

The Whip and the Spike: tales of human bondage

By Kalindi LaTorre
FEATURE'S COLUMNIST

I have always viewed large gatherings of people through a squinted eye of suspicion. My foremost fear remains constant: What if they chase me?

On account of this concern, it is my habitual practice upon confrontation to dart quickly away in the opposite direction. Thanks to my speedy evacuation abilities, I have never been caught.

I contemplated this disorder as I glared menacingly at the silent telephone. With an unwilling and violent intestine, I digested the bitter truth. My room was not facilitating the evening's scheduled social events, and the telephone would provide me with no comparable substitute for such activities.

The desire to communicate and interact with my peers finally overcame my social worries. Forcing bravery into my soul, a plan formulated in my destitute mind. My formerly immobilized limbs became active, and with a sudden swing of inspiration

and courageous determination, I set off for the gleaming halls of Milner in search of the Friday night dance.

I moved with the grace and furtiveness of a silent panther. Gliding stealthily across the lawn, I approached a seemingly obscure side door, avoiding all human obstacles. I confidently made my entrance.

Unfortunately, I had not considered the possibility that there would be partially naked young men boisterously strutting about the door I had so artfully chosen.



COURTESY OF WRITER

I have always depended on the kindness of strangers and other odd characters.

A gigantic nipple stared me right in the eyeball. It was pink.

I was so scandalized I practically fainted, and changed my course of direction immediately. Scrambling up a stairwell feeling dejected and startled, I no longer sought the tremor of glitzy lights and eager faces. It was the red brightness of the exit symbol that I now longed for.

After what seemed like ceaseless hours of searching, I found my route to escape. "Aha!" I exclaimed inwardly, and burst through the door with easy and fresh relief.

Towering before me like a huge, ominous giant stood the entire freshman class. I gaped wildly at them. My eyes squinted beneath the stark colors and vivid lights that were smeared against the blackness of the surrounding night. I could not move.

With an explosion of coursing heat, I suddenly felt my blood begin to circulate. I tore across the lawn with the urgency of a hunted elk, fleeing into the shadows where the burning heat of my racing heart fell loosely away upon the path behind me.

Sixth Sense gets rave reviews

By Peter Morscheck
FEATURES FILM CRITIC

A former patient (Donnie Wahlberg) breaks into the home of a noted child psychiatrist (Bruce Willis) and shoots him before committing suicide himself. A year later the psychiatrist approaches a new patient, a young boy with similar problems. He hopes to find redemption for the former patient he could not save by helping the new, troubled child (Haley Jones Osment). Thus begins *The Sixth Sense*, an intense and scary drama that lies somewhere between the realms of psychological thriller and horror.

I know what you're thinking: Action star Bruce Willis and former New Kid Donnie Wahlberg in a character-driven drama? Of course that's a scary concept. But the film works due to a combination of factors. Chief among these is the pace of the story, which unfolds realistically and on the human level before anything supernatural begins. Then there's 11 year-old Haley Joel Osment, arguably the best child actor to come along this side of Anna Paquin. Do not be sur-

prised to see him nominated for an Academy Award later this year.

The boy's problem? He thinks he see ghosts, among other things. Of course, no one believes him, making him a social outcast at school and even driving a large wedge between him and his mother. Slowly, he and the psychiatrist bond Rain Man-style through lots of one-on-one conversations. Only then does the film begin to get eerie, building up to an ending that pulls everything together in a truly surprising way.

Rave reviews came from other Guilford students as well. Say fourth-year Becky Ray, "It didn't rely on the usual over-use of production techniques to create a scary feeling." Her brother Greg concurred, "I enjoyed the texture of the film: dark, sensual, soft, rich, and almost smooth. The film lulls you into a place that feels positive and then it just keeps getting worse." To say too much would spoil the story, but we all recommend this one for the story, the acting, and the discussions it will generate on the car ride back home and beyond.

