suede for a coat,
a coat for my madrigal

a madrigal someday

The Life of an English Major:

A Poem in Free Verse

by Sandra N. Godinho

Welcome to RICall.

Your

fall

semester

schedule

includes the following courses:

(please be sure they do not meet at conflicting times)

English 101, 102

Your major includes

Literary Study I & II

eight courses at the 300-level

with at least three in a specific genre or concentration.

Literary Theory:

poisonous pedagogy

postmodernism

Lachan

Barthes (Barf)

Althusser

misogyny,

Misogyny,

MISOGYNY!!

The all-white male canon...

critical analysis, explication

essay,

Essay,

Essay.

Literature

by Women

by Ethnic Americans

by Afro-American

(by Amish folk dancers for baby seals)

for children,

adolescents,

adults.

Shakespeare class is a tragedy once a week.

Chaucer drives me to drink.

I hate Walt Whitman.

Grammar, Dialect, Phonology (?)

Make the characters in your stories rounder.

Make me believe this could happen.

What is the theme of your poetry?

What is the point?

Who needs to know what a dangling participle is when you have

Grammar Check on your IBM?

Black Widow Dreams

by M. D. McConnell

spiny, shiny, taut-skinned
spinster girl,
rollicking
upon your
covers,
fiendish
reputation preceding
that sculpted
hour glass of
solemn
infamy
destined to wrap your legs
about me
destined to gloat at
gathering your
prey-
about you,
deftly I squat
surrounded by you,
fated am I
to fall at your knees
then dance in unison
with each
jerk of your limbs
predestined am I to love and
some time
finally quake...

Slave

by M. D. McConnell

You carve me from stone
you carve to the bone
like clay in your hands
I am the grains of sand
a rock on the shore
a branch of the sycamore
I am molded;
I am folded;
I emerge;
I surge;
you have created my urge,
and without -
I am nil but awkwardness...

I on the Sunny Side

by twoodard, 1999

the sun is setting and I want to go with it

ugly faces with little knotted minds,
i do not wish to be bothered
by small people anymore.

i need a magic mirror within my skin
that surfaces upon the sense of a poor racist lurking
- quickly reflect that which she loves,
and i pass by peacefully
unharmd by the darkness emanating from you.

we do not belong to the same tribe i see
you belong to the one under the sun;

and i, to the sunny side.

A Chill at Boothill

by Mark D. McConnell

I stand peering with morbid luminosity upon rows of generic weather-abused tombstones and wood crosses marking anonymous graves; the blister-piercing Arizona heat pouring out of the August-blue cloudless skies upon my head: A tourist standing among the long since buried raucous memories of a wild, wild west. Beads of perspiration coalescing on my forehead, twinkling in the bright light. The tombstone epitaphs read like a pitiful catalogue of Sunday morning hangovers:

"Lester Moore, four slugs from a .44, no less, no more..."

Words hastily slung together that leave a sticky-tongued residual after-taste lingering in your mouth for the rest of the day. A dullness of sense. I could see myself choking in my nightmares on such epitaphs. A group of Japanese tourists moved dutifully across the graveyard, clicking cameras in hand: *they*, now took shots at the souls who desperately try to rest in peace.

I tread lightly across the pale reddened sun-drenched earth, aware of my presence upon someone's last resting place. Halting between two tombstones a native friend piled more photos onto my already growing heap of redundant album picture books: Redundant memories of tacky tourist nooks. Curiously a few seconds in the final moments of someone's life generates fascination: an entire industry sprouting

form it. Earpites hail Wyatt's reticence about his part in that infamous gun fight behind the O. K. Corral; save in his last moments of existence lying prostrate in bed, he supposedly turned to his lever and announced "What if..." before passing away from this one ethereal plane to the eternal saloon in the big blue. Even in death Wyatt became an enigma. A misunderstood sultry fella who stood in bewilderment of how people became so obsessed with what amounted to a few blurry, indistinct minutes in someone else's life. An iconoclastic, fortune-hunting, mysterious frontiersman, undaunted by life ... by death.

In the distance I see the looming ridge of the Huachucas, the Chirachuas of Cochise's stronghold as a small yellow Piper Cub passes in the distance. Massive mountain ranges standing as some indeterminable signal for me, looming upon the horizon like a hawk over my back. And bellowing before them the desolate, unforgiving, brutally dry dirt-brush-dust heap of red-earth caliche of Arizona landscape. Saguars dotted hop-splotch over crest and hill. while somewhere javelinas snort through the undergrowth, and coyotes search for scraps; elusive signs of some impending revelation...

An identical scene once met with the eyes of the Earp Brothers, Doc Holliday, the Clantons and McLaurys. A lone Harrier Hawk circles high above me. It too seems to represent a sign, and enigma, or

some indeterminable, elusive moment of inspiration... Its eyes surveying the grounds for carrion, any scrap or morsel, anything displaying the mark of weakness ... of infirmity. A century's smell of death ripe to inhale. Blood long since caked-dried, brushed away by a thousand strangers footsteps: Eroded by wind, time, then rain. A palette wiped clean, content and ravenous to eagerly await another drop so viscous, raucous red-flowing fluid. Tombstone, Arizona, conjoined like Siamese twins to neighbouring Boothill Cemetery: The ultimate legacies of the wild, wild west – of "the town too tough to die..."

I enter Tombstone Town Hall and am instantly forced back in time... Moving forward towards the exit a voice captures me: "Excuse me Sir, would ya like to try to crack our safe?" careened a voice directly behind me. I do a quick half-twist-skip-turn-jump, and greeting me is a smiling fool in city hall attendants' uniform. He looks harmless in all his semi-officious manners...

"Excuse me?" I question.

"If'n ya can crack our safe open then ya git a certificate with ya name on it, commemoratin' the event..."

"I see ... yeah, why not? After all, I'm in Tombstone ain't I?"

A few minutes pass ... as I attempt to break the safe open ... if I had some dynamite I would've used the stuff, then high-tailed it out of there, like "shit rolls off a shovel..."

Would've made for the border too... Hide out in Mexico for a few months before returning to re-seek my fortun' ag'in...

A dust devil rose, apparently from the solicitation of some spirit in purgatory and began a meandering drunken-stupor like jig up Main Street towards me. Trinkets, postcards and an old time photographers shops' boasting period black and white shots in authentic costumes beckoned me from store front windows. I gazed through a confectioners' window. My eyes alight from some imaginary horse drawn carriage at the sight of the sign. I slowly begin to mosey-on-down Main Street. And with each step grown a defiance: A "*don't mess with me*" kind of male libido that replicates itself in echoes upon wood sidewalk and rebounds off Main Street's stores. A "*move outta my way or I'll eat ya alive*," kind of sensation rising from somewhere in my mid-region... I lapped up each step – a pussy cat, but no one knew any better ... could've been a mountain lion ... a wild javelina, a coyote... Could this have been how *it* felt? I was sure I was gittin' closer... The Main Street bravado spewed forth from a circus scene. I felt somehow altered, a reflection of those rowdy cowboys ... yet in some perverse way?

Big Nose Kate's saloon stood staring directly at me, soliciting my patronage. There was an obnoxious looking lean-faced guy, barrel-bellied standing outside with a dusty black 10-gallon Stetson drooping over his sweaty brow. Faded black jeans and brown boots with elabo-

rately stenciled tread pattern emblazoned on them poked forward ... into dirt street. A denim shirt trying hard to cover the far-most extensive reaches of his belly. The cowboy looked sternly my way for a brief second ... before continuing his bemused appraisal of Main Street. If occurred to me that he was a patient man, biding his time 'til the three o'clock stage came rollin' into town carrying new, uninitiated fresh faced souls seeking some untested thing...

And there I am clamouring down from the stage coach ... fresh, youthful eyes surveying my surroundings for the first time... I look ridiculous in my shiny new boots, bright red shirt, black jeans and grey hat, a single colt holstered at my waist that I bought in Tucson. I must appear as subtle as a mule crossin' Madison Avenue in rush hour. The fella outside Big Nose Kate's searched my face looking for some picture, something recognizable that he might attach himself to ... like a leech. A flicker of light crossin his features ... could have been the sun accosting his face. It was hard to say from where I now stood being in two places at once...

"Well, howdy, boy. Ya lookin' merdy swanky in 'em there new duds."

"Much ah-blighed. Ya knows where I can find a decent place to hold up for a few days?"

"Let me see, you like plush or plain dirt cheap?" he said grinning at me, his one gold tooth laughing at me.

"Well, I don't rightly care. I've got me a few dollurs burnin' a hole in

me breeches, you know anyplace with a well-stocked bar and a fair game?"

"You've come to the right place, Big Nose Kate's Bar and Hotel ... right 'ere ... welcome!" he doffed his large black hat and grinned harder still. "M'name's Owl, but you can call be *Mister* Densmore. I see to it that Miss Kate and her acquaintances git whatever they's in the need of."

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. Now if you'd show me my room, I'd be much ah-blighed..."

Mister Densmore grabs me single tattered brown bag. Hauling it up over the railings with one enormous arm he slings it onto the wood floor boards beside him. I climb the three steps and stop as I get to the top one, I turn to look down Main Street. "Look's like it's gonna be a doozie of a day," I whisper under the smallness of my breath.

A short, stubby fella and his brush beaten stocky companion in torn jeans are sitting at a poker game in the far corner of the bar. I try to look cool and calm as I walk through the saloon doors. They kick awkwardly behind me as I manoeuvre to the front desk and try to appear composed. I feel the adrenaline surging. The lights in the saloon pour down and cover me as if I were on center stage ... all eyes upon me...

The old Bird Cage Theatre lay at the end of Main where potential patrons collected to browse the playbill. I consider catching a late performance and seeing Miss Helen Musgrove. I'd overheard some pas-

sengers while I was waiting for the Tucson to Tombstone coach talking about Miss Helen's debut appearance in Tombstone. Words like: "Spectacular," "Brilliant," "Extravagant," "Captivating," all words I'd thought long and hard about on the road down south from Tucson.

By the time I'd washed and cleaned up it was gittin' late and as I walked down Main and my stomach rumbled I watched the same group of people who had gathered earlier outside the Bird Cage, lined up outside. The ladies had on the finest of New York gowns, fine laces, and parasols; their companions posing proudly in their long, stylish coats and Sunday church-going hats. All fine, god fearing Christians. And then there were the likes of me, Owl and the two men I'd seen sitting at the poker table in Big Nose Kate's. Where we'd all fall in the greater scheme I didn't know. Then I say them as if apparitions appearing out of the foggy night haze. Their dark silhouettes moving toward me. The Earp brothers taking an evening stroll down the board walk. Their infamous black attire and long dusters masking their firearms; except Marshall Virgil, the eldest, who cradles his shot gun in his arms. I e-magined walking a safe distance behind them. Watching their every move. Cataloging their movements, their idiosyncrasies. They stop every so often to speak with store owners and townsfolk. Laughing occasionally. Sharing nods of appraisal and closed mouth smiles. Morgan, the

younger Earp shakes hands with a rotund, bearded gentleman in a crowd of local Cochise County politicians.

The two men from the Big Nose Kate's stand on the other side of Main directly opposite where the Earp brothers stand. The stocky, ruffian pulls some tobacco out and rolls two smokes passing one on to the other short, stubby cowboy. They surreptitiously watch the Earp group and survey their firearms from under the brim of their hats. I cross and pretend to search a store front window, the stocky fellow speaks first: "That fall one's Virgil, the eldest of them Earps," he spat as the words trailed off.

"When's Ike comin' in?" asked the other.

"Six o'clock stage," said Billy.

"Urghh. We should follo 'em, see where theys settl' tonite," suggests stubby – a clean shaven cowboy taking another draw from his smoke. McDaniel's Barber Shop sign hanging above them swings in the evening breeze.

The office of the Tombstone Epitaph sits next to McDaniel's. The proprietor appears to be working a late shift to get tomorrow's issue out. I walk in and am greeted by graying gentleman in spectacles with a printer's apron tied around him. Sleeves rolled to his elbows. "What can I do for you, Sir?" The black bulk of the manual printing press looms in the center of the twenty by twelve room.

"I'd like to take out an advertisement in the Epitaph." I move towards the counter as he pulls out

pen and paper. "Our rates are one cent per word."

"That'll be fine."

"How'd you like that there advertisement to read, Sir?"

I read from a slightly worn piece of paper and added the time and place myself: "Dr. Jake's Elixir of Health: The Ultimate Cure-All. Guaranteed to Rejuvenate, and Restore Persons from attacks of Aches, Pains, Headaches, Spasmodic and Melancholy Fits. Dr. Jake will be in town square Sunday 26th October at 12 noon. This will be your only opportunity to see Dr. Jake before his Tour of the East."

"You Dr. Jake?" asked the proprietor as he surveyed me.

"No Sir. Just his assistant M'name's Lester. Lester Moore. Dr. Jake'll be comin' into town on tomorrow's stage. Had some important bidnis in Phoenix. A Pheeshiz-shans Con-fur-rance up there. He supplies a whole buncha pheeshiz-shans up and down the country with his Elixir of Life."

"This E-lix-err – does all these things it claims?"

"Sure does Mister. Ev'rything it says it does. I use it me-self. And ain't I a fine picture of health?" A line I'd proudly repeat every time someone was fool enough to question Dr. Jake and his Ultimate Elixir of Life. I shoved a dollar bill under the printer's nose. "Keep the change, Sir." I learned from Dr. Jake that appearances account for everything. Impress the locals and they'll come running ... if only out of curiosity ... but once you have their attention, they're all yours... Appear

like you are rolling in cash and they'll come running and howling just like the In-jins. and "Bidnis is bidnis," as Dr. Jake would always say.

Rumors were running rampant around town that some kind of squabble between a group of cowboys and the local law was building and there might be a showdown on Sunday at noon. When Dr. Jake arrived he said it was probably nothing and that he'd still be out there in the town square "come hell or high water" at noon on Sunday...

The 26 October, 1881 rolled in like a typical Arizona monsoon. Muggy, and slow, and at times spectacular. As soon as the shots behind the O. K. Corral started Dr. Jake ducked behind a woman and child in the crowd that had gathered to hear about Dr. Jake's Ultimate E-lix-er of Life.

Could've sworn I saw a few bullets comin' towards me... Next thing I know I'm lying on the ground with people standing over me. A stranger

addressed Dr. Jake who was still cowering behind the same woman and her child, "Does that there E-lix-er cure any gun shot wounds?"

And if'n I could tear me-self away from me-self, for 'alf a second I might be able to tell ya what happened next ... but I'm assumin' you know all about that infamous day at the O. K. Corral; b'sides it ain't somethin' I'm willin' to die-vulgerate now... Can't no dead people talk anyhow. You com' back som' other time when ya git som hir on ya chest and I mite just tell ya ... otherwise go on back home where ya boys come from ... this 'ere town is just a mite too tough for ya...

"About 2:30 I was in the barber's shop and heard of trouble between the Clantons and Earps. I went over to Hafford's Corner. I asked Virgil Earp, the Marshall, what was the excitement. He said there was a lot of ---- in town looking for a fight. He mentioned no names. I said to Earp, 'You had better disarm the crowd.' He said he would not, but give them

a chance to make a fight. I said, 'It is your duty as a peace officer to disarm the parties...' When they arrived within a few feet of the Clantons and McLaurys, I heard one of them say, I think it was Wyatt Earp, 'You sons of bitches, you have been looking for a fight and now you can have it!' About this time a voice said, 'Throw up your hands!' During this time pistols were pointed. I saw a nickel-plated pistol in particular. It was in the hands of the Earp party. I think Doc Holliday had it... The nickel-plated pistol was the first fired and almost instantaneously came two shots tight together. The first two shots could not have been fired by the same pistol. They were too close together. The nickel-plated pistol was fired by the second man from the right. After the first two of three shots were fired rapidly the firing was general." *

*Account by Cochise County Sheriff John Behan as reported by the Tombstone Epitaph November 2, 1881.

Stepping Stones

by Kimberly Doyle Caldwell

Someone once told me that there are many milestones in our lives. I disagree. My life is a series of stepping stones. Some are cracked and worn, others are smooth, polished, and glimmer in the sunlight. I've earned these stones with laughter and my fair share of tears. This motley collection of stones has brought me here today. Each step across the stage towards my degree represents a small stone.

My dad picked me up from my eight o'clock class on Monday nights so that I didn't have to take the buses home in the dark ... a stepping stone.

My mom she stayed up all night, just to help me type a paper that was due the next morning ... stepping stone.

My husband cooked dinner for me on Monday nights ... a stepping stone.

My future sister-in-law did the dishes for me during final exams ...

a stepping stone.

My brothers brought me iced coffees and told me dirty jokes ... stepping stones.

These may seem like small events, these stepping stones. Without these people, I would have given up a long time ago. Thank you – all of you. Your loving, caring support has made all the difference for me. Today, remember the stepping stones in your life. They make all the difference. Create a garden in life with them.

9000 words



From freshman orientation,
to Cap and Gown Convocation...
From Spring Break,
to Spring Cotillion...
We've shared our thoughts,
our dreams, our hopes.
Our futures are brighter,
our hearts are deeper,
and our minds soar.



Mosquito Bullet

by Mark D. McConnell

Andros and Joseph stand peering through tight, densely packed rows of eight foot high cypress trees onto cloistered, barren square grassy field. The day in its infancy; the Mediterranean August pool-blue skies peering down crowning tiny heads. All serenity surrounds. The olive and date nut trees scent the air. Calm, muffled native voices moving off through the distance toward two boys, like Sirens calling them. Hypnotic in effect. The boys search each other's eyes and watch the hands moving awkwardly. Mostly, they dispense with inept hand signs, instinctively sharing the thoughts of the other in the absence of a common language.

Andros laughs. The boys exchange like commodities, mutual likes and dislikes in duplicate nods. Joseph giggles. The wasps are full and ripe in the air; they fly around, buzzing and humming and at times they knock their cheeks or fly into their hair. Their mothers provide them with glass jars to capture the wasps and bees. When they settle onto a flower to suck pollen, Andros and Joseph trap them. Timing becomes crucial for successful ambush and imprisonment. The boys learn to predict the insects' movements as the wasps settle onto petals, start to drink – the glass chamber awaits. Those are days the two children become gods and kings through this microcosmic procedure: Andros and Joseph become judge, jury, and executioner. The bees and wasps annihilated: Splatt! The bottom of the jar turned into a weapon as life fluids and honey pour out of their small feeble bodies onto the

ground. The scent of yellow intoxicates, the viscous liquid intrigues. The insects lay in collective mounds on the ground. Andros and Joseph do not laugh. Mesmerized by the insects final twitch-struggle for life the two children continue to reek devastation upon the insect population.

Mother comes calling out: "Joseph! Lunch!" The mosquitoes surround his tiny form. Closing in on his scent. His blood – pure sugar. He'd come home with every inch of his pale body covered in bites. "Looks like the mosquitoes have been eating you for lunch again, Joseph," his father'd remark. "Better pick up some more insect repellent from the NAFFI today." His tropical issue beige uniform, soldier-smart and neat, creased trousers, his blue United Nations beret sitting on the sofa arm. Joseph's eyes set upon the Browning neatly holstered at this side. The muzzle sparkling from frequent applications of grease. The serial number flashes across his mind's screen and leaves an indelible imprint when he closes his eyes: 678945657MPOZ.

Joseph searches his father's eyes the way he'd do with Andros, but never finding anything there to appraise or appease. He turns toward the window to see if his Cypriot friend is outside playing in the sand pile. The backyard empty, Joseph returns his attention to father and asks when he'd be home tonight. "I don't know, son. Late, I expect. There's a whole lot of work at the base. Sweetheart, don't leave a meal out for me tonight, I don't know what time I'll be back. I'll just grab something at the mess hall."

"But Dad, you promised we'd go fly the kite tonight..."

"Sorry son, maybe tomorrow. Why don't you see if Andros wants to go fly the kite with you?" he offers.

Joseph surveys the boxed-in window-scene from his seat at the breakfast tables, half-hoping, half-expecting Andros to appear, like a prop in a play, to retrieve him from his father's latest disappointment.

"Honey, Daddy's busy today, he'll take you tomorrow instead," chimed Joseph's mother just in time to save his father from that embarrassing, awkward moment of silent dejection.

"Yeah, okay." Joseph's face turns to the window, and there he sees a small figure prodding and studying a heap of bees outside in the yard. They Cypriot boy pokes voraciously at the dirt... Taking his leave from lunch, Joseph runs outside. "Joseph, wait a second, put on some more insect spray first!" shouts his mother in a frenzied nurturing attack. Joseph stops, moans and finally acquiesces. The bites start to irritate. Scratching his arms, he moves outside. Mother tutt-tutting at the red bumps on his face and exposed arms and legs. "Those damn mosquitoes, he's got so many bites all over his body the teachers at school thought he had the chicken pox the other day! They told me to take him home!" Father responds with a smile. Nodding in approval of the insects or some other laughable irony.

An imposing figure descends into the young boys' world, a shady blackened silhouette-apparition in the grim distance on a dusty billboard by the highway lords over them: Archbishop

Makarios, Cypriot president. The tall alien-curious pillar-box black hat and black robe drapes his long gray-bearded torso. The image would always remain indecipherable to Joseph and Andros. Tiring of the used, lifeless insects, the boys return to the perfect, neatly manicured square field surrounded by a series of cloned cypress trees. Naked, empty stops between branches, the lonesome Limmasol field seems to beckon two boys into flight. The green freshly cut lawn and close knit sentry cypress trees guard the interior sanctum. Peering through a discreet opening, they push back the branches and survey the land before them. The two epic heroes inhaling their glory. An old foul, green misshapen Volvo turns the street corner, slowing as it passes. It's badly corroded fender appears like Medusa's beady eyes calculating their collective worth. They shield their small faces from the middle-aged, pock-marked man behind the wheel, he glances over, weaves his car around a rock in the road, waves, smiles, then speeds up.

That night Joseph dreams feverishly; two juveniles in the same square field standing with a dozen or more robed, hooded figures surrounding them; towering over, hidden from witnesses in a cubicle created by the rows of cypress trees. Burnt wood embers bristling in the center of the field where a six foot high stake pierces the ground, a fire seems to sprout from the depths of the earth beneath it. Their feet shuffle in the warmth of the flames. Andros glances about, Joseph's eyes move in unison, neither are sure where to alleviate their curiosity. They force them to kneel. Grabbing their hair and turning their faces downward, the taller of the men

shouts a stream of incomprehensible Turkish words. But Andros understands; he nods, tears roll down his face. Joseph remains too petrified to move but he glances over at his friend. He looks at Joseph, his eyes streaming wildly. The tall man grabs him by the neck and jiggles him like a small hapless insect, then hits the back of his head.

Joseph awakes prematurely in a sweaty mock fever-fit. It's 2:36 a.m., a full moon sheds its light across the street and onto the pink perfumed bougainvillea. The bed clothes damp. Mosquitoes buzz his ears. Images of his dream flood back. Joseph sits up in bed, too frightened to move, breath or blink. The pulsating blood growing with every beating second. He sits listening to the crickets and his labored breathing in the stillness of the morning air. The clock ticking on the bed stand echoes the force of the dream. He climbs out of bed and moves to the window. The carpenter's jeep sits parked beside a row of the cypress trees across from the house. The carpenter standing in the moonlight while other obscure dark figures rock back and forth on their feet talking. Pedro pulls out a packet of Marlboros and offers one-a-piece to the two silhouettes shaded by black trees.

In daylight Joseph wakes to find Pedro, the carpenter in army fatigue pants and white tee cutting timber with an electric saw outside the apartment. Andros already in place on the back steps; breaking up a string of tiny black ants in the dirt with a hammer, intent in his curious annihilation. Joseph breakfasts, throws his clothes on, splashes water on his face and hustles to the front door, sliding out from a cloistered world into a sullied one...

"Joseph, you brushed your teeth and

washed your face?" He's out the door before reply is missed. Pedro notices two boys standing watching him cut timber.

"You-like-you-to-watch?" Pedro addresses Joseph first in his broken English, his nicotine-yellowed horse teeth showing in a half-smirk. He speaks to Andros in Cypriot; points at one boy and places an unsavory smile at the other's feet. Pedro's greasy-cheap curls trailing down his forehead, dirty work-beaten carpenter's nails showing. He spots the GI Joe desert goggles around Joseph's neck and points at them with a crooked finger: "Give-me-to-lend-them – now." Joseph searches his eyes, considering whether it's worth refusing. But he relinquishes his hold on them. Pedro eagerly snaps them up, like a wasp taking a long amorous slurp of pollen. The goggles look ridiculous on his over-extended melon head. The cheap green plastic lenses make it impossible to see clearly. The electric saw starts. The high-pitched howl biting into the first piece of timber Pedro feeds to the metallic teeth: Ziiiiiiiing. Suddenly there's blood everywhere. A red-fleshy mass lays on the ground. The blade still spins, Pedro yells in his native tongue, cussing loudly, jumping irrationally like a piece of popcorn. He goes silent. The index finger a streaming mess of blood under the pressure of his other hand.

It takes too long for the local ambulance crew to arrive. They can't save Pedro's finger. When Pedro finally returns to work with his tiny stump he says little. He smiles even less and moves with a guilty, unfinished gleam in his eyes.

The invasion came in the early hours on July 20, 1974. A significant, irre-

pressible swarm: The Turk with General Grivas at their head, irritable, butting heads with the Cypriot National Guard. Thirty troop ships landing off the northern coast of Cyprus, Kyrenia falls first.

When August 2, 1974 arrived, the civilian evacuation entered its finale; eleven thousand residents, vacationers who found themselves in the grasp of a war, and families of the Armed Services were flown out of Cyprus by the Royal Air Force in 11 days. An operation proudly described by the armed forces as the biggest of its kind since the Berlin airlift. I recall the humming of the Hercules' military transport engines like mosquitoes in my ears, its cargo bays now holding hundreds of fleeing victims. The nauseating smell of aviation fuel flooding my nasal tract. The great bird's throat opening up to let us aboard, I felt like an insect being swallowed into the great metallic beast's belly. In the height of the heaviest fighting, the Royal Navy moved in after a truce was affected to remove further victims in exodus from land in a seaborne rescue and evac of over 1,500 men, women and children – beached like so many whales on the coastline of Kyrenia.

Twelve-thousand people were shuffled by land and sea, and thousands of Servicemen and their families migrated to safety from the towns of Limmasol, Larnaca and Famagusta to the sanctuaries of sovereign bases like Dhekelia and Akrotiri – the populations swelling to over 6,000 by additional Turkish-Cypriote refugees: I've always visualized them as swollen twisted lifeless abdomens of wasps and bees. Lives that someone else prematurely ended. Forty-two nationalities were reportedly involved in the massive rescue operation

carried out by the Royal Air Force, Royal Navy and Army.* A triumphant "Hurrah!" for humanity to those who didn't live to see another day...

I often greet Pedro in my nightmares with a smirk; he, a ridiculous looking member of the pro-Turkish guerrilla force who stole my GI Joe goggles. His index finger missing from his left hand driving his jeep in full fatigues, a Colt .45 at his side, shouting orders at his comrades. The shutters on our old house remain permanently fixed. Streets empty, children's bicycles abandoned on the streets. Offices and businesses closed indefinitely. Gunfire and explosions resound in the distance. Our mothers would not let us venture outside. At night the air raid sirens started growing gradually louder; forever increasing in momentum – a novelty at first. But every successive night the sound grew into one long continuous monotonous howl. We'd read and spy board games by candle light and watch TV in darkness with other strange displaced children.

I recall passing hours in the Mediterranean fig-scented summer sweltering heat in dense congealing traffic. Mosquitoes beating on my flesh. Lines of living adrenaline-pumped congested vehicles, smog-filled air filling my lungs, fighting our way to the airport one inch at a time, in a panic-stricken haze like many other displaced foreign nationals...

Mother said her good-byes to father. With one hour to pack a single neon green suitcase, a psychedelic symbol of '70s opulence, and she makes arrangements for depositing Sandy, the family cat. In her battered, red wood-paneled station wagon we drift down the road,

homeless all at once ... could it be possible? we, now Refugees...? The possessed, finally dispossessed. Once in a while, we peer backward over shoulders at our empty smiling home, once so close; now regressing into the distance. Black figures pirouette around half-walls each cradling long sticks in their arms; dodging the incomplete walled-domains-of-new-housing not 500 yards from our abandoned home. An exchange of sparks deplete their weapons' cheapness in a repetitive-quick-speak to foes in the distance. It seems so much like child's play to me, with their curious-fitted-way of slung-shouldered-rifles and holstered automatics among the zero beginnings of incomplete structures. They mimic neighborhood kids carrying plastic guns. Bullets fly; homing in on nil... Finding their unfulfilled resting places on abandoned streets and inside empty homes...

I heard it from my father first: "Son, remember the curious square field that you and Andros played near back in Limmasol? Turns out under that field was a safe house and ammunition dump used by the Turkish-Cypriot guerrilla force..."

Before I departed Limmasol, *I picked up the bullet from the sidewalk...* It now lives in a drawer at our new home, its nose bruised. Despondent in its twist-corpulent-crush-solitary-fashion, a debunked mark of expectancy. At night, in my feverish nightmares I see Wasps still hovering over corpses. Fragments of a glass jar scattered on asphalt where he fell. I see the tainted yellow nectar trickling from the palm of his small hand...

**Excerpt from Keesing's Contemporary Archives.*

A Special Thank You

by Sandra N. Godinho

If everyone is reading this, then it's Commencement Day, and I'm sitting amongst all of you bedecked in my cap and gown. Like you, I'm probably fidgety and hot, tapping my foot at a steady pace while speaker after speaker talks and the Wind Ensemble (Hi Don!) has finished playing *Pomp and Circumstance*. And right now, to help the time pass by faster, I'm thinking about how far I've come and who has helped me make it there.

Of course, my Mommy and Dad have helped me get here by, well, creating me and keeping their cool long enough so I could graduate. My godparents have taken over the role of grandparents and now are the buffers between the folks and me. Other family members have been extremely supportive and have continuously goaded me with the comments "When are you gonna get a job?" and "What does an English major do besides teach?" My guardian angel materializes himself in the form of a lanky Canadian who gets his goddaughter through her traumas (i.e. term papers and literary theory) with his quick wit and uncanny sense of humor.

The support goes far beyond the family tree. My two best guy friends, Steve and Jay, have held my hand through painful and joyous times. Each of them allows the tough guy exterior to fall once in a while to tell me they love me and are proud of me. I can't forget childhood friends like Lori, who constantly reminds me that I was still a teenager just a few short months ago, and Tania, who will never let me forget the stupid things that I've done in our decade+ friendship. (Hey hell-bent, I'm graduating before you!)

In the past four years, I've been a work study student in the Music Department. Therefore, me and the secretary of the department (i.e. The Saint on Duty, My Boss) Patricia Plante, have become like family to the point we have fights like mother and daughter. I wouldn't trade these life experiences with her for anything. And I can't forget the kids in the Music (and Theatre) area who have adopted me into their family. So, thank you: Eleanor, Don, Danielle, Jacob (Diva), Jay, Sara, Dominique, Eric, Mike, Chris, Shana, Danny, Shawn, Melendy, and everyone else, Dr. Elam, Doc, Dr. McClintock, etc.

However, the most valuable, and

belated, thank you goes to Mrs. Francine R. Gruhn. She has been my teacher twice in the classroom, and in the outside world, she has become my mentor. When I couldn't believe in myself, she had enough confidence in me to let me take over the school newspaper! She let me come back after I graduated and contaminate a whole new bunch of untainted minds. In you, Mrs. Gruhn, I see a kindred spirit and a future I thought I would never be able to see. When the grades were passed in and my school year with you ended, you didn't stop caring about my dreams and me. I thank you with all my heart for having a heart big enough to let you love me.

In the Children's Lit course I took this semester with Joseph Zornado, he asked the class how many teachers truly impacted our lives in a positive sense. Many of us could admit to one or two; some even three or four. It's sad that this unofficial statistic is true, but I'm sure glad I had Mrs. Gruhn. If she hadn't been around, I would be using my liberal arts degree to ask a very important question: "Do you want fries with that?"

Ok, that's it. Class dismissed.

Resume your future.

Congratulations Class of 1999
from The Anchor

Who's changing whom?

by Ryan Theroux
Class of 1999

It seems like it was just the other day that my mom was handing me a white envelope from URI.

"Now don't get upset hun if you didn't get accepted," she said with a sympathetic look on her face.

Rolling my eyes, I thought to myself, "Everyone gets accepted to URI Mom, it's the #1 party school in America for crying out loud."

Well, I took the envelope into my room and opened it. I knew my future was doomed when the first five words read, "We regret to inform you..."

Needless to say, I had been rejected.

After this stunning and humiliating rejection, I didn't want to go to college at all – but I didn't want to be making Baked Scrod specials the rest of my life either. My choices were putting on extra bread crumbs or getting an education – tough decision.

Chances are, many of you decided to come to RIC for different reasons than mine. It's affordable, close to home, it has a great Elementary Education Program, the classes are small, the professors notice you – whatever the reason, you are now receiving your college degree.

So, ladies and gentlemen, did you think you would have that chance to dress up in commencement attire?

Some of us took a semester off because we needed time and money, but we came back.

Some of us had difficulty register-

ing for the Core 4 class, but we begged for an opening.

Some of us couldn't find a parking spot right away, but we found one within five miles of the campus.

Some of us thought we would be out in four years, but ten years later and a couple of kids along the way, we finally got there.

At times, some of us found our part-time jobs more important than school, but then we came to our senses.

Some of us didn't want to come to college at all, but we came.

Some of us could never wake up for that 8:00 Friday morning class even if we didn't go out on Thursday night, but we eventually went.

Then again, there were also some of us who looked to capitalize on every opportunity available at or through RIC.

Some of us visited professors during office hours to get extra help.

Some of us brought apples the first day to biology class – "Anything else with that Dr. Matsumoto?"

Some of us went to Career Services on a regular basis for career counseling and put together a darn good resume.

Some of us went to OASIS to make sure we would be sitting her today.

Some of us joined *The Anchor* and wrote, others spun tunes at WXIN, were auctioned off by LASO, made things happen with Harambee, and voiced their opinions through Student Community Government.

Some of us played sports and realized the true meaning of commit-

ment.

Some of us lived in the dorms and got rowdy while making friends for a lifetime.

Some of us saw construction on 95 that we thought would never end.

Some of us took our professors to lunch as a nice gesture, others thought they could boost their grade point average.

Some of us busted our butts for Dean's List, some of us snatched the RIC envelopes before Mom and Dad had a chance to open them.

Regardless of your experiences her at RIC, I want you to remember one thing: Education will never leave you.

We have all gained and acquired the skills and knowledge necessary for us to become leaders in our chosen career paths.

You want to be the next Bill Gates? Go for it.

You want to be the next Hillary Clinton? Speak up.

You want to be the next Martin Luther King? March on.

You want to be the next Bach? Keep practicing.

You want to be the next Princess Diana? Be more generous.

Some people say that because we are graduating, our lives will be changing forever – they're wrong, we will be the ones changing people's lives.

Remember, Class of 1999, we all possess the ability to make a positive impact in this world – so I say we do it. Congratulations and good luck your future.

"Time Of Your Life"
by Greenday

"Another turning point,
a fork stuck in the road.
Time grabs you by the wrist,
directs you where to go.
So make the best of this test,
and don't ask why.
It's not a question,
but a lesson learned in time.
It's something unpredictable,
but in the end is right...
I hope you had the time of your life.

"So take the photographs
and still frames in your mind.
Hang it on a shelf of good health
and good time.
Tattoos of memories
and dead skin on trial.
For what it's worth,
it was worth all the while.
It's something unpredictable,
but in the end is right...
I hope you had the time of your life."

Today

"This is no dress rehearsal – this is it. The beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will. To waste, or to use for good. Everything I do today counts. I'm exchanging a day of my life for it, a day that will never come again. Tomorrow, this day will be gone forever, leaving me whatever I have paid for it. I want it to be gain, not loss. Good, not evil. Joy, not sorrow. Success, not failure. When tomorrow comes, I pray not to regret the price I paid for today."
– S.B.P., Houston, TX
from "Help for Helpers, Meditation Book"

Remember Me Not

Remember me not with tears and sorrow,
But with laughter and a smile

* Thoughts...

For I have not meant for you to cry.
Remember me not by my achievements or accomplishments,
But also my faults and failures
For no one can survive as a god with clay feet.
Remember me not as you wished me to be
But as I was, full of mischief, error and idiosyncrasy
For I was, full of mischief, error and idiosyncrasy
For I was a human being.
Remember me not with just your head
But also with your heart
For if you do this, I will live forever.

– Penny Roberts,
"A Moment to Reflect" (p 48)

I Was Dying

First I was dying to finish high school and start college.
And then I was dying to finish college and start working.
And then I was dying to marry and have children.
And then I was dying for my children to grow old enough for school, so I could return to work.
And then I was dying to retire.
And now I'm dying ... and suddenly I realize I forgot to live!

– Anonymous,
"Chicken Soup for the Soul #4"

"We visit the world for only a moment, and that moment is known as life. During this time we learn about laughter, but also about tears; we find more questions than we do answers; we experience the joy of new arrivals; and feel the sadness of loved ones departures. So we must try to live every second, for oh so quickly, our moment is gone..."

– Javan, "Meet Me Halfway"

"We are born into this world like a

blank canvas, and every person who crosses our path takes up the brush and makes their mark upon our surface. So it is that we develop. But we must realize there comes a day that we must take up the brush and finish the work. For only we can determine if we are to be just another painting, or a Masterpiece."

– Javan, "Meet Me Halfway"

"All of your life you are told the things you cannot do. All of your life they will say you're not good enough or talented enough or strong enough, they'll say you're the wrong weight or the wrong height or the wrong type to play this or be this or achieve this. They will tell you no, a thousand times until all the nos become meaningless. All your life they will tell you no, quite firmly and very quickly, they will tell you no, and you will tell them YES!!!"

– Anonymous

* I've submitted these poems and quotes because they have touched my life and allowed me to focus on the important things around me, such as family, friends and loved ones, rather than going through life focusing on success and other artificial things. After my educational career at Rhode Island College, I do feel that success and happiness are important, but they must come hand in hand. We cannot forget about the things in life that are meaningful to us. We are all so busy, rushing around and working long hours that we tend to forget about happiness and life's joys. After we graduate, we need to take time for ourselves and enjoy life because it will pass us by. Work hard to be successful, but do not forget to enjoy life and make yourself happy. It is the only way to live!

– Melissa Renzoni

Time and the Future

by Erin M. Trodson
Communications/Speech and
Hearing Sciences

This is the end of what appears to be another chapter in all of our lives. We have spent a tremendous amount of time inside the walls of Rhode Island College. We have listened to lectures, researched information in Adams Library, given class presentations, taken many quizzes and exams, and increased our knowledge in general.

Now, it is time to go our separate ways and seek out our individual paths. It is time to discover our futures, even though for many of us it is still a mystery. Fellow classmates, as a slightly older student, I can honestly say time is on our side.

I had the opportunity to return to college after working in the business world for seven years. Now I am ready to learn, and want to learn more. I never thought I would feel this way, but I know learning will not stop here for me. My education has just begun to take me places where I have never been before. Although I feel "there is no place like home" here at Rhode Island College, I look forward to experiencing a fresh start. Rhode Island College will always be a fond memory for me.

I not only have my future career ahead of me, I have the most wonderful experience to look forward to with my husband Bradley as we plan our new family. I have the distinct pleasure of passing down my education to our future

child. I also have the honor of sharing my RIC education with my loved ones and every individual who crosses my path. Not only have people, both professors and students from this fine college, touched my life, but I can honestly say that I may have left an imprint on theirs as well.

The imprints may have happened through my own involvement here at RIC – whether that meant working on group projects, serving as president of RIC's NSSLHA, getting "study-buddy" groups together, or taking the time after a two-hour class just to converse with a professor who, in fact, has made a tremendous impact on the way I think and feel about certain issues. Through all of this, I have learned to express my feelings on various topics, and have blossomed in my writing capabilities. I sincerely hope that every one of us will value our accomplishments, and commemorate these times. I know I will.

A very sincere and special *Thank You* is extended to my wonderful, supportive, patient, and loving husband, Bradley Alan Trodson. Yes, I did it, finally!! After taking part-time courses for the longest time, he made it more appealing to me to attend college and become a full-time "professional" student. Bradley, through the toughest times, both in my personal life and in certain Communication classes, you stuck by me and helped me conquer what seemed to be insurmountable. In essence, you made the impossible, possible.

I want to thank my Grandfather

Lynch for always trying to teach me the little things throughout my life. Then, I probably did not seem to appreciate the knowledge you were sharing, but now I understand what you were trying to do.

A warm thank you is extended to my mother, Geri Myrick, for lighting our special candle each time it came to quizzes, tests, mid-terms, and final exams. I sincerely believe this wonderful spirit we shared together has helped me to overcome the often difficult and challenging times I have faced during my college years.

Thank you relatives, friends, and fellow students who were so patient listening to me discuss school related issues, talk about my successes and failures, and most of all, share my future goals and aspirations.

Let us all pass down, to our future generations, the wisdom and knowledge that we have acquired here at Rhode Island College during the past several years. Rest assured that my husband Bradley and I will be doing just this when we start our new family.

May we, the Rhode Island College graduates of 1999 be the leaders of the future, always keeping in mind that the future does depend on us. Sometimes we never realize how we may have effected another's life, and you who are reading this may well be one of those who will make a difference in my child's future.

Peace.

Love Christine

It's finally over, but the best of 99' has yet to come.

Thank you Mom, Dad, and Jay. Without you I would never have made it. I love you all.

Love Christine



My experience at Rhode Island College has been both an educational and enjoyable one. I thank my professors and my advisors throughout my years at the school.

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