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# Table of Contents

Thanks / Credits ~ 2 ~
A Brief History of Sirocco / Submissions ~ 4 ~
A note from the editor ~ 5 ~
Dedication ~ 6 ~

## Literary Works

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The First Four Years</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alzheimer Disease and Aging</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Dark Lady</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cherry Blossom</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flying Ace</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Common Agricultural Policy and Its Abuse</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Silence, Forgive Me</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Chief Executive Officers</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emotional Pain</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Art Works

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kristen Rufo</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis, Bobby</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little, Don</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheek, Ryan</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miknis, Alan</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orchard, Robert</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawson, Chuck</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combs, Charles</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carter, Andrea</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Will</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Brief History of Sirocco

The first record of a literary magazine at GSW is 1931 when it was called the AVC Quarterly, (Americus Normal College). A second edition called The Zephyr was published in 1937 followed a decade later by The Southwind Review, 1948. While the literary magazine was not a yearly tradition, there was a literary society which hosted both the October Masquerade and the May Party.

From 1965 – 1983 twelve editions of the Sirocco were published as a literary magazine. The founding faculty advisor was Mrs. Iris Argo. In 1984, the magazine's name was changed to Clay and Pine: A Magazine of Literary and Visual Art and continued under that name until 2004. In 2004, the editors wanted to return to the original name as it was more in keeping with the themes of Georgia Southwestern's nickname – the Hurricanes. To augment the name, the subtitle “Catching the Winds of Creativity” was added.

Submissions

Sirocco is published in April of each year by students of Georgia Southwestern State University, a senior institution of the University System of Georgia. Opinions expressed in the magazine are neither those of the editors nor those of the University.

Submissions are welcome anytime, but cannot be read or acted upon except during January and February. Submissions must not have been previously published and must be submitted in electronic format. Authors and artists should have some present or past affiliation with Georgia Southwestern State University. No work will be returned.

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A note from the editor:

From its beginning in 1906, Georgia Southwestern State University, there has always been a rich history of outstanding literary and visual artists. In 1965, the arts were, for the first time, made available to the masses. Sirocco, the campus literary magazine, took its place among the prominent publications to come out of Georgia Southwestern.

To this day, though the magazine has gone through many advisors, editors, contributors, and even a name change and then name reversion, the goal of the magazine has always remained the same. That goal was to make the arts available to the campus and the region.

It has been my privilege to serve as the editor of Sirocco for the 2005-2006 school year. I was given the honor of producing, not only this Spring Edition, but also the Centennial Edition completed in January 2006. For the special edition, I was able to spend time sifting through all of the past editions of Sirocco in search of the best of the best.

This edition has been quite an experience, words cannot even describe. The issue holds an eclectic mix of works by some of the brightest and most creative students of GSW and define an identifying theme. These works range from poetry about loss to an abstract about disease. There is something in here for everyone.

I would like to give a personal "Thank You" to Don Little and Chuck Lawson for handling the visual art aspect of this edition, as I never claimed to have an eye for visual arts. They did an awesome job! This endeavor would never have come to fruition without Dr. Gabrielle Staar. She kept all of us on track and was always there to give advice and voice an opinion. Thank you, thank you, thank you!!

I can only hope that my small part in producing this edition will help the arts live on at GSW.

Casey Dixon
In Honor of Ms. Joann Davis

This year's edition of Sirocco is dedicated to Ms. Joann Davis, who will retire at the conclusion of this academic year after a decade and a half as administrative secretary to the Department of English and Foreign Languages. She assisted some five different chairs; dozens of job searches; semester conversion; conversion to the electronic age; NCATE, SACS and Program reviews. Her deft and precise touch with every detail made work and life in the department easier, more organized and, to what extent possible, enjoyable. Besides her great skills in managing an office with so many demands it was her manner, her grace and charm that endeared her to everyone. She will be fondly remembered for the grace and humanity she brought each day to the lives of those who taught and studied in the English Building.
Influence of technology on paradigms
Kristen Ruto
Oil on Board
The First Four Years

I drive down this road once again, the road that is oh so familiar to my brother, sister, and me. This 1984 Oldsmobile used to carry me down this road complaining in the stuffy backseat. Driving into the town of Monroe Georgia, a town I could once call home, was somewhat eerie. I knew I wouldn’t be turning into 344 Dillard Drive anytime soon. I approach the exit on my right that will take me thirty miles east to Athens. I didn’t look back, but something always makes me feel like I should at least want to. The ideas and notions that families hold this unbreakable bond is something I have always questioned.

I have no real memories of the place I occupied for the first four years of my life, the time before those exhausting car trips taken every other weekend and holidays. All these images in my mind can only be the result of being told the same few stories over and over. I drug a paint roller, soaked in bright yellow paint, across the hood of a brown car. I am bitten by a cat on the back porch after pulling its tail. My sister nearly drowns me in cough syrup. I can’t actually have a clear memory of these events, which had to have happened when I was four years at the most. I want to believe I actually remember these events; imaginations often become too convincing.

I receive cards in the mail for holidays that rarely involve the sending of a card, mostly Halloween, Easter, and Valentine’s Day. Inside the words, “To: Daddy’s Baby,” are written. The cards always have a cat on the front along with a cat drawn neatly in black ink on the front of the envelope. Gifts are always bought in the color purple, a color which has not been my favorite for quite some time. I feel as though I have been in a coma.

I find myself at eighteen years old in a recliner next to my brother, “The prodigal son”, sharing an ashtray amidst several empty beer cans. Inevitably we, the black sheep, start to talk about the others in the flock. My brother, being six years older than I, actually remembers our first home. We talked for hours and came to the conclusion that we, no matter how different others saw us, were both struggling with the realization that we have to face the very problems we were born into. My brother asked me if I knew why we had left so long ago. I was shocked, shocked in that I had never known, but had never asked.

My father, this man I have come to realize, knows me as little as I know him. Long distance conversations are filled with guilt trips, the same few questions about school, and occasionally the reminder to never start smoking. I think about the conversation with my brother. The thoughts of weed and hanging out backstage made the miles roll by faster. Obviously the eighties held too much luxury and not enough room for a family of five. Being the object of circumstance tends to pay it’s toll.

Driving into Athens my mind quickly exits the awkward state of depression. I call a few friends and let them know I had arrived. We meet at The Five Star Diner for dinner. We laugh as we emphasized each others strangeness and quirkiness. After eating, I suggested we stop by Agora, a vintage shop down the street, to the left of the diner. I walk into the booth of an artist. Folk-art paintings of cats and women wearing pearls are lined up against the two opposing walls of the booth. I flip through the paintings and think of how easily those elementary images could be reproduced. My assertiveness for art is interrupted by a friend asking if I was going to purchase one. I laughed and explained I was bitten one to many times by a cat to want a painting of one. “I am allergic to cats,” I added.
Leaving the paintings, I began looking at the small selection of vintage coin purses. The girl to my left picks up a coin purse and admires the small flowers embroidered with purple and yellow thread. I decided not to spend all my paycheck in the first two hours of my trip so we left. The store would be closing soon anyway. Arriving at the home where I would be crashing for the night I unpacked my hair straightener. After straightening my hair and putting it back into a little knot, no more than thirty seconds later, we drove to a house party on Athens Avenue. Equipped with two full packs of Camel Lights I enter the party.

I sit on the steps of the back porch with an unlit cigarette hanging from my lips. I fumble with my pockets in search of my lighter until a passerby lights it for me. I notice a dog across from where I'm sitting. He looks very uncomfortable surrounded by all these strangers mingling in a cloud of smoke. He struggles to make it off the back porch, but someone has tied him to the railing.

Sunday afternoon, after recovering from the night before, I say goodbye to my friends and enter the stuffy front seat of my Oldsmobile. I pull out of the driveway with nothing but the long road ahead on my mind.

A few miles down the road my cell phone rings. Looking at my phone I see that my father is calling. I hesitate to answer the phone, wondering he saw me. I quickly look at the cars around me. I don't see him anywhere. I find the courage to answer the phone. I approach the exit to Monroe. I know there must be a quicker way to get home, but these are the only roads I know. The same conversation repeats itself. I forgot my half-brother's birthday and the guilt trip is being poured on pretty quick. I break down and plead for him to stop. I hang up the phone as I approach the stop sign at the end of the exit. I look to my right down the road that leads to Dillard Drive, the road I once lived on, the driveway I dripped yellow paint across, the home where I learned never to pull a cat's tail, the kitchen where my sister attempted to cure my cough. I look to my left towards the direction I've spent fourteen years of my life trying to figure out where I belong. The direction of realization. I take a deep breath and turn on my blinkers.

Tara Joyner
2006
Alzheimer Disease and Aging: Manifestation of the Disease in Older Adults and Implications for Nurses
Debora Capitan Award—1st Place Scholarly Essay

Abstract: To differentiate disease from normal aging requires assessment skills developed specifically for the older adult and a true understanding of the aging process. Also required is an understanding of the factors that produce altered presentations of several illnesses in older adults. Traditionally, aging has not been considered a disease because it is a normal physiologic process that is both universal and inevitable, a gradual result of wear and tear on the body. When the natural effects of aging progress to the point where it will cause a significant clinical disability, it may then be termed disease.

In practice, if an age-associated disease occurs within most people, it is considered part of aging. One commonly associates Alzheimer disease (AD) with aging. It presents itself as the most common form of dementia occurring in the elderly population. It is a neurodegenerative disorder characterized by progressive impairment in functioning, cognition, behavior, and global presentation. The exact cause of Alzheimer's disease is unknown but current theories explain that the clinical phenotype of the disease results from several neuropathologic and neurochemical changes in the brain. Variation in genes may be one explanation for the pathophysiologic and phenotypic features observed in individuals with AD. Alzheimer's is a multifactorial disorder, one in which both environmental and genetic factors contribute to the disease development. Another theory claims that because Alzheimer disease is a brain-wasting disease, it may be biologically reasonable to assume that specific nutritional deficits (possibly folic acid and other vitamins) might speed up the neurodegenerative capacities. An autoimmune cause is also being investigated, and so are the effects of aging and injury.

Initial clinical manifestations of Alzheimer disease can be dangerous to the person affected and are often attributed to forgetfulness, emotional upset, or other illness. Over time, the individual becomes progressively forgetful, particularly in relation to recent events. Memory loss increases as the disease advances and the person becomes increasingly confused and disoriented and loses the ability to concentrate. With the aforementioned clinical manifestations of AD, nurses may be faced with the question of how much do they really know about the realities and inner struggles of those suffering from Alzheimer disease.

The degenerative Alzheimer disease is one that manifests itself in multiple ways. Its manifestations are stressful for both patient and caregiver. With respect to the clinical and ethical issues associated with caring for those with the disease, there are implications for all members of the multidisciplinary team working with people with dementia. Nurses or professional caregivers cannot know what should be done until they learn, listen to, and experience the life of patients living with Alzheimer disease. It is clear that nurses have a crucial role in the management of these patients, specifically when dealing with the ethical issues and daily struggles of living with the disease.
For The Dark Lady***

You are not like the sun, which dies away,
but have an inner gleam beyond the glare
of mere revolving fires that sulk from day
in drowning dusk, while you stay bright and fair.

You are not like the spring which dulls and drops
and rots 'til wiped away by snow; your soul
stays ripe and grows while yet from loves limb saps.
The year spins round its sun the day its pole

but you stay fixed and true, the axis of all
and all my life, though lives be flung away,
beyond your life, your love ate through the pall—
just as these words beam through the tomb of days.

As deathless words outlive my dying breath,
my words and your love together outlive death.

***This is a retelling of William Shakespeare’s Sonnet 67

Riley McGuire
2006
The Cherry Blossom

When the color of cocktail was engulfed by the nightown, I became the happiest woman in this world.—The Color of Cherry Blossom

Please don't say, "Don't become tense."
I thought your smile over the glass is so blinding.
Our cheeks turned pink as the color of cherry blossom.

“My smile is just for my business so I usually look different. You don’t know me very well still. Once we get to know each other better...I don’t want to hurt you, that’s why we cannot go around together." “Please don’t cry because I rejected you. I’m weak in women’s tear.” You said so.—Your smile is the color of cherry blossom.

Your smile can make everyone you meet happy.
Your smile can change the desolated winter view to the happy springtime.
I was attracted by your smile before I was even aware.

“If I don’t like you, I didn’t invite you here tonight,” he said and offered the second cocktail.—I almost spilled the Cherry Blossom Cocktail.

When the nightown completely engulfed the color of cocktail, I was born again.

There is no time for me to shoe my tear to anyone else.
I’m doing the best I can in a strange land.
I would like to make everyone happy with my cherry blossom colored smile. I would like to engulf everyone with it, just like you did.
I would like to collect petals of cherry blossom as much as possible and streem them everywhere. Because that’s the best job I could do.

I’m so glad to meet you even thought we will not go around together. I truly think so everyday from the bottom of my heart.—I showed my cherry blossom colored smile to everyone.

The cherry blossom was swallowed by the view of summer.
I gently treasured my one-page memory up in my heart.
—This is the memory of one day in Summer 2003.

Yuka Magatani
2006
Leved On Dies
by Alan Mikens
Mixed Media on Wood
The Flying Ace
Delores Capitan Award—1st Place Creative Essay

"Contact!"

The engine sputtered and caught. The whole plane shook. It began to move down the dirt runway, slowly at first, picking up speed until, with a final roar, it lifted from the ground, leaving behind a puff of smoke, a rattle of leaves as the tree line was cleared, and United States Army Aviator Captain Sinclair Thomas buzzed off into the clear blue morning sky. He was grinning as always. He just couldn’t help himself. The freedom from the earth and gravity at liftoff did it every time. Over the whine of the engine, his ground crew, heads shaking, could still hear his voice.

"Wahoo!"

Captain Thomas guided the plane upwards to 1000 feet. The ground below fell away in a dizzying shift; changing from a lush landscape to a patchwork quilt of green and brown, dotted with blue, stitched together by the occasional ribbon of road, river, or stream. He let out a long slow satisfied breath, feeling the contrary mix of excitement and serenity mingle and wash over his body. He was born to fly he thought, and it was only by chance that his wings were wood and canvas rather than bone and feather. He allowed himself a few moments to revel in his exuberance before forcing himself to concentrate on the job at hand.

His mission today, on the morning of June 2nd, 1917, was to fly a twenty-mile section of road through the Southwest of France, and ensure that there was no enemy presence. The area had never really been under enemy control, but the road provided an important link for supplies to the front in the north, and the powers that be were constantly worried that one, or both, of the bridges could be targets for sabotage. If he took his time, which he fully intended, the whole trip would only take two of the three hours worth of fuel he carried, and should be no more than a quiet ride on a warm day.

Not that he carried any great anxiety about engaging the enemy, quite the contrary actually. Capt. Thomas had flown over 30 sorties, was credited with shooting down 14 enemy aircraft, well above the ace level, and had even heard mention of his name in the reports from the opposing camps. He was proud of those accomplishments, but had never failed to raise a glass in salute to honor those who fell before him. A tribute he hoped the enemy might return; should either skill or luck someday fail. Such as it was, he had not yet even received a wound. He tapped the wooden rib of his plane. Better not to tempt fate, especially since several allied aircraft had crashed in this area of late, though brought down by mechanical rather than military means. But there had been no survivors.

He shook his head to clear the somber thoughts. The ghosts of the past could haunt a man to his grave if allowed to roam free in one’s conscience. Such memories must be left where they lay; far away to the north. Not here, where the land was still green, and the poppies were not watered with soldier’s blood. Here the war seemed distant and less brutal. Here flying was more what it was meant to be.

But there, on the road ahead, a speck appeared. The pilot squinted at it, reached with his left hand for the brown leather case tacked to the inside of the fuselage, and pulled out his binoculars. He peered through them for a moment, seeing the shape leap into fo-
and become a horse drawn wagon. A caisson perhaps, loaded with supplies or ammunition. No, not likely he thought, as the wagon was unguarded. He made out only two figures, then a third sitting on the wagon, and he chuckled at himself as he allowed his nerves to loosen up. It was only a French family with a load of equipment, probably on their way to the fields, and the stoop of one, the small size of another, and a flash like humbled copper on the third left little doubt that they posed no danger.

He slowed, and allowed the plane to drift downward as he followed the course of the road toward the wagon. It was clear and quiet so it was only another moment before they heard the plane and turned to look. Capt. Thomas could see, in snatches, through the binoculars that the wagon stopped, almost warily, until the travelers seemed sure that he was not a threat either. Then they began to plod along on their way again.

As he approached he could better see the girl; young, fair, and auburn-haired, a lovely morning vision, and a reminder to any young man of one of the many reasons over which to fight a war. He could imagine her blue eyes and enticing accent. He wondered how she might fancy a man in uniform. He buzzed low overhead, rattling the trees and sending leaves cascading down around the wagon. He saw as he glanced behind the old man shaking his list at him, muttering some unheard French oath, the boy, too young for service himself, stood and watched his passing excitedly, and he was sure, for it could not have been imagination, that the girl smiled coyly up at him. He let out a sigh at the sorrow of his plight, which kept him from a rendezvous of more pleasant endeavors, and climbed back to an altitude more suited for observation of the road ahead.

A mile passed, then two and three, the wagon with the girl was now only a speck far behind. Perhaps he might catch a glimpse of her on his return he thought, and should she smile at him again he would tip his wings to her. He shivered. The air had turned cooler, almost cold he thought, and he had no mind to bring his heavy jacket; not on such a fine summer day. Then he noticed the darkening sky and said to himself that there was the reason; the sun had passed behind the clouds. He looked again and his eyes narrowed with concern. There had been no hint of rain this morning, or any expectations of it at all. Yet the clouds were there now, where there were none just moments ago, and they grew larger and darker by the minute. His goggles began to fog up in the moist chill and through the misty lenses the world around him had taken on a strange appearance. Fast moving clouds swept shadows over the landscape. The gloom was broken in places with streaks of sunlight, raking over the ground in blazing splintered shafts, looking, for all intents, like fire pouring out from the heavens onto the French countryside. Captain Thomas searched the ground anxiously for a place to land and ride out the impending storm, but the shifting shadows made it difficult to judge the levelness of the land below, and the road, which had seemed before so straight and clear, wave serpentine in and out from under the trees. A bolt of lightning split the sky, turning the world briefly inside out. A moment later the thundertap hit with a bone-jarring thump. The pilot flinched, averting his eyes. It was an entirely reflexive action, but he cursed anyhow. He had not survived aerial combat this long by being skittish. Still, no need to chastise himself now, there would be time for that after he made it safely to the ground.

Suddenly the storm held. There was an unnatural calm in the ozone-charged air. The biplane hung motionless and the world around it seemed to move as if through water. The flickering of sunlight and shadow flowed in waves all around. Even the throaty whine of the engine seemed muffled and distant. The whole effect had an unnatural and unnerving quality about it, and for an instant he was mesmerized.
Another flash, and again the sky split open, but this time something else came with the crack of thunder, materializing as if from the air itself, right before the pilot's eyes. It was another plane, which he recognized immediately as a German made Fokker E.II. He jerked his head in surprise. How was this possible? Where had it come from? This area was too far away from any known enemy position to be within that particular model's flying range. Yet there it was, and if there was a landing area nearby that the enemy was using to conduct sorties then the brass was right, there was a danger to the supply line. He had to warn the base camp. He began to turn, and was again surprised.

The Fokker was bearing down on him quickly. He had not expected this, given the extreme weather conditions and the overall superiority of his much newer British made Sopwith. He had been in situations similar to this before, and the prevailing thought was always, "Until we meet again." This pilot was either inexperienced or crazy. The German plane could not even really hope to catch up to him. And yet it was.

Captain Thomas pushed his thoughts aside and set his jaw. His routine reconnaissance flight had suddenly become anything but. Still, if his counterpart wanted a fight he was not going to disappoint. He banked his plane sharply to the right to began maneuvering into a skirmishing position. The Fokker was much closer now than he had expected, almost in firing range. He dipped the nose of his plane then brought it up quickly to assume a sharper angle on his foe, and let loose a burst of fire from his Vickers. It was a long-shot trying to hit a target from such a distance without even giving regard to attempting to get an accurate range first, but maybe he could get lucky, or even rattle the German if he was indeed inexperienced. No such luck. The other pilot held his ground, continuing forward while rolling his plane slightly right to take it out of the Sopwith's firing angle. The two planes shot past, both banking right, their landing gear facing each other.

The new Sopwiths were of an advanced design, and besides being much more powerful than previous versions, had greatly improved maneuverability especially when turning to the right, which took some time to get used to, but Capt. Thomas had put in that time. He knew what his wings could do and how to take full advantage of both his aircraft and his experience. He braced his feet in the cockpit and leaned on the stick hard right. He could imagine he heard the framework supports creak with the strain over the revving engine. The airplane responded eagerly, almost corkscrewing around to come up behind the other plane as it continued in its slower wider turn. This move would provide the clear close range high percentage shot that fighter pilots lusted after. But the Fokker was not there. Captain Thomas searched the sky anxiously. Where could the German plane have gone? Then he saw it; incredibly behind and to the left, bearing down with manic quickness. There was no time to speculate on the impossibility of what was happening. Capt. Thomas knew he was in for the fight of his life. As improbable as it was, The Fokker was literally flying rings around him.

The two planes began a macabre aerial dance. He dove, and the E.II dove with him. He rolled and it rolled. He climbed as high as he could and still could not shake his pursuer, though his flight ceiling was much greater than the Fokker's. Nor could he get fully around to a clean shot. He could not gain an advantage. The dogfight wore on and on, raging over the landscape, accompanied by the dark flashing storm clouds. Captain Thomas began to tire under the strain of the concentration and exertion. Surely the other pilot felt the same. How could he continue so flawlessly? And for so long? The Fokker's flying time was only about half the limit of his Sopwith, and they battle had raged for what seemed an hour. None of that mattered however; the Allied pilot knew that he could not continue for much
longer. Soon either he or his plane would give out, and then it would be a simple matter for
the German pilot to pick him off as tried to land. He stole a glance earthward. The ground
below still looked like a roiling green and black sea. It would be a treacherous landing.

Suddenly a wave of anger washed over Capt. Thomas. If it came down to that,
he would not go down alone. He had not survived the war this long just to be shot like a
fish in a barrel as he flapped to the ground. He gritted his teeth and his eyes flashed like
the lightning as he began his last ditch effort against his enemy. He guided the Sopwith
into a soft left turn, a feint to draw his enemy into the same arc, then gunned the engine
and whipped into the hard right for which the Camel was soon to become famous. His
move worked. As he watched, the Fokker, which was farther back, corrected itself to his
sudden move. This put the two aircraft on a directly opposing path and they would fly past
one another almost head on. It was risky, but it would be the best shot he had yet. Unfor-
nately, it meant the same for the German pilot, who had only to make a slight adjust-
ment in his course to be face on with the Sopwith. Still, it was better than the alternatives.

As soon as he was level, Captain Thomas opened fire. He was intent on empty-
ing his gun at the other plane, not the recommended tactic, but maybe the only chance he
had left. The RAT-A-TAT-TAT of his Vickers .303 filled his ears, even over the roar of the
engine and the pounding of his own heartbeat. Acrid blue smoke filled his nose and stung
his eyes, but he was sure he saw the telltale specks of rounds striking the other plane. With
a half expected clack, the machine gun jammed as it overheated. Captain Thomas
lunged forward, keeping his eyes on the enemy plane, and slammed his hand into the
weapon to clear the trapped round. Standing as he was, above the remaining tendrils of
powder smoke, he could clearly see the Fokker hurtling directly toward him. He could see
the fuselage, the engine mount, and the shredded holes where his bullets had torn through
them. And he could see the pilot, a hellish nightmare grinning impossibly back at him, a
ghastly apparition whose black dead eyes became the twin points of Spandau 7.92 mm
machine guns burping sickly green fire at him. He felt a searing pain from shoulder to knee
along his right side and the sky spun crazily. He fell back heavily into his seat his mind
reeling, struggling to maintain control of the plane and his consciousness. But the world
shattered like glass, until there was only agony and the jagged flashing of the tortured sky
spiraling around him.

Captain Thomas could never recall how he managed to bring his plane to the ground, or
how he managed to escape the burning wreck, or even how long he lay semiconscious be-
side the very road he had started out earlier to patrol. And at the moment he woke, he only
knew that he was not yet dead. He opened his eyes and saw wavering figures bent over him.
He struggled to push them away, but his arms were sluggish and heavy as lead.

"No, be still, we are helping you." A faraway voice said in broken English; fol-
lowed by more distant chatter that he could not understand. Capt. Thomas strained to focus,
and after a moment saw that the voices belonged to the old man, the auburn-haired girl, and
the young boy from the wagon.

"Shot," he whispered. "Need a medic." He crossed his left hand to his right
side.

"No," said the old man. "Not shot. You crash, monsieur. Plane hit with light-
ning."

"What? No, German shot down..." He could not manage more. His head hurt
terribly and his eyes rolled back uncontrollably. There was more strange chatter, French he
realized, seeming far away and muffled.

20
“Papa, what is he saying about being shot by the Germans?”

“Nothing, Elise, he has a bad wound to his head and is being delirious. Look, he has been shot all in his side, but these scars are from long ago. Perhaps he is reliving them. Now go to the wagon and bring the water can. I will tear some strips of cloth to bind his cuts. Jean Paul sit with him a moment.”

The girl and the old man set to their tasks. The boy looked from the pilot to them and back again. Leaning forward he took Captain Thomas’ hand in his and with a final glance back toward his father whispered in the pilot’s ear.

“Monsieur, I know what you say, Papa will not believe. But I saw your plane, and I have seen the other before, coming with the storms and lightning and other planes. I have heard the laughing and I am very afraid. But no one else will believe me. They say it is just a scary dream, but it is no dream...”

Though it didn’t matter really, even if the pilot understood the French the boy spoke, he had already begun to fall back into the black of oblivion. But he understood the look on the young face, enough to know that he wasn’t delirious, and that he wouldn’t be alone in the darkness.

David Griffin
2006
Sirocco
Mount Olympus
by Robert Orzech
Oil on Canvas
The Common Agricultural Policy and Its Abuse: A Study of the Common Agricultural Policy, the Ways It Is Being Abused and What the EU Has Done to Prevent the Abuse

Delores Capitan Awards—3rd Place Scholarly Essay

Abstract:

My paper is a study about the European Union’s Common Agricultural Policy (CAP) and its abuse in the EU Member States. The paper explains how the Common Agricultural Policy was established and what were the goals that were set for it by the Member States. The paper also covers the reasons why the different Member States decided to join the European Union and what kind of role agriculture, and especially the Common Agricultural Policy, played in their decision-making. Furthermore, the paper explains the different kinds of benefits CAP offers for farmers in the Member States, and how these benefits are being abused. Finally, the paper surveys the ways and means of the European Union to prevent the abuse of the CAP.

Kaisa Kauranen
2006
Dear Silence, Forgive Me

Dear Silence, forgive me.

I no longer gaze through abandoned windows
or reach for your solitude
when forsaken in the night.
Sanity of the mind and soul
are reluctant to teach me
Though you did know me best.

Consumed now by only needs
Daily duties do best please.
These duties retreat in day
and night. Small details
invades the moments when
sanity invades the mind.

My ears are doomed now to tasks made
by clocks, to the head man
signing my pay
Then at midnight,
I long for a way—
to reach you

Candace Penney
2006
What College Has Meant to Me
Delores Capitan Award—2nd Place Creative Essay

I have been back in college for a little over a year now. As a 40-year old student, I sometimes find it a little crazy that several of my professors are younger than I am. I am not always the oldest student in class, but I usually am pretty close to being so. Maybe because I am older than most of my fellow classmates, I tend to look around and closely observe the people that surround me each day. I have seen those that are very dedicated to getting a college education. These students put a lot of honest effort into their class work and strive to do as well as possible. Then there are those that appear to want to be anywhere but in class. If they come to class at all, they are satisfied just to barely pass. I see myself today as an example of the first type of student. I put a lot of effort into the work that I do in school. But, there was a time (or several times) in my life when I was the student that didn’t want to be there. Maybe it is not that I did not want to be there, I just didn’t know WHY I was there. Thankfully, something inside of me kept me coming back to college, and now I am only months away from graduating. I have taken the long road to get where I am, but I believe that if I had completed college when I was in my early 20’s, I would not have the appreciation of just how important education can be.

Coming from a family of educators, the knowledge of the value of education has always been a presence in my life. As a young child, I loved to play school and pretend that I was the teacher. I would have imaginary students and would assign imaginary lessons to them. When I graduated from high school, there was never any doubt that I would continue with my education in college. I never imagined that it would take the next 22 years to finally accomplish that goal.

My college career began in August, 1983, the fall after I graduated from high school. I began college at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, or ABAC, in Tifton, Georgia. In the spring of my freshman year in college, two events happened within one week of each other that changed my life forever. My younger brother, and only sibling, was killed in a devastating car crash, and I gave birth to my first child less than a week later. I never went back and completed that quarter of college, and that set the tone for the next 20+ years of my college experience.

After years of working menial jobs, I decided in the early 1990’s to continue with my college education. I chose to attend Georgia Southwestern State University. My major reason for choosing GSW was the proximity to my hometown of Cordele, only a 30 minute drive away. I decided on a major in biology with the intentions of pursuing a career as a veterinarian. After several quarters of college, I realized that a degree in biology was not really what I wanted. At the same time, I realized that I had absolutely
no idea of what I wanted to be when “I grew up”. This uncertainty led me to make a very stupid decision to just stop attending classes. I dropped out and received all F's for that quarter.

In 2000, I decided to continue my education, and re-enrolled at GSW. My major at that time was Computer Information Systems. After several semesters, the same doubts and uncertainties resurfaced, and I once again dropped out of school. Fortunately, I did wait until the end of the semester, so I received full credit for those classes.

Fast forward a few years to the summer of 2004. For one last time, I announced to all my family and friends that I planned on going back to school. Imagine my surprise when I was met with a lot of skepticism and questions about why I was wasting my time! I guess at this point, after so many false starts, I was like the boy who cried wolf. No one believed that I was serious and that I would really stick with it this time.

In spite of my off and on college career, I had managed to accumulate quite a few class credits. Please note that at this time, I was still unsure about what I wanted to be when “I grew up”. After reviewing the credits I had and comparing them to possible majors, I decided that the quickest way to graduate was to go with a Bachelor of Science in Psychology. Little did I know just how much I would gain by making this decision.

Once again started back to school at GSW, Spring semester, 2005. My first scheduled class was Human Growth and Development with Dr. Ellen Cotter at 8:00 am. I was able to pretty easily slip back into student mode. The first written assignment that Dr. Cotter assigned the class was a short paper in which we were to answer the question, “Who am I?”, and compare our responses to the responses written by children to the same question. The assignment required us to give 20 self-definitions of who we think we are. The premise of the paper was to show that, as we age, our self-view changes. The ways we define ourselves evolves as we grow and learn and have more life experiences. It was while writing this paper that I made a very important discovery about myself. It is strange to think that a simple written assignment helped me to begin to understand the forces at work within me that have guided the choices I have made in my life.

In the assignment, one of the self-definitions that I listed was that I was a sister without my brother. I sat for a while and thought back to the time when Jeff died and all the events that happened around the same time. My family had only known for a few days before the fatal accident that I was pregnant. To say the least, they were shocked, but very loving and supportive. Then my son was born 6 days after the accident. As I was sitting at my computer and thinking back to that time, I had an epiphany. An epiphany is described in Webster’s Dictionary as “a usually sudden manifestation or perception of the essential nature or meaning of something; an intuitive grasp of reality through something”. I had never truly understood the meaning of the word before that moment, but there is no other word that can sum up the experience I had in that one moment of clarity. I sat at my computer absolutely thunderstruck at the realization of the impact those two events have had in my life. The death of my brother and the birth of my child less than a week later had been so traumatic that a lot of my mental and social development had stopped at that period in time. On the outside, I was a grown woman with a husband and children, but on the inside, I was still that terrified 18 year old girl. In that one instant, I could clearly see and understand so many things that had never made sense before. I began to understand why I had made many of the decisions I had made in
Sirocco

my life.

That moment of self-truth and discovery has been a turning point in my life in many ways. In the year since, I feel that I have grown and matured in many ways. I find that I am relating to family and friends in different ways than I did before. I feel that I am a different person because I now understand myself as I have never been able to before. I don’t use that time in my life as an excuse for some of the bad decisions I have made along the way. I only see it as a way for me to better understand the person I have become and the things that I have done.

With the upcoming completion of my bachelor’s degree in May, 2006, I am looking toward the future. One professor has strongly encouraged me to consider going into a graduate program. Her confidence in my ability to do well has been a true inspiration. I have found that my own confidence in myself and my abilities has soared. At this point, I am still undecided about what I want to do after college. I may pursue a career in some type of social work, but my true desire is to continue with my education in a graduate program. I want to be an example to my children. I want them to know how important education can be, and I would love for them to learn, through my experiences, that it is never too late to finish what you start. As a non-traditional, older student, I believe that I have a greater appreciation of the things that I have learned. My college experience has contributed so much to my life in the way of friendships, knowledge, confidence, and ultimately, a better understanding of myself.

Candace Hall
2006
The Three Chief Executive Officers

Once upon a time, in the outskirts of New York City, three very wealthy CEOs shared a large mansion that rested on a thirty-acre plot. Their riches and their status as upper classmen afforded them only the finest accommodations. Their possessions surpassed those of other citizens both in terms of quality and quantity. They never wore any of the same undergarments twice and their personal assistant catered to their every desire.

One day, an underprivileged man was walking along a highway, trying to thumb a ride to the big city, for his farm was rendered useless because of the revolution of industry. Realizing that the likelihood of him being picked up was slim-to-none because of the potential dangers associated with helping strangers, he retracted his thumb. As he continued walking, the CEO’s mansion came into view. Enticed by its grandeur, he climbed the gate and trekked up the hill to the front door. Finding it locked, he broke into the mansion via one of the side windows. Once inside, he marveled at the furnishings. Being tried from walking on the highway, he sat down on one of the CEOs’ leather couch. Finding it hot and sticky, he moved over to another CEO’s rocking chair. Becoming sick from the back-and-forth motion, he moved to the third CEO’s La-Z-Boy chair. He thought this one was perfect, so he reclined and struggled to read a newspaper, as his limited education was detrimental to his literacy. Deciding to further explore the house, he went into the kitchen. There he found three beautiful dishes, prepared by the CEO’s personal chefs. He sat down to sample the gourmet pasta, but found the linguini too slimy. He tasted the parsley-garnished sirloin tips, but found them too tough and chewy. Finally, he sat down in front of the filet mignon and found it cooked to perfection. He completed the dish and belched in approval. He then retired to the garage, wanting to satisfy his more adventurous spirit. He first hopped into the Hummer and took it for a spin. He enjoyed its off-road capabilities and the respect he received from other motorists, but he wanted more speed. He returned to the garage and traded in the vehicle for a Ferrari, but struggled to operate the manual transmission. He got in the third car, a Mercedes Benz, and found the balance of luxury and safety to be perfect. He drove the car until it was almost out of gas, and then returned it to the garage. The day’s excursions had left him exhausted, so he headed up the spiral staircase to the second floor, took the elevator to the third floor, then rode the escalator up to the fourth floor, where the CEOs slept. He jumped onto a Serta mattress, loved by the first CEO but ruled that it was too stiff. He moved over to the king-size waterbed, but the fussy-old motion hurt his back. Finally, he hopped onto the Tempur-Pedic Swedish-designed memory foam mattress and fell into a deep and long-desired sleep.

After awhile, the CEOs’ business meeting ended, and they were chauffeured to their mansion. They saw the broken window and called the police, but decided to investigate for themselves while waiting for the authorities to arrive. They went into the main room and the first CEO saw a dirt smudge on his white leather couch and said, “Someone has been sitting on my couch!” The second CEO saw that his well-lubricated rocking chair was still in motion. “Someone has been rocking in my chair!” he exclaimed. The third CEO saw that his recliner
had been used and the crumpled newspaper was sitting on the armrest. “Someone has been sitting in my recliner and they took the sports page!” he resounded. They went into the kitchen to further their investigation. “Someone has been eating my pasta!” the first one screamed. “Someone has been eating my sirloin tips!” the second one cried. “Someone has been eating my filet mignon and they left the barbecue sauce bottle open!” the third CEO bellowed. Fearing damage to their prized vehicles, they ran to the garage. The owner of the Hummer saw the mud on the tires and the scratches on the bumper and exclaimed, “Someone has been driving my Hummer!” Seeing the smoke coming from the engine of his Ferrari, the second CEO chimed in. “Someone tried to drive my Ferrari!” Relieved that his car was still in good shape, the third CEO climbed inside only to find that his gas supply was depleted. “Someone has been driving my Benz and didn’t fill it up with gas!” he roared. They headed up to the fourth floor and ran into their bedrooms. The first CEO saw that his covers were ruffled and shouted, “Someone has been sleeping in my bed!” “Someone has been sleeping in my bed, too!” the second CEO screamed as he observed the water leaking out of the frame. The third CEO reached his bed and hollered, “Someone has been sleeping in my bed. and he’s still there, curled up under the sports page!” The economically challenged man awoke from his slumber and tired to escape, but the CEOs caught him and held him until the police finally arrived.

The policemen threw the poor man into the squad car and rushed him off to the station. He sat in his cell until his court date, and he was sentenced unfairly because the judge just happened to be a close friend of the CEOs. The victim of society would spend the rest of his life behind bars, and the CEOs’ property was taken care of because of their one hundred-percent coverage provided by their top-of-the-line insurance.

Michael Luten
2006
Untitled

Abstract:

Many critics have studied Dorothy Wordsworth's journals in an attempt to gain insight into her brother William's life. However, these scholars are mostly interested in the daily occurrences and achievements of William. Dorothy is the most integral part of William's poetry, and without her care, aide, and inspiration the Movement would have been deprived of one of its most powerful poets. Her journals served as a later resource to William for his poems, and, in some instances, he borrowed heavily from them. Dorothy's writing spans from the mundane listing of events to the poetic descriptions of leaves dancing in a hailstorm, but never progresses past the point of recording into the realm of reflection or introspection. It was then up to William to add the transcendental and metaphysical elements that her short entries lack (Willinsky 40-45). Through the similarities in her journal entries and his poetry, we can see an elaborate collaboration between brother and sister, and poet to poet.

Through an examination of Dorothy's Alfoxde Journals and William's collected poetry, there are at least three noticeable instances where her journal entry found its way into a poem by William in either theme or by direct wording. A Night Piece has direct similarities in word choice, A Whirl-Blast from Behind the Hill contains a similar image, and Nutting shares a thematic thread with entries in Dorothy's journal.

Throughout their life together, William and Dorothy continued their collaboration. From Dorothy's Grasmere Journals come the images of the Leech Gatherer, the Beggar woman, and the daffodils. There are many instances of William's borrowing from this journal throughout his poetry, and innumerable instances where Dorothy serves as his muse. One could devote tomes of writing and years of research just to comparing William's poetry to Dorothy's journals. However, it is easy to see from the early date of 1798, only three years after they began living together, that William and Dorothy shared a special bond both creatively and patronally.

Lacey Pitts
2006
Stereotyping
Charles Combs
Concrete, Wax and Graphite
Emotional Pain

The Jim Crow laws and the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960’s had a great impact on many American authors. During the 1960’s, African Americans experienced tremendous physical and emotional pain from racism. Writers such as Tony Grooms, Margaret W. Alexander, and Frank X. Walker expressed their feelings toward racism through their works. Tony Grooms who is the author of Bombingham, wrote about a little boy named Walter who not only had to deal with a dying mother, but experienced segregation of the south. Mississippi poet, Margaret Alexander, and Kentuckian writer, Frank Walker, wrote about Civil Rights through poetry. Both Alexander’s and Walker’s poetry share connections with Groom’s Bombingham. These connections, which involve emotional pain, are displayed through the actions, attitudes, and surroundings of the characters in Bombingham.

Walker’s poem “A Million Man March” shares connections through the actions of the characters in Bombingham. Walker wrote about how important it was for people to participate in the marches when he stated that, “If only one sober, solemn, sincere son, brother, cousin, uncle, father, granddaddy, or husband had shown up it still would have been one magnificent day.” In addition to Walker believing that it was important for people to participate in the marches, a character named Walter in Bombingham also believed in being active in the Civil Rights Movement. Walter says to himself, “I thought about my mother, and I knew she couldn’t be here, and my father. I didn’t think he would volunteer, so I would have to stand for them” (Grooms 204). Walter believed that it was so important to be involved in the marches that he decided to take the place of his parents. Both Walter and the people who participated in the Million Man March experienced emotional pain from racism and became involved in the Civil Rights Movement as a way to put an end to racism.

Walker’s poems “Fire Proof” and “Death by Basketball” and Alexander’s poem “Our Need” connects with the attitudes of the characters in Bombingham. The poem, “Fire Proof” explained that if churches had their walls burned down, church members remained strong and were “fireproof” because “faith won’t just go up in smoke” (Walker 56). Also, Walter shared a connection of strength with these “fireproof” church members (56). While participating in a march he was sprayed with a fire hose but did not have fear of the angry policemen and firemen. Walter was not afraid and said that he could “shake” his “tail at the policemen” and that “they had no power over” him (Grooms 244). Although the church members of the “Fire Proof” poem experienced emotional pain, they were able to cope by being indifferent to their harsh circumstances. Walter was able to release his emotional pain by having a fearless attitude. In the poem “Death by Basketball” Walter talked about how a little boy who had dreams of becoming a basketball player would never be able to pursue his dream because he got shot. Walker stated in his poem, “Another shooting...who will never test out a dream of legitimate futures” (24). Walter in Bombingham can connect with this boy who was not able to pursue his dream. Furthermore, Walter was not able to pursue his dream of becoming an astronaut because he didn’t receive any emotional support from his father and his best friend named Lamar died. Walter writes in a letter, “When I lost Lamar, I lost the moon; I lost the Stars. What did it matter to become the first Negro in space? (Grooms 299). As an adult, Walter allowed his emotional pain to destroy his dream of becoming an astronaut. In the poem “Our Need” Alexander talked about having a foundation of “wholeness born of inner strength” and “certain courage flame with honest rays.” The poem “Our Need” shares a connection with the attitude of Walter’s mother.
Clara, who was dying of cancer, had the foundation of God in her life. She trusted God and wanted to share this foundation with Walter. Although Clara died, her positive attitude, which came from her trust in God helped her deal with emotional pain.

Not only are there connections with the actions and attitudes of Bombingham characters, there is also a connection with the surroundings. In Alexander’s “Our Need,” she talks about “a swift and dangerous undertow.” The “dangerous undertow” suggests that evil exists in people’s surroundings (Alexander). Also, Walter talks about a man named Bull Connor who was powerful and was known as the “Boogeyman” of the town (Grooms 15-16). Moreover, he explains that Bull Connor is “a grand dragon in the Ku Klux Klan and his responsibility for public safety mean keeping the public safe from Negroes” (Grooms 16). Bull Connor created the dangerous environment for Walter. In addition to Margaret talking about the evil in people’s surroundings, she also talked about how people need the “friendly feel of human forms...” in our environment. Bombingham’s character Walter shares a connection with the idea that people need the “friendly feel of human forms.” Walter talks about how he started to feel aloof towards his parents but Josie, his sister comforted him. Walter said that as “long as I stood, [Josie] would stand with me” (Grooms 204). Furthermore, Walter talks about how he “had the feeling [Josie] was my mother...” (Grooms 203). As a child, Walter had his sister Josie to support him emotionally.

In conclusion, connections with the works of Alexander and Walker can be found in the actions, attitudes, and surroundings of the characters in Bombingham. In Walker’s “Million Man March” he talked about how participation of one individual was important. Walter believed that it was so important to participate in the marches that he took the place of his parents in the march. Also, Walker talked about the strength of church members and Walter was also strong and courageous. Last but not least, Alexander talked about the evil in people’s surroundings and Walter had to deal with a racist named Bull Connor, who was suggested by grooms to be involved in the Ku Klux Klan. The church members in “Fire Proof,” the men who participated in the Million Man March, and Walter’s mother, Clara were able to deliver themselves of emotional pain. Although Walter found ways to cope with his emotional pain as a child, as an adult, he did not have the ability to cope with his pain because he lacked a support system.

Artemis Mills
2006
Sirocco
United
Will Wilson
Mixed Media on Canvas
Delores Capitan Essays

Academic
*First place: Megan Mattiace, “Alzheimer’s Disease and Aging: Manifestation of the Disease in Older Adults and Implications for Nurses”


Third place: Kaisa Kauranen, “The Common Agricultural Policy and Its Abuse” Kaisa is a sophomore at GSW. She came here from Finland last year as a Georgia Rotary Student Program scholar for one year, and ended up staying. She is a political science major at GSW, as well as a law major in University of Helsinki in Finland. After this semester she is planning on returning to Finland and finishing up law school, and then attaining a career as a diplomat or working with international relations and human rights.

Lacey Pitts is a senior here at GSW. She is working towards a B.A. in English, which will be accompanied, hopefully, by a teaching certificate. This twenty-one year old writer aspires to be a master teacher and hopes to always have time to dabble with writing. This is her second contribution to the Sirocco, but her first academic paper of any merit (by her own admission). Lacey also hopes that all those aspiring writers who come after her will have the courage to attempt publication and submission, no matter how personal the story or difficult the genre.

Creative
*First place: David B. Griffin, the short story “The Flying Ace”

Second place: Candace Hall, personal narrative “What College Has Meant to Me”

*Third place: Jo-ellen Alicie, personal memoirs “Growing Up” and “Queen Dancing Rain”

* No Picture or Biography submitted