



GORA



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LIGHTHOUSE
FIRE ISLAND NATIONAL SEASHORE



Debra Howard

in our

narcoleptic Dream-Society
the Dream-Cops keep us safe, thick-soled
Factory-shoes allow us to walk briskly through
our concrete forest, past neon signs and honking taxis,
arm-in-arm with girls in tight dresses.

upright, the Dream-Cops fight for us and we win and win
and win—the favorite part of our Dream and all its
concrete.

one day our retinas will
ache and ache and
burn and burn and
(if we are lucky)
we will see, not unlike Adam and Eve,
that we are naked, too.

—Pam Newton

It's nothing personal

You make me nervous—
that's all.

Why me?

Why not that little bimbo with the big hair?

Go to her —
she would love you.

No, it's nothing you've said or done.

It's just you.

Well . . .

You make me angry.

Because I don't like people who agree with me all the time.

Just stop.

If you're trying to impress me it's not working.

Go to her—
she would love you.

I told you already.

It's nothing you've said or done.

It's just you.

But it's nothing personal.

—Samantha McCluney Criswell

Seeking

Would that I could find the dream I seek
and could recognize that it was found.
Dreams are such elusive things.
Fragile.
Scattering, dispersing, and then they are no more.
If I can only once touch my dream,
will it not become my reality?

I journey along life's road.
Ever reaching the promise of the next dream.
Seeking, ever seeking.
Stopping frequently for a while to
Either fill a need or
have my own needs filled.

A kaleidoscope of dream images pieced together
Ever changing.
As events or persons continually enter and
Become a part of my dream—
merging past and future unto Eternity.

—Rebecca K. Garner

Lament

Shhhhhh! Shhhhhh!
Aunt Helen is dead.
Aunt Helen is dead.
Mother's kid sister
and she is dead.
Cousin Bea says
not to come.
No fuss. No flowers.
Her death a whisper.
Quiet like a slipper.
No fuss. No flowers.
And with only
one night of wake
Cousin Bea says
the box will be shut;
lament of Aunt Helen
pent-up forever.
Mother's kid sister
and she is dead.
Cousin Bea says
NOT to come.
Aunt Helen is dead.
Aunt Helen is dead.
Shhh! Shhh!

—Grace DiSanto

Sweet Echoes of a Father's Love Song

It is a rainy Monday night and my father turned 69 today. Yeah I should have sent a gift: a card would have been nice. But I didn't. I couldn't. It's not because I don't love my father. The sun rises to shine on him. The problem is as I get older and he gets older the thought of his death breaks my heart. The experience I seek to explain is beyond personal. It is a sentimental examination of the closest relationship I will ever encounter. It seems the years have brought about some inevitable changes like clockwork, not to be rewound, not to be stopped.

The specifics of the situation are this: I am an only child born to first-time parents, at 40. I am fortunate because my parents had settled by the time they married and I was born. They had their time to grow up and see the world before they made decisions concerning my existence. Perhaps that extra bit of time made the difference; I am unable to say. The important point is this: by the time I was born, this man, my father was consciously aware of my needs and for this reason my life has benefitted greatly. My personal experience is a descriptive form of gratitude.

It is difficult to describe one single event that made his birthday difficult to accept. I suspect it has something to do with nature's brutal reminders that we cannot change that which is inevitable. Perhaps it is that late night chill after a bad dream that makes me wish for his protective voice. You see, I have many memories of crawling in bed with him, when I was a child and he would pray for my family, and our future.

Sometimes I think about his explanation of my origin. As a farmer, everything was explained to me in terms of the farm. Kittens, puppies, calves, crops – the laws of my childish universe were patiently deciphered in the terms of nature. When I questioned where I came from the simple explanation was this. "You are a hybrid, my best qualities and your mothers have been carefully selected by God and you were created, your responsibility is to grow up and use our best to become the best you can be, and we will be proud of you." How does one thank the creator of the universe for this most special gift that is my father? The worst crime would be to let that love go without somehow speaking of it.

As I grow and try so hard to become that hybrid that he spoke of I think back to the lessons and discipline he worked so hard

to make me understand. Once he had a grassy field for me to mow, and the radiator kept getting clogged from the chaff. Upon seeing the problem I was having he directed me to turn the tractor around and mow the field backwards. Two hours later I had finished my chore, but the practice I received in driving backward helps me today when I have to parallel park and back into tiny spaces.

Of course there were spankings, and arguments about curfews, and later on striking differences in opinions about stuff that really does not matter. These were simply growing pains – my own and his. Each day I could almost hear his unspoken prayer "Please God let this child somehow grow into a responsible adult, but could you slow the process down a bit?" Their goal was to make me independent, their wish was that I remain their little girl. Somewhere in between I begin to stand alone. I think they approve.

In the night time after dinner he would explain the evening news. Not a pleasant task when trying to explain Viet Nam, crop failure, my mother's sickness, the death of his friends or my grandparents. But always there was a comfortable feeling as he said a prayer for us and said "Good night, I love you and God bless you." I remember when I was preparing to go to Europe for the first time, my first overseas flight, I was fearful that the plane might crash or explode or meet with other disaster. A letter arrived for me. Inside in my mother's delicate handwriting was a transposed copy of the prayer he says every night before he goes to sleep. Wordsworth has nothing to compare with those words.

I challenge him occasionally with "It's your fault that I'm so independent." My young life was filled with stories of Burma, and China, and India, but also there were stories about Sophocles the rabbit, (who always got away from danger) and Billy Wren and Peggy Wren the nesting couple in the barn who sang to their young. These creative stories taught the classic ideas which many years later would haunt my courses in Western Civilization and World History. Math, being my worst subject in elementary school, became a focal point to us in the summertime. He would sit in a hot bath on Saturday night and outside the door I would sit and recite my multiplication tables. I don't know who was more pleased when I finally passed college Algebra II but everyone in town heard about how I had gotten a B, even my high school algebra teacher, who had failed me once.

Now some years later it is unnecessary for him to speak of the fear he has of becoming a burden to me. As his own heart weakens

a bit, and my mother's health changes it is almost an unspoken command "Please hurry and graduate from college, so you can get a good job, we worry so." I cannot explain to them that it will be my greatest honor to give back to them a small part of what they gave to me. They say "Don't worry about us, we only hope that someday you have a child that is just like you were, then your debt will be absolved." Sometimes I suspect that I do not have that kind of strength and patience.

Now in the wee hours of the morning, at the close of another day apart from them I wish to speak to him. I wish that I could sing to him our favorite song from a million years ago. I want to experience again how we would ride down the road in his 1950's blue pickup truck and he would whistle or sing to me "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." I did not understand that truer words were never spoken, and somehow sweeter times will never be experienced again.

—Susan Turner

Sorry For Your Trouble

I used to have You
to talk with, listen
to my prattle, now
nobody.

just silence,
my numb wordless tongue tucked
in my mouth like when I view the
biered dead

(though that dumbness
goes when I grip the grief
of the mourners).

But who speaks, speaks
to me, shakes my need, says
Sorry For Your Trouble?

—Grace Di Santo

He drinks the poisoned wine, it all tastes the same.
She whispers in his ear – tries to remember his name.
He's willing to pretend she's not quite so young.
She's willing to pretend anything for a price.

He kisses her hand, because he can still see her face,
And remembers when they used to walk with rocks
in their pockets to keep from flying away,
And spent hours chasing Sunday morning butterflies
in their minds,
While wrapped so tightly around each other
That tomorrow would never come
And yesterday had never been.

He looks past her to his favorite wall
and tries to make excuses.
He can't, he remembers, all he does is remember.

They were married in May.
It was raining, of course; it felt more like December.
As a wedding gift he gave her a picture of herself
and a bowl of floating lilies.
"I've saved this last candle for you," she would tell him.
And he would sculpt statues of her with words.
And they would dance.

But the music stopped.

Dancing alone down the street past the neon red-glow,
He stops midway across the bridge
And smokes his last cigarette.

—Stephen Criswell

WING NUT

If you go from this place as you are,
biting madness with visions
of sterner madness, a young
mobile hung awkwardly close
to that corner you've turned to take

Then, no more a child, you
will tighten hard with life
and we will cry for you long,
long after you leave here

Petrified

A painful ornament the years glue down.

—Paul Shepherd

CHILDREN OF HONDURAS

Tears saturate swollen stomachs

No: education, refrigeration or medication
Only malnutrition, starvation and desperation

Death lingers as sweltering heat drains and drains
What existence remains

Polluted and plucked are little lives (niños)
Evaporated into forgotten puddles

Armoured minds, brutal breath and violent victory
Rapes freedom

Will I go back?
I do not know . . . courage I lack

Endless . . . sorrow stings my mind and heart

—Lisa E. Atkins

A bedtime story for the 21st century:

Who Am I?

There once was a man who thought there was something in his head worth seeing. He imagined that if only he could really see his thoughts, his deepest thoughts, the dreams within his dreams, then he would have discovered the world within him, the world he thirsted to see.

So one day in the pursuit of his thoughts, he gazed inward and caught sight of something. A spark, perhaps, wisdom, perhaps, it was there and he remained intent on gazing upon it. He wanted to go to his friends but he could not see where they were. They were like figures standing in the distance.

His friends came and spoke with him. They were distressed because the man's eyes had turned inward and they could see only the whites of his eyes. They asked him to look outward and see them but the man said that he could see them.

The man's friends were puzzled and distraught. It soon became clear that it was up to them to take care of their blind friend. They took him to the market and helped him buy food. The food was tasteful and sustaining and the man loved his thoughts on food. They took him to the festival. The man loved his thoughts on the festival. The man said that he had touched the spirit of the festival.

His friends, who wanted to cure him, brought him to an ancient place in the desert. The day was hot and a wind carried dust into the air. At the ancient place they met a stranger. They said,

"Can you cure our friend?"

The stranger saw that the man was possessed of his own thoughts. The stranger smiled, then revealed himself. The stranger was a demon. He entered into the man, who moaned and laughed and saw an infinite number of possibilities before his eyes.

"Here are the thoughts I've been searching for!" the man cried, to the anguish of his friends. "I can see!" he said, but he stumbled on the rocks and the flies were landing on his mouth as he spoke.

His friends mourned and picked him up and brought him back to the village.

"What have we done?" they said, "Now we are seventy times seven worse off, for how is he to distinguish between his own thoughts and the fantasies of the demon?"

From then on, the man could no longer clothe or feed himself. Nevertheless, he continually discoursed to his friends on how they could not see the myriad of possibilities. The man told his friends that they had simple minds. His friends tried to take care of him, but the man seemed to find them more and more loathsome. One day, the man refused to speak to them.

His friends tried to get him to talk. Finally they said, "What has become of your tongue?"

The man said, "You cannot understand."

His friends wondered whether they should abandon him. In their hearts they beseeched their God for guidance.

One day, the man's friends heard rumors of a wise man. The weeks went by and they learned that the wise man was a powerful mystic. They learned that he was coming to their village. So they took the man and brought him to the village gates.

"Fools," the man told his friends, "Do you think there is anything new to me? I have travelled with my spirit to places where you have never been. All truth is what we imagine it to be. What greater wisdom is there?"

His friends played the fool, saying, "We know that you can reveal this wise man for what he is, for you have seen things which we fools have not."

When the crowd which accompanied the mystic began to arrive, the man began to see his thoughts darken.

"How much evil will be done in this mystic's name? How many wars, cruelties, and injustices? For this mystic is more than a rumor. He imagines that he is the Son of God."

The man grew frantic and the demon started laughing, "No, this could not be happening. The time has come."

The man jumped forward and screamed, "I know who you are!"

The crowd drew back, horrified at the sight of this man whose eyes had been turned to the back of his head. His friends tried to hold him back. The mystic stopped and looked at the man.

"You are the Christ! The Son of the Living God!" the man hissed.

"Silence," the mystic said, and the man fell silent.

The infinite possibilities, like waves upon an eternal ocean, suddenly froze and the man could see a light in the distance. The light refracted through

the frozen waves, like so many prisms, and dispersed his thoughts. All that he was, all that he was led to believe, all that he had dreamed and hoped for, was fragmented. The demon said,

"Fool, can you not resist?"

And the man said, "Who am I?"

The man opened his eyes and saw his friends bending over him, holding him in their arms. He could see them as they were and he felt naked and ashamed. The crowd pressed close to look at his eyes, for they had returned to normal.

Then the mystic stepped forward and looked into the man's eyes. The man no longer cared about his thoughts. His heart, his will, rushed forward into the gaze of the Son of Man.

"Go", the mystic said, "And love your God with your whole heart, with your whole mind, and with your whole soul."

And the man wept.

His friends took the man home and he became their servant, out of gratitude for their steadfastness. In time, he found in his heart a fountain the mystic had placed there, a wellspring of living water which quenched his thirst. All who knew him saw him as a witness, and they too, saw and were healed.

—John Zimmer

Lady of the Mists

By soft, dark eyes
 she leads me,
As amber hair melts down her back
And gives her the image of a rose in Winter,
A beauty waiting to be shared,
With unchallenged grace
 she goes on her way
Each step like an unwritten poem,
No man could resist her beauty for long—
No mortal man would dare.
But often she laughs and hides it deep inside
(giving the illusion of shyness)
Allowing no one past the surface to behold her magic soul.
But I have been allowed glimpses of the glory she conceals
And consider myself more than blessed to have shared
 my thoughts with this mystical nymph,
Having only crossed the threshold.
Not all can see through the veil that surrounds her,
Some refuse to gaze through the mists
 and witness everything that she is—
 that she will be—
And allow themselves to be enchanted.
But I have been one of the few
 and have yet to regret my decision to follow,
For the treasures she hides are not easily stolen away
And not every wish is granted,
Someday she will take my hand
 and guide me away from the abyss.
Though I am blind,
 she will lead me
(being my mind as well as my eyes).
Through the mists we will wander together,
 but always alone,
To a cottage of gold and clay and leave the madness behind.

—Stephen Criswell



The Lady of the Mist

Seven Stones

With seven rocks in my hand
alone I stand
casting out my inside

My point of transition
where sea meets land
I have no shelter in which to hide

With these stones, I promise my life
With these words, I promise my life
I've finally realized who I want to be
Throwing my soul to the sea.

—Brian Russell

Courthouse

Like a dog-
mutilated extremity
from careless, beautiful
machine wheels-
I avoid
the road.

-Elizabeth Costales

Affair

Eyes deafened
Hearing blinded
I reach for sweetness
familiar
To find elixir
Tainted.
I drink.
Sweet exploding bitterness-
no conclusion,
only poison
perpetual.
Just death
again.

-Elizabeth Costales

FRIEND

A smile that clothed my naked heart

Enlightened eyes kindly deteriorated
my melancholy mountains

You planted the seed
in my soil

The unknown key
unlocking me from the world's narrowness

Justice. Independence and honesty
pump permanently in my veins

Comfortableness withstood
So it seems

Harrassed, hidden and finally fickle
Forgotten. . . hopefully

Their desert islands of parched dismay
Engulfs worthwhile energy

Forgotten?

your breath recycles my lungs
With whirlwinds of truth

Your freedom chants and cascades
Upon me

I follow. . .
When will we meet again?

—Lisa E. Atkins

blood.

It was as thick and black as the very heart of
Hell
as it trickled through her soul.

The tarnished crucifix seemed alive in her hand.
The bloodied face of Christ contorted in perverse ecstasy
and slowly began to laugh.

In a last, desperate attempt at divine
Forgiveness
she grasped the Holy Relic and pulled the embedded cross
from her Wrist.

She wept softly as the healing blood of
Christ Our Lord
flowed freely and warmly over her
leading her gently into
Peace.

—Samantha McCluney Criswell

thoughts

sun will shine
rain will fall
on friends are to call
daylight goes
darkness comes
from the shadows can not run
do not hide
from the sea
mirror shows only me
questions many
answers few
feel strength as if new
do not fight
nothing's there
wave hands in the air
someone listen
shout your voice
not to hear have no choice
for to care
people do
someone's listening is it you

—Shay Barnes

NOW LET US ALL GIVE THANKS

by

Simon Donoghue and Nancy Manera

The following has been excerpted from Act I of
NOW LET US ALL GIVE THANKS
by Simon Donoghue and Nancy Manera. The play
is to be performed at Belmont Abbey's Haid Theatre
in April 1990.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- Edward Greaves** Very conservative political writer, around sixty years of age. Well-spoken and intimidating. HE can challenge any argument and probably win.
- Ann Greaves** His wife, a few years younger than EDWARD. ANN, too, is quite bright, but with a lighter touch than her husband. Nothing overshadows her loyalty to her family.
- Linda Greaves** Nineteen year old daughter of ANN and EDWARD. LINDA is much more to the left politically than her parents. SHE has a fierce social conscience, but has not yet fully developed the best way to channel it. Intelligent and caring. SHE is almost vulnerable.
- Davis Horowitz** Former 60's political activist. A household word in his heyday, DAVIS is a master of rhetoric and never misses an opportunity to prove it. Having been underground for sixteen years, he has a lot of catching up to do.
- Dana Miller** Newspaper woman, driven solely by her own ambition. In her thirties, SHE can recall the philosophies of the Age of Aquarius, but what's in it for her?
- Peter Mancuso** Photographer accompanying DANA. HE is closer to DAVIS politically, but is basically too tired to do anything about it. A realist, HE goes with the flow.
- Reynolds Chandler** The quintessential overachiever. REYNOLDS personifies the Reagan Era. In his early twenties, HE is already practicing law and making the big money. His only other interest, however, is LINDA.
- Tippi** The Greaves' maid, sixtyish, convinced that SHE is always the smartest person in any given room. SHE might be right.

LINDA

It wasn't. Daddy may not agree with my politics, but he wouldn't pull a stunt like that.

REYNOLDS

Can you just accept the fact that I'm worried about you?

LINDA

What do you mean "worried"?

REYNOLDS

Your friends are silly. I don't understand this whole counterculture thing you're attracted to.

LINDA

(overlapping him in amusement)

"Counterculture"? For God's sake, Reynolds, it's 1988!

REYNOLDS

I don't want to have this argument again!

LINDA

Fine with me!

REYNOLDS

I'm entitled to worry about you! You know how I feel about you!

LINDA

Reynolds, what's with you, anyway? Here you are... young, attractive, well on your way to being extremely wealthy... why waste it all on me?

REYNOLDS

(looking at her... what else... seriously)

Linda, You have considerable potential.

LINDA

Reynolds, You romantic fool.

REYNOLDS

I just don't want to see you throw everything away on...

LINDA

I'm nineteen years old!

REYNOLDS

Just my point. When I was your age, I was already starting law school!

LINDA

What can I say? That's how they do things on Planet Krypton.

REYNOLDS

Oh, God, here we go again! What's so wrong about being an overachiever? Look at your own father. He had a bestseller at twenty-three and was nationally syndicated at twenty-five.

LINDA

My father is brilliant. And it's not the same thing. Daddy is a writer.

REYNOLDS

And I'm a lawyer. So?

LINDA

You know what Shakespeare said about you guys.

REYNOLDS

Now you're going to sledgehammer me with witty quotes from T-shirts? Do you think your father gets paid in Monopoly money?

LINDA

Let's leave Daddy out of this.

REYNOLDS

Fine. You never listen anyway.

LINDA

Congratulations. You've finally noticed.

REYNOLDS

The only reason I went up to New Haven last weekend was. . . oh, hell, Linda, somebody has to keep you on the right track. If you'll excuse the pun.

LINDA

Gee, thanks. He-Man.

REYNOLDS

I'm serious.

LINDA

Reynolds, world hunger is serious.

(DAVIS comes downstairs, without his knapsack. HE stops short at the sight of REYNOLDS, and goes back upstairs. The whole moment is peculiar.)

REYNOLDS

Who was that?

LINDA

Vic.

(ANN enters)

ANN

Hello, Reynolds. I thought it might be you.

(to LINDA)

I just spoke with your brother. He isn't going to be able to get out of Middlebury.

LINDA

Shoot.

ANN

Where is everybody?

LINDA

Still in the study.

ANN

And your new best friend?

LINDA

Still upstairs. I'll go and get the others.

ANN

There's no rush. The radio just said they were closing down 95 and the Merritt parkway. That means the back roads are completely out.

LINDA

But I've got to go out tonight!

REYNOLDS

Change your mind about Chelsea. Lin?

LINDA

(ignoring him)

Vic has a train to catch!

ANN

Sweetheart, what makes you think Amtrak will survive the storm?

LINDA

I don't believe this!

ANN

Linda, is there something you wanted to tell me?

LINDA

Uh, no. Not really.

(DAVIS comes downstairs, carrying his knapsack and wearing his pea coat)
I thought you were taking a nap.

DAVIS

(awkward at being the center of attention)

I was going to, but...listen, if it's okay, I think I'd better get a move on.

LINDA

You can't. The roads are closed, nothing is running...

DAVIS

I'll walk.

ANN

Then you'll die. It's murder out there. I'm Linda's mother, Ann Greaves. You must be...Vic?

DAVIS

Yeah.

ANN

Nice to meet you at last. We've heard so little about you.

PETER

(coming back down the stairs)

It's a real sideshow up there. Mr. Greaves is lecturing Dana about foreign policy. I don't think I've ever seen her go this long without a chance to open her mouth.

ANN

Well, it's time for recess. I guess I'd better go up and tell her about the slumber party we've got going here tonight.

You mean we're stuck here? PETER
 Imagine my delight. ANN
 Mrs. Greaves, can I come up and say hello to Mr. Greaves? REYNOLDS
 Reynolds, he's in the middle of an interview. . . oh, what the hell. Come on. ANN
 (as THEY exit, HE offers his hand to DAVIS)
 Reynolds Chandler. REYNOLDS
 Vic. . . DAVIS
 Talbot. LINDA
 (simultaneously with LINDA)
 Smith. DAVIS
 Vic Talbot - Smith. LINDA
 (PETER and ANN take in the exchange, as does REYNOLDS, who doesn't show it)
 Vic Talbot - Smith. REYNOLDS
 (To LINDA)
 Rethink our talk, huh, Linny?
 (HE and ANN exit)
 So much for my football weekend. PETER
 Sorry about that. LINDA
 Vic Talbot - Smith? PETER
 Right. DAVIS
 Pete Mancuso. How's it going? PETER
 On a scale of one to ten? DAVIS
 I know what you mean. I've been waiting months for this game. PETER

I wish I had your problems.
 Vic . . .
 (to PETER)
 Sorry.

DAVIS
 LINDA
 DAVIS

PETER
 Forget it. Hey, it can't snow forever. So how do you two know each other?

DAVIS
 We met at Yale.

PETER
 What, are you a teacher?

DAVIS
 No, nothing like that. More of a graduate student.

PETER
 What are you studying?

DAVIS
 Political Science.

PETER
 No kidding. Well, you picked a good place to get stuck, given her father.

LINDA
 Didn't he? How about a drink, Vic?

DAVIS
 I don't drink.

LINDA
 Oh. Well, coffee? Coke?

DAVIS
 Nothing.
 (goes to front door)
 I'm just going to check how bad it is, okay?

LINDA
 I don't think that's such a good idea.

DAVIS
 Don't worry, I'll be right back.
 (HE exits)

PETER
 You know, he reminds me of someone.

LINDA
 Really?

PETER
 Yeah. I can't quite put my finger on it, but I could swear I've met him before.

LINDA

Oh, I doubt it. He looks like everybody.

PETER

Maybe, but still . . . it bugs me. I've got a great memory for people. It's kind of a help in this business.

LINDA

I suppose. But I don't see how you could have known Vic. He's really kind of a recluse.

PETER

How did you guys get to be friends, then?

LINDA

(sharply)

What difference does it make? We just are, that's all!

PETER

(a little surprised at the reaction)

Hey, don't get excited. I was only asking.

LINDA

I'm sorry. It's just that when you grow up in a family like this, privacy gets to be kind of a fetish. Mom and Dad were always careful to keep us in the background.

PETER

So how come you've had such a high profile recently?

LINDA

What do you mean?

PETER

I took a look at Dana's notes while I was upstairs. You're kind of an odd kid for Edward Greaves to produce.

LINDA

My politics have nothing to do with my family.

PETER

From where I sit, politics is what this family is about.

LINDA

No it isn't. I mean, sure, Daddy makes his living as a columnist, but we're people, too.

PETER

(half-jokingly)

How does your father take his daughter waving the red flag in New Haven?

LINDA

"The red flag"? I work for things I believe in. Taking a stand doesn't exactly make me a Stalinist!

PETER

Hey, don't get me wrong. I was against the Vietnam War. I just think that it's kind of funny that someone from this background. . .

(indicates the room)
managed to develop. . .

LINDA

(sarcastically)
A social conscience? Gee, thanks, Peter.

PETER

Don't get mad.

LINDA

Too late.

PETER

C'mon. I didn't. . .

LINDA

You're patronizing me!

PETER

No, I'm not.

LINDA

You most certainly are! I'm doing what I think is right, and if the fact that my family has money somehow makes me ineligible in your eyes. . .

PETER

I didn't mean it that way.

LINDA

Oh, no? "I was against the Vietnam War." What the hell was that?

PETER

Calm down, honey.

LINDA

Just save it, okay?

(DAVIS comes back into the room)

DAVIS

(stamping his feet)
Your mother wasn't kidding.

(feels the tension)
Did I miss something?

LINDA

Forget it, Davis.

DAVIS

Linda!

PETER

Davis? I thought you said his name was. . .
(looks carefully at DAVIS)

Wait a minute here. That's it!

LINDA

Damn.

PETER
Davis Horowitz!
(HE leaps for his camera)

DAVIS
I told you this would happen! Didn't I? Didn't I? The minute we walked through the door! God! Reporters! And then to call me by name? What the hell is the matter with you?

LINDA
I'm sorry! It just slipped out!

PETER
Don't be so hard on her, Horowitz. It took me awhile, but I would have gotten it eventually. By the way, who's your plastic surgeon?

DAVIS
(sees PETER with the camera)
What the hell do you think you're doing?

PETER
It's posterity time, Davis. Smile for the birdie. You're a man people want to see.

LINDA
You can't take his picture!

PETER
They're not likely to believe a sketch.
(DAVIS grabs his camera and smashes it to the floor)
Well. Age certainly hasn't mellowed you, Horowitz.

PETER
(to LINDA)
So who does this make you, Patty Hearst?

DAVIS
I've gotta get out of here!

LINDA
He's not a criminal!

PETER
You don't get to be on th FBI's Ten Most Wanted for good deeds. He and his pals blew the hell out of a five story building at the University of New Hampshire! You're right! He's not a criminal, he's a terrorist!

LINDA
What he did made a political statement!

PETER
Give me a break.

DAVIS
Do you think the revolution is over?

PETER
Oh, brother, do you people still talk like that?
(to LINDA)
You could get arrested for this!

LINDA

Oh, I don't think so.

PETER

Because you're Edward Greaves' daughter? What happened to that song and dance about how that doesn't matter?

LINDA

That's not fair. . .

PETER

Exactly, sweetheart.

(to DAVIS)

And what the hell is the matter with you, dragging her into your mess?

DAVIS

Why don't you butt out? She knows what she's doing. Nothing is going to happen to her.

PETER

(to LINDA)

Is that what he told you?

(back to DAVIS)

You sanctimonious twit!

DAVIS

You don't know me! You don't know anything about me!

PETER

Hey, Horowitz, I marched. I carried signs. But I never blew anyone up!

DAVIS

The building was empty. Nobody got hurt. You don't know what you're talking about!

LINDA

You have to keep it context!

PETER

Don't be such a college student, Linda. This isn't Political Theory 101 debating in what "context" blowing up an ROTC building is socially acceptable.

LINDA

You were against the war. The war was the context!

PETER

Linda, that was seventeen years ago!

LINDA

If he was right then, he's right now.

DAVIS

Don't try and justify me to him! Mr. Radical For A Day! (to PETER) Your kind makes me sick.

LINDA

Shut up, both of you! In about five minutes a lot of people are going to walk back into this room. What are we going to do?

CONTRIBUTORS

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