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# Hoi Polloi

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# Contents

As I sat down to write this third and final introduction as editor of *Hoi Polloi*, I felt it was a good time to personally thank Dr. Bob Croft and the entire Gainesville College faculty and staff for their aid and support while I've attended this institution. Editing *Hoi Polloi* has proven to be one of the most gratifying educational experiences of my time here. As with previous years, the essays submitted for publication were both well-written and insightful. This year's edition of *Hoi Polloi* represents only the tip of the iceberg of the talent here at the College. Congratulations to this year's selected writers.

Once again, I would like to thank Dr. Croft, who provided encouragement, expertise, and especially his valuable time to make this publication a reality and to the entire English Department and the Student Editorial Board for their hard work in preparing this year's edition. Furthermore, our appreciation goes to Dr. Russell Greer, from Texas Woman's University, for judging this year's Gainesville College Writing Contest and to Justin Post for this year's cover.

Any Gainesville College students interested in submitting essays to future editions of this publication should contact their English professors or Dr. Croft, the *Hoi Polloi* faculty advisor, for more information.

Rebecca Nix  
Editor

# Introduction



There once was an eager student who wanted to gain wisdom and insight. He went to the wisest man of the town, Socrates, to seek his counsel. Socrates was an old soul and had great knowledge of many things. The boy asked the town sage how he too could acquire such mastery. Being a man of few words, Socrates chose not to speak, but to illustrate.

He took the child to the beach and, with all his clothes still on, walked straight out into the water. He loved to do curious things like that, especially when he was trying to prove a point. The pupil gingerly followed his instruction and walked into the sea, joining Socrates where the water was just below their chins. Without saying a word, Socrates reached out and put his hands on the boy's shoulders. Looking deep into his student's eyes, Socrates pushed the student's head under the water with all his might.

A struggle ensued, and just before the boy died, Socrates released him. The boy raced to the surface and, gasping for air and choking from salt water, looked around for Socrates in order to retaliate. To the student's bewilderment, the old man was waiting patiently on the beach. When the student arrived on the sand, he angrily shouted, "*Why did you try to kill me?*" The wise man calmly retorted with a question of his own: "*Boy, when you were underneath the water, not sure if you would live to see another day, what did you want more than anything in the world?*"

The student took a few moments to reflect, then went on with his intuition. Softly he said, "*I wanted to breathe.*" Socrates, now illuminated by his own huge smile, looked at the boy comfortably and said, "*Ah! When you want wisdom and insight as badly as you wanted to breathe, it is then you shall have it.*"

Ambition is a powerful tool when used correctly. In the story above, the student's goal is to acquire wisdom and insight, but he does not have the ambition to achieve his objective. Every day people face goals, and the approach one takes towards his or her aspiration can be the difference between success and failure. There are three categories of ambition: overachievers, lazy bums, and the enlightened. Life rewards action, and when using the "enlightened" level of ambition, anything that one can imagine one can achieve.

The most exhausting level of ambition exists in the overachiever. For this type of person, saying "no" would be unthinkable. Moving and speaking in fast-forward almost constantly, overachievers are known for saying things

like, “There’s just not enough time in the day,” while trying to accomplish more in that day than most people attempt to accomplish in a week. The overachiever usually appears stressed, tired, hungry and unhealthy, because sleeping a full eight hours or sitting down to eat a decent meal would be a waste of time. My friend Jody is the perfect example of an overachiever, and she always seems to “bite off more than she can chew.” If she could clone herself, her intentions to accomplish so many goals might be met. She sets herself up for failure by not allowing herself enough time to complete her goals; she is always running late. I often tell her that if she does not slow down, she will have an anxiety attack.

Then there are many people who fall under the “lazy bum” category, where procrastination is their only pastime. Moving in slow motion to pause, the lazy bum often carries a careless look because one from this group often is thoughtless. “I’ll just do that later,” is a common reply from this unorganized underachiever; this person’s goals are put off again and again, later to be forgotten. Since self-motivation does not exist in this category, lazy bums often develop low self-esteem because their full potential is never met. One can expect the bare minimum from an individual with these characteristics. Many kids fit into the lazy bum category, since parents often provide motivation to their children. Every parent knows that making a child clean his or her room can be like pulling teeth.

While most people are either overachievers or lazy bums, a few people do understand the idea of ambition. These enlightened individuals have a drive to succeed and know how to use self-motivation without overloading themselves. These individuals use ambition to achieve their goals. Time management and organization are just two of this group’s many strengths. Most of these individuals keep detailed personal planners and allow ample time for every task. Allowing enough time for meals and rest causes the enlightened to appear healthier than others. My friend Beth is a classic example of an enlightened person, and she completes almost every goal she is faced with, on time, and without stressing. She creates plans instead of making excuses and is often rewarded with success. Thus, being among the enlightened few requires balance and common sense.

Unfortunately, one’s intentions are not met without planning and taking action. Perhaps Ben Franklin stated this idea best when he said, “Well done is better than well said.” While all three categories of ambition do sometimes overlap, few people possess the qualities of the enlightened group. Properly managing one’s ambition will lead to endless success.

**Lynn Hulsey**  
*Memories*

The first thick snow of the winter season blanketed the ground, and the morning sun gleamed in the cloudless blue sky. Together, the pair caused an almost blinding view of the world outside our window. The new day ahead was filled with promises of snowball fights, slippery fun, and screeches of delightful laughter. Bulky coats, waterproof boots, fuzzy mittens, and earmuffs were our only defense against the cold, the wet, and each other. Having made the final decision to explore the undisturbed snowy grounds, we took off on our familiar journey through the woods to Pa and Granny's house.

Time seemed to stand still all around us during our walk. The trail, worn by Pa's farm tractor, could not be seen because the snow had hidden it beneath its depths. This thick blanket made our walk more adventurous because instead of following the well-beaten path, we wove in and out of trees not knowing where our steps would lead us. Every sound was muffled. As crows squawked over our heads, their cries fell flat on our ears like a three-day-old Coke that had been left open and lost its fizz. The bare trees looked like scrawny sticks a child had clumsily placed upright in the snow. Some trees were leaning on each other, and others had lengthy branches that stuck out like arms waiting to grab the next person who passed by. The wind was calm, but the air was cold, and we were constantly blowing puffs of white "smoke" as we trekked our way up one hill and down the next. The tranquil feeling that we were the only people stirring about was comforting because we were undisturbed in our own time.

My cousins PJ and Bryce were secretly hidden behind the trees to surprise us with fresh snowballs that were often unexpectedly hurled our way. Catilyn and Abigail, my sisters, ran further ahead to lie in the snow and to make an army of snow angels that greeted us upon our arrival. All the while, Pearl and I slowly lagged behind to take in the view and take pictures to help keep the memory alive.

As we approached Pa and Granny's house, I saw the pond. Glistening in the bright sunlight like a huge diamond carefully placed in its mount, it sat calm and still without the slightest blemish, whereas in the summer all kinds of ripples could be seen on its surface due to the residents that would occupy it during that time. I had to stop walking to take in the full view of the landscape. PJ stood beside me with a distant look on his face as if he were

trying to sort out his memories of that special place. He was going back in time in his mind, and only he could see what once had been. When he finally spoke, he shared his visions with us on the banks of that old pond.

He told us he used to swim in the pond when he was a child. Listening to him tell us a couple of swimming tales, I became aware of how much the old swimming hole had actually meant to him. I had heard the tales before, but being in the place where the events had actually taken place made the stories seem as real as they could have been without my reliving them. I could see PJ as a small boy running and jumping off the worn boat ramp and splashing into the water beneath. I saw the two long rope swings off to our left that were as tall as the trees that surrounded the pond. The ropes were old now, frail from the weather they had been exposed to every season since they had been hung. They looked as if they would snap with the application of the slightest weight. PJ said that when he was little, if he swung high enough, he could jump from the swings and fall into the middle of the pond. I could see that happening as I looked at the still pieces of rope and back at the pond again. I could almost feel the cool water soothing the effects of that summer's heat.

Bright white snow decorated the grounds all around the pond on that day. Summer's green grass would layer the outskirts of the water soon enough. I envisioned a little blond boy, about 10 years old, sitting on the outer banks, fishing with his pole. I saw Pa and the little boy in their rowboat in the middle of the pond, fishing for Old Joe, the biggest bass in the water that kept getting away. I felt my own childhood memories of my own special place and time surfacing as we turned and walked on to Pa and Granny's house.



**Robin Roper**  
*Changes in Attitude*

September 11, 2001 began just like any other day. People rushed off to work and school, everyone for him or herself. Then the events within one short, terrifying hour changed our ways of living forever. The world watched in horror as the planes hit, the towers crumbled, and people panicked. Immediately, our selfish ways dissolved into altruistic concern for our fellow Americans. New York City's firefighters, police, and rescue workers poured onto the scene, an overwhelming amount of blood was donated, and churches filled with people praying for our country. The attitudes of United States citizens have gone through undeniable changes since September 11. Rivals became comrades with a common resolve that magnified our unity. Our outlook on and thoughts of the United States have forever changed.

Before September 11, "freedom" had become an almost meaningless word; it was just another blessing taken for granted in America. We complained about going to school, not liking our lunches, and the air-conditioning not being cool enough, never realizing how petty our concerns were. Only when our freedom was threatened did we realize how much freedom we had. Through media coverage, Americans were forced to compare all we have to the lack of freedom and rights in countries like Afghanistan. We had never considered life without music, education, or merely the ability to go out in public with an uncovered face. Before the tragedies in New York and Washington, most of the privileges we have in this country went unnoticed. Now, however, every American has a newfound appreciation for our freedom. We no longer worry about what we now realize are trivial matters, but have turned our focus towards more important parts of life. Americans have given family, friends, and neighbors higher priority. The sense of "dog-eat-dog" has turned to "person-help-person."

Though they risked their lives for others every day before September 11, firefighters and police were seen as no more important than any other occupation. The job of a civil servant used to be seen only as a blue-collar, low-paying position. After the unforgettable day in September, however, these ordinary civil servants would forever remain in our hearts and minds as heroes. As the world listened to the rescue workers' stories, we learned what true heroism is--doing one's duty to the best of one's ability even in the most harrowing situation. The selfless act of rushing into the smoking, unstable towers to save others now symbolizes American strength and integrity. The

rescue workers also inspired other Americans to put aside their differences and work together to help those in need. Now, we see it is necessary to unite as one people working to assure a safe and prosperous future for our country.

Other symbols of America had also faded into the background of our busy lives. The flags flying in the air were no more than pieces of cloth flapping in the wind. When a flag led the way in a parade, no admiring eyes watched, no hats were removed, and no hands were placed over hearts. In the schools, the memorized words of the Pledge of Allegiance were carelessly mumbled through as hurriedly as possible to get to the “more important” parts of school. Now, however, the sight of the American flag brings both honor and sadness to every American heart. We realize how much stands behind those stars and stripes. Standing proudly behind that flag is a great people, a great heritage, and a great country. There is a country that was before unappreciated, though it offered so much.

Looking at America before and after one single day in history, one may think he or she is looking at two different countries. The United States has truly united since September 11. No longer are we making our own needs our first priority. After thirty years of trying to do just the opposite, we are now following President Kennedy’s advice to ask not what our country can do for us, but what we can do for our country.

**Odette Vaughn***Becoming a Grandparent*

There is one road traveled by all. On this road of life we meet many different people and encounter many different events. Everyone we meet and every event that occurs is potentially life changing; however, no other event has affected my life greater than that of becoming a grandparent.

My first reaction to becoming a grandparent was joy mixed with a sense of shock. On Easter Sunday, 1990, I held in my arms six pounds, four ounces of my future joy and wonder. As I looked into Rachel's perfect little face, I thought, "This can't be happening; I am not old enough to be a grandmother." Besides that, I thought of Rachel's parents, my son Paul and his lovely wife Sebrina, as kids themselves. How could they possibly take care of this little angel? Could I even remember how to change a diaper? The pink, furry, floppy eared bunny I had bought to welcome her, sat at the end of the tiny hospital bassinet while I stood glued to the nursery window with tears of joy and bewilderment.

After the first shock waves passed, I began to learn some valuable lessons about love and respect. When Rachel was born, I still had three children of my own at home. For a short while, I must admit that I neglected them a little. Andrea, at eleven, my youngest, soon taught her mom not to let the new granddaughter monopolize all of her attention. At the same time, watching Andrea's attachment to the baby grow made me realize what a true gift from God family love is. While respect for our elders is easy, learning respect for adult children is another story. At first I thought that I was the only one who knew how to care for the new baby properly, but watching Sebrina lovingly feed, dress and talk to Rachel, showed me a blossoming new mother. One day I visited their home unannounced, and the three of them were seated at the table enjoying a meal, not cooked by me. They were a family.

Having learned my lessons well, I dramatically altered my life's priorities. Before becoming a grandparent, my life was so packed with obligations that I thought nothing more could be added. I worked as a supervisor in the cutting department of Men's Apparel Group, a tuxedo manufacturing company where demanding schedules and delivery dates kept me running all day. When I finally left work, I shopped, cooked, cleaned, helped with homework, and drove children to piano practice and ball games. Of course, we also attended all church activities regularly at First Pentecostal.

I was so busy with the “doing” part of my life that I really wasn’t getting much of the “living” part done. The arrival of grandchildren brought an awakening to the knowledge that this life is too short not to be truly enjoyed. So now I let the dishes wait while I rock the baby, or occasionally I miss work because of Grandparent’s Day at school. Number one on my list of priorities is to teach my little ones to love God and enjoy His blessings.

With my priorities straight, I now find that the rewards of being a grandparent never end. In the eleven years since Rachel’s birth, seven more treasures have come into my world: Nathan, Karen, Joshua, Marcus, Aaron, Travis, and Rebecca. Each is unique in personality, temperament, and talent, but equal in joy and love drawn from my heart. It is difficult not to feel good about myself when I have such a large fan club. They literally inspire me to be a better person. Whether I am with them together or one at a time, life stands still as we talk, laugh or learn together. To them I am the world’s best cook, and they will always include me in their games. Whether playing Indians with the boys or dolls with the girls, the fun never grows old. Lately, Rachel has outgrown the kid stuff and I have gained a loyal friend who shares many of my interests. I am looking forward to more growing friendships with my grandchildren.

And so it is that becoming a grandparent has affected me in such a way as nothing before ever has. Yes, life is full of many events and people, but grandparenthood is one of the most interesting attractions along life’s well-traveled road.



Walk with me a moment; I have something I want to show you. It's not far, just down this path. Watch your step; not many come this way. Here is what I want you to see. This is the Library of the Cosmos. You've been here before; you just don't remember. Come inside. I'd give you the grand tour, but you probably don't have time. Just look to your left and right. In this library way over there on your left, time began. Time hasn't stopped yet, so there's no solid wall on your right, and that side of the library is continuously growing longer. Yes, this is an enormous building. It has to be. The shelves hold the stories of all the souls who have lived on the planet Earth. Billions upon billions of books, each one an exact account of how humans lived their lives, line these shelves. If you look closely, you can see that most of these books are never read. They are disintegrating, the words on the ancient pages fading away into the dark shadows clinging to this library's ceiling.

Now walk this way with me and I will tell you what I wanted to tell you. I'm afraid of something. My greatest fear is mediocrity. I'm afraid that when my own story is written it will sit on that shelf over there and disintegrate into meaningless dust. No one ever reads the stories of mediocre people. Why? Because we want to be more than mediocre. We take in the stories of heroes and heroines--men and women who did something with their lives that earned them the respect of their community, their country, and their world. Here, come into this alcove. There's a tapestry here I want you to see. Let me brighten the lights. Obviously, she is not well known, hidden away in this little niche. However, she worked so hard to change so many lives and brought so much good into the world, I have chosen to pattern my own life after hers.

Her name was Amy Carmichael. Look at the tapestry. See these gold threads mingled with misty gray and verdant green? They represent her dedication to God. They start early in her life and can be seen throughout the tapestry. In fact, they become brighter, stronger, and more numerous as her life unfolds. If you look closely, you can see that if one gold thread were removed, the tapestry would come undone. I doubt you have time for me to tell you everything she did during her life, but I must tell you what she did in India.



In the early twentieth century, India was a spiritual battlefield, dominated by demonic forces. In a land where female children were considered burdens, female infants were often sold to the temple to be married to the gods. They grew up under the close supervision of the temple women who taught them to dance and play instruments. But that is not all the children were used for. The priests used girls as young as five as prostitutes. They were the *devadasi*: children dedicated to a life of desolation shortened by pain and fear. Their misery was concealed behind the high temple walls. Many orthodox Hindus abhorred the practice of temple prostitution, but they all feared the anger of the priests and would not help the *devadasi*. Those who tried to escape were always captured and cruelly punished. Devout Hindus looked away from their pain and shrugged off fearful indifference.

When Amy Carmichael arrived in India, she had no idea what the Hindu priests were doing inside their temples. As a Christian missionary, she labored tirelessly among the people, struggling to shine her light of truth in their midnight darkness. It was several years before a newly converted native woman brought her a young child. The child's name was Pearleyes. She was a *devadasi* who had miraculously slipped away from the temple women. From her, Amy heard stories that turned the blazing Indian sun black. A group of angry temple women soon stormed Amy's house, demanding the return of Pearleyes. Knowing what awaited her, Pearleyes refused to return to the temple. Amy stood bravely between the girl and her tormentors, refusing to give her up. Finally, the temple women left without the child.

Pearleyes was the first of many young girls Amy would save from the dark pits of the temples. Amy could not rest when children lived in utter darkness. Disguised as an Indian woman, she walked into the temple herself to prove what Pearleyes had told her. What she saw confirmed her worst fears. Children were being used to dance and entertain in the temples. From that day on, Amy worked to save Indian children from living deaths. Because of her courage, hundreds of infants, toddlers, and young girls were saved and brought up in a Christian environment. Despite her pain, her faith in God held strong. Nothing could stop her from fighting the evil that blinded the people of India and pulled Indian children over a black cliff.

People are their most innocent during childhood. These younger years are so simple that all kids worry about is having fun. Children often become confused by their parents' worries. The little ones just do not understand why things bother their parents so much. Sarty, from William Faulkner's "Barn Burning," and Lilia, from Jhumpa Lahiri's "When Mr. Pirzada Came to Dine," are confused about the adult world, and they reach two very different conclusions as they struggle to understand adult concerns.

In "Barn Burning," Sarty feels a strong need to remain loyal to his father, a man who deserves no such honor. Throughout the story, Sarty battles his conscience about whether to stand behind his father or do what is right. In the beginning of the story, Abner stands accused of burning the barn of his neighbor whose only request was for Abner to control his hog. On one hand, Sarty's devotion to his father shows he thinks about his father's accuser as "our enemy . . . ourn! Mine and hisn both! He's my father!" (Faulkner 493). Then at the witness stand, Sarty begins to feel "frantic grief and despair" (494) as he realizes that his father "aims for [him] to lie . . . and [he] will have to do hit" (494). After leaving town and making camp for the night, Sarty reverts back to loyalty "when his father call[s], and once more he follow[s] the stiff back" (496). Abner accuses Sarty of "fixing" to tell on him and strikes his son "with the flat of his hand . . . without heat or anger" (496). Abner explains to Sarty that becoming a man entails "learn[ing] to stick to your own blood or you ain't going to have any blood to stick to" (496). Sarty begins to understand what his father truly represents and questions his continued loyalty to the man.

Upon arriving at the de Spain house, Sarty's loyalties are tested by his attraction to the world of his family's new employers. Sarty becomes filled with "peace and joy" (Faulkner 497) when he sees de Spain's beautiful house. He also recognizes the de Spain home as a place of order and thinks to himself, "Hit's as big as a courthouse" (497). Shortly after making these observations, Sarty witnesses a disruption of de Spain's grandeur by his very own father. As Abner approaches the splendid home, he becomes filled with "jealous rage" (497). Abner's intense hatred leads him to step in a pile of horse manure, which he smears on de Spain's expensive white rug, after being ordered around by de Spain's Negro butler. Abner realizes his son probably feels confused by

his own father's actions, so he identifies de Spain as their enemy, a man who builds his house on the labor of other men. Abner refuses to comply with de Spain's demand to clean the soiled rug and decides that Sarty will witness the power war. Abner retaliates by turning de Spain's plush rug into something "resembling the sporadic course of a Lilliputian mowing machine" (499). De Spain tells him he will fine him twenty bushels of corn for the damaged rug, but Abner takes him to court and gets the penalty reduced to ten bushels, a penalty that a poor man like him can "stand" (501). After the trial, although Abner seems "almost pleasant, almost gentle" (502), Sarty realizes that his father demonstrates neither quality when he hears his mother's voice: "'Abner! No! No! Oh, God. Oh, God. Abner!'" (502). Sarty rises from bed to find his father preparing for the final battle and knows he has had enough.

After being stretched to the limit of whom to be loyal to, de Spain or his father, Sarty chooses neither. Abner tries to force his son's allegiance by having his mother hold him back, but Sarty escapes from his mother's weak hold and breaks free. Although Sarty warns de Spain about the barn, he chooses not to be loyal to him either. Sarty runs from the de Spain house, down the path he knows, "[daring] not to risk" (504) his freedom. He runs "without ceasing to run" (504) from the confusing world of his father and de Spain. With "his back toward what he called home," Sarty chooses to enter the uncertainty of "the dark woods" (504). It strikes him that he no longer feels afraid, but feels "just grief and despair" (504), feelings that he can deal with. Because of his new freedom, Sarty can breathe more easily and awakens the following dawn with a positive outlook on life. As the birds sing, he confidently walks into the spring forest "not look[ing] back" (505).

In "When Mr. Pirzada Came to Dine," Lilia plays a young girl with no understanding of her parents' confusing, faraway homeland. Lilia's world proves to be much different than her parents'. She "learn[s] American history...and American geography" (Lahiri 107). She studies the Revolutionary War and goes "on field trips to . . . Plymouth Rock" (107). Lilia knows her home country America so well that "during tests [she can fill in] blank maps of the thirteen colonies . . . with [her] eyes closed" (107). Using all her time and energy to learn about America, she knows nothing of her native Pakistan's "current situation" (106). When her father asks if she is "aware of East Pakistan's fight for sovereignty," Lilia "nods" even though she is "unaware of the situation" (106). Lilia's father seems rather annoyed when he asks, "What exactly do they teach you at school?" (106). Her mother, on the other hand, "seem[s] genuinely proud . . . [Lilia] was born [in America]" (106). Lilia's parents feel alienated in their new home, America. Her parents have different customs than most Americans. In India, they cook with exotic oils and spices and are used to doctors who make house calls and neighbors



who dropping in uninvited. "In search of compatriots," her parents finger through the university's directory "circling surnames familiar to their part of the world" (105). There they find Mr. Pirzada, a man who worries about his family because they live in a country in the midst of civil war. Mr. Pirzada quickly becomes a close family friend and an inspiration for Lilia.

Lilia becomes interested in Pakistan through meeting Mr. Pirzada. Every night he is invited to dinner to watch the news with Lilia's family. To show his appreciation to his new friends, Mr. Pirzada brings candy to Lilia every night. Lilia notices Mr. Pirzada do "a curious thing" (108) with his pocket watch. Every night before he eats, he winds the watch to make sure the time is precisely "set to the local time in Dacca" (108), where his family lives. The kindness of Mr. Pirzada and his obvious worry for his loved ones lead Lilia to "pray that Mr. Pirzada's family [is] safe and sound" (109). Lilia's awareness of Mr. Pirzada's preoccupation with his homeland sparks an interest in her to learn more about her own heritage. Her desire to learn more about Pakistan becomes evident when she chooses a book in the school library titled *Pakistan: A Land and Its People* instead of one about the surrender at Yorktown. Getting to know Mr. Pirzada helps open Lilia's eyes to the world of which her parents speak so fondly.

Lilia continues to be inquisitive about Pakistan at Halloween. She realizes a huge difference between America's festive holiday fear and Mr. Pirzada's real fear. Mr. Pirzada's knife slips when he hears the horrible news about his homeland, making "a gash dripping toward the base of the pumpkin" (111) he had been carving. Mr. Pirzada feels unsure of the American custom of trick-or-treating on Halloween night and asks Lilia's parents if "there [is] any danger" (112). While she is out, Lilia sees a coffin from which a man rises "in silence . . . deposit[ing] a fistful of candy into [her] sack" (113). She learns from the news on T.V. that thousands in Pakistan will never rise from their coffins. That night it "occur[s] to [her] that the television is not on at Dora's house" (113). Dora's family's disregard for the news seems insensitive to Lilia, whose family watches the stories unfold every night, arising only during the commercials. After returning home from trick-or-treating, Lilia notices her ruined pumpkin and begins to cry. She realizes there are real things to worry about when she sees Mr. Pirzada with "his head in his hands" (114). She knows that the issues are getting worse in Pakistan when her father no longer asks her to watch the news with him and when Mr. Pirzada stops bringing her candy. She cannot get out of her mind how "the three of them operat[e] . . . as if they [are] a single person, sharing a single meal, a single body, a single silence, and a single fear" (114). Seeing and hearing about all the death and pain on the news reveals to Lilia that there remains more to life than her simple childhood world.

Lilia's involvement with Mr. Pirzada gives her a better understanding of her parents' world. After the family's new friend returns to Pakistan, Lilia "every now and then [studies] the map above her father's desk," imagining Mr. Pirzada "searching for his family" (114). Later she feels relieved to learn that Mr. Pirzada has been reunited with his wife and children and that "all [is] well" (114). Only after the burden of worrying about Mr. Pirzada's safety ceases, does Lilia feel his absence. She then understands what "it mean[s] to miss someone who [is] many miles and hours away, just as [Mr. Pirzada] had missed his wife and daughters for so many months" (115). Lilia's understanding helps her to connect with her parents' world and better understand how they must also feel about their homeland.

In the beginning Sarty and Lilia seem confused about the adult world of their parents. Through the events of each story, the children learn more about these puzzling worlds. Their new information demands action. Sarty's realization of the adult world sends him running, taking charge of his future. Lilia's exposure to the adult world teaches her that there can be more to life than her perception of here and now. She learns the importance of knowing about her heritage and empathizing with people, especially those separated from their families. Through these experiences, the children take one step forward in their journey towards adulthood.



**Kelly Pugh***Will the Real Richard Please Stand Up*

For centuries, Shakespeare's wit, lively plots, and subtle characterizations have made his historic plays nothing shy of captivating. One of his most well-known and popular plays is *Richard III*. Shakespeare's Richard, a villain seeking to win the kingdom of England, will stop at nothing to gain the crown. Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time* is an engaging and cleverly constructed novel that adamantly argues against Shakespeare's version of *Richard III*. In this compelling rendition of the saga of Richard III, Tey's hospital bound-detective, with the help of a historical researcher, solves the old mystery of who really killed the young princes in the Tower.

The real Richard, Tey affirms, was loyal to his family, loved by them, and was not physically deformed. At a very young age the "remarkable devotion of Richard to his eldest brother was born" (53). Richard's parents shared "a very successful marriage" (61). This bond perhaps led to the strong devotion of the York family, who "even before tribulations, was a united one" (61). One example of the family's unity is Richard's assistance in helping his brother, George, Duke of Clarence, convince Margaret of Burgundy into an alliance. Richard also has a deep love for his wife Anne, his cousin whom he has known since childhood. Richard was not a hunchback as Shakespeare portrays him, for "he had no visible deformity" (98). In fact, Tey argues that Richard acts honorably and selflessly in his brother the King's death. Richard was in Scotland when Edward died and in no way acted suspiciously as he returned to London. In fact, Richard returned to London with "six hundred gentlemen of the North, all in deep mourning" (115). All the while, Rivers and Dorset are plotting to take the throne. They plot, despite knowing that Edward had "appointed Richard guardian of the boy and Protector of the Kingdom in case of any minority" (115). Only because they try not to include Richard does he join with the Duke of Buckingham, an old friend of Edward IV's, in order to arrest Rivers and his aides so that Edward's will may be fulfilled.

Despite all of these facts, Richard does not take the young Prince directly to the Tower. Instead, he takes him to the Bishop's Palace in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he would be safe until Richard's return. On June 5, Richard "gave detailed orders for the boy's coronation" (117) to be beheaded on June 22. This order alone proves that Richard would not have allowed

himself time for a switchover. The legitimacy of Edward's children is questioned and rightfully so. These charges are made by the priest who married Edward and his first wife. Not only are the statements concerning Edward's illegitimate children true, but they are openly stated and proved in Parliament. After hearing these charges, Lord Hastings, along with other Lords, attempts to assassinate Richard. A week later and following a fair trial, Richard orders the death of Hastings. Richard, however, does grant "Hastings' forfeited estates to his widow, and restores the children's right of succession to them--which they had automatically lost" (124).

Tey believes that there is really no case against Richard, only rumors that he murdered the princes. Richard shows no hostility or fears towards the Yorkist heirs who represent possible rival claims to the throne. Richard also provides "generously for their upkeep and grant[s] all of them their royal state" (188). The only accusations against Richard come from his enemy, John Morton, Bishop of Ely. In addition, there was no public denial of the murders in Richard's lifetime as there would have been if there had been a rumor. Richard himself "would have made a public denial of the rumor if the rumor was general" (161). Additionally, if Tyrrel, at Richard's request, really murdered the children, it seems odd that no charge was made against him until twenty years after the crime was committed. Finally, Henry brought a Bill of Attainder against Richard before Parliament in which he accused "Richard of cruelty and tyranny but [failed to] even mention the murder" (100). He would have if the rumor had been correct.

Clearly, Josephine Tey proclaims Richard a loyal man, devoted to his country and family. Her Richard is generous and lenient with the punishment of his enemies. He is loving towards and loved by his family. Her Richard is obviously a calm and well-mannered man. In contrast, Shakespeare's Richard is a traitor to his country and family. Shakespeare portrays Richard as a foul-tempered, conniving, and disloyal person. In spite of Josephine Tey's creditable argument against Shakespeare's *Richard III*, it is the bard's Richard that has become the one of history.

**Rebecca Hurtado**

*Fortinbras and Hamlet: Perfect Opposites*

What degree of importance can a character have in a play's plot if he or she only enters the picture in the second to last scene? William Shakespeare proves in his tragedy *Hamlet* that a late appearance does not make a character any less important. Main characters only speak about the young Fortinbras of Norway in the beginning of the play, mentioning his movements and his score to settle. Only in the fourth act does he appear, yet his influence precedes his appearance. With and without physical presence, he strongly influences the actions of Hamlet himself, and therefore directly affects the outcome and mood of the play.

Fortinbras's importance begins with his part in the play's recurring revenge motif. In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare uses the popular Elizabethan revenge theme generously. Shakespeare creates a situation of interwoven revenge plots, all involving fathers and sons. In the first of the father/son revenge plots, Fortinbras's vengeful intentions and immediate action set the stage for the intricate plan that Hamlet will make to repay his own father's death. Fortinbras has "sharked up a list of lawless resolute" (I.i.98) in order to exact his revenge, starting the play with a forceful note that Hamlet can never seem to match. Throughout the story, Fortinbras strategizes and enacts his revenge on Denmark. A sharp contrast to Hamlet, Fortinbras's direct and unwavering course of action helps to make him the most successful in avenging his father's death.

As he enacts his revenge, Fortinbras manages to depict the perfect character foil to Hamlet. While Hamlet's fatal flaw is a combination of his indecision and lack of action, Fortinbras begins marching with his soldiers from Norway in the play's very first scene. From the beginning to the end, Fortinbras leads an unrelenting march for his father's honor. Hamlet merely schemes scene after scene; meanwhile, Fortinbras marches closer and closer to his intended target. Hamlet marvels at Fortinbras's merciless trek in one of his soliloquies: "Witness this army of such mass and charge, led by a delicate and tender prince, whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed, makes mouths at the invisible event, exposing what is mortal and unsure" (IV.iv.47-51). Wistfully, Hamlet muses over the role model that Fortinbras should provide for him. Fortinbras's stubborn persistence magnifies all of Hamlet's imperfections by comparison.

Even as Fortinbras brings out Hamlet's flaws, he also inspires him to seek action. When Hamlet finally encounters the Norwegian prince on his journey, Hamlet realizes that he has more than enough reason to seek his fatal revenge. Fortinbras's unyielding spirit gives Hamlet the motivation to finally act on his vengeful, yet righteous plot. Hamlet closes the fourth act by stating, "From this time forth, my thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!" (IV.v.65-66). Leading by example, Fortinbras shows Hamlet that action needs to take place uninterrupted. Actions cannot be hindered by the fear of consequences but are performed for the sake of honor. Without inspiration from Fortinbras, Hamlet may have been murdered before he even had a chance to initiate his own revenge. In the end, a dying Hamlet names Fortinbras king of the monarchless Denmark, commenting that Fortinbras "has my dying voice" (V.ii.357). This action has undeniable meaning. Hamlet knows that if he had only had the drive of Fortinbras that he would have had a successful journey to the throne himself; instead, he endlessly ponders and plots until his own trap catches him. Acting in Fortinbras's manner would have guaranteed Hamlet his father's throne; therefore it is only proper that Fortinbras should inherit the empty seat. Ultimately, Fortinbras's drive is so unstoppable that not only does it enable him to exact revenge for his father but also to acquire the spoils of another man's revenge.

Clearly, young Fortinbras of Norway manages to influence the prince of Denmark in the most profound ways. Despite his seemingly inconsequential role as a minor character, he holds much importance in the play. William Shakespeare creates a story in *Hamlet* in which the smallest of roles can actually have the most influence.



**Anna Dunn**  
*Comedic Characters*

“What do Alexander the Great and Kermit the Frog have in common?” “Why was the snowman so popular?” It’s a time tested fact that everyone loves a funny riddle or joke. Usually though, it’s the most nonsensical or obvious answers that provide the most amusement. People love the unexpected surprise that the punchline brings. Similarly, the unexpected or ridiculous mannerisms, opinions, and reactions of different people in a variety of circumstances can also be humorous. Jane Austen’s novel *Pride and Prejudice* tells a story of romance, as well as all the comedic events that accompany such entanglements. Throughout the book, the characters’ personalities offer an abundance of comedy to its readers.

One such character is Mr. Collins, who can quite accurately be described as annoying as a fly buzzing in one’s ear. Mr. Collins has the absurd habit of not merely showering his friends and family with praise, but instead drowning them in it. Just as he drowns his friends with compliments, he also buries them in their graves when he begins to apologize. One time “he continue[s] to apologize for about a quarter of hour” (57). His idea of status conflicts with his actions and dialogue. He thinks himself a virtuous and righteous man, although he’ll deny it publicly, especially at every chance he finds to shove his opinion down his listeners’ ears. Although Elizabeth begs Mr. Collins not to make a fool of himself at Bingley’s ball by introducing himself to Mr. Darcy, he heightens her fears by replying, “For give me leave to observe that I consider the clerical office as equal in point of dignity with the highest rank in the kingdom--provided that a proper humility of behavior is at the same time maintained” (85). Clearly, this man can never find the appropriate words to say.

As annoying as Mr. Collins is, his patroness Lady Catherine de Bourgh is not much more tolerable. Due to the high station of her birth, she has formed an opinion of herself that quite possibly exceeds the height of her social status. She labors under the misguided belief that the world revolves around her every whim and that her advice and judgment alone are correct and acceptable. On driving to Longbourn just to thwart the rumors of a possible marriage between Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth, she “insists on being satisfied. . . . Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin. . . . I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require” (295-97). Surrounding herself with fools like Mr. and Mrs. Collins, who



accede to her every wish and suggestion, Lady Catherine dispenses extensive advice all the while expressing views that make her appear absolutely ridiculous when compared to the other characters in the novel.

The Bennett family itself is composed of several unique characters. Mrs. Bennett and her daughters, Catherine and Lydia, are the most asinine and dense characters in the novel. Mrs. Bennett's gossiping nature and imperfect manners are a frequent embarrassment to her eldest daughters as are Catherine and Lydia's constant flirting. Mr. Bennett, however, cannot be compared to any of these characters. Being a well-bred gentleman, he always knows the correct way to act and respond. In addition, he is extremely clever. His use of sarcasm, often unnoticed by the other characters, deflates the chaos the other characters create and proves how outlandish some of the characters really are. As Mrs. Bennett flutters and flops about the room after hearing of Jane's engagement, screeching of Jane's new happiness and wealth, Mr. Bennett remarks to his daughter that she and Bingley are "each so complying that nothing will ever be resolved on; so easy that every servant will cheat [them]; and so generous that [they] will always exceed [their] income" (290). Mr. Bennett's spontaneous comebacks and clever sarcasm are like a breath of cool air to the reader after all the hot air released by the other characters.

While the characters in the novel go about their lives with utmost sincerity and seriousness, the reader sees each of them and all the silliness and absurdity that their actions and reactions reveal. Together, their interactions provide for a very lighthearted story with plenty of laughs and grins. Just as the characters in the novel are completely given to preposterousness, so they are the answers to the two riddles used to introduce this essay. To the first, the answer is "their middle name" and the second is "because he is so cool." The answers to the riddles, much like the characters in the book, are so stupid that one has no choice but to smile.

**Ashley Gilley**  
*Inside the Fog*

For eons now, humankind has engaged in deadly warfare. For the same amount of time, the folks back home have struggled to comprehend the phenomenon that kills and maims their family members. In the 1960s and 70s, American families watched their sons, and in some cases, their daughters, march into the steaming jungles and foggy mountains of Vietnam. When the youths limped back out, they were soldiers, veterans of bloody war, and forever changed. Tim O'Brien is one such veteran. He is also a talented writer. In his 1991 masterwork, *The Things They Carried*, O'Brien tries to help us, the folks back home, understand what it is like inside the fog of war by telling us his war stories.

We have all heard the legend of the perfect soldier, the hero who risked everything for his comrades, his cause, and his country. If we believe that legend, then we believe war is an honorable thing. War will strengthen our courage and ennoble our minds. As veterans, we would tell stories to uplift and inspire younger brothers and sisters. If we believe the legend, war is an essential experience that all must go through to reach the epitome of humanity. O'Brien disagrees. "A true war story," he writes, "is never moral. It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper human behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things they have always done" (514). O'Brien does not contradict himself in *The Things They Carried*. The war stories he tells did not inspire kids to strive to achieve great deeds of glory on the battlefield. Instead, O'Brien uses the stories to unmask the reality of war.

In *The Things They Carried*, O'Brien creates a narrator, also named O'Brien, to tell his war stories. By doing this, he creates a vague sense of distortion. O'Brien was in Vietnam, but at the same time he was not. The reader is never able to tear the truth away from the fiction, thus creating exactly the effect that O'Brien wants. He wants the reader to understand how truth can be fiction and fiction truth. He wants the folks back home to understand what happened to their children. For example, the narrator O'Brien tells the true war story about Curt Lemon, one of his buddies. Of his death, O'Brien writes, "He was playing catch with Rat Kiley, laughing, and then he was dead" (521). Valor was not involved. There was no time for courage. A kid was goofing off, took a half step from the shade into sunlight, tripped a booby-trapped mine and was blown apart. O'Brien described the

beginning of Lemon's death as "almost beautiful, the way the sunlight came around him and lifted him up and sucked him into a tree full of moss and vines and white blossoms" (516). O'Brien saw that part, but he looked away as the explosion pulled Lemon's body apart and flung the pieces into the tree. When it was over, O'Brien looked back and saw what was left. He and another soldier, Dave Jensen, climbed a tree to bring down the remains of Lemon's body. "The gore was horrible," O'Brien says, "and stays with me. But what wakes me up 20 years later is Dave Jensen singing 'Lemon Tree' as we threw down the parts" (525). "Lemon Tree" is a sweet song about bitter love that the folks back home were singing. The irony of this war story is enough to make stomachs twist in uncertainty, for O'Brien refuses to give us the point of his story. He simply tells it and leaves us to reason our own way out of the mist. We're used to things making sense, so we search for the point or the moral in a war story, or something that will anchor it in reality. But O'Brien says that, "In the end, there's nothing much to say about a true war story, except maybe 'Oh'" (521).

It goes back to being lost in a fog. O'Brien writes that "for the common soldier, at least, war has the feel [. . .] of a great ghostly fog, thick and permanent. There is no clarity. Everything swirls. The old rules are no longer binding, the old truths no longer true" (524). We asked the veterans for true war stories, but they cannot give us truth. O'Brien explains why:

When a guy dies, like Curt Lemon, you look away and then look back for a moment and then look away again. The picture gets jumbled; you tend to miss a lot. And then afterward, when you go to tell about it, there's always that surreal seemingness, which makes this story seem untrue, but which in fact represents the hard and exact truth as it *seemed*. (516)

Not only is it impossible for a veteran to tell a moral war story, it is also impossible for him or her to tell a true war story. To a veteran like O'Brien, it doesn't matter if a war story is true. "I want you to feel what I felt," he says. "I want to know why story-truth is truer sometimes than happening truth" (536). But if war stories cannot be true, how can they be used to explain what it's like inside war? "It comes down to gut instinct," O'Brien says. "A true war story, truly told, makes the stomach believe" (521). In *The Things They Carried*, O'Brien leads us into the mists of Vietnam and leaves us there, groping for answers that do not exist. Every story he tells makes our stomachs twist into knots until we give in and admit the truth. War is the most terrible thing that can happen to a person, and the legends we tell to our children are deadly lies. In the end, all one can say is, "Oh."

In the early 1950s, the American film industry was in a lot of trouble. Many of Hollywood's actors, writers, and directors were affected by the repercussions of Joe McCarthy's Communist witch-hunt and blacklisting. This damaging publicity served to weaken the commercial and social charm that movie audiences previously were drawn to. Additionally, people were intrigued by the success and growing appeal of television. Theatres were experiencing a significant drop in ticket sales during the years 1946 to 1952. Thousands of movie houses had already closed, and in 1952 attendance had dropped to two-thirds of its 1946 level (Morgan 53). This falling attendance forced studio executives to search for a gimmick to get patrons to return to the theatres. What emerged was the three-dimensional (3D) movie.

The introduction of stereoscopic three dimensional film was an attempt to reproduce depth of vision. The audience wore polarized filtered glasses that separated the left and right perspective frames projected on the screen (Katz 1089). This technique treated patrons to sights then impossible to duplicate on television. With the unexpected success of the first 3D movie *Bwana Devil* (1952), studio heads saw an opportunity to cash in on the popularity of this attraction and lure crowds away from their living rooms.

Production of 3D films swept the country in the summer of 1952. Sixty-nine 3D features, predominantly action and horror films, were made over the next eighteen months (Parkinson 161). The audience enjoyed films like the horror classic *House of Wax* (1953), *Dial M for Murder* (1954), and *Creature from the Black Lagoon* (1954). Patrons were entertained with a musical production in 3D called *Kiss Me Kate* (1953), and *Hondo* (1953), a popular Western filmed using the technique. These movies brought in the capacity crowds that Hollywood was used to receiving, but the boom did not last long. The distribution and production costs were affecting the studios, as well as the theatre owners. This conflict forced the studios to look for alternate ways of producing and distributing their movies. The studios had a new and more glamorous bandwagon to jump on, and one by one they started switching to Cinemascope. Slowly 3D fell into a lingering decline in the fall of 1953, and by the spring of 1954, all 3D production had come to a halt. The Hollywood majors had been losing money for several years due to the draw of television, and the added costs of stereoscopic production, color, and stereophonic sound



furthered the financial problem. The need for increased labor, distribution problems, and the publicity rates for 3D films also put a very big strain on the industry's corporate finances.

The method by which 3D, or stereoscopic cinema, was produced caused much of the strain on studio budgets. When humans perceive the environment around them, each eye sees images from a slightly different perspective. In the 3D process, two cameras (or a twin-lens camera) are used for filming, one representing the left eye and the other the right. The two lenses are spaced about 2 ½ inches apart, the same distance as that between a person's eyes. The resulting images are simultaneously projected onto the screen by two synchronized projectors. The viewer must wear differently tinted or polarized glasses so the left and right images are visible only to the eye for which they are intended. The viewer actually sees the images separately, but perceives them in three dimensions because the two images are fused together instantly by the brain.

It was the novelty of being able to see a movie the same way we see the world around us that drew audiences to 3D movies. The first 3D film was a low-budget, independent movie released on November 26, 1952 called *Bwana Devil*. It opened to sold-out crowds, with people lining up for blocks to get in to see the film. Arch Oboler, better known as a radio producer and occasional moviemaker, directed the film, a story about attacks on railroad crews by man-eating lions. Audiences ducked and winced as spears and wild animals seemed to leap from the movie screen at them (Morgan 53). Virtually every review of the film was bad, but despite the frigid press reception, the public flocked to see the picture in droves. By the end of its first week, *Bwana Devil* was an obvious commercial success. It brought in more than \$95,000 at only two theatres (Morgan 53). It proved so successful that United Artists purchased the rights to the film and released it nationally. It became one of the top-grossing films of the time, even though the use of 3D effects was actually kept to a minimum. The few actual 3D scenes in the film included a tossed spear that was difficult to see, a snake hanging from a tree, and the occasional encounter with a pair of scrawny lions. By far the best 3D effect was toward the end of the film when Robert Stack jabbed his rifle toward the cameras (Morgan 55).

Other studios, uninterested in stereoscopic processes just a few months before, began devising their own systems for production employment. By mid-December 1952, *Variety* magazine was calling 3D the movie industry's "Next Big Thing," and inside sources were reporting that almost every studio was working on some sort of 3D system (Morgan 56). The film that was to overshadow even the enormous grosses of *Bwana Devil* opened on April 10, 1953. Warner Brothers' *House of Wax* shattered box office records



everywhere it played, not just in the United States, but worldwide. It had an exciting story, lush production, and excellent cinematography; also, it was in color, had a slightly wider screen (the widest it could go without damaging the many well staged stereo-scenes), and true surround sound (Hayes 26). The 3D aspect of the film is actually a little ironic, since the director, Warner Brothers veteran Andre de Toth, was blind in one eye and would not be able to see the 3D effects of his own film. The film's story was of a sculptor, hideously scarred in a wax museum fire, who rebuilt his museum's collection using human bodies covered in wax. The final cost of the production was only \$680,000 and took only three months to film (Morgan 61). In its premiere week at the Paramount Theater in New York, the film took in a stunning \$123,000 (Morgan 64). At the end of three weeks, *House of Wax* had brought in a million dollars, was the country's top box-office attraction, and was well on its way to becoming one of the most profitable films of all time (Morgan 66).

By 1954, in most major cities, viewers could choose from among five 3D films on any given evening, and 3D films had been topping the box-office charts for two months. Warner Brothers announced that *all* their future films, including *A Star is Born* with Judy Garland, and Elia Kazan's *East of Eden*, would be shot in 3D. But outside this show of bravura, strong resistance to 3D remained. Exhibitors started to voice loud complaints about the quality of the 3D pictures they were showing and the stiff financial terms under which the films were distributed. Theatre owners felt that they were being unfairly squeezed by the cost of installing special equipment to project the films. The projectionists' union demanded a second projectionist at showings of 3D films. Exhibitors also had to incur the cost of buying and distributing the polarizing glasses (Hayes 52). The system was imperfect, from both the audiences' and the exhibitors' point of view. The polarizing glasses were an increasing annoyance and headaches were common when, as often happened, the two mechanically linked projectors went out of step and the left and right images failed to coincide (Bawden 659). The sagging performances of these 3D releases were noted in the front offices of Hollywood. Warner Brothers quietly took the 3D tag off the ads for *East of Eden* and *A Star is Born*. With the studios uncertain about the future of 3D, theater owners were more hesitant than ever to install the necessary equipment. With a limited number of theatres prepared to show their 3D productions, the studios grew ever more reluctant to use the medium.

With 3D gasping what seemed like its last breath, MGM decided to perform a test of its drawing power. They scheduled test engagements in six cities for their only 3D musical, a film called *Kiss Me Kate* (1953), in the end of November. Three major cities would play the 3D version; three other major

cities would show it flat. When the results were in, it was clear the public had chosen 3D. The cities playing the “deep” version did forty percent better business than those with the flat print (Morgan 86). Some discounted the results as unfair, because Polaroid had advertised extensively in the 3D cities and when Radio City Music Hall decided to show the flat version at the New York premiere, it cited the “shady reputation of 3D in the public’s mind” as the reason (Morgan 88).

Another movie released by Warner Brothers during the holiday season was a Western in 3D called *Hondo* (1953). John Wayne starred in this film in which he survives torture at the hands of the Apaches, hurls a lance through a vicious Indian leader, and of course, gets the girl. The 3D stunts are kept to a minimum and the only time the audience really takes it on the chin is during a knife fight (Morgan 90). The balance of the film is exceptionally well made and the picture remains an outstanding example of 3D filmmaking. The public responded to it enthusiastically and it roared along to become the second biggest 3D movie of the fifties, just behind *House of Wax* (Morgan 91).

Warner Brothers was not the only studio cashing in on the last leg of the 3D phenomenon. Universal Pictures issued one of the all-time classic horror flicks on February 20, 1954, called *Creature from the Black Lagoon* (Hayes 40). It tells the story of a fish-man in the Amazon River that attacks the scientists trying to study it. The studio 3D camera system captured some truly fascinating black-and-white imagery both above and under water. A modest production cost was parlayed into a Beauty-and-the-Beast tale that not only spawned two sequels, but created a legendary monster, the “Gill-Man” (Hayes 41). The studio had to overcome some serious technical problems before starting the film. The two biggest ones in *Creature* were how to get a 3D camera rig underwater and how to get the creature itself to stay underwater. They devised a unique solution by putting two small 35 mm cameras in a compact, watertight housing (Morgan 95). Certainly no one associated with this little horror/sci-fi project could have imagined the long-range cult interest this film would generate. Classics are born from the unusual, not the mundane, and the film deserves the affection millions have for it (Hayes 40).

Warner Brothers, the studio that had brought out the finest 3D films of this period, signed off in fitting style with an all-time classic, Alfred Hitchcock’s *Dial M for Murder* (1954). Originally 3D had not been planned for the production, but the studio felt that, since the film was an adaptation of a stage play that had used only one set, something extra was needed to overcome the visual restrictions inherent in the work. The 3D technique was elected and by some accounts was pushed on Hitchcock. Alfred Hitchcock was not known for backing away from new technology. He had a history of



using special effects, exploring rear-screen projection, matte, and other techniques that enabled him to present his material in unusual ways. The most obvious and effective 3D moment comes during the murder itself. As the murderous intruder attempts to strangle Grace Kelly, she is forced back across her desk, and her frantic hand thrusts out at the audience as she tries to reach the scissors to defend herself against her attacker (Morgan 103). Since this film was released in the waning days of the 3D era, it did not get much exposure in its 3D form. It premiered flat in New York, and most theatres around the country followed that lead. It was primarily seen at most of its engagements in flat format (Hayes 42).

While the boom was definitely over, there were still enough backlogged films on hand to carry over for a few more months. The actual causes of 3D filmmaking's discontinuation are a great deal more complex, with greed as the primary one. In order to fully understand this, one needs to view the status of the industry as it was during this time. The emergence of cropped widescreens, increased use of color film stock, Cinemascope, stereophonic sound, and 3D had all been embraced as weapons against the invasion of the television (Hayes 52). All these innovations cost millions of dollars to develop and provide, and the studios naturally passed these costs on to the exhibitors. To install these new screens, lenses, and sound systems cost theatre owners many thousands of dollars (Hayes 53). The cost of new equipment was not the only burden. The rental rates, increased percentages of box office takes, and nonrefundable minimum guarantees from bookings were also added to the exhibitors' overhead. The distribution of the polarized glasses, polarizing filters, cooling devices, synchronizers, and other expenses just added to the costs that most cinema owners could no longer tolerate (Hayes 54). Eventually the public became tired of the 3D presentation--not the films themselves, but with the poor projection which had plagued the stereoscopic system from the beginning. A perfectly exhibited 3D feature was a wonderfully impressive event; unfortunately, more often than not, the patron was given anything but (Hayes 55).

Some well-known film critics from larger-circulation newspapers had never supported any of the new technologies. They had not been pleased by the sudden burst of color on the screen because it removed the artistic value that black-and-white had. They also hated wide-screen formats because they put too much strain on the eye. In addition, they felt stereophonic sound was unrealistic and distracting in the extreme, especially when sounds were emitted from auditorium's side speakers. As for the 3D process, it simply made no sense to them at all. They claimed that audiences hated the ill-fitting glasses, that actors appeared rounded and not flat as they did in real life, and that the films were of lower production quality. Sadly, Hollywood listened to these

cinema purists and while countering with claims of their own, eventually gave in (Hayes 55).

Hollywood continued making films by the use of conventional methods that they were familiar with and discontinued their attempts at promoting the 3D technologies. The 3D technical process had been crippled by inferior exploitation films in its vulnerable early days, stifled by greedy distributors who antagonized exhibitors with unfair financial terms, further damaged by untrained projectionists who inflicted needless eyestrain on audiences, and finally eclipsed by Cinemascope, which grew to be the movie industry's shining star of 1954 (Morgan 105).

Today's audiences can go to special venue theatres equipped for stereoscopic 3D, like IMAX 3D or Walt Disney theme parks. Usually these venues feature short films with subject material particularly designed to accentuate the 3D depth experience. For Universal Studios' theme park, James Cameron produced a short remake of *Terminator 2* in 70mm stereoscopic 3D. This 1996 short, called *T23D*, employed hundreds of moving camera shots and live-action effects rather than computer graphics for its 3D experience. As one sits in the theatre, the action is heightened by both 3D effects and live-action actors, moving robots, vibrating seats, smoke screens, laser lights, and a very intense surround sound system. This 3D extravaganza gives future generations the opportunity to experience the same thrill that our parents and grandparents enjoyed during the fad of the fifties. Although a short-lived fad, the image of the entire audience wearing 3D glasses remains a vivid memory of the era.

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