

The Eyes Have It

By Jim Turner

Cassie was downstage left very near the apron, and if I were to jump up quickly and run eight or ten rows really fast, I could rescue her when she stepped off the edge. I let my eyes travel the full length of her stocking-clad legs and finally realized that she had eyes as well. They seemed to be focused right on mine like one of those weird portraits with eyes so real they seem to follow you around a room. She was singing something sad and meaningful to the storyline, and I was captivated by the whole experience. This was my first ever Broadway play. "A Chorus Line" in New York City was everything I ever imagined, and more.

The eye phenomena didn't end with "Chorus Line." We have attended many live performances over the years and there always seems to be some eye-to-eye connection with someone or something. It was with the donkey in "Man of La Mancha." The creature had big, sad eyes and seemed to implore me to get that heavy goofball Sancho off his back.

Oscar, too, has eyes that follow me everywhere I go. In case you have not had the misfortune of meeting him, Oscar is my new granddog. His eyes and his four little legs and his little whiskered face seem to always be within inches of my nose. Now what is it about my eyes that make them magnets for other eyes, especially when the other eyes are experiencing some kind of discomfort?

There has to be a reasonable answer to this mystery. Without asking permission of *The Shoreline* editor, I sought the opinion of the paper's chief ocular correspondent, Dr. I.M. Special. I have heard of him and his particular skills from others, but this was my first opportunity to meet him. He squinted, stood uncomfortably close to my face and

PIKSCO Happenings

By Ches Garner

The PIKSCO Board is pleased to give special recognition of donors who contributed to the kayak access/floating dock project at Garner Park. A grand total of \$8,850 was donated, which covered approximately 70% of the project cost. Based upon feedback to date from many within both PIKSCO and PKA, this is one of the most well-received projects completed in recent years. Many thanks to all those who shared the vision and wanted to ensure this project would be successful for all to enjoy, including an opportunity for the town of Pine Knoll Shores to better accommodate more participants in future Kayak for the Warriors events. Names are listed in the order that donations were received.

- Allen and Darlene Smith
- John and Jamella Everhart
- H.H. "Dickie" and Jeanette Newsome
- Park "Buzz" and Jeanette Jenkins
- Town of Pine Knoll Shores
- Thomas and Susan Toms
- Bill and Joy Taylor
- Clark and Betsy Hutchinson
- Daryl and Michelle Moore
- John and Donna Fountain
- Ches and Judy Garner

Building the volunteer list. We continue to meet with prospective volunteers, providing information as to duties and time requirements so more people will be in a better position in the coming year to help cover our three parks. If you are interested and have not yet been contacted, please email me at cgarner@pulcrachem.com and I will be happy to discuss volunteer opportunities available, and will work with you to find a time convenient for your schedule.

It is almost time for our Nominations Committee to begin gathering a list of candidates for the PIKSCO Board as these director positions open up in the next couple of years. If you think you may be interested, beginning as a volunteer is a great place to start.

PIKSCO contact. For questions, concerns, to express a willingness to volunteer or to provide feedback, contact Erica Reed at 247-4818, pikSCO@ec.rr.com, through the website at pikSCO.com or by mail at P.O. Box 366, Atlantic Beach, NC 28512.

stared deep into my eyes. They began to cross. He said, "Your eyes appear to be normal, though you do have somewhat concentric pupils. I believe the phenomenon you describe is not attributable to your eyes, but rather to the general human fixation on eyes and the somewhat common feeling that they represent a window into one's soul." He went on to cite the propensity of song writers and poets, among others, to feature eyes in their works and to attribute some almost mystical characteristics to them. He made a valid point. There must be a bucket full of hit songs that talk about eyes. I know of at least one country-western song that gives too much detail about someone's nose. I am not making this up. I saw the video on my iPhone. As the performers like to say when introducing their next ditty, it goes a little like this: "If my nose was runnin' money, I'd blow it all on you." But I digress. I was talking about eyes, not noses.

An internet search for songs with the word "eye" or "eyes" in the title took me to Weird Forum. I don't remember having researched on this site before and am not sure if there is some hidden agenda attached to my being directed there. Anyhow, I found some oldies and goodies. Here are the first of a long list: "Brown-eyed Girl," Van Morrison; "Betty Davis Eyes," Kim Carnes; "Private Eyes," Hall and Oates; "For Your Eyes Only," Sheena Easton; "Don't it Make My Brown Eyes Blue?," Crystal Gayle; "Angel Eyes," Jeff Heasley Band; "Eye of the Tiger," Survivor; and my personal favorite, "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," by Willie Nelson.

Poets, of course, are more eloquent than we average folks in expressing eyes in a way both beautiful and sad at the same time. I, for example, might say, "Wow, she has purdy eyes." In "Prometheus Unbound," Percy Bysshe Shelley uses more words when he declares:

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.

His contemporary John Keats wrote in "Admiration Blue Eyes":

Forget-me-not, -the blue bell, -and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet; What strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!

And how about T. H. Reynolds' thought:

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that made the hyacinthine bell.

That is some pretty heavy stuff. Keats and Shelley are two of the major English Romantic poets, and I have certainly enjoyed reading a line or two of their writing over the years. I like romance. Its right up there with oatmeal cream pies and double stuff Oreos. I suspect I might hear more about that last statement from my spouse. Cathy Guisewite, the American cartoonist who gave us the comic strip "Cathy," provided a little different perspective when she wrote: "When life gives you lemons, squirt someone in the eye." I always enjoyed reading her comic strip. She is just a little evil like me and a couple of folks I know.

I must briefly explore the issue of eye color before I blink off. America's singing idol of the '40s, Frank Sinatra, was affectionately known as Ol' Blue Eyes, probably because his eyes were, in fact, blue. Paul Newman was another heartthrob with eyes of blue, but I don't think anybody so nicknamed him. Then there is that thing we call "The Green-Eyed Monster." The "thing" in question is jealousy. So, is green an evil color? There have been songs written about green-eyed ladies, and I doubt the song writers intended to disparage the woman being swooned over. And one final frightening thought: "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon Us." Yikes.

Our friends from "Car Talk," the zany call-in show popular for many years on NPR, always closed their program by telling the audience they had wasted another hour of their lives. I'm pleased to report to you that I've only wasted about a thousand words of yours.

A few days ago I won a bet on the golf course, and as I pondered whether to frame the dollar or make a down payment on a diet Coke, my disappointed playing partner offered a profound thought. He actually said to me, "You represent a regrettable turn in human evolution." Those were strong words worthy of much more than one dollar. As he spoke to me, his face was obscured by his hat. I wish I could have seen his eyes.