



# VOTE TODAY IN SGA ELECTIONS

## Kentucky Kernel

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### Decrease in voter turnout expected in SGA elections

Staff reports

A smaller number of candidates this year for the Student Government Association elections is expected to result in a lower number of voters this year.

"Last year almost 2,400 people (or about 10.4 percent of the student body) voted," SGA election chairman Jason Vandiver said. "But I think the turnout will be smaller this time."

SGA elections begin today at 9 a.m. and end 7 p.m. tomorrow night.

Vandiver said that a smaller number of candidates usually means that fewer voters will participate.

Almost 40 candidates ran for the 15 senator at large spots last year, whereas only 29 are competing this year.

In the executive branch race only two tickets are on the ballot. Last year six students ran for president and five competed for vice president.

Also this year many SGA observers perceive that the executive branch races — Sean Lohman and Dale Baldwin for president and Sarah Coursey and Chris Woolums for vice president — are not close.

Full- or part-time students with a validated UK Student ID and activity card are eligible to vote.

Students may vote for one president, one vice president, 15 senators at large and one senator from their college.

Times and places to vote varies according to the college in which a student is registered. Students can call the Registrar's Office (257-

### Voting places and times

**Student Center**  
10 a.m.-2 p.m.

Education  
Engineering  
Arts & Sciences  
Communications

**Nursing**  
10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Medicine  
Pharmacy  
Dentistry  
Nursing  
Allied Health  
Professions

**Law School**  
10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Law

**Ag. North**  
10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Agriculture

**LCC**  
10 a.m.-3 p.m.

LCC

**Margaret I. King**  
9 a.m.-7 p.m.

Business & Economics  
Agriculture  
Graduate School  
Library Sciences  
Education  
Engineering  
Architecture  
Fine Arts  
Home Economics  
Social Work  
Arts & Sciences  
Communications

**Business & Economics**  
10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Business & Economics  
Home Economics

**Donovan, Blazer and Complex Commons**  
4:30 a.m.-7 p.m.

Business & Economics  
Agriculture  
Education  
Engineering  
Arts & Sciences  
Communications



**SPRING CLEANING:** Matt Malone, 76, of Lexington prepares to change the oil in his lawnmower yesterday. With rain in the forecast, many lawns will need to be mowed.

3161) or the SGA Office (257-3191) to find out what college they are registered in.

All polls will close at 7 p.m. tomorrow so the results can be tabulated sooner. The last three election results have not been announced until midnight.

Results will be announced around 10 p.m. tomorrow, according to Vandiver.

People registered in the College of Business & Economics and the

See **LOW**, Back page

### KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE PRIZE

#### Inmate hopes to earn his degree from UK

By **JULIE ESSELMAN**  
Special Projects Writer

When UK student Dwight Allen was marching in the 1960s for civil rights, he found strength in a black spiritual freedom song:

*"The only one thing we did right was the day we started to fight. Keep your eyes on the prize, Oh, Lord."*

More than 20 years later, Allen again is using those words for inspiration as he struggles this semester to salvage the prize he values the most right now — his education at UK. And, to Allen's surprise, the UK community is supporting him every step of the way.

Allen, 38, is an inmate at Blackburn Correctional Complex in Lexington serving a 31-year sentence for checking and credit fraud.

For more than a year he has been coming to UK during the week on Blackburn's study-release program, working toward a political science undergraduate degree and taking classes in the Honors Program.

Allen is up for parole in October 1991, and if he continues taking classes during the summer and regular sessions, he could complete his degree by then.

But the state has discontinued the study-release program, and earlier this year prison officials told Allen that this spring would be his last semester at UK.

At first, Allen said he was resigned to reluctantly accept the decision. But after help and encouragement from the UK community and through a newfound determination, he is fighting the system — and, in a sense, his past — to continue his education at UK and rebuild his life.

"The whole University has reached out and put their arms around me," he said.

*Keep your eyes on the prize.* Allen grew up in Louisville, Ky., where he became active in the civil rights movement. He stopped his formal education when he dropped out of Central High School in the 10th grade.

See **INMATE**, Page 2



**DART LYKINS** Contributing Photographer

Dwight Allen has been attending class at UK while an inmate at Blackburn Correctional Institute. But a cut in state funds may prevent the Louisville native from earning his degree.

### Cancer information line awarded funding from National Cancer Institute

By **REGINA SWIFT**  
Staff Writer

Anyone who has questions about cancer needs to search no further for the answers than their telephones.

The Cancer Information Service was awarded a \$725,000 contract to continue operation of a toll-free cancer phone line by the National Cancer Institute yesterday.

The phone line allows individuals to call and "get information about cancer symptoms, diagnosis and treatment," said Gilbert H. Friedell, director for cancer control at the Markey Cancer Center and administrator of the Kentucky Cancer Program.

The phone line, which serves about 6,000 people each year, began in 1976 as the Cancer Helpline. It first served Fayette County and eventually all of Kentucky.

The Helpline joined the national network of offices using the NCI toll-free number and became the Kentucky Cancer Information Service.

"We've raised awareness tremendously" with an emphasis on health education, said Linda Linnville, assistant director for community pro-

grams and education at the Markey Cancer Center in the UK Albert B. Chandler Medical Center.

About 50 percent of the questions come from the general public, including those about how to quit smoking and where to obtain a mammogram, Linnville said.

Other questions are from cancer patients' families about diagnosis and treatment. The most popular question is if people are getting the correct treatment.

Physicians and professionals also can use the phone line to get information from the NCI's computerized data base, Physicians Data Query.

Without the funding, services would not have been expanded, Friedell said.

The additional funding will add a second phone line to the CIS, Friedell said.

"The fact that we have a statewide program" helped Kentucky get funding from the NCI, Friedell said.

\*\*\*  
*The Cancer Information Service number is (800) 4-CANCER. The line is open 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.*

### Viewpoint

Meet more SGA Senate candidates.  
Pages 4 & 5.



### Sports

Castaldo leads thrashing of Morehead.  
Story, Page 6.

### Weather

**Today:** Cloudy.  
High 59°

**Tomorrow:** 70% rain.  
High 44°

# Inmate works toward political science degree from University

Continued from page 1

He led a life of crime for several years, but after being convicted and sent to prison, he began to turn in the opposite direction. While in LaGrange Reformatory he decided to pick up where he left off in his education.

Allen earned his GED certificate and was trained as a legal aid, studying law books, cases and procedures, and working for prisoners' rights.

But that wasn't enough for him. He had his eyes on a higher prize.

"I realized ... I could be more effective, and I could protect my own rights and help other people and develop my humanity if I became more educated," he said.

Allen began taking classes through a program with Jefferson Community College, in which professors came to the prison. He excelled on the college level, earning 75 hours and an associates degree in liberal arts, and making the dean's list five times.

Still, that wasn't enough for Allen. He said that he knew he had the potential to do more, and he saw UK as the place to help him do it.

"When I was a criminal I had low self-esteem. I was insecure, and I wanted to see if I could hack it," he said. "I knew that the Honors Program was the best program in the state ... and I said, 'This is what I want to do. Let's see if I can hack it.'"

"I wanted to come to UK because first of all this was the battleship, in my opinion, of universities ... and I was going to try to go to the top because I was rebuilding myself, and part of that meant coming here."

*Keep your eyes on the prize.*



**ALLEN**  
"I was particularly struck by St. Augustine because he led a full-circle life."

After Allen was accepted to the Honors Program, he was transferred to Blackburn so he could participate in the study-release program. He started at UK amidst the tension over an alleged racist comment by former Kentucky Gov. A.B. "Happy" Chandler, so he said he didn't know what to expect at UK, or how people would treat him.

But he has met with only encouragement and respect, he said, and it has made all the difference in his life.

In his first semester last spring, Allen took an Honors Program class with Jane Vance, in which his studies included readings of Dante and St. Augustine. Immediately he made comparisons between their works and his own life.

After reading Dante's *Inferno*, which involves a journey through various levels of hell, Allen put his own journey into perspective through the various stages of the prison system.

And when he read Augustine's *Confessions*, which describes Augustine's turn from a sinful life, Allen said he went through his own "spiritual awakening."

Allen said that Vance helped him

"with my transition to being free emotionally because she looked at me as a student, as someone that had a unique set of experiences, and she allowed me to let these things out."

"I was particularly struck by St. Augustine because he led a full-circle life," he said.

Vance said Allen is "a kind of student that I like most to see. He takes everything he learns and turns it in all angles to see how it fits in his life. He savors every opportunity that he has."

At Vance's suggestion and encouragement, Allen worked on his writing skills, with help from UK's Writing Center. In addition to his Honors Program courses, he is taking upper-level classes in political science, in which he hopes to earn a degree on his way to law school.

*Keep your eyes on the prize.*

Allen's daily schedule this semester includes a 6:30 a.m. military science class, morning classes, afternoon aerobics sessions, and studying and working with tutors until he returns to Blackburn in the late afternoon.

Brad Canon, a political science professor who teaches a course Allen is taking this semester, said that Allen is a "sincere and able" student and that the program he is in "should be encouraged by the prison system."

But the state has discontinued the study-release program, and Blackburn officials have said they do not have the staff to continue transporting Allen to and from UK during the week.

Allen could complete his degree through correspondence courses with other state programs, but he



Allen has taken several classes in the Honors Program. He spends some of his time while on campus studying in the Honors Lounge in Miller Hall.

maintains that only through UK can he get the advanced political science and Honors Program courses that he needs.

With the support and encouragement of many in the UK community, Allen has appealed the decision to discontinue his studies at UK.

Some professors have called state officials on his behalf, and after a recent article on his situation in the Louisville Courier-Journal, Allen said he received letters of encouragement from people at UK whom he has never met.

UK Student Government Association President Sean Lohman said he talked to officials in support of Allen because his progress "is the perfect example of our Kentucky jails rehabilitating people."

Allen said he hopes an arrangement can be made between UK and

state officials to allow him to complete his degree at UK.

He expects a decision this week. Canon said he realizes the prison system has limited resources, "but I think this can be worked out."

"My feeling is he cannot get through correspondence courses ... the same kind of education he can get at UK, especially as he is now a sort of advanced student," Canon said.

*Keep your eyes on the prize.*

No matter what the decision is, Allen said he has been surprised and touched by the University's support.

"Within the last three or four years of my life I've seen a lot of people work hard and nothing happens ... Just because you're in a bad situation and need help doesn't mean you'll always get help," he

said. "What shocked me most was that an institution this big thought enough of one of its students to take a stand and help me spiritually and emotionally."

"I can't begin to point out everybody that's assisted me because I've been surrounded by so many people to aid me academically, spiritually, morally."

The spiritual that Allen sang with groups marching in the '60s has motivated him to turn his life around — become well-educated, practice law and serve the society that his former actions imprisoned him from.

"You gotta take risks," he said. "You gotta be willing to stand up for what you believe in."

*Keep your eyes on the prize.*

## SGA Scholarship Applications are here

SGA is offering three \$1000 scholarships for the 1990-91 school year. These scholarships will be awarded to current sophomores or juniors on the basis of demonstrated service to the University through campus involvement and leadership as well as academic success and financial need.

Applications are available from **March 24 - April 4** in the SGA office, room 120 of the Student Center. Two letters of recommendation and a college transcript are required.

The deadline for applications is 4:00, April 4.

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- Spaghetti & Meatballs  
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## Lithuania accuses Moscow of 'aggression'

Associated Press

VILNIUS, U.S.S.R. — Lithuania's leaders angrily accused Moscow yesterday of "inexcusable aggression" and of kidnapping its citizens after Soviet troops stormed two hospitals in a harsh roundup of army deserters.

Later, the Kremlin ordered all foreigners to leave the republic, which declared independence March 11. Soviet troops occupied a fifth Communist Party building in Vilnius, the capital.

Washington and other foreign governments urged restraint but avoided attacking Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev, who faces growing independence movements in several republics as he tries to institute reform.

The Bush administration, in declining to denounce Moscow, said it did not want to "inflammate the situation."

Soviet officials defended their actions and condemned the Lithuanians' aspirations as dangerous.

"Even Vice President Quayle admitted the other day there should be some discipline in the army," Sergei Chetverikov, minister-counselor at the Soviet Embassy, said at a news conference in Washington.

Quayle said Saturday the Soviets should not threaten Lithuania but added that "if the Soviet Union is applying disciplinary measures to people in their own military, that's a different situation."

In a furious letter to Gorbachev, Lithuania's president, Vytautas Landsbergis, and prime minister, Kazimera Prunskiene, said their government "demands the return of its kidnapped citizens."

They also urged negotiations with Moscow "in neutral territory." Soviet soldiers stormed two hospitals before dawn yesterday and seized 23 Lithuanian deserters who had sought refuge, the official Tass news agency said.

Lithuanian television said two genuine mental patients were accidentally seized but that the soldiers let them go later.

Witnesses said some deserters were beaten as they were taken from a run-down psychiatric hospital in Vilnius.

A trail of blood led down the steps and out the front door of the hospital.

"They beat them with their fists," said a duty nurse at the hospital, where windows and iron beds were broken.



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Hunter Hayes  
Arts Editor

# DIVERSIONS

## Jesus and Mary Chain concert flawed but entertaining

By MICHAEL L. JONES  
Editorial Editor

*Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.*  
— Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz"

Imagine walking into a room filled with a large crowd of people, most of whom look like Robert Smith from the Cure and aren't even old enough to vote.

Then there is a small percentage of people representing preps, jocks, greeks, hippies and any other stereotypical social group you can name.

On stage a band is playing a cross between guitar rock and industrial noise with a definite Bauhaus influence.

Subliminal messages are flashing on a star-shaped screen in back of the band. Sometimes it's a picture of a gun, an act of violence or it could be the words "Jesus" or "Psychocandy."

Sounds like something out of a Stanley Kubrick film, right?

I kept waiting for Kubrick to come from somewhere behind the crowd at the Jesus and Mary Chain concert in the UK Student Center Ballroom Sunday night and yell "cut."

It was just weird.  
Lead vocalist Jim Reid never said anything to the audience the whole time the band was on stage. They came, they played and (after one encore) they left.

Reid's brother and Chain guitar-

ist, William, led the band through songs from all three of the group's albums with an emphasis on the band's latest release, *Automatic*.

However, it was songs from the band's first release, *Psychocandy*, that got the older members of the crowd moving. Songs from their second, and more laid-back release, *Darklands*, didn't fair as well.

*Automatic* is similar to *Psychocandy* with its heavy guitar and use of feedback. Lyrically, the band tends to be more down.

"I'm never gonna get out of this place/I'm a stone dead tripper/Dying in a fantasy...Look out kid! You gotta get a hit/Looks like you're never gonna make it off the government list," Jim Reid sings in "Blues from a Gun," the first single from *Automatic*.

The Jesus and Mary Chain are notorious not only for the group's moanier, but their open drug use; from the second half of the show you would have thought that they'd taken a little too much of something.

The band started out with a number of dance tunes, including their MTV hit, "Head On," but by the end of the show they had evolved into a mass of sonic noise. It was hard to distinguish one song from another.

The band was having trouble with its equipment all night and for a while it was hard to tell what was the result of mechanical errors and what was the band's fault.

But in all the band put on a good, if flawed show.



MARK BURDETTE/Kernal Staff



MARK BURDETTE/Kernal Staff

The Veldt (left) opened for the Jesus and Mary Chain (right) who performed Saturday night in the Student Center's Grand Ballroom.

## Carson to read at Transy

By DAVID A. HALL  
Staff Writer

Jo Carson is an eavesdropper. She prides herself on listening to other people's conversations while at the beauty shop or standing in line at the grocery store. It makes her a better writer.

Carson, a poet and playwright, uses the extracted dialogue along with other language she hears to write what she calls "people pieces."

"These poems are really a collection of monologues and dialogues with people I have met in the Appalachian Region," Carson said.

The Johnson City, Tenn., native said she has lived in other areas of the country, but has returned to the southern region of Appalachia because of its beauty and people.

"I've lived in New York, but I moved back to Johnson City because I wanted to," Carson said. "I grew up with the mountains close and I love them dearly. There is a sense of play with the language here. There is metaphor and simile and use of narrative not heard much in urban centers. It's wonderful and rich and I love to listen to it."

She is an occasional commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." She also has been well-received on the stage.

Carson will give a staged reading of *Daytrips*, a highly-acclaimed play about a family coping with Alzheimer's disease, at 8 tonight in the Coleman Recital Hall at Transylvania University. *Daytrips* received the National Arts Club's 1989 Kesselring Award.

Carson avoids calling *Daytrips* a play about Alzheimer's. "It's not about Alzheimer's; it's about duty and love. It happens to have someone in it that is very old and has Alzheimer's," she said.

But Carson said the disease is an issue that should concern "baby boomers," who now are moving into middle age.

"I'm part of the 'baby boom,' which is a generation that is growing older," she said. "As we as the bulge grow older, there will be a tremendous problem. It seems to be a problem of health care, which we do very badly."

*Daytrips* will kick off the 12th Annual Women Writers Conference that will be held through Friday at the UK Student Center.

Each spring more than 500 registrants from across the country participate in a series of workshops, discussions, readings and performances presented by women writers.

This year's conference includes readings by Pulitzer prize-winning poet Gwendolyn Brooks. Brooks' 43-year writing career includes the Frost Medal from the Poetry Society of America, the PSA's highest distinction. She also has been hon-

ored as Illinois' Poet Laureate. Other writers featured are poet Toi Derricotte, fiction writers Melissa Pritchard and Anne Redmon, and satirical skits performed by The Spiderwoman Theatre, Inc.

Jo Carson will read from "Day-

trips" at 8 tonight in Transylvania University's Coleman Recital Hall. Tickets are available at the door for \$5 for the general public and \$3.50 for students.

For further information on the Jo Carson reading or the Women Writers Conference call 257-3295.

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# VIEWPOINT

Kentucky Kernel, Wednesday, March 28, 1990 - 5

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## Eastern Europe fighting for right we don't use

At the conclusion of last week's Student Government Association executive branch "debate," moderator J.W. Patterson told the audience that students should be excited about voting in this spring's elections.

Democracy sweeping through Eastern European nations and the Soviet Union should invigorate Americans and cause them to participate more in their own governments, Patterson said.

Unfortunately, that probably won't be the case. Few Americans seem to care that 3 million Lithuanians are standing up for their independence against an empire or that Czechoslovakians have formed a new government.

College students are traditionally the worst bloc of voters; many politicians ignore college students while on the campaign trail.

Today and tomorrow elections for SGA president, vice president and senators are held. Usually, only about 15 percent of the student body votes, even though few Western democracies make it as easy to vote as SGA does.

We're not going to pontificate about how this is where political participation begins or that it's not fair to complain about SGA unless you take part in the process.

If all of the campaign posters, news accounts, letters to the editor and candidates have not moved you to vote, this editorial probably couldn't do much more.

But if you have a valid UK Student ID, take a few minutes to stop by one of the polls and vote. After all, \$3.50 of student activities fees subsidize part of SGA. Voting in the elections can cost you, and besides, people in Romania died for this right.

## More senate candidates

Continued from page 4 residence hall, attending class and eating meals on campus.

Other issues we will address are a University Life and Relations Committee, a Minority Recruitment Program and a Campus Rap Series.

Shannon Smiley is a candidate for Senator at Large.

### Beasley thrives on challenges

I have been a Senator at Large for two years and there are many reasons why I want to continue serving the students.

A few reasons are to increase check-cashing services, install information stations around campus and to put a textbook file in the Margaret I.



BEASLEY

King Library.

I will carry these plans out and will always be open and receptive to any new ideas.

I have worked hard voicing students' opinions and will continue to do so in the future.

Sheryl Beasley is a candidate for Senator at Large.

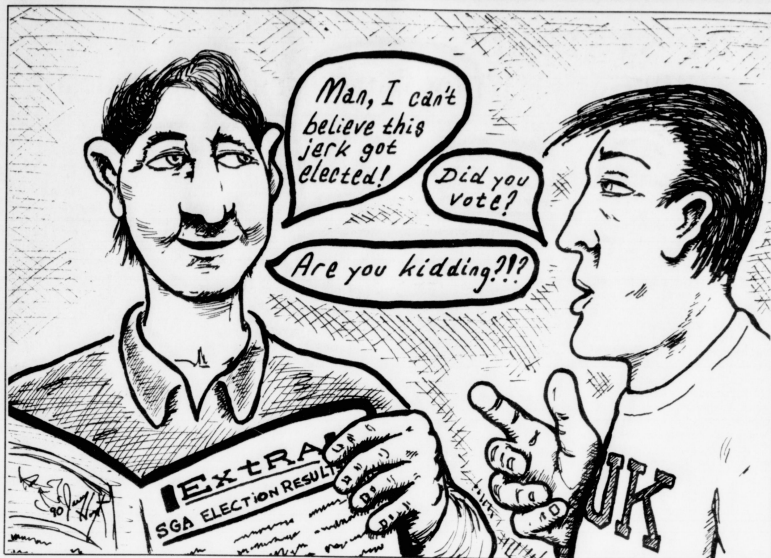
### Weatherford will intensify SGA

With the same intensity and excitement of Rick Piitino-coached basketball game, I, along with Michelle Willhite and Tim Plummer, have entered the race for Senator at Large.



WEATHERFORD

Tim Weatherford is a candidate for Senator at Large.



## People not powerless against leaders

It's that magical time of year when standing in one spot for more than five minutes will lead to posters plastered on your body.

This vast, unending sea of posters can only mean one thing: a huge reduction in the number of trees, which could destroy the Earth's ecological balance. Actually, it just means that the annual SGA elections are upon us again.

Because of an inadvertent Kernel slip-up, several candidates' letters were omitted. In the interest of fairness, I thought I'd present my usual award-winning comedy joke-fest.

Why do I deserve your vote? Experience. The ticket I'm on has a combined 82 years of experience as human beings. As head beer keg purchaser for the Phieta Beta Theta fraternity, I have handled very large sums of money. In high school, I spent two semesters as assistant treasurer for the French Club, was in charge of bringing napkins to all student council meetings and received a Good Citizen Medallion after giving an "I Am An American" speech to our local Kiwanis Club. I



Toby GIBBS

am also a two-time blood donor and have cared for many pets. As you can see, I am more than qualified to hold any office, from SGA Senator to Pope. I would bring the same commitment of excellence to the SGA. Thank you. Rod Bizzniff is a candidate for Senator at Large.

As a candidate, I'm for everything. Want a pub on campus? So do I. Against having a pub on campus? So am I. Want hundreds and hundreds of new programs and services, designed to turn UK into a veritable branch office of heaven? So do I. Want to spend millions of dollars to make those programs possible? So do I. Want an increase in your tuition to pay for all that? No? Then neither do I. My platform is simple: I am for everything under the sun, without explaining how I would pay for it until after the election. But just remember one thing: if you're for it, I'm for it. Melody Foghorn is a candidate for the funny farm.

As vice president of the UK Alliance of Burned-Out Would-Be Hippies, I feel that SGA doesn't tackle enough world issues. As an SGA senator, I would support a resolution demanding that the United States end its military presence in Vietnam, Gettysburg and Valley Forge. In fact, I support an immediate disbanding of the Union. As an SGA senator, I hope to return UK to the activist spirit of the 1960s, when people got stoned on milkweed, blew up ROTC buildings and said things like "vibes." I would support a resolution urging the United States to invade a country so that we would have something good to protest. You may think all this would leave SGA with no time to vote on important campus issues that affect you. Well, when you think about it, that might not be such a bad idea. Tom "Ahhhh" Ploungie is a candidate for an insane asylum.

As assistant deputy rush chairman for the I Phieta Theta fraternity, I support an SGA completely dominated by the greek community. As a senator, I would fight for legislation giving all power to the campus' various fraternities and sororities. Everyone else would be powerless. Vote for me while you still have a choice. Ron "Ron" Crabtree is a candidate for the banana academy.

More than a list of candidates, it's actually a glowing tribute to the spirit of American democracy. Not since Dan Quayle and Wallace Wilkinson have such high-caliber office-seekers graced our ballots.

After reading this column, some will claim that I am saying "don't vote." I am saying nothing of the kind. I plan on voting, and you should as well.

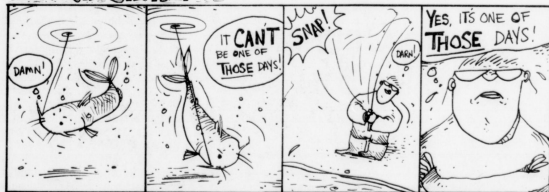
Next year, when the members of SGA do something we disagree with, I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I spoke out. I am not powerless to stop these people from doing the things they do. I voted. I control them — they do not control me.

If you are dissatisfied with SGA, then vote. Write letters to this paper. Talk to people. In general, kick some SGA butt once in a while. Run for office yourself.

A noted journalist, H.L. Menckin, said that the American people get about what they deserve when voting. If you don't vote, or you vote for stupid reasons, you are getting about what you deserve.

Staff Writer Toby Gibbs is a journalism junior and a Kernel columnist.

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# SPORTS

Barry Reeves  
Sports Editor

## The system

### Bill Curry's philosophy: discipline and desire

Don't expect to hear what a good football team UK has this year any time soon. The UK cadets have, according to their general, a long road of practice and pain before they can call themselves a Curry-caliber squad.

What you'll hear instead is a lot of grunting and screaming as the players apply liniment to sore muscles and wounded egos. Key words here: Hard work, you can't hit, intensity, hit and hit again, and hard work.

"We'll meet at 6:30 a.m. tomorrow, men," defensive backs coach Rick Smith said to his squad after the Monday scrimmage. Smith's backs allowed three, count 'em, three, touchdown passes in the war game Monday. "We'll keep on going until you get it right! No more bombs, men. No more bombs!"

Yes, the Curry era has begun and these spring practices have the feel more of an army boot camp than a college football practice.

Sometimes at practice, you get the strange feeling that a stiff character standing in a jeep wearing dark sunglasses and puffing harshly



Bob  
NORMAN

on a straight tobacco pipe will suddenly ride onto the field to survey the troops.

It's a system, folks — a strict system designed to produce champions.

Curry disciplines his team like a drillmaster, and he wants them to play on the field like outlaws.

With an industrial management degree from Georgia Tech under his belt, he understands and utilizes the primary principle of the psychology of motivation: The more someone suffers trying to reach a goal, the more he will appreciate and protect what he has gained, regardless of the real quality of his original goal.

The players are responding to the added pressure and higher expectations with vigor and, understandably, a bit of confusion. One senses that the players know that praise

won't come easy from their coaches and that they are truly motivated to stand out in the crowd of nobodies — nobodies, that is, until they are recognized by Curry.

I need to learn the system, adapt to the system, get more aggressive. Those words are about as close to a UK football player's battle call as you'll hear at this point.

And this is just what Curry wants. This is his style. He, like all great motivators from fraternity presidents to army commanders, knows that the more a player is degraded and the more a player is told he isn't any good, the more that player will strive to prove that he is the best.

That is, if he is really meant to wear the UK football uniform.

Undoubtedly, the former Alabama and Georgia Tech head coach expects a lot.

And his players know his expectations are high. And, as Curry will tell you, a quality football player tries his hardest to live up to — or down to — a respected coach's expectations.

Curry has been on the other side of the line. He played and studied under the king of motivators — the late Vince Lombardi for the 1966-67 Green Bay Packers.

Not only did he play, but he played that unenviable, get-down and-get-way-dirty center position.

You know the one, the one where you snap the football up through your legs to the quarterback and then get *smashed* by the defensive nose guard as you try to get your head up out of your hind-quarters.

He knows the trenches of football as well as anyone. That, however, provides very little coaching finesse.

No, it's definitely not his playing days (he played professional football from 1966-1974 with four

teams, including one appearance in the coveted Pro Bowl) that separates him from other coaches.

It's the "vision thing," man — the "vision thing."

He sees and wants to build what he regards as "the perfectly disciplined will." And when he talks about it his eyes intensely focus on something maybe a foot from his face that isn't there — or perhaps something no one else in the room can see.

Maybe he spies, when he stares at that point in midair, the intangible quality called intensity. Guts. Blind discipline. Or something like that.

He says — with his eyes still focused on the intangible — that he believes teams play at certain levels of competitive intensity, and he always wants his team to play at the optimum level on the intensity scale.

"Go for the football!" he cries at his players. "Don't wallow in self-pity. Get up, follow the football, and go at it!"

Gone are the days of defensive tackles, linebackers, and cornerbacks. Here are the days of "strikes, will and hits," respectively. Strong safeties in Curry's defensive termi-



Wildcat football coach Bill Curry, in his first year at UK, lectures to his team at a recent practice at Shively Sports Center.

STEVE SANDERS/Kenel Staff

nology are monkiered the *Bandit* and the *Rover*.

The titles tell the tale. Curry wants intensity, he wants strikes and hits; he wants his defensive players to play like outlaws robbing the offensive banks with both guns loaded. He wants aggressive, attacking football unlike UK has ever seen.

And when the players reach that

point, if they ever do reach it, you can bet they are going to fight with everything they have to maintain and even heighten it.

All the time applying that liniment to heal the wounds that hardened, winning football demands.

Senior Staff Writer Robert Norman is journalism junior and a *Kenel sports columnist*.

**Attention**  
Student Organization Assembly Delegates

Meeting changed to Wednesday  
March 28th at 7:30  
in room 106 Student center.  
Most important meeting of the semester

**Elections-April 12th**

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## Bat Cats use 23-hit attack to pound Morehead 21-6

Special to the Kernel

MOREHEAD, Ky. — The Bat Cats played outside the tough Southeastern Conference yesterday by traveling to Ohio Valley Conference member Morehead State University.

By looking at the box score the Bat Cats' opponent looked more like a Little League foe than a Division I school, as UK defeated the Golden Eagles 21-6.

Leading the 23-hit UK attack was senior third baseman Vince Castaldo, who went 4-for-6 with a home run and five RBIs. Castaldo's home run was his seventh on the season.

The win improved the Bat Cats record to 16-6. Morehead dropped

to 12-10 on the year.

Other offensive stars for the Bat Cats were shortstop Brandy Wilson (four hits) and catcher Billy Thompson (three RBIs). Rightfielder



CASTALDO

Rick Norton and designated hitter Steve Casey also contributed home runs.

Morehead first baseman Kenny Meadows had three hits, including his first round-tripper of the season.

Junior lefthander Adrian Adkins (2-0) started the game for UK and picked up the victory. Morehead

starter Bud Newsome (2-3) was tagged with the loss.

ON DECK for the Bat Cats is Eastern Kentucky University today. The 3 p.m. game will be played on the EKU campus in Richmond, Ky.

## Reds' Rijo has sights on team's No. 1 spot

Associated Press

PLANT CITY, Fla. — Jose Rijo didn't want to leave the Cincinnati Reds' bullpen two years ago. Now he wants to be their No. 1 starter.

Rijo opened the Reds' exhibition season with two innings Monday night in a 4-1 victory over Toronto. Manager Lou Piniella chose Rijo because the right-hander seemed farther along than his other starters.

It was fine with Rijo, who already has his sights set on being something higher — starting for the Reds on Opening Day.

"That's my No. 1 goal this year," he said. "Every pitcher's got different goals. My first one is to be the opening day pitcher, then to make the All-Star team and pitch in the World Series."

"That Opening Day start would mean a lot to me. If I accomplish it, I would be right where I want to be."

Just two years ago, he knew right where he wanted to be — anywhere but in the rotation.

Rijo was made a middle reliever when the Reds obtained him from Oakland in the trade for Dave Parker.

He did so well in relief — a 6-1 record, 2.20 earned run average in 30 appearances — that he was unhappy when Pete Rose made him a starter.

He's a much different pitcher now. Working with his father-in-law, Hall of Famer Juan Marichal, has taught him how to approach the game mentally.

"I have so much confidence and I believe in myself," he said. "I don't make too many mistakes when I'm ready. I just want to be ready for opening day."

At the moment, he has a good chance of starting April 9 in Houston as anybody on the staff.

Danny Jackson, the team's ace starter, fell behind in his offseason workouts because of union activities and isn't expected to be ready to pitch by April 9.

Tom Browning also is behind schedule, leaving Rijo and right-handers Ron Robinson and Rick Mahler as the top veteran starters.

Piniella doesn't expect to name his opening starter until next week.



It  
happened  
one  
afternoon  
...

It was the day before the big midterm.

Steve and Becky had been studying together for most of the day, and both were exhausted. Numerals and letters of the alphabet danced in front of their eyes, keeping them from paying attention to the topics at hand. They needed a break.

Both were having cravings. Becky desperately wanted some coffee . . . not just plain coffee but gourmet. She also wanted some cheesecake. Steve was craving something cooler, like some ice cream or frozen yogurt. They were both caught up in their cravings when suddenly they both looked up at each other and, smiling, exclaimed "Coffeeshop!"

When they got to the Coffeeshop in the Student Center they found everything they had been craving. They found John Conti gourmet coffee and assorted special bakery goods, as well as tasty ice cream and delicious frozen yogurts.

The next day Steve and Becky did extremely well on their tests because they had become revived enough to keep studying the night before. They are now involved in research concerning the laws of probability.

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## University uses Merit Weekends to attract top high school students

By JENNIFER RUSSELL  
Staff Writer

In two weeks hundreds of potential UK freshmen will be on campus for the 1990 Merit Weekends. Top high school seniors from across the country will arrive on campus to find out more about UK.

To be invited to one of the Merit Weekends, students must have applied for admission to UK and must have a composite score of at least 27 on the American College Test or a combined score of 1100 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test.

During Merit Weekends, students tour the campus and get a feel for the University, said Anne Seaberg, a student assistant at Merit Weekends.

"This will give them a chance to really see what we are like," Seaberg said. "They will have a better chance to deal with people they may be in classes with."

Seaberg attended Merit Weekend before her freshman year. She said that although she was seriously considering UK, "Merit Day really clinched it for me."

Another advantage students receive by attending the weekends is

first pick of freshman classes they want to take. Since Merit Weekends are held before the regular summer advising conferences, incoming freshmen who attend Merit Weekend have first pick at classes.

"It is a really good advantage, since they get to register early and get in sections they want," Seaberg said. "They will be the first people to register and pick up their classes."

"Since better students have more choices available to them, it helps them get registration and advising out of the way," said Don Witt of the Registrar's Office. "Then they can sit back after the weekend and decide whether they like (UK). Since these are top students, they have a lot of decisions to make."

The University expects about 300 students this year for both Merit Weekends, Witt said.

"We keep them (Merit Weekends) relatively small because if they get too large, you are losing the point of the program," Witt said.

Witt said that part of the reason why the Merit Weekends are so popular is because of the personal attention and laid-back atmosphere they provide.

"I think the students are impressed that UK will take the time to welcome them," Witt said. "They are impressed by the time the whole staff takes with them."

Student assistants play a big part in making the participants of Merit Weekends feel at ease, Witt said.

"They feel students are more approachable, and they feel like they can get a down-to-earth answer from students," he said.

Merit Weekends have been successful so far, Witt said. He said that 90 percent of the students who attend Merit Weekends enroll at UK.

"It helps us reach our goal of recruiting and retaining students," he said. "We can help the students reach their goals in their major, and they can help us reach our goals because we want those top students."

The 1990 Merit Weekends will be held March 30-31 and April 6-7. The program will include placement exams and fine arts performances on Friday. Saturday students will attend a welcome from Chancellor for the Lexington Campus Robert Hemenway and various interest sessions before meeting with their academic advisers and registering for classes.

## UK GOP endorses

Staff reports

The UK chapter of the College Republicans endorsed three candidates for the Student Government Association elections at their Monday night meeting.

Sarah Coursey received the endorsement for vice president for "putting students first and for her vast experience in student government," according to Alan Cornett, College Republicans chairman. Coursey is opposed by Chris Wooliams.

John Middleton received the endorsement for College of Arts & Sciences Senator for "his stand on spending students' money wisely and his innovative ideas in student advising and unity," Cornett said. Middleton opposes Kim Cagle.

For College of Business & Economics Senator Greg O'Connell was endorsed for his ideas of "a more student-oriented career day" and better B & E study areas, Cornett said. O'Connell faces Dennis Hester and Kristi Keoughan.

## Cuba jams TV Marti

Associated Press

WASHINGTON — The Bush administration began beaming American television to Cuba yesterday — MTV videos, a 1971 World Series tape and a rerun of "Kate and Allie" — but the communist government jammed the transmissions and accused the United States of aggression.

"We regret that Cuba has refused to permit the free flow of information and ideas," State Department spokeswoman Margaret Tutwiler said.

Testing of the long-planned TV Marti began on Channel 13 at 1:45 a.m. EST. In Havana, viewers saw a test pattern "strong and clear."

Two hours later came videos from MTV dubbed in Spanish, the World Series tape and an episode of "Kate and Allie," the long-running sitcom about two divorced women who share a Manhattan apartment with their children.

After that, viewers saw "a report on the success of Hispanics in this country," said Jorge Mas Canosa, the chairman of the Miami-based organization that oversees TV Mar-

ti. Frank Calzon, who heads the Washington office of Freedom House, a pro-democracy group, blasted TV Marti's show selection. "The programs stink," said Calzon, a Cuban exile who is a long-time TV Marti supporter.

He said the debut should have featured the opening of the Berlin Wall and the Chilean and Nicaraguan elections.

Officials of the Voice of America responded that the programming was aimed at determining the technical feasibility of the transmissions more than influencing Cuban public opinion.

While viewers in outlying areas of Havana had few problems during the five-hour test, residents of downtown Havana encountered the signal of a Cuban jamming transmitter after the first 23 minutes of the test pattern. Mas Canosa said that Cuban President Fidel Castro jammed three domestic stations as well, in case TV Marti changed channels.

Cuban spokesmen have said they would retaliate before the jamming, but there was no immediate announcement.

## Low turnout expected for SGA race

Continued from page 1

College of Agriculture vote from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. After 3 p.m. they can vote in either Margaret I. King Library or at Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

Law students vote in the Law Building from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Students in the colleges of Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing, Pharmacy and Allied Health vote in the Nursing Building from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Voiting for graduate, library sciences and education students is at King Library from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Education students also can vote at the Student Center from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., and in the Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

Engineering, architecture, fine arts, social work, arts and sciences, and communication majors vote at King from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Home economics students vote at the Business & Economics Building

from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. or at King after 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Engineering, arts and sciences and communication majors also vote in the Student Center from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., and at Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

Lexington Community College students vote at LCC from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. and from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

## Senate committee passes tax bill

Associated Press

FRANKFORT, Ky. — A few more goodies were tacked onto the Senate shopping list when the Appropriations and Revenue Committee approved the \$8.9 billion biennial budget yesterday.

Another new community college building, golf course improvements and campsites at a state park, and raises for attorneys working for the state were among the additions.

The budget committee also approved additional retirement benefits for prison guards and effectively eliminated the railroad commission by January 1992.

The changes the committee made must be ratified by the full Senate and concurred with by the House before they become part of the state spending plan for the next two years.

The Senate is scheduled to vote on its version of the budget today.

Differences between the House and Senate versions will be resolved during closed conferences later this week.

The activity in the committee just before approval of the budget continued the practice of the previous three days, when money was earmarked for pet projects.

The committee added \$3 million for a classroom building at the southwest campus of the Jefferson Community College.

Development of 40 campsites and improvements to the golf course at Lincoln Homestead State Park in Washington County would be paid for with a \$700,000 addition to the budget.

The minimum salary for lawyers in the attorney general's office and the Department of Public Advocacy would be increased by about \$4,000 at a cost of about \$500,000.

Corrections Cabinet officers have long sought what is known as hazardous duty retirement, which provides greater benefits after a shorter working life. The Senate committee added about \$5.9 million to the budget to pay for the improved benefits.

Sen. Benny Ray Bailey, D-Hindman, added the new section on the railroad commission, an anachronism of Kentucky's century-old constitution.

Yet the state still elects three commissioners, who are paid an annual salary of \$3,000 with the chairman getting \$3,600. The budget for the entire railroad commission this year is \$84,800.

Bailey's proposal would allow the three commissioners to divide the \$70,000 appropriation in 1991 and \$80,000 in 1992 to open offic-

es in their districts. But funding for the entire commission would cease with the end of the terms of the incumbent members in January 1992.

The committee also added about \$120 million to the education funding package with more basic state aid for schools, more money to match additional local efforts.

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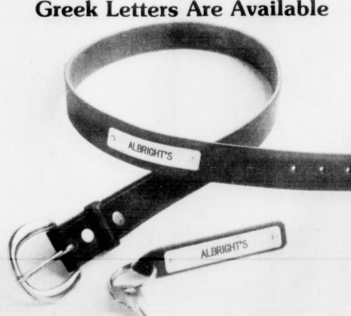
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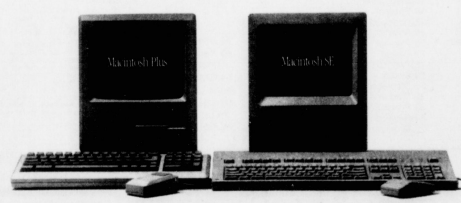
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# *Still Life*

LITERARY ISSUE OF THE KENTUCKY KERNEL MARCH 28, 1990



## Note from the Editors

This is the fourth year the Kentucky Kernel has published *Still Life* as a forum for the creative work of the University of Kentucky community. For this edition we chose to showcase poetry because of the strength of this year's poetry submissions.

As in the past three years, *Still Life* is presenting works by the winners of the Department of English's three annual literary awards. The Dantzer-Farquhar Awards recognize some of the best undergraduate writing at UK, Dantzer for fiction and Farquhar for poetry. These awards were established in 1953 in honor of two UK English professors, Lehre Livingston Dantzer and Edward Franklin Farquhar, who taught a combined total of 85 years here. Additionally, the department awards the Academy of American Poets Award recognizing the top poetry within the whole University. These awards will be presented formally at the Department of English's Awards Day Ceremony on April 18.

The poetry awards are given on the basis of the strength of the total submissions of a writer, not for one specific poem, so we selected three poems from the collection submitted by each writer and runner-up.

Lastly, we wish to thank everyone who submitted their work to *Still Life* and regret that due to space limitations we were able to print only a fraction of it.

- Julie Esselman and Meredith Little  
Co-editors *Still Life* 1990

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Robin Reichart

### 3:30 A.M. \_\_\_\_\_

Melissa A. Wilson

My insomnia lies next to me, a Great Aunt come to visit, unexpectedly kicking me with her leg spasms that jerk me suddenly upright. I look up at my headboard leaning over me like the scaffolding of a guillotine.

I thrash about on my lumpy mattress like a homesick Girl Scout sent off unwillingly to summer camp, rolling and sliding in her slick mummy-bag onto acorns and twigs, shifting away from roots that push, pricked by fallen holly leaves, poked by small sharp stones.

Feverish, I smell my dank intrinsic odor like the unwashed hair of my little sister hot and sweaty from the rusty slide at the city park's playground. I claw at the cold wetness of the sheets, their threads imbedded under my fingernails the dull pressure of a newly filled tooth.

Trapped by the dusty darkness under my bed, I sink into its desert-swamp of night-terrors the swelling muck filling my mouth with clumps of old sock lint, small body hairs, dried hangnails, after-bath powder gone rancid and shreds of used facial tissue.

Raking out the putrid waste of my entropy, I dig in my mouth with my fingers, thrusting at the dry-rot with my tongue, gagging, panting carefully like a scuba diver through his regulator dragged by a bottom current face-first in the decaying sand of the ocean's floor.

I resign myself to a vigil of exhaustion and lie woodenly in my bed like a surgery patient who submits to spinal anesthesia, awake but numb.

## Dantzler Award Winner

Greg Puckett

# THE SHORT STRAW

I drew my straw and palmed it behind my back; it was short.

They knew; relief flooded their eyes, but as the ritual goes, each picked their straw, each took their chance.

I closed my eyes and breathed the cold, night air, wishing I just had a cigarette, but Thorny wasn't sharin'. He never did. God, I hated Thorny, hated his goddamned ideas; hated the way he talked: "You dumbshits, you dumbshits," he called us. I hated his looks; hated his strength, his control, goddamn him. He was always near, waiting to put us down, to get us in trouble, or something. His threats hovered above us like balloons dancing on the point of a needle — one wrong word, one wrong look, and Thorny exploded. He feared nothing, and no one. He didn't care what anybody thought, he didn't care about anything. He had no friends; me and Kieter and Cherry stayed around him because we were afraid of him, scared of what he might do to us. Tonight, if I hadn't come to the park, he would've come to my house, and banged on the door 'til my parents woke up. And my parents hated Thorny. They'd warned me about him; he's a troublemaker, they said, keep away from him. They hated him, almost as much as I did.

Now, at the Cressy park, he said, "Hey asshole, show your straw."

I opened my eyes. The pale moonlight shined on Thorny's face, illuminating his grin; he mocked me, he was gloating.

I said, "Screw you," and threw my straw to the ground. I turned and walked to the swings and sat down. Gently, I rocked back and forth with my head tilted up, gazing at the man in the moon and his round, white face. The man in the moon was laughing — mocking me the way Thorny did — cause he knew I'd pulled my last straw. He knew I was at the end. No more Thorny, after tonight. I closed my eyes and pushed against the ground and

leaned forward so the swing could go higher, reach the stars (above the moon). The cold air burned my face, and made my nose run, and I shivered.

Somewhere in the quiet night, Thorny asked, "Hey Crip, you wimpin' out?"

"Yeah, you-uh wimpin' out?" Cherry echoed, his whiny voice cracking and breaking and changing in mid-sentence.

I didn't answer. I pushed the swing harder and higher, keeping my eyes closed and my hands gripped to the cold, icy chain. A minute went by in my darkness and I heard Kieter mutter, "Leave him alone. Leave him alone." And I knew Thorny was near.

"Shhh; be quiet," he said to Kieter, and must've held his fingers to his lips. I guess, he thought with my eyes closed, I couldn't hear.

With each swing, the cold air grew colder, my self-imposed blindness became darker, and I knew Thorny was closer. Maybe, at the bottom of the swing, I thought. I was scared; he'd hurt me if he could, he'd bruise me, and it wouldn't

bother him a bit. He didn't give a damn, it didn't matter to him. I didn't need his kind of pain, I didn't need his hurt. I didn't need anything from him. Nothing.

I had to stop him. At the top of my glide, I opened my eyes and let go and tumbled through the air, falling to the hard dirt. I turned, and watched Thorny and Cherry grab an empty, lifeless swing. Confused, they turned to me, their little, round eyes wondering how I'd escaped their grasps.

I'd landed painfully on my knees and was slowly rising. "No," I whispered.

No one heard me, so I said it again, and Thorny said

"What?"

I limped to Thorny, and Kieter was at my side, as he always was. If it weren't for Kieter, I'd have been all alone. But he was always at my side or on my side or willing to be. I guess, he was like a brother. In a fight, he would've taken a punch for me, if he could've. I trusted him.

"What'd you say?" Thorny asked.

I said, "No. No, I'm not out, gimme a cigarette."

"Screw you; buy your own."

"Sure, shithead," I whispered to myself. Always, he did this to me, keeping his cigarettes to himself, or something. Goddamn, I hated him. He was such a bastard.

"How the hell do you know it's safe?" I asked.

"I just do."

"Don't give me that. Tell me."

Thorny shook his head. "Don't ask me how I know what I know. I just know,

don't trust Thorny. There's something he's not telling us." It was spoken in a church whisper, soft and careful, but Thorny knew what he'd said. Thorny knows everything.

The king jumped up on his mountain. "Leave him alone!" Thorny yelled.

Kieter turned to Thorny: "YOU leave him alone!" he screamed.

The words echoed in the air and each of us — even Thorny — waited to see what Thorny's reaction would be.

"You asshole!" he said and glided down the slide; at the bottom, he landed on his feet, and rushed toward Kieter, shoved him to the ground, threatening, "Don't ever do that again! Never again! NEVER, EVER, AGAIN! Do you hear me. Can you understand?" Kieter hadn't resisted; he'd just fallen to the dirt, and sat there, his innocent eyes staring fearfully, a tear falling down his face. I stepped in front of Thorny and

said, "Let 'em alone ... I said I was doing it, fair's fair; just gimme a cigarette." Thorny shook his head, but without a word, reached into his jacket pocket and

tossed me the pack of Camels. I asked for a light and he flipped me his lighter, and I lit the cigarette. I filled my lungs with warm, black air, and held it in as long as I could without choking; it settled my nerves.

I reached for Kieter's hand and pulled him up from the ground. "Don't worry about me," I said. "I can take care of myself; okay?" He nodded. I said, "Let's go, let's get it over with."

Thorny sang, "The Crip's gonna pay the piper."

His name was Malachi James Thornberry.

On his first day at Cressy High, last year, he told us to

His eyes were wide and dark and he said, "You don't have to do this, you know? I don't trust Thorny. There's something he's not telling us."

call him Thorny or Thorn or Thornberry. Anything but Malachi or James. "The girls at Evan's High, they called me horny Thorny," he said.

By the end of his first week he'd named each of us: Kieth was Kieter the peter; Terry was the Cherry; and I became the Cripple.

I guess I earned the name.

Only five days at Cressy, and he'd bullied his way into the group; or maybe, he created his own group and made us part of it, without asking us. It was almost as if he expected us to follow blindly, as if he thought we'd do everything he said. And we did. Stupidly, we listened to his every word and watched his every move, and tried to please him by doing everything he did and everything he asked. He cursed, so we cursed; he smoked, so we smoked. If we didn't do what he said, he'd tease us and call us names and threaten us. We lived in fear of Thorny, we hated Thorny. We didn't always do what he said. We paid hell when we didn't. Thorny knew what we were ashamed of, and always used it against us when he wanted his way. That's the way his mean mind worked, he didn't care, Goddamn him.

By the end of his first week, Thorny had named everyone but me. He needed a name I hated, a name that was so much a part of me, that I couldn't deny it and wouldn't deny it. He wanted to make me hate him. I know it. He wanted to control me, with hate and fear.

It was the Friday of his first week, and we were in his parents' den, talking and goofing off. Thorny was bored. "So, George, you ever played Russian Roulette?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Do you want to play?" Even then, I could tell he was mocking me. The bastard's eyes flashed spitefully, and his lips curved up on the ends into a smile, enjoying the subject.

"No," I said.

"Come on." He reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a black and oily pistol, his father's gun. "Are you a sissy or somethin'?"

God, I hated that. I wanted to kill him. When he taunted like this, it was like someone was hitting me over the head with a baseball bat or in the knees. I stared him in the eye and said, "No, man."

And then I wanted to leave. Everything in my soul told me to get the hell out of there. But I stayed. I watched him manipulating us, knowing we couldn't win. We'd only lose.

Thorny turned to the other two. "Cherry and Kieter will play, won't ya?" They glanced at me and I closed my eyes, not wanting to make the decision for them; but they answered with silence. "What? Are you all a bunch of faggots or something?"

"Leave them alone," I said. Thorny rolled his eyes. "Do you think the gun's loaded? Do you think I'm an idiot or somethin'?"

I didn't answer. I stared at him, hoping he'd let it be and we'd all leave the house, safe and free. But he answered my silence by saying, "So play, it's just a game, no one's going to die. Okay?"

"I won't put a gun to my head," I said.

Thorny laughed. "So, put it against your foot or somethin', it doesn't matter. I'll even go first."

I looked to Terry and Keith, and they were both looking at me, so I nodded at Thorny, and he put the gun to his head. The chamber was rolling; when it stopped, he pulled the trigger, click. And he smiled. "Empty," he said. "Next." The gun went clockwise around the table — Terry was next, then Keith, and I was last. Terry put the gun to his foot, and closed his eyes and squeezed the trigger, click; he opened his eyes and smiled. "I'm alive," he said and handed the gun to Keith, who quickly twisted the chamber and fired at his foot, click. He sat the gun on the table and looked at me. "You don't have to do it, ya know?" he said. I nodded, but picked the gun up and turned the chamber and put the cold barrel to my bare foot; looking into Thorny's eyes, I pulled the trigger — bam! The sound shocked me; for a brief second, I tried to figure out where it came from. And then I felt the isolated pain and looked down to my foot and saw red blood and the smoking gun and passed out. That's all I remember — my scarlet foot and the roaring pain and the smell of the pistol ...

That's why I'm called Crip.

\*\*\*  
"So why are you so distant?"

My mind focused, and I glanced at Thorny's dark shape. It was after midnight and we were crossing the path in darkness, heading toward the railroad tracks. Cherry and Kieter walked about ten steps in front of us. "Just thinkin'," I said.

"About what?"

I limped about five paces and rubbed my forehead.

"Thinkin' 'bout the pain in my foot, ya know." And I had been. It was aching, and it was all I could do not to think about it.

He asked,

"Does it hurt?"

"Yeah," I said and tossed my arms out at my side and clenched my fists, like Christ at his crucifixion. "On cold days, it's like nails," I said. "Every step is the pounding of a hammer and I ignore it. And when it rains, my foot swells and I can't walk at all without a crutch or a cane. If I do, it's like a sledgehammer crushing the nerves and bones, all the way up to my knee,

But he answered my silence by saying, "So play, it's just a game, no one's going to die. Okay?"

and my legs buckle from the pain."

He was silent for a second, and then asked, "Do you blame me?"

I thought about it. "Yeah," I admitted.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Should I?"

He stopped walking and I stood next to him, waiting his answer and dreading his retaliation. For thirty seconds, he was motionless and then he



Ted Olson

reached to me and touched my shoulder with his fingertips; and just as sudden, his hand withdrew. "No," he said, "Don't forgive me." He ran his hand through his long hair, and whispered, "I didn't mean to do it; I checked the gun, there were no bullets, if there were, I wouldn't have let anyone pull the trigger." For a second, I thought he would cry; but no, this wasn't real. It was a mask of sympathy; he was an actor, playing a role. "It shouldn't have happened; I'm sorry," he said.

I wanted to believe him. God, it was so real, so true. But that wasn't Thorny. He didn't know pain. I shook my head and brushed past him and then stopped and turned and said, "No Thorny, you're not sorry." His mask broke and he smiled. I said, "You don't care; you don't feel guilty for anything, do you?" His eyes lit up and he laughed and stepped past me, and laughed again and continued to giggle as he walked away. "Thorny, don't do this," I said, but he kept walking. I jumped behind him and grabbed his shoulder and twirled him around. I yelled, "Listen to me, damnit!"

Anger raged in his face. He didn't like being touched, controlled. "What? What the hell do you want?"

I backed down. "Never mind; nothing. Just forget it."

Thorny turned and ran to Kieter and Cherry.

\*\*\*

In silence, we walked the rails, toward the south end of town, through the suburbs and stockyards. Once we had to jump off into the underbrush to dodge a train. For about five minutes, the train chugged by, and I closed my eyes. The ground was cold and wet, and my foot was hurting. The train's steady hum soothed my mind and helped me forget the pain and cold, and I nearly fell asleep. Finally, the train passed and we climbed up the embankment and kept walking. They stayed ahead of me; occasionally, I paused and took the weight from my foot, and waited until the sting had calmed to a throb. In the darkness, they disappeared from my sight, but I could hear them and kept walking. Again, my mind was soothed in the aloneness, and I walked without consciousness. The pain faded, and I was lost inside myself and my thoughts.

For a while, Thorny wasn't in my mind.

I nearly fell over them.

"Watch where you're goin'," Cherry whispered.

They were sitting on the cold, steel tracks, and Thorny was smoking a cigarette, the red coal irradiating his face. His eyes were glazed and distant; he stared into the darkness at nothing. Then he woke

from the trance, and said, "You ready to pay the piper?"

"Sure, sure. Why not?" I said.

"Your foot okay?" The corners of his mouth edged up into a smile as he mocked me; he knew my pain. I ignored the question and asked for a cigarette, and Thorny passed me the Camels. "Take the pack," he said. I knocked a cigarette out of the pack and put it in my mouth, and checked my pockets for a match; seeing that I didn't find one Thorny held out his cigarette and said, "Here, use this." I pressed the tobacco end of my cigarette against the glowing end of his, and pulled his flame into mine, like blood brothers pressing cuts together.

As I smoked my cigarette, we quietly looked through the trees into the backyards of the south end's ritzy houses and Thorny spoke of my mission. "The house with the swimming pool," he said and pointed to a large white-brick structure with a redwood deck. "That's the Reverend's house. The window at the right will be open; it doesn't have a screen, and the lock on it is broken. That's Elaine's room."

"How the hell do you know?" Kieter asked.

Thorny ignored the question. "Just pull out and lift the window, it'll slide up easy. Then you've got it made; climb

into the room, there's nothing under the window to get in your way ... climb in and find a bar of soap. No, no. Find some lipstick. The Reverend's room is on the second floor. You can't miss it. On his mirror, write, I'll see you in hell, and sign it, the Screamin' Demon, or something like that." Thorny laughed at the thought of this; I shivered.

"What if someone's home?"  
"There's no one home."  
I didn't trust him. I closed my eyes and asked, "How do you know?"

"Me and Elaine..." he began but wouldn't finish. "Never mind," he said, shaking his head. "Crip, it's time." I stared at him, and wondered what he was hiding, and then I nodded.

"Yeah, it is," I said. "This is the last straw, Thorny."

He nodded. "I know."  
I smashed the butt of my cigarette on the track and stood and said, "If there's trouble, help me." I turned and slid down the hill and climbed the chain-link fence and looked around. The yard was large, with land mines strewn about wildly in the darkness. The larger of these obstacles were outlined by the moonlight; I could see the shapes of a diving board and lawn furniture and a small storage shed. Everything else was in shadows. The house hulked darkly in the background, and tiny spears of fear crept into my heart; I was ready to turn back and go home. But I didn't. No, I've got to do this, I told myself and closed my mind. I crept through the yard, keeping my eyes open and my ears clear, staying in the shadows and bent close to the ground. As I passed the swimming pool, I looked into its darkness and wondered if it still had water; I listened and didn't hear the splashing of waves and concluded it'd been drained for the winter. Finally, I reached the edge of the house and stopped and looked around. Silence and blackness prevailed. There were no cars, there were no lights in the house. There was nothing to prove Thorny wrong; I was forced to trust him. I leaned against the brick and listened to my steady breathing and my constant heartbeat. Really, that's all I should've trusted. Just myself; nothing else.

Once more, I looked around and saw nothing but darkness. It's time, the piper's waiting, I thought.  
I turned to the window and pulled it toward me and lifted; it gently slid up, as if it'd been oiled. I parted the curtains and peered into the dark room, and saw only shadows. Little specks of fear trickled down my spine and I shivered. I pushed it from my thoughts, and leaned into the warm room and balanced myself on the ledge with my stomach. Lifting my feet from the ground, I leaned further into

cold hospital room and my mother was asleep at my bedside. I was numb and tired. The casts itched on my arms. My fingers hurt. I closed my eyes and slept.  
The next day, the doctor stuck pins in my feet, and I didn't feel them. They told me I'd injured my spine and

crushed my legs. That I had a concussion and had broken my arms. That I'd broken most of my fingers. That I'd been in a coma for three days. That I might not walk again. Never, ever again. For the next three weeks, I was in and out of sleep and remember little. It's all fuzzy, like a dream, a nightmare. They fed me pain pills and kept me high just about all the time.

Finally, I woke up and I could think.  
The doctor poked and rubbed and pinched my legs and was pleased that I showed some response. The needles hurt. When I said I felt the needles, the doctor smiled and laughed, as though he'd saved my life or something, and then he said I'd probably walk again. My parents and family visited me. They brought me books and magazines and flowers, and they skirted around con-

versation about that night. It seemed it was taboo. They spoke of the weather and Thanksgiving dinner and my legs and always smiled, always laughed. Like they were hiding something; I knew better than to ask. No words were mentioned of Kieter and Terry and Thorny, as if they'd never existed. What'd happened that night, I wondered. I worried about Kieter and Terry. They didn't need Thorny's trouble. They couldn't survive Thorny, without me.

All my waking hours, I replayed that night in my mind.

Six weeks after I drew the straw, Elaine Dehays visited me.

"I'm sorry," she said; her tired, blue eyes were rimmed with dark circles, and her face was pale. Her voice was soft and quiet; I had to strain to hear it. "That night never should have happened," she said. "I'm sorry about your legs." She looked me over and flipped several strands of blonde hair from her eyes, and glanced to the floor. "So sorry," she whispered; before she cried, she ran out of the room. I felt sorry for her.

...

One afternoon, I was alone and the door opened.

Thorny walked in. "Hey Crip," he said.

I said nothing; I stared him down and kept my emotions controlled.

He smiled. "How're your

legs? The rumor is that you can't talk, and won't walk." He looked to the floor and said, "I'm sorry; that night, I didn't know Elaine was home."

I turned my head and ignored him.

"She hates me now; she won't talk to me. Hell, we had a pretty good thing goin' and she knows it. I guess the Reverend knows it, too. He called my parents, and said I'd burn in hell for what I did with his daughter; said I'd given their child sin. He doesn't know the half of it." Thorny laughed and said, "Speakin' of parents, yours called mine, and they've got me goin' to a private school for bad boys; I escaped, for today." For a long time, he looked at me and smiled. "Man," he said, "we had some good times, didn't we? Those were great days; but you've had it, haven't you? It's over; no more Thorny, no more trouble. I haven't seen Kieter and Cherry since that night. You know, I heard you scream and I ran and got home as fast as I could. Kieter stayed and told the police everything. The police know everything. Hey, listen, I've got to go. If your old man finds me talkin' to you, he'll kick my ass. That's what he told my dad. Gotta go, ya know."

He turned and walked to the door and stopped. "Hey, I didn't know she was there. Really. You know, I'm sorry," he said.

I didn't want to speak. I pressed my lips tight, and ground my teeth together, and shut my eyes tight. But I couldn't stop it. Softly, I said, "Like you didn't know the gun was loaded?"

"Yeah, sort of," he said and opened the door and left.

When the door shut, I opened my eyes and breathed deeply, breathed easy.

I was cold. I tried stretching the blankets around my skin and finding warmth in the letters, but I trembled. He was gone. There'd be others like him, they'd be everywhere. But Thorny had made me callous. His violent mind had blunted my feelings and made me strong. My skull was a fortress, a solid barrier to my mind. My skin was hard and my ribs were stone, and nothing could pierce my heart, not even Thorny.

Slowly, the cold passed and a sudden calmness fell over me; I'd found peace. For nearly a year, I'd been at war - with myself, with Thorny - and it was over; he was gone.

I was free.

Really, that's all I should've trusted.

Just myself; nothing else.



Alix Roughen

My legs crunched and I passed out thinking, goddamned Thorny.

...

I had dreams of flying, of my soul floating.  
I woke in a small, white,

## The Farquhar Award Winner

Meredith Little

### Circles and Bell Jars

You drew the boundaries around you  
in the shape of a one-sided circle  
but I stepped inside  
like a child wading into rough surf  
hitching up rolled pantlegs.  
Then you blew your chalk marks away  
to draw the circle tighter  
without giving me a piece of chalk  
so I could draw too  
And we both know that it was a game  
to pretend I never had one foot in.  
You asked for nothing  
as if it could be felt by fingertips,  
maybe a piece of frosted blue glass  
I could pull from my insides like a thorn  
and box and ribbon and say here,  
here is nothing.  
But how could you have known that  
it is easier for me to turn inside out  
a color oceans red with my blood  
than to give you nothing.  
You drew your circle and made it  
a base to lower your bell jar onto.

Tonight I want someone  
to put their words into my mouth  
so I don't have to think  
to hold my eyes open like stars  
so I don't have to dream  
to cover my walls with breathless valentines  
so I don't have to love.  
Don't tell me to hold my own hand, because  
the silver words etched on every fingertip  
like titles on a trophy  
cannot be awarded to myself  
At least, not tonight.  
You, put your words into my mouth  
so I can taste goodbyes like yours tonight.

All my gifts and vices - sunrise  
and sunset - are Baptist preacher storms  
marked by blood-red snowflakes  
each hung under a thumbtack cloud  
with adhesive paper names below.  
But you checked the forecast of the night stars  
and charted your voyage around these storms  
by staying in the harbor.  
The push-pin over your name falls to the floor.  
I am solid rock which gives blood at touch  
but must shut the eyes and hold the breath  
to give only water.

You knew not what you asked  
I knew not what I should hold back  
but if your choice is to stay in circles  
then I will hold my hand from tapping  
on your glass.



Alix Roughen

### Cycles

All the people swimming upstream  
in their drinks on this Friday night  
were delivered here by the hands of children  
They had doll's fingers and ice-cream smiles  
and wore shoes with bronze futures.  
They rode upon the shoulders  
of their gods and servants  
yet feared the ponies on the carousel.

Tonight they rotate in my bar  
to the organ music of beer and cigarettes  
dancing together into the straggling times  
when parents once woke to the hungry cries  
of the selfish who knew no clocks.  
The band shoves their tight jeans and gold rings  
against kewpie dolls swaying in billboard dresses,  
someone's child in colors beyond pink and blue.

The siren-haired woman at the front table  
finishes a slanted drink and slides  
between the music to sit close to her one-man audience.  
Cigarette dreams weave a blue screen around their game  
as a tongue peeks between lips blurred by midnight.  
She holds a hand far more dangerous than daddy's,  
who once needed only a flannel blanket and a story  
to protect her long silky braids from the night.  
Now she plays with bar room mannequins  
instead of smooth wooden dolls.

In time she will walk alone in the park at dusk  
and the girls playing hopscotch will avoid her eyes,  
frightened by the shadow of a tapping cane.  
She will go home to select dinner for the cats,  
and doze under crotcheted memories beside a silent phone.  
Mornings she will dust her framed family  
but never raise the sentries at the eastern windows,  
afraid of seeing her curled shadow against the wall.  
The hands move slowly as she frets over where to lunch.

But tonight she does not see what I know  
as she perches on her man's lap like a ship figurehead  
for he is tonight's flattering hand-mirror  
and may later be her flannel blanket.  
For them the hands do not move,  
and the band plays only one song.

I watch them all from behind the bar,  
one hand keeping time against a swollen belly.

### Empty Phones

I called her all night.  
At 3 a.m. the phone rang and rang  
like a post-modern baby bleating for its mother.  
I think of the streetlight apartment  
left alone to brood and sulk  
with its deserted Play-doh sculptures  
and the tequila bottles sucked dry  
to be resurrected as candle-holders,  
wax streaming down their sides to melt  
into one lake and peer-pressure together  
into a communal mass before they hit bottom.  
I know where she is.

She tells me she was tripping.  
My gut jumps like a cat tail caught  
under a rocking chair runner.  
She asks if I am angry  
I tell her I am not her mother.  
It is not what she wants to hear  
or what I think she needs to hear  
but she pauses and lets go.  
My tail still twitches.

I don't understand her dust-heap friends  
or the weekday nights she does with them,  
things I did when she had to be in by eleven  
and her ex-nun mother watchdogged the door.  
I knew the people in the red-line bars  
living in apartments sick with dirty wallpaper  
who slanted like a sheath of papers  
under the slipping thumbtack of blurry midnights.  
It took enough time for me to stand  
straight again that I still cringe  
at the rolling papers on her kitchen table and  
the rings of the 3 a.m. phone echoing into the dark.



American Academy of Poets Award Winner

Scot Brannon

BLACK BOX

Two ex-lovers:  
She mislays bills: tens, twenties.  
And you're the type to revise your suicide note  
with an eye toward style.  
This says something about life, how it's whiz-bang.  
Anyway, it explains why neither of you is cinched in.

You like to feel your body as she tugs the wheel.  
The car cants through a turn, straightens and lifts.  
It is pleasant to have your head rattle  
with the grain of a good country road.

Then like the dumb fist of God  
a blank white wall is -  
a tow-truck stalled  
making a mid-road fishhook turn.  
Time dilates to leave room  
not for action and adjustment, but recrimination:  
"Shit, sweetheart."  
You watch the hood buckle  
then your head raps the rear-view mirror  
snapping it at the stem.  
Light flash and your slapped picture-making mechanism  
strains to sort internal fractures  
from the sudden spiderweb windshield.

Then the still.  
No stuck horn, no radio  
playing a sentimental country tune.  
For now, no irony.  
Then the first brittle ache: a cough.  
You stoop, collect your glasses,  
affix them to your face.  
Well, there's blood, plenty of that,  
and no telling its source.  
Like a whispered rumor it stains everything.  
You isolate the leak:  
a two-inch gash along her scalp.

Outside a knot of people gathers like a bruise:  
"Looks bad"  
"Yeh. Bad."  
"Looks like she was a pretty girl."  
"Say she was."  
She was.

Then the miracle of sirens. No. Get it straight.  
This is no miracle. Picking glass from your ear,  
you had to croak out: "Has anyone been called?"  
And you meant anyone. The police, the governor,  
your first-grade teacher.

At the hospital a nurse with hair  
piled high like cotton candy says: "Your girlfriend was lucky, honey.  
The cut is above the hairline."  
This you store under "luck" to touch and probe,  
compare with what you thought was luck.

All is alien: her hair clumped, blood-matted  
in a girlish curl, your left ear swollen  
and numb as a brussell sprout.  
When she comes to, ants have carried  
the pieces of her trauma elsewhere,  
leaving only the automatic message: "I'm sorry. Was it my fault?"  
This repeats like the blip of a lost black box  
pleading. "Find me. Find me."  
But you can't find her.  
This is shock: The horrible core-cold  
that comes from having been gathered to God's metal breast  
then, like a widow, let go.

August, Age 25

Spring was a strange green  
juice on the chin,  
but summer's a chrysalis, the butterfly flown.  
Its pleasures elude me like an old lay's name.  
Where is a wind  
Blowing straight into autumn,  
to string the next bead on my husk-necklace?

Lover, I like  
how your face-paint  
lays in your crow's-feet  
like ash on a grate.  
Give me your age  
and start my blood snapping  
like leaves off a tree.

Solitude

Dark bars sector the interior.  
In no wind  
the barn door bends on its hinge.  
It is winter.  
Old Scratch, have you come for me?  
Did you know I've been too much alone?

Outside,  
beyond brambles turned back on themselves  
like concertina wire, over  
the drainage ditch and past the shed  
where the wolf was chained till it dug up its stake  
past the volleyball field where the net hangs and rots  
next to the monstrous mobile home in which no one lives  
next to the rusted pick-up that leaks fumes,  
stands a farmhouse built like a ship  
and in it two women,  
and each in her way loves me,  
but the ways become confused in my mind.

And so I find you, my familiar.  
I came to this dark barn  
like a beggar holding the halves of his brain,  
in the left hand, language in the right, space,  
asking Stitch me up.  
But the barn smells like a liquor made of men.  
The tobacco dark smells like a book (a leather-bound  
volume of Dumas) that a young son  
pulls from a father's shelf  
and nods over some midnight  
when tales of heroes can slip in.

I have moved in a world of books,  
dozens of them, half-read, peaked around my rooms  
like roofs over no houses.  
One can find fine phrases there,  
things to say to women.

But tell me this, if you can, how would it be  
to move in a world of women,  
an ark of wooden rooms  
that trap the heat?  
Could you make me a ghost for a day?

No, not you.

Then, let the barn doors flap like halves of broken book.  
Let a light-stripe flash through and gash my face.  
If the sun cut the mist, I could see how woods girdle  
these hills like God's skirt.  
I could enlarge this temple.



American Academy of Poets Award Runner-up

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Metaphors can not do justice  
to the image  
(since they only do justice to themselves)

Quite literally  
she stands w/ practical aplomb facing the P-T shelves  
ankles stemming (not as if she were a flower;  
that's too easy) from leather flats  
bought off a strip mall retail rack  
when the price was right

and then burgeoning (stay focused;  
do not succumb to foral imagery)  
into delicately tanned calves  
that don't need high heels to accentuate  
their shapely unstrained charm

Her thighs (no, they are not appletrees  
whose blossoms touch the sky) are simply thighs  
pure and becoming  
that disappear too early  
beneath a loose fitting olive drab combo  
leaving the rest to (and now you can open  
the floodgates of) the imagination

Even that she pulls a Steinbeck novel from the shelves  
with an obvious intent to buy and holds it wrapped  
inside a copy of ELLE cannot stifle my desire  
(indeed the irony of American realism  
sandwiched inside French glitz  
only enhances the attraction)

I am dying for her to turn around  
so I can leave

Erik Anderson-Reece

Three Cities

the scenerio, set up by Michael Palmer -  
"Words that come in smoke and go" -

happened simultaneously  
in three rooms  
in three cities  
none of them New York

in Buenos Aires  
the words rode in  
from the planes  
tied their horses  
to hitching posts  
outside the saloon  
brandished knives  
w/ which they nipped  
the ends of cigars  
smoked  
and left

in Copenhagen  
the words stepped naked  
into the cathedral

covered only  
in plumes of smoke  
wearing them like  
wedding gowns w/ long  
flocculent trains  
they were married  
and escorted out

in the back room  
of a Chicago club  
a revolver was pulled  
from a shoulder holster  
a silencer was attached  
six words were loaded  
into the chamber and  
fired at a direct object  
each lighting a trail of  
smoke inside the barrel  
as it departed  
on its trajectory



W. Keith Brewer

Portrait  
of a Lady

The lady is made of leaves Do not leer  
Her mother was an Irish oak her father was the wind  
and she herself is held together by a gossamer skin of green that lets  
translucent light into her hollow shell of a body  
All form and no content more than one thwarted lover has scoffed  
leaving her to idle (idol?) worship  
as she bows low her face and hands bent to the ground her leaf-naked  
hips resting on olive heels  
Her concerns are not like those of women who try to predict patterns in  
their lovers' lovemaking so they will know when to shave their legs  
Indeed how she came to this human figuration instead of the rooted  
genetics of her mother and sisters is not known  
Some say a sculptor was involved some say a salacious god and a  
recalcitrant maiden's last dying wish  
some say she is the spirit of Eve gone overboard w/ her leaf collection  
still ashamed of her nakedness  
But this is her nakedness These leaves are no grass skirt they are her  
foliage-flesh penetrable only by the wind  
Yes, her father visits seasonally and whispers her fragile name Foliose  
arousing her passions to fertile heights  
as only he can she being essentially an empty vessel and he blowing  
through her  
raising the leaves on her back and scattering them as he still  
scatters her mother's around her thick aging trunk  
Do not look badly on this contingent liaison which may seem to your  
mores taboo  
Here in the forest they do not live by the same rules we do having  
never heard of Levi-Strauss or Augustine  
The wind does not know the language of the hunters who desire his  
daughter but must submit to him or be beaten back to their jeeps  
And that stubborn Nietzschean Natural Selection still haunts these  
woods though when trying to impress the ladies he sometimes goes  
by Chance

# the WORK of Poetry

Chris Green

Though innumerable interpretations of the topic of the work of poetry exist, I would like to approach it from the uses that seem most evident from working self-consciously with language.

Jane Hirshfield suggests in her essay "The Question of Originality" that what we discover is what we uncover. The not-yet-thought-of has always been there, but hidden. This is an example she gives from a Buddhist text:

"You should study the green mountains, using numerous worlds as your standards. You should clearly examine the green mountains walking and your own walking. You should also examine walking backward and backward walking, and investigate the fact that walking forward and backward has never stopped since the very moment before form arose ...."

This is part of a text written by the Japanese Zen master Eihei Dogen. Hirshfield continues quoting him in a final section which I find the most profitable:

"And there are mountains hidden in treasures. There are mountains hidden in swamps. There are mountains hidden in the sky. There are mountains hidden in mountains. There are mountains hidden in hiddenness. This is complete understanding. And ancient Buddha once said, 'Mountains are mountains, waters are waters.' These words do not mean mountains are mountains; they mean mountains are mountains."

This movement of exact meaning stemming like mountains from words seems to be our goal. Often I find myself trapped by my attempts to sculpt mountains solely of language, forgetting that mountains are there already.

Opposed to this view of language is the more modern version of Thomas Pynchon in his book *The Crying of Lot 49*: language as hiding instead of revealing.

"She knew because she had held him that he suffered DTs. Behind the initials was a metaphor, a delirium tremens, a trembling unfurrowing of

the mind's plowshare. The saint whose water can light lamps, the clairvoyant whose lapse in recall is the breath of God, the true paranoid for whom all is organized in spheres joyful or threatening about the central pulse of himself, the dreamer whose puns probe ancient fetid shafts and tunnels of truth all act in the same special relevance to the word, or whatever it is the word is there, buffering, to protect us from. The act of metaphor then was a thrust at truth and a lie, depending where you were: inside and safe or outside, lost."

What I am trying to get across by this extensive quotation is that there is no such thing as metaphor. Our belief in it is an excuse to say that we can not name, that we already know or an assumption that the author does not. To say that I am a pig is not to say I am like a pig, or look like a pig or act like a pig, it is to say succinctly and exactly that I am a pig. Metaphors do not exist. Only *what is* exists. Metaphor is a linguistic term which is sloppily used by those who live behind words, and the assumption of *what is* is only itself in total isolation. The dictionary says, "a figure of speech where one thing is likened to another," yet what more is there but relationship in the world which is dependent upon not the separation of all things but their inner-relationship?

In this way "metaphor," the most basic connection of blessing, comes to bear by realizing the totality of what we are and may choose to be in all its multiplicity. This is the gift of metaphor, the gift of our being.

Eric Dardel says in his article titled "The Mythic,"

"Man is hardly more than a momentary form of vegetable life. It is through his other, through this co-existence with the tree, through the yam, image of his life, in a word, through the lived and projected myth, that man grasps his existence and knows himself. He sees himself only in the reflection of his being that the world gives back to him, and his life which, by itself, is not justified, finds validity only in the myth which ties it to universal life, to all the living."

Yet we find ourselves torn from the nature which poetry would reflect in its rhythms and tradition by the disorganized nature of modern society, which focuses on fads, denial, and interpersonal separation. I write poetry, yet I spend most of my day encased in a classroom. When separated from nature, how do we discover our nature? What are we left with, in the inner city, or in your kitchen; what reflection of self can we find? We begin to realize that the struggle of life is a struggle for survival first, for enriched holistic survival second.

In a collection of Puerto Rican poetry from the New York slums we do not find pastoral representations of what we are — instead it is the desperate and rending cry of a people shorn from everything but each other. It is in this situation where language comes to its fullest potential, not in the learned nuances of tradition, but in the mouths of a people forced to come to terms with the world around them or die. There is no room for standardization or stagnation, and each sentence is a drive for the needed expression. In the introduction to *Nuyorican Poetry*, the editor, Miguel Algarin, writes:

"Oftentimes the newness disrupts. It causes chaos .... The standardization of a street-born language is always perilous and never easy. Around existing, formally recognized languages whole empires of rules grow. Rules and regulations about speech are conventions that grow at first as patterns of self-expression which become fixed in usage .... Raw life needs raw verbs and raw nouns to express the action and to name the quality of experience."

Yet we live bound by the desperate attempt to achieve clear communication with the use of rigid rules — are we as old as our language has become? When verbs cease to become nouns and vice versa because we have been taught to be rigid and say we do not understand, then we truly have begun to age, wither, and become inflexible and unable to adapt to the demands of our situation.

The poet is a yoga practitioner of language, one whose hands are hands

but not used as hands, one whose mouth speaks as hands, feet, gut, or teeth — one whose hands are mouths. The mouth becoming a foot-map on its way into the mouth-ear, for even how we hear speaks what we are. Paul Valery writes in his journals that a poet's "ears speak to him."

Thus the poet is one who speaks what we are versus what we have been told to be: poet as outlaw. For instance what history do we really live by? One we are told, the other we know. Padraic Colum writes:

"We have another past besides the past that history tells us about, a past which is in us, in individuals, more livingly than the recorded past. It is a past at which men slowly arrived at self-consciousness while building up the community, the arts, the laws. Today we are trying to find the means to suggest the unrecorded past in our memories and our attitudes and so give our lives another dimension."

Here Colum is talking about the artist, the seer who looks into what we are. But there are those around us who live in this sight and by whom we must measure our poetry and live — this measurement is not in bricks, megabytes, light years, or I.Q. None of these things begin to measure the totality of our experience, this experience which can only fit into the vast and unsuspecting palm of a child. Here is a final poem thrown to my child who is always found forgotten:

*in the smell of my tracks*

*these words slough off  
my legs like an old shell or  
leaves that were left on an oak  
in spring.*

*I have dreamt myself so loudly  
he will never go away!*

*I scoop and brush  
the flakes of hair  
and specks of words like dandruff  
into a pile*

*and blow them from  
the cup of my palm into  
the darkness of the river  
I have come from.*

## Duet

glossy grand curves  
hug melody-ringing strings  
struck by felt hammers  
in response to finger's touch

half moon cuticles  
flash in light  
spotted page  
black with notes

well cut suit  
tailored to broad back  
casts shadows on keys  
quickly rising, falling

just outside, close to the pane  
a large orange bucket hangs  
from cold, weather-rough hands  
as if to catch every note

filled instead with today's luck  
from garbage cans and sidewalks  
to quiet the growls caged  
in skin-draped ribs

- Susan Parker Weatherford

## Echoes

breakfast began with "goddamnit!"  
(voices laced with hate  
darted through the house  
like frenzied ghosts  
seeking to haunt)

and ended with a slamming door  
(the silence  
echoed in my head  
as the ghosts  
tucked themselves in)

standing by myself  
scratching my name  
on the frosted window  
watching Nathan's mom  
warming his hands at the bus stop  
hot oatmeal never felt so cold  
in my stomach

- William Fugate

## Lament

I had to get  
Out into the night, out  
of the confines of sanity and light.  
when I'm with the night I want  
a motorcycle, leather, bodies  
to drown in,  
dark cape crazy  
in the wind behind me  
and the anger  
(that damn I hate grieving)  
rock 'n' roll.  
Remembering the smoky desperation  
that said:  
pull this trick off  
one last time -  
you could kiss me and burn  
the stars down.  
(I loved you once;  
I knew no better.)  
Pull this silken cord  
in your desperation, I  
Love you no better.

- Anjali Bhapkar

## Talons

I want to begin again  
go back  
to that moment  
suspended between two worlds,

two entities  
when looking back  
is impossible  
and the future  
ascends quickly  
sweeping me up  
in its talons  
like a great bird of prey

I want to begin again  
go back to that moment  
captured on film -  
my twin sister and I  
on the kitchen counter  
frosted in cake flour,

mom had left us  
for only a minute  
to pick up the phone,  
dad snapped the picture

I want to begin again  
go back  
to that moment  
in the Shoegers' yard,  
playing with Naomi  
who had dark skin  
and a patch over one eye,  
eating cotton-candy  
from a homemade machine

I want to begin again  
go back  
to that moment  
before I knew  
you

- Susan Parker Weatherford

## Contributors

**Erik Anderson-Reece** is a graduate student in the English Department and a former editor of *Still Life*. His poetry has been published in *Exquisite Corps* and is forthcoming in *The Painted Bride Quarterly*.

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*Still Life* staff:  
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Trish Harpring and Evelyn Quillen,  
graphic design and production.

## Reunion of Old Friends at a Bar in St. Louis

I watched Jill, who stayed here all these years  
our lives were going on, drink tequila and smoke.  
I looked away, then back. She couldn't  
speak to me - I was far away, at the end  
of the tables we pushed together. To my left

my wife drank soda and waited for the band  
with her hands folded on her eight-month belly.  
Suddenly she cried and asked me to walk with her  
until it stopped. We heard traffic lights  
on the wide streets around the block click from color

to color, directing no one, which comforted us,  
who secretly longed to see no new life  
in the city we left. We walked slowly,  
arm in arm, taking in each building  
as though it were a reproduction of one

we knew. We stopped once to kiss, and when  
our stomachs touched, I laughed. Back inside,  
the band played old jazz, and the nine of us,  
who had left our lives for a weekend here,  
where we all knew the same things, listened.

- George Bebensee



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