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an abominable green-and-orange costume and armed only with his athletic prowess and his trusty falcon Redwing, embarked on a crimefighting career as the Falcon and became Captain America's partner (as well as one of the first prominent black characters in comic books), sharing cover billing with Cap for some time. Later, Wilson got a somewhat spiffier red-and-white costume (immortalized in the now-classic Mego superhero dolls line) and an even spiffier set of artificial wings that somehow allowed him to fly. He eventually split with Cap but has remained a recurring character in the Marvel line as an ally to Cap and a sometime member of the Avengers. He also once starred in his own four-issue mini-series, and recently got an even higher-tech costume with such goodies as a grappling claw, detachable remote-controlled wings and vision enhancement.

Other noteworthy flyboys, in order of appearance and significance, include Nighthawk, Golden Eagle and Peregrine. Nighthawk started out as a flightless character like the Falcon, and debuted in an early issue of *Avengers* as a villainous Batman rip-off; he was a millionaire playboy (Kyle Richmond) whose athletic prowess doubled in the dark. After flirting with a criminal career, Nighthawk reformed and joined the Defenders, becoming a mainstay of that team for years thereafter and soon acquiring a jet pack that allowed him to fly. Nighthawk was grounded in the 1980's when he apparently died in action, and he has not been seen since.

Charley Parker, alias Golden Eagle, is an even more obscure character with an absurdly checkered background. He debuted in a 1970's *Justice League of America* story as an orphan teen who hero-worshipped Hawkman to the point of dressing like him. When Hawkman's old foe Matter Master commanded his near-omnipotent mentachem wand to seek out Hawkman (not knowing the Hawkster was off-planet), the keen little wand decided that if it couldn't find Hawkman it would manufacture a reasonable facsimile; happening upon the suitably clad Parker, the wand transformed him into a variation of Hawkman by giving him a costume which actually allowed him to fly. Embarking on a crimefighting career as the Golden Eagle, Parker ran afoul of the Matter Master but was rescued by the Justice League.

Clearly a throwaway character, Parker improbably resurfaced two or three times as Hawkman's protege and as a founding member of the short-lived Teen Titans expansion team Titans West.

After the *Crisis on Infinite Earths* allowed DC to revamp its continuity, Golden Eagle was one of many characters deleted from DC history altogether, but that decision was reversed and he reappeared as a Titans West affiliate albeit with an impressive new costume designed by George Perez, plus a new background history as a would-be hero-for-hire and ne'er-do-well surfer dude. Despite this facelift, the character was soon killed off altogether during the "Titans Hunt" storyline in *The New Titans*.

Last on our list is Peregrine, a French novelist-turned-costumed mercenary whose winged outfit allows him to fly. Peregrine first appeared in the first comic book limited series, a three-part, cast-of-thousands affair called *Marvel Super Heroes Contest of Champions*. This tale featured ab-so-loot-lee ALL of Marvel's superheroes being drafted by the alien Grandmaster to participate in his global tournament of champions. In order to accentuate the global aspect of the story, the creators threw in a passel of new international characters like Defensor (Argentina), Talisman (Australia), Blitzkrieg (Germany), Collective Man (China), Shamrock (Ireland), and France's own Peregrine. Peregrine duelled unsuccessfully with the Angel in this story, and has gone on to appear sporadically in a variety of comic books since then, sometimes as an operative of the mercenary Silver Sable.

-- Sean McQuaid

Quote of the month: "I am sorry that I cannot fly." -- Tagak the Leopard Lord, lamenting his lot as the sole flightless member of a group of Defenders on patrol (*Defenders* # 63).

Point of View

By Angela Sanders

Life is an interesting thing, don't you think? When we were in junior high, most of us thought that we were pretty cool with our expensive, way overpriced designer labels. By wearing the "right" clothes and saying the "right" thing, we could impress those people that we thought were "so cool". This carried over into high school and as we were given our freedom, we would go out and do "cool" stuff, like hang out at the mall where we would hope to meet other potentially cool wannabes and some that actually were. As time went by and we got our licenses and took our parents' cars, or our own, to go out into the late hours of the night to drink, or to do other equally prohibited stuff.

Now that we are in university, the things that we think about are on a new level. It is like entering a new dimension. As they say in the commercial, "Welcome to the next level", and let me tell you, it's not fun. Well, okay, so maybe it is in the beginning. This is the time where we really let go. We move out, take our first legal drink, and learn to balance the demands of working to get money so that tuition can be paid, rent, food, car payments and the like, driving us insane while we still try to fit that one minute of studying into that weekend somewhere. Or is it that one minute of fun ...? It depends on your priorities. But regardless of the worldview we hold at the time that we are here, it all comes down to one thing. Yes folks, I'm talking about stress. Major big time stress.

That's what we call that state of consciousness (which feels a lot like a hangover at times) when we wake up and wish to God that somehow He will strike you dead that minute and you can spend eternity in bed. The agony of life is too much to bear. But then we get up and go to work, or class, or wherever it is that we need to go and gracefully (?) get through university one day at a time.

There are various ways to do so. One could do it the way our professors assume we are doing it; by working our butts off and learning the texts and readings verbatim (and even then it's not going to help you), or the work could get done the conventional way; at the last minute. (Strangely enough, a seemingly "brilliant" paper that you work on for months receives a grade which is less than flattering, while that twenty page paper typed in a frenzy in the wee hours before the paper is due gets an extremely good mark of 80 or 90 something. The "hard work reaps reward" theory is thereby blown out of the water.)

Then there is my way. I do the paper I feel like doing when I feel like doing it. I watch TV until I'm bored and then go to bed. Finally I start to study and realize that my procrastination has allowed me to fall so far behind that I start to cry. At that point, I can't even remember where I am and what class I am supposed to be attending that day. (I never get the day and the date right. I get one or the other.)

Life becomes regulated by "today I work, tomorrow is class, the day after is both". (What day of the week it is, let alone what I ate for breakfast this morning, if anything at all, don't ask-- I won't remember. Maybe on a good day.) If you see similarities to your life, remember you are not alone and for all of those really unstressed people out there, GET REAL!!

All Alone

(1/10/94)

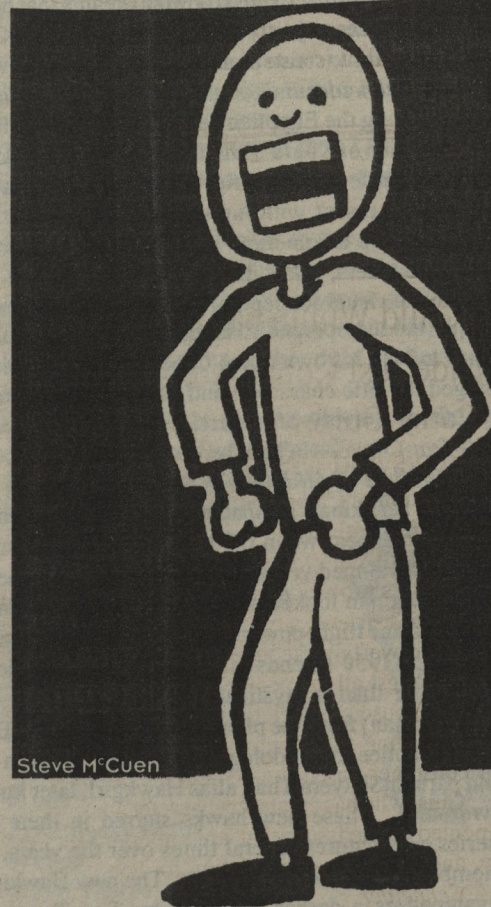
With no one left to love him,
no one to help him,
or even comfort him,
he's all alone, by himself.

Wherever he goes,
he finds enemies.
Whatever he does,
angers someone.

He wants to again be kind,
but people won't accept it.
He want's to go back,
but finds it hard.

He once went many places
and once had many friends.
But now he's all alone,
By himself.

Marco Scappa



Steve M'Cuen