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Not just another face in the crowd

Part two of a four-part series



WEARING TWO HATS: Student Activities Board President Mike Bowling conducts a SAB meeting. Next year Bowling will wear two hats, as both SAB president and Student Government Association Engineering senator.

Wearing two hats

Bowling will be splitting time between two organizations next year

By ELIZABETH WADE
News Editor

Although Michael Bowling works many hours a day as president of the Student Activities Board, he said he is confident he can do the job again, and still find time for something new — be a student government senator.

Bowling is the first person in 25 years to be elected to both the president of the Student Activities Board and as a senator for the Student Government Association. Bowling was elected senator for the College of Engineering last week.

"Basically last fall I was President of Kappa Sigma Fraternity and the Student Activities Board," Bowling said. "It took more effort to be president of Kappa Sigma than it will to be a senator. I would not have run for senator at large, I wanted to represent my college."

Both SAB and SGA held their elections last week. The engineering senior from Madisonville said he thinks the two positions will complement each other because SAB and SGA work together on many projects.

"I'm pretty comfortable with SAB and I've been to a lot of SGA senate meetings," he said. "I'm not into rules. I try to take the common sense approach which may help SGA out. I

think they do a good job but anybody like that is going to have a hard time pleasing everyone."

Bowling is not the first to be elected SAB President two years in a row. Bowling's predecessor, Lynn Hunt, also was president for two years. He said that being president two years in a row is advantageous because he already has his feet wet.

"We've done well this year but we're going to turn and burn next year," he said. "I'm not going to be getting my feet on the ground so I'll go directly into next year having already prepared for next fall."

Although Bowling said he does not want to add more events to SAB's current plan, he said he wants to evaluate the current events for today and not what happened in the past.

Bowling said many current activities such as a Free For All, Little Kentucky Derby, concerts and parents weekend will be improved for next year.

He also said SAB is planning a new event for next year — Li'l Sib' weekend. The weekend was in the plans for this year but Bowling said problems with the residence halls kept it from materializing.

Although Bowling has a plan underway for next year's SAB, he said he has no plans in mind for SGA.

See BOWLING, Back Page

Roselle to suggest chancellor from three candidates

By JAY BLANTON
Editor in Chief

A search committee has given UK President David Roselle three candidates from which to recommend a chancellor for the Lexington campus to the UK Board of Trustees.

And Roselle said yesterday that he hopes to make a recommendation to the board in time for its next meeting, May 2.

The chancellor's search committee met last Friday to make a recommendation to Roselle, but instead of recommending one candidate to the president it opted to send all three finalists, who have been brought to campus, to the president.

The finalists for the position are Risa Ileen Palm, associate vice chancellor for research and dean of the graduate school at the University of Colorado; Samuel A. Kirkpatrick, dean of liberal arts and sciences at Arizona State University and Robert Hemenway, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Oklahoma.

Hemenway previously was chairman of the Department of English at UK.

Roselle, who attended Friday's meeting, said yesterday that he considered the search committee's action unusual, but pleasing.

"Usually if you bring in three people one of them is ruled out by just the response you get back," Roselle said after yesterday's BOT meeting. "That response did not happen" in this case.

"The three candidates who were here are all well qualified and acceptable," Roselle said. "And I'm to go off and probe more deeply into each of them, find out more, and I'll report back to the search committee and a decision will be made."

The president said committee members

Change in fee policy approved by UK board

By JAY BLANTON
Editor in Chief

Any changes in mandatory student fees now will depend on what other university students pay and the income of Kentuckians, according to a policy approved by the UK Board of Trustees yesterday.

Under the new policy, students will pay \$180 in fees next year, the same amount as this year, said Ed Carter, UK vice president for administration.

Fees, however, could have been as high as \$334 because the new fee policy sets a ceiling for how much students can pay in fees.

But Carter said any increase still must be approved by the BOT, which

See STUDENT, Back Page

expressed "a lot of support for each of the candidates and very little along the lines of any one person not being acceptable."

Search committee chairman Paul Willis said it wasn't the intention of the committee to rank the candidates or submit one name to the president.

Willis said it was better to discuss each candidate and provide the president with a list of strengths and weaknesses, rather than rank them.

See ROSELLE, Back Page

Gorbachev tells Cubans his reforms not for all

By MICHAEL PUTZEL
Associated Press

HAVANA — Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev told the Cuban legislature yesterday that Soviet reforms were not a universal remedy for all communist countries.

In a 53-minute speech before the Cuban National Assembly, Gorbachev also proposed that a "zone of peace" be established in Latin America and the Caribbean and renounced any Soviet intention of establishing naval, air or missile bases in the region.

Gorbachev also reaffirmed that the Soviet Union will continue supplying weaponry to Nicaragua's leftist government as long as the United States continues to arm other Central American countries. The issue remains a major sore point in relations between Washington and Moscow.

In his speech, the Soviet leader spent considerable time justifying the need for the reforms he has introduced in his own country.

"Today only those who can count on success who are marching in step with the times, who are drawing the necessary conclusions from the changes resulting from the fact that the world has entered the era of high technology, of intellectual labor, of the decisive role of science," he said.

But Gorbachev added that "We do not regard our approaches and solutions as any universal prescription for all."

"On the contrary, problems may be similar but each party solves them in its own way, guided by its own notions and the specific features of its country," he said.

There had been speculation that Gorbachev, in a gesture of friendship toward Cuba, might announce forgiveness of part or all of Cuba's debt to the Soviet Union.

But he barely mentioned the subject, merely restating his position that the industrialized nations of the world should try to help ease the burden of debtor nations in the developing world.

Earlier, in an interview with the Soviet news agency Tass, Gorbachev signaled that he and Cuban President Fidel Castro are prepared to work for improved East-West relations, indicating some softening in the Cuban leader's rigid anti-Americanism.

Gorbachev told Tass a central topic of his talks with Castro on Monday was the "new thinking" in Soviet foreign policy — an approach that seeks to ease world tensions by reducing military commitments abroad and negotiating settlements of regional disputes that threaten to bring the superpowers into conflict.

Board names Fulks academic ombudsman; honorary degrees set to be awarded to six

Staff reports

Daniel J. Fulks, associate dean of undergraduate studies at the College of Business and Economics, was named academic ombudsman at UK by the Board of Trustees yesterday.

Fulks' one-year term begins July 1. He succeeds William G. Moody, an animal sciences professor.

The academic ombudsman is responsible mainly for handling issues of concern to student or for problems which have gone

through the usual channels and have not been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned.

In other BOT business: The board approved the awarding of honorary degrees to six people with diverse backgrounds ranging from state senator to automobile manufacturer.

The degrees, recommended to the Graduate Faculty and the University Senate by the Committee on Honorary Degrees, are being awarded to Hilary J. Boone, Jr., a horse breeder; John H. Gray, who has

worked in coal and was one of the driving forces behind the creation of Madisonville Community College in 1968; Daniel Oduber, former president of Costa Rica.

Georgia Powers, first black woman every elected to the Kentucky Senate; Douglas Schwartz, president and Chief Executive Officer of the School of American Research in New Mexico; and Dr. Shoichi-ro Toyoda, president of Toyota Motor Company.

UK debate team makes final four in nationals

By KIP BOWMAR
Staff Writer

While one final four took place in Seattle this week, the UK debate team of Calvin Rockefeller and T.A. McKinney participated in another.

The collegiate National Debate Tournament took place on the campus of Miami University of Ohio last weekend. UK fielded two teams in the tournament. In addition to Rockefeller and McKinney, William Massie and David Walsh also competed.

The Rockefeller/McKinney duo advanced to the national semifinals before losing to eventual national champion Bay-

"This is definitely the highlight of my season. We had made the semis in two other tournaments, but this was the big national tournament."

Calvin Rockefeller,
UK debater

"This is definitely the highlight of my season," Rockefeller said. "We had made the semis in two other tournaments, but this was the big national tournament."

But they did what they could to help their teammates. When asked for his high-light of the tournament, David Walsh replied, "Helping T.A. and Calvin advance further in the tournament after we were eliminated."

"We think that this is only the fourth

See UK, Back Page

time in the history of the national tournament that two sophomores have advanced to the final four," said UK debate coach, J.W. Patterson. "It's not that unusual to have a sophomore and say, a senior. But to have two sophomores is rare."

The season has been a long one for McKinney and Rockefeller. "Outside of tournaments (which run generally from Thursday to Tuesday), they spend about 20 hours a week practicing or researching," Patterson said. "That's about what it takes to be a top team, which they are."

Patterson said that McKinney and Rockefeller participated in about eight to 10 tournaments during the year and had

Rather tickets all gone for now

All tickets for reserved seating for Honors Day, featuring a speech by CBS anchor Dan Rather on April 28th, have been taken.

A limited number of returned tickets may be available on April 24th.

Two closed-circuit TV sites will be available. These are the Reclining Hall in the Singletary Center for the Arts and 115 of the Health Science Learning Center on Rose Street.

TODAY'S WEATHER

50° - 55°

Today: Cool
Tomorrow: Partly sunny

SPORTS

UK gymnast misses national meet by fraction of point

See Page 3

DIVERSIONS

Women writers come to Lexington

See Page 2

DIVERSIONS

Rob Seng
Arts Editor

Global concerns

Women Writers Conference bringing authors and their viewpoints from outside as well as within United States

By VICKI GRITTON and ELIZABETH HAMMOND Staff Writers

Heralding the female writer within today's society, the 11th annual Women's Writers Conference will begin today and end Saturday.

Spotlighting six contemporary established women writers, the conference should prove to be both enlightening and inspiring.

"The conference started 11 years ago because there were funds available and we wanted to give students exposure to women writers," said Betty Gabehart, who has been director of the conference for four consecutive years.

Among the most prominent writers who have taken part in this event are Alice Walker, who participated before her acclaimed *The Color Purple* had been published, Maya Angelou, poet and writer of "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," and renowned Canadian author Margaret Antwood.

"This year we have moved out beyond the United States," Gabehart said. "We brought Claribel Alegria, author of 'Flowers From the Volcano' who was born in Nicaragua and No Telephone to Heaven's author Michelle Cliff from Jamaica."

With this larger cultural spectrum of writing, those attending the conference will be exposed to a diverse and international awareness.

Even though there is no overall

theme for the conference, each woman has depicted personal conflict and exultation in her work.

The individual artists all have shown an extraordinary amount of passion and have reacted to their surroundings with responsive writings.

A summary of this conscientious understanding is contained in the Argentinian-born Alicia Partnoy's book *The Little School: Tales of Disappearance and Survival in Argentina*, which tells of her imprisonment in Buenos Aires where she was the sole survivor of her group.

She helped implicate her captors through her personal testimony in the book, and they later were convicted. American Carolyn Forché also will be a speaker for the conference. She has written about her journeys to El Salvador, as well as a work of poetry titled *The Country Between Us*.

Kentuckian Barbara Kingsolver also will appear. One of the most prominent issues in her writing concerns "the blending of art and conscience." She is the author of *The Bean Trees*, a novel that shows concern for the Sanctuary Movement.

Another guest will be Sonia Sanchez, an African-American playwright and poet. Her writing has taken a more political perspective, merging the sometime idealism of art with a social consciousness. Her works include *Homegirls* and *Handmade and I'm Black When I'm Singing, I'm Blue When I Ain't*.

Also featured will be round-robin reading, in which those attending the conference will be allowed to share their personal writings with an objective audience.

Anne Shelby is the organizer of the round-robin readings who has achieved a certain amount of notoriety from her poems and a children's book that will be published in 1990.

Those wishing to read their works publicly can do so Saturday afternoon at 12:30 in 363 Student Center.

Panel discussions also will be offered, covering topics such as "Memory, Amnesia, Nostalgia," "Realities of Publishing," "Translation," "The Arts and Politics," and "After You've Written the Last Chapter: The Agent Question."

"I have heard it said that writing is a lonely task. We have an important clientele who come to our conferences to gain inspiration or nourish what they have," said Gabehart.

Registration fees are \$8 per day or \$24 for the entire conference. On-site registration begins at 8 tomorrow morning outside 357 Student Center. Students with IDs are admitted free to all conference events. Evening events are free and open to the public.

'Blooding' proves to be Wambaugh's best

Associated Press

THE BLOODING
By Joseph Wambaugh
Morrow, \$18.95

In a note leading into *The Blooding*, best-selling author Joseph Wambaugh sums up his book as "the true story of the Narborough Murder Enquiry, the world's first murder case to be resolved by genetic fingerprinting—a stunning scientific discovery that may well revolutionize forensic science as dramatically as fingerprinting did in the 19th century."

That terse recap, however, does not do justice to what proves to be the best non-fiction book Wambaugh has written. Nor does it hint at the painstaking police work, as is fascinatingly detailed by Wambaugh, that went into solving the brutal murders of two young English girls.

The village of Narborough lies

BOOK REVIEW

about six miles southwest of the city of Leicester. A mental hospital is located near the village. In 1983, the body of Lynda Mann, 15, was found on the hospital grounds. Three years later, the body of Dawn Ashworth, also 15, was found in a "clump of blackthorn bushes in a field." Both girls had been assaulted and murdered.

Despite intensive investigation, the police had not been able to solve the Mann murder. Now, they also had the Ashworth slaying to deal with. Leads in both cases were plentiful, but led to nothing. Except one. That resulted in the snaring of a young kitchen porter, and the po-

lice thought they had their murderer—for a while.

Their case collapsed when "the 17-year-old became the first accused murderer in the world to be set free as a result of the DNA test known as genetic fingerprinting."

The test that killed their case had been developed in 1984 by a scientist at nearby Leicester University. Complicated to explain, it involved the "mapping" of human genes from blood cells. Each blood sample tested contained specific genes that could belong only to one person.

Ironically, the test eventually led them to the real killer—but only after the police had tested the blood of 4,383 young men. The last one tested had a DNA pattern that "did indeed provide a perfect match to the genetic signature left by the slayer" of the two girls.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, APRIL 7

8 a.m.
Conference registration
Conference bookstore/exhibit opens
Room 357, Student Center

9 a.m.
Readings and panel discussion
"Memory, Amnesia, Nostalgia"
Claribel Alegria, Michelle Cliff, Carolyn Forché, Sonia Sanchez
Room 305, Student Center

Noon
Reading, "Current Fiction-in-Process"
Michelle Cliff
Room 306, Student Center

2 p.m.
Discussion, "Playing with"
Sonia Sanchez
Center Theatre, Student Center

4 p.m.
Panel discussion
"Realities of Publishing"
Barbara Kingsolver, Alicia Partnoy, Judith Doyle, Alexander Taylor
Room 305, Student Center

5:30—7 p.m.
Reception for all conference registrants
18th floor, Patterson Office Tower

8 p.m.
Reading and commentary
Claribel Alegria, Carolyn Forché, Margaret Peden
Room 305, Student Center

8 p.m.
Reading
Barbara Kingsolver
Concert Hall, Singletary Center for the Arts

FRIDAY, APRIL 7

8:15 a.m.
Conference registration
Room 357, Student Center

9 a.m.
Reading and commentary
"The Poet's Voice"
Sonia Sanchez
Room 305, Student Center

10:15 a.m.
Discussion, "Translation"
Claribel Alegria, Carolyn Forché, Margaret Peden
Room 305, Student Center

Noon
Panel discussion, "The Arts and Politics"
Alicia Partnoy, Michelle Cliff, Claribel Alegria
Room 305, Student Center

2 p.m.
Readings and discussion, "Women's Voices Through The Translator"
Margaret Peden
Center Theatre, Student Center

4 p.m.
Reading
Alicia Partnoy
Center Theatre, Student Center

SATURDAY, APRIL 8

8:15 a.m.
Conference registration
Room 357, Student Center

9 a.m.
Coffee and book signing
Carolyn Forché, Barbara Kingsolver, Alicia Partnoy
Room 357, Student Center

9:45 a.m.
Panel discussion, "After You've Written The Last Chapter: The Agent Question"
Carolyn Forché, Alicia Partnoy, Barbara Kingsolver
Center Theatre, Student Center

11 a.m.
Readings by workshop leaders
Michelle Boisseau, Ann Kilkelly, Anne Shelby, Aleda Shirley, Martha Bennett Stiles, Mary Ann Taylor-Hall
Center Theatre, Student Center

12:30—2:30 p.m.
Round-robin readings
Conference registrants
Room 363, Student Center

1:30 p.m.
Workshops for those who pre-registered by Feb. 1

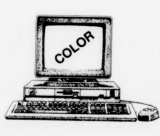
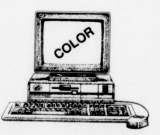

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



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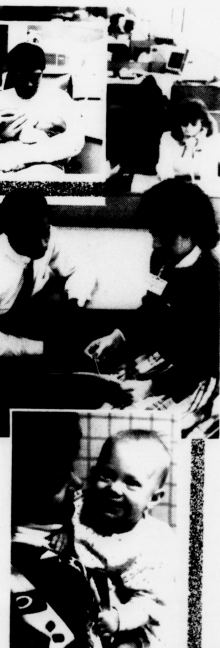
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SPORTS

Tom Spalding
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Kats hope to improve team as season ends

Strengthening team is goal of UK coaching hierarchy

By BOB NORMAN
Staff Writer

As the UK Gym Kats completed their season on Saturday at Memorial Coliseum, the players finally got a chance to reflect and examine a year of tough competition.

But the Kats' bosses — the coaches — would not be so lucky.

UK coach Leah Little would find herself under the weather and unable to make it to the office Monday or yesterday. Why? "I guess I was overworked," Little said.

Little, and her assistants, have been hard at work, before the season ended and after the last tumble on the mats, trying to build a better team for next season. That is not surprising, as this past season was one marred with injuries and a lack of depth.

"Gymnastics puts a lot of stress on the gymnasts' ankles," Assistant coach Brad Wunderlich said. "We had a lot of injuries, and what hurt us this season was that we never had a chance to put out our best team."

Fortunately for the team, only two gymnasts, senior Diane Sill and junior Jo Armstrong, who completed the season will not be competing next season. Both of them, like several other members of the team, were injured for most of the season.

But the team, which gets 10 scholarships from the University, lost three other gymnasts before and during the season — one for medical reasons, one was dismissed and one fell victim to Proposition 48.

"We wound up having the largest turnover rate we've ever had," Little said.

"We just got in a position where we were short on the numbers and when you get short on the numbers you're devastated. We have five scholarships open and it's very important to get them filled."

Leah Little,
UK gym coach

The coaching staff hasn't forgotten the difficulties that result with the lack of depth. They had to put some inexperienced gymnasts in tight spots to compete in events they did not specialize in.

"We just got in a position where we were short on the numbers," Little said. "And when you get short on the numbers you're devastated."

Because of the problems, Little has been hard at work recruiting gymnasts from all over the United States and Canada. Among the states she has recruited in are Pennsylvania, Texas, Nebraska and Ohio.

"We've got five scholarships open," Little said. "And it's very important to get them filled."

"The great thing about the recruits," Wunderlich said, "is that they are all excellent gymnasts and really good people."

Three of those she has recruited have already made commitments to UK, while two others are still undecided.

Little has not only recruited high school seniors but also walk-ons from other colleges. This, says Little, will help solve the depth



DAVID MULLINS/Kentucky Staff

Senior Diane Sill is one of two UK gymnasts who will not be returning for next season.

problem and add more competition in the team's practice.

"It's like a horse race," Wunderlich said. "The horses run their best when they are competing against other fast horses. The walk-ons should help us immensely."

The Gym Kats will fortunately

Winn misses nationals by a tenth, waits for next year

By BOB NORMAN
Staff Writer

After the NCAA Regional competitions on Saturday, members of the UK gymnastics team, especially their star gymnast Arnie Winn, waited anxiously to see if she would make the nationals.

No wonder, as Winn showed her ability by hitting each event with excellence against the best collegiate competitors in the land. At the meet, All-Americans and former olympians were everywhere.

"She had a great meet," Assistant coach Brad Wunderlich said. "She did well against some great competition. She was right there with them until the very last event."

Indeed, when the last event of the second round was upon the gymnasts, Winn was still in the running for first place all-around. But the results were less than fantastic, as Winn wound up seventh-place all-around.

But her performance still merited consideration for a chance to make the Nationals. The Lexington native did win the first round competition, and her score was a good one, as she scored at least a 9.3 in all of the events.

But the results were disappointing. She missed the cut by just a tenth of a point. Winn would have to wait until next year, along with the rest of her team.

"I'm sad," Winn said. "But I still have three more years to compete, so I don't feel too bad."

As only a freshman, Winn has a lot more to learn, and according to Wunderlich, she has a whole new bag of tricks to show the fans, and

more importantly the tough NCAA gymnastics judges, next season.

"Arnie has a great feel for the skills she is currently learning," Wunderlich said. "She hasn't peaked."

"Starting tomorrow we'll work hard on those extra skills."

Winn also has another thing working for her when she begins her second season — this season's experience.

"I feel real good about this season," Winn said. "I gained a lot of experience for next year, and I feel real good about what might happen next season."

If things go well, Winn might just turn the tables on her collegiate rivals.

"She's been in the big meets, and she's shown everyone that she can compete with the best," Wunderlich said. "In the next few years, everyone might be chasing her scores rather than Arnie chasing them."

But things don't always happen the way people want them to. Especially in the pressure cooker of the key meets, as Winn will attest.

"Some freaky things sometimes happen in the big meets," she said.

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VIEWPOINT

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Don't be a face in the crowd, become involved in college

A university can be an intimidating place sometimes. With more than 20,000 people on Lexington's campus, it is easy to become lost in the bureaucracy and go through the motions.

Many students pass through UK in four or five years and receive their degree without giving anything back to the University.

But some UK students have not been content to simply sit back.

This week, the Kernel is profiling four UK students who have become active on campus and are helping to improve the quality of life at the University.

College students often are unfairly labeled as being apathetic and indifferent toward their society. Although there certainly are students who only are concerned with themselves, there are many students who are eager to contribute to their society.

While the socially conscious students of the 1980s may not be as vocal or noticeable as the students of the late 1960s and early '70s, they are involved with changing their world in more subtle ways, such as working from within the system to make it better.

When John F. Kennedy was elected president, he called upon the youth of the nation to become more involved in their world. During George Bush's inauguration speech, he reshaped those words, asking Americans to help make their society a little better than when they found it.

It is refreshing to see that some students here at UK, who the Kernel is appropriately calling "not just another face in the crowd," have taken that message to heart.

When many of us were entering our freshman year, it seems that our relatives, peers and teachers had advice about how to make our college years some of the more enjoyable ones of our lives. But as some UK students have shown, one of the best ways to do that is by becoming involved and not being just another face in the crowd.

UK's towing policy should be re-evaluated

According to the University's contract with Bluegrass Towing, "A vehicle will be considered towed when the proper wrecker is in position to tow and any part of the apparatus is in contact with the vehicle being towed."

Well, I was present at the vehicle before the apparatus was attached, but there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop the tow.

After carefully parking my vehicle in a "No Parking Zone" on UK's campus, I approached my vehicle just as a tow truck was preparing for the hook.

It was obvious at this point that I could remove my car faster than the towing company, but the parking officer had blocked in my car.

Without hesitation, they began to hook my car. I approached the parking officer, and he informed me that there was nothing he could do, because by this time the wrecker's apparatus was touching my car.

The parking officer acted somewhat sympathetic and granted me three minutes to come up with a check. Just then, the truck operator demanded that I open the passenger side of the car. I told him he wasn't going to tow my car because I was going to get the check.

Right in front of my face, this man pulled out a Slimjim and started to force it between the window and the door. The official did nothing to stop him, and he repeated my time allotment.

I was back at the scene in three minutes, and surprise, surprise, both the tow truck and my car were gone. It seems that the officer had no intention of waiting, he just eliminated a possible confrontation.

I was at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Rose Street when the

Letters

Delts deserve honor

In honor of the Greek Week celebration and the upcoming Greek Banquet, I would like to recommend Delta Tau Delta fraternity for the Anti-Panhellenic Spirit award for their activities above and beyond the call of duty in defense of the rest of the greek community. The Delts have worked

GUEST OPINION

truck pulled up with my car in tow — 45 minutes later. It had left the scene before me, and I wanted to know where my car had been.

I approached the guy who had broken into my car, and asked where he had been. He told me, "It's none of your business, the car belongs to Bluegrass until you pay the fine."

I was so frustrated with his belligerence that I told him to get a real job.

His reply was, "I got a real job, ha-ha-ha-ha, towing bitches' cars."

It would seem that there is no appropriate way to stop this sort of harassment.

Bluegrass makes \$14 on every car towed from the University, therefore, why should they settle for nothing because the owner is present?

Especially when it only takes a few more seconds to attach the chains to a car, making the contract legitimate.

Why would the University want to expand parking when it is making fast money on every car towed?

The rational thing to do was to appeal to the department officials. But after some investigating, I came to realize that my first inclination — which was physically to accost the men — would have been more satisfying and probably more effective in getting this problem some attention.

and hard for this, climaxing with their performance at "Greek Sing" on Thursday. This was a real masterpiece! No other group has been able to slander as many individual greek organizations in front of as many members and parents.

It was a remarkable accomplishment and should not go unrecognized nor be forgotten. Thank you, Delta Tau Delta, for your overwhelming support of our greek system.

Jill Lowry is a health administration sophomore.

Letters Policy

Readers should address their comments to: Editorial Editor; Kentucky Kernel; 035 Journalism Building; Lexington, Ky. 40506-0042.



The money trail

Early days of collegiate sports were not without problems

Editor's note: This is the first in a two-part series.

Just in case you didn't notice, UK President David Roselle didn't come off looking like a Solomon in dealing with Eddie Sutton. Prexy didn't even offer to cut the baby in half.

The way I saw it sort of reminded me of a situation in which a man takes his car to the shop with carburetor trouble only to have the bewildered mechanic replace all the engine parts in an attempt to isolate the problem. All Eddie needed — if that — was a little adjusting. (Don't you think Roselle looked somewhat bewildered during the press conferences?)

Poor guys — i.e., Sutton et al — got a thumbs down from Roselle and all were tossed to the lions by a board presumed wise enough to direct the fortunes of a great institution of learning. A management decision, it was claimed. That was gross mismanagement — all that was required was a slight turn of the screw.

Now, I don't know Sutton. Never been closer to him than the boot tube. But there are a good many things that I do know about the entrapment he got caught up in — an emotional inquisition that might have killed a lesser human being. The anguish suffered by Eddie and his family may yet surface in the form of heart attacks and/or emotional disorders.

Looking back in almost disbelief at the newshounds of the Baskerville laying at his doors and sniffed out every rumor from whatever source rushing them into print or on to the airwaves. For instance, just consider what the local Clow Prince of the Lexington sports scene

Ralph E. Johnson is a 1937 UK graduate and was 1931-32 Kernel sports editor.

ters did a few days before Sutton resigned when someone whispered an absolutely unreliable, unbelievable lie into his ear!

There were hints that some person, persons or factions didn't like, or were biased against Sutton. It is ever thus. There were and are those who weren't crazy about Adolph Rupp; I'm sure Joe B. Hall felt the hot breath of hate on his neck, surely a factor in his wise decision to get off the storm-tossed coaching boat.

I go back a long way. In fact, as far as basketball is concerned, I date back to the late '20s when Johnny Maurer was coaching the Wildcats when the slow break was in vogue. In his last year he had a great team made up, at least in part, of Pisgah Combs, Paul McBrayer, Big and Lil McGuiness, Spooks Milward and Carey Spicer.

In those by-gone days, a center jump was held after every basket. Slowed the game something terrible, resulting in final scores in the teens and 20s for the most part. But, as we grandparents can attest, those games were just as exciting as today's games are.

As if in one big voice the capacity crowd of 2,500 in old Alumni Gym, where our home games were played, would yell out "BE THERE!" every time the ball was launched toward the UK basket.

I digress. I was sports editor of my two years as sports editor of the Kentucky Kernel the year Adolph Rupp

graduated from coaching high school basketball and was hired to replace Maurer. If memory serves, Adolph took his team to the finals of the old Southern Conference basketball tournament at the end of either the first or second year of his long tenure.

The tournament was an unwieldy affair made up of the then 23 schools, including Sewanee, in the Southern Conference, composed for the most part of the current Southeastern Conference and the Atlantic Coast Conference.

UK faced the University of Maryland in the final game played in Atlanta in an old auditorium that had to be converted into a basketball arena. They did this by building the hardwood court over the mezzanine seats mounted on the traditionally sloping floor. Spectators sat in the balconies on three sides of the court.

The Cats lost the game in the final seconds when Cary Spicer's desperation shot from midcourt rolled around the rim and off. I can't recall the final score, except that it was in the low 20s.

The Southeastern and the Atlantic Coast conferences were formed between seasons and have endured — almost unchanged to this day. Meanwhile, however, unwritten rules pertaining to coaching and especially to recruiting began to evolve. High schools poured out "best-of-the-hoof" and coaches sought the best. The Associated Press and United Press International were naming their versions of collegiate all-American teams, after the fashion of Grantland Rice. Thus in time, so were high school all-star teams selected.

Competition to recruit these starlets stepped up to a shameful degree. The kids had to hide if they

wanted peace, but it all served to make them realize they were valuable commodities. Money and favors changed hands, believe it or not.

Early on, amateur athletics, including universities, was ruled by the Amateur Athletic Association. I can't tell you now — or if I ever knew — when or even why the National Collegiate Athletic Association came into existence. Probably had to do with money. Universities are not above accepting TV and other monies for the display of their "amateur" athletes.

For a period of time, the two amateur groups battled it out before the AAU bowed off the campuses. Over the years, the NCAA became more and more sanctimonious, making up rules as it went along and as administrators changed.

Meanwhile, the AAU eased and softened its stand on amateurism. The once "pure" amateur track and field stars, for instance, now blatantly displays the brand of skis, ski boots, etc., of the firm that pays them top dollar. (Here in Lexington it was Eddie Sutton that got the Nike payoff for switching his team from Converse to Nike — and big, big bucks at that.)

It's not difficult to see that matters are not entirely fair. But I believe I can assure you that the day is not far off when changes will be made, probably in favor of filthy lucre. Usually when push comes to shove money wins. We will get back to this shortly.

Tomorrow Johnson will offer some suggestions on how to improve collegiate athletics.

Racial harmony not a reality without cultural diversity and understanding

GUEST OPINION

My forefathers did not live their lives in vain. They dedicated their lives to opening doors for future generations.

We are the future generation, and we will not let those doors be shut in our faces by you or anyone else. We will strive to fulfill our ancestor's dreams of equality and peace.

Who am I, white man? Who am I that you must hate me? I live. I breathe. I am a human being. Is that not enough? . . . I exist . . .

cester's dreams of equality and peace.

Don't you wonder what makes me so strong? When I was a child, my parents gave me Afro-American dolls and white dolls. They never told me one was better than the other, nor did they emphasize what color my friends should be.

My parents sent me to a predominantly white school, and do you know which race is better? Neither!

Did your parents buy Afro-American dolls for you, white man? Did your parents read Afro-American poetry to you, white man?

If not, you're missing out on our culture. You see, we were forced to learn about you and your history. It's about time you learn about ours.

I haven't always felt this way, but that was before I knew any better. I used to live in doubt. I was always in search of answers, but I

never could find them. I used to just sit, keep my mouth shut and let things be because I didn't want to make any waves. I decided that if I'm not part of the solution, then I'm part of the problem.

So, white man, are you part of the solution? Are you part of the problem?

How long must a man wait for his change to come? In this "free" country of ours,

why does it seem that slavery still exists?

You're trying to mold the futures of children by being a sophisticated racist. Who do you think you're fooling? You will not succeed.

If only you'd realize that you're putting shackles on your own feet by trying to limit Afro-Americans. By enclosing yourselves in a world of ignorance and regression, you're not holding us back. You're holding yourselves back.

Afro-Americans will not stay on the bottom of the pile forever. Over and over I ask myself, "What can I do to make a difference in this world of inequality and selfishness?"

Patience has given me the answer. There will be a change. I know not the hour nor the day, but change is inevitable. We're going to stand together and peacefully become your equal.

You say that I am already your equal. Well, my friend, you will never know what it's like to be Afro-American. It's more than a shade of color or texture of hair. It's roots, culture, a state of mind. It's who I am, white man.

Gilletta K. Stevenson is a communications freshman.

Bowling plays two UK leadership roles

Continued from Page 1

"I'm not taking a stance as coming in and taking over," he said. "I just want to contribute."

Bowling formerly held several offices in Kappa Sigma and SAB. He is a member of the Student Development Council, UK President David Roselle's Honors Day Committee, and the Award's Banquet Committee.

SAB recently elected new officers for the 1989-1990 academic year.

"I think we've got a good crew on board and we'll get a lot done," he said. "A lot of new committee chairs are looking for members."

To compensate them for their time and energy, both Bowling and vice president elect Lucy Ogburn will receive a scholarship that covers in-state tuition for two semesters.

The new SAB officers are:

Sean Smith, secretary/treasurer; Mimi English, cinema; Kip Bowmar, cinema; Shannon Morgan, contemporary affairs; Seth Gorin, homecoming; Flora Hall, independent recreation; Luci Gutermuth, Little Kentucky Derby; Doneta Nofsinger, parents weekend; D.J. Peck, performing arts; Scott Kahn, public relations; Todd Hamill, SATV; Page Estes, special activities; Michelle Blevins, spotlight jazz; Lisa Bramble, travel Sally Barnard, visual arts.

The five members at-large are Mark Gruenberg, Mary Hansen, Joe Barnes, Karen Mc Munn, and Tonya Mitchum.



RANDY WILLIAMSON/Kernal Staff

T.A. McKinney, left, and Calvin Rockefeller made it to the final four of national debate tournament.

UK debate duo goes to tourney's final four

Continued from Page 1

about 75 to 80 rounds under their belt before they advanced to nationals.

Rockefeller wants to build on this year's experience for next season.

"It wouldn't be worthwhile if we didn't do at least as well as we did this year. Your reputation and the credibility of your arguments increase if you do well at the end of season," he said.

The team received one of 16 automatic bids. In the preliminary

rounds The team argued eight rounds and compiled a 6-2 record and were the No. 6 seed.

In their octafinal match they defeated Harvard, a team that beat them earlier in the season. UK matched up against No. 3 seed Dartmouth in the quarterfinals, pulling an upset.

The semifinal round matched UK against No. 1 seed Baylor.

"Baylor won but we gave them a run for their money," Patterson said.

Lottery begins first day of operation

Kentuckians rush to buy tickets

By MARK R. CHELLGREN
Associated Press

Kentuckians appeared intent on making up for a century of lost time yesterday and rushed to spend money for lottery tickets in droves.

Stores across the state opened early to take care of eager customers, some of whom were standing in line to drop \$2 for a DreamStakes ticket or \$1 for a Beginner's Luck ticket.

Gene Cook of Bowling Green was out early to spend \$21 on lottery tickets.

"If I'm a winner, it will make me feel great. If not, I'll try next week," he said.

People used coins, fingernails, keys and almost anything handy to scrape the latex covering off the game boards on the cardboard tickets. Underneath, the buyers were looking for three matching figures signifying a winning ticket.

For some, playing was enough for a start.

"It's new, it's exciting and they don't have to go to Ohio to get tickets," said John Prestley, who opened his Office Pub and Deli in Frankfort at 7 a.m. EDT, four hours early, just to sell tickets.

The first buyer at the Red Dot Liquors in Frankfort won \$2 for his \$1 ticket.

"It doesn't matter the amount," said owner Mike Lewis. "He grinned and went to work happy."

Kentucky Lottery Corp. officials reported that the first \$5,000 winner came at a Paris gas station.

Despite the rush of publicity about the game and the intense interest, some minor problems cropped up.

Some retailers said customers



KENNY WILKINSON/Kernal Staff

Many people tried their luck yesterday in Kentucky's first lottery, but few succeeded.

believed that the DreamStakes game was not an instant game and winners would not be known until the May 6 running of the Kentucky Derby. The Derby will determine the \$1 million winner, but DreamStakes is a scratch-off instant game just like Beginner's Luck.

Lotteries have been officially illegal in Kentucky since the 1891 constitution took effect. Kentuckians voted a change in the constitution last year by a six-to-four margin.

But even opponents had second thoughts yesterday.

"I didn't vote for it, but I thought I'd try it," said Gary Larimore, of Bowling Green. "I don't think this will bring in as much money as they're trying to."

Money, though, is the name of the game. Lottery officials hope to sell at least \$200 million worth of tickets this year. The state is expected to get about 35 percent of that total. About half will go to prizes and the remaining 15 percent will cover the cost of operating the lottery.

Wilkinson loses in lottery stab

By CHARLES WOLFE
Associated Press

LOUISVILLE, Ky. — The band played "We're in the Money," but Gov. Wallace Wilkinson was out three bucks yesterday when the \$1 ticket for the Kentucky lottery failed to pay off.

Ticket sales began at 7 a.m. EDT and totaled \$1.37 million by 1:15 p.m., based on retailers' reports, said Kentucky Lottery Corp. spokeswoman Vicki Dennis.

Wilkinson made the first official ticket purchase when he bought a \$2 ticket for the DreamStakes game, whose \$1 million grand prize is tied to the outcome of the Kentucky Derby. He also bought a \$1 ticket for the Beginner's Luck game, which carries a \$1,000 top prize. He said the lottery tickets were "the first two I've ever purchased in my life."

Two \$5,000 winners were confirmed early in the DreamStakes game and there were at least eight \$1,000 winners in Beginner's Luck, Dennis said.

In the 1987 Democratic gubernatorial primary, Wilkinson was an ardent proponent of an amendment to repeal the ban on lotteries in Kentucky's 1891 constitution. That struck a chord with voters, who put him in office and overwhelmingly ratified the amendment last November.

"Occasionally the people win one," he said. "They wanted the lottery, they worked for it, they supported it and they won."

The General Assembly last year directed that lottery profits be spent first to pay bonuses to Vietnam-era veterans — a move Wilkinson had endorsed up to a point.

Student fee policy changed

Continued from Page 1

has the final say on student fee requests.

The new policy, dubbed a "Registration Fee," lumps together mandatory fees students pay for such as health services and activities fees such as money to student government, the campus radio station and athletics tickets.

In setting the yearly fees, the policy examines both the state's per capita income and activities fees at UK's benchmark institutions to set an "upper limit for the establishment of the fee," according to the policy approved yesterday.

The states in which UK has benchmark institutions include Ohio, Missouri, Indiana, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Illinois, North Carolina.

The Registration Fee Policy duplicates the formula the state Council on Higher Education uses

in setting tuition rates, created by Carter when he worked at the CHE.

The new policy was formed to alleviate concern about the rate of student activities fees, following debate last year about an increase in the Student Health fee from \$50 to \$100, Carter said.

Carter said the new policy tries to put some "parameters around what we would charge students for these kind of things."

"The student concern a year ago was that the administration might put the entire burden of the financial process of the institution on the back of the student," Carter said.

James Rose, the student trustee and Student Government Associa-

tion president, could not be reached for comment last night.

But last year's SGA president, Cyndi Weaver, said the new fee policy should not be "heralded as a way to solve" the problems with setting fees.

If fees are raised collectively, Weaver said, "nobody has the political pressure of having to request money."

In addition, Weaver said using what other schools charge in activities fees does not examine what those fees are used for.

"It can be very deceiving," Weaver said, "to just compare one university's fees to another without considering what those fees are utilized for."

Roselle

Continued from Page 1

Leah McCain, student member of the committee, said that Palm was the favorite candidate among students she has talked to.

"She is very warm hearted," said McCain, Student Government Association vice president. "She seemed like a strong leader."

The chancellor for the Lexington campus, currently Art Gallaher, is third in the University's administrative hierarchy below the president and vice president for administration, Ed Carter.

Gallaher is leaving the chancellorship at the end of the semester to go on a year's sabbatical, after which he will return to teach in UK's anthropology department.

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WILDER

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Kernel



READERS' GUIDE TO STILL LIFE

an introduction by Erik Reece

When my co-editor, Scott Ward, and I began sifting through this year's *Still Life* submissions, we noticed a curious thing. The writing we received had taken a decidedly experimental turn from years past. I'm not exactly sure what accounts for this shift. Perhaps some of the credit can go to two relatively progressive poetry anthologies that surfaced this year — *Up Late: American Poetry Since 1970* and *Poets Under 35*. The first, edited by Andrei Codrescu, is not as much a sequel as a response to the now famous (though mistitled) '60s anthology, *The Postmoderns*. What that book really featured was a group of high-brow poets (Keouac excluded) who were outliers of Modernism. Pound was still alive then and poets surrounding Charles Olson were feeding off his magnanimous influence. *Up Late* features what Codrescu calls "working poets," as opposed to professorial poets who combine their poetic output with scholarship. Codrescu likes the idea of the uninstitutionalized poet who eats and sleeps poetry, away from the stolidism of "higher learning." The theory here seems to be that universities breed formalism and a general lack of spirit. Could be.

Codrescu's poets are editors of literary magazines with small circulation, drifters, freelance writers, and even, like Codrescu himself, teachers of poetry at American universities. *Up Late* collects a hundred or so American poets — more high-spirited than high-brow.

From the mounds of manuscripts we received this year, I think we have selected a group of poets whose work embodies the vitality of spirit that has been present, though neglected, in American poetry for some time now.

The poets we are featuring at length, Rhonda Pettit and Anjali Bhapkar, wield a style conducive to tackling or embracing any subject. With one line from Bhapkar's "Head-banging at St. Peter's": "There's a stillborn guitar," you know you're listening to an accomplished voice.

The fiction of Elizabeth Farmer, Mark Edwards and Dominic Eardley push political, sexual, philosophical and stylistic boundaries. Eardley gives us a never-ending short story. Farmer's terse vignette, "The Bus," has an intriguing, hallucinatory effect.

Edwards is one of Great Britain's newest talents whose work I came in contact with last semester while studying in England. His commentary on contemporary Ireland is a scathing, symbolic look at the Middle East.

In a gesture we began last year and hope to continue annually, we are featuring the winners of UK's only three literary awards. For details, see the above story. UK's own outlier of Modernism, Guy Davenport, was kind enough to pass on to us an anecdote of convivial misadventure, as told to him by Ezra Pound while the poet was serving a 12-year sentence for treason.

The payoff of reading through stacks of manuscripts is finding the writers whose work is too good to be left in desk drawers. This is the first chance at publication for many of these writers, and I'm confident it won't be the last. *Still Life* is designed to provide an outlet for writers who haven't broken into larger publishing circles, while making the work of established writers more accessible to Lexington and to UK.

There aren't enough literary magazines in America and there aren't enough people reading the ones that exist. Still, pens touch paper, releasing prose and poetry.

Erik Reece is an English senior and co-editor of *Still Life*.

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PRIZE WRITING

by Julie Esselman

It started off as a true but slightly exaggerated tale told by his grandfather time and time again.

A seed was planted in Greg Puckett's mind of a story just waiting to be told, just waiting to be brought to a life of its own.

From a middle-of-the-night writing spree to detailed revisions two years later, it grew into a short but intense narrative about feuds and violence and just punishments.

Now Puckett's short story, "A Damned One, Too," has won the prestigious Dantzier Award for Fiction from the UK Department of English, and with it the recognition as among the best undergraduate writing at the University.

"It's an honor to win it because of the recognition of the award," said Puckett, an English senior. "The English department is appreciating my writing and saying my writing is good, and that's a real boost."

Each year the Department of English bestows awards upon UK students for the best in creative writing. In addition to the Dantzier Award, the Department of English also gives the Farquhar Award for Poetry and the Academy of American Poets Prize.

Erik Reece, an English senior, won this year's Farquhar Award; Rhonda Pettit, a first-year English graduate student, is the winner of the Poets Prize.

The Dantzier-Farquhar awards were established in 1953 in honor of two UK English professors, Lehre Livingston Dantzier and Edward Franklin Farquhar, who together taught a combined total of 85 years here. The awards will be presented formally at the Department of English's Awards Day ceremony on April 19.

"These are the major writing awards," said Kevin Kleman, chairman of the Department of English.

"There were a lot of people vying for them."

With these awards, the students receive \$100 and the opportunity to have their work published in *Still Life*. But more valuable than the check, and more significant than being published, is the encouragement and sense of worthiness it gives the students as creative writers, they said.

"It's an indication of my growth as a writer — that's why it's important to me," Pettit said. "It's an indication of progression, of development. That kind of nudge really makes it seem worthwhile."

Pettit won honorable mention for her fiction in the Dantzier-Farquhar competition last year. She also won a fellowship to the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, where she spent a month in a mountain setting concentrating solely on her writing. There she wrote her winning collection of poems.

"I had a really productive time there," she said. "Virginia gave me the opportunity to write, ... and (the Poets Prize) told me what I did there is good."

The Dantzier contest was the first writing competition Puckett entered.

"It's sort of like, before, I was walking on thin ice, and with winning the contest, the ice has thickened," he said. "It strengthens what I feel I can do, which is write."

Puckett's short story, about the senseless violence of a feud and each participant's just "reward," was inspired by an incident his grandfather had told him, about the shooting of a man sitting next to him on a park bench.

"The seed was planted in my mind for the story because of his tale," Puckett said.

"The point I wanted to get across is for every crime there should be an equal punishment," he said. "But

it's just a story. Anyone can get out of it what they want to get out of it. I think every story ... is told to entertain and bring out some point. If someone just gets good entertainment, that's fine too. I want people to enjoy what I write."

While this was Puckett's first contest, Pettit is no newcomer to writing awards, although she says she feels that "there's an inherent conflict between the idea of poetry and the idea of competition."

"I don't think (the Poets Prize) means necessarily that my poetry is any better than anyone else's," she said, "but it tells me it's better than it used to be."

Perceval Everett, the director of the Department of English's graduate creative writing program, said about 30 people submitted entries for each award. He said the judges selected the winners on the basis of craft, vision, understanding of the writing form and imagination.

"Lots of the work is good," Everett said. "I think there's a lot of potential there."

Both Puckett and Pettit said they want to make creative writing a major — if not the main — part of their lives, and these awards are a boost of confidence in that direction.

"It's been something I've done on the side for a long time, but I want to move it into the mainstream of my life," Pettit said.

"I write to be understood, not just to talk to myself. I guess in the beginning everyone just writes for themselves, and if you're lucky along the way, it grows into something else."

Puckett worked in journalism for a while but felt frustrated by its lack of creativity for him. So now, he said, he wants to write novels and more short stories.

WHO'S BURIED IN YEATS' GRAVE?

Guy Davenport

The evening of December 10, 1896, two poets, one Irish, the other English, went to the theatre in Paris. The play, at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, was *Ubu roi* by Alfred Jarry. The director was Aurélien Lugné-Poe, a master of startling the French with Ibsen, Stringberg, and Wilde; and *Ubu roi* was the most jolting production of his career. "There are often duels after these performances," the English poet, Arthur Symons, whispered to the Irish poet, William Butler Yeats. As Father *Ubu*, quintessential middle-class nerd, descendent of Mister Punch, jerked and strutted about the stage, Symons translated for Yeats (who had no French), and explained it all. Afterwards, at the Hôtel Cornelle, Yeats, "very sad," wrote in his journal that "comedy has displayed its growing power once more." He noted that he belonged to a generation of symbolists and mystics, adepts of "subtle color and nervous rhythm." And then, Jarry's characters still "hopping like wooden frogs" in his mind, he wrote: "After us, the Savage God."

Pan? The unknown beast slouching toward Jerusalem? Lots of avatars of savagery would follow these golden days of the 1890s. Jarry would die in 1907, his mind corroded by alcohol. Yeats lived on until 1939, when Auden would invoke the earth to receive "an honored guest. William Yeats is laid to rest." He was laid to rest at Roquebrune, a village near Menton on the French-Italian border. He was buried next to the grave of Audrey Beardsley, the artist and writer in whom every aesthetic impulse of the 90s found expression, and perhaps perfection.

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine and ardent *ubuliste* (once arrested in New York for spray-painting images of *Ubu* in the subway, giving him the opportunity to lecture on Jarry at a police station, which only thought it had heard everything) made a pilgrimage to the cemetery at Bagneux, outside Paris, where Jarry was buried. The cemetery's records showed that Jarry was later exhumed and moved to Laval, to rest in the company of the great painter whom he had discovered, Henri Rousseau, also a Lavallois. So my friend hid himself to Laval, and asked again to be directed to the tombeau of Alfred Jarry. But Laval has also exhumed the author of *Ubu roi*, and where they have thrown his bones, nobody could say.

As for Yeats, he too was exhumed, in 1948. An Irish destroyer fetched his remains and took them to Drumcliffe churchyard, "under bare Ben Bulben's head." The epitaph, written by Yeats, reads:

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death,
Horseman, pass by!

But is Yeats there? Diana Souhami, who is writing a biography of Yeats' friend, the painter Hannah Gluck, says she has evidence that the French were up to their habitual business of opening graves and throwing the bones about. She says that Yeats' remains were dug up before the Irish navy came to get them, and that



"William Yeats is laid to rest." - W.H. Auden

... in 1953 I heard this story from the inmate of a lunatic asylum in Washington. The inmate had once been Yeats' secretary, had changed Yeats' style from Celtic Twilight to Modern, and had been his neighbor in Rapallo, where Yeats used to winter. The inmate was Ezra Pound ...

who's buried in Drumcliffe churchyard is an anonymous Frenchman, or bits and pieces of several anonymous Frenchmen.

But in 1953 I heard this story from the inmate of a lunatic asylum in Washington. The inmate had once been Yeats' secretary, had changed Yeats' style from Celtic Twilight to Modern, and had been his neighbor in Rapallo, where Yeats used to winter. The inmate was Ezra Pound, and the tale he told was this: "WB" was parked temporarily beside Audrey Beardsley in the cemetery for Prots at Roquebrune, up above Menton, in which place there resided a certain exile from the old sod; her name escapes me if I ever knew it. When,

therefore, the only naval vessel to leave Hibernian territorial waters, a destroyer which constitutes, I should think, the entire Irish Navy, made its way after the war to reclaim Willy's mortal remains, it was met by whatever French protocol and then by the lady exile, who asked the captain if he just might have an extra drop on board of the real whiskey a mere taste of which would make up for centuries of longing for the peat fires in the shebeens, and for the swans on the Liffey.

"Most naturally he did. Moreover, the captain and crew accepted the lively lady's invitation to her house somewhere up the hill between Menton and Roquebrune, bringing with them a case of the specified booze.

"Dawn, I believe, found them draining the last bottles, the full litany of Irish martyrs and poets had been toasted at this *festum hilarissimum*, Lady Circe had danced the fling, the Charleston, and jig native to the Connemara tinkers, and the honor guard that was to dig up Willy and bring home with military pomp down the old Roman tessellated steps, presumably with pibrochs squealing and the drum rolling solemnly and without cease, and a flag displaying the shamrock and harp whipping in the breeze, were distributed about the lair of the lady like so many ragdolls split from a basket.

"Well, and well, some deputation of frog officials turned up, the press had wetted its pencils, and there was nothing for it but the gallant crew to shake a leg, exhume Billy Yeats, and mount the distinguished coffin on the prow of the destroyer, where, flanked by handsome Irish guardsmen, it would sail to old Ireland to rest forever, or at least until Resurrection Day, in Drumcliffe church."
(Here followed a parody of Yeats' "Under Ben Bulben," which I did not get

down.)

"They did, shall we imagine, the best they could. If the ceremony lacked *steadiness*, nothing untoward happened until they had the stiff in the jollyboat headed across the bay. The French Navy boomed a salute and the local *filarmónica* tooted an Irish tune, and well out in the offing but far short of the Irish Navy, the jollyboat, Willy Yeats, and the convivial crew capsized.

"They sank.

"The French, oh well, the French were *étonnés*, and made haste to fish them out.

"But they couldn't find Willy. The Irish were beyond trying, having been drowned two ways, as it were, and the frogs shrugged their shoulders.

"Never mind, they decided. The coffin of state into which they were to transfer Billy was on board, so they simply moved it up to the prow, hoisted the flag, rolled the drum, and steamed away. Billy being still there, at the bottom of the Mediterranean."

Mischief had danced in Pound's eyes as he told this tale. I pass it on, for what it's worth. The mislaid dead turn up, in time. Cicero found the grave of Archimedes, whom the Sicilians had forgotten, and Alice Walker found the grave of Zora Neale Hurston, but Mozart and Ambrose Bierce are still lost, and someday we'll find Jarry and Yeats.

SUMMER PICNIC
Susan W. Smith



THE SIDEWAYS WALKING MAN ATE MY HAT

Dominic Eardley

"You vomitus gibbering bunch of puerile and diseased puss-sticks, it is insufficient 'to be.' You must reinvent yourself daily!"

The master was screaming by this point; tears, spit and saliva intermingled in a ponderous and stately stream that flowed southward across his florid yet dis-solutely knowledgeable (if you were sensitive to this type of thing) face. We were. It came with the job.

It was Thursday by now at home. What a great fuck-ing seventh! The kind of day where you felt ready to walk up to a complete stranger, stare them full in the eyes, and start laughing, the kind of day where you could drink from morning to night, progressing ever downward from the brightly-lit type of wateringhole where the landed gentry tete-a-teted furiously until you found yourself in some smoke-filled hole-in-the-wall peopled with losers on the wrong end of existence's ceaseless raping and a cat named Malcolm who periodically urinated on the dayglow five-plays-for-a-quarter jukebox dysfunctional for some nine years now, and not even get the collar of your shirt dirty. The kind of day where you could get the eggs as greasy as you wanted, the bacon crispier than the two-year-old Muenster overflow on the oven flour; and then saunter out with a quick wink to the waitress, keeping the rifle covered all the while with your poncho.

None of these rules applied when you were on the wrong side of the planet, surrounded by strangers,

acutely aware of being alone in an inexplicably god-less universe, up the side of a completely nondescript mountain, listening to the rantings of maniac presumptuous enough to believe he was even percentile points ahead of the rest of us in understanding when to hit the fairway wood, comprehending love as an unexpected by-product of the gastro-intestinal tract, or ruminating on the vicissitudes of scrotal girth. I could have snapped his neck as easily as a light-lunch - no really I'm playing two sets apres, and this place thinks al dente is Italian for lacking structure - serving of un-cooked vermicelli, but that was another place and time. The fates were once again emotionless conspirators, plotting to usurp all that is desired within the human heart. We could have been unfortunate victim and anthropomorphized vengeance, prey and vulture, insignificant peon unwise enough to displease the "man," whoever that was, and world-weary, cynic-creased, battle-scarred, and yet without really knowing it unfulfilled and lusting after the precious cognac of human kindness assassin-mercenary with a deeply hidden heart of gold. However, my task was different this time. I was selling patio furniture.

□ □ □

If for the sake of argument, the earth were considered a true sphere and thus divisible into, say ninety equivolumassed latitudes, then exactly 47.81 sections south-southwest from where the swami was in a quarry over chaise-longue patterns (the Madagascan

jay-flowers clashed with the ottoman facing the terrace, and the indigo-celadon passion-swirl affronted his asceticism on a number of levels, the oldest and stupidist argument in history was quickly approaching its predictable and macro-vocal irresolution. Don't ask questions of the narrator. It's rude.

"You never loved me! I can prove it."

Valerie's eyes were wide open and glaring. David allowed himself a quick introspective burst while dodging shoes. Toenails were as much to blame as anything. He left his floating while Val always took the time to flush. That and his aversion to offset by her love of orange roughly were the only areas where the new-lyweds were not in complete concordance.

"You arrogant bastard. Don't think I watch you while you're sleeping. You've been having kinky perverted sex with all kinds of strange women in our bed. In fact, it's worse than that. You've been fucking them inside your head. Ugh!"

The last grunt was as much her evaluation of intercranial boffing as it reflected the effort involved in getting the hiking boots airborne. As the prudence of the male is in direct proportion to the threats he is receiving at any given time, David was well aware of the benefits in holding up on letting Valerie know that, though secure in the bosom of religion, she was on shaky philo-sophic ground. An abject potentialist, he felt that the absurdity of life, the world, the universe, the total cosmos, and his wife could exist solely to amuse some

omniscient audience. This belief not only led to things being much more easily understood, but made for snappy repartee while quaffing aged and yeasty fruit juice and nibbling on the decaying flesh of animals never even seen much less understood. No dummy, he took the wise course of action and fled.

Later, while the cab skewed through the labyrinthine alleys and cul-de-sacs that together with countless tons of garbage, eleven hippopotami, and 4.2 million of the most vibrant, caring, vivacious, and innocuously individualistic people you could ever hope to meet made up the delightful burg that he had decided to, albeit a bit presumptuously, call home base, David came to a sudden and brutal realization: His life reflected a marked shortage of hyper-meaning-infused completeness. History teaches us that Aquinas held the sky up by thinking it aloft. Lacking a moon-roof or a cabbie sympathetic to a quick detour toward a mini-mart well stocked enough to have a modest chain

saw department, David began a plaintive and frantic scrabbling, searching throughout the strange, stale sweat, lost hope and dreams redolent urban conveyance for anything containing even a wisp of the stultifying beauty typical of flawlessness which could then attempt the solemn and in some strange way conspiratorial succoring of his besieged psyche. Minutes passed, filled with only the metronomic swooping flight of traffic-lights overhead and the non sequitur murmuring of epithets by the shadowed and furtively indistinct shape who steered the cab. Convinced that reason and truth had at last let go of his hand, hailed a cab headed in the opposite direction, caught the first available flight to Europe, and were now renting some chateau in the wine country, remaining half-drunk and painting like crazy; a completely ennuid and despairing David let his head droop forward until his tear-stained gaze encompassed only his shoes. Shortly thereafter, he began to smile.

□ □ □

The smooth and supple cylinder undulates in the bio-rhythmic foreground, but to have our jaws snap lightly yet with a quiescent-instilling firmness upon the sublime, we must cognate the form: boundary and potentiality.

Completely indifferent to the cab's motion, David now expoded out of his door, hastily flinging an unnoted portion of his wallet's contents at the startled driver.

"Credo!" he screamed joyously at the bustling early evening crowd in a mighty voice. Nonplussed, they swarmed unabated. Charged with direction, purpose, and fury, David could almost feel the hysterical quivering of his organs. A few wide-eyed moments of scanning the clots of humans streaming by on both sides led to the complete realization. They couldn't understand. He had to find his brother.

(ad infinitum)

HOW TO THINK ABOUT GOD

Matthew Bond

The method is simple in principle. *Light, medium, & dark* designate decreasing degrees of LIGHTNESS and *very* extends the LIGHTNESS to *very light & very dark*. *Greyish, moderate, vivid, & strong* designate increasing degrees of SATURATION. These, along with *white, grey, & black* and a series of shades form words with 3 perceptual attributes: HUE, LIGHTNESS, & SATURATION. Certain signs cover combinations of LIGHTNESS, and SATURATION, as *brilliant* means *light & strong*; *pale* means *light & greyish*; and *deep* means *dark & strong*. The boundaries are fixed, described on a scale of values as accurate as desired —

red-violet
forest-green
burnt-orange
pine

brick-red
sea-green
red-orange
maize

bittersweet
midnight-blue
purple
tan
raw-umber

goldenrod
lemon-yellow
violet-red
violet
red

WELCOME, O LIFE

Matthew Bond

See the way in which the world works
In which the world works.
Labials envelop awakening life
Envelop awakening life.
Coming from
Extracts.

Entering as a Y, you will be deuced w/ an
X
In
Love's Old Sweet Song, that
Eggs you on. So,

Charm your breath
Until you un-do the un-
Necessary & nurture the
Nascent; in plain words, now —
I is the Owing, obviously, &
N is for Knowing, which we can plainly see, while
G is for Going, genially.

A DAMNED ONE, TOO

Greg K. Puckett

I was sitting outside the Cressy depot, listening for the one o'clock, so I could fetch the mail bags, when Old Man Hardey walked up from the gravel road, pulled out his pistol, and put four shots in the belly of Jeremiah Jones. I don't think it could've happened any quicker than that did - a split second, maybe less, and there was Jeremiah as close to death as a man could come without being labeled a corpse. It wasn't a great loss to the world, by any means; the world wouldn't miss him. But, he'd been sitting next to me on the bench, sitting less than a foot away when the shots were fired; no warning was given, not even a hello.

As the cylinder was emptied, I didn't lean away, didn't flinch; Old Man Hardey's face grimaced, and Jeremiah groaned and passed out and leaned on me, bleeding on me. I thought he was dead, but I didn't take my eyes off crazy old Hardey to see. Hardey's pistol, fuming with blue smoke, was still pointing at Jeremiah's chest; after a few seconds, he lowered it to his side and took his finger off the trigger. And, his eyes darted from Jerry to me and then back to Jerry. Something in his blue eyes scared me; they gleamed with sharpness, and I could see a little bit of fearlessness. Two more shells were in his gun. I didn't want to cross this man, this devil - no telling what he might do.

"Why'd ya go and do that for?" I asked him.
"Ain't no reason," he said with a long, stupid drawl. "Didn't like him."

"It's a fine reason to kill a man."

He shook his head and said, "The only reason. The only reason; him and his brothers and his father and his granddad have always been trouble - sons of bitches, all of 'em, sons of whores ... nothin' but trouble."

"What do ya mean?" I asked with an angry voice.

"I don't have to explain myself to you."

"Damn you!" I yelled.

He raised the gun and pointed it in my direction. "Ezekiel, you're a smart young fella; you know Jerry wasn't nothin' but trouble."

I lowered my head; I was ready for the blast.

Several seconds passed and nothing happened. I looked up and Old Man Hardey walked back toward the highway with a cigarette in his hand smoking instead of his gun; his arms swung, his head swayed, and he walked with long, soft steps. The man was a giant; his arms were bigger than my waist, his legs were like tree trunks. He could've squeezed the blood and guts out of Jeremiah Jones in a bear hug, if he'd wanted.

□ □ □

I pulled Jerry into the depot and layed him flat on the floor. Blood poured from the holes in his stomach; and I knew he probably wouldn't live to see tomorrow, but the train was coming through any second, and if he could make it to Winchester and live, he might have a chance. The station master handed me a rag to stop the bleeding; little good it did.

Word had spread, and people passed in and out of the depot wanting to see a dying man; they whispered their rumors and their lies. Cressy wasn't a big town; mostly a post office, a train station, and a general store that sold everything from chicken feed to roofing nails to working shoes. Actually, it was only a farming community, not a town. And, being small, word had spread like wildfire - every soul within two miles must've heard the news: Doc Parsons from Jackson (who wasn't really a doctor) slithered through the door and asked, "Is he dead, yet?" I answered, "Get the hell outta here." He left muttering, "Can't you damned Cressy fools live a day without shootin' each other?" I

kept everyone away; I guess, I felt responsible. I mean, one second we're sitting there and the bam. And now, he lay with his eyes shut to the world and his heart barely beating.

"What happened Zeke?"

I looked up and Jeremiah's younger brother stood over us. "Old Man Hardey done shot your brother, Thomas."

"Why'd he do that for?"

"Cause all you damned Joneses are nuthin' but trouble," I said, and I knew it was true; every one of them was a thief, was a liar.

"Well, we ain't never done nothin' to him," he said.

"That don't mean nothin' to him; he's crazy," I said. "He'd kill you if he came back."

Thomas was silent.

"Why don't you go after him?" I asked.

Thomas was silent as a ghost, and white as a ghost, too.

"Jerry's your brother for godsake," I said, but Thomas wouldn't move.

I looked up and saw fear in his eyes. He was yellow all the way to his bones, a coward just like all those damned Joneses. "Thomas Jones! What is --"

But, about that time, the trained roared in; and thank God it did, 'cause most of Jerry's blood was on me or on the floor. My hands and overalls were covered with it.

"You get his feet," I told Thomas.

And, I reached under his arms, and we lifted him out the door. But that's as far as we got; two steps outside, a shot whizzed passed my left ear and struck the front of the depot. I was already out the door with Jeremiah's shoulders. Thomas had just come out, but he let loose of Jerry's feet with a clump and ducked back in.

"Let the man lay, Ezekiel."

I let Jerry loose and turned and saw the old man; I reached in my pocket, pulled out my pistol and said, "You've done enough damage."

"Let the man die, Zeke."

I raised my gun and pointed it straight at Old Man Hardey's head. "You nearly shot my head off."

"If I'd wanted you dead, I would've killed you," he said and I knew it was true. "This ain't your fight. Now put your gun away and let that other younger Jones come out and do his own fightin'; do it, Zeke. I knew your father, your grandfather, and, I know, you're smarter than that; this ain't your business, this ain't none of your business."

My God, what was doing? I'd been taking the mail bags off the one o'clock for James Brickmoor who was sick in bed. This wasn't my fight. What was going through my mind? So, I put the gun away and said, "My gun's gone and you can do your feudin' with the Thomas Jones but let me tell you somethin' Mister Hardey, I'm gonna drag Jerry over to that train and put him on it, then I'm gonna take the bags of mail off the train and go about my business. You can shoot at me again if you want ta; then I'll have my own reason to kill you."

"Why do ya have to get involved, Zeke?"

"Why did you have to kill Jerry? You could've at least given him a chance to take out his own gun."

He shook his head. "You know that Jeremiah Jones wouldn't fight me." And it was true; he was as yellow as his brother.

"It doesn't matter; you should've at least given him a chance. All men deserve to be given that chance. You're as bad as them without given them the chance," I said.

Old Man Hardey looked to the ground and shook his head. "A man like Jerry Jones deserves nuthin', you know that. I'll ask ya one more time Ezekiel. Please, just let the bastard lay in the dirt."

I was silent for a second.

Then, I saw Old Man Hardey's gun swing up and I dived to the left and rolled. I heard the blast and had my gun out pointing at the old man before I realized his shot had broken glass up above in the depot's second floor. "Come on out Thomas Jones," I heard him say.

"You'll die for this!" I heard Thomas scream hysterically from up above. "You'll die old man!"

"Come on out and be a real man. Come out and do your brother justice," Old Man Hardey said. "Prove it to me that there's someone in your shameless family has somethin'. Protect the name of your clan."

"You're gonna die old man!" Thomas screamed.

By this time, I had lowered my gun and gotten back up to my feet and was dusting the dirt from my pants.

"Come on out Thomas," the old man said. "I'll let ya have first shot."

"You'll die!"

"Least come to the window so I can kill ya just like I kill your brother," he said. "I want ya dead."

I knew Thomas wasn't going to be seen; God, a man like that makes me sick to my stomach. I wanted to walk up the stairs and kill him myself, or, at least, drag him out and let Old Man Hardey do it.

But, then I remembered his brother and walked over to him and he wasn't breathing. He'd been forgotten after the shot and another pool of red, red blood soaked into the dirt. It was his life's blood. No man deserved to die like that; it was sad and I hated it with my God fearing soul. I hated it so much that I thought Old Man Hardey should be killed the same way but I didn't want to do the killing. It wasn't my place; and I wouldn't protect the name of a cheat and a thief. But, Old Man Hardey deserved to die in much the same way, and that's what I told the jury at his trial and that's what happened when he was hanged in the courthouse yard with all the town watching. He died with all his pride gone. He was treated like an animal just like he treated Jeremiah like one; he had no pride. It was taken away just like Jeremiah's life was.

But Thomas lived.

He's a damned one, too.

□ □ □

Sheriff Hankins told Old Man Hardey to put down his gun or die, and he let the weapon finally fall to the ground. He was taken away by the Sheriff, and Thomas came outside relieved it was finished, breathing easy, breathing free; his brother wasn't breathing. And with my anger, I grabbed Thomas by the collar and slung him to the ground with my knee on his chest and my hand on his head.

"Your brother's dead and you should be too," I said and I hit him as hard as I could and his nose began bleeding; his blood mixed with the brown dirt, just as his brother's had. "Haven't ya ever heard of honor?"

His face was pale white; God, he was scared. I've never seen a man so scared in my life. I think he thought that I was going to kill him. Maybe I should've. "Damn you," I said. "Damn you 'til the day ya die. Damned coward, Goddamned coward!"

I let him go and walked away and unloaded the mail from the train.

That was near sixty years ago and Thomas Jones still doesn't speak to me. But, I can see memories in his eyes everytime I pass his house. Damned yellow fool.

1989 ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE WINNER

THE MAP OF MY FATHER'S BODY

Rhonda Pettit

Somewhere on this gnarled
and grisly continent
I once lived

a speck of myself
carrying its history
into the future

There was a time I knew
the terrain with my eyes
closed, when its limbs
were perpetually holding me and letting go

and I could travel freely
with no fear of shadows

But there is no keeping
Even the needle of a compass
wavers, its point
blunted by choices

Out seemed to be
the only sure direction

and so I took it
before the rich foliage
overtook itself

Looking down
now, with everything flattened
against this white sheet,
I am less and less sure
if it was me or the place
that turned away

All continents move
even this one, lying here
without geography or language

1989 FARQUHAR UNDERGRADUATE
POETRY WRITING COMPETITION WINNER

E. E. CUMMINGS AT THE TATE

Erik Reece

the purity
of Epstein's
coital doves

impressed even
my mother
who misunderstood

and now speaks
at parties with
fervent brood

of the purity
in Epstein's
toital doves

THE MOMENT BEFORE

Rhonda Pettit

He was finished with words.
They had failed him for the last time.

He let them fall from his body
like garments discarded for Goodwill.

The ones he used to describe himself
he let slip from his shoulders

like a lightweight jacket.
The ones he took on journeys

he kicked off like old shoes worn
through the soles. He dropped

his pants his vocabulary for pride.
He yanked his shirt his buttons

flying like spit through excited air.
His socks the two times he shouted

at his wife he unraveled.
All in a pile at his feet

growing smaller. It shamed his
family it took his breath away.

LAST POEM

Rhonda Pettit

Night lifts its giant foot
and steps away, and the faint
possibility of shadown begins
again. Below this mountain,
this breast of earth nipped
with cattle and wild rose,
cars and eighteen wheelers
bite the long grey tongue
of highway, and the valley moans
its goodbyes. For a month I
have moved across this landscape
the way my eyes sometimes move
across the words of a page, as if
reading for life. Here there are
no pauses, no periods, no white
space around which meaning
clusters like a weed. This
is the green book where words
can kill — themselves, each other,
anyone who dares read them. Now,
after all this terror, even love
is believable. I such it in
and such it in, while I can
still break open and bleed.

THE LESSON

Rhonda Pettit

You keep coming back to me
but in a way unlike
any normal visitor

You stand in the doorway
refusing to move
until I
am the one who must leave

And passing through you
is unlike any gate
I have seen

No burly wood
reaching out for me
with its splinters
yet I always manage
to come through bleeding

Nights when I turn off the lamp
and believe I have learned
I wake up naked
with believing

and days I think
a simpler explanation
has sufficed,
I'm caught napping

Years ago you began
in the minds of men and women
Soon you were down on pages
I read you and remembered

That was called knowledge

Now it is something else
you want me to have, something
I need you refuse to name

Doubt lies near the door
like a rug the dog rumbled
before deciding to sleep
elsewhere

I hear the familiar ring
and push it aside
you barring my way
and a comfort

HEAD-BANGING AT ST. PETER'S

Anjali Bhapkar

There's a stillborn guitar
and so many kids in chains,
Saw a flock of leathers today
picking through remains.

Maybe style
is heroic ignorance;
an angel sings unfettered
from its silver defense.

But who the hell can they see
through all that hair spray!
And the black goo
must clog their drains.

Maybe we've become our parents again
and the children in chains don't care.
& still
the deadly virus thrives,
one more set of
infants playing with knives.

Last week I heard
the last rogue prince has resigned.
Thank God it passes,
the metal ache for more,
and these whiplashe kids can forget
the ghosts of war.

RELIGIOUS

Anjali Bhapkar

Imagine living
in the One-sided world
God of blood and water, 52
packed lies.

Spinal eye queasy
for shimmering Fate
Crave
to break through
to the ghost-blue stage.

Hindsight leaves no marks
till the hemorrhaging begins,
The tin morning
robotic, when you turn
and see the town burnt behind you
But it's ashes
so you go.

into a better garden
Where apple slivers beckon
from every field
and two hands taste
the fall.
Sacred and entombed,
52 curses of a dying god.

No more shudders now, ever,
I want new crayons
for all Life,
This gift.

BABY SONIC

Anjali Bhapkar

If there were an easier way we'd take it
Escape — on the wind
but baptismal visions are not metaphor
They're the only exit left.
Quatrain quatrain what do you do?
without faith
words are empty collection plates
& if poetry's broke who am I?

Farewell to the wanton world
and its attempted infinity
Patti & Syl
rode the Apaloosa
down one hell of a cowboy dream
It's the first ever summer
and we only made love to angels
When I wander from God
I feel the muse recede.

Is it sin not to persist?
Arthur took the last train out at 19
when we still took Vice to the stars.
Prose
Demands humility, no
sonic interiors.
Poetry rides a thin perimeter
not a garden rail while we nap.

Finding treasures in the open air
— why are you not content?
Look farther
than random excuses for fear.

Patti got married, eventually
Syl de-boned herself
So what's the attraction, today?

Still, this inky sensation
semi-nauseous pure
is sweet as the finest fuck
Luminous, fierce,
and no sudden death.

Come be a friend
Tension's over.
we'll celebrate the Birthday.

MISS CALCULATIN'

Anjali Bhapkar

It took 7 years to arrive.
I saw our worst lives glorified
and crucify a hero;
We counted down from 21,
flew faging back to zero.
Blast off —
but it never took off
at 14 I believed in God
but no communion.

Nothing's wasted
there is wonder in our time
The moral
is
we draw our own peace
from nightmares, signs.

And doubt this is going anywhere so
let me behold,
God, let it go.

You're somewhere
and the answers once were bleak
but don't go down
to White lightning again.
a new Math,
metaphor for life
and why pretend when
the sub-modern beauty is real?

BENEDICTION

Anjali Bhapkar

I was taught my duty
and learned to defy it.
Lady Lazarus did it too soon.

In the garden
there was no pain until knowledge
no betrayals till pride,
Fear
downs the glory of faces flashing.

To radiate
within the form
a Light of inspiration
takes guts; eat textbooks Raw.
(but we had to eat.)

Who is perfection's unbound key —
Apollo, Kali?
nobody?
and one says "mirror Nature"
another, "touch the flame"
Is the fire eternal
or Eternity in flames?

Mirror mirror crashing bright
In the woolly mist of sight
What elusive history
Failed thy young Divinity?

Child, begin.

NIHIL ANNIHILATION

Mark Edwards

On a school cruise, I went to Israel. Mediterranean panorama of demolition and building and rubble, yellow and brown earth colors, unlike London's black and red.

In coach number nine, we drove along roads that wound through gorges and scraggy, straggling hills, ridges that slouched over the land like the Romans did on their banqueting couches. Hills and valleys with cropped vegetation, skinhead's pitted scalp, vegetation that grows out of stony rubbish and clutches at stones, incapable of height. Scarce trees. Living things here, humans, survive through hard work and the knowledge they cannot uproot. Barely green, and grasping, overshadowed by ancient enemies, the harsh sun, the lack of water —

in the rock I never saw water,
the Palestinians are beating their heads
against it, a rock in Israel —
the hard ground.

As we drove through the regimented plantation of oranges, the guide said there is not enough good water, to irrigate we have to mix seventy-five percent bad water with twenty-five percent good.

Our guide, who was called Solomon (our driver's name was Moses) pointed out the tomb of Rachel. An Israeli soldier stood guard before it, cradling a thick rifle. At Jerusalem, at one of the gates to the old walled city, one beggar sat on the bridge and stuck his foot out. His swollen foot had holes in it like caves, the mouths of which were stained purple, perhaps from medicine, stinging iodine.

Holinesses towering above, splendors crouched about them, beggars stand as in Egypt, waiting upon change and fate. The sun beats upon them, trains them. We, the tourists, are their change, we give them their fortune. The sun beats them, even their shadows have dried up, vanished. They persist, please please here English ... French.

Jerusalem is called by some of the locals, because of its lack of restaurants and nightclubs, the "Dead City."

Finally we got to Bethlehem. In that January, built on rock, cradled in more rock, and the coach parked in the square before the Church of the Nativity.

Hung above the entrance to the Church was a list of dos and don'ts printed in English and Hebrew. Above these, in larger, bolder letters, was the name of the authority that made them. The Military Government of the West Bank.

Under this we went into the Church.

In the Church, priests in black hats were our stewards, come please silence hurry up clatter is the crypt of the birth look please to the exact spot over which was the cradle look look flash look here please do not touch

And then we were released, allowed to wander back to the square at our own pace, going out onto a wooden balcony built onto the side of the Church and hanging over a gorge. Or that's how I remember it.

Cold, suddenly, in the shadow of the Church.
I stopped and looked out, a mirage of the Holy Land: mild, and lots of honey.

I looked across at the slope opposite.

□ □ □

Through a camera I see five Israeli soldiers standing guard over three Palestinian youths in jeans and check shirts who are sat down amongst the rocks, their hands tied behind their backs. Two of the soldiers are still holding their rifles, the others have swapped them for rocks. They each take up a large rock in one hand and taking each Palestinian in turn, they hammer with the rocks on the faces of the Palestinians as they wince, scowl, and their mouths open. On the other side of the gorge, from here I cannot hear their screams.

For three days over Land Day, when the Palestinians commemorate those killed in demonstrations against Israeli seizures on their land, their Israelis closed the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

What is the rule of law, what matters the rule of law, when a government steals. The border that Israel sealed is a draft for the border of an independent Palestinian state.

The Israelis bury the Palestinians in darkness. Israeli radio reported all quiet. The uprising is ended. The Palestinians dead because they are in Israel, can live on nothing. Unless Israel kills all the Palestinians they cannot stop the intifada.

The Palestinians turn to the east. They watch for the pale light over, dreaming of their land, in which they will not be exiles.

I look up and see in the sky two suns. I cauterize my eyes. The two suns battle like giants, exploding. They burn with an ever fiercer light, filling all the land with their heat and clamor. Sun killing sun, sun eats sun, scorching a white hole through the blue, watery heavens.

Earth baked, cracks, broken into stones. Barren, dead. Oranges drop from branches, underneath, eyes have cataracts and skin is cancerous.

Israel is the prey of war, her child a beast.

Who beats Israeli arms
into plowshares

and plowshares into rifles.

I could see the Palestinians, who are in their twenties, like me, like the soldiers, shudder as their bones broke, rocking under the pains as the soldiers discarding them moved out into the abyss, extinction, without falling to their knees.

Where is the marvelous town how silent how silently. There is no silence only thunder and guns without rain, and seeping. There is no solitude, there is always another walking beside you, a priest a beggar. Under the curfew and the divisions the law against discussions of Israeli with PLO any light hidden in the darkness of houses and red sullen faces and red faces snarling out of this stony rubbish the Church was born THE LIGHT they said was here, is dead those living here are now dying. There is always another walking behind you has he a gun.

In this hole in the mountains,
which are men of rock without water,
no water, only rock
Rock and no water
If there were water and rock
A pool, in the rock,
I would swim.
If there were peace,
And justice, we would live.

□ □ □

We paddled in the Dead Sea.

□ □ □

THE LIGHT they said was here is dead to me.

A heap of smashed images, of the Church, of men, where the sun beats and voices scream and echo in the dry well, the blades of the sun cut and the butts of rifles burn.

When I stepped out onto this balcony, I thought, if anywhere here, at the lighting and the heart of their light, I'll be surprised by their God, if he exists; their God as in a divine individual and not some pantheistic undifferentiated hippy blob. Here if anywhere a shaft of sunlight, in this shadow. They say he doesn't do house calls.

By THE LIGHT I mean the possibility of life, of living.

The men with the guns shoot the sun.

We are blindfolded, we are blinded. The sun is hard and vicious, harsh, here the light is all penetrating, overexposing, a light to bill by. It has annihilated THAT LIGHT, killed it.

GIVE US WATER AND LIGHT. FUCK YOU.

Patrick Parrish

oh so this is how it goes the herdsman all glistening in some ransacked kettle stretch though thoroughly listened what that bottle there said as it rumbled my wallet stains freely grief chestgames unmentioned to mommy these sizzling aromas effusively shortcircuited the cronebat's strategy which far as I recall was to plaster the face, cover the flaws, and hope for an increase in prevailing mental entropy of the patrons whose ever more mindless chatter began grating on my nerves and I was glad I hadn't entered with a small arsenal and a worse attitude than was already intruding on my flights of desire but roomspin fear grips icy versions first they remind me to check my feet at the door and leave my stupid questioning prowess at home it can damn well do as it pleases but please don't ruin a bit of fluff as this evening was planned to be what with the clothes and deodorant in place I'd hoped to chuckle a tad else I could've sat lonesome at home where the stained walls are rapt metaphors I've left long enough assumed scans screech boxing bout quarter to none

THE BUS

Elizabeth Farmer

We are leaving Cleveland. The Spanish lady behind me says, "Good-bye, Browns," and waves out the window. Then she opens a bag of cheese balls, and begins singing "Morning Has Broken." But it sounds like "thornbthing hasthm brothk-hem." Bits of crusty, orange cheese were flying across the seat from her mouth.

"Of course, it has to do with that," the lady in front of me says. "What you name your kid shapes their fate. You say, 'My little girl is going to be a cold-hearted woman' ... and give her a name like Hillary, and that's it ... a cold-hearted woman."

There are a lot of old people on this bus. Their heads are bowing over their chests as if they're praying. Some of them have newspapers in their laps. If I read a newspaper, I'd throw up.

We are stopping at Buffalo. "Buffalo Bill, why did you kill Bungalow Bill," the Spanish lady sings behind me.

That man up there is getting fresh apples from his briefcase. Now he's doing a crossword puzzle while eating his apple. He looks at me. The apple smashed against the window, bouncing down into my lap. Not really. I just thought about that.

There's that same blond-haired girl up there. I thought she got off at Cleveland. I guess it's another blond-haired girl. This one is reading a Danielle Steele novel. The other one was reading a Danielle Steele



novel, Danielle Steele novel, Danielle Steele novel ...

There's the driver, getting back in his seat. Nestling his coffee cup back into its holder, and strapping on his seat belt. your Operator - Safe, Reliable, Courteous. Serenely, I ride the waves of the New York State Thruway, depending on the integrity of my helmsman. Your Operator - Safe, Reliable, Courteous.

There isn't much you can do on an eighteen or twenty-seven hour trip but look out the window. You see your reflection going by with the country. Barns, cows,

telephone poles ... pressed right in there on your cheeks and between your eyes.

The lady across the aisle is masturbating under her coat. She thinks I don't know. She thinks I didn't see her get the carrot out of her purse. But I did. If I got up right now and asked her a question, she would sit up quickly, and the carrot would break off inside her. And she would panic and go back to the bathroom. And at every rest stop, she would run to the bathroom. Eventually, she'll go home and hunt for some ice tongs.

A baby is crying in the back of the bus. I looked back there. I couldn't see the baby, but I saw someone else. He had thin, greasy blond hair stuffed up under a hat that had "Sorry-Ass-White-Boy" printed on the cap. He was reading the National Enquirer. He looked thin. Thin and mean. His slick Tony Lama boots were stuck out in the aisle. I'm going to go back there and spit on his boots. Then I'll look him in the eye and say, "The South's never going to rise."

Then I saw the baby that was crying. His mother was feeding him now. The baby would suck and suck like at any minute his mother was going to button up her blouse. He'd breathe real fast, then let his mouth relax against the nipple. The mother closed her eyes and leaned her head back on the seat.

The Spanish lady was singing "The Campton Ladies." Do, da, Do, da.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Susan Parker Weatherford

She wears her dowry
a coin necklace
around her head
this Algerian girl
of the desert

Hand-dyed
rough flower
print cloth drapes
across her chest,
a turtle neck
of pearls
frames her face

Dark, coarse hair
crown of pride
braided tightly
pulled back
from her cross-marked
forehead

A serene sphinx
her eyes cut
across the arid land
into my world

She sees me
my amethyst necklace
short hair
brown eyes
wondering
is my future
so heavy,
so bright?

BODY LANGUAGE

Susan Parker Weatherford

Some write words with hands
that throttle you around the neck
like a mugger from behind

Some draft words with feet
that tread heavily on your bruises
like Italians squashing grapes for
wine

Some write words with arms
that hug you with tenderness
like a 12-month-old child

Some limn words with legs
that carry you to the well
but leave you thirsty
like a mirage of water on the desert

Some write words with eyes
that beg you to take action
like the piercing stare on the face
of Steven Biko's body

OCTOBER 3, 1982

Susan Parker Weatherford

Branches are broken
stripped,
Sweet William uprooted,
purple petals crushed.
Rhododendron leaves
curl like old leather.

The dark woods,
a silent breeze
severed
by a rusty knife

Three of them
one of me

Three of them
crashing through.

THE OTHER HALF

Charlie G. Hughes

Captain Blackmore
has provided for his family,
even in death,

lodgings befitting
those of their statues.
Eight gravestones

and a tall walnut tree
stand within the cast iron
fence. Latched gate

and rust-fused hinges and lock
forbid entry.
The Captain and wife, children

and spouses lie beneath the tree.
Here, bitter memories live in
spindling weeds and sparse grass,

roots sipping walnut vitriol,
and squirrels
dropping hulls from high nests

onto amber etched stones.
Outside, nearly touching the fence,
a small stone, unpretentious,

hardly noticed
were it not for the inscription:
Hallie Johnson, Consort

of Captain John Blackmore.
Refused in death, as she was in life,
her coveted place,

she rests, walnut gall
in her throat,
at a respectful distance,

yet close enough
that she might touch
and be touched.

ON THE BEACH

Charlie G. Hughes

The three of us are night fishing
from the Fort Lauderdale Beach.
We wade into the surf,
but not too far,
to cast our lines
and then retreat to dry sand.
Sharks feed at night we're told,
perhaps we'll hook us one.
We wait, patiently consuming
our Pepsis and potato chips.

It is nearly midnight
when we are checking our bait
and a couple comes strolling
arm in arm along the beach.
Our minds on fishing, we regard them
without a passing thought.

Moments later I notice movement
from the rental catamarans
lying side by side high on the beach.
I shine my flashlight in that direction
and then away. Catching the attention
of my friends, I nod
toward the catamarans and casually
sweep the beam once more
across the scene to reveal white
buttocks flashing into sight
between the hulls. We grin
and continue fishing, occasionally
sneaking peeks.

Presently, they sit, then stand
to adjust their clothes
and brush away the sand.
We are, of course, paying
close attention to our fishing now.

Grinning and hitching up his beltless
jeans,
the guy swaggers, cigarette in mouth,
down the beach to where we stand.

"Got a light?" says he.

"Don't smoke," says I.

SUNFISH

Barbara Mabry

It was childhood's blithest hour
when I drew them
with a silken string glittering, glinting
from the shining shallow stream —
small as the palm
of my small child
hand —
like sun-flakes,
like stained-glass shards,
like gold-grains,
shimmering, shedding
drops of rainbow —
precious as golden ducats.
With gold-leafed fingers
I carried them home
as innocent fee-payment.

Mealed and fried —
served up for lunch —
the bone-filled morsels
of my childhood we ate
with tiny careful bites.

A STRAY BIT OF SUN

Barbara Mabry

A stray bit of sun
is caught in the bowl
of the old kerosene lamp —
and there's no sun around.
In the rosy-gold oil
it glows with a canny light —
like a small core of passion,
like a primordial fire
trapped in amber,
like the seminal spark
preserved in liquid gold,
like a secret fire
to be handed down
from generation to generation
as the sacred essence —
the quivering gleam and glow —
of all living things
since the creation
and before.

C O N T R I B U T O R S

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